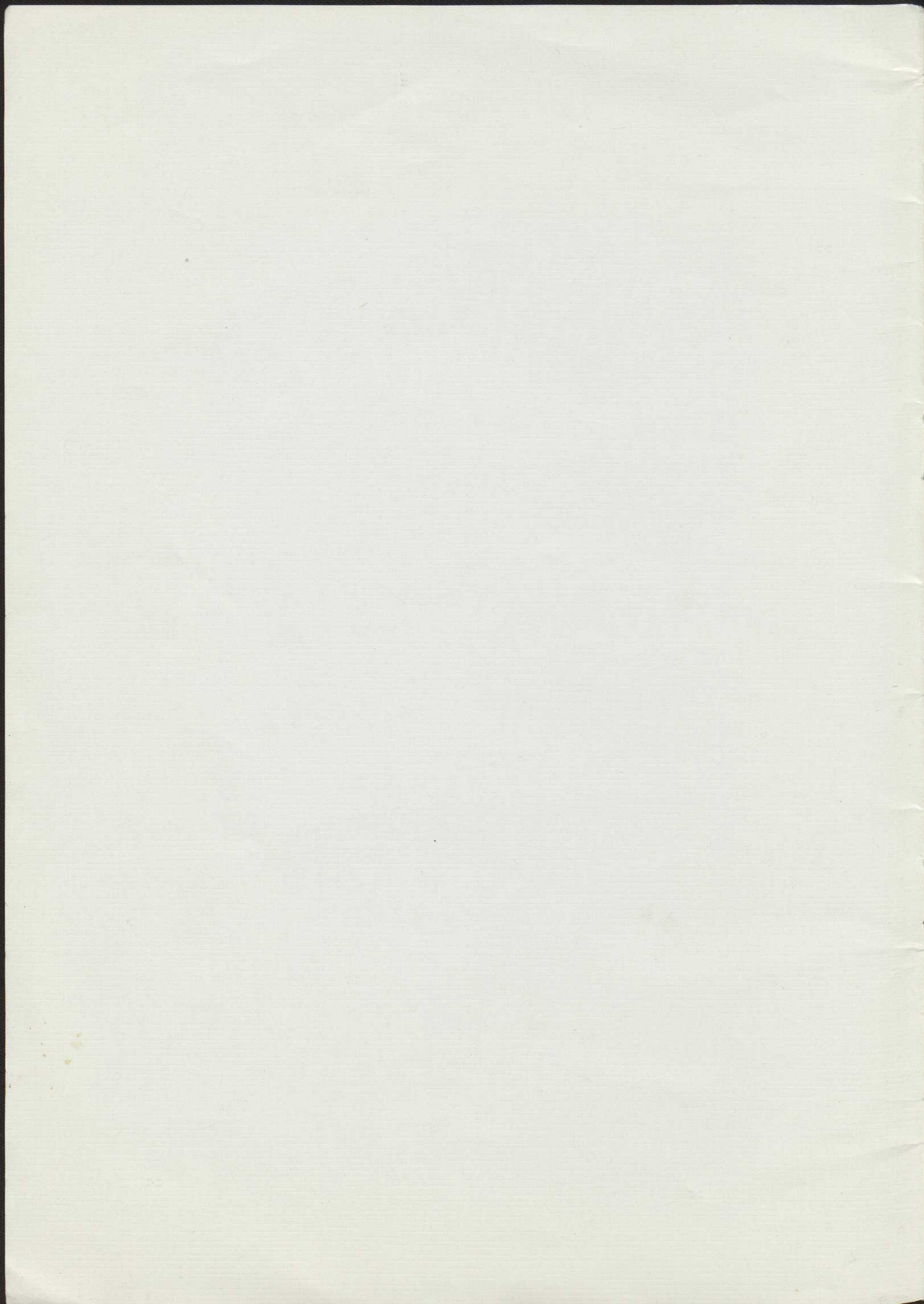




The Fleur de Lys  
1974



## Riches

Father, Son and Spirit Divine,  
You have crafted this singing opal  
Set in the sea of infinite space  
Translucent as glass colour of wine.

O Tri-une Vulcan God of living fire,  
In whose light the opal's life is kindled,  
In whose warmth her praise is tuned,  
Crucified and Risen, Divinity entire!

For beauty is not born without searing pain,  
Truth is not spoken unless the heart is aflame,  
Vulcan lives in the deep recesses of nature hid,  
Speak, and from the bright tomb, O speak  
again.

Ever-changing opal fire of claret, of wheat,  
Ceres, Bacchus, God of Moses bright,  
In the point of wonder at the centre of your  
palm,  
You hold this gem with blood so sweet.

Ted Witham

## Kandinsky

If he paints with paint you know  
If and if  
Calls himself artist, and starts the self-  
destruction

There is a rainbow on the paper  
Sick as salmon skin  
Pale as scales which  
Would wish for any form of farewell  
Begging to be answered  
He leads instead the body unassured  
In faint circles  
Around the coloured world

Globe of accurate Indian ink  
Perfect as your hazel iris  
Purple stain like his blotched cheeks  
Fields of glass, his glass eyes

And having found your answer. It  
shatters in little pieces all over the page.  
Colour still  
Creation replete.

Philip Harvey

## Avril

Spring is too fragrant  
It burns with warmth  
And growth, with roses, full of new wine  
and grass with the neophyte's blood  
with birds that sing like perfume destroying the  
water air.

Summer is full of gaudy dress  
Of suns that blister with shiny enamel

So many seasons now  
I sit at this window, wondering.

Philip Harvey

"Religion will be one when God is dead" —  
Tagore.

In the window of seascape — Lost thought that  
carries you  
Into the whiteness of all colours  
That has made the blue mountains.

Wherever are led the moments-quiet of the  
mountains  
Moment that shall never be known again  
That was never known. Never again.

You that lead all souls — you finest of bodies —  
mysterious  
As a turkish rug. Intricate as elephants in  
Its forests of thread and matting. You

Who are the guide of my flower — of my verse-  
golden calf  
That glistens in the stained glass. Pain  
That breathes from the mountains of green.

Here the blue circles that every eye searches are  
found  
In the brown pupils of my mountain lady  
And my mountain God. The clue to all ends.

Philip Harvey  
28 Oct '73

# Scenes in April

(to my sister)

She walked out into the still stained morning where brightness and the braided brims of mountains measured her step. No sound but her shoes on the shale paths around the sheltered sea. All quiet. All coming. Colours unmoved. The sky a palest of watercolour greys and blues pastel against the black pigment of the piling briny waves. A sky so failed in clutter or clumpy clouds that neither acid blue nor brown could taint purest painted white. She walked along the hawthorn twisted and stalk unstirred way. Studded stars of hawthorn flower. And everywhere there were pale blues. Everywhere the moss on the muddied trunks of wintrous weather sat like thick green limpets of wetness. And as she walked to where the earth becomes sand — brown becomes gold-brown and the braided brims of the tree fans transcend in air, the whole morn exploded.

Conscience stricken night no more. Grass. Leaves. Spun yellow and swept in the cleft breeze. Seagulls wheeling. Fishermen reeling. On the town pier, bait and winkles, weights and sinkers sit while the fishermen in fish coloured clothes of wool, tan and yarn, yell and gape at the drooping, dread faced waves. She watches from quiet cliff tops how the whitened waves wash every stone below. Ruse, rush, rouge of running waves and foam lowering until still and willings falls failing in fresh foam.

These stones — pebbles palings, plots and pretzels — all grey salt refuse of the million day shoots of spray. And the way she looked out to the lily faded crests of wrestling bristling deluge two miles out. The waves, wind flattening all. The morning exploded out of its monochrome beaches of mussels, fish floundering in shallows, alone. The morning exploded. Friesan coloured poppy coloured. Colours seen in lace shawls, when irises tug with blue or tangerine. Everywhere colours and shapes. Lone cranes. The capes of deserted coasts and cruising summers. In the autumn no such joy. The clashed wet and swept grey cliffs now black as charcoal, lonely, no bays cries from catching a real one footer off the barren-risky rocks. And she walks cold feet, and dress torn by dead thistles scattered on the ungreeting falornest ground. The dying weeds and the new matted reeds spinning in the shiny whiskered grass of the beginning day. Flags of dress. The black bag of sea far out where the horizon tips into navy. A ship, maybe could be passing pale lip of the sky beyond out of sight. The sky now a linen of

colour. And beneath on dry-damp and weathered suntorn earth the heather heights itself.

(Here is this crude, such a collection of words, to make perfection of the cold of the showered maze. Of the new shearing morn. And of she who walked one morning to an April autumned skeres creek beach. Coldness could one understand? So many words and you could find the tangibility, the drunkenness. It is what you know watching the seagulls fighting in mid air. This is insanity of words on the insane drunkenness of a morning beach)

For this how one describes the skeres beach. It is fabric. Wool linen. Cotton washed bumps of thread in the straits of water. The way it turns. The waves are the wool shuttled through a loom. The way they turn. The morning is fabric. Tissures of cloth. Moraine. Merino. More than your own guessing of its might.

The morning is paint. It is dead as a city schizophrenic. Placid as a soft brush. The air is a hair brush with one stroke of wide transparent blue. The morning, this morning, one's own pain to describe, to understand its presence. The present time which shall never be retrieved. This moment. This moment.

The girl in long dress walked out where the beach sand is rolled like road. Flat and white. No longer castles, pictures in the sand, hopscotch, building cakes with cherrig of drift wood and gristle. Only hard sand, concrete sand, barely moves under foot. She walks across it slowly, squeaking like and organ where her feet make perfect foot sand stops on the sand top. No wind. and the sound of the sea with only her, lonely isolated as the trees on the hills around. She walks far and her track is the only track on a beastless restful strand. Not even the seagulls land today. Around the cove road a few cars may come from over the ranges. And to look away to the town where one can just see the splinter which is the town pier, lodged on the black April water. Sitting, a dressed stone among other gloved stones, she watches the rising, the pitch of waves, how they ditch into valleys, the top fighting furiously to hold itself in place and then broken, quickly, like the shutter of a camera. The beach is a strange mirror, distorts and decolours. For in the waves are reflected the mountains beyond the strip, wave and hill, two peaks of broken hillside risen up and dismantled.

And as she watches, no more men walking down, with blonde and wandering looks, briny-legged. No more, children of summers who whistle, kite-flown, caravan town by parents who smoke white cigarettes and plump belted sit under blue umbrellas joking between glugs of black red stout. No more. Their traces ever are hardly discernable. Carving of initials on stone, a lighter black on a darker black. They must have been two walking on a warmer morning, pudgy short fingered nicotine smelling hand in the hand of his lover, detergent soft, ring infested smelling of lavender or jasmine. And this must have been the stone they used, slight and whitened at the end. Only mere traces now for this, my sister's, isolation. She watches long eyed into the heaving chest of the water, a few fast tails flaying on the downward crush. Only mere traces on land. And none on sea which erases all, irascible well tempered, benevolent and evil sea. Ever changing though not discernable. My sister looks for scraps of paper, a theatre ticket, a feather or faded glass on the wide sea, sea shells, anemone, a little kelp, crazy lines which a fisherman in beany and crooked pipe would have thrown away after angling and puffing and pulling in all night. Twisted into green flexible knots. But only she, uncomplicated like the air, looking simply as the sea menaces back. And the beach, the whole beach, before she returns to the high house on the holly'd hill, and before she returns to breakfast and to warm herself by the fire, the beach is a whole floridity of grittiness. She shall return but in the interim, bliss as she wishes for a term much longer on skenes and isolated creek beach of sand and cobbly rock.

## The Wigram Allen Essay

For she sees this, weak though the syntax. Offing-tide-ooze merman-maids trident pelagian humid humus of the waves, dripping sodden as the now soaked marine beach at her pearly toes. The sea could be pasturage, a mead or lea-madness bulrushes sludge of the skenes creek ankle deep-apple red where her cold toes touch the cold water. In smell, no end to the insurgence, the smell coming divided clear like ozone, like air itself in this hair. Wringing wetness, weathercock of the sea lion of the wave which is sapphire of blue, lapis lazuli, slate and cobalt, a million blue fusing fragments of green water-ceruleans, prussian, indigo of green, splash and crush and wash and mesh. Ah! colours-pearl, peacock pettiness tattered, tartan the now clouds a tattoo on the sky's arm. All her mad landscape which she sees in its water and loam and heaven, borne out, speckled, sputtled, shuttle whittled — a silver wattle land of ground colour. In her hands the running grains of sand chalk, cork, white clods and clots. Glebe of the glowing earth. This cold cold autumn. Her eyes full of lonely wonder and the seabank, seaboard, sea beach with its clear cold morning water chasing itself in white layers to her eye and ear. She hears the sight of the water in its torrents and tributes of speed-jet, spurt, squirt, spout and splash, cushioning and gushing the cascaded cataract way, inundated deluge which in covering the bumps and footprints and rocks of the sore, tears it down in slow, lissom ripples.

Spate, spite — spittle huddles and hisses and holy as strength, slashes and strangles, in its own liquid as it rises, seeming vats, to the waves huge edge by the rocky beaches around the cape, rising to the edge before receding and emptying like a large liquid lung. Ah! but there is more along the line of the strand — where the water reaches its height, is a line thin and brown of debris of wood flakes, egg shells, shavings, waivings, corpulence, mediocrity — neurotic neurastheric. Lumps, scraps, shivers, slivers of seaweed and fishbone and shark tooth and fishscale. Pickings and flotsam. Gobbets of salt water. They extract, strain with their weathered life. Still no wind. Along constant vibrance swirling cading, chunk and lamina, shadows of a proud day in the colloped autumn. The best she has seen she has taken to memory. Little new to discover less your own use, she walks away she is more alone than words.

Philip Harvey

# Untitled

I wasn't immediately certain of what was creating such a strong impression on my brain. Instinctively, I turned my head, and realized that it was burning into my eyes. It seemed to be far smaller than I felt I was, but from my cramped position lying on the soft moss, I was unable to estimate with any accuracy its size in comparison with anything else.

For some seconds, I lay with my eyes turned in its direction, and it began to pulsate slowly exercising its own mysterious hypnosis. It would grow larger, flooding all the deep recesses of my brain, until there seemed no longer to be any existence except it, and then it would grow smaller concentrating all existence into a pin head. Nothing was outside its borders. There was just it, pulsating, beckoning like some magnet that drew flesh and blood instead of iron.

I rolled onto my hands and knees and tried to move towards this other-worldly beacon. I could make little progress in the luxuriant moss, but it seemed to encourage and cheer me and draw me towards it, as I sank back again and again into the fragrant cushion of moss.

It was some hours before it stopped pulsating, and I slowly grew aware of the oppressive darkness and invisible walls crouched over me: a darkness and constriction which seemed to be everywhere it was not. It was not painning my eyes so greatly now, but the continual effort of progress in the thick moss was tiring my thighs and wrists.

The passage of time held no further importance. I measured time by the gradual growth of it as I crawled along towards it.

The darkness became clammy and cold, and the cold entered my tired muscles. I seemed to move less by my own muscular efforts than by the magnetism of it. I began to realize where I was — the dark, close walls were the recesses of a cave, and the thing I could see — it — was a shaft of light at the end of a long tunnel. Having gained some appreciation of my physical whereabouts, I assessed my action of moving towards this light, shining like a beacon in the blackness. I could stay where I was, inert on the soft strange moss, or move. It seemed hopeless to stay still, and I looked round to see if there was any other direction in which I might reasonably move. None. The light at the tunnel was the only sign that anything outside me existed at all. It seemed my only hope of survival.

I started the weary process of pushing against the spongy surface and struggling a few inches towards the light. I felt more tired than before my brief stop to assess where I might be, and something like sleep or physical collapse overwhelmed my legs and arms, and everything became utterly and uncannily still, the light ahead frozen as in an overexposed photograph.

There was a resounding whir in my ears as if I had taken off my diving suit 1000 feet below the surface. I looked up in panic, realizing that this hallucination had some relation to reality, and knowing that I would have to look up to be saved. The nurse — it was the pretty one who smiled — was holding the curtain back her hand high up near the railing. She waited for someone to come in and I saw the black cassock of a priest carrying a small case in front of him. I imagined the white host hidden in the case and my head reeled like a superimposed movie film: I was back in the tunnel, looking out towards the light. But now there were voices, the gentle, concerned feminine voice of the nurse, and the mutter of a confession. A voice echoed in the depths of the tunnel "Amen. This is me" and I felt the enormous weight of the absolving hands on my head. I struggled with increased difficulty towards the light which seemed to draw closer. There was a crumb tasting of heady wine caught on my tongue and an engulfing wave broke over me. I fell back onto the soft moss. The voices became more intense and reached me in wisps. The light seemed to be nearer still, moving of its own accord towards me. From all around, a strong voice "Go forth upon thy journey from this world, O Christian soul", and in an explosion of joy, the light seemed to flood over me, lifting me up in its warmth and transforming my dead body into the fulness of light.

Ted Witham

If you go away . . .  
if you go away  
beyond the horizon  
out of life  
to where my words wing  
where my prayers become present  
hold out in the hollow of your hands  
a drop of water  
for me to wash my lips  
so they may sing to you  
You my secret  
You silent power  
at the heart of my life.

Michel Leonard  
(in *Communion* (Taize, France, 1972/2),  
p. 53.)  
translated by E.P. Witham

# Obituary

Simon Carter was killed in a car accident on 13th May, 1974. He would have been 21 in July.

Born in Gainsborough, England, only son of Air Vice-Marshall and Mrs. W. Carter, Simon attended Vinestreet School in Sussex, where he became head boy. When his family moved to Australia, Simon completed his secondary schooling at Geelong Grammar, and it was there that he first showed his flair for drama, playing a leading role in "A Man for All Seasons", and prominent in several school revues.

In 1971 he began an Arts/Law course and took up residence in Trinity. In the succeeding years, Simon's drive and enthusiasm took him in many directions, both within the College and elsewhere. Many are our memories of Simon at Trinity — as a mainstay of the College rugby team which fought hard but never quite won the cup; as an energetic and persuasive organizer of social functions, especially the highly successful 1973 College Ball; as the charming host who, while managing to fit in hours of study, was always ready to offer his visitors port and coffee. Perhaps most vividly of all we remember Simon as the characters he portrayed in the College Plays, as Bertie in "The Time Is Not Yet Ripe", and as Malvolio in "Twelfth Night". For it was on the stage that Simon excelled — his high standards of professionalism and his infectious sense of humour guaranteed great enjoyment to all who watched him and worked with him in the theatre.

While still at Trinity, Simon was active in the Indonesian Department; and it was not surprising that in 1974, having left college, Simon should seek a fuller involvement in student affairs at a University level. He was overwhelmingly elected to the position of Secretary of the S.R.C. in the April by-election. In his new job, Simon's friendly and warm-hearted nature, his unassuming self-confidence, and his cheerful determination, qualities which had won him friends in many parts of the University, quickly brought him the respect and confidence of his S.R.C. colleagues.

Some time has now passed since Simon's death. And yet, when we pause to gather together these memories, these happy memories of Simon Carter, we realise how acute still is the sense of personal loss, how strong still is the feeling of bewilderment and disbelief, at the tragic passing of a loved and respected friend.

C.M. Maxwell



# The Warden's Inaugural Address, At Dinner in Hall, June 11th 1974

Fellow Members of Trinity,

I must thank the Senior Tutor and Senior Student for their words of welcome to my wife, Barbara, and myself. Chris Roper, the Senior Student, has dazzled my classically trained mind with his statistics on former Wardens. It is not only hard to be average, it is positively alarming. At present Barbara and I have six children — John, Margaret, Ann, Caroline, Geoffrey and Stephen — and we thought that having gone far enough to balance the sexes, it was time to stop. Now I learn that the proper figure for the average Warden is only 2.25 children.

Just over a week ago we arrived here with six children, one dog and five cats. The five cats have since been reduced to four. One escaped over the roof from the central courtyard of the Lodge three days ago and I hope you'll keep your eyes open for a white cat heading in the general direction of Canberra. (Note: The cat, Snowflakes, which had been in the Lodge only four days amazed the Burges by returning seven weeks later). Chris did not mention the wardenical average for cats — what is worrying me is his figure for children. Given the delights of Melbourne I can see how we might reduce them from six to four or three — but  $2\frac{1}{4}$ ?

It is too early to offer a policy speech about where Trinity might be headed. I have an enormous amount to learn, and I look to you all to help me learn it. I am certainly looking forward to getting to know you. If you are having coffee or drinks in your room one evening and would like company, Barbara and I will — circumstances permitting — be delighted to come. We also look forward to seeing you in the Lodge once we have settled in. At present the place is filled with cardboard boxes waiting to be unpacked.

Though I cannot offer a policy speech, I would like to explore with you part of my understanding of a College as an academic community. It is precisely in these aspects — building a genuine community and ensuring that the *raison d'être* of that community is the pursuit of knowledge — that the Warden of a College differs from the manager of a Hotel or keeper of a glorified boarding house. For this reason the Council of this College has followed the tradition, which on some other grounds must seem very puzzling, of appointing an academic as fifth Warden, just as the first four Wardens have all been men who have valued highly and encouraged the rational pursuit of truth.



I am well aware that phrases like “the rational pursuit of truth” may sound uncomfortably like clichés. This is because they have been part of our Western civilization at least since Socrates the gadfly of Athens began asking those irritating questions of his two-and-a-half thousands years ago. Socrates' own martyrdom in the cause of free rational enquiry shows us clearly enough that the intellectual values of the academy do not command automatic assent. Today, perhaps more than at any time since the seventeenth century, those values are threatened not only from outside the academic community but also from within it. It is all too easy to find University administrators and academics, who when faced with the need for change, prefer to exercise what is really a kind of political power rather than engage in the more exacting tasks of critical rational assessment and discussion. On the other hand it is equally easy, and just as sad, to find those who challenge outmoded ways resorting to the irrational language of “non-negotiable demands”. Such people often appear falsely confident that they alone have found the truth. It is the business of the academic, however, not to *possess* but far more humbly to *seek after* the truth — knowing that he himself has no knowledge worthy of the name.



The kind of critical discussion and assessment that the academic world needs to survive can perhaps be achieved best in Colleges such as this one. In the early years of Dr. Leeper's Wardenship the Colleges shared the giving of lectures with the University. Indeed there was something of a battle between the Colleges and the University of Melbourne as to which should give the basic lectures. As we all know, the University won; the Colleges were reduced to giving tutorial assistance as a kind of "backup" to the real business of lectures and examinations which was carried on to the South of Tin Alley. In the days when there were both College and University lectures, Dr. Leeper believed that the University lectures should be "general and varied" and the College lectures "thorough, particular and specific". Today, if I judge correctly, the position is almost precisely the reverse. Within the University, instruction is for the most part detailed, specific, and often technical or factual. It is, in general, given in fairly precisely delimited lots according to the traditional disciplines — botany, geology, Greek, philosophy, physics, physiology and so on.

Please do not misunderstand me. A solid mastery of one or more of these disciplines is by no means as outmoded as some would think. The point, however, is that a worthwhile education involves critical thought about the use to which our knowledge is to be put. Our main problems today are not in technical "know how" but in human and social values. A truly educated person today has learned to take the long-term view and to accept responsibility for the welfare of others. No longer can we rest content with the application of knowledge for short-term profit. It is surely in this area of a humane and multidisciplinary approach that a College community can help its members to grow into fully educated men and women. And when that College professes, as we do, to be a Christian foundation, we can hardly set our goals in any direction, whatever our private religious convictions, other than this: to build a community which is not only one where the members seek wisdom but which is also a loving and caring community.

As fifth Warden of this College, I see this as my main task, just as it was the task of my predecessors. I know that I shall often be preoccupied with matters of finance and administration, but I trust that you will never let me forget the real reasons for having this Collegiate community. A good Warden will enable things to happen and people to get together so that we are all enriched.

Barbara and I are delighted to be here with you. I was born in Melbourne and left when I was eight. Thirty three years later I have at last seen the error of my ways. Nothing could have given me greater satisfaction than to return as the Warden of Trinity College.

## The Senior Student's Welcome to the New Warden

*(Delivered at a Formal Dinner in Hall on 11 June 1974)*

Warden, Mrs Burge, ladies and gentlemen,

I am honoured and pleased, on behalf of the Junior Common Room to support the welcome of John Davis to our new warden. Because installations of Trinity wardens occur at infrequent and irregular intervals it is not clear from tradition just what the senior student should say. And so I have pored over the college records in the library, much to the delight of Miss Rusden, and under her expert guidance, to see what should be said. My efforts have proved almost fruitless.

The first Warden, Dr. Leeper arrived in 1876 but as there was no senior student I assume he arrived unheralded by the student body. However I did discover the following, "it was predicted to Leeper that all the students would leave college rather than submit to rules and restrictions on their liberty."

The second was Jock Behan and he arrived in 1918. Well there wasn't even a Fleur de Lys that year, due no doubt to the War, and so his words of welcome are lost for ever.

The third Warden was Ronald Cowan and he appeared in 1946. Once again there is no record of what was said to him on behalf of the students, but we do know *his* first words to the students — "Treat me right, I'll treat you right. Kick me hard, I'll kick you hard."

The fourth warden was Dr Sharwood who arrived in 1965. At last a record of what was said to him is recorded in the Fleur de Lys of that year. It says, "the Senior Student, Mr. David Harper, anxious that this opportunity for representing the mind of the students should not be wasted, delivered a policy speech to the new Warden. This was solid stuff." Unfortunately what the solid stuff was is not recorded!

And so I am left, as mystified as ever, as to what I should say. Looking back on these distinguished predecessors of Dr Burge what can be said about them? We theologs are most unjustly attacked for our subjective, unscientific approach to our discipline and so I have decided to present a statistical analysis of the wardens of

Trinity as a basis for projecting the sort of man a Trinity warden should be:

The average age of a warden when attaining office has been 35. Dr Burge is 41 — a bad sign! — six years over age and not yet out of the barrier.

The average number of wives had by each warden is, surprisingly, one; taking into account that Sharwood had none (to which he would admit) and Leeper had two (consecutively not concurrently). Dr Burge has one wife.

The average number of children propagated by Trinity wardens is 2.75. Dr Burge has six! If Mr. Cowan was nicknamed "the Bull" for having four children one wonders what name Dr. Burge will acquire!

The average term of office has been twenty three years and three months; which means that if anyone here can successfully stretch out his course that long you should both be here enjoying life in the year 1997.

The average number of wardens who have died in office is 0.25 and the average age at which wardens have died is infinity — (my figures here are thrown into some confusion not due to the fact that Trinity wardens are immortal but that Dr. Sharwood is not yet dead). The average age at death of his predecessors was 70.66 years — which proves that the easy life *does* lead to longevity of years.

Well Dr. Burge that is the sort of Warden Trinity has been used to.

What remains for me to do is to support the Senior Tutor's welcome with my own. On behalf of all the students, welcome Dr. Burge and welcome Mrs. Burge to our community. We hope that your life here with your family will be



#### T.C.A.C. COMMITTEE

l to r: J. Cook, H. Bellchambers, The Phantom Secretary, C. Roper, J. Churchill, E. Shackell.

happy and rewarding; we look forward to the coming years under your leadership, and we congratulate you on becoming the warden of the greatest college in Australia.

Fellow members of Trinity please join me and drink the health of THE WARDEN.

## Chris Maxwell

### Rhodes Scholar

Chris Maxwell, a resident of Trinity from 1971 to 1973 is Victoria's Rhodes Scholar for 1975. After an outstanding career both at Trinity and in the University, the award of a Rhodes Scholarship most appropriately caps Chris's undergraduate years.

Coming up from Melbourne Grammar to his father's old college to begin an Arts/Law degree, Chris was soon known as not only a friendly and amiable fellow, but as an extremely able one both in the sporting area and in the academic fields. In his first year he was chosen as Trinity's representative to the Inter Collegiate Delegacy and in his second year this was followed by a greater honour, the Senior Studentship. As Senior Student Chris was an outstanding leader, conscientious, hard-working and approachable, coupled with an enviable ability to shine at whatever he put his hand. He was a member of the debating team, a memorable Antonio (particularly the night he wore his feathered floppy hat) in Twelfth Night, and a member of the College's cricket, rugby, athletics and golf teams. But it was on the football field that he particularly shone, and he was captain of Trinity's team in 1972 and again in 1973 when he doubled as coach as well. At the same time he was playing for the University.

During the 1973 season and near to the end of his Senior Studentship he was dangerously ill after a football injury and his enormous crowd of visitors at Prince Henry's, which threw the nurses into total confusion, witnessed to his tremendous popularity in College and in the University. While still recuperating and away from campus he was elected Vice-President of the S.R.C., and since leaving College he has played a wise and even-handed role in University life.

Chris goes to New College Oxford in September 1975 to read for a B.A. in Philosophy, Politics and Economics. He will join there another Trinity Rhodes Scholar, Chris Cordner. His very many friends at Melbourne University and Trinity College wish him well as he takes up his most well deserved Rhodes Scholarship.



## Juttoddie 1974

Juttner and Oddie, if they are dead, would not only have turned in their graves, but would have leapt with joy at the sight of the 1974 Juttoddie Cup Meeting. The revamped course, made easier to ensure that one, at least, in the fillies heat would finish, still claimed its share of victims; some of them, strangely enough, heavily bet against by those boys of the ring, 'Shifty' Shackell and Justin 'The Juggler' Cook.

The entering of women in the Cup for the first time was the main topic of discussion amongst the old-timers at the track. Most thought that, apart from one or two rough rides, the race was a good spectacle, and were looking forward to witnessing more of the same next year.

The Episcopal half of the Joint — Acting — Wardenship displaced his priestly volume amidst much ecclesiastical ceremony. Inevitably, the prize for guessing the volume was won by the other half of the J. — A. — W., who obviously knew the combined volume and simply subtracted his own.

The Senior Gentleman's egg throw, Madame X, (the College's resident Prophet) together with assorted food and drink dispensing stalls, added further entertainment to a perfect Autumn afternoon.

*Stephen Cordner*



# The College Appeal

At the beginning of the year a small group of people were surprised and delighted to be summoned to the presence of the then Senior Student, Chris Roper, for sherry and savouries. We were then informed that all present were members of the College Appeal Committee whether they liked it or not, and no resignations would be acceptable. Actually, the committee developed rather a taste for this kind of meeting, and under the influence of enthusiasm for the cause, plus sherry, port, red, white, cheese etc. meetings became more or less popular events.

The group selected on two projects as the objects of the Appeal, a Community Aid Abroad project and help for the Glendonald School for the Deaf. In addition, the college through the vestry fund had already made a contribution to the emergency appeal for victims of the disastrous Queensland floods which had occurred whilst the college was on vacation, and in response to the request of a former Dean of the College, Father Gregory.

The first effort to extract contributions was made during Juttodie, by the sale of refreshments, one or two side-shows and the Episcopal Ablution Event which raised a considerable amount of money. Some people will pay to see or guess anything. On an autumn afternoon, some three hundred gathered to watch Bishop Grant, clad in a rather fetching number left over from 'No, No Nanette', displace 434 tea-cups from a bath that had in former years cleansed the body of Renn Wortley (who has now resorted to other means).

A successful wine-tasting was held and due to the generosity of several firms, Seabrooks, All Saints, Hardy's and G. Sutherland Smith, plus the energetic work of Bruce Thomas, \$150 was netted. Miss Dorothy Godley at great risk to her figure and her temper gave up smoking and gathered in further funds from those who had doubted her staying power. Some people grew beards etc. but the greatest contribution came from the direct appeal, and this was the work of several members of the college on each floor of each building, appealing, cajoling, threatening, pleading etc. The final result was \$1035.

Of this amount \$575.00 has been given to the Community Aid Abroad for the purchase of a fishing boat with outboard motor and lifebelts for a co-operative fishing village at Maggona, Sri Lanka. \$350 was presented to the Glendonald School for the Deaf, for the purchase of stereo equipment for their senior students common room, and \$110.00 has been reimbursed to the vestry fund for the Queensland Flood Relief Appeal.

The committee thanks all those who gave considerable help — the collectors for the direct appeal, the wines committee, the catering staff of the college, the wine firms and all others who helped in many ways, and of course, all those who contributed.

Albert McPherson, Chairman  
Richard Broome, Secretary

## Debating

Whilst the year 1974 is chiefly memorable for its highly successful intercollegiate season, a year that saw Trinity undefeated and a premiership regained, there was also an auspicious revival of debating within the college. The renowned Dialectic Society directed its innovatory enthusiasms to the introduction of Cambridge Union rules and various *ex tempore* competitions. It extended its encouragement to many fledgling speakers who could, with industry and perseverance, one day use to ornament their college's intercollegiate fortunes.

Passing to these it can be observed that Messrs. Edward Witham, Peter Butler and John Glover spoke in that order at the year's inaugural debate against St. Hilda's. By unsuccessfully negating the proposition that 'The Hare was right and the Tortoise was wrong' to an audience of moderate size and enthusiasm, the team was able to gather the necessary momentum for a march of triumph over Queen's to the final.

In their victorious engagement with Queen's the Trinity team, on this occasion employing John Reeve as first speaker, denied 'That the voice of the heart is louder than that of the mind'. As the debate proved to be a closer one than that previous, it provided a salutary caution against that overconfidence which comes of ability and success; there was now a high resolve to tackle the hereditary foe.

One might well refer to a foe 'hereditary' when confronted with Newman now meeting Trinity in the third successive final. New members of the team but took up the cudgels laid down by warriors now fallen, gone and only in distant memory recalled. This time in the glory of affirmation 'That the only sin is stupidity' Trinity settled scores and wrested the coveted trophy — resplendent with the gleam of victory — from the hands that had denied it rightful place so long.

J. Glover

# Dialectic Society

My dear Strazzerra,

I am very pleased to engage in a dialectic across half a century through the medium of the Secretary of the Dialectic Society of the year of grace, and note some of my impressions of the state of health of that remarkable body, which seems, alas, to have bettered mastered the secrets of longevity than I.

Of course you will realize, my dear Editor, that the Society has grown much smaller in numbers, but much larger in activities than during my years as President. It is astounding and even incredible that the Dialectic Society should be responsible for such varied activities as an Art Show, a Revue, a Football Match against the Hostel, general knowledge Regattas etc., as well as the traditional displays of oratory.

I hesitate upon the word 'traditional', for I understand that there were no traditional Dialectic debates in 1974. Instead, there were many different sorts of debates, ranging from frivolous competitions, (Balloon Debates and "One Minute, Please") to essays into Cambridge and Oxford Rules. That the Senior Student himself opposed the motion that "we should fight for King and country" in the Cambridge debate was a harrowing thought — *pro patria* is an eminently appropriate motto for the Senior Student of Trinity College. I like young Glover's style, he should go far. (I don't know whether he would like it here, however, there's not much scope for *ex tempore* oratory.) I'm very pleased that the new man, Burge, isn't it? has awarded him the Prize for Oratory which bears my name. Congratulations, young fellow.

Your general knowledge Regattas (I cannot bring myself to say 'quiz' — a word in my day which was not greatly complimentary) certainly attracted a lot of interest. They were very revealing to one who believes in a rounded education — the new methods at the University have not yet prevented young men — and ladies — from acquiring the sophistications of a broad and useful general knowledge. Mr. Hunter is to be complimented for maintaining the noble ideals for which his College stands.

A gentleman never discusses politics in front of a lady, and that is why both politics and ladies are banned from the Rules of the Dialectic Society. However, I was glad that the Melbourne Toastmasters' Club challenged the Dialectic Society to a debate in August and won the contest — even though the topic was overtly political and ladies were present.

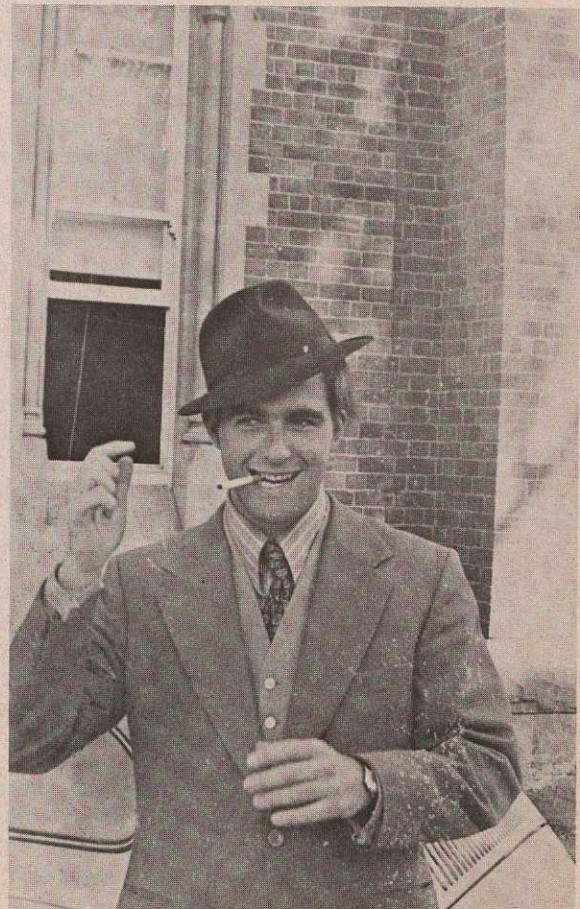
Your Doctor Emmerson, a man of wit and perspicacity, has claimed that a healthy Dialectic Society indicates a healthy College, and he has proven it with an eloquent shewing of the evidence in the Minute Books. Of course, he's right.

I remain, my dear Strazzerra,

Yours very truly,

Alex: Leeper

(Dictated personally but not signed due to his absence)



# Revue

Professionally produced and delivered, the "Rabel-Rousing Revue" of 1974 provided a night of "champers" entertainment. Due mainly to the mastermind of shrewd producer Jim "Harry M." Butler, the revue aired a number of budding and bloomed, talents from Trinners and J.C.

For the first time in history, Trinity had its very own, genuine, actresses. Although Richard Bouvier, Derry Rogers, and Graeme Tongs tried hard to emulate the girls they lacked the finesse, among other things, of Mandy Bednall and Deb Curtis. Mandy and Deb combined well in "Waiting for the Bus..." and were topline distractions in other sketches also. As for Richard, Derry and Graeme, their fashion parade was riotous, however plans for Paris should be deferred in the hope of future developments.

The brilliant "Concerto" performed by the talented Colin Wilson was one of the highlights of the night, with his unofficial encore during interval bearing testimony to this. His pianoforte palpitations were magnificently off-key, and his selections, of dubious composers, and his showmanship was superb. Singularly, an outstanding performance.

Also of note were the "Drawing Room Duets", Andrew Oddy and Renn Wortley. These two old-stagers combined intuitively to give a polished performance. Renn, also, must be complemented for the bulk of the compering, wittily assisted by Andrew for a time.

Variety was the theme of the night and to supplement the evenings entertainment were the supplementary sketches — what else! Stuart Anderson, "Harry M." Butler and Fr. Albert McPherson unveiled a well-rehearsed skit.

Albert, part-time College chaplain, appears to have a definite acting future — or was it past? Anyway, the old mellow melo-drama spoof trick was well spoofed by Phil Harvey and co., whilst a folky John Sear held audience attention with some unaccompanied, traditional kultcha.

Finally, the climax of the night, came the best kept secret of all time — (who told the Labour Government anyway?) — Evan Burge, Doctor, Father, Warden, Trouble-shooter, composer/singer extraordinaire, and the encore was well deserved.

...But the entertainment was only half the game. The revue provided an outlet to some hidden talents for those who cared to try, and in this respect also, it was a highly successful night.

Rick Leonard

# A Word From The Warden

(Tune from 'H.M.S. Pinafore')

When I was a lad I went to school  
Where classical studies were still the rule,  
In practical subjects I saw little light  
But I swotted Latin verbs from morn till night.

*He swotted Latin verbs from morn till night.*  
'Amo' was my favourite verb you see  
So now I am the Warden of Trinity.  
*Amo was his favourite verb you see*  
*So now he is the Warden of Trinity.*

To learn a dead language is no disgrace  
It helped me to follow the daily grace,  
They prayed as they served us slops by the  
tankful

The Lord would make us truly thankful.  
*The Lord would make him truly thankful.*  
Was that boarding school food preparatory  
To becoming the Warden of Trinity?  
*That boarding school food was preparatory*  
*To becoming the Warden of Trinity.*

With irregular verbs I made such a name  
That a uni. student I next became.  
I heard lots of rude words like . . . and . . .  
But I never learned to handle a deficit.

*It's hard to handle a deficit.*  
But that's the thing to study at the Varsity  
If you want to be the Warden of Trinity.  
*But that's the thing to study at the Varsity*  
*If you want to be the Warden of Trinity.*

One day I felt an impelling urge  
To convert a Dr. Payne into Dr. Barbara Burge,  
And I finally learned with her good looks  
With three of each sex to balance the books.

*With three of each sex to balance the books.*  
But you don't have to prove virility  
To be a good Warden of Trinity.  
*You don't have to prove virility*  
*To be a good Warden of Trinity.*

From Oxford wondering what to do  
I took a job at the A.N.U.

And although I found that place quite nice  
Neither Gough nor Bill ever asked my advice.  
*Neither Gough nor Bill ever asked his advice.*  
It's as well to be safe politically  
If you want to be the Warden of Trinity.  
*It's as well to be safe politically*  
*If you want to be the Warden of Trinity.*

When things got tough in the A.C.T.  
A Melbourne College seemed the place for me.  
Administration — the place had oodles,  
The office staff even ran to poodles.

*Woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof.*  
You have to be quite veterinary  
If you want to be the Warden of Trinity.  
*You have to be quite veterinary*  
*If you want to be the Warden of Trinity.*

Now when I sit at this high table  
You can do something that I'm not able,  
For because our helpings are very fat  
I can't eat a 3 course meal in 14 minutes flat.

*He can't eat his meal in 14 minutes flat.*  
But we may yet learn civility  
Now we have ladies in Trinity.  
*Yes we may yet learn civility*  
*Now we have ladies in Trinity.*

If there's one thing a Warden must do  
It's to sing a song in the College Revue,  
And to show that this is a song that ends  
I hope you'll all subscribe and be College  
Friends.

*He hopes we'll all subscribe and be College  
Friends.*

For there is nothing that I'd rather be  
Than to be the fifth Warden of Trinity:  
*There's nothing that he'd rather be*  
*Than to be the fifth Warden of Trinity.*

## Wines' Committee

1974 will long be remembered over College claret glasses as the year of good drinking. Although demand was, as usual, heaviest for flagoned port, the increasing sophistication of tastes was reflected by the high turnover of older, rarer, and a more expensive variety of fine wines.

Financially, the committee feels 1974 was a success. Total turnover approached the 1972 centenary figure — not bad considering the majority of this year's purchases were in first term. The Committee itself wined and dined in the best epicurean manner on a number of occasions, entertaining prominent members of the College.

The Committee initiated market research to look at improvements to the decoration of the cellar, and the conclusion seemed to be that the longer the cob-webs and the more 'rustic' the appearance, the better. Certainly, conference visitors who examined facilities seemed to approve.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Australian wine-making industry is the degree of specialisation that is occurring in many areas. This portends well for Australian wine lovers, and when one considers the low prices (by world standards) we pay for top quality wines it can be seen that those who enjoy the many delights of wine can look forward to good drinking days ahead . . .

Peter M. Butler



### WINES COMMITTEE

*l to r: R. McDonald, J. Kelly, P. Butler, A. Lang, R. Bouvier, B. Thomas, R. Phillips, J. Glover.*



# Dramatic Club

A Dramatic Club, within a university college, can often be thought of as the preserve of a clique-like group of egotists. With so many activities offered for participation or amusement in the wider sphere of the university and the community, this one seems to bear fruit with regular insular monotony. It's another year, therefore a group of would-be Oliviers, Redfords, Rutherfordds or Streisands, will inevitably, in each college and stage society, present the latest in do-it-yourself theatre or the most boring syllabus play.

But that is not what drama is about. True, one may go to one's sole production for the year because one's friends are in it or merely because it is staged by the college one happens to be living in. Rather drama may be a means for expressing the reactions of one who writes about his fellow man or even for expressing one's own feelings. It may encompass thought provoking philosophies or mere entertainment.

And so we find each year in this 'dear ole Coll' many people who are willing to work on stage, back stage and of course up stage. The Dramatic Club in 1974 took under its wing a small production of *THE KING IS DYING*. This encouragement of other dramatic ventures has occurred recently, allowing interested persons to involve themselves in drama without worries of production costs or first night traumas. Such an opportunity becomes advantageous to all who participate. We must consequently thank one extremely interested and involved person, Edward P. Witham, who translated, directed, produced and starred in this performance of Ionesco's play.

Trinity naturally also had a major production for the year which evolved as highly irregular, very extroverted and hardly monotonous. *RABELAIS*, written by Jean-Louis Barrault, translated by Robert Baldick and directed by Robin Hardiman, is not a great play. This was the College production. Yet despite its obvious flaws as a dramatic masterpiece (it was intended as a dramatic game) the production of it was uniquely superb. Sound, lighting, sets — or purposeful lack thereof — costumes and the intricate mastermind behind the movement of all, combined to create a production which was exciting and rewarding to audience and cast alike. Despite the relative financial burden it became, it was certainly most rewarding. The effort by the College in supporting it was truly commendable. Special credit lay with the production team, led by Andrew Oddy; all the cast, of whom we may mention Bruce Davidson, John Churchill, Mandy Bednall, Jill Bradley and Ted Witham: the producer and most especially the director.

Thanks must also be extended to the core of dedicated people in Janet Clarke Hall and to those others of that College who patronised the play.

However, such comments mustn't lead to complacency in carrying a financial loss every year. Serious consideration must be given to the type of play (syllabus or non-syllabus), production, expenditure and to the season within which the play occurs. We don't doubt the validity and satisfaction of having a College Play, or plays. Nor would we like to see restrictions placed which destroy creativity and spontaneity.

Drama will live as long as man can express himself: and this College bears a true example to that.

Philip Goldsworthy  
Hon. Sec. T.C.D.C.



## PLAY COMMITTEE

l to r: J. Butler, P. Goldsworthy, A. Bednall, B. Davidson,  
J. Churchill.

# TRINITY COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF



Reads left to right :

**SEATED** C. Albany, R.A. Bouvier, R.H. McDonald, J. Glover, N.S.I. Gordon, P.S. Gold, R.L.J. Lyle, E.S. Shackell, H. Bellchambers, C. Wriedt, P.J. Nice, J. Cook, C.J. E. Storey, A.P. Bellingham, D.R. McNaughton, P.J. Martin.

**FIRST ROW** M. Milne, M. Norbury, B.A. Szaday, J.C. Hall, A.B. Bednall, E.M. Henham, P.J.V. White, H.D. Gillespie, M.J. Bailey, G.A.A. Nettle, W.P. Sloane, T.E. Brent, P.M. Wright.

**SECOND ROW** R.P. Sheridan, A.R. Prytz, D.C. Curtis, M.W. Potter, R.S. Joyce, V.M. T., P.A. Harvey, B.M. Gordon, B.J. Kirkman, G. Tongs, K.S. Guilfoyle, R.K. Bullen, A.P.J. Horsburgh, I.F. Gibson.

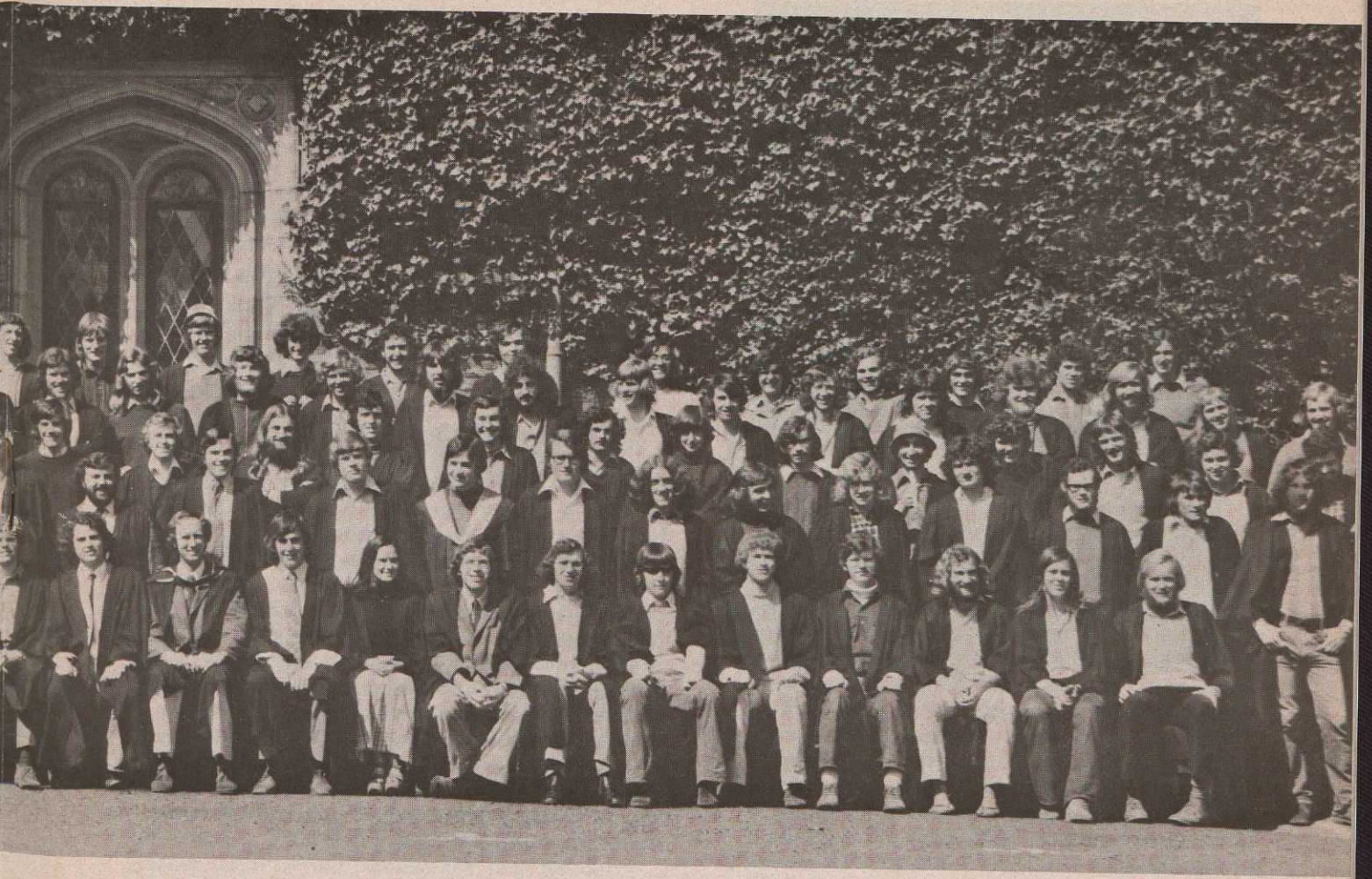
**THIRD ROW** L. Porter, W.J. Wright, C.P. Holden, D.A. Jaffe, K.R. Alexander, P.C. Scott, B.P. Hollands, P.G. Dakis, W. Ross, D. Cole, B.D. Youl, N.G. Bailey, I.B. Christ, D. Bird, D. Martin, L.R. Gilmour, B.W. Longden.

**FOURTH ROW & FIFTH ROW (combined)** A. McLeod, A.W. Pollard, D.A. North, P.L. B., D.C. Renton, G. Robertson, G.E. Deans, L. Rajski, S.L. Deasey, R.L. Broome, D. P. Lom, J.G. Sloan, P.R.J.J. Clarke, A.K. Stephens, L.R. Littlechild, R.D.M. Belf, T.A.A. Guthrie, L.K. Hope, I. McE. King.

**ABSENTEES** K. Azo, A. Bamum, G.D. Batrouney, D.A. Beale, R.J. Bellingham, S.R. Boc, L. Elliot, M. Esser, T.A.D. Fitzgerald, H. Fitzpatrick, S. Godfrey, A. Gordon, R. G., R.L. Johnson, R. Jones, J.J. Jones, P. Keddie, J. Kelly, L.J. Knight, C.R. Le Soue, I.F.H. MacDonald, K.N. Mills, R.S. Muir, K.E. Ng, R.J. Norris, D.G. Oliphant, C.J. J.M.S. Slattery, J.A.B. Soon, P.J. Stabler, J. Stammers, P.A. Stokes, R.D. Story, L..

# LEGE - 1974

## F MELBOURNE



Photograph: FRANK PIETRAS

sworthy, D.D. Crisp, D.R. Lord, J.O. Churchill,  
Roper, D.J. Ross-Edwards, L. Lyle, E. Witham, J.M. Butler, B.F. Murphy, S.G. Anderson,  
S.M. Kraemers, G.J. Simmonds, B.F. Carpenter, A.J. Lang, A.G.V. Strazzera, R.D. Lowrey,  
Hall, R.J. Leonard, T.A. Greenwood, P.W. Collinson, G.G. Reynolds, A.R. Kelly,  
an, J. Sear, D.B. Thomas, D.C.L. Lewis, H.A. Pitt, P.E. Richardson, M.S. Piggot,  
M. Dix, G. Ingrouille, A.T. Ford, D.L. Evans, M.J. Dawkins, S.T. Hill, C.J. Millar,  
t, M.R. Thomson, B. Davidson, M. Alsop, N.R.G. Robertson, S. Roufail, P. Goddard,  
ie, C.A. Wilson, B.S. Allsop, J.N.L. Salter, R.A. Slocombe, P.K.B. Handscombe,  
ell, M.E. Munckton, G. Pilkington, P.R. Rowlands, M.L. Ross, M.I.D. Adams,  
B. Adamson, P.A. Rowe, R.A. Atkinson, P. Mitchell, P.B. Anderson, D.R. Hood,  
ield, J.D. Hobson, W.R. Furze, J.S. Shackell, R.G. Young, F. Koren, A.M. Knowles,  
th, A.J. Castellini, R. Coffey, N. Collier, N. Collins, M. Cooper, S.M. Cordner, N.G. Dow,  
aham, M.I. Haskett, M.W. Heinz, P.T. Heinz, R.I. Holmes, J.R. Hunter, R.O.M. Jackson,  
f, P. Le Souef, T.J. Lewis, B. Lim, G. Longden, S.D. Lush, W.J. McCormick,  
Opie, R.E. Phillips, B.E. Quirk, B.J. Robinson, D.F.M. Rogers, S. See, M. Shand,  
Symons, J.P. Tobin, B.R. Ussher, J.C. White, G. Williamson, D.A. Zeidler .



Despite a cast with numbers and enthusiasm enough to presume to part the Red Sea in a Charlton Heston Biblical Extravaganza Epic it would seem Rabelais had the misfortune to be caught in a dumper. I do not wish to slight a few individual performances which managed to emerge like cameos within the often surrealistic grotesquery of the production, such as Bruce Davidson's Panurge. But as a play which aimed at a certain degree of audience participation a la Hair (an exuberant romp to the fortunate few in the first rows and a breakdown the barriers between actors/audience finale groove on stage) I fear the play remained impenetrable.

The references to drugging and lust woven into the structure, throughout the Renaissance European debate appeared glib and above all remote from audience and cast alike. The lusty romp seemed to lack coherence born of a full understanding of the play, it lacked any feeling of homogeneity. There was little sense of many of the players being fully in control or of comprehending the direction they were given beyond the mechanical, and apart from a Moomba like ethic "lets all get together and have fun" there was little sense of integration and *this* is what was communicated to the audience.



## Rabelais

This would all seem to indicate that the Union Theatre was definitely the wrong venue for a play which presumed upon the audience to participate, even spiritually in its "frantic love of life." Above all, it was a bad choice of play.

The cultural/historical theme and the spirit of attacking life with bohemian (yet coy) lust failed to unite within the production which became a sort of visual pastiche. It definitely had both scope and variety, but the unevenness of the cast hampered the obvious potential of these who were competent performers — Leslie Moodie, Renn Wortley, Bruce Davidson, Jim Butler, and in his bizarre way, Albert MacPherson as Red Cirimalkin. If a play of the dimension and depth of *Rabelais* is to be more than a refreshing look at a group having fun, one must have a cast of sufficient ability to convey its themes more fully, and its spirit more thoroughly with greater ease. Otherwise one should select a play with a smaller and more uniformly competent cast.



However the bizarre and technically proficient production of what became a series of visual images energised by language powerfully evocative, ultimately remained an entertaining spectacle rather than a successful experience. But its ambitiousness never became pretension because the obvious exuberance of the cast tended to self-indulgence rather than overbearingness. Its failure to reach out and have impact upon an audience preserved it from too obviously revealing its inadequacies, and the creative spirit of the production dominated the depths of *Rabelais* which failed to emerge.

anon.

Like one's sex life, one's religious belief is a private affair. As long as it doesn't affect anyone else, a man is entitled to believe what he likes, just as he has a right to go to bed with whomever he chooses. Thus says Jack, the embodiment of Aussie tradition.

Essentially Jack is threatened by religion, as he is by sex. But loosen Jack's tongue with a few beers over at Naughton's, and you will find that Jack has pretty definite views on both sex and religion. What's more, the ivory-tower theologian is often astounded by the depth of Jack's religious reflections. Jack has a sensitivity both to fellow human beings and to the creative forces which regulate and sustain the world in which he lives. Jack, in his own words, is a Christian, but he can't go along with all the extraneous crap the churches try to put over him.

Jack, and many like him, lives in our very own "dear old Coll." So does a strange breed of Australians which is content to be labelled "Christian" and also to identify itself with the Church. With Jack and his friends, and the chapel-going types, cohabit a variety of others, some of whom find religion of any sort a dead issue, others who would have stopped reading at the deliberately attention-getting beginning to this article — and still others. Let's face facts, Trinity is so pluralistic in its nature, that any religio-sociological analysis of its members is unrealistic. Therefore, in order to prevent further insult to your intelligence, dear Reader, I refrain from the attempt to categorize *your* position (however you conceive it) and will get on with the task your editor has given me — namely, writing a report of the Chapel's activities in 1974.

The geographical situation of the Chapel on the periphery of the collegiate arena seems to approximate the position of Chapel activities in College life. It is merely an obstacle to be negotiated on the trip back from Naughton's, the rival temple opposite.

As long as the Chapel is seen as an obstacle, no amount of beautiful liturgy, of provocative services, of devoted and regular worship — all of which have characterised the life of the Chapel this year — will allow the Chapel to take its proper place in the life of the College as a whole. Jack will not be persuaded that devotion and Church services are anything but extraneous crap.

The Warden's installation was impressive and placed the leadership of this College in the context of God's guidance. The stirring hymn "*Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart*" was chosen to mark this occasion. This hymn sets out a remarkable programme of Wardenship in which the whole College is seen as directed by

## Chapel Report



the "Ruler of all" and aimed towards His service. Jack found the installation a mere formality — dignified and appropriate, but a formality nonetheless.

We have no record of Jack's impressions of the carefully thought out experimental Eucharists on Thursday nights — mainly because he wasn't there. And I don't really blame him, although I'm sorry he missed them, because the Chapel community tried to talk about some of the things Jack is concerned about — race relations, the things that tie us down in life, what it's like to be lonely . . .

Between the eloquent lines of *Fleur de Lys* Chapel Reports, this one included, the word "FAILURE" is traced. Jack, we discover, isn't interested in Chapel. I for one am not content to echo past Chapel reports with the usual "B... you, Jack, *we* enjoyed ourselves in Chapel this year, anyway, and it's your loss that you missed out!" I did happen to enjoy Chapel, but I'm very sorry, Jack, that you didn't come sometimes. We forgot that you had something of value to bring to Chapel — your understanding of your fellow human beings and your search for what it is that makes life great to live. And, Jack, if you think that somehow we have retreated behind those red-brick walls and tried to lock Jesus Christ into that rocket-shaped building near Cowan, you're partly right and partly wrong. We won't succeed anyway, because Jesus thinks a great deal of your ideas of making life great to live. And that's not a sales pitch, that's an apology.

E.P. Witham

## Senior Common Room

Among the avalanche of paper thrust under long suffering College doors this year was a questionnaire. "What role" it wanted to know "do you think resident tutors should play in the life of the College?". Loyal respondents, seeking to encapsulate their thoughts on this rather open ended topic, produced, amongst others, the answer "being available". It's not a bad summary of one aspect of a tutor's duty: being available to answer questions, to receive complaints, to help with problems and to unlock doors.

But it is by no means the whole answer. The S.C.R., like the J.C.R. should be, is more than a random collection of people. It should be a community within the College and its effectiveness depends on just how well that community is established. If it is properly established, the S.C.R. *as such* can make a major contribution to the College and the tutors collectively can be more than merely "available". This is one of the major differences between a College, like Trinity, and a mere hall of residence. No random group of tutors, be they never so intelligent and never so helpful, can hope to equal it.

There are not many opportunities for tutors as such to assemble: sherry before dinner, coffee afterwards, meals at high table (not only formal ones but also, from time to time, breakfast and lunch) and other senior common room occasions. It is not much, but in the past it has proved enough to keep a healthy community flourishing. The difficulty arrives when there isn't a healthy community.

For the last two years the turnover of resident tutors has been enormous. Seven left in 1972, some of them were those who had guided the S.C.R. for several years. Nine more left in 1973 and in the result none of the ordinary resident tutors from 1972 were with us this year. First term began with the community spirit more than a little battered. Moreover, at the beginning of the year the new tutors had no Warden to explain their responsibilities. Small wonder if they felt that they had fallen into a vacuum. Small wonder if they concluded that the existing ramshackle arrangements were all that the S.C.R. stood for.

We are lucky indeed not to have developed a race of phantom tutors — those dim figures who came to no functions, attend no meals, and for whom the S.C.R. is nothing but a short cut between the letter rack and dining hall. But even so we have sometimes seen a cold and empty common room, a deserted high table, figures who arrive too late for sherry and leave too early for coffee and for whom an S.C.R. function always clashes with another engagement. That it has gone no further says much for the effective work of John Davis and the goodwill of the new tutors.



Indeed, while these gloomy reflections heighten our regret at not only Dr. Sharwood but also Alan Gunther, Ian Campbell, Rod Tucker, Mike Dewar, Kingley Gee, Fr. Jim Minchin, Horst Imberger and Jim Fox, it does nothing to diminish our welcome to the newcomers. Dr. Burge has been welcomed elsewhere in Fleur de Lys. His presence is as important to the S.C.R. as to other parts of the College. Professor Joe Burke has brought to us an enthusiastic whiff of the incomprehensible but exhilarating world of Fine Art.

Marion Vickery (fine art and english) brings the rest of civilization to packed and spectacular new tutorials, far removed from the day teaching methods of the past. Chris Dunstan (engineering), influenced but unharmed by a period in Ormond, has carried on his predecessors' bushwalking tradition, alert in a somewhat more relaxed fashion. Laurie Moloney (psychology) is to be heard discussing Freudian Symbolism with Chris Cordner (philosophy) who returned from Oxford towards the end of the year. George Gulczynski (economics) is at present both Treasurer and Joint Acting Senior Tutor and is rising to both with effortless confidence. Russell Howard (chemistry) continues to give the impression that he is on speaking terms with most of the larger molecules. Albert McPherson (assistant chaplain) is dividing his time between the Cathedral and the College. Wayne Walker (mathematics) was a student of the College last year and has shown how easy it can be to change from one Common Room to another.

In addition to these new tutors, we have been lucky to have Richard Broome (history) with us as a long term resident.

The S.C.R. seminars have continued successfully this year and, if S.C.R. members and their guests have not always filled the room, the audiences have been enlivened by a number of guests from the J.C.R. John Sumner spoke on the work of the Melbourne Theatre Company, Professor Joe Burke on "Are there absolute values in Art?", Gareth Evans on the Human Rights Bill and John Emmerson on "The anatomy of bibliomania!".



On the sporting side, a bushwalk to the Cathedral Range was more relaxed but just as enjoyable as the sterner walks of earlier years.

Even greater fitness was shown, however, on a third term expedition to Rutherglen. All the seniors and wine loving members of the S.C.R. brought critical judgements to the local wineries and a number of bottles back.

It was, taking it all in all, not too bad a year. The next should be even better.

John Emmerson

## Tennis

Unfortunately, as in many other sports, Trinity for '74 wasn't to be. This season, however, we, Neale Fraser and I, contacted several leading players, who have been playing the Victorian 'circuit' to play in the Intercollegiate Davis Cup Challenge rounds, and Final if needed. Big contracts were drawn up, and a team was formed comprising Trinity's top professionals.

Whitley was our first opponent and being in great condition we scored a crushing victory winning all six singles and three doubles matches. We were laughing. We then faced eventual winners Queens with great confidence but distinct lack of singles form robbed us of our place in the final and the history books. Bill McCormick starred, winning both his singles and his doubles matches, but he alone couldn't carry the whole team on those masculine shoulders of his. Guess you can't help bad luck!

Oh well, good luck next year, Neale. The Cup squad consisted of the following:

Tom Guthrie, Steve Cordner, Glenn Robertson, Bill McCormick, Bruce Kirkman, Linden Hope.

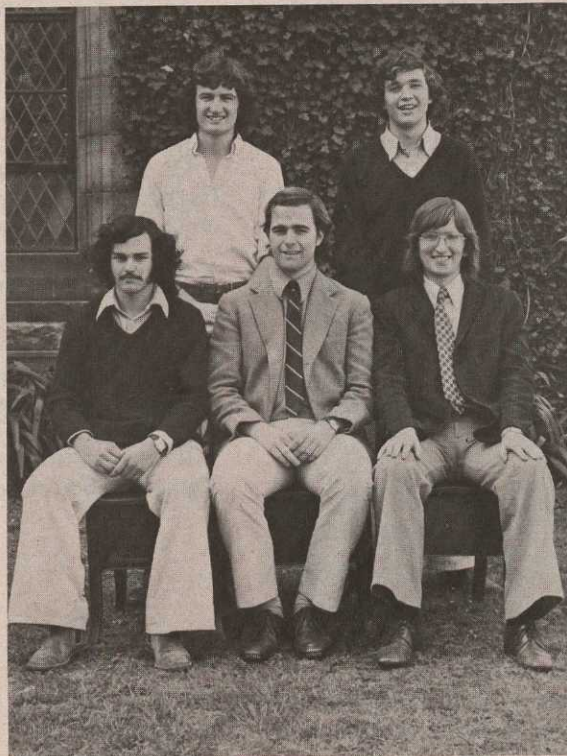
## Basketball

This year Trinity had one of its best basketball teams since the sport was introduced into the inter-collegiate competition. After winning the game against St. Hilda's, when our protest against the participation of J.C.H. players was upheld, Queen's defeated us easily. We then scored easy victories over International House and Newman. The winner of our next game against Whitley was to play Queen's in the final. With this in mind, the team performed well, failing by a mere four points.

After this defeat, the games against Ridley and Ormond were non-events. We beat Ridley, but lost to Ormond with a depleted team of four players.

The regular players included: Mike Adams, Paul Dakis, John Hall, Laurie Littlechild, Ross Muir, Rod Phillips, Tony Prytz and Roy Young. In the last game, the College was ably represented by Justin Cook and Ed Shackell.

David Ross-Edwards



### GOLF

*l to r: (seated) G. Ingrouille, E. Shackell, B. Thomas.  
(standing) P. Collinson, J. Shackell.*



## Swimming

Inter-collegiate swimming was given a lift this year by the inclusion of Trinity's first ever women's team. This team won half of its events and finished seventh overall, participating in only two events. Well done, captain, coach and competitor Liz Henham ("Lizard").

The men's team finished third to Ormond (1st) and Queen's (2nd). John Hall won the butterfly and came second in the 50 metres free-style. Peter Horsborough finished third in the back-stroke, and raced in the men's medley relay team. Ken Alexander swam the 100 metres free-style and was narrowly beaten for fifth place. Duke Graham did well to finish third and fourth respectively in the individual medley and the 200 metres free-style — both demanding events. Al Pollard swam to third place in the breast-stroke. In the diving, Brian Hollonds finished third with a good performance. Ross Anderson swam in both the relays, in which we finished third. So we ended up third overall, nine points behind Queen's.

With such a small margin between second and third, and even smaller between first and second (one point), we look forward to a win next year, or second place, with a bit of training and some new talent (especially in the women's team!)

I would like to thank all concerned with the organisation of the Sports, all who turned up for the trials, and lastly, but very importantly, I thank the people who gave us pool-side support.

Here's to next year.

John Hall



### SWIMMING

*l to r: (seated) P. Horsburgh, S. Kraemers, J. Hall, E. Henham.  
(standing) I. King, B. Hollonds.*

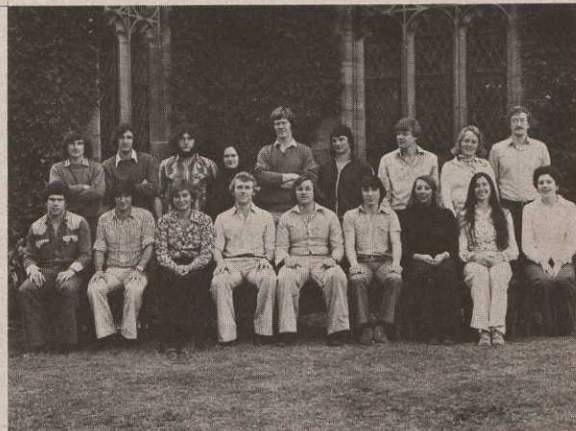
## Athletics Report

Again this year Trinity College did not perform brilliantly in the men's athletics, finishing fourth to the other Colleges. The highlight of our day was first place in the high-jump by Dean Bellfield and a first and third in the hurdles by Roy Young and Ian King. Unfortunately, neither of the two best sprinters, although doing well in the heats, were able to run on the day.

A brighter side was the Trinity female team. A truly remarkable effort by all the eight girls in College. A great effort by Lou Lyle in the 100 and 400 meter sprints and Barb Szaday in the high-jump.

Congratulations to everyone who took part, a great effort. Maybe if some of the apathetic sportsmen in College took a lesson from the females, Trinity could end up winning the Athletics Cup!

D. Crisp



### ATHLETICS

*l to r: (seated) L. Hope, J. Sloan, S. Kraemers, D. Crisp (capt.), J. Hall, M. Thomson, A. Bedhall, B. Szaday, D. Curtis.  
(standing) G. Pilkington, I. King, P. Wright, L. Lyle, R. Belfield, D. Jaffe, M. Bailey, E. Henham, R. Broome.*

## Rowing

College rowing in 1974 began early in March with daily outings during orientation week. Arthur Godfrey was asked to coach again and was kept busy during this week trying to select the 1st crew. There was quite a large squad of interested people on trial for the crew and the coach's job was not an easy one. The crew finally comprised three members of the 1973 crew — Doug. Lord (6), Greg, Longden (stroke), and Ed Shackell (7) and six new members — Mike Norbury (bow), Geoff Nettle (2), Roy Young (3), John Shackell (4), Bruce Longden (5) and cox, Rick Leonard.

The crew appeared to settle in well with some solid training and twelfth place in the five mile Head of the Yarra Race was a good performance. The Scotch-Mercantile regatta showed, however, that while we had ability, we lacked fitness. After clearly leading Geelong Grammar 2nd crew in the heat by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths at one stage, we tired and were beaten by  $\frac{3}{4}$  length. This was not surprising since we had only been rowing for about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  weeks, the rowing season being very short this year.

A few days later, the most spectacular event of the season took place. Towards the end of training one evening, the Trinity and Ormond boats clashed head-on. No one was injured but both boats were quite substantially damaged. Ormond managed to borrow a boat for a few days while their boat was being repaired and they rowed in their own boat during the inter-collegiate races. We were able to borrow the "Joyce Nicholson", a university boat, for the remainder of the season. Thus was a blessing in disguise since we found it a faster boat than our own.



We had drawn Queen's in our heat at the Inter-collegiate regatta. We rowed quite well and won clearly by four lengths. We were to meet Ormond in the final. We were away to a good start in the final and had gained  $\frac{3}{4}$  length after travelling 500 metres. We extended this margin to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths and maintained it to the finish. It was a good win and the Mervyn Bournes Higgins trophy has returned to its rightful place in the dining-hall. Thanks must go in large measure to our coach, Arthur Godfrey, whose patience and encouragement helped us enormously.



#### **ROWING**

*l to r: J. R. Leonard (cox), G. Longden, E. Shackell, D. Lord, B. Longden, J. Shackell, R. Young, G. Nettle, M. Norbury.*

## Rugby 1974

College rugby this year started some weeks behind the other crescent Colleges and for many, the first training session, proved to be a tell tale of the many 'ailing' hours of first term.

With a large percentage of newcomers John Beavis, the coach, centred his rigorous training program on fitness which was interrupted only to explain some fundamental rules.

It had been rumoured that Newman was to be the toughest opposition of the season, as Ormond, like Trinity, had lost its 'heavies' of past years.

It was with determination then that Trinity clashed with Newman and the boys came home to the beers with a neat 12 — 7 win. The victory showed promise for the future and there was plenty of potential in players like Bruce Longden, John Hall and Peter Martin.

However in the first competition round against Ormond, we played for the first time as a team in the wet, and the many long weeks of training paid off for the opposing team. A finger dislocation was the order of the day for lineup jumper, Chris Roper, but this was soon put right by a dolly nurses remedy, (plus her hips), and yet he still hobbled home in time for Carlton's cure!

In the ensuing round Trinity lost narrowly to Newman, a team we had beaten two weeks earlier and so taking out third place in the ladder by defeating Queens in the last round.

The party afterward revealed Howie and Mick Potter as joke-tellers and the ales served as a warm up to the Trinity Ball on the following night.

In all three rounds the team played well and it was a pleasure to see the keen team spirit that existed between members.

Thanks go to Ron Noone and John Beavis for their concerted efforts and talent and the promise of players such as Jim Salter, Peter Collinson, Doug Renton, Mike Thomson and others point to a winning year for Trinity in 1975.

Andy M. Knowles



### RUGBY

l to r: (seated) M. Potter, R. McDonald, M. Thomson, A. Knowles, C. Roper, J. Hall, D. Lord. (standing) J. R. Leonard, R. Noone, E. Storey, P. Sloane, B. Longden, J. Salter, G. Nettle.

## Second Eight Rowing

With the prospect of Shums looming on the horizon, thought was finally given to forming a Trinity second Eight. This keen and eager group of oarsmen spent inestimable amounts of time rocketing back and forth on their runners in quest of the rather elusive cup. One member, however, found this a bit warm during training, and decided to take a swim, to the great delight of all the spectators both in the boat and on the bank.

This *super-fit* crew which showed enormous amounts of co-ordination was manned by: Peter "Energetic" Richardson (cox), Chris Millar (stroke), Mike Thomson (7), Peter Sloane (6), Stuart Anderson (5), Peter "The Crab" Butler (4), Ross Anderson (3), Finn Koren (2) and "Stew" Booth (bow). The coach, to whom we are indebted, was Bill Mackie.

Unlike the First VIII, we cannot even claim to have gotten close to Ormond, let alone have rammed them. We did, however, manage second place after some haggling with Newman, who tried to challenge us.

This year, tradition went overboard by having more than two freshers in the crew and an inordinate number of Med. students. This did not seem to affect the crew's performance even though they knew of the hazards of combining over-weight with vigorous exercise.

## Cricket

Cricket started with a dozen beers in the captain's room, on the first day of term and ended some ten days later with a barrel at Ormond. For the second successive year Ormond beat us in the final, after we seemed to be in a relatively good position at lunch.

The first turnout was well attended and our first match against Newman was won easily with plenty of time remaining. Everyone was very keen and we were eagerly awaiting the return game against Ormond.

Ormond won the toss and batted. They batted fairly competently until just before lunch when we started to gain the ascendancy. At lunch they were 6/145. After lunch they were soon dismissed and we were set 177 runs off 34 overs. Surely our batsmen were capable of this task? After all we considered ourselves as a batting side!!! One hour later we were in a real mess — what's happened? Are we weary? Or is Ormond good? — no that can't be true.

Ormond went on to win by 110 runs. Oh well so much for this year's cricket.

Next year??? Maybe!!!

Ian Macdonald



## Hockey

1974 was Trinity's worst season for many years (if not ever).

International House: 3 Trinity: 0

Need we say more? More training, dedication and enthusiasm needed.

1974 Team:

C. Albany, G. Longden, B. Longden, A. Castellini, B. Gordon, M. Haskett, J. Butler, M. Cooper, P. Collinson, M. Norbury, B. Alsop, A. Dix.

Chris Albany

## First's Football 1974

Despite weeks of pre-season training and tremendous support each week by Jimmy Sloan and the boys, Trinity finished fourth after a disappointing season. It will be back to the drawing-board next year. One bright light was the determination shown throughout the year but this was not sufficient as the following shows:

**TRINITY V's ORMOND:** From the moment Trinity burst onto the ground for this the first match of the season, it was evident we would be a team of relentless triers.

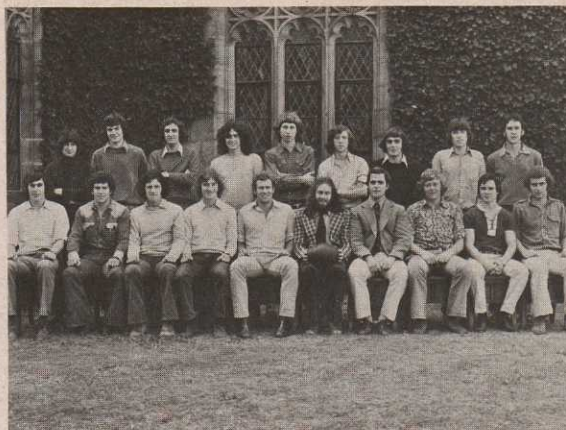
Throughout the game Trinity backs held fast but due to poor delivery and a lack of physical strength and size, the forwards were unable to capitalize. Despite 80% of play in our forward line Ormond still managed to belittle our score. It seems that this set the pattern for the remaining matches. Finally Ormond ran out easy victors 17-17 to 10-14. Two highlights were the superb ruckwork of "Rossa" and Geoff Deans' three goals in 15 minutes.

**TRINITY V's WHITLEY:** Despite a slow start Trinity at last began to play champagne football. All over the ground players went in fearlessly, backed up team-mates and played brilliant play-on football. It was our turn to belittle a side, finally winning by a crushing 21-21 to 5-4. Ross-Edwards and Bellingham both drove the ball continuously into attack and on the odd occasions the backs came into the play, Mitchell and Shackell, two ever reliables, turned defence into attack. Both flankers, Nice and Hope kicked six behinds a piece!

**TRINITY V's QUEENS:** Unfortunately our winning streak (?) was quickly halted in this game. Prior to the game flu and apathy had left the team sadly depleted. Hearts faltered with one look at the ground — 4" deep mud from end to end.

As with Whitley, Trinity started slowly. Queens took the lead with a six goal burst and Trinity could do no better than hold them for the rest of the day. Again we held the ball up forward all day but, as before, scores did not come. It was rumoured that two or three Trinity men were accounted for.

Ross-Edwards, Deans, Mitchell and Lyle all put in good performances as well as Heinz and King (or King and Heinz — fight it out lads).



### FOOTBALL

*l to r: (seated) D. Ross-Edwards, L. Hope, M. Ross, P. Mitchell, R. Bellingham, H. Bellchambers, E. Shackell, N. Bailey, R. Lyle, D. Hood. (standing) A. Ford, M. Heinz, I. King, G. Deans, P. Dakis, R. Slocombe, T. Guthrie, B. Hollands, W. Furze.*

TRINITY V's NEWMAN: Finals hopes had been lost and morale was now low. The prospect of a barrel from Queens could not even bring a smile. Surprisingly Trinity opened in great style! All players fired and Newman supporters headed for the chapel. Once more the greater percentage of the play was had by Trinity but once more the forwards were unable to capitalize. The backs held and held until the pressure became too great. Newman lifted themselves and Trinity packed it in. Where were the Trinity men apart from a few? Trinity were utterly disgraced — thank heavens it was the last match. Amongst the few triers were Mitchell, Shackell, Young, Hollands and Collier. The scores weren't worth repeating.

SUMMARY: From the whole team many thanks to Chris Maxwell for persisting with us despite the many times we let him down.

Congratulations to David Ross-Edwards for winning the College and inter-collegiate best and fairest.

After the work David has done to improve his football this year no one deserves it more — well done. Well done to Geoff Deans also, for becoming the best first year player. Bigger and better things next year Geoff!

## Second Eighteen Football

Apathy. Strange injuries. Injuries overnight. Electioneering. Lectures. Goodness gracious, one could write a book about blokes' reasons for not playing in the most enjoyable of inter-collegiate sports — seconds football, but, the point is, that's not my goal.

By previous standards, the seconds had a most successful season — they actually won a game, drew another, and were far from disgraced in the other games. But it could have been oh so much better!!!

If only it weren't thought a disgrace to be in the seconds, and people played a few games, then the seconds would really show their worth.

Thanks to all who played for us at the last moment. And well done Doug Renton for winning the best and fairest.

Ian Macdonald

**UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS,  
EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES  
AWARDED — 1973**

- Administrative Law — John Madden Exhibition  
— **John E. Middleton** (*shared*)
- Advanced Constitutional Law — Harrison Moore  
Exhibition  
— **Peter Fox**
- Agriculture — Brunning Prize for Best Collection of  
Plants  
— **Martin B. Dunstan**
- Anatomy (Sub-Division 2A M.B., B.S.) — Exhibition  
— **John D. Scarlett**
- Anatomy including Histology and Embryology  
(Division 2 M.B., B.S.) — Dwight's Prize  
— **Rodney E. Phillips**  
T. F. Ryan Prize  
— **Rodney E. Phillips**
- Biochemistry (Sub-Division 2A M.B., B.S.) —  
Exhibition  
— **John D. Scarlett**
- Constitutional Law — Spero Wilson  
Memorial Scholarship  
— **John McL. Emmerson**
- Criminal Law — J. R. Maguire Exhibition  
— **Thomas J. Reid** (*shared*)
- French, Part 1 — Baillieu Exhibition  
— **Thomas J. Reid**
- German, Part 1 — Exhibition  
— **Thomas J. Reid**
- German, Part 3 — Exhibition  
— **Paul S. Turner**
- Jurisprudence — Hearn Exhibition  
— **John L. C. Chipman**
- Legal Persons — Robert Craig Exhibition  
— **John McL. Emmerson**
- Legal Process — Sir George Turner Exhibition  
— **Thomas J. Reid**
- Mercantile Law — Supreme Court Exhibition  
— **John McL. Emmerson**
- Middle Eastern Studies — Final Examination in Arts  
— R. G. Wilson Scholarship  
— **Colin P. Holden**
- First Year Bachelor of Music Ormond Exhibitions (3)  
— **Thomas A. D. Fitzgerald**
- Neo-Natal Paediatrics — Kate Campbell Prize  
— **Andrew W. Boyd**
- Physics — Division 1 M.B., B.S. — G. A. Syme  
Exhibition  
— **Norman P. Zimmerman**
- Physics (Second Year) — Dixson Scholarship  
— **Roland C. Warner** (*shared*)
- Physics (Second Year) — William Sutherland Prize  
— **Roland C. Warner** (*shared*)
- Physiology including Pharmacology — Division 2  
M.B., B.S. — Burroughs Wellcome Prize  
— **Rodney E. Phillips**
- Psychology Part 2A Exhibition  
— **Frederick R. Fair**

Veterinary Microbiology — Commonwealth Serum  
Laboratories Prize  
— **Robert A. Hilton**

Veterinary Pathology Part 1 — Australian Veterinary  
Association (Federal Council) Prize  
— **Anne Rolph**

Zoology — Margaret Catto Scholarship  
— **Robert McA. Manser** (*shared*)

**OUTSTANDING RESULTS**

(1973 Academic Year)

- Rod Phillips**  
Anatomy (Dwight Prize)  
Anatomy and Histology (Ryan Prize)  
Physiology (Burroughs Wellcome Exhibition)
- Paul Turner**  
German III Hons. Exhibition
- Rob Hilton**  
Vet. III      Parasitology  
                  Pharmacology  
                  Microbiology      Top in all  
                  Animal Husbandry  
                  Physiology
- Thomas Reid**  
German I — Exhibition  
Criminal Law — Exhibition  
Legal Process — Exhibition
- Colin Holden**  
Syriac IV
- Norman Zimmerman**  
Physics I (Med.)
- John Scarlett**  
2nd Year      Anatomy — Exhibition  
                  Physiology — Exhibition  
                  Biochemistry — Third in year
- Fred Fair**  
Psychology IIa — Exhibition  
Psychology IIB — Exhibition
- Tom Brentnall**  
Arch. I      Maths Method I — Exhibition  
                  Building Construction — Exhibition  
                  Building Science — Second in class
- James Butler**  
Latin I — Exhibition
- Alex. Del Porto**  
Philosophy Hons. 3rd Year (1st class Hons), (Exhibition  
Hons. 3U), Faculty Placing
- Chris Maxwell**  
Philosophy Hons. 3rd Year (1st class Hons.), Faculty  
Placing
- John Middleton**  
Administrative Law — Exhibition  
Constitutional Law — Second in class  
Mercantile Law — Second in class
- John Emmerson**  
Constitutional Law — Exhibition  
Mercantile Law — Exhibition  
Principles of Property and Conveyancing — Exhibition  
Administrative Law — Third in class
- John Beavis**  
Engineering Design — Top
- Peter Plavina**  
Metallurgical Eng. I — Top
- Lachlan Myers**  
Chemistry (Met. Eng.) — Top
- John Churchill**  
Dynamics of Machine I — Second in class
- Francis Price**  
Family Law — H1 Exhibition — First in class  
Taxation — H2A — Fourth in class  
Law of Employment — H2A — Second in class  
Legal Persons — H1 — Fourth in class  
Securities and Creditors Rights — H1 — Second in class  
Problems of Proof — H2A — Fourth in class  
Land Contracts



## TRINITY COLLEGE

### AWARDS MADE FOR 1974 ACADEMIC YEAR

#### FELLOWSHIPS

*Falkiner*            A. McLeod

#### SCHOLARSHIPS

<i>Alcock</i>	R. E. Phillips E. Storey A. G. V. Strazzera
<i>Berthan</i>	M. I. D. Adams
<i>Clarke</i>	T. E. Brentnall
<i>Fulford</i>	J. D. Horowitz
<i>Grice</i>	A. W. Pollard
<i>Hebden, C.</i>	J. M. Butler B. F. Murphy M. R. Thompson
<i>Hebden, E.</i>	P. A. Harvey L. J. Reeve
<i>Miller</i>	T. A. D. Fitzgerald R. Coffey
<i>Perry</i>	D. L. Evans P. T. Heinz M. S. Piggott
<i>Thompson</i>	C. D. Dunstan
<i>White</i>	I. B. Christie D. C. Curtis N. G. Dow
<i>Wynne</i>	J. O. Churchill

#### NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONERS

J. Beavis  
S. C. Cuming  
T. J. Cunningham  
C. J. Gardiner  
J. D. Griffiths  
R. K. Laird  
P. G. McKay  
J. E. Middleton  
T. J. Reid  
C. J. G. Sampford  
J. D. Scarlett  
P. S. Turner  
R. C. Warner  
N. P. Zimmerman

# Union of Fleur de Lys

Peter Balmford — President  
A.J. Buzzard — Hon. Secretary of Committee  
N. Carlyon  
J.A. Court  
Dr. E.A.C. Farran  
Sir Clive Fitts  
Dr. M.R. Jones  
Sir Reginald Scholl  
Mr. W.W.F. King  
Mr. F.F. Knight  
R.K. Tronson  
Mr. C. Keon-Cohen  
Dr. W.W. Lempriere  
Prof. J.R. Poynter  
Mr. M.M. Smith  
Mr. R.K. Todd  
Mr. H.M. Graham  
Mr. E. Bellchambers  
B.D. Bodner

Membership of the Union of the Fleur de Lys is automatic and free to all former students of the College. The Union meets at least annually at a dinner in the College Hall. This year the dinner was "mixed" for the first time and was immensely popular.

The Union exists because many former students of the College want to continue to be associated with the aims and institutions of Trinity College beyond their Undergraduate days. As well, the Union's meetings provide a venue for the renewal and continuation of old friendships. To this end, the Union is anxious to be able to help and to be involved in the College's affairs.

We do apologise for the lateness of this edition of The Fleur de Lys. The present editorial team took over on 10th June of this year and since then have endeavoured to have this edition to you as quickly as possible. The Editor wishes to thank the many who rallied and helped produce the magazine in record time: thanks especially to Howard Bellchambers for his untiring enthusiasm and work, also to Sandy Wilson who helped with the typing, to Andrew Lang and Ric Leonard for photography and Fred Fair for making available his photograph of Bishops which we have used as the cover. Liz Henham, John Kelly and Ed. Shackell helped with the preparation and distribution and Andrew

Barnum applied his talents to the layout. Finally, the Editor expresses his thanks to Mr Gordon Smith of All Graphics Pty. Ltd. for his great courtesy and ever-ready assistance.

Since the last edition of The Fleur de Lys was published the costs of paper alone has been increased sixteen times! In all the cost of producing a magazine has grown enormously and we ask our readers to take this, and the extremely short time available to produce the magazine, into account when judging this humble effort.

Chris Roper  
Editor

