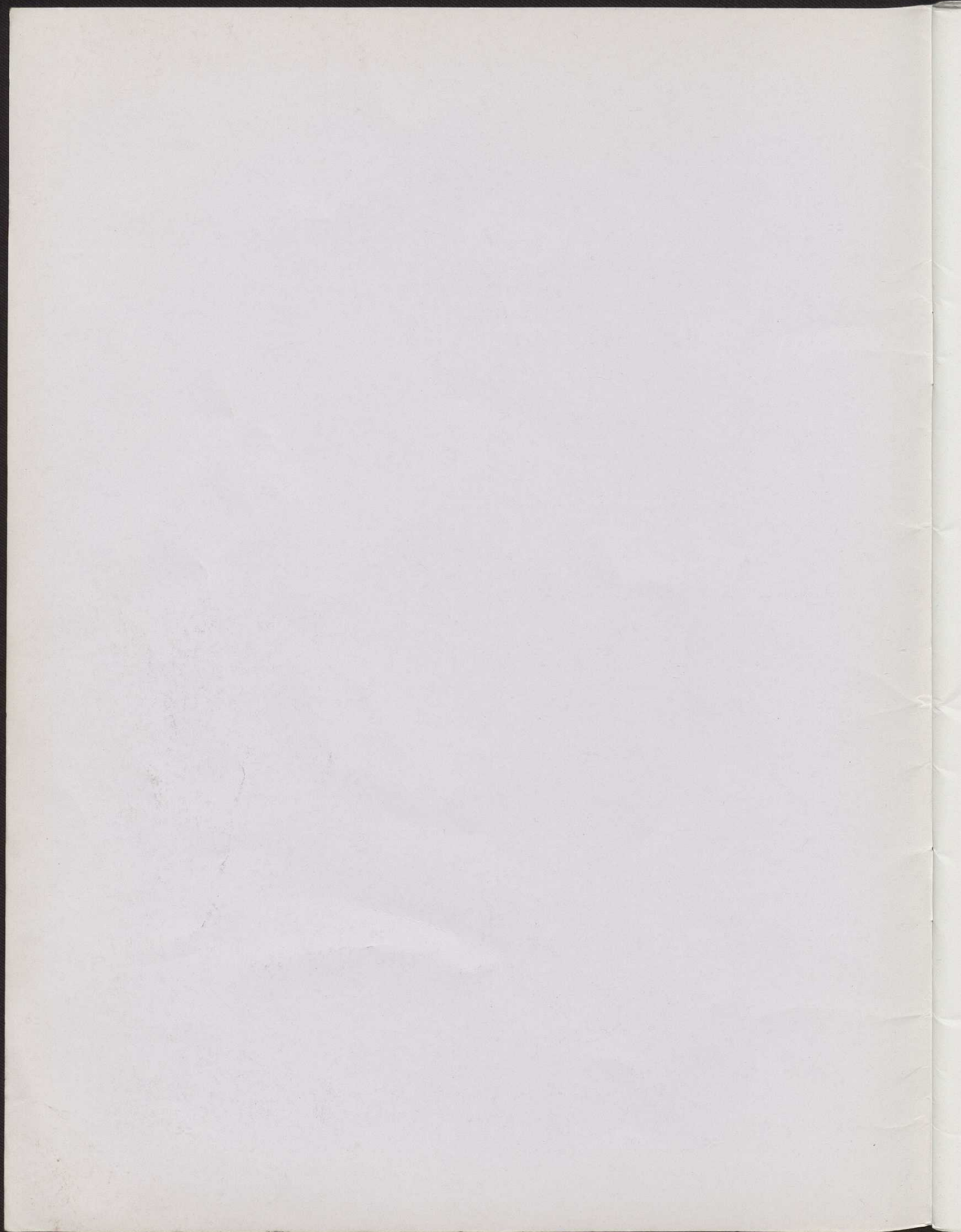


THE FLEUR DE LYS

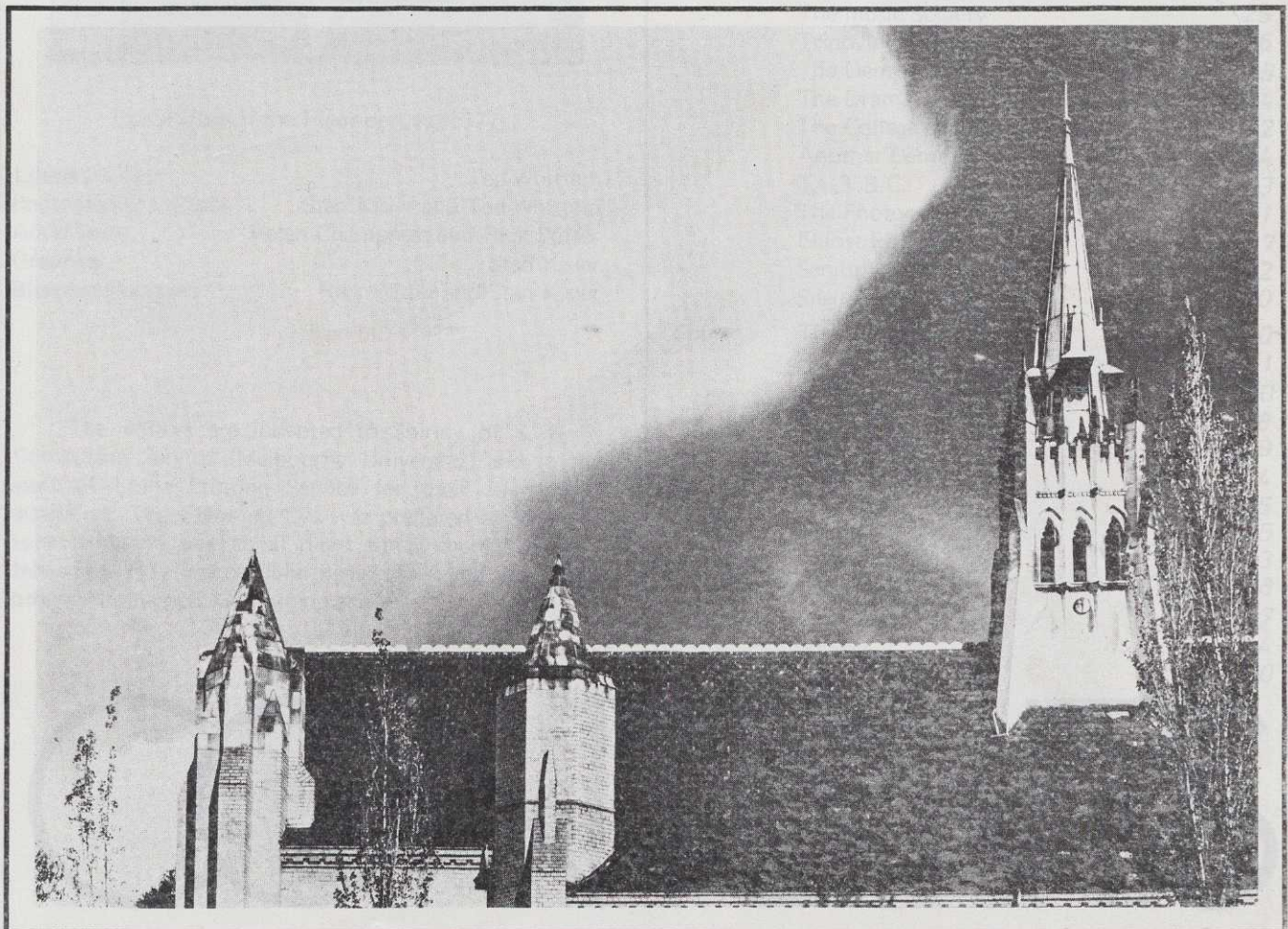
1977



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THE MAGAZINE OF
TRINITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE

The Fleur de Lys 1977



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THE MAGAZINE OF
TRINITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE



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Editorial

No magazine can avoid reflecting the character of its editors. Therefore, for any magazine which circulates amongst people of widely varying interests there are managerial difficulties in ensuring that it satisfies all its readers.

Notwithstanding these difficulties it is hoped that Fleur de Lys, 1977 will mark the beginning of a new era in its history. The editors this year have tried to ensure that both its appearance and contents, in addition to their traditional role of recording Trinity's annual sporting and social grandeur, will entertain and amuse its readers while also attempting to provide them with a record of the atmosphere of life in Trinity College.

August 1977



Committee of the Fleur de Lys, 1977

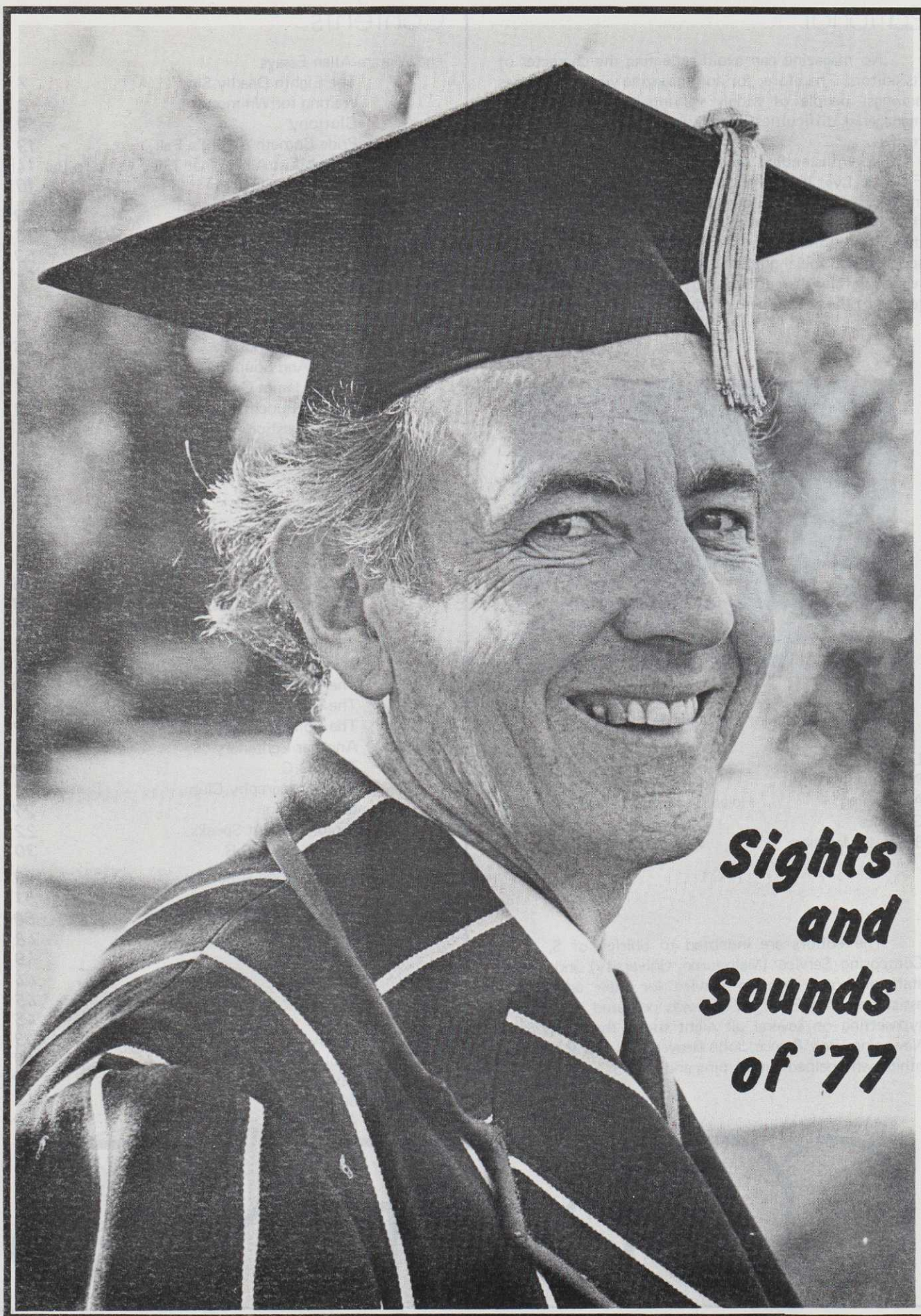
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***Sights
and
Sounds
of '77***

I have been thinking back over two wonderful terms this year. Pictures flash through my mind in random order, each contributing to a lively and varied pattern.

One of my first memories of the year is an echoing sound of banging metal — Scott Chesterman turning 44-gallon drums into barbecues for Orientation Week. Then there were those Orientation Week parties. Even the Warden could hardly remember how many rooms he was in, only an exhilarating sense of community fun and well-being.

I think of our oarsmen leaving at an early hour filled with determination to regain the shield for Trinity. I take a secret delight that, although our First crew was not wholly successful, its performance plus the Second's victory brought us a total of twelve points, compared with a jubilant Ormond's nine. I think of the tremendous effort made by our women rowers for the first time this year, and the thoroughly enjoyable revival of the Elliott Fours and Lakeside barbecue.

I think of two very different people called Gary — Gary Wines suspended precariously by his feet from a window (a person truly in Jeopardy!), and Gary Gillard setting off on Juttoddie, impregnable in a rubber suit, and staggering back with his pants filled with icy water — which is why Bruce Robertson looked a little guilty when he later won the Juttodie Cup!

Somehow I managed to get the starting time of Juttodie wrong and, what is worse, misled the Chaplain, Fr Rodney, and his family too. The procession entered without its car of portentously important Personages. We were not too late, however, to see the bricks beautifully and benignly blessed by Chris Seton's richly Romish Rituals while Renn Wortley (I think it was she) rendered "Climb Every Storey" by combining Wonder Woman, the Sound of Music, and the Royal Jubilee. Would that that veteran commentator Rod Lyle's descriptions of the races could live on (in an R-certificate section of the College archives?). The Warden learned much lubricious lore that day.

One Tuesday in the May vacation I made my frozen way through rain, mud and sleet to find the cast of the College Play in a scout camp near Mt. Macedon. If you've never tasted it you would never know how much I enjoyed John Lees' roast chicken and apple crumble that night. As for the play itself, it surely deserved Herbert and Ernie's creative publicity and Rick's handsome set, built in the small hours of the morning. Even the author, Dorothy Hewitt, found Trinity's production of "This Old Man

Came Rolling Home" superior in many ways to that of the Sydney Old Tote. It all proves that a College play can delight the audience because it offers a taste of real theatre.

Other thoughts come crowding in. Who will ever forget the Dialectic Society's Centenary Dinner, fastidiously conceived by Richard McDonald on the one hand and superbly executed by Mr. Todd, Joan McCormick and Don Grilli on the other? Trinity has seldom heard two speeches as finely wrought as those of Sir Clive Fitts and Dr. Robin Sharwood. Nor, I suspect, has a former Warden ever been escorted from the Hall at midnight, while declaring: "It only goes to show what a great celebration it was!"

Only a few weeks ago was the first baptism I have ever done in beer. The Trinity trike, resplendent in green and red, may not have carried the name of Arthur Hills to victory, but it did finish the course.

A sharp contrast — chanting in Hall on the night of the tricycle christening (I actually enjoy braised steak myself) and the chanting of psalms in Chapel thirty minutes earlier. As in Oxford and Cambridge, people are increasingly coming to share in choral Evensong on Mondays and Wednesdays. Peter Dennison and the choir have revived for us an ancient Anglican collegiate tradition which brings an inspiring sense of mystery and beauty.

Every member of Trinity will have his or her own sights and sounds to remember — Arthur standing at the entrance to Bishops' with a radio to one ear; Tony slowly wheeling a tea-chest of rubbish, followed by a dog or two; the football team warming up before the start of a match and fighting hard when the odds look hopeless; Frank on the mower restoring a quagmire to lawn.

I could go on and on with my thoughts. Like yours they are filled with people, people who have given much to this College and gained an experience, unique and precious, in return.

A Warden sees successive generations come and go. Their going always brings a sense of loss but allows for new life. I am hopeful that through the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys many will remain vitally interested in the College and its future. Some lines from the old Roman poet, Lucretius, describe our continuing and ever-changing life:

*inque brevi spatio mutantur saecula animantum
et quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt.*

"And in a brief space the generations change and like runners in a race pass on the torch of life."

Evan Burge

The Wigram Allen Essay

This essay by Tony Cohen
has been awarded 1st prize
in the Wigram Allen essay
competition for 1977.

The Eighth Deadly Sin

Some time ago the subject of this essay suggested itself to me and I became quite determined to write about it as soon as the opportunity presented itself. However, a singular lack of motivation and a large amount of time on my hands forced me to do what was natural in the circumstances. Simply, I decided to leave thinking about it until I could concentrate upon it fully.

Before I launch into my topic however, I would like to explain the title. A venerable ecclesiastical gentleman, St. Thomas Aquinas, if I remember correctly, for I have been meaning to look it up, published for the edification of his friends and the amusement of those not in such a Damoclean position, a list. It was a "ready-reference" catalogue of those pastimes to which he was most strongly attracted, issued in serialised form, and entitled *The Seven Deadly Sins*. The first part, an immediate best seller in forty-nine different languages, was *Pride*, which seems to have provided the basis of the entire dissertation. Hard on its heels at the newsstands were *Lust* and *Gluttony*, issued jointly as the author was reported to be recovering from the effects of excessive research and was unfit for composition for some time. *Sloth*, for rather obvious reasons, did not sell well and this could best be explained by the fact that nobody could be bothered having it printed, such was its success. *Envy* was circulated by a rival concern in response to the phenomenal popularity of the serial; at the same time *Anger* was published by the original firm. *Avarice* was of a more autobiographical nature, and concluded with the immortal phrase, translated and, naturally enough, pirated by P.T. Barnum "tempore quoque unum poculum nascendum est" — there's one mug born every minute. However he became too dissatisfied with the work to continue and decided to put it to one side. His intention was to add the final member of the list when he had reconsidered, but it was not to be.

But I digress, and must return to my original plan. I decided that I would attempt to describe in outline form what I believe to have been the Saint's design for the final instalment and the conclusion of his work. It seemed sad that the world should be deprived of such limpid observation as that last sin promised to be, and I felt that I had sufficient sympathy with the man to complete this sensualist's shopping list. Needless to say, my motives were of the utmost concern to me; what, indeed, could be the purpose of expounding on a subject which is so close to my own heart and those of many friends? Are they not theoretically excellent already, and accomplished practitioners of the art themselves? I am certain that those of my audience who are not intimately acquainted with me will also be as expert as those who know me well. It seemed to me that despite the familiarity of the topic, it would be well to put it into the context of some of the more established ethical works. To those of you who accuse me of pretension in imagining that this could join their hallowed ranks, I have this to say: I'm still thinking about it.

The next problem confronting me was the way in which I would present and attack the subject. I felt that between them Virgil and Homer had exhausted the hexameter and that the trochees, dactyls and spondees could well exhaust the subject matter. The epic form transcends such pedestrian concerns, and I thought that I would be an unwelcome guest if I were to call upon the muses.

The musical form also appealed to me; perhaps the style of the monastic office could be used to chant out the morals of the University. But given the subject as it stood, it would have been more appropriate to collaborate with ABBA to produce a chorus after the style of Gilbert and Sullivan. So despite these fantasies I decided to stick to the plain expository style.

By this time, quite frankly, I was worried. I had examined the intentions, the motives, and the style of the essay without any coherent idea of its actual contents. Naturally I felt that the importance of my self-appointed task was such that it ought not to be fettered by limitations like these. I have no use for a muse who is too busy being rational to be charming. I eventually convinced myself that consideration of such weighty affairs really ought to wait until I am in a more lucid frame of mind. If I judge accurately, this means that I will need the vacation to rest and thereby recover any modicum of inspiration that the exigencies of idleness have removed from me; then it will be too close to the examinations to be able to write with a clear conscience; and by the time that is all over... well three months is really too far off to plan anything at all.

So, to quote Samuel Beckett, "Here we are again", and the feeling of uneasiness which has plagued me since my first line has almost rendered me incapable of writing another word. I notice with some misgivings that I have omitted to divulge the nature of my work. I think that this is contrived, or so I keep telling myself. There must naturally be some form of introduction, but by the time an introduction is written, it seems a pity to launch straight into the subject without a proper presentation of the works which have led up to this one and which have prompted its inception. It is vital, I believe, to consider such problems as the relevance of moral precepts in general to an audience like the one before me tonight. All these things fascinate me and will definitely form the corpus of the ensuing exposition.

I find that I can hardly speak any longer on an occasion such as this without imposing unnecessarily upon my audience. However the essay was to have been about the Eighth Deadly Sin, the practice of which is so dear to those of us with academia burdening our carefree College life. Without it, life could degenerate into impulsiveness and efficiency, leaving behind the traditional academic dignity. Therefore at some time, I would like to assail your ears about the sin of procrastination.

Tony Cohen

Waiting for Whimsey

At this point, circumstances being as they are, one should almost certainly begin with a quotation from Oscar Wilde, Mike Leunig, or even A.A. Milne, and make sure we leave the lesser-known Dorothy L. Sayers to quietly shoot triffin or wait for the Delhi Durbar to boil. Beginnings, however, have little to do with the subject of this treatise which is principally concerned with the nothing-in-particular in general.

Waiting is very much the sport of tramstops, banks and restaurants – though in the latter case, the player may acquire professional status relatively easily. The individual's success, however, requires greater skill in approach than in technique; though few activities require comparable finesse in execution overall. We are not, of course, talking of the vulgar variety practised before bemused spectators, stray cats, or one's psychiatrist. Instead, we select the branch which involves amusing oneself with the rest of the world, quietly, during interludes between calamities.

The title of this essay, as I have stated, is "Waiting for Whimsey", but this bears no resemblance to the pastime or occupation of the ubiquitous Bunter. As may be seen on inspection, "Whimsey" has not dropped its "h", though the individual player may wish to do so if his interests are of that nature. The principal aim is, of course, enjoyment at the expense of no one. The game is best organized and played for longer than it takes to pick up and serve Wildean one-liners or other unanswerable witticisms such as the purely all right observation that 'if a gentleman's socks should not match his wallpaper, then at least his budgerigar should'. Before you laugh, I should at least like to say that such observations are harmless, victimless, artless, and generally innocent.

Our principal aim is to allow the mind a clear, uninterrupted discourse with itself in a manner that avoids in-jokes – though that is difficult when one is talking to oneself – it has simplicity and an absence of convoluted charm, but is instead concerned with universal questions and themes such as the continued presence of *knees* above one's shins in this modern mechanized age in which we live; why fleur de lys tend never to grow when planted, though their fossilized remains gracing surrounding structures seem to suggest that some small seed must sit securely somewhere in the masonry, waiting in its own whimsical way to – wake up. Our park bench or lawn-lounging participant in the gentle I feel sure could, in his or her own way, undoubtedly see the Grail-like possibilities and probabilities of the search for the true fleur de lys' the dedicated searchers peering through the ivy, reverently checking with spatulas inside the bindings of books in the Leeper Library and generally leaving – in the words of Professor Afferbeck Lauder – "nose Tone Unturned" to see the seed found and brought to bloom under the auspices of zephyres in a way that puts the pallid fossils to shame.

The whimsical reverie, like the victimless crime, is unfortunately often attached to consequences which are limiting to one's freedom of expression and livelihood. This is not to say that there are not still some cavalry regiments which will accept one or that there are certain fields, notably those in the liberal arts, which are constantly looking for people with these persuasions, but to the dedicated – musing upon where fluff goes during the summer months or what happens to bats in the winter (because cracking without linseed oil) – activities such as truck driving or trapeze work will not give one the right sort of job satisfaction, or life expectancy, they should.

Until now, we have dealt principally with the mental element of the movement which is really the grounds upon which, like the proverbial quicksand, it stands or falls. There is, however, also a sizeable body of *actions* which may develop tendencies towards artless humour for pure enjoyment's sake. Digging a pit eight feet deep beneath one's doormat to put adventure back into your guest's life is, unfortunately, not one of these. Expecting him to beat the head of your garden gnome with a mallet specially provided in order to ring the doorbell is probably a specimen. Activities for the purely harmless enjoyment of time by one person who finds the continuous "up, down, one-two-three, bend-and-stretch" of *mental* exercises fatiguing are legion. They range from twiddling one's thumbs, each thumb going in an opposite circular path and direction to the other without each touching the other twice each circuit (try it sometime), to the more complex gambits of amusement by caprice, whim, conceit, notion, vagary, quick of passing fancy involved in a resolution to sit in a restaurant and have a five course meal by oneself, doing nothing but blissfully accumulating every sight, sound and taste and to incorporate them in one's enjoyment and nothing else. Such perfection is really only attained by those with a heightened sense of pleasure present in the world around them; a suppression of a tendency we all have to be irked and unsettled for the wrong reasons or without fully appreciating why we feel that way, and by doing so they gain a sort of aesthetic perspective which gives the sensibilities an additional range to operate over.

The question of the standing of other people while playing this waiting game in interludes is one which does not lend itself to idle treatment – and hence may be discarded here. Let it suffice to say that Whimsey – and here I stress that no thought of Lord Peter has entered my mind – rarely strikes at the same spot twice and hardly ever simultaneously at two people; rarely involves itself with murders or assassinations – still more rarely those involving character – and violence of thought, word or deed is required only for necessary contrast. Doubles matches – that is, involving two players – can be very effective, since, unlike conversation, there is nothing to say which requires any more than expansion in any direction one wishes not containing a victim.

Unfortunately, a spontaneous drift by two people at once which avoids a gulf too large to be bridged without parting the waters of illusion reuniting on sense is difficult.

Lawrence Durrell placed in the mind of one of his characters the remark: "The effective in art is what rapes the emotions of your audience without nourishing its values". So too with the art of whimsical discourse, though the action is far closer to gentle seduction. Such is the state of one of the more indefinable forms of humour which carries within it a pleasant approach that will restrict you to saying of the man who drops the Hydrogen bomb upon you, "I'm sure his bookmaker loves him".

Gluttony

Gluttony, my mother always told me, was one of the seven or eight deadly sins. The ascetic might write a religious treatise on the subject; not I. Mine is a more pagan nature. Therefore I wish to expose the subject, justifying its existence and contribution to mankind, and in doing so, to absolve some of my own inclinations.

Gluttony is practically an institution for the white Caucasian races. From birth the baby is fed, whenever he cries, so much so that he soon finds himself unable to cry. Such treatment sometimes leads to that condition known to disciples of Freud, and those of us who are obliged to study him, as fixation in the oral stage of psychosexual development. The child grows, and he grows. By adolescence the young glutton may spurn food and take to more objectionable habits such as cigarette smoking, and the chewing of gum. However, his basic instinct remains constant; "if in doubt put it in your mouth". With this planted firmly in his mind, our subject is launched into society, that he may stand on his own two feet.

The full-grown undergraduate glutton can only be distinguished by his immense lust for food. I confine the glutton to food, as it is one of the few subjects about which I feel I can write confidently and perhaps even tastefully. Let me say that any connection drawn between massiveness and gluttony is a distant one. Gluttons are those whom you would least suspect of being so. There in the midst of an old boys' dinner party or an afternoon tea party, you might see him gourmandizing his way through the cucumber sandwiches and crinkly cakes, or even lining his pockets with them, if his income is low. The glutton is under a large amount of social pressure. For once designated, his performance is eagerly awaited, and watched with vicarious pleasure. On social occasions the glutton quite often eats far more than even he himself counted on, simply because he feels obliged to. Alas, the result bears

A running definition of humour I have adopted runs along the lines: "Humour is what happens to other people", but that really restricts one to slapstick and verbal violence. The comic character could be you, but is not. Laughing as a result of self-entertainment is an indulgence, but is really only reinstating the alter ego comic character to oneself – a useful and cunning ploy for when the television has broken down.

I trust your values have been nourished sufficiently insufficiently.

Mark Williams

no further thought. A little sympathy then is needed for the glutton, whose enacted desires strive to gratify his own ego as well as those of the surrounding company. Apart from providing pleasure to his audience, the glutton can be thought of as the hostperson's best friend. Whereas in the eating halls of 12th century Europe, the excess food went over the left shoulder to the dogs, today it is heaped onto the plate of our irrational sensualist.

The duties of the glutton to his society are few; they are also difficult. As I have said, he is obliged to perform. The time and the place, not to mention the company, however, are crucial. The second duty of the glutton refers to tact. Gluttony can only be truly expressed, as a grace, if the gourmand knows his game well. Recognizing his limitations, he must cause minimal social conflict, and at least provide some incentive for conversation when the evening or occasion grows dull.

Here are some prerequisites for a smooth and successful stuffing. Let the event, for sake of argument, be a dinner. You must be well acquainted with the gluttons, that is to say those who are unfortunately attending the same dinner, especially with your host-person. On the subject of host-persons, you do well to choose a Teuton or person of Anglo-Saxon origin. Such a person will not only be sympathetic but also attendant to your visceral needs. Avoid at all costs host-persons over the age of thirty-five, who have taken up abstract painting or any vaguely related activities. Alternative "lifestyles" are a sure sign of frugality. Calvinists are out too, though converted Calvinists tend to be fair game.

Now for the food. With your contemporaries the rapid bolt is most impressive and from a visceral point of view is a fast filler; only recommended for the practised. Take thirds of soup, entree and main beef course, but hold back on the sweets and after dinner mints, so as to appear well-mannered. Your host-person will be most gratified. Nothing so worse than a glutton, who eats all the after dinner candies before the rest of the party have had satisfaction. It's boring and the mark of an ill-bred glutton. Besides, you are certain to be bit in the nose one day for doing so. You can go for the grand gorge when those more delicate as to their stomachs have picked their way through.

A similar tactic applies in adult company. Adults must be treated with more circumspection. The admiration for your appetite will be no less, so long as your table manners are tolerable enough to be amusing. The "slow grind" attack is more impressive to adults, who are great admirers of endurance in the young. Eat your food with more accuracy and less speed. Housewives tend to get militant about large gravy stains not to mention squashed peas on the Persian carpet. By cutting down on conversation yourself, you can outeat all adults by apparently eating at the same dignified pace. One drawback with adults is that they will overfeed you when given the chance. You will find your mouth asking for more, but your stomach clamouring, "no more!" If you are silly enough to go on after nature's warning, then the third main duty of the well-bred, sociable glutton applies; contain yourself until in the privacy of your own bathroom.

History documents many notable gluttons. Life wars and other disasters, the social condition of gluttony recurs periodically in history. Gluttony was rife in the latter days of the Roman Empire. Well, all that poor Caesar was able to utter when he discovered that Brutus only liked him for his wife's excellent cheesecake was,

"Et tu Brute" – (and you too, Brutus). Such was that man's disgust. The composer J.S. Bach had a great passion for cabana, it is said; however, he sublimated this desire in the composition of the St Matthew Passion, when his mistress threatened to leave him. A second cousin of William Shakespeare's, one Josephine le Grand, so-called because of her incestuous appetite, was the only female butcher in England at that time. Bill's father had taught her the trade. Of her Shakespeare wrote despairingly, "Gluttony, thy name is woman". Literature offers further examples of famous gluttons; Winnie the Pooh, J. Alfred Prufrock, who was obsessed with toast and tea, and Yogi Bear, to mention a few.

Yes, gluttony has led to the creation of many great and humorous things. It is one of the truly human qualities which distinguish man from beast. Without it, one could only say of humanity that "there was a gap somewhere in our great feast". If gluttony is to be regarded as a sin, let it be not thought of as deadly or black, but merely as a white sin, a performance of life, rather than a prelude to death.

Andrew Goddard

Knives In Our Brain

A Consideration of some aspects of the loss of Transcendence in the Christian West

Most of us live as non-visionary limpets, clinging to the erudition of others to establish for us what we can reasonably hold to be true.

Precocious children, self-styled prophets and the Christs of desert-mirage are properly to be shunned, but difficult to discern. But nonetheless, each one of us must learn to recognize the delusions of the human spirit; the erudition of others must become less frightening, less threatening, so that in time we can say of some proffered wisdom; – "That is wrong. . . or half-wrong, or right. . . or that it makes the best fist of what we have to date". As someone has said, 'the point of doing philosophy is to protect yourself from other people's philosophies'.

So, dear reader, I urge you to assess what I have to say about the demise of God; that being the real topic of this little foray. And where better to begin but the 19th century, that great age of the progress of the human spirit. Matthew Arnold writes as a man who can no longer assent to the old way of belief in God. In 'Dover Beach' he wrote,

"The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round the earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath

Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

For Arnold, as for most of us "moderns", God is the one who has 'retreated to the breath of the night wind' – Though this retreat be probably not a 'long withdrawing roar', but a rather tired and slow flaccidity, the moping of a cowered spirit in a dimly lit and seldom frequented place. But to refrain from poetry for a while, what is the substance of Arnold's attack? Renford Bambrough writes,

"The unverifiability of the doctrines of the Churches is a recurrent theme in Arnold's polemic. Everything which is not *sure*, not *verified*, must be given up. And the most dangerous idea of all, that of a "great, Personal First Cause, who thinks and loves, the moral and intelligent Governor of the Universe", must be set at the heart of the bonfire. For if this idea is once accepted, the other fairy tales can be smuggled in with some show of reason and common sense".

One of the marks of the modern mind is its rejection of the propriety of belief in God. Consider the following pieces of erudition which present the now 'factual' pre-supposition that no rational man can believe in God. Thus, Trevor Ling writes of 'religion' as 'civilizational residue', the common situation of all the major religions of the West which are

"reduced to little more than precariously held theistic beliefs with attendant ethical attitudes and a possible modicum of ritual practice. . . They may of course last longer than the unbeliever expects, especially among politically, socially, or culturally deprived or depressed classes of society, to whom traditional theistic belief can be a major source of satisfaction and comfort".

Thus it has become a presupposition of true scholarship that belief in God is an activity for the ill-educated and the deprived. To even use 'religious categories' to describe one's life-situation is a sign that all is not well with you. How great is the power and the danger of erudition. Would that Lin-Yu-Tang were more right when he said, "for some centuries now, European intellectuals seem to have been born with knives in their brains".

Is all scholarship against us as we try to talk about the Transcendent God as a legitimate object of belief, worship, and as a basis for action in the world?

"But the concept of the transcendent is involved in difficulties of its own; and these difficulties have become acute in recent times. For many centuries, a belief in a transcendent God was in the distinguished company of a belief in transcendent material substances, transcendent minds, transcendent values, transcendent universals or Platonic Forms. In these other realms, the rule of the transcendent has been at least gravely threatened, and possibly overthrown by the insights and the arguments of metaphysics and theorists of knowledge".

"At the end of the road there arises another barrier, the barrier of divine transcendence. Can the transcendence of God survive the revolution that has massacred its courtiers – transcendent matter, mind... value and form? *The trial is still in progress, but if I were summing up now, I should do so against the accused*".

Bambrough is asking us to accept that knowledge of a transcendent God was once thought to be a possible because the very idea of transcendence had a widespread and healthy currency in all areas of epistemology. Now that epistemology has devalued the old notions of transcendence and a substantialist metaphysic, the notion of transcendence as applied to God has lost its value. What religious people are left with is a wheelbarrow full of 'paper-money' that can't even purchase a pound of lard, let alone Almighty God. Thus, to extend the monetary metaphor, Theology has become Monopoly money, while all the other disciplines are at work in the real Stock Market.

Bambrough is most definitely right in saying:

"The main problem is this: how do we know that there are transcendent beings? What is the nature of the influence from statements about this world to statements about another world?"

Permit me to return to the briefly alluded to image of man as a limpet. Let us seek the visionary limpet who has glimpsed beyond his watery haven and gazed upon Man. He sees something positive, bounded and concretely real. But to the lesser limpets, all he can impart is the negatives: 'no shell, not attached to a rock, not surrounded by water'. To quote directly from C.S. Lewis,

"... from these (negatives), uncorrected by any positive insight, they build up a picture of man as a sort of amorphous jelly (he has no shell) existing

nowhere in particular (he is not attached to a rock) and never taking nourishment (no water to drift it towards him). And having a traditional reverence for man, they conclude that to be a famished jelly in a dimensionless world is the supreme mode of existence, and reject as crude, materialistic superstition, any doctrine which would attribute to man a definite shape, a structure and organs".

Lewis goes on to write about great prophets and saints who have an 'intuition of God which is positive and concrete in the highest degree'. We ordinary humans do much the same as the 'non-visionary limpets'. As Lewis puts it,

"At each step we have to strip off from our idea of God some human attribute. But the only reason for stripping off the human attribute is to make room for putting in some positive divine attribute. . . but we (as *merely erudite or intelligent inquirers*) have no resources from which to supply that blindingly real and concrete attribute of Deity which ought to replace it. Thus, at each step in the process of refinement, our idea of God contains less, and the fatal picture comes in (an endless, silent sea, an empty sky beyond all stars, a dome of white radiance) and we reach at last mere zero and worship a non-entity".

The notion of 'zero', non-entity, the Void has a long future ahead of it in the West, following the twin decline of the notions of substance and of what we may call God as Transcendent Object. In the midst of his impressive scholarship on Buddhism, Conze inserts the following remark, "Nearly everyday we meet people who almost frantically yearn for some Shangri-La, to take them away from the horrors of this civilization, for some island that will do for them what Tahiti did for Gauguin – nothing could satisfy their longings better than the quiet splendours of the Mahayana".

When the transcendent realm is emptied of the 'concrete' God, a vastly different picture of human reality and experience emerges, of which the Mahayana (Great Vehicle of salvation) is but one type –

"(Emptiness) could be experienced in meditation with a directness and certainty which the phenomenal world did not possess. . . . The ultimate Emptiness was here and now, everywhere and all embracing, and there was in fact no difference between the great Void and the phenomenal world. Thus all beings were already participants of the Emptiness which was Nirvana, they were already Buddha if only they would realize it".

I believe that unless Christianity can defend the reality of a concrete Transcendent God, then Buddhism (which Conze labels 'rational mysticism' or 'mystical rationalism' will continue to gain inroads among those of us exposed to it. Buddhism makes the 'mere zero' of the Transcendent Void highly attractive, by making it the interpretative principle of all elements of our everyday reality, and especially with respect to a non-substantialist view of the human person.

Christians have grown accustomed to theologians describing the Virgin Birth as a myth, the Resurrection as a myth, and of late, thanks to Professor John Hick, of the Incarnation as a myth. I believe that these dogmas are only defensible as being applicable to Jesus and our understanding of Him if we are prepared to maintain the notion of a concrete, willing and acting Transcendent God. The reason why erudite Christians reject them today is not because they do not belong to 'the earliest strata of tradition' about Jesus, but because the framework of the Transcendence of God in which they were set and had their power is now no longer accepted. When God was individuated in his transcendence, these 'stories' could truly (i.e. factually) be applied to Jesus the man. They were the only way we could account for the Transcendent coming into this world as a creature like the rest of us. Now that this old 'five-Guinea' Transcendence has been rejected, we are left with the 'sixpenny-sideshow' variety, to entertain us in these years of transition.

But there are yet more ways to defend the notion of the Transcendent God. One is hinted at in the following writing from St Basil in 376 A.D. He is answering the question, 'Do you worship what you know or what you know not?' He says,

"The operations are various, and the essence simple; but we may say that we know our God from his operations, but we do not take to approach near to his essence. *His operations come down to us – but his essence remains beyond our reach.*"

That is to say, there are some events which by their nature inform us from the midst of our world, of God Himself – not totally, as He is within Himself, but enough to direct our minds toward Him. Amongst others, the resurrection of Jesus from the dead could be seen as a certain cipher of the transcendence of God – the work of the Father; contrary to those who, starting from the denial of transcendence, see it as but a symbol of the existence of the Church.

The second option, which is very dangerous and puts the rational man into shudders, is to demand some form of commitment as being necessarily prior to knowledge of the Transcendent God. This is ultimately what Lewis opts for –

"That is why the Christian statement, that only He who does the will of the Father will ever know true doctrine, is philosophically accurate. . . but in the moral life, and still more in the devotional life we touch something concrete which will at once begin to correct the growing emptiness of our idea of God. . . As long as we remain Erudite Limpets we are forgetting that if no one had ever seen more of God than we, we should have no reason even to believe Him immaterial, immutable, impassible and all the rest of it. Even that negative knowledge which seems to us so enlightened is only a relic left over from the positive knowledge of better men – only the pattern which that heavenly wave left on the sand when it retreated".

How strange that we have the same metaphor used to express opposite conclusions. Arnold wrote of the 'melancholy, long, withdrawing roar' of the retreating wave of Faith. Lewis wrote of the pattern which the wave that is God leaves in its happy retreat.

The path which Lewis chose is indeed a little dangerous and perilous and many a fool will no doubt perish on it. As Wesley has written,

"Among them that despise and vilify reason, you may find the enthusiasts who suppose the dreams of their own imagination to be revelations from God. . . Having an infallible guide, they are very little moved by the reasonings of fallible men".

But if we keep 'knives in our brain', then perhaps we shall not go astray.

Ivan Head

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Pride Cometh Before A Fall

I never cease to marvel at how easily people are mesmerised by wise sayings or proverbs. Say to them, for instance, "waste not, want not" and they will nod their heads and agree "how true, how true".

It will never occur to them to reflect that two-thirds of the world's population have never had anything to waste and are in a constant state of want, whereas the remaining one-third lives in affluence and indulges in the most wanton waste.

This is not to say all proverbs are fallacious – but many are, and "Pride cometh before a fall" is such a one.

I do not know the exact origin of this proverb, but Samuel Johnson said "Pride must have a fall" and it is clear that both sayings have the same meaning, and that they both spring from Chapter sixteen, Volume eighteen of the Book of Proverbs which reads:

"Pride goeth before destruction

And an haughty spirit before a fall."

The Bible has many sayings of this kind because the Bible, we must remember, is the chronicle of the ancient people of Israel – a small nation surrounded by great and powerful enemies. It was natural therefore, whenever a mighty foe was destroyed (whether by the Jews or by another enemy) that the Jewish chroniclers would draw comfort from such thoughts as "how the mighty have fallen" or "Pride cometh before a fall". They associated power with pride, and as power was a threat to their existence, so pride was seen as a vice which should be punished. This belief became firmly rooted in Jewish thought. What should be punished, would inevitably be punished and so the maxim was accepted; pride became the cause which led to the inevitable effect, the fall. The fact that the history of the times did not substantiate this hypothesis was not important. The hypothesis was good for the morale of the nation. Proud and mighty conquerors continued to sweep through the Jewish kingdoms of Israel and Judea from time to time. Many of them did not fall, but of those that did, the Jews could see in their destruction, the hand of their divine God, Yahweh.

Gradually a corollary developed from this belief that pride was a vice which led to destruction, namely that meekness and humility were virtues which were rewarded. Belief in this corollary was well established in Jewish writing by the beginning of the Christian era when the Jews had already been under the Roman heel for some generations. It was linked with the Messiah's hope, and it is therefore not surprising that Jesus in his Sermon on the Mount prophesied "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth". He did not place any time limit on the fulfilment of this prophecy but the passage of nearly two thousand years has not brought it any closer to fulfilment.

The German philosopher, Schopenhauer, made a very lucid analysis of Pride which he distinguished from Vanity. He defined Pride as "an established conviction in one's own paramount worth in some particular respect".

Vanity, on the other hand, he called 'the desire of rousing such a conviction in others'. Pride, he said, worked from *within* and was the direct appreciation of oneself whereas Vanity was the desire to arrive at this appreciation from *without*.

If the artisans of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance had not had this appreciation and self-confidence, we should not today have the beautiful churches and palaces which they built. The stonemasons and artisans of those times knew their own worth and took pride in their achievements. Civic pride was also intense and the city states vied with one another in creating architectural wonders. The same can be said of the beautifully illuminated manuscripts, the poetry, the paintings and sculptures of those times. If Michelangelo and Leonardo Da Vinci had not had pride, they would have produced nothing. But instead, they have left their mark on civilisation by superb works which have served not only as artistic masterpieces but as models for the instruction of other artists and as inspirations for later ages.

Alexander the Great was a proud man. In the period of a few years he succeeded in conquering the whole of the known world and in subduing it to wise and efficient government. His untimely death was not due to his pride, but rather to his licentious living and to his driving himself too hard.

Joan of Arc, who was also convinced of her paramount worth, inspired her French countrymen to throw off the English yoke. It is true that she fell – if such a glorious and heroic end can be so described – but her "fall" was not due to her pride. She was destroyed because of her petty-minded and jealous countrymen who betrayed her to the English. Schopenhauer recognised that the proud are exposed to this danger when he said "it is quite true that pride is usually something which is found fault with, and cried down; but usually by those who have nothing upon which they can pride themselves". So it was with Joan of Arc.

Lord Reith, who could rightly be called the father of the BBC – a radio and television institution unparalleled anywhere in the world for its integrity – was an excellent example of a proud man. He fashioned its policy and was responsible for its success. To recall a transcribed interview with Lord Reith, it was quite apparent that he was never hampered by a sense of meekness or humility but was well aware of his own capabilities and was absolutely sure of himself. In formulating his policies he never doubted that he was acting correctly.

I can say but one thing for this foolish proverb. If you lack pride, you will surely not fall, but only because you will never have risen. If you attempt nothing, you cannot fail. But you will also not have lived, nor will you have contributed anything to the well-being of your fellow man. The meek are not blessed. They have never inherited the earth and never will.

Andrew Dingjan

"Things Just Ain't What They Used To Be"

Times have changed. Only a year ago the College was going to the cats. Now the cat problem has been solved – or should I say eliminated.

I applaud the College management, and I dare not enquire into the terrible means to this end, but I cannot help wondering if there's any causal connection between the decline of the cat population and the rather suspicious looking food we've been getting lately.

Another example: no longer does the sweet music of Green Steaming Heap go floating into the night to demonstrate to innocent passers-by exactly what happens to those poor souls that don't make it to Heaven. Adrian Pizer and Steve Kennedy left the group, and this vast improvement necessitated the question. What would The Heap be without the incorrigible Kennedy and the paranoid Pizer. In the ensuing celebration, the group changed its name to Mrs. Scum. Now far be it from me to question the wisdom of Mrs. Scum, and never let it be said that I don't admire the implicit honesty of the name, but I find it distasteful – apart from which, in this liberated age, it ought to have been called Ms. Scum.

Anyone passing by the Dining Hall about nine p.m. last Sunday would have heard some half human screeches (for want of a more exact phrase) emanating from within. The cause of this was not cats being ceremoniously executed by Don, but Mrs. Scum in its dubious but devastating glory. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the new vocalist for the very considerate warning he gave at the start. Hugh solemnly informed us, "The best is yet to come", at which I hastily donned my ear plugs.

But it isn't only Mrs Scum – there's a whole section of the College devoted to making hideous noises and performing equally hideous acts at all hours of the night (they aren't up during the day). I speak, of course, of that living hell, that intellectual wasteland, that institution of iniquity, that bastion of bestiality, that citadel of subhumanity – the top floor of Jeopardy, where creatures that the world forgot wallow in the primaeval slime of the bathrooms. Again, times have changed: a few years ago, in performing their bodily functions, the inmates wouldn't have thought of using the bathrooms. Now I would suggest that it is no coincidence that Horst Imberger, the College philosophy tutor, lives on the top floor of Jeopardy. The situation seems to be one of him ruthlessly maintaining a state of nature. Horst also tutors in Classical Social Theory, without himself seeming to hold any social theory, classical or otherwise, beyond that of the Law of the Jungle – an alternative explanation for the decline of the cats. But let us not blame Horst for this deplorable situation he has created – for he is only a product of The System. Let us examine The System which produced him: Philosophy.

Philosophy has, in my experience, been called a great many names – very few of them complimentary. Some people have defined Philosophy as "the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct"; others as "an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly"; still others as "an unusually ingenious attempt to think fallaciously". But don't lose sight of the fact that Philosophy has changed. Only a few centuries ago, it was next to useless. However, especially in the last hundred years or so, it has developed to the point at which it is completely useless. Ludwig Wittgenstein, one of the greatest thinkers of this century and himself a philosopher, said the same thing – that Philosophy is completely useless. The latest comment I've heard was: "Philosophy is for people who have nothing better to do" from John M. Davis, another thinker of this century – and in view of my continuing stay in College, I shall not discuss the quality of his thinking.

But why has Philosophy degenerated so far? The answer may perhaps be illustrated by our very own Dialectic Society, and its very own state of degeneracy. The Dialectic Society was formed in 1877 – a bad year. Not only was the Society created, but Hegelian fanaticism was at its height.

Hegel was a German Philosopher who devised a rather illogical system of describing reality logically by means of the "dialectic", which roughly means: thesis and antithesis yielding synthesis. That is to say, you propose a "thesis", which is found to be both implausible and self-contradictory; so you then put forward its exact opposite, the "antithesis", which turns out to be even more implausible and equally self-contradictory. From the conjunction of these two logically incompatible and self-contradictory propositions one is supposed to arrive at a compromise, called the "synthesis", which is somehow supposed to be better than the first two views. Using this unintelligible technique, you eventually arrive at what is called the Absolute Idea, defined as: The idea, as unity of the subjective and objective Idea, is the notion of the Idea – a notion whose object is the Idea – an Object which embraces all characteristics in its unity. The clarity of the definition is beyond my comprehension. Bertrand Russell has suggested that what Hegel actually means is: the Absolute Idea is pure thought thinking about pure thought. You see, Hegel earlier states that "Idea" equals "Reality" (stolen from Plato), and that "Idea" equals "Reason" (stolen from Kant). Consequently, although "Idea" a la Plato is incompatible with "Idea" a la Kant, Hegel concludes that "Reality" equals "Reason" and hence "Thought", from which it follows that thought cannot think about anything but thought, since there is nothing else to think about.

Now this is, of course, preposterous, but don't think it's harmless. Hegel was the Professor of Philosophy in Berlin, and hence the official Court Philosopher of the Prussian State. By a cunning application of the dialectic, Hegel proved that true freedom was identical with being a subject of Frederick William, and that the Absolute Idea was nearing culmination in the Germanic People, which fitted in rather well with the political and military ambitions respectively of the King, who is reputed to have dismissed his Physician after the latter made an innocent comment about the former's "constitution". But don't get the idea that Hegel was a calculating swine: rather, he was a bloody fool, as when he had the incredibly bad luck of publishing his proof that there are exactly seven planets only a week before the eighth was discovered – a second edition was hastily prepared.

However, modern philosophy isn't any better. Take the following argument I paraphrased from a book on ethics, the other day. Suppose I am in a cricket match. The slow bowler moves in and sends down a bouncer. I bound down the pitch and attempt to hit him – that is the ball, not the bowler – for six through the deformed umpire's short leg. The bat and the ball behave like shadows that pass in the night at an indeterminate distance apart, both at high speed in opposite directions, momentum is unfortunately conserved, and I am clean bowled. The umpire makes what appears to be a vulgar gesture, and suggests that I leave the field. However, good positivist that I am, I hold my ground, secure in my knowledge that he has committed the naturalistic fallacy. I point out to him that no set of descriptive statements describing matters of fact will ever entail any prescriptive or evaluative statements to the effect that I should or ought to leave the field.

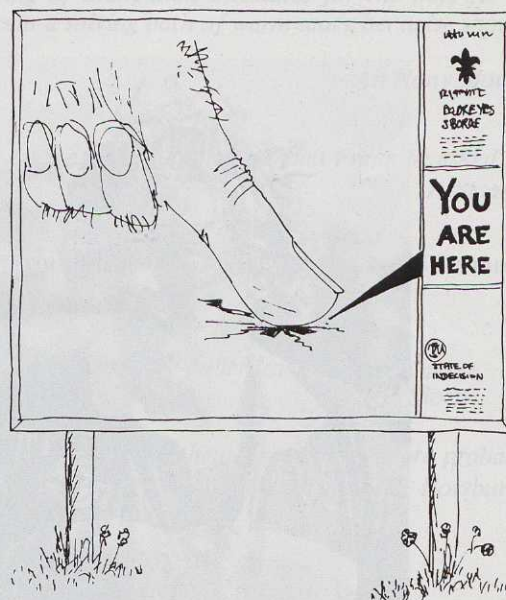
Last week, I went to a paper by the great American Philosopher-God Professor Donald Davidson. He spoke for one and a half hours on the meaning of the word "intention". One of his examples was that when he was in Cleveland, Ohio, he boarded a plane for London because (a) he had a pro-attitude towards going to London, England, and (b) he believed that boarding the plane would further this end. This causal connexion wasn't in any way affected, he claimed, by the fact that the plane actually flew to London, Ontario. Now if one of the gretest philosophers in the world at the moment is susceptible to this sort of stupidity, then what hope is there for philosophy?

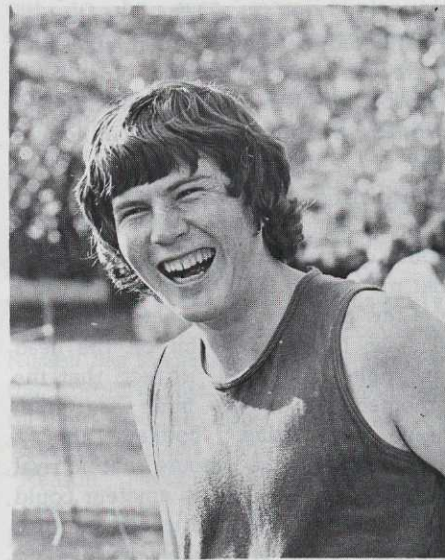
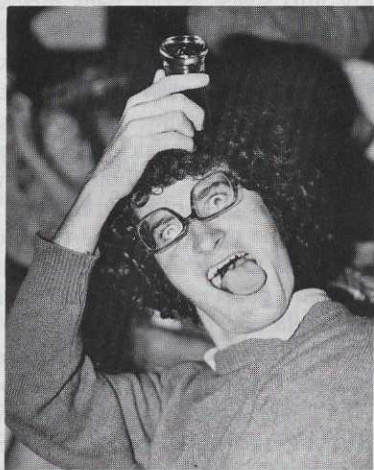
Some of the positivistic Engineering, Science, et al., students around here may agree with me about Philosophy without questioning their own equally absurd dogmas. Let me remind them that Science came into its own only a few centuries ago, when a paranoid Theologian called Isaac Newton was hit on the head rather hard by an apple – so hard, in fact, that the change in the momentum of his brain sent him permanently insane. He then cooked up a pseudo-"scientific" terminology so obscure that no rival could hope to compete with it, and no amateur could hope to understand it. In early eighteenth century Science, Newton stands alone, presumably because no self-respecting human being would want to stand anywhere near him.

The amazing thing is that Science takes itself seriously, as I bore witness to a couple of weeks ago. There we were, forty or fifty assorted goons staring blankly into space as our pens moved in a mysterious way to produce an even more mysterious collection of meaningless symbols in our notebooks, when suddenly the lecturer put up a new heading on the board. Imagine our surprise and delight, when we saw before us the words "Eigenfrequencies, Eigenenergies, and Degeneracy". At last, we thought, we were going to hear the truth about physics lecturers. Just imagine the bitter disappointment when we were told no, the Degeneracy did not refer to physics lecturers, nor even to physics, but to some quasi-mathematical garbage about coupled forced oscillators. Now I still haven't quite worked out what a coupled force oscillator is yet, and I hope I never do, because I don't really want to know – but I will say this: If I'm ever stuck up a dark alleyway in the middle of the night, and a coupled forced oscillator gets in my way, I'll shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

Now, would anyone accept this unadulterated garbage in the good old days? No way! Things just ain't what they used to be. In the good old days, we were much better off. We didn't have coupled forced oscillators; we didn't have Philosophy; and, best of all, we didn't have Mrs. Scum. What more could anyone want?

Stuart Ritchie





The Suggestion Book Tells!

When a wandering, lost sheep saw such an inviting sight as the room of John Lees, and dived through his closed window to create havoc, John was inspired to write:—

Page 47; "That sheep be banned from the College Premises. They can have a shattering effect and should be baa-ed."
John Lees.

A little later, the door of Jeopardy 20 was demolished by a heavy hooved and long lived (luckily) vet. student. This inspired the airy room's resident to slander.

Page 47; "Australian merinos are not the only breed of sheep which should be banned from this College. There is a pernicious 'celtic' short wool wether, who when out of his native Behan pasture also has a shattering effect on the College premises, especially on its woodwork".
Ron Moysey, J20 door.

To students other than those pursuing the science of Human Aatomy the following comments may be revealing.

Page 107; The Nose

A nose by any other name might smell so sweet
T'were fleshy promotory in meadows of flowery sleet,
Two orifices to the great umbrageous grots,
The forecourt of our intrinsic lusts.

Chorus: Jewish, Roman, hairy, haughty,
Ruggish, prudish, wrinkly, warty,
Freckled, drippy, pimpled, pug,
Phallic, gaelic, button, smug.

A face, no matter what the name, is incomplete
Without this rocky bridge on brick,
We would not know whether waft or stink
Neither could see if glasses needed were,
And many rude remarks — "Why be you noseless, sir?"

The Armpit

That hollow depression
Of B.O. repression
Where thermometres find refuge
In times of telling damp deluge;
School boys' prize farting place
With oily handed grace;
Shirt yellowing, coat mellowing —
Ginoline fellowing the stink.

from The Complete Anatomy.

p.161;

- 1) That toads as well as frogs be provided for general merriment at the end of term debauch.
- 2) That a candidate be nominated for the passive role in Sunday "pin the fist in the donkey" parties.
- 3) That the warden be subjected to fifty lashes with a string of orang-utan intestines for the purpose of determining possible unsavoury sexual proclivities. If innocent a solving bath of warm sauce bernaise should be put at his disposal.
- 4) Carbona, Aeroplane glue, Roach spray — please.

An Nony Mouse.

p203; That the College cleaners clean the shower recesses at least once a term. Failing this, that Frank be asked to run the mower over the fungi to keep it under control.
P. Sloane.

Editor's note (since the Secretary had none): Perhaps a chemical removal of the mosses could be more efficient than the suggested mechanical means.

p.205: What has happened to pages 196–201 inclusive? Would the phantom page-puller leave the pages alone.
P. Sloane.

I'm Sorry. I was in Lower Bishops and there was no paper. If you miss them so much they are probably somewhere between here and Werribee although the writing may be somewhat smudged.
P. Horsburgh.

It is Pete, it is.

The Fleur de Lys 1977 award for the longest suggestion goes undoubtedly to Doug Fordham, whose three or so pages of controversies were considered too long to print.

Take A Good Look Around

'Queen Elizabeth I slept here'. These words can be read or heard all over England. The burning questions of Elizabeth's marriage and the succession were left unresolved as the Virgin Queen hastened about her realm sleeping in strange beds not it seems for her own pleasure but to ensure the growth and prosperity of tourism in Britain. Assorted country houses, substantial wayside inns and mouldering heaps and towers of masonry all lay claim in their turn to having housed the slumbering Gloriana.

Whether based on sound evidence, carefully weighed probabilities, optimistic possibilities or plain fabrication an asserted link with the great people and events of the past will commonly raise a place or a building to a position of affection which its objective characteristics could never command.

I have been asked to write a report on the various buildings which comprise Trinity College. Merely to record evidence of change and decay and of unusual or irritating peculiarities would be to dismay and mislead anyone who has not lived in this place. I have refused to submit such a report on the grounds that it would be unbalanced and unfair.

During the end of year vacation a student returning to the College would find it almost deserted. If he visited the building in which he had lived during the year, he would find silent corridors and rows of virtually identical bare rooms with occasionally the name of the most recent occupant clinging to the door. Each room has no occupant to distinguish it from its neighbour, yet the visitor's memory could recall links with the varied activities of the year just past. In particular the individual people for whom these rooms and the building formed merely a setting. I suggest that it is just as unfair to view the setting in isolation from the people as to view the members of the College community as though the physical context in which they live or have lived has ceased to exist.

The College buildings sometimes take colour from, sometimes give colour to the events which occur in and about them. Instead of a report I have indulged my own memory of the time I have lived in Trinity College and recorded an assortment of experiences which are set out below. The period covered is mid-1972 to the

present time, or in fact the College's second century to date.

The length of a College generation nowadays would, I guess, be two to three years. The words 'College tradition' can mean many things, but 'as it was in the beginning' is not one of them. To many the words mean only that whatever the event in question they recall that it was certainly done that way as long ago as their first year in Trinity. This may be worth noting by those who may be nursing fresh-minted practices they want to see acclaimed as traditions.

The Bishops' Building dated from 1878, but in 1973-74 very extensive renovations were carried out involving bathroom reconstruction, full carpeting and new electrical wiring. I lived in the 'old' building for a year before the renovations commenced, and requests for even minor maintenance were met with 'We don't spend money on Bishops' Mr. Wortley'. The old bathrooms were vast cold and dank. Apart from two grilles close to the high ceiling, there was one window fitted with opaque glass. Even less light entered the bathroom when the W.C. which stood in front of the window was in use and the door to the cubicle closed. The window glass had the dual properties of quite blocking the vision of a person on the inside, whilst permitting a full and fair view to anyone passing by on the other side. The glass itself met its end even before the bathroom was wrecked, succumbing to a large naval orange launched at speed by some cunning engine of war located in the vicinity of Upper Clarke's. No one was injured.

As I crossed the Bulpadok to Cowan recently, I visualised Bishop James Grant in the days when he was Joint Acting Warden, striding to the centre of the arena and slowly submerging himself in an old cast iron bathtub. The tub came complete with ball and claw feet and was decorated with rather sodden purple crepe paper. The Bishop wore a diagonally striped neck to knee swimsuit. The occasion was arranged in aid of the 1974 College Appeal for Charity, and over \$100 was raised by a competition to guess the Bishop's displacement expressed in College teacupfull. The Dean, the other half of the Joint Acting Warden, won the prize.

Cowan Building was my home for over three years. At the north end of the building there are 'sets' of rooms for resident tutors, one on each of the four floors. Each of the four sets comprises a study entered by a door placed across the northern end of the north-south corridor. Inside the study, and immediately to the left of the entrance door is a doorway leading to a small bedroom. Late one night the top floor tutor came home rather 'tired'. He miscounted his floors and arrived at the door directly below his own. The lock was the same as his own. He tottered through the doorway, walked into the bedroom without switching on the light and with a sigh of exhaustion sat down on his sleeping colleague. Well, accidents will happen, but I am able to tell you that all those tutors' sets now operate with different keys and none of them is on the Cowan master key system.

'Get to know the Tutor on your floor' was part of my advice to new students of 1976 at their official welcome to the College. Although open to misinterpretation as stated, I stand by the principle. However, in the matter of keys for the outlocked any tutor is apt to be a trifle irritable if the hour is well past midnight or approaching dawn. On one occasion, having retired to bed about 12.30 am Sunday morning, I was awakened by the most frightful thumping on my study door. To my fuddled brain it appeared that the door was about to give way before the onslaught. I turned on a light. ... 3.05 am. The noise continued. I threw myself out of bed in a rage. I paused in the study to grab my dressing gown from the cupboard then taking a deep breath I flung open the door shouting as I did so: 'What the hell do you mean by banging on my door at 3 o'clock in the morning?' A normally studious and quiet Science student took a pace backwards and said 'But I've been knocking since twenty past two'. ... This threw me a little until I looked at him again and remembered that his room was on the floor above. 'Why didn't you go to the tutor on your floor?' I asked. 'I did' came the reply, 'but he called out "Go down and ask Renn" so I have'. Fuming about my fellow tutor's lack of consideration I turned to look for the Master Key, and noticed as I did so that instead of my dressing gown I had dragged on my academic gown. Striped pyjamas notwithstanding, an authority figure to the end.

Deciding to truncate my nostalgia tour I headed for the Dining Hall, that place of shared experience and quick with memories for us all.

The ritual of tea and coffee fetching at informal meals is worth noting, even though those consistently offering to wait on their fellows are likely to be accused of aspiring to T.C.A.C. office. A recent effort of mine came to grief when I put coffee powder in four cups, meanwhile talking amiably to the Bursar who was standing nearby, and quite unconsciously topped up the cups with tea. The result, a strange hybrid, was not popular.

I am very fond of avocado. When avocados were ordered for a special College Dinner several years ago the Catering Manager bought a case and kept them in the cool room until just before they were to be eaten. They were unspeakably bad at the Dinner, but from then on began to ripen. Indeed, the remainder of the case appeared during the next few days in the fruit baskets in the Dining Hall. They are pears after all.

I remember also when our First Eight won the rowing in 1974. The entire Dining Hall erupted that night in a mass of food and water which reflected no credit on those who took an active part. Several disciplinary hearings resulted. One medical student, a member of the victorious crew, was charged with throwing a potato at Bishop Grant which narrowly missed. His defence was that he could not be guilty of this offence as he was aiming to hit the Dean at the time. The defence failed.

Early in my time here, at a formal meal presided over by Warden Sharwood there were over twenty persons dining on High Table. As the Table rose to retire to the Senior Common Room I moved quickly to the nearby door to open it for the Warden. This proved difficult, as the door would not respond to my efforts. By this time the Warden was standing directly behind me, and the multitude as it seemed directly behind him. Dr. Sharwood took up a soft regular chant 'Open it Wortley'. ... 'Open it Wortley' etc. until the wretched doorknob came off in my hand. The chant was continued by the Warden until I had re-threaded the thing and by a providence succeeded in making it operate. It is a wonderful thing to be noticed.

This brings me to the Senior Common Room. The fabric of the present Common Room is much dilapidated and there are plans to move to a room in another part of the College. Perhaps then the near impossibility of retaining anything portable and of value within the four walls of the S.C.R. will cease to be a fact.

I shall conclude these ramblings with the story of a Senior Common Room bowls match said to have occurred some years ago, and in which I claim no part. I gather that the constraints even of a Trinity ad hoc rink were too much for the gentlemen concerned in this late night exercise. Playing the bowl more or less where it lay they crossed the Bulpadok and emerged from the Chapel gates onto the grass verge of Royal Parade. Thence, in the heat of

the game they proceeded in a southerly direction until with a rapidly accelerating sense of disaster they watched a trifle sheepishly as all the balls rolled swiftly into the storm water drain at the corner of Grattan Street.

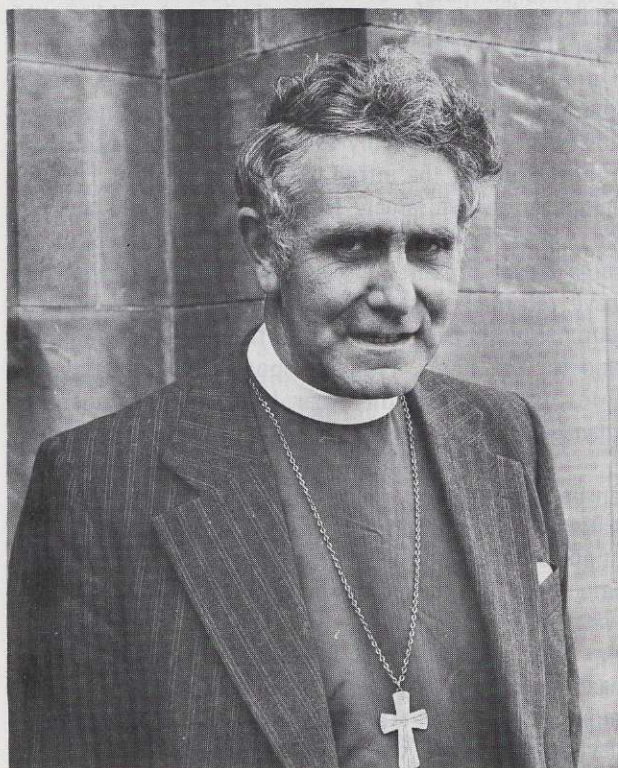
I cannot say that these reminiscences strike me in any romantic sense as golden, but they are perhaps gilt by association.

Renn Wortley

Trinity Student's Letter Home

Dear	Mum Dad Baron Cousin, I am having a time Lover Sir Comrade	trying wild lousy fun kinky bonzer	bashing fondling sterilizing the painting sinking	College locals piss. girls pooftas
Last week	I they	played learnt desecrated crippled	footy hockey pensioners soccer boat racing	enlarged orange engraved inflamed enormous unusual
Then	I we they	decorated devoured removed demolished improved	ridiculous pink eyed pulsating smelly vulgar speechless	warden tutor toilet thing mess Bishop fresher
and put the	entrails navel shavings stumps fragments complex	in under over beside by up on behind	a my your his its her our their the	Bulpaddock drain sausage car nostril garden honey-pot Chapel
Juttoddie The Fresher's Shout A Club Dinner The T.C.A.C. Committee My door mat	has left me	paranoid exhausted deaf broke pregnant thirsty	and so I must	doctor father sleeping bag eskies tutor jock's
				tomorrow.
				devoted dribbling hungry loving ageing servant baby patient
				friend son daughter heir child nong puppy
				X.

Bishop James Grant



A notable change in College life occurred almost unobserved during the long vacation when Bishop James Grant vacated the Upper Leeper flat to live in Ascot Vale. He came to Trinity as a non-resident Arts student in 1950 with a special interest in history and returned to pursue studies in theology. After experience in several parishes and as Chaplain to the Archbishop he was appointed Chaplain of Trinity at the end of 1969. He quickly steeped himself in the history and traditions of the College and undertook to write the substantial historical volume, *PERSPECTIVE OF A CENTURY*, to commemorate the College's centenary in 1972. Before that time, however, he was appointed Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Melbourne with special responsibility for the Western District. He continued to hold the office of Chaplain in an honorary capacity until January, 1975. In recognition of his services the Council then appointed him a Fellow of the College.

After being raised to the episcopate Bishop Grant was assisted in the duties of the chaplaincy by an assistant Chaplain, Fr Jim Minchin, until 1973, and Fr Albert McPherson in 1974. Fr Roger Sharr succeeded him as

full-time Chaplain in 1975 but Bishop Grant continued as Director of Theological Students until the appointment of Dr. John Gaden as Director of the Theological School at the beginning of 1977.

Bishop Grant's contribution to this College has been enormous and freely given. He has remarkable gifts of wise judgment as well as historical knowledge. He also remembers the names and personal details of hundreds of people, including the great majority of Trinity students from his years here. One incident will long be remembered: At the beginning of each year Bishop Grant would make a point of meeting at least five new people at every meal. At breakfast early in 1975 he approached Robina Steiner, coughed in his characteristic manner, and said, "Good morning. My name's Grant". "Pleased to meet you, Grant", was Robina's friendly reply.

I have always been sorry that I arrived a few weeks too late to see the Bishop enliven Juttodie 1974 by appearing in a neck-to-knee bathing costume. He was lowered slowly into a bath of water while College members wagered large sums (for charity of course) on the episcopal displacement.

To me as Warden, as to Dr. Sharwood before me, Bishop Grant has been confidant and trusted counsellor. Although he is no longer living with us he continues to play an important part in the College as Minute Secretary to the Council, indefatigable worker for the Mollison Library, and now Director of the Trinity Theological School Centenary Appeal. The College has not said goodbye. He is still too much one of us for that.

Evan Burge

The Senior Student Speaks



An exciting year scaled the heights at the end of second term; accordingly the first task of this Report is to pay tribute to all those College men who worked so hard and brought the Cowan Cup home for the first time since 1968. Long may it stay here, where it belongs!

It is a most worthwhile exercise to read the T.C.A.C. Reports of the last few years. One sees, of course, that the problems to be faced by the Committee each year change little. More to the point, one sees that the main value of the report is in the record it provides — of achievements as well as of life in general; and particularly any changes in Trinity's lifestyle.

Trinity is entering a most exciting time. The Cowan Cup win will be, I'm sure, an enormous psychological boost to the whole College. Not that such a boost is wholly necessary: the College this year has seen a wide range of activities taking place, and perhaps the most stimulating facet of all this activity is to see the part this year's freshmen and women are playing. I think it is worth repeating a claim I have made before: that this year's first year membership has enormous potential to achieve much within the College — perhaps more than any other single group of first year students that I have seen. In these people lies a whole new College generation; there is to be seen the ability variously to keep the Cowan Cup here, as well as to ensure that the wit and style so much a part of Trinity continues to flourish. I think that the next few years should be especially rewarding for the College members then resident.

Trinity's lead in the artistic field continues. Fine standards have been consistently upheld by the Music Society, the Dramatic Society and the Dialectic Society — which celebrated its Centenary this year. The activities of these groups — detailed elsewhere — have contributed substantially once again to College life. These aspects of College life are of paramount importance; they are an integral part of what makes College life. Every effort must be made to ensure that these elements of individuality continue to prosper.

The sporting arena; success at last. The effect on College morale of a sporting win is undeniable — this year there have been many. Aided by the enthusiasm of Outdoor Rep., Bill Gillies, College sport has returned to the heights of 1968. Another event of great importance this year was the highly successful re-emergence of the Elliott Fours — the intra-Collegiate boat races. That this happened is due largely to Bill's efforts. Held this year on Albert Park Lake, and judged a huge success by the large crowd present, it seems safe to predict that they have returned to stay. Trinity is at present looking at purchasing its own tub fours, both for general training — and for the Fours. Women's sport, increasingly coming into its own has this year been most competently managed by Sally Newsome.

This year's General Rep., Scott Chesterman, has ensured that, once again the year has had plenty of variety. Orientation week assumes increasing importance, and this year's program went off perfectly smoothly; once again the delights of Carlton's scenery was seen by the freshers — (most of it, at least), who do, I'm told, like barbecues! Juttoddie, of course, reared its head again — by now firmly and safely established once more. So too did the popular Car Rally — although some navigation wasn't up to scratch! The 'Nymphs and Satyrs' Ball — held once more at Camberwell was, as is now usual, a great success.

Treasurer Fred Grimwade, ever-anxious not to be tagged as was his predecessor, handled a job of increasing complexity with ease. Thanks to his good management, the Committee were able to carry out virtually all objectives, and still ensure that sporting wins were celebrated as they should be.

Graeme Pilkington, this year's Indoor Rep., handled his job with his usual quiet efficiency but seemed often to feel that there was too little that needed to be done. Fortunately, however, he came up with an idea which ensured that his share of expenditure would be spent, and that in one swoop: now the College arms adorn the Dining Hall in fine style.

The Secretary, Peter Cudlipp, whilst coping with an endless stream of paperwork, provided invaluable support for a Senior Student oft in need.

Club Dinners have been held successfully once again. Bishop Ken Mason (a former Dean of Trinity) spoke on the Anglican Church in the Northern Territory; (hopefully by the time this is published, we will have raised some money for him), Rachel Faggetter from Ormond, having spent some time in China, spoke on student life in China; she was as provocative as she was interesting; John Cain, M.L.A. and Tony Staley, M.H.R. also spoke at Dinner. Even if listeners disagreed with the views expressed, they stimulated discussion — and that, surely, is the whole point.

The Senior Student and Secretary have again had the opportunity of representing the student body on both the College Council and the Executive and Finance Committee. The approaching incorporation of the College is to be looked forward to — granting, as it will, two student votes on Council. Yet even now every opportunity is given for the voicing of student opinion. Communications between the Committee and the Warden, the Dean and the Bursar have continued to be open and frank.

It was a happy Committee, and one to which I am indebted; one trusts that tasks were fulfilled adequately. And what of the future? The presence of women residents continue to make the College a more harmonious community, I believe. One supposes that it must by now be only a matter of time before Behan — and particularly its bathrooms — falls to women: and rightly so! It appears safe to say that the present high demand for places here will continue. Whilst this is the case, and the calibre of those presenting themselves to the College matches the standards attained up till now, the quality of life at Trinity, together with its all-important diversity, will clearly continue.

Bruce Davidson

The Choral Foundation

This year has seen the establishment of a Choral Foundation in the College, singing during Term at Evensong in the Chapel twice a week. The Choir has twenty members, and is under the direction of Professor Peter Dennison. It has already reached a high standard of proficiency, singing Services and Anthems by such diverse composers as Byrd, Battishill and Howells, and sang at the Centenary Eucharist of the Theological Faculty in the presence of Bishop Michael Ramsay. It should quickly establish itself as an integral part in the musical life of the University and of Melbourne generally.

John Beaverstock

*The path
to good beer
is never
long*

**Naughton's
Hotel**

43 Royal Parade, Parkville. Vic. 3052

The Trinity College Toilet Beautification Committee

Initiation is the key to life at Trinity, and it is the undersigned's intention to bring to the attention of the College the formation of the Trinity College Toilet Beautification Committee:

AIMS OF THE COMMITTEE:

1. To create awareness and become involved in the true meaning of toilet visiting.
2. To increase the value of this type of real estate.
3. To help with the process of male and female relaxation and amusement, whilst proceedings are underway.
4. To generate interest in modern posters for the ladies and true 'Ocker' unveilings for others (for example, Plunks).

RESULTS NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE:

1. The President Plunks has set up a toll-gate outside the top floor Cowan toilet, Behan side, due to a sudden demand for use of its interior facilities. It is also rumoured that he is planning further extensive renovations throughout the College.
2. The treasurer, Geoffrey Goodbody, has studied the various bodies displayed on the walls and has decided to audition for publication, in order to further help stimulate interest in this movement.
3. Secretary, D'vich Mulder, says his part in this body's creation was his contribution to the V.D. Cup, 1977.
4. Model Sandy (five out of ten).

It should be noted that many of these suggestions and comments were forced on to paper by the sincere meanings of the organizers of this committee to promote a real interest in progressive art.

On behalf of the College — Thank you! Every time I visit top floor Cowan, I think of the vast source of imagination which has been released in this particular artistic form, and think that it should be encouraged greatly by contributions.

Sallypsolon

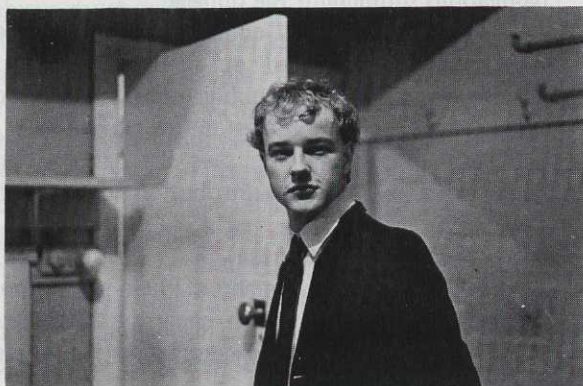
"This Old Man Comes Rolling Home"

'As he bends to kiss her a hail of jaffas bombard the stage. Blimey, that wasn't in the script!'

As the man said that's showbiz and apart from other similar setbacks, the College Play this year surpassed all expectations both from the point of view of the audience and all those involved in it. The choice of an Australian play was in marked contrast to the classical and at times bizarre productions of previous years. It proved to be a successful one.



Far removed from the palacial air of Trinity College 1977, the play was an insight into the industrial suburb of Redfern in the early fifties. The simple virtues of a working class family within the intense political climate of that era produced a play that had tragic, comic and sometimes melodramatic moments. The set captured this atmosphere well and thanks must go to Rick Potter and other College members who spent the early hours of Sunday morning constructing it.



The cast, picked from many at the workshops, worked well with Mr. Ian Robinson, the director, who put a tremendous amount of time and effort into the production. His approach was refreshingly different and his improvisations enabled the cast to get to know and feel for the characters they were playing.

Play Camp, held at Riddell's Creek Scout Camp, was where the production took its shape. In what were the coldest conditions ever faced by actors, we found out how well typecast certain members were and how difficult it became for them to shed their alter egos. John Lees distinguished himself as a cook so much, that there is a vacancy for him in the kitchen any time. Tears of nostalgia fill the writer's eyes as he thinks back to the open fire, the endless cups of coffee, the pub, the Wellington, Toadstool Pie and that freezing rehearsal room. It was certainly a memorable week.

The beginning of second term saw the launching of the advertising campaign. It had a capitalist zeal which would do Harry M. Miller proud and make Tom Dockerty turn in his grave. 'This Old Man Comes Rolling Home' found itself painted on T-shirts, windcheaters, badges, lunch bags and posters. News of the production was written up in the papers and broadcast on radio. Little wonder that the box office takings were the highest on record. Credit goes to John Lees, Stan Kisler and Rupert Myer.



On Gala Night we were privileged to have the author Dorothy Hewett present for the major performance.

A successful play depends as much on the people behind the stage, as the actors. As stage managers Andrew Dingjan and Janet Savoir put in a Herculean effort in what is probably the most important job of any play. They worked in well with Ian McKenzie (lights) and Peter Cudlipp (sound). Our thanks go to the Union Board for their generous grant and to everybody else involved in what can only be described as a smash hit.

Campbell Horsfall

THE DRAMA CLUB



TCDC

Squatting: H. Crole, R. Erwin, M. Williamson.

Seated: S. Kisler, R. Potter, J. Sevoir, J. Lees, A. Dingjan, R. Myer, B. Hawkins, C. Horsfall.

Standing: A. Todd, M. Hawk, S. Lowe, G. Wallinga, P. Pengilley, J. Clark, P. Cudlipp, S. Matters, B. Davidson.

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

This year has seen a revival of the interest shown to music in College. Not only do people leave tea on Sunday to catch the last moments of Countdown, but they are also attending K.K.K. (Cultural College Concerts).

The Music Society has held three most successful concerts, and its Secretary has literally pumped culture into Trinity. Not only has he encouraged the serenity of Rock but also the decadence of the Classics. Thus the Committee is renowned for its versatility.

They have presented the greats, not to mention Mrs. Scum. Several original compositions by members of the College found their way into the programme. Chris Dunstan and the Dunstanettes performed a Box called 82, Katie Thawley, a piece by Peter Dodd, entitled "Moments"; Mark Rankin performed a self composition. Our distinguished critic, Mr. Lee, made no comments on these works as he sighed in time with the music.

Mark also accompanied Janet Sevier in her quest for the utopia of musical comedy and the very talented duo, Stephen Hookey and Ross Muir showed their

tendency towards the freer forms, of music. They were later joined by Peter Dodd and Vladimir Chishkovsky: (Didn't miss a beat).

Sal Newsome showed her particular vocal charms in a bracket that was well appreciated by the audience and Renn Wortley displayed his extraordinary talent in a bracket which culminated in a most amusing rendition of an aria from Bach's Coffee Cantata.

These concerts marked the end of Chris Gardiner's reign as master musician of the College and the beginning of what one would hope will be long and fruitful reigns of Andrew Goddard and John Williams as his successors to the throne.

We would also like to thank all those people who attended and thoughtfully partook of our free wine and cheese and we would publicly like to snub our noses at those who said we couldn't do it.

Janet Sevier & Stephen Hookey

JUTTODDIE

Juttoddie was held on Sunday May 1st with the weather ideal for racing. The freshers showed a high level of keenness, all participating in the hope of attaining glory in perpetuity in the College's annals by winning the Juttoddie Cup.

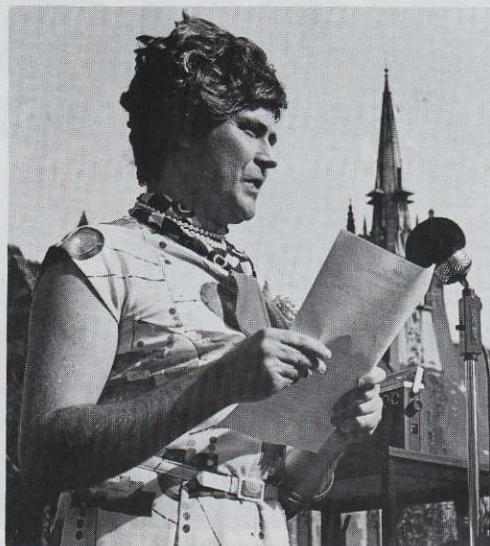


The T.C.A.C. General Representative, Scott Chesterman and the Juttoddie Committee (Robyn Holden, Robert Erwin, Bryan Deschamp and Rick Potter) had worked hard to produce a very testing course. There were some important modifications: the biscuit eating, the genuine steeple and especially the detergent covered plastic sheet which caused a few female competitors to give the crowd more entertainment than expected. The sound system was also a substantial improvement on the previous year.



The fun started in the College Car Park, where Scott, driving the Rent-A-Truck, with infinite control, braked a fraction to suddenly almost causing Peter Clarke to lose his bundle. The dignitaries made their grand entrance to a tumultuous welcome from the assembled hordes.

The Appeals Committee, largely through the efforts of Rob. Erwin, provided welcome refreshments and some highly amusing subsidiary entertainments during the day.



More entertainment was quick to follow. The blessing of the Bricks and Books was carried out with resplendent ceremony, followed by an ear piercing rendition from Mr(s). Renn Wortley. Massive sums of money, up to five dollars per race, were changing hands in the betting ring as the runners were called to the barriers for the first event. The testing of nerves between the Bookies and the punters was to continue all day with Dave Kingston and Paul Meadows making a notable collection on Hal Herron, one of the few successful favourites of the day. Of the selections made by various College personalities, Hal was the only one to bring home the bacon — he was selected by the Warden.





Gradually the excitement built up until the climax was reached at 5 pm. with the running of the 1977, Juttodie Cup. It was a keenly contested affair, with Bruce Robinson, crossing the line first. However, the protest hooter sounded — there had allegedly been some excessive nobbling in Cowan. The stewards decided to dismiss the protest and the title of Juttoddie Champion stayed on Bruce Robinson's fair head. He is (at 23) one of the youngest ever to reach this pinnacle of sporting achievement.

The day wound to a pleasant completion with a Vatican lawn B.B.Q. and a Common Room Dance.

Rod Lyle



Juttoddie

Seated: R. Lyle, R. Holden, S. Chesterman.
Standing: R. Potter, R. Erwin.

ELLIOTT FOURS

The Elliot Fours for many years had the reputation of being the graveyard of good rowing boats. Good rowers would team up with novices and attempt to make up for the lack of blood lust and physical contact in their sport by sinking boats. It was therefore understandable when enquiries for boats to revive this once-famous occasion met with refusals from schoolmasters and rowing clubs.

Luckily, Mercantile Rowing Club had managed to keep an old wreck from sinking and there were a couple of unfortunates who had never heard of the event. They were the President of the Melbourne University Ladies Rowing Club and the master of rowing at Caulfield Grammar.

While Albert Park Rowing Club had heard of this notorious event they were willing to help. For a start they let us out onto the Albert Park Lake. They gave us invaluable help and even lent us a boat.

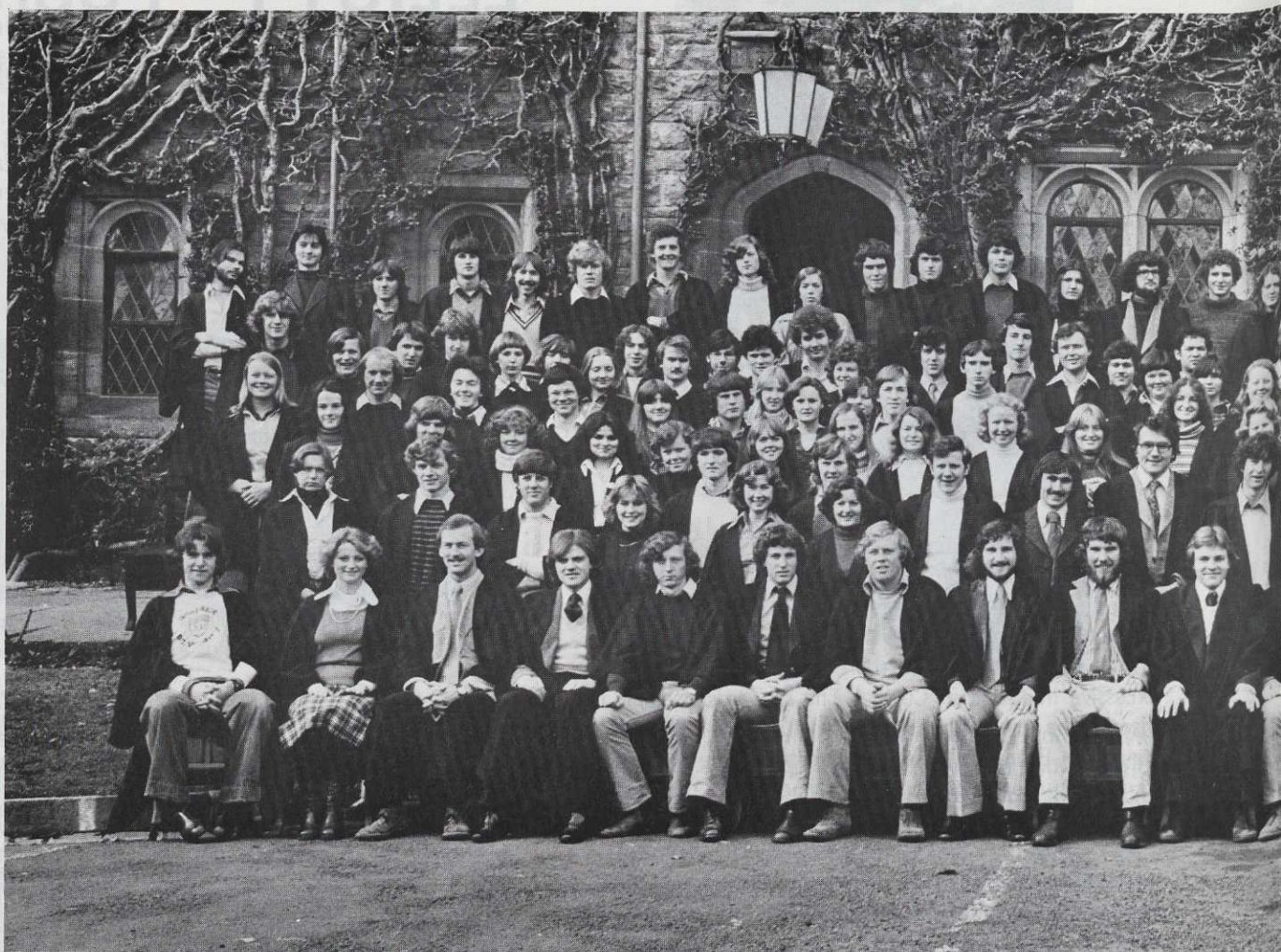
After frantic preparation the first boat hit the water at nine o'clock, one Sunday morning in first term. While the first heat nearly accounted for the lynch-pins of College rock it also provided two of the eventual finalists. The second heat saw one of the College's best rowers lose his first race in years. Coxing is the hardest part of being a member of a four, lightweight or not. Some very seedy celebrants of a College twenty-first worked off a bit of high living in the third heat and the late entrants from the Senior Common Room, who had more age than rowing reputation, pulled off the fourth heat. Another big College rower, the cream of women's rowing, bolted in the final heat.

This was no hastily organized event; it boasted semi-finals which saw two crews from the first heat and the senior common room crew go into the final.

Tension ran high in the final and the crew consisting of Geoff Sloane, Pete Batt, Jane Doery, Kate Hope with Mike Scales pulling the strings crossed the line first.

It was a bit of an anti-climax — no boats had been destroyed although there were some close calls. People's hearts still stop at the memory of one in the semi-finals. Interest was good; nearly half of the College was 'boated'. So it's hoped that this event will be organized next year. Thanks must go to all those who helped, especially Greg Longden and James Lowe, who put their reputations on the line to act as officials, and all those who participated.

Bill Gillies



TRINITY COLLEGE

SEATED: B. Stanto
Davidson, W. Gillies,
Moore, J. Jefferies.
1ST ROW: M. Poul
Horsburgh, R. Potter
2ND ROW: F. Cain,
Prain, S. Lowe, K.
Adamson, W. Wright,
3RD ROW: K. Cor
Wilson, D. Maclean,
Anderson, G. Church
4TH ROW: R. Muir,
Piper, G. Willunga, F.
Petersen, C. Goddar
Palkiner, S. Martin, T.
BACK ROW: A. His
S. Steer, K. Hinchcl
Kelly, K. Kawabata,
ABSENTEES: D. A
Chesterfield, A. Dav
K. Holloway, L. Ho
Lawrence, C. Lee, P
Meadows, P. Naidu,
Sheridan, E. Shuen, J.



on, S. Peake, H. Lees, C. Seton, R. Slocombe, I. Dungey, N. Bailey, G. Pilkington, F. Grimwade, P. Cudlipp, B.
s, S. Chesterman, T. Ross-Edwards, K. Graham, P. Clarke, R. Mulder, R. McDonald, G. Theys, E. Canning, R.
iston, T. Whittem, I. Boyd-Law, S. Holding, A. Skinner, C. Norris, R. Erwin, H. Herron, P. Sloane, M. Scales, P.
r, E. Howes, R. Holden, E. Fellowsmith, B. Wieland, I. Gautama, M. Chou, E. Kelly, C. Carr.
C. Moritz, H. Champness, K. Prince, J. McKenzie, M. Garwood, A. Todd, I. Mackay, A. Collinson, S. Orrman, M.
Dahlitz, D. Hutchinson, M. Foster, N. Thomas, S. Newsome, A. Pizer, D. Fordham, C. Horsfall, R. Preece, J.
t, Y. Kin Seng, Z. Shah.
dner, B. Longden, A. Cohen, N. Gelber, P. Penguilly, S. Foote, J. Hallows, D. Elliot, J. Sevoir, H. Salter, C.
R. Myer, S. Barrett, F. Hamer, H. du Pury, I. Evans, R. Cole, A. Dingjan, J. Sheppard, C. Campbell, G. Wines, P.
hman, A. Goddard, A. Brooksby, S. Ritchie.
r, R. O'Connor, R. Palmer, D. Clarke, J. Clarke, R. Brayshaw, M. Hawke, P. Wise, S. Kisler, R. Turner, H. Crole, B.
R. Bullen, R. Harley, R. Irvine, A. Rosler, H. Asche, B. Sullivan, G. Sloane, B. Baker, D. McDermott, V. Hurley, I.
rd, M. Elliott, W. Wilson, F. Macindoe, R. Plunkett, P. Fitzpatrick, I. Harrison, G. Miller, N. Buckmaster, V.
T. Maclean, K. Hope, N. Zacharidis, A. Dolan.
skens, B. Thompson, M. Mackay, J. Williams, J. Gordon, M. Bailey, P. Israel, W. Hamilton, D. Moreton, S. Hookey,
iff, P. Neerhut, R. Halls, P. Batt, J. Fox, P. Chomley, A. Sloane, A. Inglis, A. Harper, A. Davey, P. Treyvaud, J.
S. Hall, R. May, R. Lyle, T. Brentnall, J. Goddard, J. Buckmaster, A. Poole, W. Eddebohls.
rchibald, N. Aun, A. Austin, J. Beaverstock, W. Beitzel, A. Bolton, S. Broadwood, L. Canning, M. Casley, M.
ey, P. Dodd, J. Doery, C. Fethers, M. Freeman, S. Gillett, N. Gordon, M. Gorton, R. Green, C. Harper, I. Harrison,
ope, S. Hosking, M. Hoystead, C. Kaiser, R. Karge, S. Kennedy, D. Kingston, M. Kingston, V. Kratochvil, J.
P. Le Souef, C. Letts, S. Lim, A. Louey, A. Lowell, G. McDonald, S. Matters, S. Mercer, I. Michell, J. Mika, P.
H. Nielson, M. Rankin, R. Rethus, C. Richards, B. Robertson, W. Ross, P. Scott, M. Sevier, K. Shepherd, R.
J. Sleigh, H. Spiller, E. Storey, M. Sumner, C. Thawley, E. Wilcocks.

SILENCE, THE S.C.R.



The Senior Common Room ranks show a relatively small change in 1977 compared to that recorded in the previous year's SCR notes. Most of the new members listed in those notes are still part of the College scenery, together with the welcome addition of Dr. and Mrs. J. Gaden, Prof. Dennison, Revd. and Mrs. R. Oliver, Mr. V. Chishkovsky, Mr. W. Ford, Dr. R. Smith, Rev. G. Gillard, Dr. T. Telsby, Mrs. C. Wortley and Ms. A. Cass.

We farewell those who left at the end of 1976, and thank them for their contributions to the College community and to the Senior Common Room. They were Fr. Roger Sharr (Chaplain), Mr. Horst Imberger, Dr. John Jardine (R.M.O.), Mr. Bill Sherwin, Dr. Bruce Langtry, Mr. Les Pyke, and the former Resident Fellow the Rt. Reverend James Grant. Also, at the end of Term II Mr. C. Gardiner and Dr. R. Smith departed to take up positions in Indiana and Canberra respectively. Ms. A. Cass has come into residence to replace Dr. Smith. We wish all those who have left the College and the SCR all success in future careers.

The new Senior Tutor in 1977 is Mr. Alan Hodgart, tutor in Economic History, Economic Consultant, and

leader of the College jet set. He succeeds Mr. Renn Wortley, Law tutor, and well-known for Melba impersonations. Despite the prophesy in last year's SCR notes, Renn and Carolyn have come back into College this year to take up residence in top floor Leeper.

The SCR, as well as participating in the tutorial program aims to contribute to the life of the general College community. This has been especially noticeable this year in the time several SCR members have devoted to helping organize musical events in College (yes, even "Climb Every Staircase" at Juttodie). SCR members have taken part in and enjoyed general College functions, graduation lunches, Club dinners and so on.

The formal social and intellectual life of the SCR has been distinctly healthy this year with several interesting SCR Seminars, generally sizeable attendance in the SCR at formal meals, the Term I Guest Night, and other less formal socializing. The invaluable assistance of the Bursar, Domestic Supervisor, Porter, Chief Cook and all the Domestic Staff is gratefully acknowledged.

M.M.M.

COLLEGE OFFICERS:

Dr. Evan Burge (Warden)
Dr. John Davis (Dean of Studies and Tutor in Physiology)
Revd. Rodney Oliver (Chaplain)
Mr. Alan Todd (Bursar)

FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE:

Prof. Joseph Burke (Tutor in Fine Arts)

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC:

Prof. Peter Dennison

DIRECTOR OF THEOLOGICAL STUDIES:
Rev. John Gaden

SENIOR TUTOR:
Mr. Alan Hodgart (Tutor in Economic History)

RESIDENT TUTORS:
Mr. Robert Carter (Economics); Ms Anna Cass (Physics - Term III); Mr. Vladimir Chishkovsky (Music); Dr. Bryan Deschamp (History); Mr. Christopher Dunstan (Engineering); Mr. James Ferry (Economics and Politics); Mr. Bill Ford (Law); Mr. Christopher Gardiner (Mathematics - Terms I & II); Mr. John Lord (Accountancy); Ms Margaret Malone (Physics); Mr. Colin Sharp (Psychology); Dr. Ross Smith (Physics - Terms I & II); Ms Pauline Stiglich (Chemistry); Mr. Renn Wortley (Law).

ELECTED MEMBERS:
Dr. Barbara Burge; Mrs. Janet Gaden; Rev. Gary Gillard; Dr. Tom Helsby; Mrs. Leslie Oliver; Mrs. Carolyn Wortley.



TWINS

Hamburger Bar

Souvlakis
Yiros

Fish and Chips

Monday to Thursday
10-30 am to 2-30am.
Friday and Saturday
10-30 am to 4-00am.
Closed Sunday

THE PHOTO CLUB

In last year's report to the Fleur de Lys I made the comment: "The T.C.P.C. is an establishment which differs from many others in that it attempts to provide a service to all residents, interested and not interested". I know that without the help of this year's very enthusiastic Committee this ideal could not have been upheld.

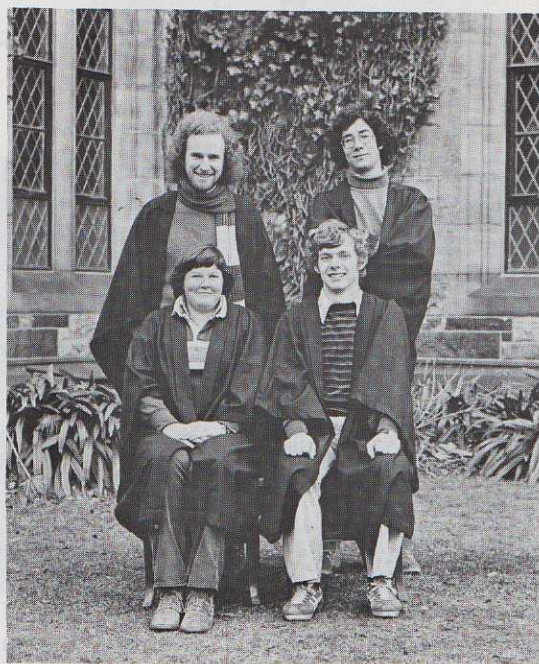
In the face of some very demoralizing opposition from many of the College's more established Clubs and leaders the Committee fought on when I found myself resigning. I am confident that they will be as helpful to the new President as they were to me during this my second term in that office.

The photography Club is still an infant, and deserves much more backing from its members and associates than it received this year. It seemed as though the conservative factions of College were set to inhibit any influence such a young Club could have on our Traditions.

As a child grows up it must continually change into new trousers as it grows out of the old ones. Eventually it ends up supporting its parents. Photography is a growing art, and in the same way as does a child, I'm sure the T.C.P.C. will eventually be supporting several of the older Clubs upon which it was modelled.

Between now and then it will continue to serve its members as best it can.

Ted Whittem



TCPC

Seated: S. Barrett, T. Whittem.
Standing: A. Poole, N. Thomas.

CENTENARY

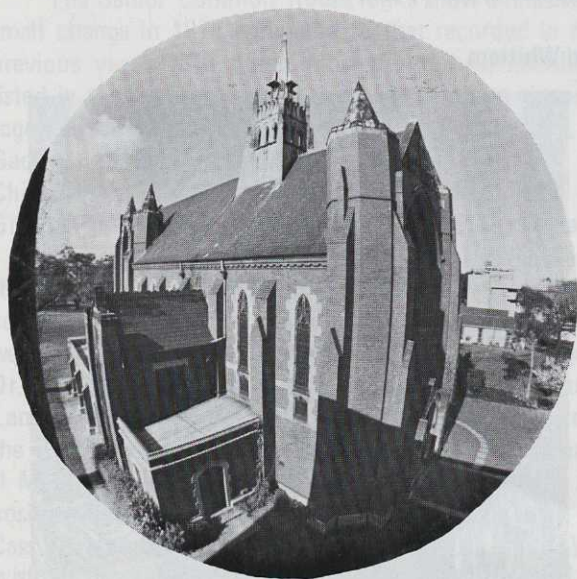
Low of brow, crafty of eye, and crooked of limb, they come loping across from the direction of the Chapel to add a note of splendour and dignity to the official opening of Juttodie, to impart their blessing to the occasional Trike, or anything else which has the ill fortune to cross their path.

This year, the Theological Faculty of Trinity celebrates its centenary. Trinity is amongst the oldest theological colleges in the world, and is unique in offering an opportunity to prepare for ordination, on the one hand in an ecumenical Faculty including both Roman Catholics and Protestants, and on the other in the environment of a university College. Such a life, as someone once said, was never meant to be easy. Still, Trinity was never meant to be a place for your average priestling. But for those willing to accept it, this College offers the opportunity to undertake theological studies in an environment which affords immense possibilities

for creative interaction with fellow College Members from a wide variety of disciplines and indeed, beliefs. Trinity's theological students have always managed to fulfil an amazingly useful pastoral role within the College, as well as making a disproportionately significant contribution to the sporting, political, cultural and social life of the place. It is unfortunate that in recent years a considerable part of the Theological School have had to be non-resident members of College. This of necessity must limit the degree to which faculty members have been able to be involved in the life of the College, and thus in this Centenary Year an appeal is being made to the Australian Church to provide, amongst other things, accommodation in College for married students, including theological students.

Christopher Seton

THE COLLEGE CHAPEL



Across the vast aeons of time, Trinity College Chapel has been an object of wonder and admiration to countless generations of apprentice bricklayers. The Chapel is a familiar rendezvous for devotees of the music of the harpsichord, and that the Canterbury Fellowship "Make Their Home" there is known to all. The Chapel is not exactly situated at the Paris end of the Bulpadok, and yet it has a considerable part to play in the life of

the College. Although the community of people who worship regularly in the Chapel does not seem to have grown appreciably this year, it continues to be an integrated fellowship who both as individuals and as a group have a significant contribution to make as they seek to share with others something of their experience of the love and compassion of Christ.

This year the worship in the Chapel has been greatly enriched by the establishment of a Choral Foundation under the direction of Professor Peter Dennison. Trinity is uniquely fortunate in having the potential for achieving an excellence in the quality of our worship which is not possible in most other churches. To this end a beginning has been made this year towards rationalising our worship in the light of contemporary ceremonial practice, and with a somewhat more professional approach. It is to be hoped that this work will be continued by the newly formed worship committee.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Fr. Rodney Oliver, a former member of College, as Chaplain. Fr. Rodney brings with him a wide experience as a school chaplain and parish priest both here and in the U.K. and is primarily responsible for the pastoral ministry within the College.

Christopher Seton

THE DEMISE OF ARTHUR HILLS

It was decided early in second term that Trinity should enter the trike race, so a committee was formed and work on a trike was started. Its early development took place in the secrecy of a deserted farmhouse north of Melbourne, thanks to Fred.

With the help of Fred's offsider, "Clabbo", the frame of the trike took shape, along with the idea of what we were doing. After two weekends and a few cans the trike was beginning to look good, and it was clear that Trinity would have a trike of real ability.



A pair of wheels from a 1920's wheelchair (what did you do with that old lady, Mac?), a front wheel with pedals, some help from Harry's offsider, Steve Hawes, a coat of paint from Leonardo de KKK and we were ready with a pretty racey looking trike.

With a distinct lack of practice the team set off to do some last minute training at Rick Potter's house at Dromana (thanks Rick). Trike riding is a very strenuous ordeal and the boys trained long into the night to build up their strength for the following day. With cans downed for extra stamina and pizzas demolished to throw off any challenge that may be made, it was easily seen, even by the blind (drunk), that Trinity was a force to be reckoned with.

At six o'clock the next morning, however, a different angle to the picture was seen. It looked as though the team were over trained, especially Pete H. who was not looking well after his pizza a la Ormond straw hat. Breakfast omitted, the not too hungry team hit Portsea for the seven thirty start.

With everyone more or less organized and with a rough idea of what to do we were ready. Ernie, in full attire, hit the pedals at seven thirty three to start us on the sixty mile trip back. The trike went well for ten miles, but then we struck a little bad luck. The handle bars came off! They needed welding, so the trike lost half an hour while repairs were made at a nearby garage.

We got going again but had a bad crash caused by severe flour bombing. Things did not look good but with fifty miles to go, the front wheel badly buckled and a bent pedal, the trike still looked a lot better than ex-Trinitarian 'Bangers' and Jim Gordon.

We had lost a lot of time, many trikes having passed us, but we were not to be beaten. The team 'dug em in' and the trike, somewhat handicapped, began to fly, especially down the Balcombe Army Camp hill in the hands of Nick Bailey and Oliver's Hill at Frankston, piloted by Tim 'Evil Knieval' Maclean.

Despite the loss of a pedal in Johnston St. and Fred at Frankston, the trike rolled (or rather was pushed) into the Uni at a few minutes past one. The full team did not arrive until a bit later — Roger Brayshaw arriving from Punt Rd. by tram.

The team and trike had made it, battered, weary and more than a little saddle sore (a new seat for next year). We'd come seventh out of fourteen despite lost time and so, in our debut, we'd done creditably.

We finished in '77 and now all eyes are looking enthusiastically towards '78, where it is hoped that with another trike, as well as having a great day, we will also take hold of the Argus Tuft trophy (and the eight dozen bot's first prize).

Geoff Sloane



Trike Race Committee

Seated: H. Asche, G. Sloane, R. Erwin.
Lying: G. Wines.

ANOTHER CENTENARY

At the first meeting of the Dialectic Society for 1977 the newly co-opted secretary announced to a slightly nonplussed audience, gathered to hear the Tutors-Freshmen debate, that it was the Centenary Year of the College's premier club. He went on to say that accordingly, the season would not only be extended and extensive, but of a brilliance not seen since the great '72.

So it was to be — remembering that style, not sincerity is the vital thing — the Committee of the Society set out to ensure that the Centenary Year would not be put to shame by the other great anniversary of 1977. From the first it was decided that no expense be spared, no talent untapped, no port undrunk — no mind untouched.

Firmly believing in this popular involvement, the First Term Quiz was held and the large number assembled were filled with enthusiasm. First term also saw one notable non-event, in the last minute forfeiture by Janet Clarke Hall in the first round of the inter-Collegiate debating competition.

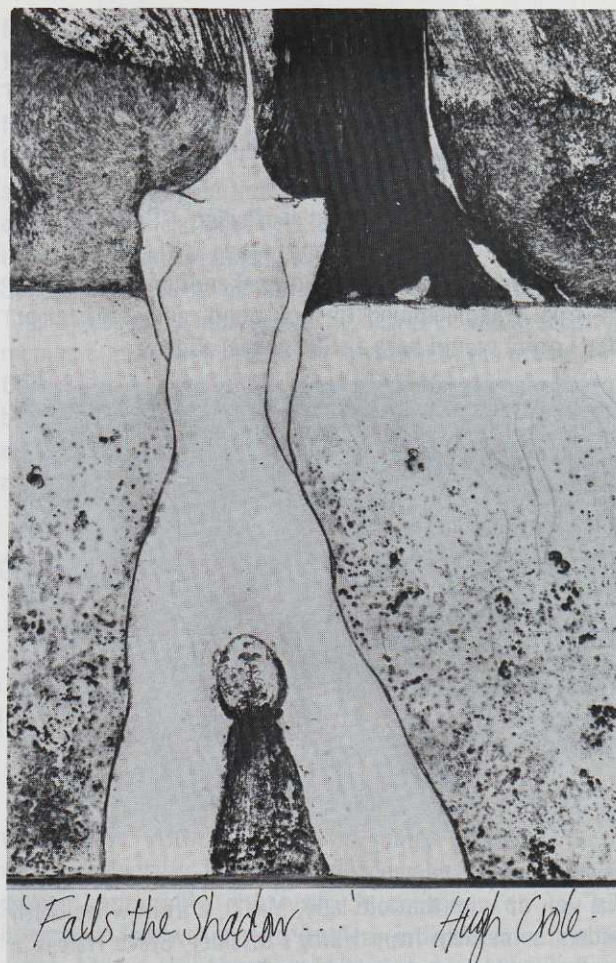
On the 13th April, a toast was formally proposed in Hall to mark the actual date of the first meeting held by the Society and the Committee adjourned for a champagne supper at which the idea of a grand dinner was raised and enthusiastically accepted.

The dinner was the culmination of the Centenary celebrations and was held in Hall on Friday, 1st July. Attended by ninety five past and present members of the Society, it was a splendid culinary and social success. Altogether the evening was said to have been in the best Trinity style and thoroughly appropriate to the occasion.

The following week Trinity met Queen's in a debate, mainly about a goat, but during which our team of Messrs. Hoysted, Adamson and Kingston also established "that tall poppies should be cut down".

In the second debate of the term our team (and almost no one else) trekked off to International House where it was made clear to a wayward audience, "that nostalgia is what it used to be". Thereby Trinity move into the yet-to-be-decided final against Ormond, where we will take the view "that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace".

The chief event of the year is the Wigram Allen Essay competition. The centenary year saw the largest number of contestants and a general standard higher than for many years. The judges, Prof. Burke, Dr. K. McKay and Mr A. Hodgart awarded the prize to Mr. Tony Cohen, whose essay "The Eighth Deadly Sin", was delivered with such a degree of gusto and commitment that we were fortunate to actually discover its basis.



The Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Visual Arts was held in the J.C.R. in late July and it would seem that artistic talent is not presently one of the great assets of the College. Despite excellent organization and a gala charity opening, the number of entrants was low and with the exception of photographs, the standard was considered by the judge, the renowned sculptor Mr. Marc Clark, to be only mediocre.

Third term should cap a year which has been particularly successful. The degree of support from the College in the form of audience participation and in personal contribution, notably from freshmen, is one that suggests there is an important role for the Society within the College. The first year of the second century augers well for the future.

Richard McDonald

Platonic Friendship

On the first of July 1977 Sir Clive Fitts offered a toast to the T.C.D.S. at their Centenary Dinner. The following paragraphs are excerpts from his speech.

"When the Warden invited me to speak this evening I asked if I might first read the Minutes of the Society.

"Thus I found myself with two volumes closely written on seven hundred and fifty six pages covering the years between 1892 and 1953. They contain much food for thought, a phrase well-known to skilled debaters that implies that they need not think of the matter again.

"I scanned the minutes for names of people whose subsequent history I knew. I wondered if I could trace some influence that the Society may have had on their careers, but I could not. The Wigram Allen Orators, and the Prefectors rarely appear in public life.

"The records of my own time suggest that the Society consisted of a small group of addicts engaged in logical disputation and a larger group of dilettantes. One of the dilettantes became a Cabinet Minister; one of the addicts became a historian. For the rest there is silence.

"Does the subject matter of the Society's discussions reflect the spirit of the age? Perhaps there is a theme and variations that can be noted in the twenties. In 1920 the motion was carried that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. It seems strange that the subject was discussed also in 1918 but not previously since 1896. Surely in this enlightened age it should be discussed again and the truth once and for all time be proclaimed.

"In June 1919 this house viewed with apprehension the growing independence of the female sex, and in desperation on Ladies' Night in 1920 on a casting vote the Society convinced their guests after discussion "That women are intellectually inferior to men."

"Again on a casting vote Bloomfield had a convincing win in maintaining that platonic friendship is not impossible.

"In 1896 a subject for debate was called "The Lady or the Tiger." and a large majority voted in favour of the Lady. The subject remains an enigma to me but it does give me food for thought, and I should like to offer the Society two subjects for their meetings.

"The first is entitled "The Lady and the Porcupine". The scene is a glade in a forest in America and a small boy is stooped and staring entranced at a strange animal. His mother says

to him "Johnny don't touch that porcupine, you never know where he has been". I am prepared to open a debate arguing "That women are intellectually superior to small boys".

"It pleases me to think that our Dialectic Society was formed in an endeavour to preserve something from the trivium of logic, rhetoric and grammar which was the foundation of the Liberal Education of the Mediaeval University.

"Here in the College was a meeting place for the people Plato had in mind when he said that a philosopher was man ready and eager to taste every kind of knowledge, who addressed himself to its pursuit joyfully and with an insatiable appetite and that the mood of the philosopher is wonder'.



T.C.D.S.

Seated: C. Seton, R. McDonald, B. Davidson.
Standing: J. Lees, J. Adamson.



TRINOVIN

As in previous years, the aims of the College cellar are threefold, namely: to provide a wide range of quality wines at substantially reduced prices, to develop a greater understanding and appreciation of the viticultural delights and to promote a convivial attitude within the College.

The 1976-1977 season was extremely successful. The Cellar welcomed seventy five new members, all eager to patronize it at the usual time slot of 5.45 p.m. to 6.15 p.m. Mondays through to Fridays. Perhaps the greatest attribute the Cellar has to offer is its versatility to cater for the vigorous demands of the Cheap Port Crowd during the early hours of the mornings.

The Cellar was controlled this year by an Executive of Peter Clarke, President, Rupert Myers, Treasurer, and 'Evergreen' Richard McDonald, Secretary. The Committee consisted of John Adamson, Pete Cudlipp, Bruce Davidson, Roger Harley, John Lees, Tim Ross-Edwards and Nick Thomas.

Under the hard working guidance of the Executive, the Cellar quadrupled the turnover of stock and at the same time introduced several successful brainchilds; the organization of a Victorian Wine Month; providing quality champagne for the Trinity Ball; and catering for bulk orders and private parties.

The future of the College Cellar lies undoubtedly on the shoulders of the Committee. Therefore it is hoped that in future the Committee members, apart from the ruling clique, will make a greater contribution to its organization and general management.

Peter Clarke



Trinovin

Seated: T. Ross-Edwards, R. Myer, P. Clarke, R. McDonald.
Standing: P. Cudlipp, J. Adamson, B. Davidson, J. Lees.

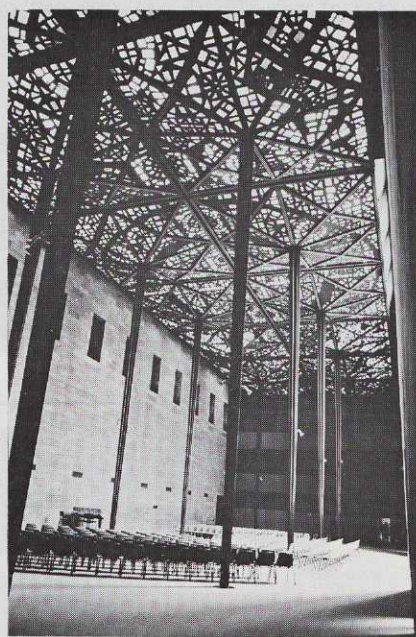
THE ANNUAL ART SHOW 1977



Steve Halls



Ted Whittem



Stan Kisler

Of Nymphs and Satyrs

While perhaps not being able to claim it was the 'Climax of the Balling Season', the 'Nymphs and Satyrs' Ball rose to heights not often achieved (and in the case of some women, plunged to depths unprecedented); but all was in the true spirit of the evening.



The idea of providing buses was well received by many, giving people the maximum opportunity to make the most of the night.

Music continued throughout the night, providing excellent entertainment but thoroughly testing the capacity of the human ear.

Problems were few, save for the frequently forgotten tickets, and the souvenir glasses disappeared at an amazing rate, probably to appear again to toast the coming of an equally memorable night in the future.

Scott Chesterman

God's Planets

The night's cold draught blows sweetly down my neck:
The chilled wet air refreshens memories:
The tap of rain beats smoothly on the roof,
And music soothes my ears this earthly night.
The thoughts of stories from my childhood
Accompany the echoes of loud horns,
As Beethoven airs his mighty noise.
A flashback through those loving years
Shows childhood's awe-full vacant dreams,
Like frosted fairy-tales become fulfilled
As Neptune stirs: the Mystic God reveals
The dark side of the moon to stars alone,
But here, and now, He shows me o'er my past
As if to say, "Take heed and learn from this,
For you have more than Satan offered me."
And in reply there's naught that I can say
Save, "Show me why this plight is gi'n to me."
Now Mars' and Venus' forces are opposed;
But still the earth will orbit round the sun,
So Saturn must one day His way have;
To circumnavigate my drifting thoughts
And take in tow their mumbling muddled mind.

The rain still drums its tuneless melody:
The window now is closed on Nature's tears:
And still, stale odoured air removes the edge
From life's reflections' sword.
The day, now young, shows promise of some fun
And fading trumpets blow their tunes away.
My mind, with God's grace, now can sleep awhile.

Ted Whittem



THE COWAN CUP RETURNS

THE AMAZING AMAZONS



Netball

Seated: K. Cordner, H. Champness.
Standing: V. Kratochvil, S. Newsome, M. Prain.

NETBALL: A cold, bleak winter's morning saw the Trinity Netball team eager to reap the harvest of weeks of rigorous training, endless laps of the oval and numerous tactical meetings. A harsh blast of the whistle jolted us into game one, round one. At half time, due to high tension and unbearable pressure we were six-nil down. A valiant effort, initiated somewhat too late, redeemed us to six-four by the end of the game. Perhaps next year. . .

Helen Champness

TENNIS: This year, as usual, the Inter-collegiate Tennis was played in first term. Despite many practices we were knocked out after only one match. Unfortunately we were drawn against the eventual winners in the first round. Thanks to all the girls who played and let's hope that soon it will be our year. Perhaps next year. . .

Sandy Peake

SQUASH: The women's Squash team commenced the season with a convincing win over JCH, but soon after this were faced with the challenge of the Ormond girls who entered the court with all confidence, to be confronted by a very determined Trinity opposition. We put up a convincing fight, but could not win enough points out of ten. Perhaps next year. . .

Deb Moreton

ATHLETICS: This year the women of College did well to come fifth in the carnival held on the third and fourth of May. The eight competitors deserve many thanks for their enthusiasm and praise for a great effort.

Sue Lowe



Women's Rowing

Seated: P. Neerhut, J. Goddard, M. Prain, S. Lowe.
Standing: E. Fellowsmith, D. Moreton, A. Inglis, H. Herron, J. McKenzie, R. Holden.

ROWING: Being the first year of serious women's rowing in College it was enlightening to receive so much support from the women (especially the freshers) and the helpful guidance of the men. The incurable 6 a.m. wit of Bill Gillies, you may be surprised to hear, had a lot to do with our success. Along with our ever-tolerant 5 foot bundle of impatient cox., Hal Herron, our novice crews developed exceptionally well.

After a month's training, we were finally ready for our debut regatta. The first crew won their loser's final and the second's crew came third in their winner's final. With the possible use of a tub four's for our training next year, we hope to better these results and crush our rivals from Ormond.

Thanks also to Tim Ross-Edwards and his faith that we would not ruin the boats, James Ferry for his coaching attention and Colin Kaiser for his support as a cox.

Of course, without the hard work of the above team members, none of the success or enjoyment would have been possible. To themselves they owe no thanks.

Liz FellowSmith



Women's Hockey.

Seated: D. Moreton, S. Lowe, A. Skinner, K. Graham, P. Neerhut.

Standing: A. Sloane, J. Fox, A. Davey, M. Prain, S. Newsome.

HOCKEY: Well, despite the dominating temptations of snow and parties, the team did manage to hold together quite a formidable team this season. With an interesting variety of results ("You win some. . . you lose some!") we lost to JCH but made it to the loser's final by defeating Whitley.

"Due to external circumstances only" we lost the final to St. Mary's, thereby coming fourth overall. Thanks to all those for a fun season, celebrated with a fun party at a restaurant.

Jane Doery



Women's Table Tennis

A. Davey, E. Howes, S. Lowe, M. Malone.

TABLE-TENNIS: After an enthusiastic response to table-tennis this year the chosen Trinity College team were successful in coming third in the competition. Thanks must go to all those who played; to David McLean who coached and supported the team and especially to Sue Lim who organized the players in my absence.

Edwina Howes

GOLF: The golf this year was more organized than it has been in the past, with Trinity finishing a close second to St. Hilda's. Many thanks and congratulations to Lyn Graham and Jane Doery for their support.

Sue Lowe



Women's Basketball

Seated: A. Skinner, K. Cordner, S. Peake.

Standing: A. Davey, S. Lowe, P. Neerhut.

BASKETBALL: The basketball was played as a knockout. Unfortunately, Trinity was eliminated in the first round by Queen's, who won the competition.

Thanks to Ian Harrison and Wayne Wilson; the score was not a real reflection of their coaching abilities, but rather the team's lack of height. Thank you also Roy Preece and Wayne Beitzel for umpiring.

Retrospectively the players gained some exercise and the spectators some entertainment.

Prue Neerhut

FOOTBALL



1st Football

Squatting: R. Preece, R. Erwin.

Seated: P. Clarke, B. Sullivan, N. Bailey, R. Lyle, G. Wines, I. Boyd-Law, I. Dungey, T. Ross-Edwards.

Standing: G. Sloane, W. Wright, D. McDermott, M. Bailey, R. Harley, P. Tregrand, R. Cole, G. Miller, P. Chomley, W. Gillies.

A Fleur de Lys without its football report

is like a Penthouse without its centre-fold



All Stars

Seated: R. Preece, R. Slocombe, B. Sullivan, N. Bailey, M. Bailey, P. Horsburgh, R. Erwin, P. Cudlipp, C. Campbell.

Standing: W. Wright, C. Goddard, W. Gillies, P. Chomley, M. Scales, F. Grimwade, R. Cole, T. Ross-Edwards, P. Treyvaud, H. Herron, I. Boyd-Law, R. Palmer, R. Brayshaw.

RUGBY



Rugby

Seated: R. Slocombe, R. Mulder, G. Pilkington, W. Gillies, I. Boyd-Law, N. Bailey, P. Cudlipp, H. Herron, G. Miller.
Standing: R. Erwin, F. Macindoe, M. Bailey, F. Grimwade, J. Ferry, H. Asche, P. Sloane, D. Clarke, S. Foote, A. Brooksby.

"If I were the marrying kind, and
thank the Lord I'm not Sir. . ."

But who would want to marry a Rugby player anyway, after the 54 gallons of beer that was drunk during the four hour victory celebrations.

Actually, a lot of hard work and early morning trainings were put in by the team early in the season. The team played a number of practice matches. First we played Brighton Grammar and then Xavier, where Dave Clarke was introduced to the gentleman's game, under the expert guidance of 'Horrible Harry'. However, undoubtedly our best practice matches were at Geelong Grammar where we played the School and Marcus Oldham. Thanks must go to the emergency players, who helped us through the ordeal of two games.

The inter-collegiate rugby was delayed for five weeks due to the unplayable state of the grounds. Because of the shortened season the draw was changed to a knockout competition. We breezed into the final because JCH/St. Hilda's were terrified by the startling fitness of the team and the return of Pilkes, Pete Sloane and James Ferry, and as a result they forfeited.

Instead of this game we played the University Colts and one of our star recruits, Angus Brooksby, playing against us, managed to maim two of our players.

However nearly a full team managed to stagger out for the final. Unfortunately, we lost Alex, Dougie and Fred through injury. but they still supported from the sidelines. We played the final against Newman, as they had beaten Ormond in the semi-final. We ran with the wind in the first half and "Big Nick" Bailey crashed over for a try in the opening minutes from a set move conceived by Bill Gillies, which had not worked for the previous two years. The boys were rapped! After that we never looked back, and because of some great breaks by Pete Cudlipp, strong running from Frank Macindoe and Geoff Miller, coupled with good kicking by Ron Slocombe, we were ahead 22 points to nil at half time.

The forwards defended strongly in the second half and with a good hooking half-back combination of Simon Foote and Hal Herron and some great tap downs by Rob Mulder, the backs were kept running freely.

We went on to win the game by 25 points to 7, thus securing the Cowan Cup for Trinity.

At the victory celebrations afterwards, Nick Bailey and Rob Mulder were awarded equal best and fairest. What a great night, and as someone was heard to say while sipping on an ale:

"Who needs the marrying kind,
When we can have a tight bind."

Ian "Richie" Boyd-Law



SQUASH

The squash team and squad consisted of Paul Meadows, Mark Elliott, John Williams, Tim Maclean, Dave McDermott, and Ken Holloway.



Squash

Seated: K. Prince, D. Moreton, S. Peake, H. Champness.
Standing: J. Williams, D. McDermott, T. Maclean.

The competition was meant to be played towards the end of first term so trials were held beforehand to select the team. Having chosen the squad, and with everyone being reasonably fit, Squash was postponed to second term.

By then interest had fallen somewhat, but that did not stop us from thrashing Ridley. Good games were had by all except Tim, whose opponent did not turn up (the result was obvious anyway). Everyone except the weak link myself, won three to nil. I eventually won three to one.

The result of the next round, which was the semi-final against Newman, was slightly different from that which we had anticipated. We were all beaten three to nil, with John at least making his opponent fight for every point.

As a matter of interest, Newman's number five player was Trinity's champion in 1975.

The team did well against a better side. Special thanks to Dave for sprinting from I.H. to Naughton's at 9.55 p.m. to save the team from another, and possibly greater disaster.

Mark Elliott

SWIMMING

Once again the men's swimming team went into competition undermanned and undertrained in the aquatic sense. The team, however, appeared much stronger than our female counterparts — in numbers anyway!

To show that Trinity could not be taken lightly, Rod Irvine bolted home to take out the 'glamour' sprint event — the fifty metres freestyle. However, the wholehearted efforts of each team member was not rewarded with the same success.

Ormond, being the strongest team, won on 59 points, with Trinity following on 40 points, Queens 37, St Hilda's-JCH 35, and Newman 27.

Evening events followed, the gathering in my room being very enjoyable. I would like to thank all concerned with the organisation of the sports, all who turned up for the trials, and lastly, but very importantly, I thank the people who gave us poolside support.

Ian Dungey



Swimming

Seated: H. Herron, M. Foster, I. Dungey, C. Graham, P. Neerhut.
Standing: R. Preece, A. Rosler, J. Fox.

BASKETBALL

Despite a one point loss to Ormond during the competition, we found ourselves facing a very confident Ridley College in the Grand Final.

Throughout the season we had used the famous "Wayne Wilson—slide" offence, which consisted of the team standing on the court looking stunned, as Wayne slid past, flat on his back. As this game was a Grand Final, we decided to modify this offence, and persuade Wayne to remain on his feet.

Surgery to remove the oar from Tim Ross-Edwards hands and replace it with a basketball had been successful; we were actually starting to look like a basketball team. During the competition some teams had complained about Roy Preece running onto the court with hockey stick in hand. When you play as many sports as he does, who can blame him for being a little confused.

With these minor problems under control, we approached the Grand Final with a certain amount of nervousness, and from a Southerly direction.

Once the game was underway it became apparent that, as the scores were so close, it was extremely important to score from our free-throws. It was very comforting to know that every time we were shooting free-throws Rod Lyle would keep the Ridley players quiet, by threatening to remodel their heads. Their excellent standard of behaviour was amazing.



At the end of a heart-stopping game that went into extra time, we emerged victorious by two points. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the rest of the team; Rob Mulder "Vitch", Brett Sullivan, Ian Boyd-Law and Wayne Beitzel, for an incredible performance throughout the season. Special thanks go to our ever present cheer squad Ed Howes, Caro Letts, Rob Carter (opolis) and Peter Sloane, and to the whole College for their amazing support; we will wear it always.

Ian Harrison



Basketball

Rear: W. Beitzel, R. Mulder, I. Harrison, T. Ross-Edwards.
Front: I. Boyd-Law, R. Preece, R. Lyle, W. Wilson.

TENNIS

What a racket this tennis report writing is. Last year's draft submission concluded with the comment, "All augurs well for '77". Doubting its worth, the expression was deleted by the editors, showing as much foresight as Ken Rosewall in declaring he was finished at 37.

Admittedly, they had good reason to be sceptical. Since 1971, Trinity tennis teams had been on the wrong side of the net when Inter-collegiate scores were decided. The ball was in our court to correct the disappointing history and answer the apparent lack of confidence.

Ridley was our first opponent. Ian Boyd-Law was called upon as emergency and just for the record, did not relinquish a game. A comfortable 8 rubbers to 0 victory advanced us to the semi-final.

Arch-rivals Ormond were prepared and quietly confident for the encounter. Winning the first singles, their cheer squad was full of enthusiasm. However as the day wore on, interest wore off, numbers declined and the cheering subsided. The score sheet revealed a 7-1 trouncing.



Tennis

Seated: M. Poulston, V. Kratochvil, H. Champness, A. Skinner, S. Peake.

Standing: R. Plunkett, P. Anderson, D. Kingston, P. Fitzpatrick, G. Wines, I. Boyd-Law.

The final began with Newman determined to take out their second consecutive win. Again (almost with regular monotony), the first rubber fell to our opponents. Nevertheless, Paul Meadows quickly guaranteed the mounting crowd that money gamboled was by no means lost. In a desperate bid, the third singles was chalked to Newman. A closely fought 3 sets win to David Kingston — bad luck Jack — levelled the score. Paul Fitzpatrick, a little toey and yet eager for the team to grasp the lead, won in straight sets. The responsibility lay with Gary Wines to capitalize on the break; but having lost one set, trailing 5 games to 3 in the second and down 40-30, the outcome appeared inevitable. Then Gary recalled his untarnished Inter-collegiate record and casually proceeded to win the set, saving several other match points. Remembering he had a train to catch, Gary completed the final set 6-0.

One rubber was all Trinity required, and Newman did not prevent us from achieving our ambition. Peter Andersen and Paul Meadows, and Ross Plunkett and Paul Fitzpatrick both won, securing the decider with a set in hand and one doubles unplayed.

Thanks go to the team for a commendable effort, and to Frank for his excellent maintenance and preparation of the courts.

Peter Anderson

CRICKET

*Please write your own
cricket report and paste in
here.*



Cricket

Seated: R. Lyle, P. Horsburgh, P. Cudlipp, P. Chomley.

Standing: I. Boyd-Law, R. Brayshaw, R. Preece, N. Bailey, J. Williams.

HOCKEY

"The hockey season's on again"
I heard Miki say to Phil,
"So we're off to play the seventeen A's
At Scotch". We won five nil.

And then to play Newman, our lot.
If you will pardon a hopeless joke:
Their look of football shaped beer-pots
Our goal hungry fires stoked.

Short corners did not seem to score,
But not withstanding this
Doug Fordham notched up three goals more.
The game? A piece of cake.

But when Rob Dalla Costa struck
And made Newman's only goal,
Our score of nine let young John Buck
Play handies with Hugh Crole.

Our win that day despite the rain
Which made the ground quite muddy,
Seemed not to be too great a strain:
To face Ridley we were ready.

Ridley played illegally
As they had done also previously
(When they beat Queen's, who played regally)
So Trinity thrashed them easily.

They seemed slow and we seemed fast;
E'en still they battled hard.
Then Nick a "goal" did score at last,
The team two goals more put right past:
The game was on the cards.

Yet Ormond, dressed in black they were,
Seemed quietly confident.
Many bruises did our team incur
But on the ball our minds were bent.

Two penalty strokes did come our way,
For Ormond played not hockey;
Converted were these both by Craig.
Their language was quite shocking!

But finished were we not with these
Ex-champions from the Crescent.
So another field goal did please
The crowd; a victory sensed.

The second half — we fared less well
Without a goal being scored.
As three one victors we take a spell
And to next year we look forward.



Seven of our team of eleven residents were 1977 freshmen and these players scored eleven of our fifteen competition goals. I must therefore heartily thank the Warden for his wisdom in fresher selection.

If the fresher intake in 1978 supplies a similar sixtyfour percent of Trinity's football teams, then with the effort they put in to training we would be assured of a win.

The hockey team this year was riddled with talent and we therefore achieved much with little effort. Our success is owed to a balanced integration of ten individual stars, and myself.

The whole team have my thanks, and share my joy of a fair victory, as do those who did come along to cheer.

Ted Whittem



Hockey

Squatting: H. Crole, N. Gelber, R. Preece, C. Moritz, M. Elliott, B. Longdon.
Standing: K. Hinchcliff, I. Michel, D. Fordham, A. Cohen, J. Buckmaster, P. Wise, T. Whittem.

TABLE TENNIS 1ST EIGHT



Table-Tennis

Seated: R. Preece, F. Macindoe, A. Pizer.
Standing: D. Maclean, S. Hall.

In table tennis' first year as an inter-collegiate sport the Trinity team achieved a moderate success by reaching the semi-finals. Though the game lacks something of the prestige of the longer established sports, we practised hard to gain two wins, over Newman and Ridley. Fitness and discipline were maintained by a compulsory ten laps around the table for unjustified lapses.

Our play was characterized by a simplicity of style to delight the purist, eschewing, as we did, such dubious foreign influences as "the loop" and the "pen-handle grip". Rather, we concentrated on the crisply-struck forehand (without excessive topspin) and an unpretentious but well-placed backhand with a clean follow through.

Roy Preece, our best and most consistently successful player, added to this *modus operandi* his own particular idiom, a cunning chop, a lob with a soupçon of sidespin, and a backhand smash calculated to unsettle the most phlegmatic opponent. All this engendered a strong team spirit, which was demonstrated by the unanimity of the team when, in the match against International House, Adrian Pizer commented on a lucky shot by saying, "Sorry, Horry".

Though we eventually lost that match, it was agreed that the score was not necessarily an accurate reflection of the teams' relative merits.

Frank Macindoe

Enthusiasm was excellent during this year's rowing season. Training started at the beginning of Orientation Week on a cold six o'clock morning. Many of these were yet to come.

Our coach Greg Longden found it difficult to pick our final crew, especially with imports such as star Canadian port drinker "gorgeous" George Fulford.

Peter Sloane, after a record four seasons in the seconds, put in a final bid for the big time and due to his great fitness was finally selected.

The crew was eventually finalized after a few bow to stroke side changes and consisted of (Bow) H. Asche; (2) P. Sloane; (3) B. Gillies; (4) B. Longden; (5) G. Fulford; (6) J. Ferry; (7) T. Ross-Edwards; (Stroke) R. Cole; and (Cox) H. Herron.

From early in the season it became apparent that there were three strong crews; Newman, Ormond and Trinity. However, due to rowing commitments of some members of the crew it was not possible to row in any regattas before Shums. Thus we entered the day as the dark horse of the race.

Our first heat was against Queen's and after an inspiring talk from our coach we went out and thrashed them by a good four lengths, coming home with tremendous cheers from the Trinity supporters on the bank.



1st Rowing

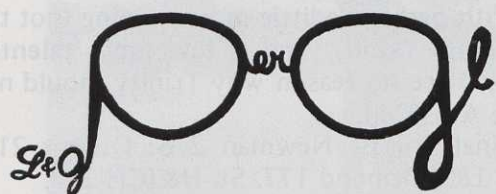
Squatting: H. Herron.
Seated: P. Sloane, R. Cole, T. Ross-Edwards, J. Ferry.
Standing: H. Asche, G. Fulford, W. Gillies, B. Longdon.

Incredible as it may seem, our heat was a second faster than Ormond who defeated Newman in their heat. However, when it came to the final it seemed the pressure overcame Trinity (never lack of fitness) and Ormond quickly rowed past us. Cox H. Herron then thought that if Einstein had been a cox he might, with any luck, have discovered the law of relativity as he sat and watched the other eights go past from a cox's seat, rather than being inspired as history says he was, in a tram in Zurich.

Ormond went on to soundly beat us by four lengths.

The Trinity College Boat Club hope to hold a dinner next year in the hall on the Friday before Shums. This is to promote the rowing club which has recently been set up in Trinity, and to help raise some money for a new set of oars for the final eight. These are required urgently and once we have acquired them we will be one of the best equipped of the colleges and it is hoped that this will bring dividends.

Tim Ross-Edwards



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2ND EIGHT

After winning the Seconds Rowing competition for the previous two years the crew was enthusiastic to make it a 'hat trick'. The selection trials were tough and by the end of Orientation Week it seemed that the crew to defend the title would be a mixture of enthusiastic young rowers and some older gent's looking for a more leisurely pace than Firsts Rowing.

Under the experienced coaching of Jim Lowe, an ex-Trinity and Kings Cup rower, the crew soon developed to be powerful and clean. Needless to say the greatest improvement took place while Jim had disappeared to Ballarat for a light weekend's row.



Seated: D. Clarke, M. Scales, F. Grimwade, G. Sloane.
Standing: R. Bullen, A. Brooksby, C. Kaiser.

As "Shums" approached the crew began to work together well and developed some confidence. The heat was won easily against the weaker Queen's crew and so the crew entered the final against Newman with the knowledge that very little stood between Trinity and winning. As with the previous race, Trinity, a fast and clean starting crew, took an early lead which we managed to hold until the finish line.

The crew, as it crossed the line, was Simon Foote, Rod Rethus, Angus Brooksby, Fred Grimwade, Russell Bullen, Geoff Sloane, Dave Clarke, Michael Scales and Colin Kaiser.

The College Second Crew has now managed to win the competition for the past three years and next year's crew will, without doubt, continue this domination, which is possible only through team co-operation and enthusiasm.

Fred Grimwade

THE ASSOCIATION RULES

The I.C.D. decided that we should play with our feet and head in 1977 so Soccer became a minor Cowan Cup sport. After a hectic series of two practice matches Trinity entered the competition, confident that we would either win or lose convincingly.

University College gave us a fright in the first round scoring a goal in the twentieth minute; this was definitely a mistake on their part, and only due to the fact that Roy Preece was one of the shorter goalies of the competition.

Hugh Crole retaliated, scoring two goals (one from the penalty spot), and Ron Slocombe scored the third to confirm the win.

Roy redeemed himself in the semi-final against International House, performing brilliantly with his back-line to hold the score at one all until the final minute, when I.H. curled a devilishly devious free kick round a wall in the Trinity area to score and qualify for the final.

Trinity came third overall to Ridley, who were beaten 5-2 in the final by I.H.

Robin Halls



Seated: K. Kawabata, R. Preece, R. Slocombe, R. Halls, D. Maclean, R. Potter.

Standing: R. Brayshaw, T. Whittem, G. Pilkington, A. Dingjan, P. Clarke, R. Mulder, I. Boyd-Law.

ATHLETICS

Once again Frank Hannigan conducted sprints on Friday afternoons to prepare the athletics team for the Inter-collegiate competition, which was held on May 3 & 4. Frank was assisted by Pete Horsburgh who held sprints in Naughton's.

Several excellent performances were recorded during the heats on Tuesday and the finals on Wednesday. Bill "Boomer" Wright ran valiantly into fourth position in the final of the 3000 metres, while X and J ran a supreme race in the 800 metres to finish third to the Australian record holder, John Higham. Scotty also ran a strong 400 metres finishing in third place. There were several late withdrawals on Wednesday afternoon. These were notably Bill "Boomer" Wright, who reputedly "pulled" a groin muscle while trying desperately to avoid a spritely young filly who crossed his path. Rumour has it that Bill runs regularly to a Footscray "Health" studio for treatment! Tim Ross-Edwards was a late withdrawal from the high jump because he said he suffers from altitude deficiencies.

The Heavyweight division of Doug Fordham, Tim Ross-Edwards and yours truly, took on all-comers in the throwing events and scored a third in the discus, third and fourth in the javelin and fourth in the shot put. Other

"Stalwarts" of the team such as Dave McDermott, Cam Horsfall and Lindon Hope, all ran well. At the end of the meeting Trinity finished a creditable fourth on 180 points, defeating arch rivals, Ormond, by three points.

With perhaps a little more training (not the Horsburgh kind), and a few more talented athletes, I see no reason why Trinity should not win the Aths Cup.

Final Points: Newman 278; Queens 212; Trinity 180; Ormond 177. St. H&JCH 203.

Peter Clarke



Athletics

Seated: T. Ross-Edwards, P. Clarke, W. Wright, S. Lowe, K. Hope, P. Cudlipp, W. Gillies.

Standing: P. Israel, D. McDermott, D. Fordham, S. Chesterman, C. Horsfall, G. Wines, H. Herron.

PUTTING IN A WIN

Review on a Play in one Act.

SCENE ONE: Despite the odd hassle or three, the seven membered golf team all spring slowly from their beds to a dark and gloomy morning, beating the sun out of bed. It is the first Friday of second term in Trinity College.

SCENE TWO: At the Royal Melbourne Golf Club some pretty hackish drives are seen from the first tee. Moderate morning scores prove that our golfers are obviously winding up for later.

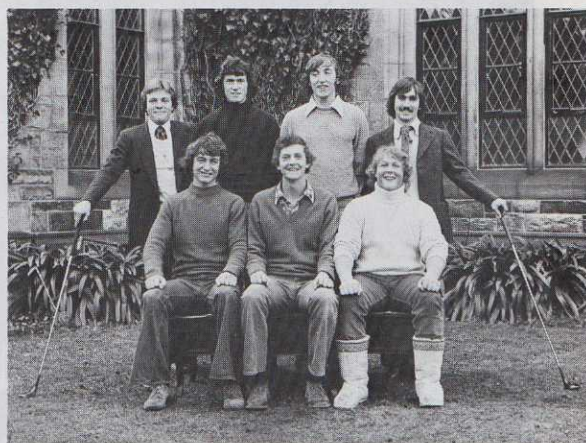
At one stage it looks indefinite as to whether we will make it to the final against Ormond in the afternoon. The prospect of another eighteen holes are viewed with mixed feelings: Doug Fordham: "If you can arrange it, get us out of this afternoon's round; I'd rather sit here and suck". (A little literary licence, but essentially true).

But, contrary to the wishes expressed, we make it to the final and are soon off again. The matches are all close, mostly being decided at the final hole. Doug's match is the decider, and he clinches a win, resulting in a four matches to three win for Trinity.

SCENE THREE: Next morning, all golfers deny malicious rumours being spread about unseemly nocturnal behaviour.

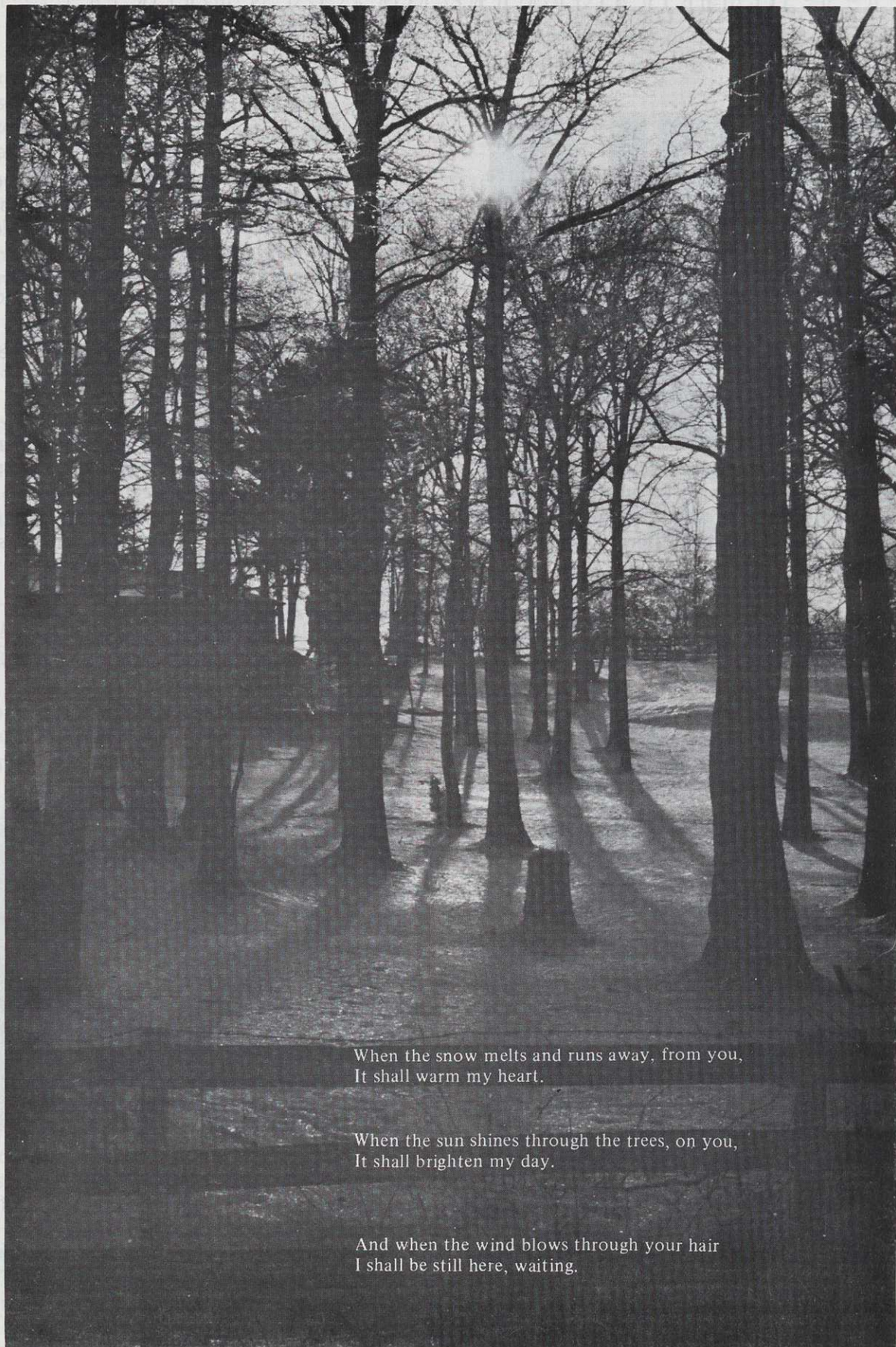
AUTHOR'S NOTE: Everybody in the team set up the win with their determined play in the afternoon; thanks very much Scott Steer, Paul Fitzpatrick, Hal Herron, Peter Cudlipp, Doug Fordham and Dave McDermott, and also to everyone else who helped and watched.

Peter Israel



Golf

Seated: P. Fitzpatrick, P. Israel, D. Fordham.
Standing: P. Cudlipp, S. Steer, D. McDermott, H. Herron.



When the snow melts and runs away, from you,
It shall warm my heart.

When the sun shines through the trees, on you,
It shall brighten my day.

And when the wind blows through your hair
I shall be still here, waiting.

Untitled

The heat blew along the beach,
Picking up sand as it spread —
Throwing, heating, burning it
To a searing intensity that
Made me turn away.

I saw the heat hit Helen,
Her face withered and shrunk —
Taught and lifeless skin began
To flake and blow away.

Muscles ripped as she screamed
From hollow cheeks, holding the bones
Of her hands to muscles that quivered
In pain.

From her skull bleeding, bulbous
Eyes stared in hate —
But I could not help.

I touched her burning hand,
Crunching the bones in horror
As her eyes powdered into sand
That trickled down her face.

The skeleton fell and hurtled
Down the beach in a cloud of sand
That whipped and stung the faces
Of bathers on the beach.

I let her hand run
Through my fingers as I faced
The wind and wondered
What could be next.

Stan Kisler

Bomber

She soars powerfully against the sun,
And dipping her wings, dives to run
Among the clouds, so casting
A pearl shadow on the soil. Last in
Flight, languid, she carries her treasure,
The power of her nature, measure
Against measure, to the watchers.
Her heart beat, drumming, catches
With the sighting of the bear;
And her mind's-eye, young, with blonded hair,
Turning his thumb against her bowel,
Releases all the demons of her soul.
Dropping silent through the air,
They give their red-gold to the bear —
To burn among the ruins of its hair.

Genine Wallinga



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Academic

VALETE

Ackroyd, J; Belfield, R; Beynon, L; Blair, S; Bodinnan, N; Booth, R; Bridge, P; Butler, J; Carpenter, B; Cole, D; Collinson, P; Cook, J; Corder, S; Craig, A; Darby, J; Davis, J; Dawborn, R; Denning, T; Dix, A; Durie, D; Fahey, J; Fitzgerald, T; Fitzpatrick, H; Ford, A; Gilmour, L; Glover, J; Goddard, A; Hall, J; Handscombe, P; Hartley, L; Harvey, P; Henham, E; Hercules, P; Hobson, J; Hollonds, B; Ingrouille, G; Johns, M; Johnston, H; Kelly, J; Lane, P; Le Souef, C; Letts, C; Levinson, M; Littlechild, L; Longden, G; McConmack, W; McKelson, C; McMonigle, D; Madders, J; Marriot, W; Martin, R; Martland, N; Maxwell, P; Millar, A; Milne, M; Moysey, R; Murphy, P; Noone, R; Norris, R; O'Connor, R; Patterson, B; Porter, A; Potter, M; Pyke, L; Reid, D; Revell, T; Rischitelli, J; Robertson, G; Robin, E; Robinson, B; Rowan, E; Shackel, J; Sharr, R; Snell, M; Soper, J; Thomas, L; Topp, J; Treyvaud, P; Turner, J; Vinci, V; Waters, S; Watts, P; Webb, J; White, H; Wilson, S; Ywo, H;

SALVETE

Adamson, J; Archibald, D; Beitzel, W; Brayshaw, R; Brooksby, A; Buckmaster, J; Buckmaster, N; Carr, C; Chomley, P; Clarke, D; Cohen, T; Cole, R; Collinson, A; Crole, H; Dahlitz, K; Davey, A; De Pury, H; Dodd, P; Dolan, A; Evans, I; Falkiner, V; Foote, S; Garwood, M; Gautama, I; Gelber, C; Gillet, S; Goddard, A; Goddard, J; Gorton, M; Green, R; Hall, S; Hallows, J; Hamer, F; Harper, C; Harrison, I; Hawke, M; Herron, H; Hiskens, A; Holding, S; Hope, R; Horsfall, C; Hosking, S; Hoysted, M; Hutchinson, D; Inglis, A; Jefferies, J; Karge, R; Kelly, E; Kelly, J; Kingston, D; Kratochvil, V; Lim, S; Louey, A; Lowell, A; Mackay, I; Mackay, M; Meadows, P; Mercer, S; Michel, I; Moritz, C; Neilson, H; Norris, C; Orrman, S; Palmer, R; Pengilly, P; Piper, B; Poulston, M; Prain, M; Preece, R; Prince, K; Salter, H; Robinson, B; Scales, M; Sevier, M; Shah, Z; Shepherd, K; Skinner, A; Sleigh, J; Sloan, A; Sullivan, B; Thompson, B; Treyvaud, P; Todd, A; Turner, R; Wallinga, G; Wieland, B; Wilcocks, E; Williams, J; Wilson, C; Wilson, W; Wise, P; Zachariadis, N.

MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS Asche, H; Mika, J; Storey, E; Hamilton, W; Pizer, A; Adamson, J; Buckmaster, J; Cohen, A; Crole, H; Goddard, A; Hall, S; Turner, R; Anderson, P; Hinchcliff, K; Potter, R; Fethers, C; Peterson, I; Muir, R; Yang, K; Wright, W

MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS

Archibald, D; Garwood, M; Gorton, M; Holloway, K; Hoysted, M; Kennedy, S; Kingston, M; Matters, S; Peake, S; Plunkett, R; Skinner, A; Todd, A; Williams, M; Thawley, K; Macindoe, F;

NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS

Barnard, M; Bowman, E; Cohen, A; Ellingham, M; Glover, J; Lee, T; McColl, S; Muller, D; Sampford, C; Wharton, A;

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

Casley, M; Freeman, M; McDonald, G; Poole, A; Reynolds, D; Sumner, M; Zachariadis, N;

NON-RESIDENT THEOLOGICAL BURSARIES

Davis, J; Head, I; McMonigle, D; Reid, D; Sturman, J.

SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES

History 1C (Classical Studies A)	
Rosemary Merbo Prize	Beaverstock, J;
Latin 1	
John Grice Exhibitions	Kennedy, S;
Latin 4	
Wyselaskie Scholarship	Butler, J; (shared)
Philosophy—Final examination in arts	
Hastie Scholarship	White, H; (shared)
Accountancy 2A	
Charles Sindrey Prize	Soon, j;
Agricultural Engineering—Final Honour	
G.H. Vasley	Watts, P;
Electrical Engineering 1	
Dixson Scholarship	Peterson, I;
Occupational Medicine	
Edgar Rouse Prizes	Odgen, E;
Surgery (Sixth Year)	
Clara Myers Prize	Levinson, M; (shared)
Applied Mathematics	
Dixons Scholarships 1st Year	Hodgson, C; (shared)
Pure Mathematics	
John MacFarland Exhibitions	Hodgson, C;
Physics — 1st Year	
Dwight's Prize	Hodgson, C; (shared)
Legal Process	
Sir George Turner Exhibition	Wharton, A;
Jurisprudence	
Spero Wilson Memorial Scholarship	Sampford, C; (shared)
Ancient Greek 1	
H.B. Higgins Exhibition	Macindoe, F; (shared)

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Quote. "Quotes". Unquote.

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K.K.K.; "The only time a girl would even consider attacking me is when I'm drunk".

Jane Doery (as heard from outside Cowan); "All my best customers live here."

Campbell Horsfall (unsuccessfully chasing cats); "I have about as much luck with this as I do with women."

Sandy Holding; "I'm on the lookout for a bit of local talent."

Megan Prain; "It's the only part of my body I haven't conquered."

Tim Maclean; "How did you get her out of her nightdress?"

One of the Editors; "You have to get the facts straight before you can distort them."

THE FLEUR de LYS AWARD FOR THE QUOTES OF THE YEAR, 1977.

PENNY PENGILLY; "I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT I AM A MAN-EATER."

P.P. again (while looking for Sue Lim): "I'M JUST GOING TO STICK MY HEAD IN A TOILET."

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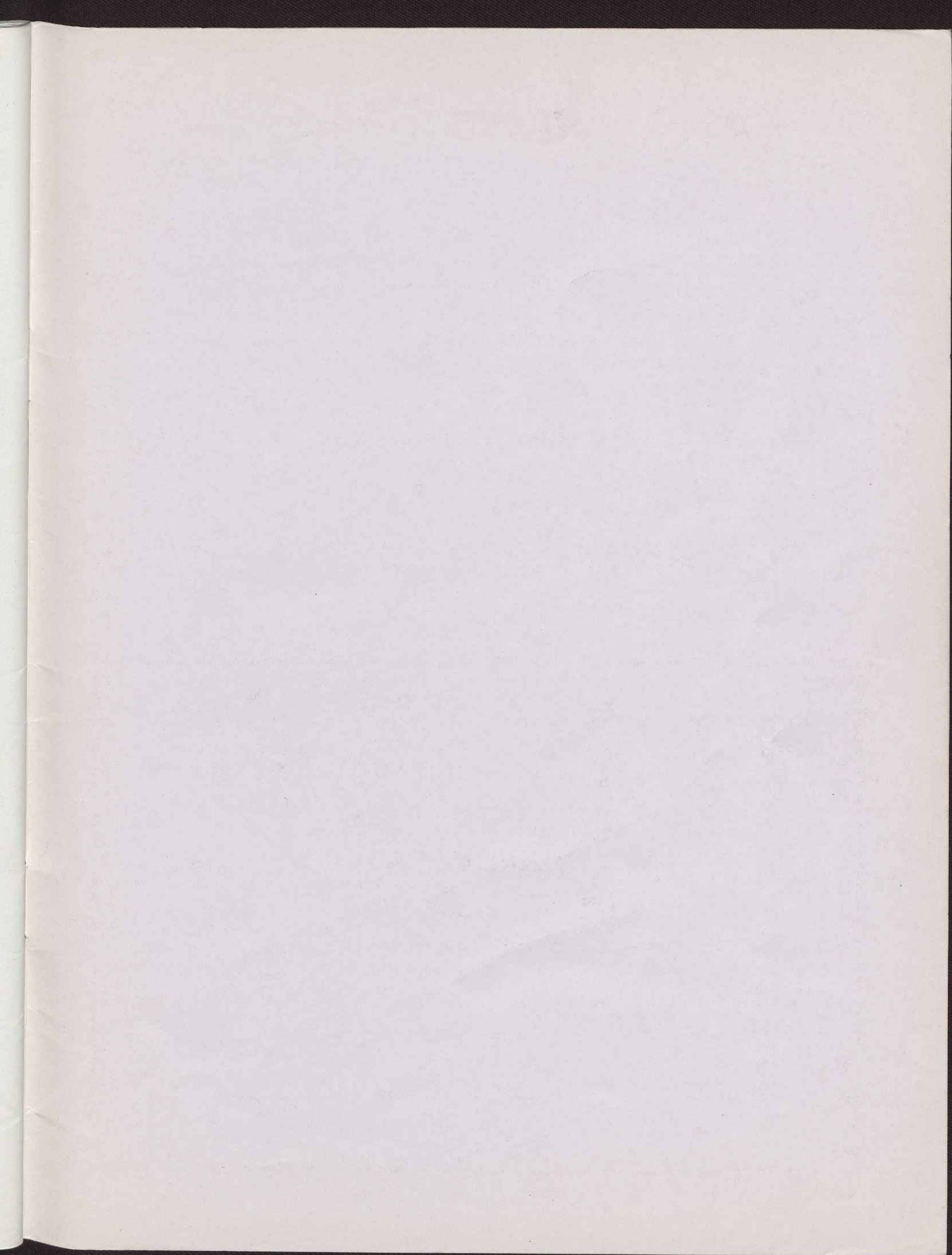
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