

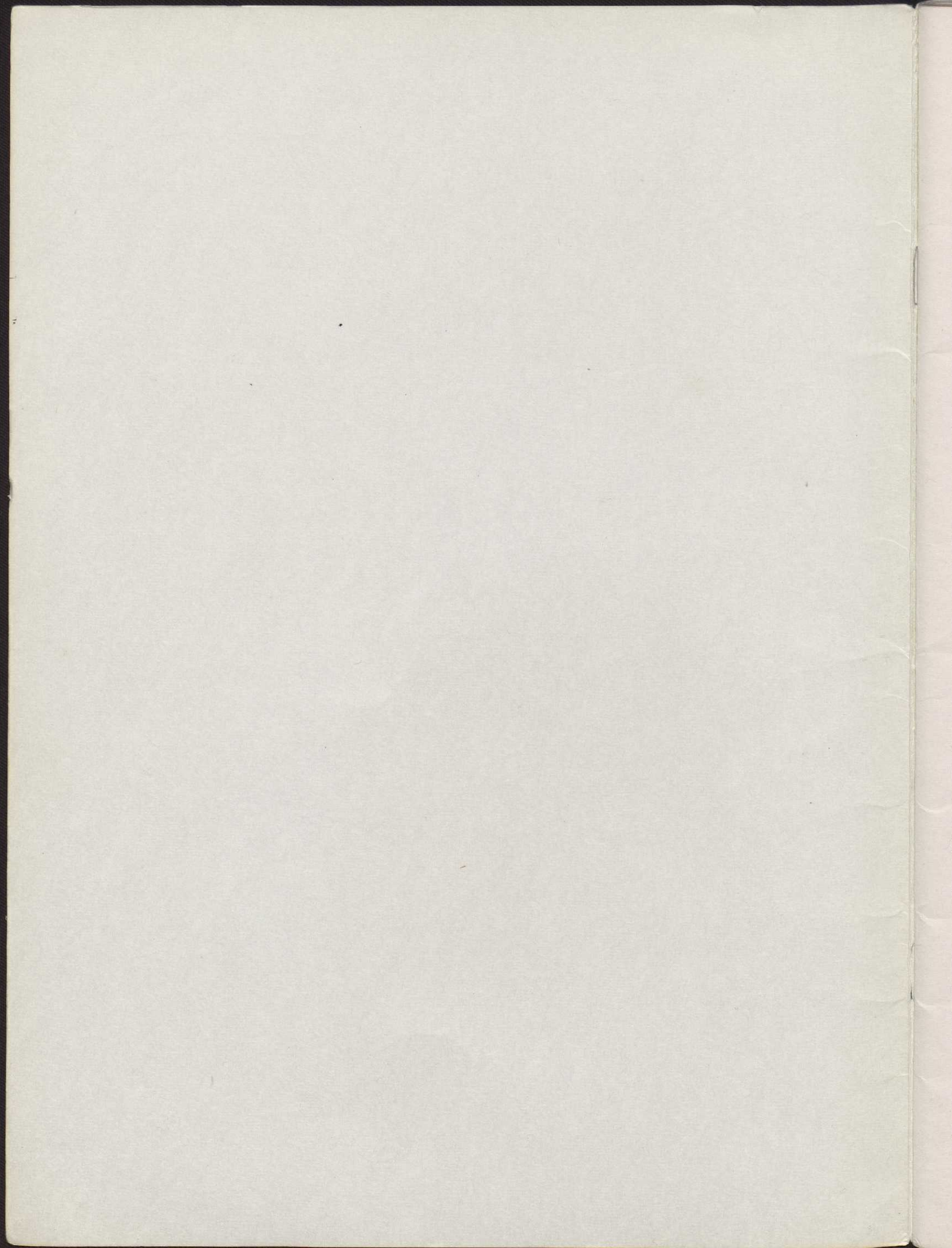
1973

# THE FLEUR DE LYS



1973

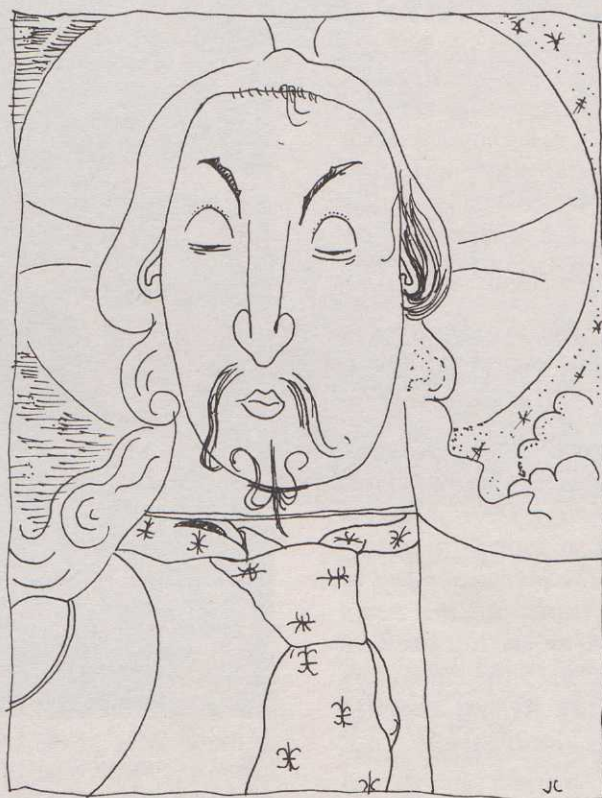






# THE FLEUR DE LYS

## 1973



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# The College I Leave Behind Me

*Early this year the Fourth Warden of Trinity College, Dr. Robin L. Sharwood, announced that he would resign from the Wardenship in order to become the first Executive Director of the Victoria Law Foundation.*

*The Victoria Law Foundation was established by statute of the Victorian Parliament in 1967 with responsibilities relating to law reform and the administration of the law, the support of legal education and the development of law libraries. It has extensive funds derived from the surpluses in solicitors' trust fund accounts (made available to the Foundation under statutory authority). The Foundation comprises the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Victoria (President), the Attorney-General of Victoria, the President of the Law Institute of Victoria and two nominees of each of these appointed by the Governor in Council. It reports to Parliament.*

*The Foundation has so far exercised its responsibilities by making grants to institutions and individuals. With the appointment of an Executive Director and (in due course) of supporting staff, it intends to initiate a work programme of its own. The Foundation will be closely associated with the activities of the newly appointed Law Reform Commissioner, and it is envisaged that he and the Executive Director of the Foundation will work in co-operation. The Law Reform Commissioner, Mr. Justice Smith, is also a Trinity man.*

The First Warden of this College remained in office until his retirement. So too did the Second Warden. The Third Warden died, tragically, in his prime. I am the first holder of the office to resign, and as the situation is therefore without precedent neither I nor the College has found it altogether easy to accommodate to it. Thus, one of the questions that has arisen — minor, no doubt, but difficult enough — is what I should contribute on this historic occasion to *Fleur de Lys*?

I certainly do not want to write at length on my resignation as such. There is no melodrama about it. I have simply decided — after much thought, needless to say — that it is proper that I should accept an invitation to take up an important new position connected with my own profession and academic interests, a position which seems full of promise for the general welfare of the community. The decision is in accord with my conviction from the beginning that in these days a change in the Wardenship about every 10 years



is likely to be in the best interests of all concerned. (I am in my ninth year as Warden; ideally, I should have preferred the invitation to have come a little later, but one cannot regulate such matters entirely as one would wish).

Equally, I do not feel ready to engage in sentimental reminiscence. I am not yet in my anecdotage, my memories are comparatively recent and fresh, and, besides, too many of the people I should want to write about are still very much with us! (One day, no doubt, I shall fall victim to the temptation, as all men do, and then. . . and then. . . but I must stop: the urge to quote names is nearly irresistible).

It has occurred to me, however, that a memorandum which I wrote for the College Council might be of interest and even of value to the wider College community. Mr. Peter Balmford, the Chairman of the Council's Executive and Finance Committee, had asked me to write a short statement of what I believed to be the role of the College today, in order to assist the Council in its consideration of the Wardenship. I found this a most stimulating commission, because the preparation of the





memorandum required me, in fact, to review and consider my own Wardenship, the context of which it had been worked out, and the directions in which it had appeared to move. All this you will find in the memorandum, if you read between the lines; it is not a chronicle of my Wardenship or a record of its achievements (such as they have been), still less an apologia for it, but it is, to some extent, a reflection upon it, and I offer it to you for your own reflection. My years here have been extraordinarily rewarding; I have made many friends; I have the deepest admiration and respect for the institution I have tried to serve; it has been a wonderful and unforgettable experience for me; but I am not ready to write at length or at depth about it — not publicly — not yet. What follows you might like to consider as an interim accounting.

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Mr. Balmford has asked to state briefly — not at great length — what I believe to be the role of the College today.

I shall not restate the traditional arguments in favour of the Colleges, although I happen to believe them still valid and more telling than ever in an over-sized University. I shall instead adopt a more pragmatic approach, based on direct observation of the present student generation and what I believe the trends to be, and on the information obtained in recent years through care-

ful professional surveys in this University and particularly in this College.

Most students enter College because of its convenience — a comfortable home, with all found and (on the whole) good study facilities, virtually in the University's grounds. In the eyes of our students, actual and potential, this is the College's greatest attraction, and for a number of them it remains the College's greatest attraction throughout their period of residence. The primary aim of the College, then, in my view, and speaking pragmatically, is to remain attractive in these terms. It may not be a particularly noble or high-flown aim, but the facts are the facts. Fortunately, the advantages of our site can never be taken away from us. But we shall remain attractive to students only if we offer them the kind of accommodation and living-patterns they are looking for. Hence our renovation programme in recent years. Hence our (successful) experiment in "long-term residence". Hence our planning for the provision of more married quarters, possibly off the site (not yet successful). Hence the changes we have introduced in meal arrangements, College Rules and so on. I am not suggesting that the College must now abdicate all responsibility for attempting to guide students in these matters; on the contrary, in a swiftly-changing world, a degree of guidance becomes all the more important; but it can only work within the limits of an over-all pattern which is not of its own making and which it must accept.



Once the students are in the College, of course, then they will discover for themselves the other values and advantages of College life.

The College community still has a role to play as a generator of communal activities of all kinds. I do not think I need enlarge on this here, because this aspect of the College's role is not uniquely collegiate. Perhaps I should say, however, that it seems to me that the College is as lively as ever it was in this respect, although some of the older communal patterns have broken down and certain venerable "traditions" have vanished. But the pattern of College life has always been an evolving one; see *Perspective of a Century*.

The academic role of the College is another matter — this is uniquely collegiate. Although the academic work of the College is not the prime reason why students seek to enter it (except in the case of theological students), the evidence is that it is very highly valued. I can safely assert that it remains an essential role of the College, both theoretically and pragmatically. College teaching has been increasing in recent years, and at the express request of our students. We employ over 50 non-resident tutors, and have introduced a system of Directors of Studies. The enrolment of non-residents (who are mostly interested in the teaching) is increasing, and we have to impose quotas in some disciplines. Inter-collegiate arrangements are fostered, and links with the University are maintained at a formal level through the (revived) Joint Committee of the Professional Board and Heads of Colleges. The Library is well-run and much used, and surveys show that our students are pleased with it (it is the most popular of all College Libraries). In short, the academic side of the College is flourishing, and there seems no reason to suppose that its importance will or should decrease. I should add a special note about our Theological School (founded in 1877). It has been greatly strengthened by joining the United Faculty of Theology (being a loose confederation of the theological schools or halls of Ormond, Queens, the Congregationalists, the Jesuits and ourselves), and it now teaches for the B.D. of the Melbourne College of Divinity. It is a small School but an important one — of an influence out of all proportion to its size — and it deserves continuing support. Its annual Refresher Schools, with distinguished overseas guest lecturers, have attracted much attention.

This leads me to say something more generally about the College as a Christian foundation. Here its traditional role has undoubtedly much declined: organised religion and worship services are not fashionable with the young (or with many of the not-so young either, for that matter). Chapel-going in College is at a low ebb, despite the strenuous and imaginative efforts by successive Chaplains and the faithful few. But I would certainly not write off the Christian role of the College. It is only the mode that has changed. Chaplains are very busy men — busier than they ever were, I suspect — but most of their work is done with individual students or small groups meeting semi-privately. For myself, I have no doubts whatsoever that the work of the College, espec-

ially its work with individual students, gains greatly in purpose, meaning and effectiveness as a result of its Christian base, and specifically its Anglican base.

The need to counsel students, incidentally, is on the increase. Counselling occupies much of the time of college officers and Tutors. The same phenomenon is observed within the University generally. In this area, the College has a developing role, often carried out in association with University officers such as Sub-Deans or Student Counsellors.

Finally, I would make some brief comments about the nature of our student body, because this bears, of course, on the role of the College.

The situation can be summed up by saying that the student body is more diverse, more mobile, more outward-looking and less structured than it was ten or even five years ago.

It is more diverse in that more schools are represented and there is a higher proportion of older students, including graduate students. All Melbourne Colleges have noticed a growing number of senior students among their applicants. The social base of the College is therefore broader, and it is an "older" College.

It is more mobile in that students tend more and more to come and go. The average student will now spend two or three years in College (not necessarily the first two or three years of his course) and then go out into a shared house or flat. He may return for his final year, or for graduate work. The old "traditional" four-year pattern has gone, with a number of significant consequences for the College's communal structures and activities. (The student body is also more mobile in respect to car ownership; this too has transformed aspects of College life, especially activities at weekends).

It is more outward-looking in the sense that on the whole this is a student generation which is "socially aware". This I believe is a very good thing. But it does mean that today's students see the College in a different perspective to their predecessors, and with a different set of values, and this has affected its structures and activities.

It is a less structured student body in that the old, tight corporate sense has disappeared, and various "traditions" which depended upon that corporate sense for their success, are now dead or dying. The organisation of the T.C.A.C. has also suffered. The present generation much prefers to work in small interest groups and very largely *ad hoc*. It is a change of style. College life remains full and rich, but it is more fluid, more spontaneous, more unpredictable and to some extent unorganizable. Nevertheless — and I should stress this — the College remains an orderly community, by and large, and is indeed considerably more self-disciplined than it was; the need for applied discipline has markedly diminished.

Dr. R.L. Sharwood



# The Eve of Armageddon

Adam accepted the fruit offered to Eve and has never recovered from the ignoble Fall. Eve fabricated the story of the serpent, while the naive Adam held himself responsible and through the ages as Moses, Oedipus, Hamlet and now Portnoy, he wanders in the wilderness searching for that bloody snake. Eve is not the beguiled, but Adam.

To ensure that men have remained yoked by their own consciences, the old Adam's ribs have formed themselves into a group of Women Against Sexist Persecution, the notorious WASPs. The typical WASP move, whether individually or collectively, has been to accuse men of valuing women only as sexual objects. Men, sensing more than a grain of truth in this, feel they must make amends, not understanding why it is wrong to think of women as they are presented to him, but scotching that bloody snake, all the same.

WASP had her most convincing case as the exploited and unprivileged sex in the Suffragette Movement of the Nineteenth Century. Women had no voting rights, unequal marriage terms and were excluded from trade and profession. WASP won all the issues she fought on, yet the only significant changes have been for the worst.

The most dramatic change has been in politics. It seems strange to assert that at one time, the only criterion for success in politics was ability, whether that be in debate, intellectual achievement, or simple political astuteness. But it is true that at one time Britain was ruled by men irrespective of their character, private lives or creed. Unpleasant men, immoral men and Jews all held positions of great authority in Victorian Society on the basis of their ability.

The enfranchisement has led the emphasis in politics from ability to fertility. Successful politicians build their platforms on good appearance, engaging manners and, above all, no formal attachment to an ideology.

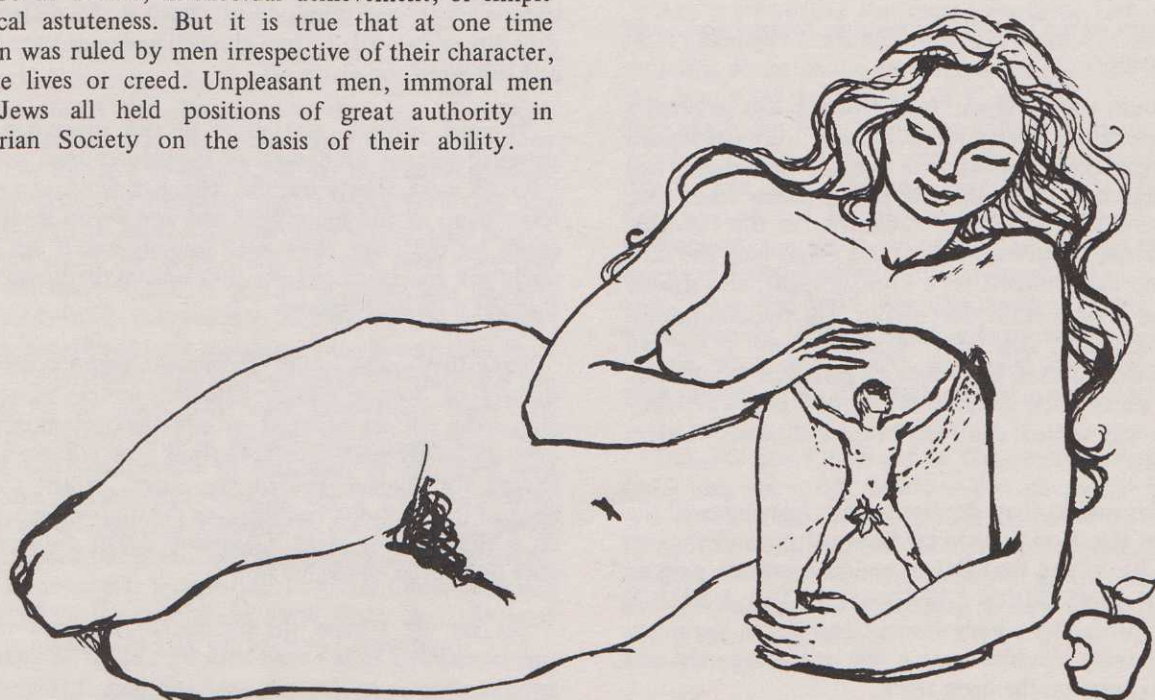
WASP's success in redressing the balance in marriage contracts has coincided with the collapse of marriage indicated by high divorce numbers. WASP has failed to grasp continually, and most strikingly in this instance, that social structures are not the cause of imbalance, but the result of inequality among men.

Man's ascendancy over women and the beasts of the field is not dependent on legal sanctions, but to a natural superiority. Being in a superior position, he formalised his position legally. Only God's eyes see all men as equal. WASP, misunderstanding this principle, thought that by changing the laws she could disturb man's superiority, which was given not made. It is undeniable that women's position in marriage has strengthened, but only at the cost of destroying marriage. Perhaps the expenditure was worthwhile.

Notoriously, woman's entrance into trade has provoked moronic advertising and the manufacture of disposable goods in a successful attempt to remove her new-won liquidity. Her commercial influence has been disastrous, and the only cure is to once again remove from her the privilege of property rights which she has so sorely abused. Woman's only successful existence has been as a chattel, and that position must be restored to her.

Gentlemen, the Eve of Armageddon is upon us, if you heed my prophecy and restore Eve to her natural place, the goyim will be the true Saviour of the Chosen Sex.

Forbes Le-Moodie





# Four Men and a Chev. Four

The Chev. Four truck rattled along the sandy road, white under the moonlight. On occasions, the ribbon speedo showed thirty miles an hour as the truck sped along the flat parchment of track stretched out between the dark low mallee. Here and there the beginnings of a farm showed, but most of the district's farms were to the north in heavier soil. On the far right of the truck's front seat sat Fred Etterick, publican of the Farmers' Hotel, the only hotel in Greystown. On Fred's left, the driver, Bill Smithson, who was a young farmer in the district, squeezed the round accelerator pedal situated between the brake and the clutch, and steered the wooden steering wheel. On his left, almost sitting on the gearstick, was Constable Joseph Bryan of the West Australian Police Force. Right on the left of the truck sat the fourth member of the party, the driver's father, a stout, bearded, talkative old man with a twinkle in his eye. Old Smithson, in his fifty-odd years, had taken just about every possible job available in the outback of Western Australia at the turn of the century, from prospecting at Kalgoorlie, to running a dairy at Midland, and now, in 1924, he had turned his hand to farming. But tonight his eyes weren't twinkling, and he wasn't discoursing on what Prime Minister Billy Hughes should have done.

His eyes weren't twinkling because tonight there was an emergency.

At about eight o'clock, Fred Etterick had received a 'phone call from a farm about 30 miles from Greystown saying that their neighbour, a Pommy new-chum, had hung himself, and would Joe Bryan please come out. Joe Bryan, leaning on the Public Bar at the Farmers' Hotel, snorted into his whisky, and asked why the devil he had to hang himself on a Froiday night, and started to arrange transport for the trip out. The two Smithsons, also in the pub, reluctantly agreed to lend truck and driver provided that the Police Department would adequately repay their trouble. A rate of a penny-h'penny per mile was settled, and Fred Etterick shouted whiskies all round.

Thus fortified, they departed. They had followed the one main street of Greystown eastward, passing the one General Store and Post Office building with its painted sign: E.R. JOHNSTON, GENERAL STORE & STOCK AGENT promising a busy commercial life on the morrow. The truck rumbled past a few calico shanties, and then they were on the open track.

Old Smithson wasn't talking much tonight either. Above the roar of the truck, Constable Bryan and Publican Etterick were disputing the supremacy of the Irish. Being deployed on either side of Bill Smithson, the battle was, to say the least, inconvenient. Etterick was defending the English with unaccustomed zeal, aided and abetted by his own Scotch helpmate. Bryan, armed with a quick Irish tongue and windmill gestures, was proving the true patriot, despite his family's forty-year residence in Australia. At the best of times, windmill gestures are not to be recommended with four men in a Chev. Four truck, and young Smithson soon found himself a rather buffeted buffer state between the two warring patriots. Shortly, he stopped the truck, and asked the Irish policeman and the English publican to alight and settle their differences on the neutral Australian soil. They alighted. Half impatiently, but partly with anticipation, the two Smithsons awaited a quick fight. Etterick reached into his back pocket and produced a hip-flask of whisky and offered it to Constable Bryan. Joe Bryan accepted the whisky, and put it to his lips. Warmed by this manifestation of mateship, he put the flask into his own pocket. Etterick's eyes narrowed, and he reached into his coat pocket. The Smithsons looked on. From his coat pocket, he drew out another hip-flask, unscrewed it, and drank deeply from it. All differences thus amicably settled, they climbed back into the truck and Bill Smithson drove off.

It soon evolved that none of our crew had ever travelled this far south-west of Greystown, and an hour later, all were utterly bushed. The grey form of a house loomed up in the moonlight and Joe Bryan thought it might be the place they were looking for. If not, they could ask for directions. As they neared the house, they thought it looked deserted.

How they came to this conclusion, perhaps only the makers of Scotch whisky and the writers of thriller stories can tell. At midnight, all selection houses imposed onto the lonely mallee landscape look deserted. No sound, except the hungry yell of the dingo, or the chilling hoot of the boobook owl disturbs the outback loneliness on a still moonlit night. Constable Bryan decided that they had better check the house.

He set off around the outside of the bush-timber and corrugated iron house with his .303 rifle under his arm, starting from the north side. Perhaps it was a desire



to help, or perhaps it was Fred Etterick's invincible sense of humour, that prompted our worthy publican to set off in the direction of the south side of the house. He lurched over to the shadows of the corner, and with the timing of a professional roo-shooter shouted "BOO!" as the muzzle of Constable Bryan's rifle appeared. Joe retaliated by pouring out of his mouth the best Irish incriminations and by pouring into his mouth the best of Fred Etterick's Scotch whisky.

When the tumult and the shouting died, the four men sat down on the truck-tray to have a "wongie". "I reckon we missed the turn-orf", said Bill Smithson, and this profound statement was the consensus of opinion of the meeting.

So, the truck headed back in the direction of Greystown. Four miles back through the mallee was a small two-wheel track heading off into the bush. After more discussion and more whisky, Constable Bryan decided that this must be the right track, and the trusty Chev. Four pointed its radiator along it and moved off.

This was new country, wild and desolate. The moon shone down on endless miles of silver-grey saltbush. There was no indication of human life, and a Jules Verne may have taken it for Mars or Venus. Over the brow of a hill, the shining silvery-grey changed to a brilliant red. A fire. This must be the place. The Chev. Four picked its way along the stony track as it roared down the hill at a breakneck 35. As they came near the disaster-scene, they realised that it was a shed that was burning. It had been a typical bush-timber shed with a thatched roof. Suddenly, they all saw what they had come 30 miles to see. A grotesque figure was hanging contorted from the bending rafters. It was a red-orange, caught between the glare of the fire and the loneliness of the moon. The only clothing left on it was the belt about its neck. The stink of burning flesh vied with the odour of hot leather for prominence. The flames had died down in that part of the shed and Constable Bryan went looking for a long stick with which to unhook the remains of the new-chum Pom. Fred Etterick ran to the nearby hut to look for a blanket. When he returned, they brought the roast down and put it to cool on the tray of the truck. They then wrapped it in the blanket, and set off back to Greystown.

The extra passenger made the journey difficult, as

the others had to continually check on his presence. They didn't want to lose him, because. . . well, terrible things can happen to a man in the outback without food and water. They arrived safely at Greystown at 3 a.m. Publican Etterick kindly opened the Public Bar, and generously allowed them to buy a drink, which they all appreciated. The Smithsons felt that the day would be pretty well done by the time they had travelled 25 miles home, so begged leave from Constable Bryan.

The problem of what was to be done with the body then arose. Constable Bryan claimed that a hotel-keeper was legally obliged to provide lodgings for deceased persons, should there not be a suitable morgue. Publican Etterick claimed that a deceased lodger would not be good for trade at the Farmers' Hotel. Fred was cunning enough to realise that as the nearest coroner was miles away in Wagin, he would not arrive for several days. The law prevailed, especially as the law in this case was an irascible Austral-Irishman. The body was deposited in a shed at the back of the hotel, the Smithsons went home, and Constable Bryan and Fred Etterick had another whisky and retired.

Any incident like this must have some sort of effect on a wheatbelt town, and this was no exception. By the morning, an unusual odour emanated from the Farmers' Hotel in the main street of Greystown. Mr Etterick apologised to his customers and told them of the singular trek undertaken the night before. By the next day, he had no customers to apologise to. The following day, he and Joe Bryan were the only people left in Greystown. Joe Bryan was beginning to fear that "the corpse was gittin' so hoigh that it moight git up and walk away". On the fourth day, the coroner arrived, reports were speedily written, and the body despatched to its resting place in a coffin especially constructed from packing cases from E.R. Johnston's General Store.

But the smell lingered in Greystown's main street for a long time. Bill Smithson still swears he can smell it over his whisky as he leans on the bar in the Farmers' Hotel. Old Smithson blames the whole incident on Billy Hughes, but never more does he run down Pommy migrants. "Good blokes while they're still kicking", he says with a twinkle in his eye.

Ted Witham



Even now as I try to recall, not the whole truth comes to mind. It was too personal for that. And trying to see with an open mind — too personal for that. To create is what he always demanded of himself. And now to create is what I demand of myself.

For it was a particularly unproductive winter in Glenarvon that year, not the type of thing for exciting reading in variorum editions of posthumously published memoirs. And yet being unproductive the village didn't change, did not change the cobble stone paths venturing timidly into the wood which envelopes me now. . .

So many days we would sit there and catch ourselves in conversation's web, spill our soul's very essences and imagine that green linnets were chirping sweet songs and joyously darting overhead, the lapwings and ravens circling overhead, above, the outstretched arms of the oaks reaching toward a heaven so far above. . . For it was here and only here that the spirit's yearning for "harmonious opposites" could be fulfilled, you see. And having captured our "harmonious opposites", and having nothing else to say - for we had been there the best part of an hour — we would scamper down the cobble-stone paths hand in hand and, coming to the well in the centre of the town, we would take refreshment, lifting the cool, clear liquid to our lips, our tongues darting adventurously over our palms and tingling in the pure delight. And then hurry home before night caught up with us. Night, always so very cold. . .

. . . the cobble-stone paths venturing timidly into the wood which envelopes me now, the mist which hovers over the village transforming the giant oaks into armless poles. And being unproductive as winter always was, I would try to recall his cries: "To fight the dragon" he would shout menacingly waving a toy sword which his mother had given him after his last illness. I always thought it a rather odd thing to give a little boy who was always being confined to bed, and I still think so. But his mother always had a kind heart and did whatever she could for him. So, at the time, I imagined it must have been in his best interest. His father was dead. I don't really remember him. . .

"To fight the dragon" — and taking up his sword he would triumphantly dash it across the thin spine of the closest sappling, scattering any bird that had chosen to take rest in its branches. He would smile, deeply satisfied with himself, and sit quietly down beside me. And I would sometimes share in his satisfaction, sometimes be repelled by his ease in something so powerful that even though I was repelled by it, I was drawn even closer to him. It was not because my mother had never given me a toy sword. No, not that. It was more likely because, well, I would just sit there. The birds looked so peaceful too. And, well, that tree wouldn't have hurt anyone — what a stupid thing to say! But nature did look so defenceless and he so powerful armed as he was. And then he would become quiet, and being quiet, I would respond in thought. And he would look down and fumble with the dead leaves which were scattered about him. I hated these moments more than any other in my life.

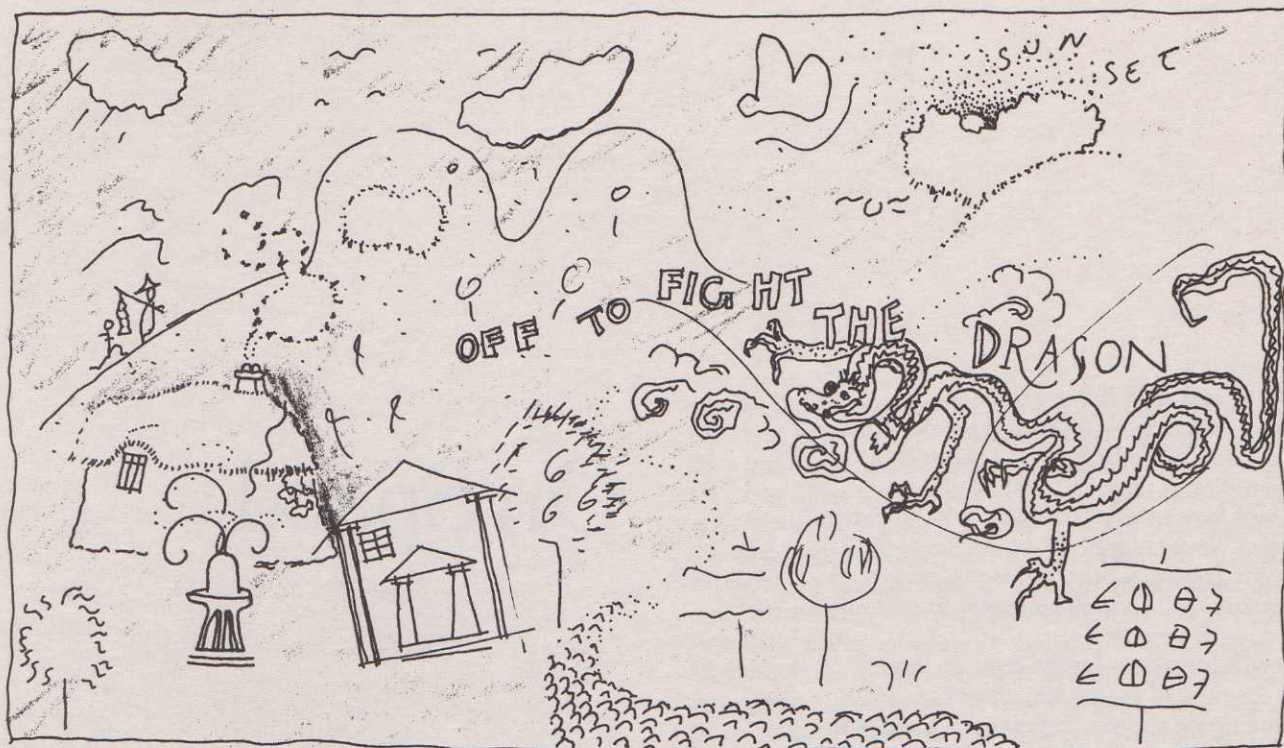
# The Return of the Lapwing

And night became a salvation. He would say: "Cheer up". I would answer with an appropriate nod of the head. And he thought these moments would quickly pass by. At least I think he was thinking of me at the time.

The birds had left early that year. And the villagers talked for days on end about the significance of the oddity. The Mayor, in an attempt to secure their year-round presence, hit upon the idea of establishing a certain number of birdbaths to be spread at regular intervals about the village. The villagers themselves, anxious for an opportunity to jog their creative mechanisms, submitted various designs and the Mayor finally chose an average style of bath — as far as bird baths go that is. There was great speculation throughout the village as to why he had chosen such a design and the most common answer was that he didn't want to be thought too artistic and hence unpractical or too practical and hence unartistic which he certainly was not. But the birds did not return.

It wasn't that the birds were no longer fleeing through the wood that made our journeys there seem so different, but no doubt that strange phenomena did help. Somehow things had been changing. "It's all quite understandable", my mother told me in a way only she could, "you're both getting older" and went on with the washing. She has a remarkable ability to proclaim such profound statements while engaged in the most mundane of tasks. It was true I suppose, but it didn't seem to go far enough. He would now tell me the most absurd things; he was depressed; he would leap to his feet and run off through the wood screaming: "I'm coming to get you!" He suddenly stopped and looked gingerly about him. His mother had always told him that the best place for dragons was in the middle of a grove of Hawthorne bushes. And he was standing just there. . . I felt him cringe as he realised where he was. His arms stuck rigidly to his side and for some odd reason the sword lay at his feet. I heard him sobbing and





gently called his name and he ran up to me still crying and held me tightly. And I told him it would be all right.

Perhaps those were the moments which he liked to forget and which I liked to remember, for sometime later as we made our usual trek to the wood he put his hand on my shoulder and we both stopped.

"My mother wants to leave the village", he said quietly.

I said nothing.

"Well?" he retorted.

"If you want to go I can do nothing about it, can I?"

"No, I don't suppose you can. . . Are you sorry then?"

I didn't know exactly what to say.

"I-I can feel sorry at anyone's parting, even the birds — they still haven't returned you know and things haven't been quite the same since they left. Do you remember that beautiful lapwing, the way it would circle overhead so high above us?"

"Then you're not?"

"Look, you have to understand —"

"Oh certainly, I understand it very well — one has to take a personal loss stoically".

"God! What have you been reading?"

I was older and in moments such as these would derive great satisfaction in mocking the way he would indifferently select passages from great books and quote them in the most appropriate instances, knowing nothing of their meaning. I can still recall that look he gave me,

trying at once to overcome a fear in his own weakness and to assert his own superiority, although at the time, I suppose, I really didn't know why he did either of them.

"Look, I really am, I'm sorry, I really am".

How could I possibly explain it then.

"It doesn't really matter". His face softened.

"I will slay for myself a giant dragon and I will write and tell you all about it".

His voice trembled a little. He hung his head dejectedly. And I hugged him:

"And so you will be my St. George and I will wait for the mailman every day" — and as I made this conversation I felt the very life drain out of my veins.

For in the vision was reality created and being created remains alive for me. . . The birds finally returned, I always felt they would, and with their return the past did return. And so, theoretically speaking, should have returned joys and the sorrows.

The path was always cold now. And as I walked along it into that thicket, the old gnarled trees drooping silently above the path, the birdbaths empty, inanimate, I thought only of what was at its end. All was silent as I sat down. The dragon was no more of course, but then I couldn't really expect to hear it, much less see it. I sifted the rotting leaves through my fingers and then, remembering who else had done this, immediately uplifted my head to the sky and sought courage from the lapwing now circling overhead.

Anthony Strazzera



Like a great train flying on the rails,  
 Like a river rushing towards the water-fall,  
 Like a sou'westerly tearing at the sails,  
 Speed gallops through trampling on all.  
 Speed! Five letters to conjure up exhilaration.  
 Speed! A word heart-full of intoxication.  
 Speed! The heart-beat of this present age,  
 This unbound cheetah bounding from its cage.

Speed has no time for the past, no time,  
 No memory of the present; speed's time  
 Is tomorrow and the endless open landscape  
 Of all the tomorrows in upward shapeless shape.

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The lazy, languid, long yesterdays are gone.  
 No more the gentle carriage glides upon  
 The autumn tree-lined avenue, no more.  
 No more the slothful clouds of summer soar  
 Above us, sharing their timeless dreams,  
 Building child-like, fairy-tale schemes,  
 Drifting across our mind's horizon,  
 Lifting up our prayerful orison.

No more do we laze before the twilight hearth  
 And follow with our eye the leisurely path  
 Of a gentle flicker of flame quietly exploring  
 With its tongue the face of the wood burning.

Gone: the long afternoons of College Twinings,  
 On dilapidated comfortable armchairs reclining:  
 Gone: the halcyon sun-filled days of balcony chat,  
 Stone-grown moss lives where we once sat.

Gone: the curtain-closed cosy Victorian room,  
 With clock quietly humming an eternal tune,  
 Ticking, not marking the seconds and hours;  
 Before the slow endless ticking flees and cowers  
 The time of future and present; now reigns  
 The gentle treasured past: timeless domains.

\*\*\*\*\*

Quick! Open your eyes! The dream fades!  
 No time for looking back! In jostling cascades  
 The rapids of River Time push, pull us along,  
 Dashing us against rocks with a frenetic song  
 of "Speed!"

## On Speed

"Do the ton on the Tullamarine Freeway!  
 Do Mach I on the 727 skyway!  
 The moon and back in less than six days!  
 The speed of light on radio airwaves!  
 Speed-reading courses, instant tea,  
 The trim, taut, terrific god efficiency!  
 Accelerating acceleration of future shock,  
 Quickly throw-away society en bloc,  
 Furious, fast frenzy of up-tempo rock,  
 Laser-like lightning swoop of computer block,  
 Mercurial madness of atomic-astral clock —  
 Velocity, speed, celerity, haste,  
 Swiftmess, rapidity, dashing pace,  
 Gobble up low gear with galloping greed,  
 Worship the whirlwind the great god Speed!"

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But stay! Let leisured, measured languish  
 Lead us astray from Speed's spurious anguish;  
 Let laggard, lethargic indolence hold sway,  
 May time, speed and efficiency be taken away  
 And lost, and lost in dim mists of oblivion  
 And slowly swirl away into perdition.

Gaze awhile on the steadily flickering flame,  
 And let the spreading warmth be given the name  
 Of gentle peace — and let the fire-place become  
 The tender death of speed, time and noisome  
 Efficiency. Drift and dream in the cosy world  
 At the heart of the hearth. Relax in the curled  
 And fragrant smoke and banish from body and mind  
 All thought of time, and there your quietness find.

This essay, by Ted Witham, was awarded the Wigram  
 Allen essay prize for 1973.



# Time Out

Here in the wilderness, the eye can roam in all directions and end undistracted at the horizon. Sometimes the wind has stirred the coarse sandy topsoil into listless lapsing patterns, but nothing else is disturbing the tableau.

How or why I came here I don't remember. I do remember someone's voice saying it'd only be a matter of time before transport would be provided to take me back to the busy world. So I needn't worry. But I do. All my reflexes and needs belong to a common life. Now there are no faces to search and smile between, no bodies to touch or reassure between.

The private world of thought is pointless here. The flat and empty landscape mocks small man. Perhaps if I sleep I can dream back a crowded garden, food and wine and sunlit green and effortless bonhomie. But I can't predict my dreams.

My watch is still intact: if I were at home it would be washing-up time and we'd be having a cup of coffee to celebrate another turn in the domestic wheel. If it were schooldays, it would be assembly and duty would flow over me.

Actually, there are other places I'd like to be: that

tumble-down house on a steep Brisbane street talking and not talking with a black mother and her kids as flies buzz around. Stepping circumspectly along a Calcutta alley while small boys scamper up and down with their games and I move amongst the smells of cooking and burning pats of cow-dung. On a rickety verandah in Saigon making eucharist through the noise and fumes of the city pushing from below and the diversion of a shifting dapple of sunlight. The lost world of Singapore, those Saturday bible sessions with a crowd of youngsters coming early in eagerness, lingering for hours with thought and question and then going off for a plate of fried noodles at the corner coffee shop.

Perhaps I should settle down to this present time. Solitude has its value. Why can't I use it to wrestle with my vocation or recognise my limits? If growth requires that kind of energy, then I have none to expend.

Could I have been expelled here for over-intensity? The destiny of all who go about transparent in city streets? No, I'm too well protected. Words for me slip into their weaving mood without request and cover up the spikes and holes in the conversation. Music and a crowded diary keep the individual heat off.

There's a chocolate bar and a packet of biscuits in my bag. I wouldn't mind a cool drink. Here's a book (I put it there in case of trams): *A Habitation of Dragons*.

At least I've got my cat cushion with me (it was a godsend on Indian trains). A good rest is the way to fill the time, and by then I hope the others will have come to fetch me back. "You look your best when you're asleep": so I can give them that satisfaction.

How long have I been here? When it's over it'll seem like a moment; but now it's interminable. My thoughts are becoming indiscriminate. They're all trivial, they're all important, they're all the same. Surrender.

Ah! that's better! When you're on your back you can only see the sky. . . No, I'll roll over and curl up into the foetal position. Then when they wake me up, I can uncurl and stretch out to a new start to life. "White with two sugars, and how kind of you to think of it" will be my opening gambit.

No worries!

Jim Minchin





It is a salutary exercise to read the T.C.A.C. Reports of the last few years. Besides the realisation that every Committee tackles much the same problems as its predecessor, with varying success, one comes to the firm conclusion that the value of a T.C.A.C. Report is in the historical record it provides of trends, developments and changes in the life of Trinity, more than in the detailed record of a particular committee's activities. Within the framework of this report, I shall try to describe something of the atmosphere and life-style of Trinity in 1973, and to point out elements of continuity and change therein.

What outward and visible signs does the College present? It has become increasingly evident that Trinity is going through a quiet period, inasmuch as the question of discipline has become a non-issue, and, superficially at least, the extremes of College 'character' have been much less marked than in the past. Gone, for the moment, are the rowdier "jockers"; gone, too, are the orators whose wit and intellect enlivened both T.C.A.C. meetings and the pages of the Suggestion Book. One mourns their passing, for with them has passed some of the colour of college life; but one does not mourn for long. While some of the overt corporate activity has disappeared, there is an even balance of

cultural, social and sporting opportunity in the College, which enables individuals and groups to pursue a wide variety of particular interests without being expected to conform to any kind of college form. It is significant that the Second Term Dinner, noticeably lacking in the noisy elements of previous years, was felt by many senior residents to have been the best for many years: in a community of diverse interests, the enjoyment of communal activities still occupies a strong place.

Trinity continues to lead the colleges in the artistic field. Consistently high standards have been maintained by the Music Society, the Dialectic Society and the Dramatic Club, whose activities are detailed elsewhere in this magazine — itself the best of its kind. This "cultural tradition", like bowls fever in Third Term, is in large part what distinguishes the Trinity way of life: whatever else may change, every effort must be made to ensure that this element of individuality continues to prosper.

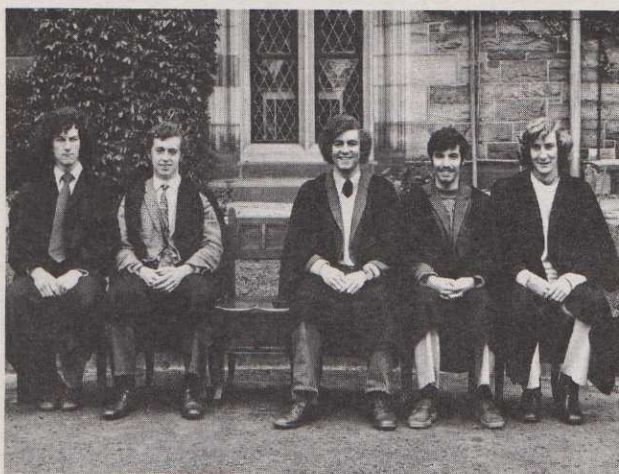
On the sporting arena, Trinity teams showed a marked improvement this year. One is aware that sporting success is largely a function of the number of sportsmen who happen to come into residence, but its effect on college morale and confidence is undeniable. Under the enthusiastic leadership of the Outdoor Rep,



Steve Cordner, and the various team captains, we finished well clear in second place in the Cowan Cup — well clear of Ormond in first place but equally well clear of Newman in third. The Committee felt that the best way to celebrate a major sporting victory was to supply refreshments at the dinner tables, and this was warmly received. Spectator support was up on last year, but it is difficult to envisage a return to the state of affairs reported in 1969, when  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the College stood behind the goals to urge on the footballers. The college has changed too much.

Under the management of General Rep, Hugh Fitzpatrick, the social year has been one of variety and experimentation. The Club Dinners proved a popular innovation: port and coffee were served at dinner, and the college was addressed on separate occasions by Lord Gardiner, former Lord Chancellor of England: Professor Emeritus R.O. "Pansy" Wright, "noted controversialist"; and Professor R.I. Downing, the new Chairman of the A.B.C. Swap dinners with the women's colleges were revitalised by the introduction of numerous small sherry parties in place of awkwardly large common-room gatherings: St. Hilda's and Women's enjoyed the benefits. An ecumenical highlight was the barbecue in St. Mary's courtyard, when the nuns and their charges entertained most of Trinity in lavish style, and made one or two conversions. The inaugural P.F.E. (Pleasant Friday Evening) — a barrel in front of Behan followed by a film in the common room — was held in first term and was reasonably well attended.

On a larger scale, the Ball was a traditional success. Held at Camberwell Civic Centre, it benefited greatly from a vigorous advertising campaign and a return to fixed table-bookings. In Orientation Week, Trinity freshers were treated to an exciting and instructive tour of places of interest in the surrounding district, accompanied on the buses by freshers from J.C.H. and Women's. That same evening saw the General Rep's triumph



**T.C.A.C**

**T.C.A.C. Committee**

*H.P. Fitzpatrick, S.M. Cordner, Phantom Secretary, C.M. Maxwell, R.M. Millar, P. Plavina.*

*Absent: E.J. Ogden*

— Trinity was host to the Intercollegiate Barbecue, for all college freshers. About 700 people were entertained on the Bulpadok with food, drink and music until the early hours — it was a memorable sight! A word must be said about Juttoddie: after the unfortunate accident in 1972, the Warden laid down certain conditions for future Juttodies, one of which was that it must return to a date late in second term, as it was before the 'new-look' Juttoddie was held in March 1970. Suffice it to say that, as the end of second term approached, the committee decided that Juttoddie should lapse for 12 months, for review. Intercollegiate activities are restricted to regrettably few: this year those who wanted to go enjoyed a highly successful Intercollegiate Dinner Dance at Hunter's Lodge, with table seating arranged to ensure intermingling of colleges. It is to be hoped that this function can expand in size and that more Trinity people will be able to enjoy the experience of inter-collegiate communication.



College politics has evidenced continuing development in certain directions. The movement towards student representation at decision-making levels has progressed considerably since the early stirring in 1970. In 1973, the Senior Student and the Secretary, Ed. Ogden, have represented the students on both College Council and the Executive and Finance Committee: every opportunity is given for student opinion to be voiced, so that the lack of voting rights makes little difference. Two notable developments this year have been in the area of student participation in the selection of college officers; first, at the beginning of the year, the Warden agreed to consult and indeed did so, with members of the committee before making the appointment of a new tutor. Second and most significant was the unprecedented decision of the College Council to have the Senior Student on the Selection Committee for the Wardenship: this spontaneous move by the Council reflects a growing appreciation of the value of student views on matters of vital importance to the College's future. At all times, communication between the Committee and the Warden, Dean and Bursar has been open and frank, facilitated as it is by the presence of the Dean at committee meetings. The committee also had valuable discussions with college officers and Senior Common Room on the questions of discipline, and the role of resident tutors in the college.



At a student level, the tendency has been away from active participation in T.C.A.C. affairs. General meetings this year were, with the exception of the first, attended by about a third of the college, and debate was generally lacking in imagination. Motions passed included ones calling for a review of the cost and benefits of resident tutors and for reconsideration of arrangements for Grace; establishing a Reserve Fund to cover major repairs and replacements; and laying down a quorum of  $\frac{1}{4}$  for T.C.A.C. general meetings. As an experiment, second term's meeting was declared voluntary but the small attendance (approximately 30) necessitated adjournment; the meeting reconvened a fortnight later, compulsory once more. A more successful experiment was the provision of refreshments during the first meeting of the year — some speakers reached hilarious heights, if lacking a little in logical presentation.

The Committee faced many of the day-to-day administrative problems confronting every committee. Major expenditures allowed by our self-trained financial wizard, Ross Millar, were renovation of squash court, resurfacing tennis courts, recovering the billiard table, and the purchase of a new set of oars. A fee rise was avoided but may soon become necessary with the purchase of a new rowing-eight imminent. Indoor Rep, Peter Plavina, maintained close contact with the Bursar; set up an opposition photostat machine, forcing the College's suppliers to drop their price; introduced a system of credit for absence from formal meals when notified in advance; ensured the installation of wall-phones on all floors; and didn't buy an ironing board. A most successful innovation this year was the weekly College Newsheet, bearing news of past and future events. It was a happy Committee; we trust that it fulfilled its duties adequately. What of the future? 1973 marks the end of an era as it is the last year of the Wardenship of Dr. Robin L. Sharwood — anyone with experience of residential College will realise that the appointment of a new Warden necessarily determines to a large extent the course followed by the College in the next five or ten years. It is inevitable that changes will occur: it is to be hoped that some of Trinity's distinctive traditions will persist. One change that is sure to be of great significance is the coming of women to Trinity: the principle of co-residence was approved by College Council in 1972, and appropriate provision has been made in the planning for the Bishop's renovations at the end of this year. It is too early to see major changes in those colleges which have already become co-residential: it will be for Trinity residents of the future, and of the past, to observe and assess the effects on the atmosphere and life-style of Trinity. A factor which may well bear strongly on the College is that of finance. At the moment, the demand for residential places is steadily growing and shows every cause for optimism; with fees rising even more rapidly, nevertheless, one wonders whether residential life as at present can continue to be a financial proposition.

Need I . . . ? Certainly not.

Chris Maxwell



T.C.D.C. Committee

C.J. Gardiner, S.H.C. Mills, P.S. Goldsworthy, R.D. Lowrey  
Absent: G.F. Moodie (Sec), J.O. Churchill, H.J. White,  
N.S.I. Gordon

## Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club this year presented two plays: David Storey's *Home*, directed by George Abrams; and Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* under the direction of John Frawley.

The decision to stage two productions was an equivocation on a problem that must concern any amateur club: should everyone have an opportunity to participate in the production, with no pretensions to quality, or should the group attempt a difficult production knowing that it will never approach the standard of a bad professional company? I find the latter attitude more rewarding and less conducive of mediocrity.

My experience has confirmed two prejudices: the uselessness of committees, and the redundancy of the position of Business Manager. Committee meetings decide nothing of importance, the responsibility for their indecision being lost amongst the vagaries of "corporate responsibility". This should be recognised, and a production secretary appointed who may appoint his own committee members, or none at all.

The position of Business Manager has long been recognised as failing to regulate expenditure of the dramatic club. The only person competent to judge what expenditure is required is the one doing the job, and in him should be placed the responsibility of maintaining a reasonable budget. Many more people would have the right to authorize expenditure, but they would be handling manageable sums. Trust is of the essence in any successful management.

Unfortunately power restrictions were introduced during the season of *Twelfth Night*, resulting in the loss of 200-300 audience. Despite the crippling of the Dramatic Club's budget, one may anticipate a successful year of theatre in 1974.

Gavin Moodie



# Home

The "other" College play, George Abram's production of *Home* by David Storey, should not be under-estimated either as a precedent for College drama or as a successful piece of theatre in itself. The idea of the Dramatic Club employing some of its funds in the sponsorship of a smaller and otherwise financially impossible production is an excellent one; it is to be hoped that the stunningly unexpected refusal of rights and the subsequent frantic search for a loophole and an alternative venue (the College chapel having been refused) took nothing away from the importance of the lesson. The College can present two plays: one can be large lavish and lucrative; the other should be smaller, less profitable and experimental, presented merely because it is worthwhile theatre.

This is not to say that the production was as experimental as this opportunity allowed. *Home* is in the Pinteresque tradition: a subtle, and lengthy, chronological analysis conveyed by significant words strewn amongst the even more significant pauses. However, one must take the play out of its historical context and treat it as a production on its own terms, as an evening's entertainment. It is a long play, and there are only five actors — emphasis is therefore on character and plot development rather than on the pyrotechnics of movement and of numbers. I feel that in emphasising the nuances and subtleties of the plot development — the gradual awakening realisation by the audience that it is a *Home* and not just home, and the intricacies of the relations between the inmates, as brought out, for example, by their concern with the chairs — the production tended to overlook the character development which lay beneath, and shaped, this plot. All of the characters were lifelike, but just as a cardboard cutout may have verisimilitude but lack the vigour of life, so some of the characters in *Home* lacked a depth which would have convinced us that they were no longer merely actors.

Nevertheless, these considerations are not overriding. Borne along by a script at times very moving in its

portraiture, the play sometimes achieved that hushed stillness of the audience which indicates their fullest attention. Occasionally, we were transfixed by the poignancy of the scene; an old man — more sane than insane? — remembering his family and friends, most of whom existed, one feels, within his mind. Storey understands well the meanderings of a conversation of the mentally disturbed, the logic and causality of which is usually concealed but never absent:

*Jack:* Discoveries have been made that would indicate that lions and tigers, elephants, wolves, rhinoceros and so forth, actually inhabited these parts.

*Harry:* My word.

*Jack:* In those circumstances, it wouldn't be unreasonable to suppose that the Vale of Ever-sham was such a place itself. The very cradle of, as it were, of...

*Harry:* Close to where your aunt lived.

and the minor concerns of his imbalanced characters:

*Kathleen:* Pull your skirt down girl.

These meanderings were conveyed by the production, and a certain empathy with the audience was achieved. And yet at the end one wonders, slightly dissatisfied — where was the focus of the play, and what is the significance of its content?

As an innovation in College theatric life, *Home* was an important and courageous step. As a piece of theatre in itself, it only seldom succeeded in crossing the boundary between resemblance-acting, the reflection of an external light, on the one hand; and on the other, a much more genuine and deep acting, more like living than acting, more like glowing with a light from within.

Stephen Mills





# Twelfth Night

Finding the right play is not an enviable task and certainly the University Colleges have, I believe, the hardest job of all. For given of course the validity of an annual dramatic production in the first place, the Colleges are faced from the outset with a situation that offers only compromise. Of great significance is that the possible cast will more often than not be fairly inexperienced and their devotion to the production at variance with what is required of them and at variance with each other. Of equal importance is finding a director who is both willing and experienced. Then, though perhaps this comes earlier in the sequence of considerations and problems, there is a budget that the production must work within.

There are ways of making the best of what at first showing is a daunting situation. And at this point I would not want to criticize Trinity for putting on a Shakespearean play, but it does seem to me that ultimately the choice was a wrong one; this was borne out not only by the production itself but by some of the other college productions. Qualitatively those productions, and here I refer in particular to *The Wages of Virtue*, were of a higher standard and, for the actors as much as for the audience, more rewarding.

In a review of *Twelfth Night* written at the time of its performance, I supported the notion that Shakespeare could and should be put on by amateur groups. My reason was quite simply that such productions could perhaps offer us some small portion or fragment of Shakespeare's genius. I still stand to that opinion and yet not quite as firmly as I did then. The reasons for the change of heart I think are important both within the context of Trinity and in a wider sense. Both the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the recent performance of *Hamlet* by the Sydney-based Nimrod Theatre, demonstrated one vital point: Whether a group presents Shakespeare in a traditional or untraditional manner, the production must be thought through very carefully. The cast as well as the director must have a very sure sense that as a group they know what and how they want to present the particular play at hand. Though Shakespeare is still read and enjoyed by many, his plays through either poor guidance or bad productions, have become a thing "weary, stale and unprofitable".

However, it was the clarity and freshness of approach that made *Hamlet* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as performances at once so immediate and rewarding. And this approach came out of a lot of hard thinking about the plays themselves and a lot of dedicated work that reached and maintained a vigour through just this sort of attitude of mind.



The tradition of Shakespearean productions at Trinity is a long one and it seems to go alongside a quite separate concern. The play is and must be the cultural highpoint for the College. To the outside world it attests to a continuing love for the 'classics' and the traditional, it has something of the flavour of the yearly Expo' Faor. To a certain degree this is to be unfair to the organisers of this year's production, their choice was founded to a large extent on the lack of a concerned body to choose a suitable play. However, because finally the play was not a success, many people saw it as I have outlined above. And further this marvellous play was ultimately disappointing to members of the College, and more significantly, a disappointment to some of the members of the cast.

The production seemed to be struggling in an effort to surface, the actors played out their roles and did little more than that. Somewhere the vital meaning as embodied in the words and actions had been separated and left behind. It is hardly worth, at this distance in time, enumerating closely the good sections of the performance and the disappointing areas. More generally, however, the play seemed unrehearsed over and above its lack of vitality. And the answer to this I now consider rests with the choice and why thereby Shakespeare should not be put on by such groups. What was missing, and this is no fault on the part of the actors, was the necessary time to immerse oneself completely in the play and for each actor in his role. For it is with this sort of dedication and only this, making possible not only coming to terms with oneself as an actor but interpreting that figure in the context of the play, that the production can in any way be successful. For a College this is necessarily not possible and if the annual event is to maintain its validity, it must be approached in a different manner.

What must be realized is that neither one nor two people can organize the whole show, as happened this year. It was only through their efforts that the play went on at all and the student committee that makes, and ultimately watched over the elected organizers should be more thoughtful in its decision.

In the light of such circumstances *Twelfth Night* must be considered a success that could not but lead itself into nights of disappointment.

Charles Merewether



## Senior Common Room

The past year has seen much activity in the Senior Common Room. The Friday night seminars, introduced so successfully by Lauchlan Chipman last year, continued just as successfully. We heard papers on an interesting variety of subjects such as "Berlin Today" from Dr. Alan Hughes; "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" from Ian Campbell; "Economic Growth" from Prof. R. Downing; and "How to tell a good painting from a bad one" from Patrick McCaughey.

The end of 1972 saw a great change in our membership. We were sorry to farewell James Merralls, who left us after a very long period of outstanding service to both the College and the Senior Common Room. We also lost our Senior Tutor, Dr. Lauchlan Chipman, Chris Wharton and Don Handley to the joys of matrimony as well as Syd Boyde, Alan Hodgart and Dr. Brian Thomson. However, we were happy to welcome Renn Wortley, resident tutor in law, who came to us from the Law School; Jim Fox, resident tutor in engineering; Horst Imberger, resident tutor in Philosophy; Dr. John Horowitz from Adelaide who was appointed resident tutor in Pharmacology at the start of second term; Dr. John Emmerson, resident tutor in physics, who returned to the College after a long sojourn at New College, Oxford; and John Davis, resident tutor in physiology who also returned to the College after a period of study in West Germany.

During the year we were sorry to farewell our Senior Tutor and resident tutor in Economics and Good Living who departed, after eight years in College, for a year's sabbatical leave in the U.K. John Davis was appointed Senior Tutor; the other positions remain unfilled. At the same time, John Emmerson was appointed Assistant Dean to assist Rod Fawns in academic administration.

The S.C.R. sporting program continued with bushwalks under the expert guidance of Rod Tucker. In November 1972 Rod led a successful, if hair-raising (we have photos to prove it), expedition from Mt. Hotham to Mt. Feathertop. This was followed early this year by a further trip to Wilson's Promontory. A profitable (for some people) expedition was also made to Flemington for the Melbourne Cup.

These notes would be incomplete without mention of the number of distinguished guests whom we have had in our midst during the year. These included Dr. Jim Walter, a dermatologist from Sydney, Dr. Seguarra, a renowned Indonesian anthropologist and Director of Museums in Djakarta, John Perkin, a law student from Harvard University who very quickly became known and liked throughout the entire College, Professor Gordon Dunstan, Professor of Moral and Social Theology at King's College, University of London and Priest in

Ordinary to H.M. the Queen, who was in Melbourne to deliver the Moorhouse Lectures for 1973, and Lord Gardiner, former Lord Chancellor, and Lady Gardiner.

Finally, thanks are due to our Minutes Secretary, Rod Tucker, to the Treasurer, Mike Dewar, and to our Wines purchasing committee, for keeping us organized, financial and in good spirits during the year.

J.M.D.



### FLEUR DE LYS STAFF

Back: J.M. Butler, P.S. Goldsworthy

Front: H.J. White, C.J. Gardiner, (ED), R.M. Millar, R.C. Springall.

Absent: G.F. Moodie, D. van Dissel, A.G. Strazzera.

## Fleur de Lys

It was with a sense of loss, but no surprise, that I heard of J.C.H.'s withdrawal from *Fleur de Lys* early this year; I saw it as making my task easier, although less enjoyable. With this in mind, I approached this edition of *Fleur de Lys* as one of consolidation. After the shock of losing the financial support of the Union of the Fleur de Lys in 1971, and the flush of centenary extravagance last year, the time had come to produce a magazine neither introspective nor boringly issue-conscious, recording the year both directly and through the literary works of the gentlemen. That these latter are not in evidence I shall let speak for itself. Far from consolidating, this edition has raised (resurrected?) a doubt about the literary and indeed the overall function of *Fleur de Lys* which, I feel, must not be ignored or glossed over.

As regards finance: the TCAC offered a very generous — some would say too generous — amount to *Fleur de Lys* this year. Notwithstanding this and the lack of an advertising manager, I set about supplementing our funds through advertising. My efforts were half-hearted, but the response was less; if such a source of income is desirable in the future, a separate business manager with plenty of time and patience is a necessity.



# The Concert

It is not often that a week culminates on a Thursday, but this year it did. Consider: on Tuesday, 25th September, the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra in the Town Hall; on Wednesday, 26th, Miss Birgit Nilsson at the Town Hall; and on Thursday, 27th, the J.C.H.—T.C. concert in the J.C.H. Dining Hall — and where can we possibly go from there?

The latter occasion was ushered in by the Dowland Society and their ever-faithful conductor, Syd Boydell, singing Dowland's "Say love, if ever thou didst find", followed by sections of Palestrina's ethereal *Missa Aeterna Christi Munera*. Dom Gregory Murray was responsible for the next item, an arrangement for flute, recorder and cello of Bach's organ trio "Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend". The three sounds blended together admirably at the hands (lips?) of Gretel Lamont, Syd Boydell and Stephen Feiner, even if the pace was slightly slower than is conventional. Next came the first movement of Beethoven's Spring Sonata played by Tom Fitzgerald (violin), Kristin Headlam (piano: unobtrusive) and the kitchen staff (dishes: very obtrusive). A great deal of the charm of the movement came across in this performance, although the Hall acoustic showed itself unkind to small deficiencies of phrasing and intonation in this and other items during the evening.

Jim Minchin's settings of three songs from *Twelfth Night* had a deserved resurrection, sung by Martin Bonsey. "Come away, death" is particularly sensitively done, and gave great pleasure. Annette Carless gave us a new experience for college concerts: an exposition of ballet dancing taken from Paulli's "Napoli". A topical touch was added to the programme when Martin Bonsey, Tim Thwaites and Jim Minchin elected to sing the song of the pseudo-maidens who break into a ladies' college in "Princes Ida" and right from the opening words "I am a maiden cold and stately" the audience

of both sexes were hanging from their lips! In the same group Meredith Fletcher and Renn Wortley sang the duet for Jack Point and Elsie Maynard "I have a song to sing-O" from "Yeoman of the Guard" with notable quality of voice.

After the merriment of Gilbert and Sullivan, order was restored as Mary Rusden performed Schumann's *Novellette in D, OP. 21*. This is a lovely work, and Miss Rusden displayed in it her well-known mastery of the Romantic idiom. The piano solos of the concert were, indeed, all notably good: later Enid Hookey explored Debussy's little-known and very witty "Homage a Samuel Pickwick" displaying in her performance both very good taste and a very good memory; and lastly Michael Sun exhibited in Chopin's *Impromptu No. 1, Op. 29* a technique well able to cope with the demands for sheer finger dexterity that with this composer is *sine qua non*.

It is always a risk to tax an audience with the unrestful sounds and rhythms of a modern "straight" composer, and Gretel Lamont, Tony Sutherland, Stewart Niemann and Stephen Feiner are to be commended for trying to persuade the audience to taste the sound of Riisage's Sonata described on the programme as "for F1, C1, Vn and Vc". In general the attempt "came off" quite well, although a stronger sense of ensemble could have been achieved in parts.

A College community can always manage to be eclectic in musical, as in other varieties of taste, and several items for singers and guitars in roughly "folk" style were also included in the very diverse programme. The pessimistic side of this genre was well brought out in the two solos by John Beavis. "Tomorrow's such a long time" and "Pearl", while Brenton Burnard's "Hit the road, Jack" for all its theme of disillusionment, managed with its fetching rhythm to encourage the one example of audience participation of the night.

Violins tended to be of uneven quality, but not that of Joan Bonsey, who gave a most committed and





professional performance of Bloch's "Nigum" accompanied by Robyn McGregor.

After interval we were greeted by an orchestra with a remarkably wide range of instruments — even Handel would have approved of the number of flutes! Under the watchful — and sometimes agonised — eye of Maurice Giretti they found their way through J.C. Bach's Sinfonia Concertante in C, 1st movement, with a solo group of flute, oboe, cello and violin, followed by the last movement of Haydn's Symphony 104. Of these performances it can well be said that both their music and their adventures were followed with obvious enjoyment and involvement by all the audience, and we all look forward to their offerings in 1974!

The concert ended with a return to Gilbert and Sullivan, with a well-acted duet for Katisha and Koko by Cecily Clark and Syd Boydell, and "Strange Adventure" from "Yeoman of the Guard" sung by Cecily Clark, Meredith Fletcher, Tim Thwaites and Pete Ponder accompanied by Robyn McGregor on the piano, plus a magical obligato from Gretel Lamont on the flute. In the manner of an epilogue, Syd Boydell, Jim Butler, Tim Thwaites, Pete Ponder and Angela Gill (piano) took us back to the style of the 19th century music hall with "She is More to be Pitied than Censured" by W.B. Gray and sent us all home in the blithest of spirits.

All the organizers of the concert may take pleasure from the best kind of thanks for their efforts; that the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Dr. B.W. Thompson

## Musical Society

The first few days of first term brought with them the promise of a Vintage Year for music in Trinity College. The instrumental strength of the college was at a new peak, and the college had awarded a Music Scholarship for the first time since 1967. There was talk of chamber music and orchestras, of concerts and folk music workshops, of the setting-up of a Musical Society to remove the musical responsibilities from the hands of the curators. In the light of the expectations aroused by this first week it might seem that the year has been disappointing musically — but from any other point of view I think not.

A Musical Society was eventually set up and nearly constituted at the last TCAC meeting for the year. It was set up in part to formalize an already existing situation (a dubious reason), and in the hope of providing a degree of continuity from year to year in the College's musical activities. That such a mechanism is desirable is indicated, for example, by the discovery that the "innovations" of last year were the accepted practice of six or more years ago. There is little doubt



in my mind that the small spur of a committee position can mean the difference between inaction and keen organizational activity.

The orchestra founded in 1971 by Frank Smith was continued this year through the efforts of Stewart Niemann and myself. A recruiting drive in first term produced three new violins, a trumpet and some clarinets, and a bassoon and a viola were added later in the year. The recruit of the year, however, was conductor Maurice Giretti, who in a short five weeks moulded the orchestra into quite a reasonable ensemble; if its members can remain together next year its prospects look to be excellent.

Three concerts were held during the year, each in conjunction with J.C.H., one in each term. The first two were of the "8.30 in the music room, supper provided" variety, with about 60 people attendant at each. Third term saw *The Concert*, preceded by an excellent buffet dinner in the new J.C.H. Common Room, involving over 50 performers and an audience of over 150 (see review opposite). Each of these nights was, I felt, a considerable success on its own terms, and although we may lament their small frequency, we cannot but be pleased by the tone that they generated.

Chris Gardiner



## Wine Cellar

The increasing degree of sophistication and awareness relating to culinary matters which has occurred in this country since the last war has generally outpaced knowledge regarding alcoholic beverages.

While the worker still imbibes the basic article at the local establishment and his wife thrice refuses the proffered frosty one, Australians are, in general, drinking more wine. (The late Professor Keith McCartney once compared the Australian wife's attitude to alcohol with the studied politeness of the Indonesian guest refusing repeated invitations to eat).

In this setting and in the face of uninspired Government taxation, the wine industry (perhaps surprisingly) continues to flourish. And with the increase in wine consumption there has arisen a clear need for straightforward, unbiased information regarding wine, devoid of the indulgent ravings of so-called experts.

We have in Australia a rich variety of wine styles comparable to the world's best, the study of which can be most rewarding, providing a viable supplement to a more established drink.

R.E. Phillips

## Chapel Notes

Traditionally, as in other Anglican foundations, the Chapel and the Chaplain have played considerable part in the life of the College. However, in the predominantly secular atmosphere of the late 20th century Australian University and University College, the role of both is difficult and certainly ambiguous. The time when one could expect most College men to turn up on Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock for Sung Mattins is regrettably a thing of the hoary past, and consequently there is a continuous seeking for relevance in Chapel Worship. The beginning to this made by the Assistant Chaplain (the Rev'd J.B. Minchin) in 1972 was continued this year, and while the regular round of daily Eucharist and Offices have been continued this year, the worship has been characterised by a number of new developments. There has been a number of Jazz Services on modern themes, two of which were telecast, thus continuing an innovation established last year. There has been a number of interesting preachers: His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne preached before the College on Trinity Sunday, our Patronal festival; Dr John Gaden (Assistant Chaplain at M.E.G.S.), and Dr Stephen Ames (recently returned from the U.S.A. and now Vicar of St Martin's in Deepdene) spoke on the themes "An Australian Anthem — the Search for Australian Identity" and "Coming Home — the Exile and the Kingdom", respectively.

The reforming of the College Choir under our new organist, Mr Tom Healey from Ormond College, was a welcome revival of the great choral tradition which

characterised chapel worship in the mid-1960's, and their items by English and Continental polyphonic composers have greatly enhanced the worship. In a different genre, the Jazz Band has contributed to the informal Sunday services. Others who made significant contributions were Annette Carless (ballet) and Tom Fitzgerald (violin).

The Thursday evening 10 o'clock Informal Services have provided an opportunity for discussion and experimentation, and have been attended by many people, including those from outside the two colleges. The speakers included Professor Koyama, a well-known Japanese theologian who had been delivering lectures to the United Faculty of Theology, and Fr Peter Steele, S.J. from the Melbourne University English Department; themes have included "Development and Social Justice", "The Healing of Bitterness — a Study in ongoing Salvation", and "Flesh, Spirit and Sexuality".

In these and in many other ways, Fr Minchin and the Chapel community have tried to demonstrate that Christianity has something to say to modern man.

Before concluding, it should be mentioned that Fr Minchin leaves Trinity at the end of this year. He has certainly made a significant contribution which has extended beyond the Chapel and indeed the College community. We support him with our best wishes and prayers.

Dirk van Dissel

## Dialectic Society

1973 will be long remembered over College teacups as a truly momentous year for the Dialectic Society. So numerous were the functions which it sponsored, so great their variety, so uniformly high their quality, so well received were they that not only did the College reel as they were held, but even some weeks after the events was there experienced a dizzy, heady feeling, the result of cultural bonanza never to be equalled.

Bettering the past, two Tutors' Debates were held so that our sister College, this year bursting with a new-found energy and independence, could be involved. The fact that J.C.H. here as elsewhere found difficulty in producing teams should not be seen as a slight on their unparalleled enthusiasm. Going farther afield, the Trinity Freshmen were pitted in contest against the valiant — and ultimately victorious — Freshers of St. Mary's, in the first of what is hoped will prove an annual fixture, ecumenism being the movement of the moment.

Elsewhere in this noble journal will be found the all-too-brief account of the exploits of the Debating Team, which was under the aegis of the Dialectic Society; but it should not for one second be imagined that Athleticism of 1973 was limited to the realm of vocal persuasion. Indeed, "rampant" is the only suitable word to describe the extent of the Society's other





**T.C.D.S. Committee**

**Standing:** P.S. Goldsworthy, D. van Dissel  
**Front:** R.M. Millar, C.J. Gardiner, S.H.C. Mills (Sec).  
**Absent:** G.F. Moodie, H.J. White

cultural activities. The Third Annual Exhibition of the Visual Arts was held in the Junior Common Room in July and, although entries were not numerous, they were nevertheless of high standard; the Judge, Mr. Patrick McCaughey, was hard put to select Messrs. Merewether, Jaffe, Barton and D. White as winners. The Wigram Allen Essay Competition was likewise a resounding success there being five essayists — Messrs. Witham, Strazzer, Fitzgerald, Goldsworthy and Hilton — from amongst whom the panel of judges — Dr. Margaret Blackwood, Professor John Howes and Mr James McCaughey — selected Ted Witham's unusual little essay called *Speed*.

Trinity College — the Claret College — is unique in the Crescent for its Revue; 1973 saw no exception to the rule of high standard material, and was an improvement over previous years in that there was no low standard material presented with it. A big "go to the top of the Class" for Phil Goldsworthy, the organiser, and Ross Millar, the compere. The Revue was held just before the Senior Student Elections. Preceding the Revue was the Trinity-J.C.H. Football Match — a welcome replacement for the less entertaining and more time-consuming initiation ceremony. Surely if Jutt-oddie is to be held at all it must be at the beginning of the year.

A Poetry Evening, a talk on India, a Rooms Competition, the Grand Sportsmen's Debate... the list could go on except that nothing else happened. Throughout, the Dialectic Society received good support from the College, although this support was more in the form of audience attendance (due in some cases solely to the presence of wine and cheese) than personal contribution. Particularly, the Poetry Competition and the Arts

Exhibition suffered from lack of spontaneous contribution. However, due to the quality of the events, and their usually innovative nature, the Dialectic Society enjoyed a very popular Vintage Year, and proved that in Trinity's Second Century, it still has a vital role to play in the life of the College.

Stephen Mills  
 Hon. Sec. T.C.D.S.

## Revue

The College Revue, held annually in association with the "Hostel", was performed in the Dining Hall on 29th July. It was a well run event, due to the experience of previous years and the work of producers Sue Bennett and Phillip "Otto" Goldsworthy.

Clever and well-rehearsed sketches were produced by Ted Witham, and by Simon Carter, Phil Goldsworthy, John Churchill and Gill Manley. The inevitable Weather Report, Footy Panel and "Variations on a Theme" were there, and Steve "Jelly Roll" Fitts sponsored a return performance of one of the greatest rock singers of all time, Steve Phits.

Jim Minchin, a favourite entertainer on stage and screen, sang songs, performed poetry, and told tales. He accompanied Renn Wortley's most amusing rendition of *Mrs Worthington* and *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*; together Jim (Priests aren't puritans) and Renn (Lawyers are loveable) sang the immortal and immoral *She Wore a Diamond-Studded Bra*.

No public spectacle is complete without the appearance of the Earl of Divinity-on-Cheapside, the renegade and stout priest, Dirk's fan Dissel. Dirk furnished this occasion with a commanding rendition of the suggestive *Every Ship Shall Find a Harbour*. It was a final performance of a stager, and Dirk's departure will hit hard *aficionados* just recovering from the loss of "Clangers" Bellchambers.

The climax of the evening was undoubtedly of an eccentric deportee from the Music Halls of the not-so-respectable parts of London, a gentleman whose profession it is to create laws it is the duty of the likes of Collegians to offend, Robin L. Sharwood Esq., Warden of Ivy Sandstone. The excitement of the Warden's performance was touched by the knowledge of his imminent departure, and was a moving experience for all present. Hurrahs, encores and utterly unwrung withers.

The Revue provides an excellent opportunity for informal performances that was grasped by most of the participants. At times the atmosphere was spoiled by a form of self-indulgence familiar to members of the "old school tie" brigade, but on the whole it was an entertaining evening, even for outsiders.

Forbes le-Moodie



# Debating

Introducing the first speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Chris Maxwell. (*Applause*).

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: 'That Trinity was unlucky to lose the debating this year'. Need I say more? (*Jeers from the crowd*).

As first speaker, I am duty bound to define the topic under debate. Two words in the topic need clarification. 'Trinity' is a very complex word, capable of many interpretations, but in the context of this topic it means four people — Stephen Mills, John Glover, Ted Witham and Chris Maxwell — four debaters of supposedly high calibre and intellect who carried the College's colours in inter-collegiate debating this year. The second is 'lose' — normally this word means, to quote the Concise Oxford, 'be defeated in'. It may well be questioned whether within this meaning Trinity actually 'lost' the debating this year: we won four debates and 'were defeated in' only one debate. Unfortunately that one



## DEBATING

C.M. Maxwell, E.P. Witham, S.H.C. Mills  
Seated: J. Glover

debate was the final against Newman — but more of that from our later speakers. 'Lose' thus has a special meaning here — it means win all the preliminary debates and be defeated in the final. Perhaps you will begin to see that Trinity was indeed unlucky to lose the debating this year.

I shall speak of the early history of 1973 Trinity debating. Mr. Mills of the mid-season successes, and Mr. Glover will fulfil the customary role of the third speaker and rebut any suggestions from the opposition that Trinity deserved to lose the debating. After an intensive summer-long preparation and the successful recruiting of promising Newman junior, Glover, we faced the first debate against Ormond confident of avenging 1972's Grand Final defeat at the hands of our Catholic rivals. Untroubled by the opposition on our home ground we convinced the adjudicator that 'it is better to plant trees than to paint them'; and flushed with success, we donned white shorts and travelled to St. Hilda's for a crucial clash.

But I see my time has run out. (*Applause and cheers*)

The second speaker for the Affirmative, Mr. Stephen Mills (*Wild applause*).

Miss Chairm, Ladesan jennelemn: Full of courage, skilfull Trinity debated away, against St. Hilda's, on the topic, "That the untold millions should be told". They were good, ladesan jennlemen, but we were lucky. We then debated at home against St. Mary's, "that stone walls do not a prison make" — this I think was our finest hour and the victory was a wonderful indication of our customary skill, and clarity. But those teams were very good and could have taken our place in the (shudder) Grand Final: we only wish that they had taken someone's place in the other division.

With three victories, we were saved from journeying to Ridley for a fourth by a fortuitous forfeit — and there we were, undefeated with but one round to go, on top of the world.

Then minor disaster struck: it was a stunning blow (pun there) to lose clear and skilfull first speaker Maxwell. Yet his place was taken from the dense Trinity ranks of aspirant orators by Mr. Witham and, unruffled, the team demonstrated skilfully, clearly and conclusively to Women's that the end is nigh. It was.

Before handing over to Mr. Glover's customary skill and clarity via Mr. Witham, I should sum up by complimenting the team on a magnificent year. . . I might say successful but. . . (*Wild applause and chanting — crowd dismantles furniture in patriotic ecstasy*).

Speaker number two and a half, Mr. Ted Witham (*Wilder applause*).

Mr Chairman, Ladies, Womens and Gentlemen: According to my usual custom, I will be brief and illogical. My task is to present the Women's side of the argument. Women's were too brief. Was it this that caused Mr. Vance to fall backwards in his chair and Mr. Whipp to



fall forwards out of his? Women's were too illogical. Not only did their second speaker prove our case — "that the end is nigh" — but also admirably illustrated that it was nice, too. I conclude, not with the tinkling, repetitive rhetoric of the first speaker's glass, nor with the impassioned lectern-leaning oratory of their third speaker, but with a thought. . . (*Deafening applause — three gavels are splintered in an attempt to quiet the jostling crowd*).

The last speaker, Mr. John Glover. . . (*The chairman can scarcely be heard over the screams, gasps, and sighs greeting Mr. Glover's appearance*).

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: With well-nigh unendurable pathos this tale draws to its heart-rending conclusion. Three Periclean orators from Trinity strode on St. Mary's on that fateful eve to contend with their foxes the proposition that — "The private morals of public men are a matter of concern". Their argument, incorporating the erudition of centuries and soldered with an unassailable logic, became tarnished only by the stopping necessity of rebuttal. Those who witnessed it, still vying as they are for superlatives, were no less edified than educated.

The hour of judgement came — alas! Newman won. O weep for it! (*a loud wail is emitted by the audience, many of whom fall to the floor in a paroxysm of grief*). But in truth there is no justice in this world where men's affairs are the mere sport of gods.

A sad evening, friends. But whenever such orators as Maxwell, Witham, Mills and Glover reach out for truth and true justice — there resides the highest spirit of humanity. (*The audience is totally overcome by the eloquence and tragedy of it all. The debate ends*).

## Golf

The golf day got under way early in second term, and despite very sodden conditions the team performed admirably in the morning stroke round to reach the final against Ormond.

Keith Disher, despite having the dubious advantage of two caddies, failed to live up to his brilliant practice round form and very sportingly played himself out of a win. Ed Shackell played the best golf of the team with a fine 86 in the morning, but struck the Ormond No. 1 in unfortunately good form and lost narrowly. Chris Maxwell managed to revive himself with a few quick congenials after his blazing 117 in the morning; but all to no avail as the Ormond 'mouth' Rob Southwell talked him out of it. Our victories came from the sticks of Ian MacDonald, Derry Rogers, Hugh FitzPatrick and your captain, resulting in a 4-3 win to Trinity, while Gavin Moodie won the inaugural 'fashions on the fairway' in his bright ensemble of olive and tan checked plus fours and long red socks.

Thanks from the team are extended to all who caddied, and made the task such a pleasant one, and to Steve Cordner, whose efficient organisation ensured the success of the day for all present.

Ian Cordner



### GOLF

Back: H.P. Fitzpatrick, C.M. Maxwell

Front: E.S. Shackell, I.R. Cordner (C), I. Macdonald

Absent: D.F. Rogers, K.W. Disher

## Chess

Trinity won the Intercollegiate Chess Shield for the third successive year, in a relatively high-standard competition. We had an exceptionally strong team, having two players in the University firsts and one in the University seconds. We reached the finals by beating Ridley 3-1, International House 4-0, and Whitley on forfeit.

As last year, the final was against Queen's, the winner of the other section. The match was played in the J.C.R. in front of a sizeable crowd, and after several anxious moments, we won 2½-1½. The all-round strength of Trinity was shown by the continual success of the bottom half of the team. The team was Stewart Booth, Roy Sisson, Richard Turnbull and Koon Eng Ng.

Roy Sisson





#### FIRST EIGHT

Back: D.R. Lord, G. Longden, C. Rousseaux, J.L. Beavis  
 Middle: D.J. Bainbridge (C), A.G. Smith, E.S. Shackell  
 Front: W.S. Mackie  
 Absent: R.M. Manser

## First Eight

Training started in Orientation Week with daily outings on the water and evening jogs around Princes Park. At this stage much keen interest was shown by a large number of people — Rolls lost three quarters of a stone in a week, Peter Sloane nearly spent a night in Royal Park and Sammy Roufail made rowing possible by kindly coxing (unfortunately, lessons from Jessa on shouting were unavailable).

In the first week of term the crew was settled and contained six of last years crew. The two freshers, Ed Shackell and Greg Longden, provided much-needed power in the middle of the boat. Horn was a champion cox who knows how to lose weight. (Bainbridge's excellent diet manual can be purchased for a price).

The Ballarat regatta was entered by both Trinity and Ormond for the first time for many years. Neither crew got past the heats of the junior VIII. The trip was enjoyed by all except Arthur Godfrey, our coach, who was forced to row. There were also a large number of complaints after we lost our boat whilst in the Lake View, and had to row in borrowed boats for several days.

In the Intercollegiate Regatta, Trinity soundly beat Newman in the heat. Ormond proved to be too strong and too experienced in the final, and, after an

excellent fight over the first 700 metres, ran away to win by three lengths. Queen's, after weeks of threats, were so terrified by the might of the Trinity crew that they declined to take up their right to challenge for second place.

The following Saturday a scratch crew containing several outsiders started in the Scotch-Mercantile regatta, but achieved little success.

Congratulations to Doug Lord for rowing in the winning Intervarsity Lightweight IV. It is a shame that others in College do not see fit to take up their options to row with the very strong University Boat Club in either Intervarsity or the summer inter-club season, for this is the only way to win back the Mervyn Bournes Higgins Trophy in the near future.

D.J.M. Bainbridge

## Swimming

Inspired by an enthusiasm as chilling as an icy blast, Trinity again took painstaking efforts to cull the cream of our pitiful wealth of swimming ability. Having been a member of the exceptionally unsuccessful team of '72, I at least had the pre-requisite of having seen a swimming pool, and with scant warning I had foisted upon me the captaincy of a team which dismally appeared conspicuous only because of its lack of talent. It was reassuring, however, that as the ranks swelled some Trinity men were bold enough to lay claim to a degree of skill on the sport.

Whilst on the night our small triumphs paled under our competitor's refulgence, we managed a praiseworthy third place. All hail Rick Graham for not wringing the judge's neck when robbed of his victory in the breast-stroke.

Even though the Queen's and Ormond juggernauts seem plagued by barrel-chested, bull-shouldered champions, names like Oppy and Hall, gingerly plied with small doses of training, could bring home the goods next year.

Tony Edney





#### SQUASH

*M. Parsons, P.J. Nice, M.K. Dewar (C), M. Roche, P. Plavina.*

## Squash

The knock-out competition, organised for the freshmen during orientation week, was entered by sixteen enthusiastic freshers. The range of abilities and styles was great – to say the least! One obvious point was that all the players lacked match experience. However, the ability is there and if some were prepared to join the University Squash Club for pennant match practice and coaching the college team would benefit considerably.

A convincing win (4–1) in the first round against Newman gave us that extra “ring-of-confidence” to face the arch-enemies Ormond in the second. Mick Roche showed them where it was at by soundly defeating their No. 5. However, Peter Plavina and Mark Parsons were not up to true form and the next two rubbers went Ormond’s way. Peter Nice then went on to play a tense and vital fourth match. He played accurate, consistent squash and in the long hard match proved to be the better player. An easy win by Micheal Dewar clinched victory. The final against International House showed the depth in the team with Mark winning his first match and Mick Roche and Peter Nice sealing the victory (3–2).

M. Dewar



#### ATHLETICS

*Back: S.M. Cordner, R.K. Graham, D.D. Crisp, D.A. Jaffe, C.M. Maxwell*

*Front: I.M.E. King, R.C. Springall (C), I.F. Lucas*

*Absent: T.A.D. Fitzgerald, J.C. Fox, L.K. Hope, A.B. MacKinnon, C. Albany, S.G. Fitts, W.J. Wright, P.J. Nice.*

## Athletics

*Athletics: Wednesday, May 2nd, Hell, too soon!*

*Heats: Monday – Hell, much too soon!*

*Training: Run hard, guts, try, lift legs.*

*Selection: Trials, scrape barrel, toss up, guess, change it later.*

*Teams: Only five, no heats, waste of effort, “I can’t run”, “I’m not fit”, excuses, excuses. . . .*

*Tuesday: meeting: Beer, peanuts and chips, but only Fox, Fitzgerald, Singlets: can’t buy, borrow, not enough.*

*Wednesday: cold, wet, no good, runners late, one watching, miss events, what the heck. 200 metres: Hope 3rd, good; Crisp, 4th. Discus: MacKinnon 3rd, great. Javelin: MacKinnon 2nd, great again. Shot Put: Lucas, Fox, not good. Long Jump: no jump. 400 metres: Albany Crisp try hard. High Jump: Fitts 2nd, King 3rd. 100 metres: Hope fastest; B-grade, joke. Distance events: too long; Wright, wrong. Fitzgerald, unfit. Maxwell, footballer. Relay: overtrained.*

*Finished: Newman win, Ormond second, Trinity fourth.*

*Next year: hope; need runners.*

Rob Springall





#### CRICKET

*Back: N. Munday, M.P. Adams, M.L. Ross, J.O. Churchill, P.L. Goddard.*

*Front: C.M. Maxwell, F.C.R. Price (C), G.J. Rowley, I. MacDonald.*

*Absent: C. Albany, M.W. Heinz, S.G. Fitts*

## Cricket

Trinity's 1973 season, if not ultimately successful, was longer than usual and as enjoyable as ever. In addition to the three intercollegiate games, there were two keenly fought intracollege matches. In the annual Senior Gentlemen's XIII v. the Freshers X½ match, the Gents, true to fashion, won by one run, one umpire, and one scorebook that was "lost" at the crucial moment. The second match, designed to aid the selection of the Trinity XI, saw the return of various former college cricketers "greats" in an invitation XI playing against the "Hopefuls" XI.

The first match against International House, postponed for a week because of rain, was eventually played in very poor conditions. The Trinity batsmen, however, coped well with the bad wicket. Peter Goddard and Nick Munday put on a brisk 32 for the first wicket, and then Munday and Ian MacDonald (41) took the score to 88 before the former was bowled for an excellent 51. On MacDonald's dismissal at 118, the traditional Trinity collapse occurred when three wickets fell for six runs. However, Mark Ross (24 n.o.), aided by Martin Adams (both freshmen and therefore understandably ignorant of the tradition) hit out to take the score to 157 for 6 wickets at the innings' close (29 overs).

I.H. at 4/24 in reply looked finished, but then a partnership of 64, facilitated by sloppy fielding and inaccurate bowling, put some respectability into their score. However, they never really looked like reaching the Trinity total in the time, and were in fact dismissed for 120 (off 28 overs). Francis Price eventually found his length and finished with 6 wickets for 21 runs.

The Semi-Final against Queen's played the following day, saw the most convincing win by a Trinity XI in years. Queen's were sent in to bat on a very difficult wicket of which the Trinity bowlers took full advantage. Price (6 for 38 off 19 overs), Ross (1 for 10 off 12 overs), and Grant Rowley (1 for 8 off 5 overs) wrecked Queen's innings and prevented them from scoring more than 66 runs off 38 overs. After another solid opening stand of 36, Trinity coasted to a well-won victory, scored the required runs in 18 overs for the loss of only 2 wickets.

The Final against Ormond turned out to be a disastrous reversal of the Semi-Final. Ormond batted first and lost their first wicket in the opening over. However, it was not until 87 that the next wicket fell (and that to a run-out), and they looked set for a big score. But good fielding and steady bowling by Price (5 for 71) and Chris Maxwell (4 for 64) kept the Ormond score down to 178, which seemed within Trinity's capabilities. However, it was not to be. The innings crumbled before the Ormond pace attack, and, despite valiant tail-end resistance from players such as John Churchill and Chris Albany, Trinity could manage no more than 54.

Francis Price



#### HOCKEY

*Back: A.J. Castellini, M.P. Adams, D.D. Crisp, J.M. Butler, P.L. Goddard*

*Front: N.T. Denning, G. Longden, C.J. Gardiner, D.G. Atkinson, A.R. Sisson, D.A. Jaffe.*

*Absent: C. Albany (C), D.M. Marshall, M. Cooper, D.T. Jenkins.*

## Hockey

Trinity's opening game in its 1973 quest for the Hockey Cup was against Whiteley. With wingers Mike Cooper and Digby Crisp showing scintillating form, and Adrian Castellini and Greg Longden starring in defence, we led 4-1 at half time. Complacency then set in as we allowed Whitley to get back into the game and level the scores at 4-all at full time. However, with renewed application



we reasserted our superiority during extra time to run out winners 7-5.

*Scorers:* Cooper 2, Albany 2, Crisp 1, Gardiner 1, Butler 1.

*Best:* Castellini (recruit of the year), Cooper, Longden, Crisp.

The semi-final against Newman was a tough, hard-fought match with little good hockey to commend it as a spectacle. At no stage was Trinity able to get its game flowing properly — particularly in attack where Mike Cooper, out injured, was sadly missed. Newman, showing a much greater determination and desire to win the ball throughout the game, finally won by the odd goal in five, and went on to beat Ormond in the final — leaving us to hope for greater things in '74. . . .

*Scorer:* Albany 2.

*Best:* Castellini, Goddard (continuing in the best "Clangers" tradition of wicket-keeper turned goalie), Atkinson, Longden.

Chris Albany

## First Eighteen

*'Well Stuck, much better year for Trinity football than usual.'*

*'Sure was Lou, but I think we could have done better.'*

*Break it down Stuck! Ya won two games for the first time in four years, ya throw one away with rotten kicking, and ya reckon ya could have done better.*

I know it sounds funny Lou, but with the talent we had in that team, we should have made the final.

*What went wrong?*

Well Lou, I think the lads had forgotten how to win. It was the Newman game what stuffed us.

*What about the Ormond game first. Jim Cleary covered that one and said it was one of the best games of footy he'd seen.*

I always thought Jim knew nothing about football. We kept with them for a half, but they were much too good after that. Cordner took about 20 marks and got about 40 kicks. I reckon he was our only decent player.

*Youse were a bit stiff in the Newman game. I said to Jack after the game: "If they'd kicked straight they might have won". Jack said: "Yeah, but Bellchambers whacked that rover a ripper.*

We've got no one to blame but ourselves for that one Lou. We hit the post four times, missed a lot of easy shots, and folded when Newman applied the pressure. What really crapped me was that only six blokes turned up after the game to drink the grog.

*Great win against Whitley!*



### FIRST EIGHTEEN

*Back:* M.L. Ross, D.J. Frederick, H.P. Fitzpatrick, D.J. Ross-Edwards, I.F. Lucas.

*Middle:* I.M.E. King, I. Macdonald, P.L. Goddard, P. Mitchell, E.S. Shackell, D.R. Hood, T.A. Guthrie, H. Bellchambers.

*Front:* M. Oppy, P.J. Nice, R.C. Springall, C.M. Maxwell (C), I.R. Cordner, R.J. Bellingham, L.K. Hope.

*Absent:* R. Stuckey, J.C. Fox, J. Ogilvie, T.J. Cunningham, B. Hurse.

Sure was Lou. We expected to win and played pretty well. I think we won by about 8 goals. It was a real team effort, no one really stood out, and it gave us great confidence for the last game.

*Was Chris Maxwell crook?*

Yeah, he got a whack on the head last game and was advised not to play. It was a real pity because he's done a great job. He was captain-coach, and organised training and the practice games.

*The Queen's game was a ripper, wasn't it Stuck?*

Yeah Lou. That was the best football Trinity's played for years.

*That long haired full forward must have dobbed quite a few sausage rolls and Jack was really impressed with ya rucks. Who were all those blokes?*

Marsh Oppy was the full forward. Kicked nine and played bloody well. Ended up winning the best and fairest: not bad for a first year player. Lucas and Ross-Edwards were the ruckmen. I don't think they missed a tap all day. Cunningham, Bellingham and Hope starred. Geez Lou, I could name the whole team, they all did well.

*Sure was a great end to the season, Stuck. Bet ya sank a bit of piss that night.*

Can't remember, Lou.

*What about next year Stuck? Do ya reckon the boys 'll kick on?*

Depends Lou. I think most of 'em will be back and if they're keener than this year I reckon they'll bolt in.

Rick Stuckey





#### RUGBY

**Back:** N.H. Gellie, G.J. Rowley, M. Adams, D.D. Crisp  
**Middle:** S.N. Carter, D.R. Lord, R. Hilton, A.M. Knowles, D.A. Jaffe, W.S. Mackie.  
**Front:** C.M. Maxwell, F.C.R. Price, J.L. Beavis (C), D.J. Bainbridge, C.J. Roper.  
**Absent:** R.H. McDonald, A. Barnum, P. Nice, D. Jenkins, R. Knight.

## Rugby

College rugby kicked off this year with a rare mixture of enthusiasm and talent. After an initial training session, a pie night was held in the J.C.R. Vast quantities of pies, pizza and beer were devoured in a promising fashion, after which films of two New Zealand Internationals were shown.

The first game against Newman was fairly untidy, as early college games invariably are. The forwards, however, still played enthusiastically, and largely as a result of their ungainly yet effective drive, a try was scored just before half-time. The backs, though hampered by lack of experience, slowly settled down and co-ordination improved. Chris Maxwell was the toast of the side, sinking a penalty goal just before the bell to give Trinity a victory 12-9.

The following week Queen's forfeited, and brief round of sevens was proposed. From this, the glittering ankles of Nick Gellie and the flashing fingers of Mike Roche emerged as definite possibilities.

Ormond defeated Newman and we met them in the final the following week. Thanks to Frank Price's flair for organisation, a fine day, and generous quantities of college spirit, a large crowd turned up at the Smith oval that afternoon. The side was nervous but warmed up well and went onto the field quiet but determined.

They kicked off, and from the start it was obvious that this would be a close game. Both forward packs were playing well, although Trinity seemed to have a slight edge with their fast, hard rucking and good

covering from the back row. The backs were playing well, and although there was no score at half time, the spectators were not disappointed. In the second half, Trinity seemed to have a slight advantage over the Ormond side. Richard McDonald was throwing the Ormond backs around with the nonchalance of a sumo wrestler. Dave Bainbridge and Bill MacKie had their halfback in quivering pieces, and their state five-eighth had had no chance of a break all day. The forwards were firing well, and time and time again the attack was repulsed feet from the Ormond line.

For one moment however, the attack faltered. The side checked, and drew breath. Ormond saw their chance, and used it. With a good break, they cleared the gap and scored in the corner. Despite a determined effort, time ran out, and they went on to win 4-nil.

Thanks to the supporters, the kitchen staff for oranges, pies and pizzas, the cold, bored girlfriends, and especially the side for the most enjoyable and worthwhile season in years. Thanks to Dave and Horn for all their earthmoving work, and especially to Francis Price, who did everything possible to make Trinity rugby 1973 go off with a bang.

John Beavis







#### BASKETBALL

Back: I.F. Lucas, D.J. Ross-Edwards, P. Plavina  
 Front: M. Oppy, R. Baker (C), R.E. Phillips, E.S. Shacknell  
 Absent: D.T. Jenkins, J.C. Hall, C.R. Fitzpatrick.

## Basketball

Basketball this year became a major sport in the Cowan Cup competition, and prospects looked good for Trinity, with seven or eight new residents having some ability in the sport. Despite enthusiastic pre-season training, our hopes were shattered by a defeat in the first game at the hands of St. Hilda's.

It seems that other colleges had also recruited good players, with the result that the overall standard was high compared with the previous year. Despite having a large height advantage, the Trinity players could not always match the experience of some of the players of the other teams.

We had narrow victories over Newman and Whitley, but lost to Ormond, International House, St. Hilda's and Queen's. Had our team been at full strength in these games, we would have performed much better.

The team was ably captained by Richard Baker, with Terry Jenkins, Marsh Oppy, Rod Phillips and Peter Plavina, forming the backbone of the team.

Peter Plavina



#### SECOND EIGHTEEN

Back: B.P. Hollonds, S.M. Cordner, E.S. Shackell, A.G.C. Smith, R. Baker, M. Parsons, D.J.M. Bainbridge.  
 Middle: A.J. Castellini, B.W. Kent, P.S. Lowe; M.P. Adams, P. Dawson, P.L. Goddard, P. Mitchell.  
 Front: D.A. Whipp, D.J. Frederick, G.J. Rowley (C), M.W. Heinz, I. Macdonald, I.M.E. King.  
 Absent: D.T. Jenkins, R.M. Knight, T.A.A. Guthrie, R.C. Craigie, M.D. Runnalls, A.A. Edney.

## Second Eighteen

This year the Second Eighteen competition was much more even. This led to a much more enjoyable season of football because we were only defeated by a few goals rather than numerous goals each match. Under the leadership of Grant "Rolls" Rowley, Terry "Jessa" Jenkins and Russ "Tina" Knight, the Seconds did profit from a number of successful activities off the field; one only had to go to breakfast one morning to find out. Some of the stars on and off the field were Mike "Playboy" Heinz, Tom Guthrie, Ian "Macca" MacDonald and Ian "Magee" King. The successes of the selectors were numerous, as too were the failures. Rob "Fingers" Craigie and the "Flyer" Mal Runnalls were two of those successes. Mark "Sharpshooter" Parsons and Bruce Kent were the leaders in the "sausage roll" department and the leaders in the social scene were Tony and Sue Edney. Finally, I personally would like to thank all those players who trained, played, and drank; and the supporters led by K.K.K. Whipp and "Trogg".

Grant Rowley





#### TENNIS

*T.A.A. Guthrie, R.I. Cordner, G.G. Boxall*  
*Seated: S.M. Cordner*  
*Absent: S.G. Fitts, G. Robertson*

## Tennis

The strength in tennis this year was admirably demonstrated right from the start, when about fifteen hopefuls were consistently turning up for practice. Unfortunately, many players who would have made the team in previous years had to miss out, but the result was that we were able to pick quite a solid team to represent the College.

We had no trouble in winning our first match; St. Hilda's gave us a walkover. The following match against Newman, though an unfair contest, in that they rigged their team, was nevertheless exciting. 4-2 down after the singles, we won one doubles, and were given a forfeit in another, but lost the last match after a very close game spreading over two days.

This overall loss of 5-4 put us in the loser's final which we again won by a default, and, consequently, we came third. During our one game, the team's application and demeanor on the court, in spite of obvious provocation, was of the highest order, and to the credit of the College at large.

Stephen Cordner



#### SECOND EIGHT

*Back: N.H. Gellie, W.P. Sloane, R.M. Knight.*  
*Front: P.S. Lowe, G.J. Rowley, S.R. Booth, P. Dawson.*  
*Absent: R.M. Knight, M.L. Munckton*

## Second Eight

With the aid of a purple panel van, an excellent alarm in the cox, and a coach, the Trinity 2nd VIII was launched about four weeks from "Shums". Thanks to a number of people, particularly coach Mike "Hamer makes it happen" Hamer, the crew had a very successful season. We won our heat against Newman but lost the final to Ormond by a canvass in a hotly contested race with the Trinity final surge just failing. The super fit crew (although nobody would have guessed this fact) was coxed by Pete "Voice" Lowe and stroked by Nick "Sleepy" Gellie. The other members of the crew were Russ Knight (7), Peter Sloane (6), Grant Rowley (5), Mike Munckton (4), "Stew" Booth (3), Mal Runnalls (2), and Pete Dawson (Bow). The three rookies of the crew more than ably filled their respective seats. They were Pete Lowe, Pete Dawson, and Stewart Booth. As part of the college tradition only two freshers made the crew - Nick Gellie and Peter Sloane - and we again fielded the heaviest crew on the river.

Grant Rowley



# RESULTS AND RECORDS

## SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS & PRIZES, 1972

P.S. Trengrove Architecture (Second Year) – Nell Morris Scholarship (shared).  
 T.J. Cunningham Biochemistry (Division II M.B., B.S.) Exhibition  
 E.J. Rogers Civil Engineering – Final Honour Examination – Argus Scholarship  
 E.J. Rogers Civil Engineering (Steel Design) Australian Institute of Steel Construction – Senior Prize  
 A.L. Cunningham Clinical Dermatology – Herman Lawrence Prize – First  
 A.W.F. Hamer Clinical Obstetrics – Sir Alfred Rowden White Prize  
 A.W.F. Hamer Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics – Upjohn Prize (shared)  
 I.F. Lucas Economic Geography Part I – Francis J. Wright Exhibition (shared)  
 M.I. Haycroft Economic History B – Katharine Woodruff Memorial Exhibition  
 R.G. Juniper Engineering Design (Final Year B.E. (Mech.)) – Wright Prize (shared)  
 R.M. Millar History IA – Rosemary Merlo Prize  
 M.D. Hamer Mathematics – Final Examination – Wyselaskie Scholarship (shared)  
 A.W.F. Hamer Medicine (Division IV (Sixth Year) M.B., B.S.) – Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship (shared)  
 P.W. Stawell Mercantile Law – Supreme Court Exhibition  
 A.W.F. Hamer Obstetrics and Gynaecology – Fulton Scholarship  
 A.W.F. Hamer Obstetrics – Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship  
 A.W.F. Hamer Paediatrics – Carnation Award (shared)  
 N.D. Coventry Physics (Division I M.B., B.S.) G.A. Syme Exhibition  
 C.J. Gardiner Pure Mathematics (Second Year) – Dixon Scholarship (shared)  
 F.R. Fair Psychology Part I – Exhibition  
 A.W.F. Hamer Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship (shared)  
 J.E. Middleton The Law of Torts – J.R. Maguire Exhibition (shared)  
 R.A. Hilton Veterinary Anatomy – Ramsay Prize

## FIRST CLASS HONOURS, 1972

P.D. Allen Physics (Final Honours)  
 J.L.E. Beavis Chemistry (Eng.)  
 F.D. Birch Method of Economics, History, Economic History C  
 D.C.R. Brownridge Recent Philosophy A  
 J.O. Churchill Chemistry (Eng.), Pure Maths I, Applied Maths I  
 N.A. Collier Pathology (Med.)  
 N. Coventry Physics (Med.)

T.J. Cunningham Biochemistry (Med.)  
 A. Del Porto Recent Philosophy A, General Logic  
 F.R. Fair Psychology I, Philosophy IB  
 J.C. Fox Mechanical Engineering (Final Year)  
 C.J. Gardiner Science (Second Year)  
 A.J. Gregory Fine Arts B, Latin III  
 J.A. Griffiths Biochemistry  
 J. Hambly Tax  
 A.W.F. Hamer Medicine  
 M.D. Hamer Science (Final Year)  
 M.I. Haycroft Economic History B  
 R.A. Hilton Biochemistry, Animal Husbandry I, Veterinary Anatomy, Histology & Embryology  
 C.P. Holden Aramaic/Syriac III  
 B.J. Kirkman Building Science, Design B  
 I.F. Lucas Economic Geography I, Modern Government A, Philosophy IB  
 C.M. Maxwell General Logic, Moral & Political Philosophy  
 I. Michell Chemistry (Med.)  
 J.E. Middleton Law of Torts  
 H.W.C. Millar Biology, Chemistry (Vet.), Physics (Vet.)  
 R.M. Millar History IA  
 G.F. Moodie Honours Philosophy E  
 S. Niemann Science (Second Year)  
 R.E. Phillips Physiology  
 E.J. Rogers Civil Engineering (Final Year)  
 C.J.G. Sampford Modern Government A, Philosophy IB  
 J.D. Scarlett Chemistry (Med.)  
 P.W. Stawell Mercantile Law  
 D.R. Stevenson Science (Final Year)  
 P.D. Sutherland Recent Philosophy A  
 P.S. Trengrove Design 2A  
 P.S. Turner German II  
 W.E. Walker Science (Third Year)  
 R.C. Warner Science (First Year)

## SECOND CLASS HONOURS, 1972

B.J. Anderson Microbiology (Vet.), Pharmacology (Vet.), Parasitology I (Vet.), Pathology I (Vet.)  
 J.L.E. Beavis Physics (Eng.), Introduction to Engineering  
 D. Bird Geology (Ag.), Chemistry (Ag.), Biology (Ag.)  
 G.G. Boxall Chemistry II (App. Chem.)  
 C.A. Buckley Medicine  
 B.K. Burnard Physics (Dent.)  
 J.A. Carter Anatomy (Vet.)  
 J.O. Churchill Introduction to Engineering, Physics (Eng.)  
 N.A. Collier Microbiology (Med.)  
 N.J. Collins Physiology, Biochemistry  
 D.J. Commons Civil Engineering, Engineering Maths IIIA  
 P.K. Cooper Securities & Creditors' Rights

N.D. Coventry Chemistry (Med.)  
 G. Crebbin Electronics II  
 A.L. Cunningham Medicine, Surgery  
 T.J. Cunningham Anatomy, Psychology  
 A. Del Porto Italian II  
 A. Edney Modern Government A  
 J. Feltscheer History (Final Year) (2B)  
 L.B. Ferguson Science (Second Year) (2A)  
 J.A. Foxcroft History IB  
 W.K. Gardner Botany (Ag.), Chemistry (Ag.), Agriculture II  
 I.F. Gibson Principles of Statistics  
 T.A. Glanville Educational Psychology, Sociology of Education, Curriculum Studies  
 N.J. Graham Administrative Law  
 P.B. Grant Indonesian I  
 J.D. Griffiths Physiology  
 J. Hambly Jurisprudence  
 A.W.F. Hamer Obstetrics, Gynaecology  
 W.B. Harbison Animal Husbandry  
 S. Harper Greek I  
 M.I. Haycroft Economics B  
 C.P. Holden Biblical Archaeology B  
 S.J. Hopkins Accountancy IIA  
 R.O.M. Jackson Introduction to Engineering  
 R. Juniper Mechanical Engineering (Final Year) (2A)  
 B.W. Kent Property  
 J. Kilpatrick Chemistry (Ag.), Biochemistry, Agriculture II  
 L. Kirk Chemistry (Eng.)  
 B.J. Kirkman Building Construction, Design A  
 C.C. Kneen Civil Engineering (Final Year) (2A)  
 L.J. Knight Physiology  
 P.S. Lowe Statistical Method, Business Administration Part II  
 R.D. Lowrey English I, History IA, Philosophy IB  
 W.D. McGregor Physics (Med.)  
 J.K. MacKinnon Introduction to Engineering, Physics (Eng.)  
 Chemistry (Eng.)  
 Ms. J.A. MacMillan Modern Government C, General Logic, Political Philosophy  
 R. Manser Science (Final Year) (2A)  
 C.M. Maxwell Modern European History  
 I.D. Mitchell Physics (Med.)  
 J.E. Middleton Principles of Property, Principles of Contract  
 R.M. Millar Latin I  
 S.H.C. Mills Honours History 2K, Honours History 2M  
 C.J. Opie Honours Philosophy (Final Year) (2B)  
 T. Pataki Honours Philosophy F  
 F.R. Payne Physics (Med.), Biology (Med.)  
 R.E. Phillips Anatomy, Biochemistry  
 P.J. Ponder Science (Second Year) (2B)  
 L.K. Porter French, Philosophy IA, Psychology



N.D. Reeves Honours History 2K, Honours History 2L, Principles of Contract  
 L.M. Reddington Engineering Maths III  
 J.D. Scarlett Biology (Med.), Physics (Med.)  
 M. Schwartz Chemistry (Med.), Physics (Med.)  
 P.C. Scott Science (First Year) (2B)  
 W.B. Sherwin Science (Second Year) (2B)  
 G.B. Smith Physics (Ag.)  
 R.C. Springall Arts (Final Year), Geography (2B)  
 P.W. Stawell Constitutional Law, Equity  
 C.E. Stevenson English I  
 P.T. Strachan Science (Second Year) (2B)  
 A.G.V. Strazzera English I  
 P.K. Swan Physics (Med.)  
 T.P. Thwaites Science (Second Year) (2A)  
 P.S. Trengrove Building Science (2D)  
 P.S. Turner Principles of Contact  
 D.P. Vance History IB, French I, Latin I, Philosophy IA  
 D.H. Walpole Physics (Med.), Chemistry (Med.)  
 M. Whalley Marketing  
 D.A. Wishart Economics B, Legal Process  
 J. Yates Science (Second Year) (2A)

#### MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS, 1973

J.M. Butler  
 J.O. Churchill  
 N.J. Collins  
 T.J. Cunningham  
 T.A.D. Fitzgerald  
 C.J. Gardiner  
 J.S. Glover  
 R.A. Hilton  
 B.J. Kirkman  
 I.F. Lucas  
 W.S. Mackie  
 C.M. Maxwell  
 H.W.C. Millar  
 S.H.C. Mills  
 R.E. Phillips  
 P.S. Turner

#### MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS, 1973

M.I.D. Adams  
 R.A. Atkinson  
 J.L.E. Beavis  
 H.P. Bellchambers  
 L.B. Ferguson  
 C.P. Holden  
 A.B. McKinnon  
 R.M.S. Manser  
 R.M. Millar  
 G.F. Moodie  
 W.B. Sherwin  
 J.H. Walker  
 D.A. Wishart  
 J.F. Yates

#### NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS, 1973

N.D. Coventry  
 A. Del Porto  
 F.R. Fair  
 J.D. Griffiths  
 J. Kolliou

A.N. Jones  
 J.E. Middleton  
 Ms. J.S. Rand  
 G.M. Rawnsley  
 T.J. Reid  
 J.G. Sampford  
 J.D. Scarlett  
 R.C. Warner

#### FALKINER FELLOWSHIP, 1973

W.E. Walker

#### THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

C. Albany  
 D.G. Atkinson  
 J.R.M. Hunter  
 R.S. Joyce  
 M.W. O'Donovan  
 C.J. Roper  
 D. Van Dissel  
 E.P. Witham

#### GRADUATES 1972-3

##### Doctor of Philosophy

D.S. Woodruff B. Sc. (Zoology)

##### Master of Arts

F.T. Hurley B.A.

##### Master of Science

I.A. Penrose B.Sc.

##### Bachelor of Applied Science

G.A. Crebbin

##### Bachelor of Architecture

D.J. Oppenheim

##### Bachelor of Arts

N.W. Archbold

##### Bachelor of Arts with Honours

D.C. Adcock  
 J. Feltscheer  
 J.R.M. Hunter  
 S.R. Sheldermine  
 R.C. Springall

##### Bachelor of Building

J.P. Henderson

##### Bachelor of Commerce

R.J.C. de Crespigny  
 A.E.J.G. Dessewffy

##### Bachelor of Dental Science

G.G. Fowler

##### Bachelor of Engineering

I.G. Farran (Agricultural)  
 J.C. Fox (Mechanical)  
 B. Howman (Civil)  
 R.G. Juniper (Mechanical)  
 C.C. Kneen (Civil)  
 E.J. Rogers (Civil)  
 J.H. Walker (Civil)

##### Bachelor of Laws

D.B. Forster  
 A.J.J. Gissing  
 B.A. Keon-Cohen, B.A.

##### Bachelor of Laws with Honours

C.J. Arup, B.A.

#### Bachelor of Science

C.J. Dickinson  
 R.D. Hocking, B.A.

#### Bachelor of Science with Honours

P.J. Fraser  
 D.R. Stevenson

#### VALETE 1972

S.J. Ahern, R.J. Anderson, R.I. Anderson, B. Andison, S.L. Bakes, A.R. Baulch, F.D. Birch, K.R.D. Bird, N.I. Blackman, J.R. Blain, P.I. Butler, P.K. Cashman, T. Chatham, G.T. Chettle, G. Collins, P.J. Connell, J.A.R. Cook, P.I. Cooper, C.D. Cordner, G.A. Grebbin, A.L. Cunningham, A.W. Curnow, A. Del Porto, H.L. Dillon, M.B. Dunstan, F.R. Fair, P.J. Fox, W.D.V. Gibb, J.A. Gibson, A. Gissing, T. Glanville, P.B. Grant, A.J. Gregory, J.C. Hambly, W.D. Harbison, J.W. Harper, M.I. Haycroft, S. Hedger, G.D. Henderson, M. Hess, T.A. Howes, P.W.M. Hyslop, P.H. Ingwersen, J. Jager, M.J. James, S.R. Jaques, J.F. Jones, J. St J. Judd, R.G. Juniper, J.T. Kilpatrick, G.M. Kirby, L.K. Kirk, C.C. Kneen, T.C. Kuhle, G.A. Lewin, J.R. Long, S.A. McIldowie, D. MacKenzie, B.K.J. McPhail, J.M. McRae, D.M. Martin, D.N. Moore, P.S. Moss, C. Newton, S. Niemann, L. Officer, W.D. Park, C.J. Patterson, R.A. Phillips, P. Ponder, G.D. Ramage, W.M. Reddington, R.I. Rex, C.K. Robson, P.R. Rodeck, E.J. Rogers, F.Z. Ross, C.J.G. Sampford, P.R. Sandel, J.R. Sewald, R.L. Spokes, P.H. Strachan, T. Throsby, T.P. Thwaites, P.S. Trengrove, I.J. Vallance, N.J.R. Wagg, A.F. Ward, G.G. Whittackers, A.D.R. Yencken.

#### SALVETE 1973

M.P. Adams, M.I.D. Adams, D.B. Adamson, P.B. Anderson, R.H. Anderson, S.G. Anderson, R.A. Atkinson, K. Azo, R. Baker, A. Barnum, G. Barton, J.A.G. Bell, H. Bellchambers, N.J. Bodinnar, R.S. Booth, T.E. Brentnall, J.M. Butler, A.J. Castellini, N.A. Clifton, C.S. Cobbett, R. Coffey, D. Cole, D.J. Commons, J. Cook, C.A. Cooper, M. Cooper, M.J. Dawkins, P. Dawson, N. Denning, D. Earle, L. Elliott, T.A.D. Fitzgerald, C.R. Fitzpatrick, P. Fox, D. Galbraith, N.H. Gellie, J. Glover, P. Goddard, R.H. Graham, T.A.A. Guthrie, J.C. Hall, M.W. Heinz, P.T. Heinz, B.P. Hollonds, R.F. Holmes, D.R. Hood, J.R.M. Hunter, B. Hurse, B. Hussain, R. Jones, I. McE. King, B.J. Kirkman, A.M. Knowles, P.C. Kok, S.W.S. Laurie, G. Longden, I. McDonald, W.S. Mackie, A. McLeod, L.G.Y. Michel, P. Mitchell, N.K. Morris, N. Munday, B.F. Murphy, K.E. Ng, M. O'Donovan, J. Ogilvie, R.A. Oman, M. Oppy, M. Parsons, F. Payne, M.S. Piggott, C.P. Poh, A.W. Pollard, L. Porter, P.V.A. Ritom, G. Robertson, M.L. Ross, W.W. Ross, D.J. Ross-Edwards, S. Roufail, J.E. Scott-Mackenzie, S. See, E.S. Shackell, P.W. Sloane, G.J. Simmonds, P. Smethurst, P.J. Stabler, J. Stammers, M. Sun, P.J. Taylor, D. Vance, F.M. Van de Velde, W.E. Walker, L.J. Walsh, D.J. White, G. Williamson, W.J. Wright, I.A. Zaharko.



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 I.F. Lucas  
 W.S. Mackie  
 C.M. Maxwell  
 H.W.C. Millar  
 S.H.C. Mills  
 R.E. Phillips  
 P.S. Turner

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 L.B. Ferguson  
 C.P. Holden  
 A.B. McKinnon  
 R.M.S. Manser  
 R.M. Millar  
 G.F. Moodie  
 W.B. Sherwin  
 J.H. Walker  
 D.A. Wishart  
 J.F. Yates

#### NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS, 1973

N.D. Coventry  
 A. Del Porto  
 F.R. Fair  
 J.D. Griffiths  
 J. Kolliou

A.N. Jones  
 J.E. Middleton  
 Ms. J.S. Rand  
 G.M. Rawnsley  
 T.J. Reid  
 J.G. Sampford  
 J.D. Scarlett  
 R.C. Warner

#### FALKINER FELLOWSHIP, 1973

W.E. Walker

#### THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

C. Albany  
 D.G. Atkinson  
 J.R.M. Hunter  
 R.S. Joyce  
 M.W. O'Donovan  
 C.J. Roper  
 D. Van Dissel  
 E.P. Witham

#### GRADUATES 1972-3

##### Doctor of Philosophy

D.S. Woodruff B. Sc. (Zoology)

##### Master of Arts

F.T. Hurley B.A.

##### Master of Science

I.A. Penrose B.Sc.

##### Bachelor of Applied Science

G.A. Crebbin

##### Bachelor of Architecture

D.J. Oppenheim

##### Bachelor of Arts

N.W. Archbold

##### Bachelor of Arts with Honours

D.C. Adcock  
 J. Feltscheer  
 J.R.M. Hunter  
 S.R. Sheldermine  
 R.C. Springall

##### Bachelor of Building

J.P. Henderson

##### Bachelor of Commerce

R.J.C. de Crespigny  
 A.E.J.G. Dessewffy

##### Bachelor of Dental Science

G.G. Fowler

##### Bachelor of Engineering

I.G. Farran (Agricultural)  
 J.C. Fox (Mechanical)  
 B. Howman (Civil)  
 R.G. Juniper (Mechanical)  
 C.C. Kneen (Civil)  
 E.J. Rogers (Civil)  
 J.H. Walker (Civil)

##### Bachelor of Laws

D.B. Forster  
 A.J.J. Gissing  
 B.A. Keon-Cohen, B.A.

##### Bachelor of Laws with Honours

C.J. Arup, B.A.

#### Bachelor of Science

C.J. Dickinson  
 R.D. Hocking, B.A.

#### Bachelor of Science with Honours

P.J. Fraser  
 D.R. Stevenson

#### VALETE 1972

S.J. Ahern, R.J. Anderson, R.I. Anderson, B. Andison, S.L. Bakes, A.R. Baulch, F.D. Birch, K.R.D. Bird, N.I. Blackman, J.R. Blain, P.I. Butler, P.K. Cashman, T. Chatham, G.T. Chettle, G. Collins, P.J. Connell, J.A.R. Cook, P.I. Cooper, C.D. Cordner, G.A. Grebbin, A.L. Cunningham, A.W. Curnow, A. Del Porto, H.L. Dillon, M.B. Dunstan, F.R. Fair, P.J. Fox, W.D.V. Gibb, J.A. Gibson, A. Gissing, T. Glanville, P.B. Grant, A.J. Gregory, J.C. Hambly, W.D. Harbison, J.W. Harper, M.I. Haycroft, S. Hedger, G.D. Henderson, M. Hess, T.A. Howes, P.W.M. Hyslop, P.H. Ingwersen, J. Jager, M.J. James, S.R. Jaques, J.F. Jones, J. St J. Judd, R.G. Juniper, J.T. Kilpatrick, G.M. Kirby, L.K. Kirk, C.C. Kneen, T.C. Kuhle, G.A. Lewin, J.R. Long, S.A. McIlldowie, D. MacKenzie, B.K.J. McPhail, J.M. McRae, D.M. Martin, D.N. Moore, P.S. Moss, C. Newton, S. Niemann, L. Officer, W.D. Park, C.J. Patterson, R.A. Phillips, P. Ponder, G.D. Ramage, W.M. Reddington, R.I. Rex, C.K. Robson, P.R. Rodeck, E.J. Rogers, F.Z. Ross, C.J.G. Sampford, P.R. Sandel, J.R. Sewald, R.L. Spokes, P.H. Strachan, T. Throsby, T.P. Thwaites, P.S. Trengrove, I.J. Vallance, N.J.R. Wagg, A.F. Ward, G.G. Whittackers, A.D.R. Yencken.

#### SALVETE 1973

M.P. Adams, M.I.D. Adams, D.B. Adamson, P.B. Anderson, R.H. Anderson, S.G. Anderson, R.A. Atkinson, K. Azo, R. Baker, A. Barnum, G. Barton, J.A.G. Bell, H. Bellchambers, N.J. Bodinnar, R.S. Booth, T.E. Brentnall, J.M. Butler, A.J. Castellini, N.A. Clifton, C.S. Cobbett, R. Coffey, D. Cole, D.J. Commons, J. Cook, C.A. Cooper, M. Cooper, M.J. Dawkins, P. Dawson, N. Denning, D. Earle, L. Elliott, T.A.D. Fitzgerald, C.R. Fitzpatrick, P. Fox, D. Galbraith, N.H. Gellie, J. Glover, P. Goddard, R.H. Graham, T.A.A. Guthrie, J.C. Hall, M.W. Heinz, P.T. Heinz, B.P. Hollonds, R.F. Holmes, D.R. Hood, J.R.M. Hunter, B. Hurse, B. Hussain, R. Jones, I. McE. King, B.J. Kirkman, A.M. Knowles, P.C. Kok, S.W.S. Laurie, G. Longden, I. McDonald, W.S. Mackie, A. McLeod, L.G.Y. Michel, P. Mitchell, N.K. Morris, N. Munday, B.F. Murphy, K.E. Ng, M. O'Donovan, J. Ogilvie, R.A. Oman, M. Oppy, M. Parsons, F. Payne, M.S. Piggott, C.P. Poh, A.W. Pollard, L. Porter, P.V.A. Ritom, G. Robertson, M.L. Ross, W.W. Ross, D.J. Ross-Edwards, S. Roufail, J.E. Scott-Mackenzie, S. See, E.S. Shackell, P.W. Sloane, G.J. Simmonds, P. Smethurst, P.J. Stabler, J. Stammers, M. Sun, P.J. Taylor, D. Vance, F.M. Van de Velde, W.E. Walker, L.J. Walshe, D.J. White, G. Williamson, W.J. Wright, I.A. Zaharko.





*Back:* T.E. Brentall, J.A.G. Bell, P.S. Goldsworthy, D.B. Adamson, B.P. Hollonds, N.T. Denning, L.G.Y. Michel, J.M. Butler, C.R. Fitzpatrick, H. Bellchambers, M. Parsons, D.J. Ross-Edwards, D.R. Hood, D.R. Lord, M. Oppy, D.A. Whipp, I.R. Cordner, I. McE. King, C.P. Holden, R.K. Graham, D. Galbraith, J.R. Hunter, M. O'Donovan, J. Sear, R.F. Holmes, R. Baker, P.C. Scott, B.F. Carpenter.

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*Third Row:* I. McDonald, J.N. Towie, J. Stammers, R. Coffey, A.M. Knowles, K. Azo, L.J. Walshe, G.J. Simmonds, W.S. Mackie, M.L. Ross, R.C. Craigie, W.J. Wright, J.L.E. Beavis, M.S. Piggott, P. Smethurst, M.I.D. Adams, R. Jones, R.H. Anderson, S.G. Anderson, G. Longden, D.G. Atkinson, W.P. Sloane, B.F. Murphy, H.W.C. Millar, C.E. Stevenson, P. Mitchell, K.E. Ng, R.S. Booth, B.J. Kirkman, D.J. Frederick, A.J. Castellini, R.A. Bouvier, D.A. Jaffe, T.A.D. Fitzgerald.

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*Seated:* G. Williamson, P.J. Nice, G. Mariager, G.R. Olsen, P.J. Solly, S.S.S. Borzecki, E.S. Shackell, P. Plavina, L. Porter, R.M. Millar, H.P. Fitzpatrick, C.M. Maxwell, C.J. Roper, S.M. Cordner, D. Van Dissel, D.J.M. Bainbridge, F.C.R. Price, F.M. Van de Velde, E. Witham, M. Sun, R.A. Sisson, D.F.M. Rogers, J. Kelly, R.M. Knight, D.A. North, C.E. Merewether, R.N. Towie, D.W. Blake, M.P. Adams, G.E. James.

*Absent:* C. Albany, M. Alsop, P.B. Anderson, R.A. Atkinson, A. Barnum, G. Barton, M.F. Burbidge, B.K. Burnard, I. Carmichael, S.N. Carter, C.S. Cobbett, D. Cole, N. Collins, D.J. Commons, C.A. Cooper, M.C. Cooper, T.J. Cunningham, K.W. Disher, D. Earle, A.A. Edney, L. Elliott, J. Feltscheer, S.G. Fitts, P. Fox, W.K. Gardner, R. Graham, S.W. Harper, P.T. Heinz, B. Hurse, B. bin Hussain, R.N. Ingpen, R.H. McDonald, A.B. MacKinnon, R.M. Manser, S.H.C. Mills, G.F. Moodie, S. Moroney, N.K. Morris, M.L. Munckton, N. Munday, J.W. Murray, L. Myers, E.J. Ogden, J. Ogilvie, R.A. Oman, C.J. Opie, C.P. Poh, A.W. Pollard, C.W. Riordan, P.V. Ritom, G. Robertson, M. Roche, C.G. Rousseaux, M.D. Runnalls, J.E. Scott-MacKenzie, S. See, C.J. Singleton, J.M. Slattery, R.C. Springall, A.P. Steiner, R. Stuckey, L.J. Symons, P.G. Taylor, J.P. Tobin, R.E. Turnbull, G. Tongs, J.H. Walker, W.E. Walker, D.J. White, J.C. White, D. Wishart, C. Wriedt, J.F. Yates.



