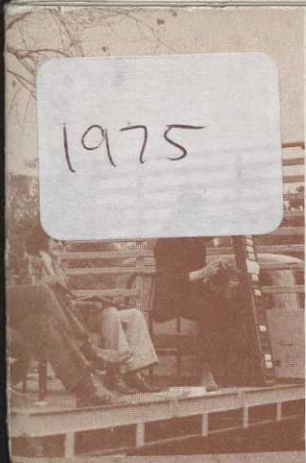
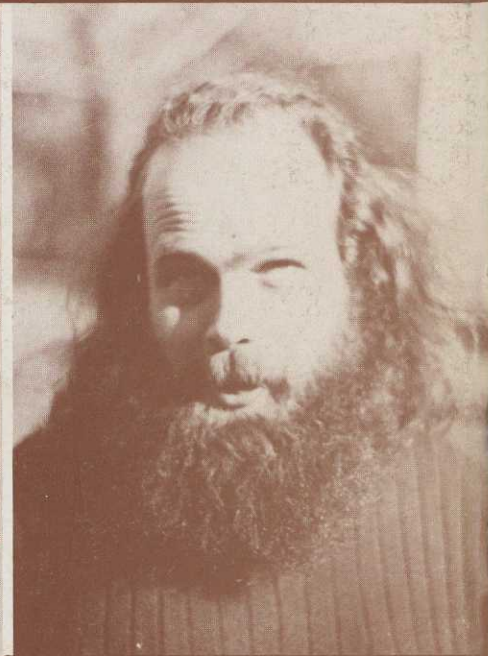


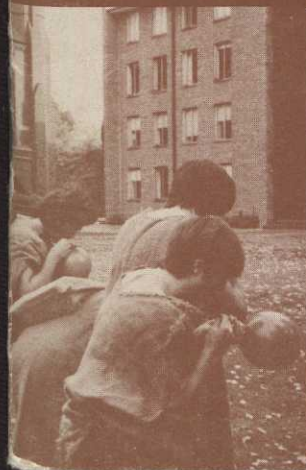
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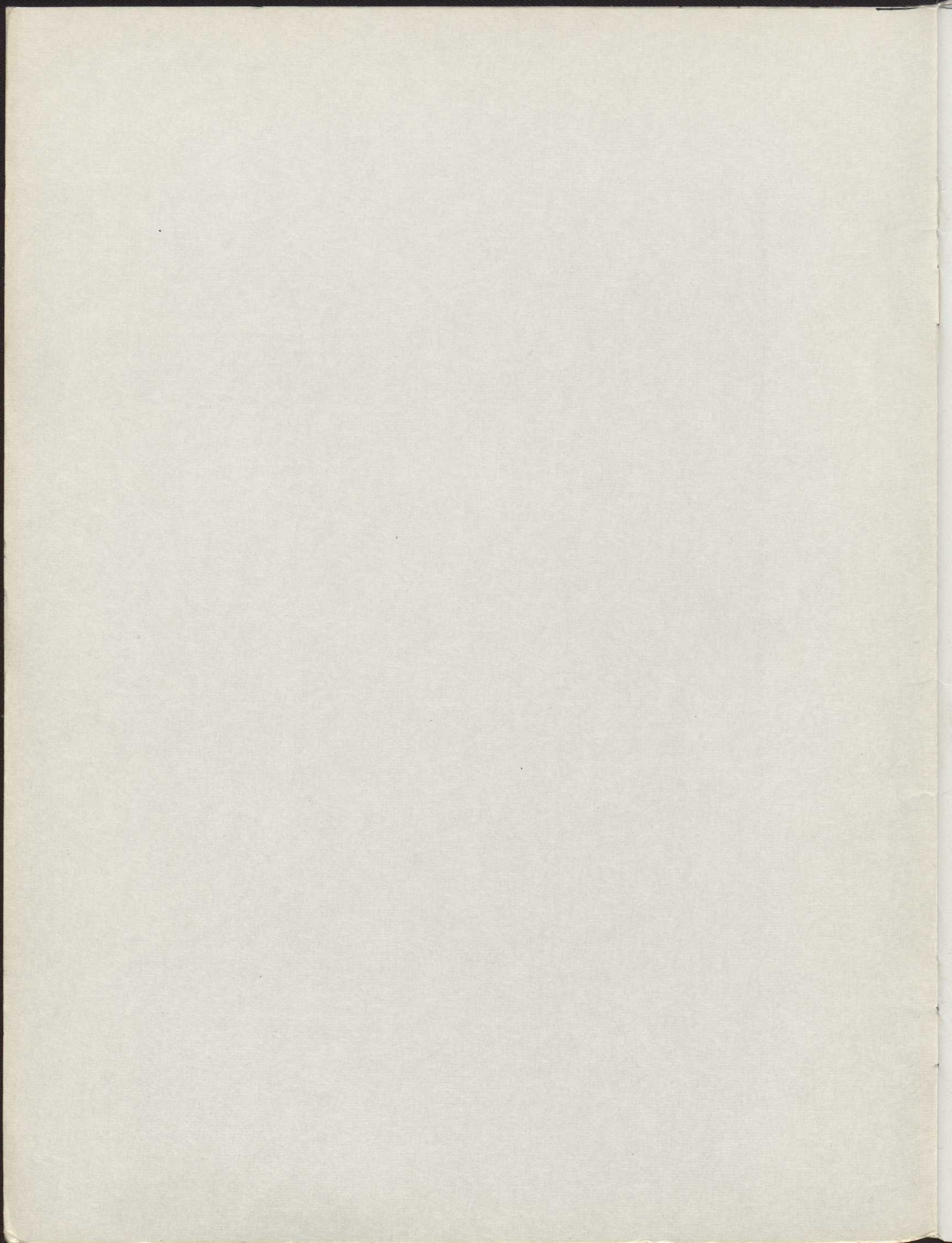


THE FLEUR DE LYS



1975





THE FLEUR DE LYS



1975

STATE SCHOOL

One never doubted what one saw, and what one saw was everything.

First of all there was the waking up. Yellow blankets and fog on all the windows except where your brother had run round the morning before dashing Z for Zorro signs along the wet paned edges. Cold feet on the wooden floor, and tangled knots in your hair. There would be notebooks in the cupboard with all the compositions and facts scrawled in that barely decipherable fountain pen on the widely divided, emerald green lines.

In 1813 Blaxland, Wentworth and Lawson crossed the Blue Mountains. They found a new way of going, climbing by the ridges, and not getting caught in the valleys.

Or again.

The bee collects its pollen on a round sticky tail, which is gathered from the middle of the flower called the stamen.

Corn flakes. Then it would be off, shoes poorly tied, shoes askance, your leather bag shiny except where you had chewed the left strap into a limp imitation of the snake which dangled uselessly in a Fowler's Vacola jar full of turpentine under the teacher's bench. By the time you arrived your shoes were more polished than when you left, glistening with the dew off the dozen nature strips you walked. When you arrived the bitumen was draining, and the overclouded sky had mist. There were the girls with basketballs or hoops, and boys with sodden Tommy Sherrins or bags of tombowlers the size of their bruised thumbs. Knees were already dirty from kick to kick, and some showed the inevitable meucrochrome scars of former clashes, the carefully plastered Elastoplast already peeling pinkly from shins — the refuse of the yard. There would be broken teeth, broken smiles, frayed shirts and failed wills. But the forty or so five footers would still leap like the Ray Gabelichs or Royce Harts that some of them would eventually become, surprisingly. Some of the bladders would explode in mid air.

Then there was the weary siren, and the drab assembly. Standing in blocks, wobbling each others knees, especially the goody-goodies who stood straight hoping the teacher would see them. Then you all had to march by the flag-pole, with its holey Australian flag — blue as a bic biro, wet as a schoolboys nose — to the sound of the school band, membered by a tall girl who only wore two tartan dresses for a whole term, blonde hair in a red band, playing side drums with warped sticks. And a budding Ringo (he was listening to 3UZ only the night before) on bass drum.

Once in class there were small desks around which legs were wound. Boys in one area, girls in another. Everyone would open their desks, the hinges creaking, to collect the Vana school textbook which Mum had covered with brown paper and lumpy Clag that hot aftertoon in February before you returned.

And pens were collected. Osmiroids if you had developed.

Words had to be placed in the lines. Capitals touching the top one, t's and h's the medium and so on it went. There was quietness as everyone breathed intently in grey jumpers with gold and purple vee's at the neck band. And shorts. And bumpy socks. And Kiwi blackened shoes.

After that chore the day would begin properly. The fog would rise and by then the steamy windows would turn wet and dribbly. Everyone had their own secret club, and much of the time would be spent drawing daggers, swastikas and secret numbers on the thin wrists of proud novices. Rules were: **no one** was allowed to be a **dag**. You didn't steal anyone elses marbles. You had to play penny football on the asphalt. You didn't go near any of the girls, especially the ones with yukky looks and mouthfuls of braces. All through the class there were such clubs. All passing messages down the rows in pieces of quarto paper. Backwards and forwards. Naughts and crosses. Battleships. Conversations.

Everyone had their troubles. Some were freckles, some were dumb, some had warts all over their thumb. Most of that came out in the recess when everyone rushed out to their rounders, footie, swapcards and skipkie. If you were adept you could swap a Black Beauty horse for a pink bordered one with a picture of Salt Lake City, Utah in the middle of it. You would never get rose cards from the girls though, or the laminated ones with the ballerinas. Not that you ever wanted a ballerina, of course. But still, it was always good to get court cards — especially the Jack of Clubs, because the card companies always sat him in a particularly interesting position, and with the sour look which always said "I'm sick of being handled like this." Card swapping went on in that haven of childhood — the shelter shed.

Lunches were always eaten there. Fat lunches with squelchy tomato which always leaked through the bag. Riverland oranges with the purple stamp on them. Egg sandwiches in rainbow paper. And the best part of the meal — the iced vo-vos, or the grandmother's tart. And there was that rotten peanut crunch which Mum thought you always liked, but which you hadn't the heart to say always finished up in the bin.

There was the corner shop where you would push each other to the counter at one, having just swallowed gallons of water at the rusty taps. Everyone shoved. Ian Peel the orange peel! Ian Peel the orange peel! Bob Worcester with his green checked shirts. Heather Ross buying her usual bag of brown jelly babies and stawberries which tasted more like raspberries. Everyone shoved under the Phantom comics for meringues, jam tarts, freckles, jellybeans, cobblers, black cats, chrystomint life savers, jaffas, minties, and especially those fizzy sherbet bags with Donald Duck on the outside and the orange plastic spon with the ring. Everyone held their coppers and yelled their desires. Michelle with the pimples. And Neil Adams with the John Lennon fringe. Rosemarry Brunning with the quiet voice and the mohair jumpers. Marion Crawford, the tall girl with the forget-me-not flower and the class captain's badge. Such an idiotic bunch. Everyone would pile out past the box gum trees, throwing gum nuts at each other. Over the wire fence under a blue sky. All the bubs went in early from the monkey bars and the sand pit so you often played Batman and Robin on that side of the yard. There was always the

big man, Andrew Camm, whom no one fought. The internecine strife for number two was enormous. Blood noses behind the cricket nets. Bruised ribs, especially in August when the weather got colder. Grazes by the score on elbows and knee caps. The more disgusting boys would spend their time picking the brown scabs during Art period, which was yukky — except when you did it to your own. Scabs hence took weeks to heal. If there was an extra big fight on the en tout cas up the back, or if you struck one of the sookier girls, Mr. Frick would get out his strap Henry, and everything would be quiet for a while.

Then came Anzac Day. You wore your badge with the big A over a rising sun or an army hat. Some of the time you would listen to a broadcast from some old fogey over the loudspeaker system all about Gallipoli, and it would all be very solemn. You felt it. Like the more serious parts of the Fifth Grade Reader where you felt there was almost something about Australia.

The School Open Day was hopeless. Every room had prettied their rooms up, leaving their neatest book open for parental inspection. This was all very silly because your Mum and Dad had probably seen the book before, yet they always seemed interested. You would all stand straight while the librarian showed off her new collection of books. Every page minted with an oval black stamp: Ormond School No. 3074. Library in capitals in the middle. You could tell where the ink was running dry because at page 37 the colour was wetter and bolder than at page 27. Fetes! In the yard the mother's club would erect their tressles in the blowsy football — Saturday afternoon. On the tables they lay the merchandise. Little doilies with a lilac stitched in the corner. Panda dolls. Shoeboxes full of chocolate crackles or those toffees in the paper cups with the hundreds and thousands on top. When you licked them all the little coloured dots went white. Inevitably some toffees would get stuck to each other because they were stacked one on top of the other inside, and wrinkled mothers in pink cardigans would spend much time studiously peeling the paper off. Or they sold marmalade in those re-used Cottees jars with wax in the top. The granny's writing on little pieces of white paper with red edges. In her whirley handsript the day it was bottled. Also they sold fairy floss which always stuck to your face — going brown with the hours. Soon, after the speeches had been made and the State School recorder group had played a scratchy version of "If I Had a Hammer", everyone would disperse. Parents were wrong here anyway, and the school yard was not the place to be ordered about. For the rest of the day you would have hide and seek around the olive trees and the bike rack. Or you'd play dams in the puddly gutters, gouging and piling the gravel so that matchbox boats — the redhead for a prow — ploughed down black mineral water toward the drainage pipe which ran past the children's crossing. One thing you could never work out way why the red banner you stuck in the holes said "Children STOP Crossing". After all that's what they were supposed to do. And then, it ought really

THE WIGRAM ALLEN ESSAY

to be "Children's Crossing", not "Children Crossing". They couldn't even perfect a possessive.

The day would wear on in the yards. Classes were chaotic. You had milk in the mornings — and some people (the ones with good marks) got to blow the siren.

So many experiments. Like putting the hydrangea in pink water to watch it change colour. And the day Ian Richards brought his uncle's donkey engine really shook everyone. Ian Richards was a bit of a goody-goody though, especially when he showed his slides of Queensland to the whole class, and the teacher thought it a good idea. All those pictures of Ian Richards in front of a parrot and Ian Richards climbing a banana tree were just a bit much for all the men in the class. Classes when we had to draw frogmen. Classes when we had to do thirty arithmetic sums. Classes when you heard about Burke and Wills at Cooper's Creek, and about the Yarra-Yarra tribe, and what a prime number was. Classes when you did your SRA and you started off with the orange card about how many books you could stack end to end to reach the moon. And you always disliked those who were up to dark brown and gloated over those who were still back at dark green.

In July the teacher always put jonquils on the window ledge overlooking the street. You would eat lily-pillies on the way home and puff on those green swan seeds. Once or twice you heard of boys smoking in the toilets, but that was nothing. And the place always smelt of urine and PK — the last place you would wish to visit.

The afternoon always went too slowly, and there was always that itchy feeling when you looked at the clock over the van Gogh, and it said ten past three. A tenuous time. Feigned studiousness was nevertheless upheld till the end. Armpits always wet by this stage and there was often dirt in the boys hair. Fifth period was always staring time. You would stare at the teacher, especially if he had deep wrinkles, or was one with pink and white chalk all over one side of his green tweed coat. At the end of the day punctuation exercises would be handed in, and sometimes you'd get a composition back with VG in big blue letters and a tick at the bottom. In lower classes there were elephant stamps, and if you were lucky you got a racing car. Sometimes there were even silver stars, though you disliked the way he always left smudgy finger prints where the points of the pentangle were a bit loose and didn't have so much sticky on the back.

The tense moment when the red second hand verged on twenty eight past passed. Doing up knotty laces, and always having a hopeless time because the plastic caps had come off and you would have to roll the stray ends of the laces between your fingers in order to droop them through the holes. And the worst part of all, when you went through all that procedure and the lace snapped.

The bell went. A shove at the door — though some of the girls remained on the platform in front of the blackboard, talking about what Hannah said, and who was going home to whose place to make Barbi doll dresses in the bedroom. They had Rosella boxes full of legs and squeakers that had fallen out: Barbi's silk dinner dress; her ski outfit; her knock-around-in-the-rumpus-room-things. And the boys would go home — maudlin or dawdling or cracking jokes about Collingwood's big win. There would be telly. Or you would

kick the Cole's three shilling plastic football up and down a nature strip or a concrete drive with a nectarine tree over it. Sometimes they would stay on to ride around the square-lined and shelter-shedded yard on their Malvern Stars. Once they would proudly carry home the mothball-incensed school footy jumper with the yellow sash on it, and the plastic number on the back which, through annual washing, had pulled all the wool up around its edge. And they would carry catseyes in leather bags; toothy combs with even more hair than teeth; aniseed in their mouths; bits of crepe and plastic which they found outside the petrol station; dreams of girls and wonder at what a kiss could be. From a girl. And there were magpie feathers and Tarax Bottle-tops with pictures of VFL players under the lids, and Shell cards, and little scissors, and Derwent pencil cases and little plastic canteens with tops which always smelt of lemon cordial.

One day you came home, your arm swelling from the polio vaccination, the only time you usually saw the headmaster's office, with all of its globes of the world, and State School Swimming trophies where the last date etched in the silver metal was 1946.

And the smell of radiators, and the scratching of fingernails on blackboards, and the pinching of blackheads, and yelling at blackheads. And not having to talk to somebody if you didn't want to, and being able to punch someone on the head if they annoyed you, and all that pain which you felt when no one spoke to you, and the necessity of the group. And the Queen, who sat in her yellow satin dress in the wooden frame in the library. And little flowers, and the coming of grey darkness over Ormond, and the sausages and the potatoes and the socks on the clothes-horse all night.

Another sleep. Another waking. And eventually that ghastly realization that the teacher could be just the same as you are.

Philip Harvey

MYSTIQUE OF MONARCHY

"O woeful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woeful I who live the day to see."

These are the stirring verses moved by pent-up rage that drive my pen to paper as I contemplate the weekly news. As we all know, last week, there was a large explosion 'neath the plinth of the statue of her late, yet gracious majesty, Victoria R.I. H.M. could reasonably be expected to be even less amused than at any time previously, even in conversation that time with Mr. Disraeli. But when the dust settled, H.M. stood both rampant and regnant, however bruised in heart and possibly cracked up she may have felt. Indeed, despite the ferocity of the blast, the only damage apparent, was inflicted on a companion statue, erected to Wisdom, which, like perpetrators of this explosive action, quite lost its head.

This act, this assault on majesty, is a truly despicable crime. Had the great Vergil lived to see this day, he may well have been stung to write an epic with an even more savage opening line than, "I sing of the arms and the man . . ." But Vergil, though Latin, was cold-blooded; I can expect no help from that quarter. So I must rise myself to meet this challenge to the blood royal, 'tis I, and none other, who am called on to denounce this modern world for what it has done — nay, for what it has become.

This modern world — we may be able to view it from far out in outer space, but its stench has long ago travelled throughout the universe, faster than a speeding light year, more powerful than a launching moon rocket. We are sunk, ladies and gentlemen, quite sunk in a veritable Serbonian fog of our own devising. And one of the reasons for this degeneration of our race and world stands revealed in last week's dastardly deed. We as a world have lost our appreciation of the role played in our psychic hygiene by the majestic "royals".

Ours is an age which dynamites a memorial to the mistress of the seas! But ours is an age fully sunk in the shibboleths of democracy. Ours is an age which, if it thinks of Louis XVI of France at all, remembers only that, however high he held his head as he mounted the scaffold to the guillotine, the executioner held it higher a few minutes later! Ours is an age in which the world-wide web of royalty has been rent asunder and replaced by an assembly called the — for humour's sake? — the United Nations, which presides over our world like a modern Cato who . . .

"gives his little Senate laws
And sits attentive to his own applause."

Ours is an age which has toppled thrones and nationalised palaces, and peopled the papers with pictures of film stars! Indeed, as you know, at Ascot the camera's lens focused on someone called Linda Lovelace. Oh shame!

Of course I cannot let the glorious past go un-hymned, the days when royalty ruled as only royalty knows how, the days when our mental health on this spinning globe was clean like new bought handkerchiefs. Like that Russian exile, I bewail "Lost splendours", in an age which knows not what it has lost. Goodness gracious were I to visit Russia today, what would I see? The Circassian slaves, Tartars and wild mares? Would I drink still-warm Koumiss and smell the fruity incense? Of course not! I would have to join a sponsored party and tour maternity homes and model farms,

attend the opening of hospitals, dams and public lavatories, and celebrate the anniversaries of the various Russians who invented radio, motor cars and Literature.

Our lives have lost the excitement of living, such as Russia knew under the czars. For with the passing of royalty from our consciousness we have become mundane and less "human". Oh, who amongst us will ever feel his heart beat like one Major Baxendale who dropped quite dead of excitement as the funeral cortege of Queen Victoria passed him by. . . !!

Yes, ours is an age of the practical and mundane, the age that stood upright in place again the collapsed pillars of the Parthenon; the age which now contemplates covering the Parthenon with preservative of plastic like some salmon caught in aspic. But why has our age sunk so low?

Because, I hear you muttering it already, because of course we have lost our natural human appreciation for the two pillars of our human well-being — namely, the family and a feeling for, even sensitivity to, myth! Our ancestors, ensconced in the cocoon of royalty suffered no such deprivation of their natural human expressions. Indeed, they did not suffer so! Instead, they enjoyed excellent psychic hygiene.

Most of our world's royal families are gone, scattered into disarray by the suicidal, even sick, tendencies of modern man. And what do we offer ourselves as substitutes?

Today the television, of course, brings right into our family circle the aggressive dentures of the American Mom and her apple-pied children. Or the movie star and presidential widow, shown luxuriating on her yacht trying to remember what happened to her last night after she fully threw the rubies into the water!

This is the popular presentation of family life, on which the modern psyche is expected to develop: most unhygienic! Gone are the days when the world lay nourished by the family life of all its royalties. Certainly, not all the royalties were Queen Victoria; ah, no, but then life's like that. . . and think of the fun the Egyptians must have had hearing about Cleopatra's "latest". Or think of the perfect manners of certain french gentlemen who were being conducted along a picture gallery of an old chateau. Canvas by canvas, their host pointed out his forebearers. He paused before one. . . "she was Mistress of the King". Instinctively, the gentlemen present uncovered.

And, of course, to return to the modern age, it has been reared in a test-tube, like a clinical experiment, under scientific observation. Gone is the happy hunt for myth, that mystic part of human being which romances and wanders and roams "o'er hill and dale". Our laboratory-like society has no time to spare for royalty — it manufactures instead those chemicals in the mind which explode our faith and teach us that queens are like ordinary members of the human race!

Oh, woe upon us! Woe, woe and thrice woe! We modern men have been perverted all together by our society. The modern mind has lost its contact with all that is best in reminding man of his need for both myth and family — the modern mind wanders barren "as a cloud"! It cultivates ephemeral pleasure in lewd fancies of an age

long gone which it can no longer understand. I have heard tell of a German Countess who had lived in many courts before the First World War. She was in search of a title for her memories. And she chose as her title "Under Five Kings". Imagine her horror, if you can, when her suggestion was rejected as liable to misinterpretation.

Frightful! To such straits of shabby pleasure has the modern mind become reduced. But NOT quite everywhere, so I am told. For the great British psyche still seems to be thriving on that myth without which we grow old all the sooner; the British psyche still seeks in the Royal family that refuge from the dullness of the test-tube age and the humdrum monotony of the tea-bag culture.

For, do you know, the British still dream dreams? These, I am told, reviving the human psyche. I have read an excellent little book explaining why the British are still "top nation" and still dreaming so successfully. As the book explains, the British dream about the royal family. It is a proven fact, moreover, that such dreamings are upon the increase and are confidently expected to have more apparent effect upon the British psyche than the value of Sterling in the international markets of the modern age.

For in their dreams about the royal family, it becomes evident that the British can still weave webs of myth and family pleasures into an hygienic homespun. The British can enliven their human being with that very same panache remarked upon by historians of Tudor society — for Tudor society could gaze upon their bluff King Henry VIII and laugh with him when he denied Anne Boleyn her last wish — for some French perfume — and so cut her off without a scent.

Through dreams, your Britisher can meet, say, the Queen Mother, furred, feathered, pearled, and even gum-booted, for tea with you in the garden, Third poppy to the left of the front door. In dreams, your Britisher, can also share the myth and family ties of royalty, even entertaining Phil and Liz to conversation and China tea in that house you see in the margarine advertisements — and no washing up afterwards.

Great Britain — this is the lucky country in this modern world. For Britain has what few countries are lucky to have today — a Queen, who is Queen — psychiatrist and Dutch uncle to her subjects, a woman who reigns as Queen, Queen of the British psyche.

The rest of the world wonders what Britain has that makes it so different from the rest of us. But we know what it is — we can share in it if we are willing. But we must be very careful of the future now — we could lose all hope of our psychic hygiene unless we move closer and keep close to Britain. The philosopher Berkeley once hanged himself to see what it was like to die — but he made certain of course, that he had friends standing by to cut him down, in time to revive him.

Well, we Australians hover like Berkeley, suspended in mid-air by a noose of our own devising. We stand midway between retaining and rejecting our great British link. So let us cut ourselves down in time that we too may breathe afresh — come, let us still dream dreams of psychic hygiene — no, not, never, nightmares of Gough's own devising!

John R. M. Hunter

PROFESSIONAL BLUDGING: THE ULTIMATE IN CAPITALIST SPECIALISATION

Imagine, if you will, a capitalist, a well heeled capitalist. He makes lots of money. He is very successful. He has a beautiful wife, new car, house, swimming pool, the lot. Then one day things go wrong. His wife starts complaining. She wants to go on a holiday to the French Riviera. She hasn't been on a holiday for over two years. This complaint leads to a definite problem. If he takes his wife on the holiday, and thus keeps her happy, he will have to leave the business and thus stop making money. But the whole of this man's life revolves around making money. If however, he doesn't take his wife on the trip, she will leave him. This would lead to the loss of a very good tax deduction. What is the poor man to do?

The answer is really quite simple. He should employ a Professional Bludger. His bludger will take his wife on the holiday to the South of France. He will show the capitalist's wife a good time. They will live it up on the Riviera, wining, dining and relaxing. This leaves the business tycoon free to stay home and make money, more money: And what is the result? The wife is happy. She stays with the tycoon. The tycoon is happy. He is making money. And of course the Bludger is happy doing what he knows best, relaxing and enjoying himself for other people.

Yes, the Professional Bludger is the last, and the ultimate in personal aids for the business tycoon. He has a secretary to do all his clerical work for him. He has an accountant to do all his arithmetical work for him. He has a public relations man to handle relations with all other businesses. All these people leave him free to concentrate on money, and the acquisition of it. There is only one thing left that interferes with the tycoon's money-making, and that is his leisure.

You see when he is at home on the weekend with his gorgeous wife, relaxing beside the heated pool, drinking champagne, and eating fish eggs; our tycoon is not really happy. What is happening at the factory? Is something going wrong? Is the Second Under Temporary Left Hand Staple Clerk making a push that will finally topple him, the tycoon, from the top? The tycoon cannot relax away from work so what does he do? He should, of course, employ a Professional Bludger to do the relaxing for him. In that way the tycoon can stay at the office and keep an eye on the Second Under Temporary Left Hand Staple Clerk. In the mean-time the Professional Bludger will stay home for him. He will attend to all the needs of his lovely young wife. He will use his swimming pool. He will relax on Champagne and fish eggs. In short, the Professional Bludger will have a good time for the tycoon who, in the mean-time is keeping an eye on the business, and making sure that all is going well; and that the Second Under Temporary Left Hand Staple Clerk is not getting any ideas above his station; like stapling with his right hand.

Yes indeed, the Professional Bludger is the answer to the worried business tycoon's prayer. The well trained Bludger will take over all the leisure time and vocational activities that cause so much worry and heart-ache for the eager money maker. This leaves the business man free to make even more money than he was.

But Professional Bludging is not the job for everyone. It is a real art, a profession that must be worked on. It requires great patience and physical fitness. The Professional Bludger must be able to spend the whole of his time relaxing and having fun with lovely young ladies without having the slightest tinge of regret. When he has had an exhausting morning sitting on the patio, a strenuous afternoon playing 18 holes at the tycoon's country club, and a long evening eating and drinking at the house of the neighbour of his tycoon boss; most normal men may end up a little tired. But when after this, the tycoon's 21 year old seductive looking wife utters those fatal words "Come along my man, it's time for bed", the true Professional Bludger must be able to 'rise to the occasion' immediately, and perform magnificently for an hour or two. Yes indeed, Professional Bludging sometimes requires real sacrifice to duty.

The range of duties of the Professional Bludger is very great. I have already mentioned such things as taking vacations on the French Riviera, enjoying all the comforts that the tycoon works so hard to provide, and keeping the tycoon's young wife happy. There are many other duties however. The Bludger may have to take the tycoon's secretary out to lunch at an expensive restaurant, while the tycoon feels secure in his office. On those business weekends in the mountains, the bludger may be called on "to entertain" the tycoon's secretary for the evening, while the boss pores over papers for the evening to see if the profit for the year was in fact \$9,357,291.95 or \$9,357,291.96. The good tycoon likes accuracy. This is where the job of the Professional Bludger is so important, for any tycoon can tell you a satisfied secretary is an efficient secretary.

So you can see that a Professional Bludger is an essential asset for the go getting money maker who wants to keep himself on top. With the Bludger at work there will be no more nights of fun and frivolity spent worrying about how his business is getting on without him. There will be no more wasted time trotting around the jet set spots of Europe while back at the office underlings are plotting the downfall of the tycoon. There will be no more domestic squabbles with his lovely wife (who is worth \$6,000 a year as a tax deduction) because she doesn't think he is paying enough attention to her. All these problems are solved by the tycoon's most important and essential employee, his Bludger. He will take over all these little tiresome social and enjoyable things, so that the tycoon can get down to the real fun in life, making money.

And what happens to the tycoon's money? Why his Professional Bludger will spend it for him of course. After all, overseas jet setting jaunts cost a lot of money, and so do the other enjoyable trivia. But after all it is the making of the money that is important to the tycoon, and the spending of it is part of what the Professional Bludger is employed for anyway.

Mick Potter



Mandy Milne

*The effort could not be equal to doubt
Which is what finally forces out half our strain
A horrid poppy head before the pink bursts
And the green hood relieved — to be held
There a year, four, in the fear of expression
All study and urgency becoming thrusts
To show a useless colour finally unshelled.
Where next in this break forever out!*

*Where we, inebriate,
Charge the streets
And our own traits
In the old ways*

*What is achieved
In forcing ourselves
To deceive
In a lonely way.*

*That I had not the need to retrieve or relive
That old fear and the partnered act of concealment —
We who are still starred by the infancy
And its love of uncertainty. In your eyes there
Remains what was impugnant in the first days
Sourness, desire and the reception of love — all
Of those thoughts cursed by our common concealment.
You looked back eyes full of love with me speechless.*

*There are moments when the whole picture
Is more than expanse, more than colour
To cover a white patch, when it conceals
The very essence of the viewer, a way walls
Could rarely do. There are moments where
We understand every stroke once laid bare
But made hard by weather and darkness.
Thank God for the few small images of us.*

*The breakage is held so simply in his hands
For a second something done is undone.*

BABIES

Babies will hold the world to ransom.

*In the cloying den of the bunnyskin rugs
And the plastic ducks, yellow bright and absurdly billed,
There lurks a booted cruelty, sten gun hipped.*

*They will bellow for justice. How dare we
Distil them from the stars. Between the sheets
We summon them to bonnets and the photo album,
A genesis of fluff and celluloid to ease life's pain.
The habits of death wriggle slowly
In the pram.*

*The boiling face and trembling oesophagus
Behind the unpierced gums
Haul fresh fury to their tiny centre,
Only the eyes turn slowly
with the condemned wisdom.*

That cry will stop commerce of all kinds.

*Quick! Fill their nappies with sulphur.
Push them under trucks and offer them only
The poison breast.
For we have given them a grenade
And they have taken out the pin.*

Philip Harvey

"1940"

*the silly ass, said my father
of cousin Geoffrey that day when he tried
to shave with no soap, peppering his cheek
with rough cuts — at sixteen already so tall
for his age, taller than my brother, and I
even when we dressed up in grandpa's top hat.*

*sillier than any ass, said my mother
when hero Geoffrey that day put up his age
to claim uniform rough khaki, what a fool,
his father pointed out the mistake and secured
his immediate discharge next day
my aunt felt so happy she drank a stiff sherry.*

*he biked his way home after paper rounds
caught up with thinking in the tramtrack, then the tram
some spot close by home was forever Geoffrey
though uncle refused to believe it
missing not dead please God please
he shouted and never bolted the front door again.*

*aunt wept out dry tears in the onion air
of her kitchen (three places set at the table)
straining to hear her one son come home
above uncle's shouting bloody war bloody germans
and every Remembrance Day (three places set at the table)
two long howls of silence even 30 years later.*

*till last year, their last year when aunt
then uncle both went missing themselves
and their emptied house filling with strangers
who bolted the front door and turned off the hall light
at night — and so no-one in that dark house
waits up for Geoffrey. Silly ass.*

John Hunter

*My love for you, so great
and gracious love
I accept your refusal
not because I'm a martyr
but exactly because I love you.*

11/6/75

*The more I read the less I know,
the more I learn, greater my stupidity.
A step forward is a step backward,
for in learning you realize
how much more there is in front of you.
I have not even taken a trip
out of the massive library
How am I ever to be expected
to talk fluently to God
when I meet him.*

*I would love to look on a library shelf and say
'ah yes, I have read you, you, you and you'
Instead I look at the massive collection of
red dust jackets.*

20/2/75

*Cold air grips the night
like frames wound
The window panes.*

13/4/75

Lesley Moodie



CHAPEL NOTES

As in other Anglican foundations, the Chapel of Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall has its considerable part to play in College life. This, of course, extends beyond whatever usefulness it may have for organ practices, musical evenings, football goal posts and such like. If asked to state exactly what part in College life the Chapel has to play, one can point to the experience of those students who make of the Chapel the community which it is. It is their witness which is taken to every part of student life and, in that context, recalls the strength and inspiration which they find in their attendance at and participation in the regular sound of daily worship.

As spiritual and pastoral director of this community, and as a respected College Officer at large, the Chaplain has a visibly significant role to play in the College. This year saw the resignation of the Honorary Chaplain, the Right Revd. James Grant, and the appointment as Chaplain of the Revd. Roger Sharr, a former student of this College, returned from study in the United Kingdom to take up this appointment in February.

In an environment in which many students are out of College throughout the weekend, the main College service, formerly celebrated on Sunday mornings, was offered at the Thursday evening Eucharist at 9.45 pm. At this service the Chaplain of the University of Melbourne, the Revd. J. Brady, was invited to participate on a regular basis. The Warden too was often involved, although less frequently. Students also had their part to play, both in organising a small choir and making up a regular body of servers.

Whatever happened this year in the life of the Chapel community must necessarily become the basis for growth and development next year. Out of the experiences of Chapel life in 1975, one is entitled to look forward in trust and hope to the coming year, confident that the Chapel's role in the life of Trinity and JCH will be strengthened and thus will strengthen the quality of life summed up as the "College experience".

John R. Hunter



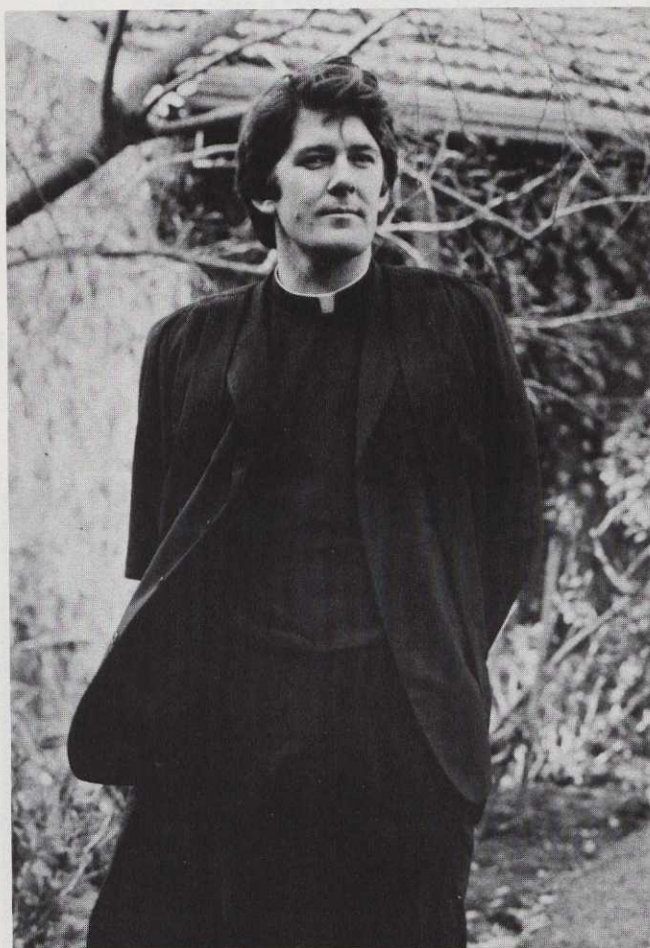
THE NEW CHAPLAIN

The Reverend Roger Thomas Sharr, M.A., Th.L. was appointed Chaplain of the College from 1st March, 1975.

Fr. Sharr was born at Mickleham, Surrey, had a perfectly ordinary childhood, and came to Australia in 1957. He went to Brighton Grammar School where he excelled at tunnel ball and avoided blood sports.

In 1962 he began training for the priesthood with the Society of the Sacred Mission. He came to Trinity in 1967 and read English and Philosophy at the University; he was awarded the University Poetry Prize in 1968 and won the Wigram Allen Essay competition with a short piece on convents.

Fr. Sharr was ordained on St. Andrew's Day 1969, married his wife Maggie and began a three year curacy at St. James' Church, King Street, Sydney; during his curacy he found time to complete a Master of Arts degree at Sydney while Maggie taught pre-school deaf children. They returned to England in 1972 and Fr. Sharr tutored in philosophy at the University of Nottingham and at Kelham Theological College. In 1973 they moved to Cambridge and the Chaplain began a Ph.D. at King's College, London. The thesis is on Patrick White and he is still trying to finish it.



FROM THE WARDEN . . .

. . . AFTER ONE YEAR

The 1974 Fleur de Lys has been brought to birth nearly a year late and I have just read over my inaugural address given fifteen months ago. In prophetic vein I then said: "I know that I shall often be preoccupied with matters of finance and administration". Little did I know then how true this was to be. Colleges are in fact engaged in a battle for survival — and the enemies are inflation and labour costs. Pricing ourselves out of the market remains a constant threat.

We are not, of course, the only College in such a predicament. Late in 1974, the Australian Universities Commission appointed a firm of management consultants to carry out an Australia-wide survey of the management and financial condition of all University Colleges and Halls of Residence. Almost all were suffering from high overheads and made a loss on their total operations last year. The main problems were maintaining the staff, grounds and buildings for 52 weeks of the year on fees derived for only a 31 week period, and also the high overtime rates involved in providing weekend meals and services. Fees could be much lower on a 5 days per week operation. Each College received a detailed analysis of its own operations and tables of comparison with other Colleges. The areas highlighted for Trinity included a disproportionate amount spent on administration and domestic staff.

This was not surprising news at Trinity — and by far the greater part of my work in my first year here has been to introduce the necessary streamlining of administration. I am pretty sure that if another comparative survey is carried out in 1975 Trinity will come out of it reasonably well. The full benefit will be seen in 1976 when the changes are complete.

Behind the scenes our new Bursar, Mr. Alan Todd, has introduced simplified accounting procedures which even I can follow. These allow us to make accurate monthly reports on how College finances stand in relation to the annual budget and to take any necessary corrective measures in good time.

I have dwelt on this at some length because we are passing through a very critical time and this is where most of my attention during the first year of my wardenship has been directed. But economic survival is only a means to an end. Last year I said "I know that I shall often be pre-occupied with matters of finance and administration, but I trust that you will never let me forget the real reasons for having this Collegiate community". It is to the second part of this sentence that I propose to devote increasing attention.

The first task as I see it is to enlarge our concept of the College community. The College is much greater than the group of people who happen to be here at a given time. Our buildings, our grounds, our library all bear the marks of the love and generosity of previous generations of Trinity men. It has never been possible for student fees to pay the

capital costs of providing an inspiring place to live and study such as we enjoy. We inherit a College which is the gift of those who have come before us. They have given it to us out of gratitude for what they themselves have received, and their generosity bears witness to their bright hopes for the College's future.

The time has come for us to make our past members feel welcome as part of a continuing community. College newsletters have served a useful purpose in this during the past four years, but now we want our Old Boys to come in and visit us. In the next year many of them will be invited guests at lunch or dinner.

For those newly graduated there is special cause for them to return to College for a meal on graduation day. I hope all Trinity graduates, who have been in residence for four terms or more, will contact me if an invitation fails to arrive. Addresses are hard to maintain and errors are easily made. Please make the move to contact us if we lose touch with you.

Another way of expanding our College community is by involving the parents of our students. Some Colleges have thriving Parent Groups, and I look forward to Trinity's following their examples. In second term this year about 120 parents attended an "At Home" in Hall — complete with chicken, champagne and musical items from members of the College interspersed with short talks from Archbishop Woods as President of the College Council, the Warden, and the Dean. This is likely to become an annual feature of College life.

We cannot, I think, put off much longer the question of whether we are going to tackle all or some of our own domestic work ourselves. There are economic reasons for this, but the overwhelming reasons are surely social and educational: learning to be responsible for one's own living area. Rightly considered, this is a creative thing (and not very time-consuming). The awarding of domestic and gardening bursaries this year has paved the way. We are proud of those members of College who have helped the rest of us with cheerfulness and efficiency.

The most important point has been saved for last. The College will ultimately stand or fall as an educative community. Here is a place of great diversity, where a student can hardly avoid knowing a large group of people of differing views and tastes and who are studying subjects other than his or her own. It makes demands on tolerance but it brings a richness of experience and a chance to understand oneself a little better.

Leaders in this community will often be members of the Senior Common Room — tutors whose experience is freely available to all and who set a standard of academic seriousness which is the hall-mark of a great College. Trinity is a great College. Its academic and community life have seldom, if ever, been richer or more enjoyable. This is what makes me convinced that we will not merely survive the present financial crisis but come through it strengthened and enlightened.

Evan L. Burge
9th September, 1975

SENIOR COMMON ROOM NOTES

1. The Members:

College Officers:

Dr. Evan L. Burge	(Warden)
Mr. Rod Fawns	(Dean)
Fr. Roger Sharr	(Chaplain)
Mr. Alan Todd	(Bursar)

Fellows of the College:

Prof. Joseph Burke	
Rt. Rev. James Grant	(Deputy Warden)

Senior Tutor:

Dr. John Davis	(Physiology)
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Resident Tutors:

Mr. Christopher Dunstan	(Engineering)
Dr. Rosemary Fawns	(R.M.O.)
Mr. George Gulczynski	(Economics)
Mr. Alan Hodgart	(Economic History)
Mr. Steven Hore	(Physics)
Dr. Alan Hughes	(Political Science)
	First Term only
Mr. Horst Imberger	(Philosophy)
	Third Term only
Mr. John Middleton	(Law)
Miss Pauline Stiglich	(Chemistry)
Miss Marian Vickery	(Fine Arts and English)
Mr. Wayne Walker	(Mathematics)
Mr. Renn Wortley	(Law)

Elected Members:

Dr. Richard Broome
Dr. Barbara Burge
Mr. Robert Hilton

2. Departures 1974/75:

No fewer than six of our members left at the end of last year or early this year.

During the time John Wilson was Bursar of the College, he and his wife, Molly, took a very active and enthusiastic interest in all functions connected with the Senior Common Room. Their home in the Deanery was often used to dispense their own charming brand of hospitality. They are both much missed from the life of the College and of the S.C.R.

Dr. John Emmerson returned to Trinity in 1973 as Resident Tutor in Physics and also Assistant Dean. John Emmerson was a resident of the College in his under-graduate days and later became Resident Physics Tutor prior to his departure for New College, Oxford, where he gained his Doctorate in the field of nuclear physics. In 1972 he returned to the University of Melbourne and commenced a law degree. He graduated with first class honours at the end of 1974 and

was awarded the Supreme Court Prize. We wish him well in his future career in the law and we are pleased that he has maintained his interest in the College as a non-resident tutor in both law and physics.

Dr. John Horowitz (Member 1973/74) was an R.M.O. and Tutor in Pharmacology. Apart from the young lady he married at the end of last year, his great passion in life was championship bridge, at which he excelled. He had no success in raising the standard of the S.C.R. bridge game, if indeed there was anything there to be raised. We thank John for his contribution to the S.C.R. and offer our best wishes to he and his wife, Ann, for the future.

The other matrimonial deprivation suffered by our membership last year was the case of Russell Howard, Resident Chemistry Tutor in 1974. Russell's wife, Maureen (Mrs. Howard), had the uncommon distinction of being Miss Howard before her marriage. For the inquisitive (I asked), they are not related, except by marriage. Trinity has once again been deprived of the services of an excellent tutor through lack of married tutor accommodation.

Another to move out of residence at the end of 1974 was Lawrie Moloney, a very popular guitar-playing aviator and sometime Resident Tutor in Psychology. We were very sorry to see him go, but at least during 1975 he has been a non-resident tutor in his old subject.

At the beginning of 1974, Fr. Albert McPherson came into residence and introduced himself to the College as "the temporary Acting Assistant part-time Chaplain". Albert took a keen interest in many facets of College life and, in particular, in connection with the College Appeal, the Play and the Revue, where his theatrical experience was of great assistance. He has now resumed his full-time work at the Cathedral.

3. Fellows of the College:

Bishop Grant ceased to be Honorary Chaplain to the College at the end of 1974, at which time he was appointed Deputy Warden. The members of the S.C.R. congratulate him on his appointment as a Fellow of the College earlier this year.

4. Re-entries:

Mr. Alan Hodgart returned to residence in the College at the beginning of 1975, after an absence of two years. He is Tutor in Economic History.



Mr. Horst Imberger, a Resident Tutor in 1973, has returned to the College as Resident Tutor in Philosophy for third term.

5. **Arrivals:**

We welcome the arrival of Fr. Roger Sharr as College Chaplain. He and his wife, Maggie, are resident in the Deanery and they have both entered enthusiastically into the life of the S.C.R. and the College generally.

Mr. Alan Todd has taken up the position of Bursar, now combined with that of Domestic Manager. He is a most welcome addition to the Senior Common Room and his work is of enormous value to the College as a whole. We look forward to a long and happy association with him.

We were also pleased to welcome Miss Pauline Stiglich as Tutor in Chemistry, Mr. John Middleton as a Tutor in Law, and Mr. Steven Hore as Physics Tutor. John and Steven will both be leaving us at the end of the year, when they are to be married (to their respective fiancées).

6. **Dr. Alan Hughes:**

Alan Hughes, who had been Resident Tutor in Political Science since 1968, left College at the end of first term. Alan's colourful conversation as a member of the S.C.R. and his wide fund of knowledge derived apparently from an infinite number of conversations with taxi drivers will be missed very greatly. An appropriate farewell to Dr. Hughes has yet to be arranged.

7. **Functions:**

Dr. John Davis has continued to superintend the number of interesting activities in which the members have taken part. During his absences abroad on two occasions, ostensibly for professional reasons but actually to recover from the pressures of the senior tutorship, the grand old "joint acting" Trinity tradition has been carried on with the appointment of a Joint Acting Senior Tutor. Most recently this has been Messrs. Gulczynski and Wortley.

Within the College the Friday night seminars have continued and have been well attended. Dr. Davis, with his flair for good living, has organised the various Senior Common Room Dinners to a point well nigh approaching perfection.

An interesting function was held at the Warden's Lodge early in the year, by way of a farewell to the members who departed at the end of last year. It consisted of a Chinese meal for around 30 people, cooked by "The Wandering Wok", and was voted a huge success.

The S.C.R. picnic expedition to the Melbourne Cup was held again in 1974, thanks to Mr. J.D. Merralls, Q.C., former Senior Resident Law Tutor and Senior Tutor. A thoroughly enjoyable — if not profitable — outing was had by all. Other outside activities by S.C.R. members included a far from academic week-end trip to the Wineries of Rutherglen, and a Bush-walk which was sadly under-patronised but, no doubt, invigorating to those who went along.

8. **Elected Members:**

Mr. Robert Hilton was elected a member of the Senior Common Room in March 1975. He and his wife, Sue, as residents of the College, have entered enthusiastically into the life of the Senior Common Room.

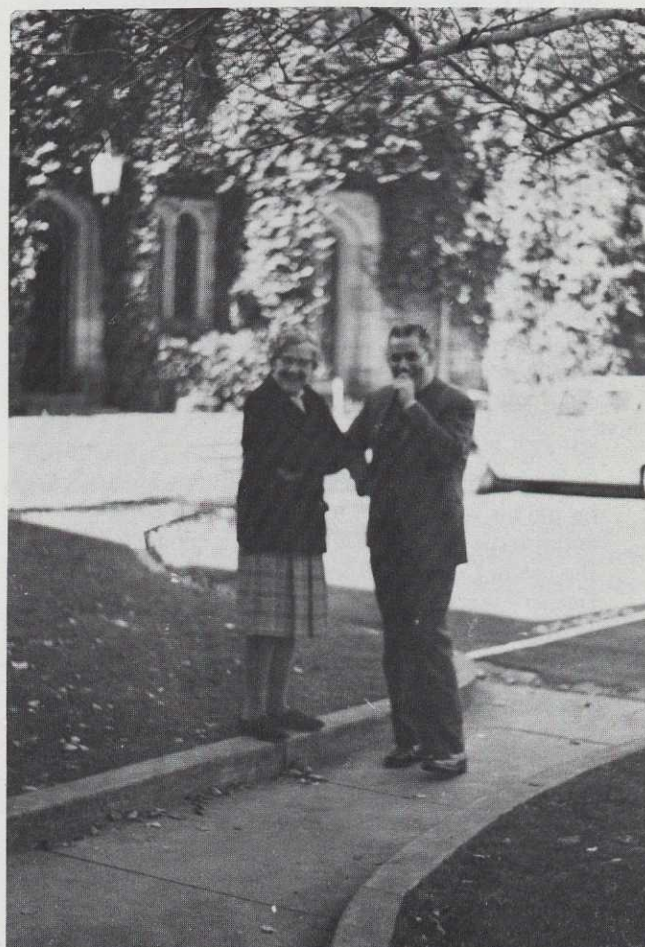
9. **The Common Room:**

There are no gifts of furnishings or decorations to the Senior Common Room to report this year. In fact, the S.C.R. must report what has almost become a traditional net loss of such items for its Common Room. This year several items of furnishing, including a standard lamp, have disappeared. In lighter vein, a large quantity of spirits disappeared from the Senior Common Room cupboard early in Term One. Several weeks later, a cardboard box containing most of the missing bottles — somewhat depleted — was found near the entrance to the Common Room. With it was a note which read "Thank you — the Jackdaw of Rheims".

10. **General:**

The Senior Tutor and Members wish to thank the Domestic Supervisor, the Bursar and the Domestic Staff generally for continuing to look after them so well, frequently in the face of staff shortages and other problems.

R.E.W.



A WORD FROM MR. ED.

This report shall try to give an account of the activities of the T.C.A.C. Committee this year and make some general observations about college life.

The General Committee has had a happy year. It has attended to its daily duties, while still maintaining its enthusiasm and sanity. There are problems which all T.C.A.C. Committees seem to face e.g. telephones and car parking; and these have proved no easier than usual. Undaunted, however, by the magnitude of the task, the Committee faced their problems with good humour and courage. Justin Cook, as Secretary, displayed tact and commendable common sense in his correspondence, recording the minutes of our meetings faithfully. The Committee was fortunate to secure the services of Rod Lyle, the Treasurer, who not only inspired great confidence with his handling of the figures, but also ensured a surplus at the end of our term of office. How many treasurers can claim that these days?

Thanks largely to the work of David Ross-Edwards as Outdoor Representative, and the various team captains, Trinity took second place in the Cowan Cup. Despite the efforts of a few enthusiasts, Trinity was not placed in the Womens' Intercollegiate sporting competition. Newman won the Cowan Cup clearly but Trinity finished well ahead of Ormond. Success in Intercollegiate sport, while depending to a considerable extent on talent, is also determined by the number of practices which are arranged by the team captains and the Outdoor Representative. Trinity has been lucky to have such interested people in these positions.

The position of Indoor Representative, while sometimes a thankless one, is undoubtedly an important one. There is scarcely nothing which disrupts a college so much as a washing machine that is out of order! While attending to



such problems, Howard Bellchambers has arranged for curtains to be placed in the billiards' room and has procured new chairs for the Junior Common Room.

With the increase in the number of women resident in the College this year, the General Representative, Bruce Davidson has been able to present a very full social calendar. A successful Orientation-Week, (which is assuming more importance each year), was held this year, with over half the College being "Freshers". A car rally was held during the First Term, it was an enjoyable day at Emerald although the navigational instincts of some entrants left much to be pondered upon. Juttoddie was held, as tradition requires, on the Bulpadock towards the end of First Term. It was an interesting day's racing and there were additional stalls in aid of the College Appeal. It was followed by a barbecue on the Vatican lawns that evening and a dance in the Junior Common Room. The Ball was held at the Camberwell Civic Centre in Second Term and as has been the case in the last few years, it was a happy occasion. A barbecue at St. Mary's was also arranged and reasonably well attended, and those who went to the Inter-collegiate dinner dance at the Hunter's Lodge seemed to enjoy themselves.

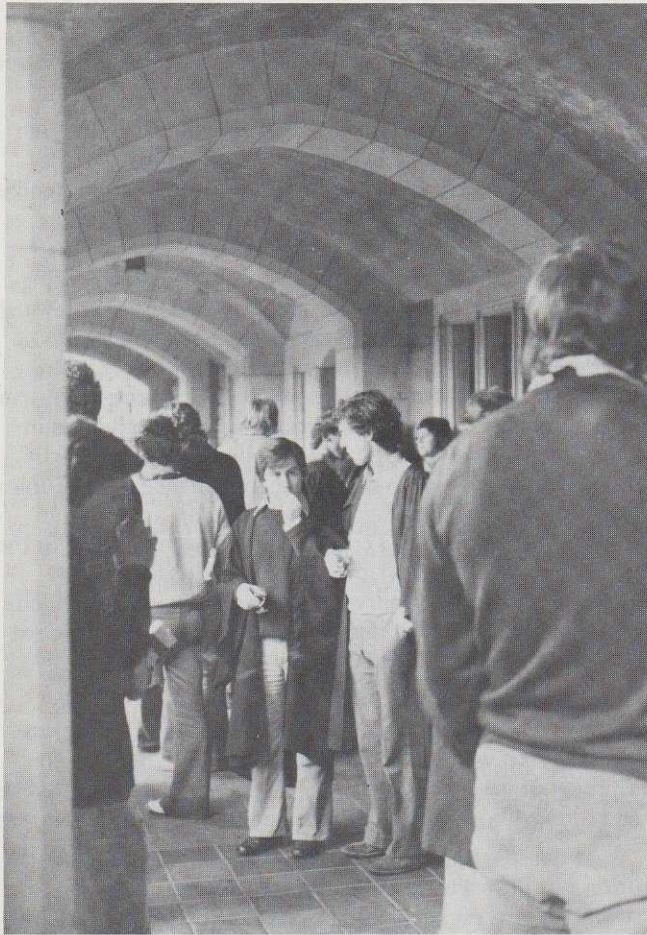
The College was honoured to have Sir Clive Fitts to speak at a Club Dinner during Second Term. The subject of his speech was, "The Chronicle of an aimless wanderer". The speech gave some idea of Sir Clive's breadth of interests and showed how helpful it had been to him in his experiences.

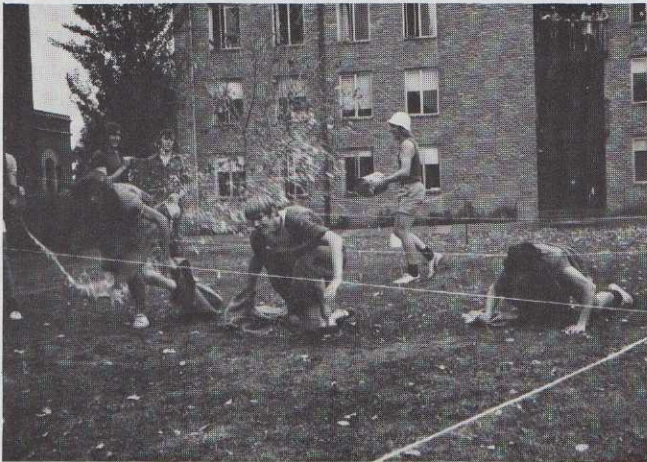
On the sporting side, a Boat Club was formed, a constitution was drawn up and a committee elected, in order to stimulate interest in the noble sport of rowing. It is hoped that the formation of the Club will enable a successful appeal for a new boat to be launched, and provide a more organised basis for College rowing. Another Club seeking further notoriety was the Rugby Club, as a new Trinity sweater was designed. This proved very successful. No longer do the rugby players feel constrained by the weaker fabric of the Australian Rules footballer. One noticeable disappointment was the relaxation in the spectator support for the teams, and a call for stronger College identity is required for the future.

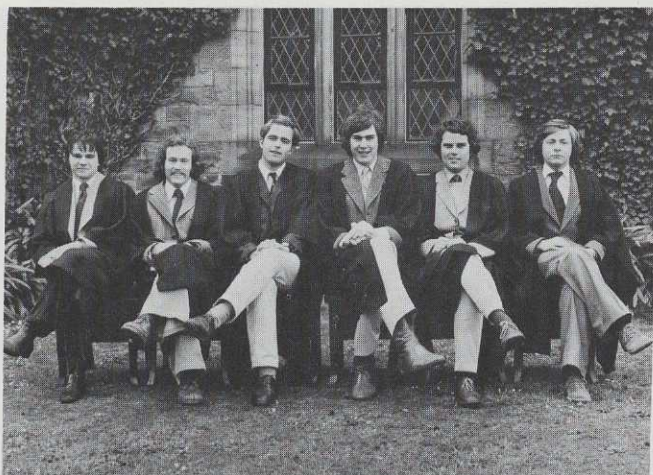
Since the magazine contains details of the activities of the Dialectic, Music and Dramatic Societies, I shall not speak of them here, except to emphasise their importance to the whole spectrum of College activity. Without them, the word "College," which should denote the full range of interests, is no longer appropriate.

The chief difference in the structure of the College community compared with previous years, is the increase in the number of women residents (currently there are about forty-five). It seems to me that this change has led to a healthier, more sensible and more balanced life in many respects, while making other objectives, such as men's sports teams, more difficult to achieve. So far as social and intellectual activities are concerned the presence of women has helped considerably. I am confident that, as the College becomes accustomed to its new composition, it will easily find positive and energetic ways of expressing itself. But there is still a diversity of interest available in Trinity, which is perhaps not found elsewhere. While Trinity continues to offer this diversity and while the residents involve themselves in its life, then surely it will be an attractive place to live.

Edward Shackell







T.C.A.C. COMMITTEE

R.L.J. LYLE, H. BELLCHAMBERS, E.S. SHACKELL,
D.J. ROSS-EDWARDS, J.W.W. COOK, B.W.R. DAVIDSON.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY

The Dialectic Society began this year minus a Secretary, due to Mr. Goldsworthy's defection to another educational institution. After major reshufflings, the new Committee set about trying to uphold the high standard established by last year's Committee.

The year opened with the traditional Freshers' Debate. Partly owing to a lack of time for preparation, the debate, although entertaining for the large audience was not of a very high standard. A second debate was held at J.C.H. between a team from our sister College (or perhaps brother College now that they have opened their ranks to male members) and a team from Trinity. The standard of debating itself was much better, including a spirited adjudication from Mr. Glover, but the debating problem still persisted. It was so difficult to find three people willing, or even prepared, to debate that further attempts were abandoned and no more Social Debates were held during the year.

T.C.D.S.

P.M. BUTLER, M.W. POTTER, K. HEADLAM, J.M. BUTLER,
J.R. HUNTER, J.S. GLOVER.



This lack of enthusiasm for what has traditionally been the basis of the Dialectic Society can only be described as disheartening. Fortunately the Society did not restrict its activities to debating, but the importance of debating will need to be examined by future Committees.

The Wigram Allen Essay Competition attracted a select field of three — Messrs. Harvey, Hunter and Potter. The judges — Mr. Denis Pryor and Fr. Roger Sharr — awarded the prize once again to Mr. Philip Harvey for his essay on State School reminiscences, although Mr. Pryor, being an English immigrant, was slightly perplexed by the continued reference to "Iced Vo-Vo's". It is a pity for Mr. Harvey that there exists no perpetual trophy, for which, by now, he would almost be eligible. We were also fortunate to have present the immediate past Vice-President of the Society, Mr. John Wilson, who saw fit to abuse our hospitality by seconding Mr. Hunter's censure motion against the Secretary.

The Martha Letitia Green Memorial Art Exhibition (the ci-devant Annual Exposition of the Arts), organised by Miss Kristin Headlam, was truly a display of the varied artistic talents of Trinity and J.C.H. The number of entries surpassed our expectations, and the quality was uniformly high. The large audience that came to view the exhibits at the Opening and sample the sherry, cheese and biscuits (definitely in that order) heard Mr. Laurence Course give a succinct and interesting adjudication and award the prize to Mr. Lewis McGregor and Mr. Dennis Reynolds.

The Quizes again proved popular and that well-known quiz-master, Mr. John Hunter once more displayed his flair for blending the new and testing questions with some old favourites: who is there who, after five quizzes, cannot reel off automatically the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World?

The Revue, under the direction of Mr. Michael Potter, promises to be a great success, although at the time of writing, the long awaited event has not yet taken place, owing mainly to the vagaries of the Medicine and Science students' timetable.

Apart from the previously mentioned proviso with regard to debating, the Dialectic Society has fulfilled an important function within the College this year, co-ordinating cultural activities of every sort, and looks forward to the continued support of the College over the next years.

J.M. Butler
Hon. Sec. T.C.D.S.

DEBATING

P. BUTLER, J.S. GLOVER, P. MAXWELL.



BROTHERS AND SISTERS

It has been two years since Trinity College announced its decision to admit women as residents, and there are now forty-five Trinity women. An assessment of this change in its second year, is a very different exercise now that the initial novelty has passed. During the last few years Trinity has also experienced a very high number of "Freshers" each year. The combined effect is that of threatening many of the old College traditions, simply because there are fewer Senior Gentlemen.

What role are the women playing in this transitional period? It could be argued that their effect on College life has been minimal, signifying a successful assimilation or instead it could be said that this peaceful situation is the result of either exclusion from, or non-participation in various aspects of college life. The introduction of women residents has helped to finally end a few lingering traditions. There are still a few Behan residents who can recall the strict visiting hours for women that precluded their presence at formal dinners. The spread of civilised behaviour was just beginning to encroach on the great ceremonies of Juttoddie, when the "fillies" arrived and broadened the scope of this memorable day.

Apart from these two instances, the significance of various College "events" and "institutions", and standards set by past Trinity men, appear to remain intact.

The introduction of women may have an effect on traditions, for either good or bad, or new traditions may evolve that will revitalise the College spirit.

Women are taking an active part in all the sporting teams, although limited numbers from which to select teams will require a greater dedication amongst those competing. Many women have been regular spectators at the matches; joined in the Musical and Dialectic activities, (except debating) and have swelled the regular numbers on Friday nights at the "other place".

However, there are still certain very important areas of College life where there is a noticeable dearth of women. The reasons for this situation are complex and varied, but the outlook amongst the women is one of increasing optimism. The T.C.A.C. Committee is probably the most obvious area of Trinity life where women are not yet included. The close votes in many of this year's elections showed that perhaps women will be able to overcome their lack of sporting notoriety and become well known on their other merits. Women have yet to develop a strong interest in debating and that closely allied club, the Trinity Wines Cellar. The other contentious issue for future years, will be the allocation of Behan rooms to women residents. At the moment the state of the College finances has prevented any renovations being contemplated in the near future. Yet already the problem is looming as a very hotly contested issue, if, and only if, there is to be a rearguard stand for the old Trinity life-style.

Academically it is probably a little too soon to judge the potential of the Trinity women. But if the indications of the University results are noted, then a very successful and equally promising future can be anticipated from the Trinity women.

The introduction of the women is seen in 1975 as an undoubted success, although the feeling among the women has been one of anticlimax, as the issue is not really a divisive one at all. The future inclusion of women in all aspects of Trinity life will depend on their enthusiasm and hard work, particularly in overcoming the initial resistance to female leaders in Trinity.

Libby Rowan



MUSIC

Music, both as folk and art, has been encouraged during 1975. There have been some very fine recitals within the College this year, sounding a repertoire from William Byrd to the Beatles.

Choral, instrumental and solo vocal music were featured in various art music recitals. Mary Rusden (piano); Bill Whitfield (piano); Anne Murphy (harpsichord) and Frederick Morgan (recorder); Robert Minasion (violin) and Anthony Halliday (piano); Vladimir Chishkovsky (flute); Christine Ristrom (harpsichord) and Lorraine Varney (cello); Enid Hookey and Kristin Headlam (pianos); and Christine Beasley (soprano) and Margaret Schofield (piano); all added another thrilling dimension to college life.

Musical activities are growing rapidly within Trinity and it was a great joy for all Collegians when the long awaited new grand piano arrived in the College Hall. Already this wonderful instrument has stimulated several concerts in the Hall itself.

Student music-making is intrinsic to Trinity's being and cherished by its traditions. At the time of writing it is in a phase of adolescence whose future development demands further encouragement, realistic support, and firm guidance.

Thomas A. Fitzgerald

1066 AND ALL THAT

Rodney, could we have Q.1 please? Please Rodney, sometime could we have Q.1? Preferably NOW, oh f... Rodney. And so as the lights came up with their usual spasmodic flickering and a cast of thousands, give or take a few, began once again their nightly fiasco... such nostalgic waffle comes to mind when one is asked to tackle the mammoth task of the Trinity/JCH 1066 play report.

It is with a great deal of pleasure (what a line) that I inform you of what a boomer of a play 1066 was to perform in, and all indications suggest that the audience enjoyed the play as much as the caff refreshments. For the star-studded cast of death-defying contortionists who nightly tested their abilities to "tread the boards" bathed in the traditional lime light (or what ever colour it happened to be) it was an experience. Certain members became uniquely skilled at Jaffa dodging and orange throwing, while another cast personality really had to get home for the rise and fall, if his toga would make it.

The play had its Oddities, while Draw Bridges crossed troubadours lyres became objects of classic symbolism in the wandering hands of a minstrel found in the unaccustomed role of a Beauty and the Beast type scene. Perhaps the most Canute scene was in the rawest state (something like this report) with large balloons and no extensions after eight. Meanwhile a stony-faced producer looked on with mild amusement. No wonder! How else could one react to the pretentiousness of some Brylcreamed paluka with a cigar gummed to his upper lip trying to discover China where the Pacific and Atlantic meet. The play was definitely type cast as the little boy in scene one and Moodie (sorry) Broody Mary showed clearly; not to mention (but I will) a handsome Cavalier and a not so gorgeous Puritan, framed in the twelfth act. Jerry Manda even got a part proving the democracy of the futile system when King John signed with his usual voluntary flourish. The highlight of the show, continuous though it was, had to be the "College Trooper in the old style" who regularly flashed at the audience.



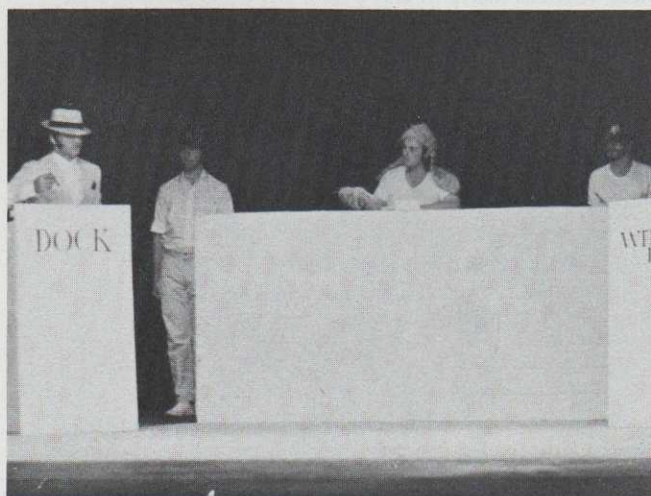
T.C.D.C.

P.A. HARVEY, E.A. ROWAN, J.C. HALL, B.W.R. DAVIDSON, P. MAXWELL.

On a more serious note, and speaking of notes, Enid and Phillipa did a great job with the piano, everybody involved with 1066 had a fantastic time doing it. Contrary to the beliefs of a local gossip rag this must really be the positive objective of any College play, to involve as many members of that College as possible, no matter how talented, in the production of some expressive presentation. 1066 achieved this and more. Involvement with the acting, the backstage work, costuming and props were both real and enthusiastic. The College play should be chosen in the light of these aspects, not with a view to being trendy or merely experimental.

Nell White ran the show notably from the wings and Rick Potter came up with some really original props. Jono handled the finances with expertise, and is now able to enjoy the full cast recording on his new car stereo. Finally, Robin Hardiman, our producer, put a lot of his time and experience into the show and above all was great fun to work with.

H.J.N.



JUTTODDIE

The competitive spirit of this year's Carnival had to be seen to be believed. Racing was conducted with all the decorum and fine sportsmanship of a meeting at Royal Ascot. This Imperial analogy was reinforced by some proud athletes who were overheard repeating Queen Victoria's famous Crimean dictum: "We are not interested in the possibility of defeat". Boasts such as these naturally caused some very short priced favourites. In some races there were as many as two runners in the red.

It was obvious that the Handicapper has much to learn about the weaker sex, since he weighted them right out of contention in the final. The Women filled the last four places with the greatest of distinction, of course. (They must have been waylaid). Some of the libbers are now agitating for a 100 yard start next year in order to assert their equality on the sporting field.

Runners they may not be, but they sure can dance. After the traditional Vatican barbecue, the Carnival concluded with some fine music in the JCR, augmented spectacularly spirited efforts of many people present.

Stephen Cordner



There comes a time when ladies can no longer restrict themselves to the more docile feminine pursuits and must partake in the somewhat peculiar notion gentlemen have of pleasure, to prove that they are equally as strong as the 'stronger sex'. Such a time was Juttoddie.

Juttoddie. A strange event, this initiation into the hallowed halls of Trinity. But, with the unquestioning acceptance intrinsic to woman, we donned rather unflattering and, by this stage, soaking wet hessian bags and, uncomplainingly hoisting our bricks over our shoulders, took our places at the starting line. Anxious punters gave last minute advice (and threats) to their favoured 'fillies' and without further ado 'we were off' to the accompaniment of cheers and jeers from the gentlemen and veteran ladies lining the course. Although the track was suicidal, with customary fortitude the lady freshers battled on through water, flour and sundry minor assaults and approached the end of the course. However, 'united we stand', so the now fully initiated lady members of Trinity College linked arms and crossed the finishing line together.

Maxine MacDonald



WINES' COMMITTEE

The Committee this year began on a bright note, admitting no less than six new members on to the Committee itself. Alas, no accountant and wine-buff of the vintage of 1974's D.B. Thomas could be found. Yet somehow rosters were drawn up, buyers were found and Geoff 'whizzy-kid' Nettle was appointed as Treasurer.

Financially, the Committee had some mixed feelings about the Cellar's success. Total turnover was slightly below last year's extraordinarily high figures. This could be attributed to increases in the cost price of wines and spirits, and to some lack of interest in the concept of wine in Hall.

Those who took advantage of the Cellar's open doors (5.45 pm - 6.15 pm Monday to Friday, sly grog by appointment) delighted in the low price of the fine wines and spirits generally, and of the occasional notable "cellar-bottling" to be seen on the shelves. The Cellar itself has excellent potential as a valuable service to members of the College. Superbly situated, with an increase of membership stock will be increased, and wine "held down" longer. With the improvement noted in Australian wines in the last few years (particularly in the moderately-priced range) we of the Committee see this coming year as yet another of good drinking...

Peter Butler

WINES COMMITTEE

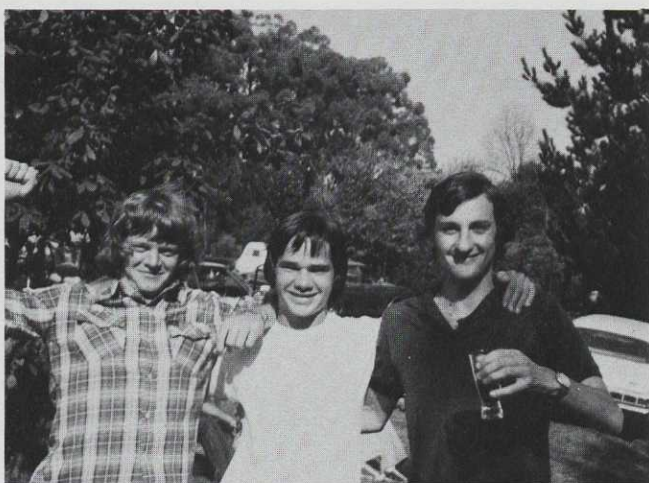
Standing: S.F.B. WATERS, J.S. GLOVER, J.W. KELLY, J.A. NETTLE, E.S. SHACKELL.
Seated: P.L. CHAMPNESS, R.H. McDONALD, P.M. BUTLER, B.W. DAVIDSON.



TRINITY CAR TRIAL

On a sunny Sunday morning in First Term 30 drivers with their superbly and not so superbly tuned cars and crews came under the starters gun for the Trinity Car Trial 1975. This epic event was eventually to take our intrepid travellers to Emerald Lake in the beautiful Dandenong Ranges. Each car was given its directions in cryptic form and a list of questions to answer along the way. Some competitors fared better than others under these conditions. For example, Rod Lyle, who eventually took last place, found himself in St. Kilda when he should have been in Camberwell. Another was Megan Patterson who although first to leave College, was near last to arrive at the finish. An early favourite for the event was Dave Ross-Edwards and his crew in a Monaro, but the mountain roads were his downfall, unlike Larry Gilmour who had the pace in his hot Torana but his crew was unable to pick up the answers to the questions as they flashed past. Third place getter in the Trial was Tim Cass, in his old Ford, with a crew that looked as if it numbered thirty. Second was Doug Lord in his Hillman, showing that slow and sure does pay some dividends. The easy winners in the Chrysler Works Team Valiant were Nick Bailey, Peter Horsburgh, Graeme Pilkington and Laurie Littlechild, who, although considered outsiders at the start showed they had the all round skill to take off this coveted event. Our thanks must go to Bruce Davidson and Howy Bellchambers for organising a highly successful day which everybody wholeheartedly enjoyed.

Nick Bailey
No. 1 Driver
Chrysler Works Team



FRESHER'S AND SENIOR GENTLEMEN'S CRICKET

This was a first for the ladies of the College, occurring as it did in "O" week a breakthrough of the bastions of Trinity College maleness. Not less than three freshers of the female gender batted bravely but only two for the right side.

This is of course explained by the tradition of the winners being predetermined, many years ago seemingly. There was some trouble with leggings which were definitely not designed for such shapely or skinny legs and they made running quite hazardous.

However, this was not a major deterrent as you obviously don't have to run to score runs if you are the only lady on the field; and if your leggings slip round to the wrong position it is equally obvious that you don't have to bend down to fix them. In spite of, or perhaps because of this attitude, the senior gentlemen evinced mingled shock and outrage when the first lady batter hit a four which was carrying things a bit too far, almost to the realms of cricket. She was almost immediately caught out. And so lunch followed with laughter and imbibition of liquor in the true Trinity College style, the very minor battle on the pitch either forgotten or ignored.

Julia Darby

CRICKET

Trinity started off its quest for the Cowan Cup in fine style by demolishing a cocky Ormond side, in trying conditions, thus ending an eighteen year drought.

The official season started in Orientation Week, where a much inebriated Senior Gentlemen's team, by careful manipulation of the scoreboard, trounced the Freshers by one run. After this training began seriously with curators Bailey and Horsburgh laying a superb turf wicket in the middle of the Bulpaddock, for the team to train on. However, after the fifth batsman was knocked unconscious by a dangerous "shooter" it was decided to adjourn to the inferior University practice nets.

Our first game was against a quietly confident Whitley side. The toss was won by Trinity and the opposition was sent in to bat. The sensation of the day was the newcomer, Peter Cudlipp taking seven wickets for a handful of runs, forcing Whitley out for just over the ton. Trinity had little trouble passing this total, with eight wickets in hand, and "Rocket" Rod Lyle making a stylish 52 n.o.



CRICKET

Standing: C.R. LeSQUEF, R.L.J. LYLE, J.D. HOBSON, P.A. STOKES, R.M. NOONE, P. HUBBLE.
Seated: P. MAXWELL, P. CUDLIPP, P.J. HORSBURGH, A.P. BELLINGHAM, D.R. HOOD.
Absent: D.R. ROSS-EDWARDS.

Next week we were to meet a super confident side from Ormond. Regular rounds of "Naught's" at 10 p.m. saw many players getting 10 to 1 with runs in. The long awaited day arrived.

Inspection of the wicket area at 9 a.m. was very disheartening with puddles of water stretching right across the numerous turf patches. The prospect of play looked dim indeed, until the University curator informed us that we either played that day or shared points with Ormond. Without even contemplating the second alternative, we decided to play on. This was a time when everyone thought the winning of the toss, imperative. With neither teams wanting to bat on the unpredictable wet wicket, the coin was tossed, only to find the Trinity openers "donning" the pads.

The first two overs were sensational, as the Ormond opening bowlers slipped over on numerous occasions. The score Trinity 0 for 21. The bowlers did however, get on top as the wicket dried out and Trinity was bundled out for a meagre 75. Andy Bellingham was the only one to show any form. With the prospect of a quick defeat looming Trinity took the field after lunch. However, the game was to change with the first ball bowled. The result was the Ormond captain back in the pavilion. The trend was to continue due to some superb pace bowling by Peter Hubble and Peter Cudlipp again, who were well backed up by magnificent catching, fielding and general team play. Some stubborn resistance by their tailenders stretched the game out a while until with the score at 59, the last wicket fell.

This was not only a great team result but a definite win for the supporters on the Trinity Hill, who were in great voice, accounting for a number of Ormond scalps.

In finishing I would like to thank the College and the Warden in particular, for the donation of the post-match barrel, making our efforts all the more worthwhile.

Peter Horsburgh

TENNIS

1975 was notable for the great jump in both the number and enthusiasm of the players in the team, permitting the College to play in all three rounds for the first time in years. The luckless Whitley was first in the draw and gave us no trouble with our 7-1 win. Ormond was next, and in typical fashion offered us no resistance, again Trinnors victorious 5-2; the win an excellent omen as the last three winners had each beaten Ormond. The final against Queen's showed 3-3 after the singles; Queen's very lucky in two of those and Trinnors winning its three with traditional great authority. The crucial last game was the following day, from 4-4, we unfortunately lost the remaining match, 4-5.

Queen's must be congratulated on their fighting spirit in winning four out of the five three-set matches and in saving match points in at least one match, while Trinity must be attributed with the greatest potential and a false omen.

Glenn Robertson

This year, for the first time, Trinity College participated in the Women's Inter-collegiate Tennis.

The team members were:

Singles: 1st. J. Warnock
2nd. L. Beynon
emerg. B. Bethune
Doubles: 1st. pair. S. Peake and S. Wilson
2nd. pair. L. Lyle and S. Fowler
emerg. J. Edwards

The competition was varied, and Trinity proved good enough to qualify for the finals.

Thanks go to the two emergencies who had to play in the finals, due to an epidemic of tennis elbow!

We unfortunately lost the finals, but, perhaps could have done better if we had had some support from College members.

Sandy Wilson

TENNIS

Standing: G. ROBERTSON, D.J. ROSS-EDWARDS, P.J. ANDERSON, T.A. GUTHRIE.
Seated: J. EDWARDS, L.D. BEYNON, L. LYLE, J.H. WARNOCK, S.L. PEAKE, S. FOWLER.



FIRST EIGHT

1975, by all accounts prior to the season was to be a good year for the Inter-collegiate team, with seven members returning from last year's victorious crew and six of them electing to row. With over twenty applicants we were able to field two crews with everybody having rowed at school. The first eight was the first college crew onto the water, however the necessary selection trials delayed final positions for a week. The first crew competed in the Head of the Yarra and improved its position from last year. The following week, the crew rowed in the Scotch-Mercantile Regatta, where we were eliminated in the semi-finals. Newman at this stage was the dark horse having not rowed in any of the Regattas leading up to the boat race.

Inter-collegiate day saw Trinity defeat Ormond comfortably in the heat, while Newman defeated a very weak Queen's by the proverbial "bridge". In the final Trinity started favourites, but most people expected a close race. However, the Newman crew surprised everyone by winning easily, only their third victory ever.

Three of the crew tried out and were selected for a club Junior eight with an enjoyable trip to Brisbane for the Nationals and the Intervarsity at Franklin, Tasmania. Congratulations must go to Jim Lowe and Bruce Longden for being members of the victorious Melbourne University Intervarsity Eight.

In retrospect, experienced people on the bank have said that this year's College crew did not have the sharpness of last year's crew. With the Inter-collegiate season always so short, one wonders whether an oarsman who has not rowed since last year can reach racing peak in time. This is especially so, if his last row was only a short Inter-collegiate season the year before. This fact is surely illustrated by Newman this year, who not having nearly as many Public School first eight oarsmen, can win so comfortably because of their racing peak. All of them rowing competitively during the summer season.

It is therefore a shame that those who do want to win the Mervyn Higgins Trophy back and have the ability to do so, do not take a greater interest in their sport and the strong

FIRST EIGHT

Standing: J.S. SHACKELL, R.G. YOUNG, J.H. LOWE, M. FULLERTON.
Seated: E.S. SHACKELL, G.N. LONGDEN, J.A. NETTLE, B.W. LONGDEN.



University Club. This being very enjoyable for those who do belong.

This year College rowing has not stopped with the College Boat race. Due to the state of the boats, the present oarsmen led by a committee of Messers John Shackell, Peter Butler and Greg Longden, aim to arrange finance for a new or near new racing eight. The committee feel that with proper organisation and appeals that this will be possible for 1976.

Greg Longden

SECOND EIGHT

Standing: A.T. FORD, P.L. CHAMPNESS, W.P. SLOANE, S.C. CHESTERMAN.
Seated: C.P.K. BUSH, P.M. BUTLER, M.R. THOMPSON, R.K. BULLEN.



SECOND EIGHT

The gentlemen's crew showed a little more promise this year, as the eight who presented themselves on the banks one chilly morning all claimed to have pulled an oar before. The difficulty was that no equally experienced cox was apparent. One young lady was a hot contender for the seat, but the chaps on the ICD didn't seem to like the idea. Thanks anyway Lou! Finally settling on what turned out to be an exceptionally fine cox (Alan Ford), the crew commenced serious training.

Strength was seen in the 'Myra Rourke II' such as the old boat hadn't felt since '59 and the sturdy craft leapt into a life and speed such as is rarely seen. Slight trouble with the unhappy rocking sensation, and with the timing were soon brought into line by another son of the gentlemen's crew — Rus. Knight, proud coach.

Word reached the crew a week before the big race that Ormond wasn't in the running. Newman was the one to beat (apologies to Bill Collins). This proved correct, but in the Final the Trinity crew showed what superior tactics and strength could do and pulled ahead slightly before the last bridge. The first gentlemen's crew to win for 15 years returned home to Naughtons, tired but happy.

Peter Butler

ATHLETICS

Individual results: L. Lyle, 2nd 400m, 3rd 200m, 3rd 100m, S. Fowler, 4th shot put. S. Kraemers, 4th discus.

Wednesday April 30th brought the mournful awakening to moaning, groaning birds.

Chaotic morning: Dencorub swapping, ray lamps, limping; pulled this and thats, stiff that and thises, broken thisays, fractured thardays. . . Were we going to have any girl left in tact? The worry really set in when the 4 x 100m relays no. 2 seed couldn't even make it to the second floor of Cowan — by god, how was she going to pass the baton, when she couldn't even cope with pass the Dencor?

Midmorning: Steaks, if the nerves could keep them down.

2.00: During intermittent dashes onto the track (the secret was to be quick enough to escape the critical glances of the College males and yet not over do things and wear yourself out).

Warm up: Most of the knees had been shaking all morning, so no need for that.

Practice starts: ? oh yes, let's see. . . I did one in prep, and one at the heats yesterday. They say third time lucky, so no need for them either. Let's just hope they've sorted out which is the discus and which the shot put, and that they jump over the high jump bar, and don't think that the 100m sprint, and by god I hope they realise they have to throw the javelin and don't score points for just lifting it! This was the tension-packed jumble of fears that flashed through the mind on the verge of the opening event, as one looked around to survey the rather dubious talents of our somewhat depleted TCWAT. Gee, we didn't have many reps, it was true. Unfortunately, the great challenge lay in the laps of a very few. . . But these few proved tremendous — enthusiastic and determined. Especially the capable, competent and co-operative Sandy Wilson, Lynne Beynon and Sue Fowler.

ATHLETICS

Standing: R.D. WATERSON, W.J. WRIGHT, M.J. BAILEY;
S.C. CHESTERMAN, D.R. BELLFIELD,
C.R. CAMPBELL, M.R. THOMPSON,
C. HARDHAM.

Seated: S.M. KRAEMERS, M. MILNE, J.E. DARBY,
L. LYLE, R.G. YOUNG, S. FOWLER,
L.D. BEYNON, M. FULLERTON.



Well, we battled it out
And did not disgrace,
But let's hope next year
We'll gain first place

P.S. Girls, if you are interested in crushing the super ego of the traditional Trinity male brawnist, I do think that Athletics is an area where you can successfully excel with comparatively little stress and strain, but just alot more effort — how about some for 1976?

Lou Lyle

Lack of depth in certain events ensured our second position despite great team spirit, aided by some outstanding individual performances.

The team, ably captained by Roy Young, watched his sizzling training runs, only to see him run the worst Hurdles race of his career. Bill Wright, Scott Chesterman and Bill Gillies led a strong middle-distance team, who put in good performances against State 800 champion and Newman captain, John Birmingham. Peter Clarke won the Shotput event with an enormous groin, and performed well in the Javelin and Discus events. Dean Bellfield came a creditable third in the High Jump.

However, the most exciting event of the day, was the crushing win by the 4 x 100 relay team. Mike Thompson started, then Chris Hardman ran a brilliant second leg to give us a winning lead and passed the baton to Rob Whitehead, who also ran a good booster leg to anchorman, Mike Fullerton. He finished with a 10 yd. victory.

Generally a good day was had by all, who agreed that heavy training was worth it. A fine reception was held in the captain's room that night, refreshment with the compliments of the T.C.A.C. Committee.

Roy Young

SQUASH

1975 wasn't to be one of our top Squash years, meeting the eventual winners, Newman in the semi-final. It was not through lack of enthusiasm that the boys failed to bring the title home, as many more players than usual turned out to try and make the "big time". Those vital qualities of guts and determination became evident as the field was narrowed down until finally we had a pretty hot team of five players (and a reserve).

Our first encounter was against Ridley, and as expected, the power and strength of the Trinity men were too much, crushing the opposition 4-1. In the meantime we gained valuable practice by playing last year's winners I.H. in preparation for the difficult match ahead against Newman. Realising the result of this match would decide the final result of the competition, we gave our all, but only to be beaten 4-1 by a slightly better team in a very hard and closely fought match. The team was Gom Tuthrie, Non Roone, Hian Bollands, Heter Peinz, Mill Paxwell, and Slon Rocombe.



SQUASH

Standing: B.P. HOLLANDS, P.T. HEINZ, P. MAXWELL,
R.M. NOONE, R.A. SLOCOMBE.
Seated: L. LYLE, L.D. BEYNON, T.A.A. GUTHRIE,
S. FOWLER, J. EDWARDS, J.H. WARNOCK.

The women, after being informed about the squash matches at very short notice, managed to field a team which enabled us to win against St. Hilda's, but lose to Women's. The players against Women's were Sue Fowler — who was the only one to win a game in this match — Sandy Wilson, Lou Lyle and Lynne Beynon. Against St. Hilda's there was a switch in the team due to the unavailability of players, and thanks must go to Julie Warnock and Jacki Edwards who filled in magnificently by winning both their games.

Lynne Beynon

SWIMMING

Although we were not brilliantly successful our team number rose dramatically from one in 1974 to eight this year! This meant that we were at least able to enter every event available for competition.

Our team finished seventh overall, with JCH and St. Mary's Colleges still predominantly female following behind us. Liz Henham came third in the fifty metres and also in the one metre dive. Maxine MacDonald showed the most determination, spirit and courage of all by swimming in two of the most demanding events — the 100 metres freestyle and the 25 metres butterfly — gaining fifth place in each. Lesley Moodie swam very well in the 50 metres breaststroke to take fourth place. Fiona Pierce, Jackie Edwards and Lynne Beynon all swam extremely well in the freestyle and medley relays, in which we finished fourth and fifth respectively. Lou Lyle made a gallant attempt at the most strenuous event of the evening — the 25 metres dog paddle — however she suffered a violent attack of laughter half way along the course which marred her usual style.

I am sure this year has been the precedent for many winning teams of the future.

Lizard



SWIMMING

Standing: P.L. CHAMPNESS, R.M. NOONE, J.C. HALL.
Seated: S.M. KRAEMERS, J. EDWARDS, L. LYLE,
E.M. HENHAM, M.A. MacDONALD,
L.D. BEYNON

The swimming team trained harder than in the previous years for 2-3 weeks before the competition. Judging on last year's performance, and with new blood in the team, I thought we may have broken the consecutive run of third places. We did — the wrong way. Ian Dungey was swimming well, along with Tim Cass and Peter Trembath, all newcomers to the team. Ron Noone showed great sprinting speed, and for the diving Tim Lewis plunged with a splash to meet the occasion. Mark Elliott swam the breaststroke reasonably quickly.

We were lucky enough to get a winner in every trial's event. This we looked forward to the carnival. Although we didn't win any events this year we swam consistently to 2nd, 3rd and 4th placings. Ormond and Queens were stronger than usual, battling over the first places. The points up to the relays (the most important events) showed us coming third, with Newman close behind.

The medley relay — fine, we came third, Newman fourth. This put them a few more points behind. Then the free-style relay. We must beat Newman to remain third — last lap just a head in front — touch, Newman had beaten us by an incalculable amount — which put us into fourth place.

More points in the individual events could have brought us to third. Oh well, such is sport. And after light sustenance in my room, everyone felt confident that yet again Trinity will outswim the Crescent colleges — maybe next year.

Jono



HOCKEY

Standing: E.L. WHITTEM, S.C. CHESTERMAN, J.M. BUTLER, C. HARDMAN, A.M. DIX, P.W. COLLINSON, J.H. WARNOCK, J. FLETCHER, M.A. MacDONALD.
Seated: L.D. BEYNON, E.Mc. CONNOR, L.A. ROBIN, E.F. HOOKEY, S.J. ROSS, A.C. HOLLOWAY.

HOCKEY

The first round of the knockout hockey competition was held on the first Sunday of Second Term. This left little time for important match practice to be obtained. Thus Trinity went into their all important first match against Ormond with no experience together as a team. With only a few regular players such as Peter Watts and Peter Collinson, the team played well individually, but lacked any system up front, and some experience on the back line.

The result was a loss to Ormond of 7-0, but I feel that the score was not a real indication of the evenness of the game. Basically Ormond were able to capitalise on their opportunities much better than Trinity.

With that loss Trinity was out of the competition and the College hockey season was over just five days after it had started.

My thanks go to the team who gave up their Sunday lunch to play.

Bruce Longden

The inaugural match of the Trinity Women's Hockey Team took place at Royal Park on Sunday 20th July. The team gallantly took its place on the field prepared to meet the devastating team from Women's College — armed to the hilt with hockey sticks and other paraphernalia, prepared to meet our fate. With enthusiastic moans from the crowd, (enticed by bribes) sarcastic comments from biased supporters, and with screams of agony and despair from our magnificent trio of coaches, Bruce and Greg Longden, and Bruck (the Builder) Gordon. Unfortunately our attempts to master the game were not very successful, losing the match in consequence, 11-0.

Sunday, 27th July, dawned and with undaunted enthusiasm, the team took to the field again — this time with more determination and less afraid of flying sticks, boots etc. We met the gorillas from Queen's. With numerous ruthless tactics employed somewhat illegally by our backs — Maxine and her phobia about pulling peoples' sticks out of their hands. Our forwards deciding to barrel their way

through the Queen's backs were finally successful and the first goal for the team was scored by Enid (Hockey) Hookey. However, our jubilation was short-lived, and yet again we were defeated by 3-1. We dragged ourselves from the field, red-faced Libby Robin, ricky-kneed Warnock, and Lyn Beynon with the mouthguard.

Even though our faithful goalie Anne Holloway promised to buy us all a copy of the Hockey rules, after drowning our sorrows, "celebrating" at Friday dinner, we were more determined than ever that 1976 will be the year of the Trinity Women's Hockey Team.

Sue Fowler

WOMEN'S NETBALL

The women's netball was a most unorganised (like all the women's sports) afternoon where each College got a chance to play against four others. Our draw was Women's, Ormond, St. Mary's and St. Hilda's.

The first match started off a bit disastrously, since we hadn't had any practice and many of us were desperately trying to remember back to school days for the rules.

Needless to say, we lost.

However, in the second match our undying enthusiasm combined with the desperate vocal support of our able centre, Lou Lyle, was too much for Ormond whom we managed to defeat soundly.

The third match we began with great confidence, but towards the end we found the pace a bit much and were struggling to keep up with St. Mary's. Realising that something drastic had to be done Robina Steiner, while valiantly trying to stop St. Mary's from scoring, fell over, hitting her head soundly on the tar. This had the effect of interrupting the tense game while, unhappily, Robina was carted off to hospital with concussion. She is quite recovered now. Despite these shock tactics by Robina the goaling ability of Elaine Connor and Lynne Beynon was not sufficient for victory.

The fourth match was comparatively subdued, due to the loss of our key defence player and our spirits were down. Not even all of the running of Julie Warnock in attack was able to raise the side and so we left defeated.

Lynne Beynon

WOMEN'S NETBALL & BASKETBALL

Standing: S. FOWLER, J.H. WARNOCK, L.D. BEYNON.
Seated: E.Mc. CONNOR, M. MILNE, L. LYLE, S.L. PEAKE.
Absent: R. STEINER.



BASKETBALL

Trinity College basketball team this year completed the Inter-collegiate season in fine style by failing to lose any of the last three games. This performance, however, was overshadowed by our failure to win any of the first four.

Putting up a good performance against a too strong all round Whitley we managed to get within 13 points of their winning score. No excuse for losing to I.H.

But now, playing as a team, we were confident of better things, when we fielded what was to be our strongest team against Ormond. It also proved to be our biggest defeat. Our best performance was against Newman where a gallery of spectators (mainly drunken second XVIII players in fine form) watched the home team lose by 3 points in the last 15 seconds of the match.

With a somewhat sketchy side (one totally and two partially inebriated players out of six) we convincingly inflicted our first defeat for the season upon Queen's, winning by a point. Players and spectators viewed the tactics employed by the coach in the last two minutes of the game as somewhat dubious.

Fresh and remembering the taste of victory we coasted to an easy win defeating St. Hilda's/J.C.H., 33-6. Our last game against Ridley, was an unwelcome challenge where we scraped in by 4 points.

The following Tuesday was probably our most perfected performance when players, supporters and others promptly demolished 64 (67) bottles of assorted beers. A truly memorable night.

Thanks to our small loyal band of supporters and the cast of thousands who provided their entertainment.

Lawrence Littlechild

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Standing: R.A. SLOCOMBE, R.L.J. LYLE, C. DOMPIETRO,

R.M. NOONE.

Seated: D.J. ROSS-EDWARDS, R.C. MULDER,
L.R. LITTLECHILD, N.G. BAILEY,
D.R. BELLFIELD.



FIRST EIGHTEEN

This year Trinnars First Eighteen, yet again did not quite have the ability to match the finalists Ormond and Newman. We played two practice games in First Term, the first against Wesley College, and the second at Corio against Geelong Grammar. In those games and at Sunday morning training, I had the opportunity to look at many of the new players.

Until the first game the other three colleges had been worried by our enthusiasm on the training track. But any rumours that we had a team likely to upset the domination of Ormond and Newman were squashed, when Newman gave us our biggest thrashing for some years.

However, against Queen's we were a different team. We outplayed them in every department to win by fifteen goals. In the first quarter of the Ormond game it looked as though we were going to give them the same treatment. But the opposition got on top, and the lead they had gained by the end of the third quarter proved to be a winning one. The second round turned out to be a complete waste of time; the overall results being identical to the first.

Congratulations go to Rod Lyle for winning the Best and Fairest Award, as he was undoubtedly the outstanding player in the series. Full marks to Newman for their success, for the second year running. Let's hope that Trinnars with its many promising first year players can end Newman's winning run.

Dave Ross-Edwards

SECOND EIGHTEEN

In the opening match of the season we defeated the Ormond All Stars for the first time in College history. Participation came from all sections of the College; from the first years through to the Dean, Rod Fawns, a nippy left footer who, rumour has it, didn't start all the fights on the forward line. The win was deserved, as most had put in the effort before-hand with practice matches and training.

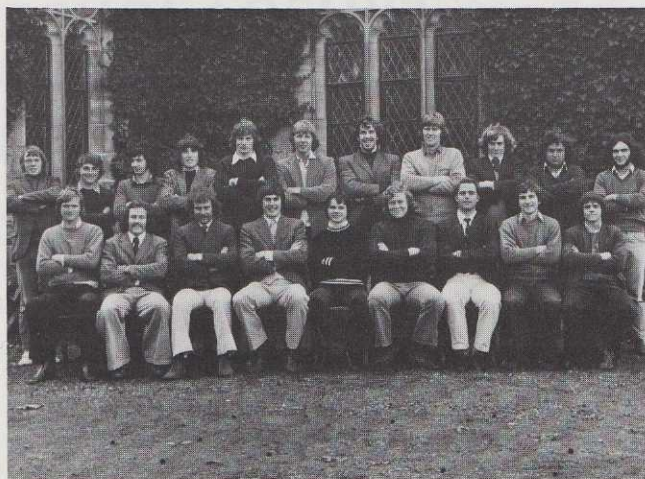
Whitley, dropped from the First's competition last year, proved to be our toughest and costliest match; we went down by 11 points. With three minutes to go in the last quarter we were leading, but depletion of our original side by injury, and a good team effort from Whitley, were the factors that saw them through the final stages.

In the last game of the season against Queen's, Trinity won by eleven goals, a margin that should have been far greater had we kicked more accurately. Trinity Seconds did not make the finals because of poor percentage. The team over the season was determined and spirited; the effort was there all year. We paid the penalty for losing the match against Whitley, the team that ran away from I.H. in the Grand Final, to win by six goals.

Participation off the field wasn't lacking; the new carpets on the top floor of Jeopardy took a beating. The entrance test for the after-the-game party was tough. Harley and Elsdon will testify, Pete Horsburgh's a mean bouncer.

Peter Le Souef won the vote counting with 12 points from Tim Ross-Edwards, Pete Horsburgh and Paul Stokes on 6 points. Pete's performance was gutsy and consistent, as he averaged 4 points out of the possible 6 per game for the three matches played.

Ron Slocombe



FIRST EIGHTEEN

Standing: R.D. WATERSON, P.B. LeSQUEF, A.T. FORD,
B.P. HOLLANDS, L.R. LITTLECHILD,
P.R.J.J. CLARKE, D.R.M. BELLFIELD,
P. MAXWELL, P.J. HORSBURGH, D.C. RENTON.
Seated: W.F. GILLIES, H. BELLCHAMBERS,
D.R. HOOD, D.J. ROSS-EDWARDS,
R.L.J. LYLE, N.G. BAILEY, E.S. SHACKELL,
G. PILKINGTON, P.R. TREMBATH.



SECOND EIGHTEEN

Standing: A.M. DIX, W.J. WRIGHT, J.S. SHACKELL,
C.R. CAMPBELL, L.R. LITTLECHILD,
J.R. McPHEE, P.J. HORSBURGH,
T.A.A. GUTHRIE, G. PILKINGTON.
Seated: W.F. GILLIES, P. MAXWELL, P.B. LeSQUEF,
R.A. SLOCOMBE, R.L. LYLE, C.R. LeSQUEF,
M.R. THOMPSON, P. CUDLIPP.

RUGBY

The Rugby season started quite early this year, due mainly to the incessant desire by the majority of the team. After listening to their continual demands and constant requests, the coach finally consented to training on the Uni. oval. These were wonderful times, full of joy and tranquility, and it was unfortunate that they had to cease because of the fogs and mists. After some weeping and wailing, training began again in the afternoons on the Bulpaddock.

Thanks to the efforts of Bill Gillies, a few trial matches were arranged, the first against Brighton Grammar. The team looked resplendent in their gear. (Jersey designed by one Doug Lord), and played accordingly, easily beating the school side by 30 points. We travelled to Geelong Grammar for the second trial game a little over-confident with the result we were beaten in a hard, even game, 12-8. That particular match was valuable practice and new recruits were added to the training squad. The third trial game against Melbourne Grammar failed to eventuate, and we had to proceed into the Intercollegiate rounds with only two games to our credit.

The first match against Newman College was extremely important for Cowan Cup points and the selectors Andy Knowles, Bill Gilles and Ron Noone had a difficult task picking the fifteen. Of the twenty players in the squad, very few were above anyone else, this was particularly so in the forwards. The match proved to be somewhat of a disaster, not so much in the final scores, but rather in the way that Trinity gave away so many penalties which were converted by an excellent Newman kicker.

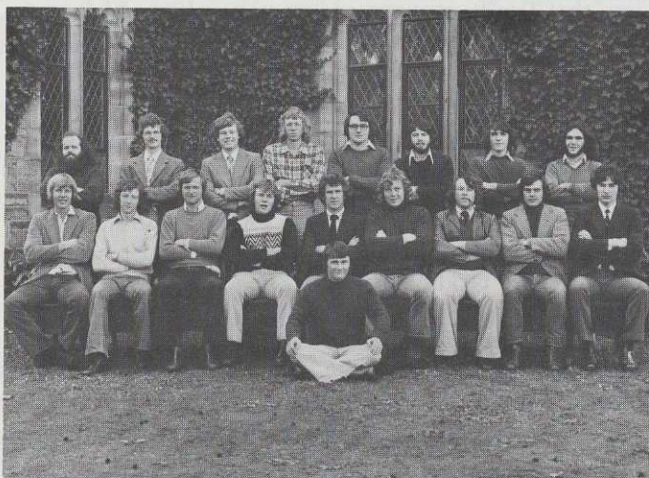
The team learned very quickly from the mistakes and went into the second match against Ormond, a much improved combination. The favoured Ormond team failed to score any points against an aggressive Trinity team. The backs defence was magnificent, with Ron Slocombe and Doug Renton tackling their opposite numbers every time they got the ball. John McPhee was so taken away by this that he decided to have some of the action also — but unfortunately the ball was quite some distance from the man he tackled.

Doug Lord, Nick Bailey, Geoff Nettle and Bill Gillies all had a superb match. This win against Ormond, plus Queen's forfeit, gave Trinity a chance for the finals. A drawn match between Newman and Ormond confirmed the placing. Training became more serious. Pete Sloane decided to play again and Peter Cudlipp worked on his knee to regain fitness. Unfortunately we lost Vice-Captain, Andy Knowles who was injured in the match against Ormond. The team showed marked improvement at training and after a film night the team went into the game well prepared. After losing an important toss Trinity failed to capitalise on the advantage of wind and slope they had in the first half. The forward pack were not working well and the backs failed to finish off movements. The loss of Peter Cudlipp, early in the game upset positions somewhat. But soon the forwards began to combine with vigour and were unfortunate not to break through after a planned move. Doug Lord backed up very well to charge just before half-time, but unfortunately, the conversion attempt failed and the half-time score was 6-3, for Newman.

Urged on by the large Trinity crowd the team put every effort into the second half, running against the wind and the slope. Our forwards excelled themselves with Bob Mulder and John McPhee winning the lineouts and Andy Kelly, Nick Bailey and Bob Mulder doing some fine work in the scrums. There was plenty of weight from Nettle, Hall and Nick Bailey resulting in Trinity receiving the majority of possession. The backs worked well to break through, but in our eagerness to attack we were not alert to defence, letting Newman score wide out. At 10-3, the game could have slipped away and it was very pleasing to see the team come back and continue the assault. Ron Slocombe calmly dropped a field goal and we were right back in it. Ian Boyd-Law, the half-back, improved with every game and continued to give great service to the backs. Trinity broke through several times but failed to finish off the movements. A dropped ball ten yards out with the line open was perhaps our best chance. Newman played very well and were gracious enough (or perhaps stupid enough) to invite the players back for drinks that night. I think the Trinity players told them what great blokes they were, drank all their free grog, and wandered home quite happy.

I must thank all the supporters, and extras who encouraged us along the way and a special thanks to all the players for their efforts through the season. We can look forward to '76 with some confidence.

Mick Potter



RUGBY

Standing: M.W. POTTER, E. STOREY, M.J. BAILEY, R.C. MULDER, W.P. SLOANE, C.G. HARDHAM, T.A.A. GUTHRIE, M.R. THOMPSON, D.C. RENTON.
Seated: J.R. MCPHEE, R.A. SLOCOMBE, W.F. GILLIES, P.J. CUDLIPP, R.M. NOONE, N.G. BAILEY, J.C. HALL, D.R. LORD, J.A. NETTLE.
Front: A.R. KELLY.

SOCCER

Trinity again fielded a team for the unofficial matches against rival colleges. This "funny game with the round ball" was able to fill a gap left by more competitive sports, by providing a sport without the "pressure of winning" looming over everyone's heads.

Actually the team was surprised how well we played considering the lack of experience and talent. The rare

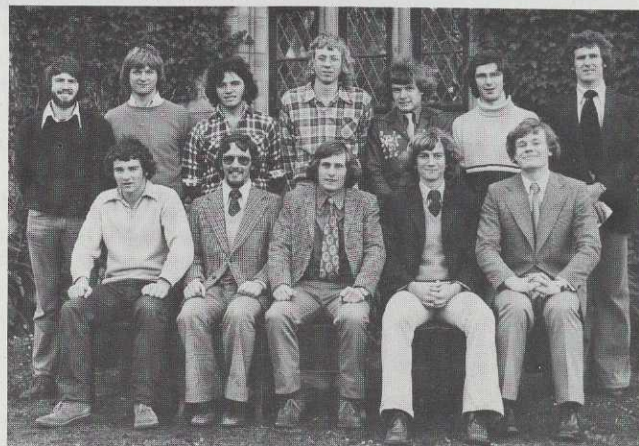
honours of goal scoring for the first two matches, go to Tony (Tornado) Craig and Phil (Feet) Maxwell. Next closest was Paul (Missed Again) Stokes who narrowly missed four goals in one half.

Other notorieties in the team were Gino (Guts) Dompietro, Rob (Reckless) Mulder, Mark (Marauder) Elliot, Ron (Nimble) Noone, Peter (Wild) Watts, Steve (Chopper) Hore, Hugh (Hurricane) Palmer, Ted (Kamakazi) Whittem, Marcus (Muddle) Holmes, Rick (Boots) Potter, and George (Dynamo) Gulczynski.

Rick Potter

SOCCER

Standing: C.G. HARDHAM, W.F. GILLIES, G. DOMPIETRO, R.C. MULDER, T.L.B. WHITTEM, P.J. WATTS, R.M. NOONE.
Seated: M.G. ELLIOTT, A.H.L. CRAIG, R.R. POTTER, P. MAXWELL, M.J. BAILEY.



GOLF

The Trinity College Golf Team was as enthusiastic as ever this year in their attempt to retain the Golf Trophy which had rarely left the Dining Hall in recent years. Unfortunately this was going to be one of those rare occasions. Trinity was easily the best qualifier in the morning elimination rounds and appeared set to win the match play against Ormond that afternoon. However, we could not produce our early form and the final developed into a close struggle with Trinity eventually losing 4 to 3.

Peter Collinson

GOLF

Standing: P.W. COLLINSON, J.S. SHACKELL, C.R. LeSQUEF.
Seated: E.S. SHACKELL, S.M. KRAEMERS, P.J. CUDLIPP, S. FOWLER, G. INGROUILLE.



SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS PRIZES 1974

- Michael Francis MacNamara** (Shared)
Administrative Law —
John Madden Exhibition.
- John McLaren Emmerson**
Advanced Constitutional Law —
Harrison Moore Exhibition
- John David Scarlett** (Shared)
Anatomy Including Histology and
Embryology (Div. 2 MBBS)
Dwight's Prize
- John David Scarlett**
T.F. Ryan Prize
- William David Harbison**
Animal Reproduction —
National Bank of Australasia Prize
- Michael Schwarz** (Shared)
Biochemistry (3rd year MBBS) —
Exhibition
- Jonathan William Serpell** (Shared)
Chemistry (Div. 1 MBBS) —
Exhibition
- Peter Greville McKay** (Shared)
Chemistry (1st year) —
Dwight's Prize
- Peter Greville McKay** (Shared)
Exhibition
- John Leslie Edward Beavis**
Civil Engineering Part 1 —
Fluid Mechanics Section —
W.M. McPherson Exhibition
- Geoffrey Alexander Nice**
Conservative Dentistry B —
James Monahan Lewis Prize in
Periodontology
- Alan Walter Pollard**
Dental Science —
John Iliffe Scholarship — 3rd year
- John McLaren Emmerson**
Executors and Trustees —
John Madden Exhibition
- Paul Sandon Turner**
Germanic Studies
— Final Examination in Arts
— R.G. Wilson Scholarship
- Christopher Murray Maxwell**
History — Final Examination in
Arts — Margaret Kiddle Prize
— Essay
- James Michael Butler** (Shared)
Latin Part 2
— Douglas Howard Exhibition

- Robert Clive Springall** (Shared)
Law of Labour Relations — Spero
Wilson Memorial Scholarship
- John McLaren Emmerson**
Laws — LL.B. with Honours
— E.J.B. Nunn Scholarship
- John McLaren Emmerson**
Supreme Court Prize
- John Eric Middleton**
Legal Persons
— Robert Craig Exhibition
- John David Scarlett** (Shared)
Medical Psychology (Div. 2 MBBS)
— Geigy Prize
- Prudence Ann Hill**
Medicine — Div. 4 (6th year MBBS)
— Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship
- Prudence Ann Hill**
Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship
- David McRae Russell**
Clinical Medicine — Jamieson Prize
- Prudence Ann Hill**
Medical Officers of Health,
Section of A.M.A. Prize
- Michael Francis MacNamara**
Mercantile Law
— Supreme Court Exhibition
- Colin James Taylor**
Music — 1st year Bachelor of Music
— Ormond Exhibition
- Ronald Charles Warner**
Physics (3rd year)
— Dixson Scholarship
- Michael Schwarz**
Physiology Including Pharmacology
— Div. 2 MBBS — Boots Prize
- Adrian Neil Jones** (Shared)
Principles of Contract
— Jessie Leggatt Scholarship
- John Eric Middleton**
Principles of Evidence
— Supreme Court Exhibition
- John Eric Middleton**
Research Project (LL.B.) — Spero
Wilson Memorial Scholarship
- John McLaren Emmerson**
Securities and Creditors' Rights
— Sir Charles Lowe Prize
- Prudence Ann Hill** (Shared)
Surgery — Div. 4 (6th year) MBBS
— Beaney Scholarship
- Prudence Ann Hill** (Shared)
— Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship
- Prudence Ann Hill**
Surgical Paediatrics
— Clara Myers Prize

- John McLaren Emmerson** (Shared)
Taxation — Spero Wilson
Memorial Scholarship
- Thomas Johnston Reid**
The Law of Torts
— J.R. Maguire Exhibition
- Robert Arthur Hilton**
Veterinary Pathology
— Harold E. Albiston Prize
- Robert Arthur Hilton**
Veterinary Science
— Dwight's Prize (4th year)
- William David Harbison**
Veterinary Surgery
— Memorial Prize

Theological Studentships

- Holden, C.
Hunter, J.R.M.
Noone, R.
Oddy, A.
Potter, M.
Seton, C.

Fellowships:

- White, P.J.V.
Falkiner

Scholarships:

- Major — Alcock
Phillips, R.E.
Turner, J.C.
Major — Armytage
Elliott, D.L.
Major — Berthon
Porter, L.K.
Major — Clarke
Collins, N.J.
Soon, J.
Major — Grice
Soon, J.
Major — C. Hebden
Butler, J.M.
Fethers, C.D.
Hamilton, W.A.
Storey, E.
Major — E. Hebden
Harvey, P.A.
Potter, R.R.
Robin, E.A.
Major — Miller
Fitzgerald, T.
Major — Perry
Potter, R.R.
Major — Thompson
Nettle, G.A.
Major — White
Griffiths, J.
Strazzera, A.
Wright, W.
Major — Wynne
Hilton, R.A.

Minor

Bickley, C.J. Bush, C.P.K.
Churchman, J.G. Glover, J.S. Henham, E.M.
Jackson, L.R. Rischitelli, J. Scott, P.C.

Non-Resident Exhibitions

Bugg, P. McK. Cook, D.J. Cunningham, T.J.
Griffiths, T.R. Lair, R.K.
Sampford, C.J.G. Scarlett, J.D. Schwarz, M.
Serpell, J. Turner, P.S. Wyatt, B.H.

FIRST CLASS HONOURS, 1974

Adams, M.I.D.
Science (2nd year)

Butler, J.M.
Latin 2

Deans, G.E.
Chemistry 1 (Vet. Course)

Dix, A.M.
Accountancy 1

Dow, N.G.
Science (1st year)

Emmerson, J.M.
Equity; Principles of Evidence;
Advanced Constitutional Law;
Taxation; Executors and Trustees;
Securities and Creditors' Rights.

Fitzgerald, T.A.D.
Music B; Practical Study 2A.

Goddard, P.L.
Geography (2nd year)

Mitchell, P.A.
Science (2nd year)

Nettle, G.A.A.
Law of Torts;
Principles of Evidence.

Norris, R.J.
Chemistry 1 (Med. Course)

Reeve, L.J.
History 1B

Taylor, C.J.
Music A;
Practical Study 1A.

Turner, P.S.
Germanic Studies (Final year)

SECOND CLASS HONOURS, 1974

Atkinson, R.A.
Veterinary Histology

Bell, P.L.
Introduction to Engineering

Bird, K.R.D.
Biochemistry 1
(Agriculture and Forestry)

Bullen, R.K.
Introduction to Engineering

Butler, J.M.
French 2

Churchill, J.D.
Mathematics 2B

Coffey, R.A.
Geography (2nd year)

Collinson, P.W.
History 1B; Politics 1;
Legal Process; Criminal Law.

Curtis, D.C.
Politics 1

Davidson, B.W.R.
Politics 1

Edney, A.A.
Criminal Law

Evans, D.L.
Introduction to Engineering;
Chemistry (Eng.);
Mathematics 1; Physics (Eng.).

Gibson, I.F.
Photogrammetry 1

Glover, J.S.
Honours History 3H;
Honours History 3T;
Principles of Property.

Henham, E.M.
English 1; Philosophy 1A;
Politics 1.

Hill, S.T.
Biology (Med Course);
Chemistry (Med Course).

Hubel, E.E.
Germanic Studies 4;
Honours Philosophy 4T;
Honours Philosophy 4U.

Jaffe, D.A.
Honours Fine Arts 3F;
Honours Fine Arts 3K.

Jones, R.L.
History 1A

Kirkman, B.J.
Economic Geography 1

Longden, G.N.
Engineering Mathematics 2;
Applied Optics

McDonald, R.H.
History 1B

McLeod, A.L.
Conservative Dentistry A;
Microbiology

McNaughton, D.R.
Politics 1

Millar, C.J.
Chemistry (Med Course)

Nettle, G.A.A.
Equity; Constitutional Law;
Family Law.

Norris, R.J.
Medical Studies 1;
Biology (Med Course);
Physics (Med Course).

Phillips, R.E.
Microbiology and Epidemiology;
Pathology; Applied Pharmacology.

Pollard, A.W.
Conservative Dentistry A;
Pathology.

Porter, L.K.
Honours Philosophy 3HC;
Honours Philosophy 3H3.

Prytz, T.R.
Politics 1

Reeve, L.J.
English 1; Fine Arts 1A;
History 1A.

Reynolds, G.G.
Chemistry 1 (Applied Science);
Physics A.

Robinson, B.J.
Chemistry (Eng. Course)

Rogers, D.F.
Oral Anatomy and Histology

Roufail, S.
Dynamics of Machines

Scott, P.C.
Science (3rd year)

See, K.W.
Production Engineering

Shand, M.W.
Equity; Administrative Law.

Slattery, J.M.S.
Constitutional Law

Sloan, J.G.
Economic History A

Soon, J.
Accountancy 1;
Economic History A;
Economics A.

Stabler, P.J.
Principles of Property

Thomas, D.B.
Economics C6

Wright, W.J.
Science (2nd year)

Youl, B.D.
Biology (Med Course);
Physics (Med Course).

Young, R.G.
Economics A

COMMITTEE OF THE FLUER de LYS

H. BELLCHAMBERS, P.A. HARVEY, E.A. ROWAN,
E.S. SHACKELL.



The Fleur de Lys 1975 was edited, printed and published by Philip Harvey and Elizabeth Rowan on behalf of the Trinity College Associated Clubs. Particular thanks must go to Howy and Ed for vehicles and pressure tactics; to Mandy Milne, for the loan of her etching on page seven; to all of the eager photographers — HJN, Mal, Mandy, Libby, Jack Kelly, Ted Whittem, Julia Darby, Tom Guthrie's girlfriend, Siggie, Barney, Scoops, Danny Silver, Rodder McLeish and Blondin Maxwell. One apology could be made to Rick and his hang gliding. Also thanks to those who aided in the Moll one hectic weekend, having to endure the searing vocal gymnastics of the distracted co-editors. Finally we must thank Felix of Globe Press for his advice and patience. The magazine was typeset and printed at the same Globe Press.

VALETE 1974

Adams, M.I.D., Adamson, D.B., Alexander, K.R., Albany, C., Allsop, B.S., Alsop, M., Anderson, S.G., Atkinson, R.A., Azo, K., Batrouney, G.D., Beale, D.A., Bednall, A.B., Bell, P.L., Bird, D., Booth, R.J., Brentnall, T.E., Castellini, A.J., Coffey, R., Collier, N., Cordner, S.M., Crisp, D.D., Curtis, D.C., Churchill, J.O., Dakis, P.G., Dawkins, M.J., Deans, G.E., Deasey, S.L., Dow, N.G., Esser, M., Fitzpatrick, H., Furze, W.R., Gibson, I.F., Gillespie, H.D., Goddard, P., Godfrey, S., Goldsworthy, P.S., Graham, R., Greenwood, T.A., Guilfoyle, K.S., Haskett, M.I., Heinz, M.W., Hill, S.T., Hobson, J.D., Holmes, R.I., Hope, K.L., Jackson, R.O.M., Johnson, R.L., Jones, J.J., Joyce, R.S., Keddie, P., King, I.M., Kirkman, B.J., Koren, F., Lang, A.J., Leonard, R.J., Lewis, D.C.L., Lowrey, R.D., Lush, S.D., Lom, P., MacDonald, I., McLeod, A., McNaughton, D.R., Martin, D., Martin, P.J., Millar, C.J., Mitchell, P., Munckton, M.E., Murphy, B.F., Mills, K.N., Ng, R.J., Nice, P.J., Norbury, M., North, D.A., Oliphant, D.G., Opie, C.J., Piggot, M.S., Pitt, H.A., Pollard, A.W., Quirk, B.E., Prytz, A.R., Rajski, L., Reynolds, G.G., Richardson, D.E., Roper, C.J., Ross, M.L., Rowlands, P.R., Rogers, D.F.M., Runnalls, M.D., Salter, J.N.L., Sear, J.L., See, S., Shand, M., Simmonds, G.J., Slaterry, J.M.S., Stabler, P.J., Stammers, J., Story, R.D., Stephens, A.K., Symons, L.J., Tobin, J.P., Thomas, D.B., Tongs, G., Tran, V.M., Ussher, B.R., Williamson, G., Wilson, C.A., Witham, E., Wriedt, C., Wright, P.M., Youl, B.D., Zeidler, D.A.

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Minor

Bickley, C.J. Bush, C.P.K.
Churchman, J.G. Glover, J.S. Henham, E.M.
Jackson, L.R. Rischitelli, J. Scott, P.C.

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Serpell, J. Turner, P.S. Wyatt, B.H.

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Equity; Principles of Evidence;
Advanced Constitutional Law;
Taxation; Executors and Trustees;
Securities and Creditors' Rights.

Fitzgerald, T.A.D.
Music B; Practical Study 2A.

Goddard, P.L.
Geography (2nd year)

Mitchell, P.A.
Science (2nd year)

Nettle, G.A.A.
Law of Torts;
Principles of Evidence.

Norris, R.J.
Chemistry 1 (Med. Course)

Reeve, L.J.
History 1B

Taylor, C.J.
Music A;
Practical Study 1A.

Turner, P.S.
Germanic Studies (Final year)

SECOND CLASS HONOURS, 1974

Atkinson, R.A.
Veterinary Histology

Bell, P.L.
Introduction to Engineering

Bird, K.R.D.
Biochemistry 1
(Agriculture and Forestry)

Bullen, R.K.
Introduction to Engineering

Butler, J.M.
French 2

Churchill, J.D.
Mathematics 2B

Coffey, R.A.
Geography (2nd year)

Collinson, P.W.
History 1B; Politics 1;
Legal Process; Criminal Law.

Curtis, D.C.
Politics 1

Davidson, B.W.R.
Politics 1

Edney, A.A.
Criminal Law

Evans, D.L.
Introduction to Engineering;
Chemistry (Eng.);
Mathematics 1; Physics (Eng.).

Gibson, I.F.
Photogrammetry 1

Glover, J.S.
Honours History 3H;
Honours History 3T;
Principles of Property.

Henham, E.M.
English 1; Philosophy 1A;
Politics 1.

Hill, S.T.
Biology (Med Course);
Chemistry (Med Course).

Hubel, E.E.
Germanic Studies 4;
Honours Philosophy 4T;
Honours Philosophy 4U.

Jaffe, D.A.
Honours Fine Arts 3F;
Honours Fine Arts 3K.

Jones, R.L.
History 1A

Kirkman, B.J.
Economic Geography 1

Longden, G.N.
Engineering Mathematics 2;
Applied Optics

McDonald, R.H.
History 1B

McLeod, A.L.
Conservative Dentistry A;
Microbiology

McNaughton, D.R.
Politics 1

Millar, C.J.
Chemistry (Med Course)

Nettle, G.A.A.
Equity; Constitutional Law;
Family Law.

Norris, R.J.
Medical Studies 1;
Biology (Med Course);
Physics (Med Course).

Phillips, R.E.
Microbiology and Epidemiology;
Pathology; Applied Pharmacology.

Pollard, A.W.
Conservative Dentistry A;
Pathology.

Porter, L.K.
Honours Philosophy 3HC;
Honours Philosophy 3H3.

Prytz, T.R.
Politics 1

Reeve, L.J.
English 1; Fine Arts 1A;
History 1A.

Reynolds, G.G.
Chemistry 1 (Applied Science);
Physics A.

Robinson, B.J.
Chemistry (Eng. Course)

Rogers, D.F.
Oral Anatomy and Histology

Roufail, S.
Dynamics of Machines

Scott, P.C.
Science (3rd year)

See, K.W.
Production Engineering

Shand, M.W.
Equity; Administrative Law.

Slattery, J.M.S.
Constitutional Law

Sloan, J.G.
Economic History A

Soon, J.
Accountancy 1;
Economic History A;
Economics A.

Stabler, P.J.
Principles of Property

Thomas, D.B.
Economics C6

Wright, W.J.
Science (2nd year)

Youl, B.D.
Biology (Med Course);
Physics (Med Course).

Young, R.G.
Economics A



BACK: G.N. Theys, L.K. Porter, J.H. Lowe, D.C. Renton, L.D. Beynon, C. Seton, D.L. Elliott, P. Maxwell, G. Pilkington, G. Dompietro, B.P. Fuller, N. Martland, L.R. Gilmour, P.W. Collinson, M.W. Johns, L.F. Kennedy, G.C. Laing, R.E. Phillips, P.L. Champness.

FOURTH ROW: P.B. Robinson, J. Rischitelli, S.J. Russell, E.F. Hookey, E. Connor, G.J. Churchman, P.J. Anderson, P.J. Watts, K.D. Holloway, A.F. McDonald, W.A. Hamilton, S.J. Ross, G.J. Bickley, R.C. Mulder, J.R. McPhee, C.R. Campbell, R.J. Moysey, I. Petersen, P.R. Trembath, H.J. Maxwell, P. Hubble, P.J. Cudlipp, B.P. Hollands, G. Robertson, C.G. Hardham, G. Ingrouille, A.L. Goddard.

THIRD ROW: E.B. Canning, W.J. Wright, K. Headlam, M. Milne, P.J. Boaden, P.B. Anderson, P.T. Heinz, L. Lyle, T.A.A. Guthrie, H.J.N. Lees, A.L.B. Bolton, J.M. Fletcher, C.P.K. Bush, S.C. Chesterman, A.H.L. Craig, J.F. Trahair, R.A. Callaghan, C.D. Fethers, F.P. Murphy, R.D. Waterson, J. Bell, A.T. Ford, J.D. Hobson, A.M. Dix, R.K. Bullen, D.L. Evans, R.J. Norris, J.P. Walsh.

SECOND ROW: J.C. Turner, E.A. Robin, J. Edwards, S.L. Peake, J. Lawrence, B.A. Szaday, E.M. Howes, E.L.B. Whitem, R.R. Potter, E.A. Rowan, S.M. Kraemers, P.A. Harvey, M.A. MacDonald, A.G. Holloway, M. Kerley, A. Brown, S. Roufail, W.P. Sloane, R.A. Slocombe, W.F. Gillies, J.E. Darby, A.R. Kelly, P.J. Horsburgh, N.G. Bailey, C.R. Le Souef, P.B. Le Souef, L.R. Littlechild, D.R.M. Bellfield, R. Bouvier.

SEATED: J.C. Hall, D.R. Lord, R.H. McDonald, J.S. Glover, S.F.B. Waters, G.A.A. Nettle, P.M. Butler, J.H. Warnock, M.J. Bailey, W.J. McCormick, P.C. Scott, R.M. Noone, B.W.R. Davidson, H. Bellchambers, J.W.W. Cook, E.S. Shackell, R.L.J. Lyle, D.J. Ross-Edwards, D.R. Hood, L.J. Knight, C.P. Holden, J.M. Butler, M.W. Potter, J.W. Kelly, E.M. Henham, R.P. Sheridan, G.N. Longden, E. Storey, B.W. Longden, J.S. Shackell, S. Fowler, J.R. Hunter.

ABSENT: S.D. A'Beckett, R. McM. Adams, R.H. Anderson, A.T. Barnum, A.P. Bellingham, B.J. Bethune, I. Boyd-Law, B.F. Carpenter, T.J. Cass, C. Chew, M.L. Chin, P.M. Clarke, P.R.J.J. Clarke, D.A. Cole, N.J. Collins, T.T. Dat, I.C. Dungey, M.G. Elliott, L.B. Elliott, T.A.D. Fitzgerald, P.A. Fitzpatrick, C.R. Fitzpatrick, M.J. Fullerton, A. Gordon, B.M. Gordon, N.S.I. Gordon, J.D. Griffiths, G.W. Grubb, P.K.B. Hanscombe, M.B. Holmes, L.R. Jackson, D.A. Jaffe, M.J. Jelbart, R. Jones, A.M. Knowles, P.R.E. Lane, C.J. Lee, T.J. Lewis, R. Lim, R.A. MacQuarie, J.L. Madders, G.D. Millar, L.K. Moodie, R. Muir, H.A. Palmer, C. Piesse, F.M. Pierce, R.D. Plunkett, G.C. Ponder, N.R.G. Robertson, B.J. Robinson, W.W. Ross, T.P.J. Ross-Edwards, J.A. Sevier, D. Silver, J.G. Sloane, J.A.B. Soon, R. Steiner, M.R. Stephens, P.A. Stokes, A.G.V. Strazzera, R. Stretton, G. Tenni, M.R. Thompson, E. Varigos, V.A. Vinci, H.J. White, J.C. White, P.J.W. White, M.A. Williamson, S.I. Wilson, A. Woodhouse.

