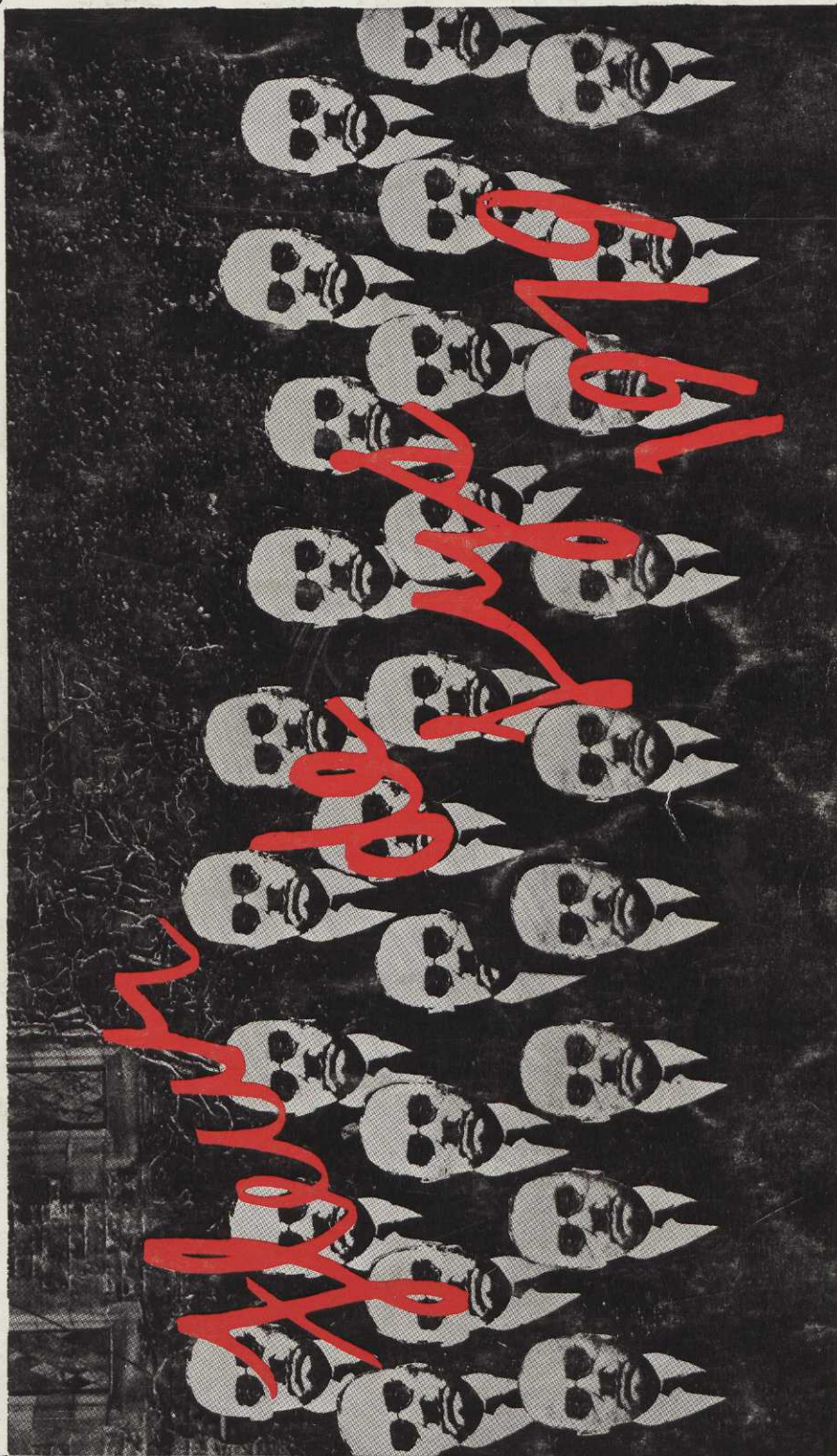
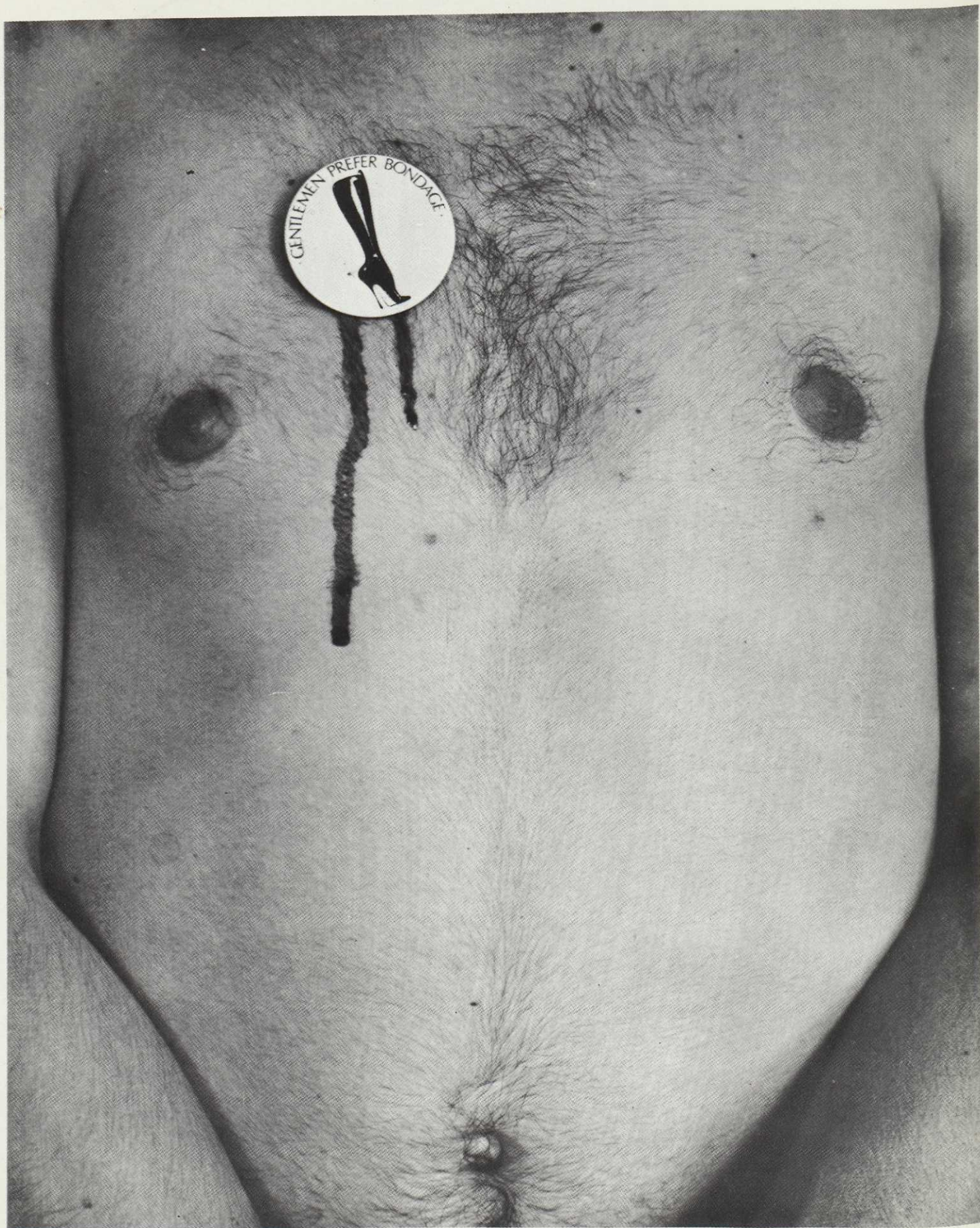


1979



TRINITY COLLEGE
1979



Contents

EDITORIAL	3
WINNING WIGRAM ALLEN ESSAY 1978	4
WARDEN'S REPORT	6
SENIOR COMMON ROOM REPORT	8
T.C. W.C.	9
WINES TOUR	10
ART GALLERIES TOUR	12
DIALECTIC SOCIETY REPORT	13
1978 REVIEW	14
T.C. G.S.	15
TRIKE RACE	16
SENIOR STUDENT'S SPEECH	18
TRINITY COLLEGE PHOTO	20
"PLUS ÇA CHANGE"	22
"IT'S JUST <u>NOT</u> CRICKET"	25
JUTTODDIE	26
"MAN AND SUPERMAN"	28
BALL REPORT	30
CHAPEL REPORT	32
"THE BOYS IN GREEN"	34
CENTREFOLD	36
BRIDGE REPORT	38
MUSIC SOCIETY	38
T.C. P.C.	39
CHORAL FOUNDATION	39
PEKKOBALM	40
CROSSWORD	42
SPORTS:- Tennis	45
Rowing	46
Baseball	47
Swimming	48
Athletics	49
Cricket	50
Volleyball	51
Basketball	52
Netball	53
Rugby	54
Soccer	55
Table tennis	55
Squash	56
Hockey	57
Badminton	58
Football	59
"Looking Back"	60

HOST OF THE YEAR AWARD
SUGGESTION BOOK
SCHOLARSHIPS
ANSWERS
KIDDIES' KOLORING KORNER
CREDITS

64
67
70
70
71
72



Changes

Reading through the articles in this edition of Fleur de Lys, one couldn't help but notice the number of times that the changes in College are referred to. We hear of the "quality" of the 1979 Fresher group selected by the revised method; about the new domestic arrangements; about the constitutional changes and incorporation of the College; about new sports in the inter-collegiate line-up; the women take the sporting glory for a change in the form of the Holmes Trophy . . . and so it goes on . . .

John Davis, in his article, "Plus ça Change", gives a fascinating account of the changes in College since 1964. He says the changes were "mostly for the better".

Naturally, there are some adverse effects of change, as Tony Poole says, for instance, the role of the Chapel has changed radically — the Chapel being virtually forgotten and pushed out of College Life. There are things the Chapel has to offer even to the non-baptised, non-confirmed, non-Christian. The Easter Vigil Service, for instance, is really worth experiencing.

The most obvious of the changes, however, is the domestic re-arrangement, as a direct result of which we have lost Joan McCormick. I was most surprised to find that her five and a half years of dedication and generosity receive no gratitude, nor even acknowledgement, from anyone, anywhere in this magazine. Joan was to many of us not only a kind and helpful member of the College Staff, but also a

great friend. I wonder how long it will be before the College is lamenting her loss . . .

Fortunately one "change" recommended to the College by last year's Fleur de Lys editors was not carried out. I am of a different opinion as to the value of a College Annual. It is true that there are alternatives but to what extent would these really replace the annual? It is not so much what the magazine costs (how is it that this year's magazine will cost \$3—\$4 less per copy than last year's?) as what it means to its readers. It is the very fact that it is a retrospective and a record of the year that's passed that makes it worth keeping. Memories are valuable things.

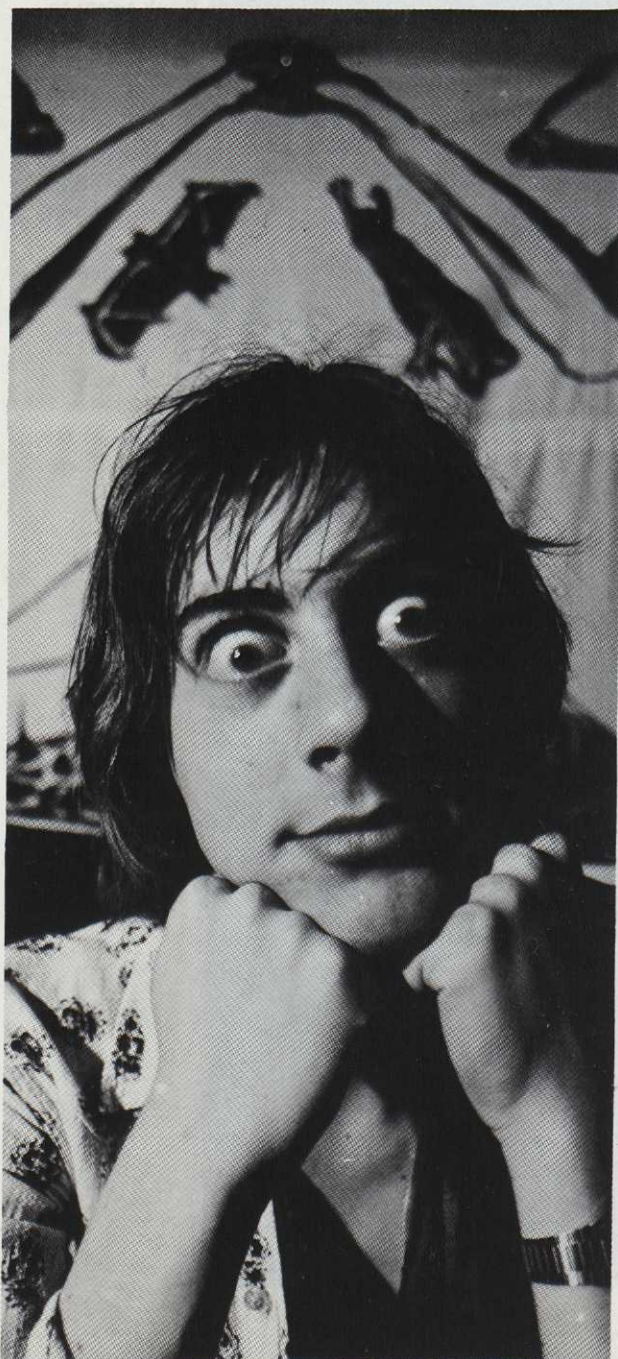
The Newsletters and the Suggestion Book seem to serve the function of a forum for discussion quite adequately. As for participation . . . I think that is, as Margot Foster says in her Ball Report, up to each member of the College individually. The Fleur de Lys Committee is grateful for the participation of many of the College members, both "Ockers" and "Vegies" (as the Warden calls them), not to mention the rest!

I hope there is something to everyone's taste in this magazine. If not, when the 1980 editors are asking for contributions, just think what it is you could do . . .

Virginia Gutteridge



Wake in Fright



As you may have guessed, I am a sufferer of many hereditary afflictions, the most obvious of which is my poor eyesight, which is my usual excuse for posting letters in coca-cola vending machines, and for giving autographs to parking inspectors. Another less obvious affliction is my height and thinness: the resultant statistical probability of my longevity is far outweighed by the embarrassment of offering my seat in a tram to someone who finds the space impossible to fill. I have also to suffer the puzzled yet impassioned enquiries about my legs, which from an early age I found possible to doublecross with only moderate agony.

These and other physical characteristics, on which it would be tasteless to digress, are inherited from my father, a man given to tripping over coca-cola vending machines and parking inspectors. He is a bruised but mild man, a doctor who went into general practice when all his colleagues were specialising in diseases of the rich.

The hereditary idiosyncrasies for which I suffer most, however, are derived from my mother, for whom a LOGICAL argument is one that reinforces her existing beliefs. Like myself, she is given to short pauses and long digressions, a convolution of thought and speech that occasionally makes one hope for a sudden natural disaster — such as a highly localised earthquake. Her conversation abounds with redundant expressions, a fact which may be blamed on her single year studying Politics IA, taken to balance "Nuclear technology in the home".

Most importantly, she is, like me, a dreamer. By this I do not mean we have idealistic visions of a Utopian society with free contraceptives for parking inspectors, but merely that our sleep is occupied by thoroughly realistic, three dimensional dreams, in technicolour that doesn't need fine tuning. And whether we like it or not, our dreams are as excruciatingly unforgettable as real life.

I shall proceed to recount to you a particularly disturbing dream, one which I consider to be a NIGHTMARE. My personal definition of a nightmare is: that type of dream which is ACTUALLY WORSE than reality, and from which I make a conscious, though invariably unsuccessful, effort to wake. My particular nightmare was disappointingly untheatrical. It was simply of a man telling me the familiar children's story of Cinderella. Freudian analysis would so far have little to interpret, but I must add that the man telling it was given to spoonerising in vital passages of the story. This peculiar quirk I attribute to my own love of spoonerisms. Indeed, I know few joys comparable to the discovery of the following names among the residents of Trinity College: Tony Poole, Rick Potter and Helen Symon.

The story went as follows:

"Once upon a time, in a land faraway there lived a girl named Rindercella. She was called that because she loved to have a little fit by the stove, airing at the stembers. She was very small, some even suspected her of having grunted her stowth, possibly by hoking smash, or even by lopping her chegs off. Nevertheless she was the most beautiful girl in all the land. She lived, as most teenage drug addicts do, with her family. However her family consisted of a more than usually bras crunch. She had an extremely old Mugly Stepothor, and two Sad Blisters, who were older than she. They were very ugly and mean

and had been convicted of the rapes of coca-cola vending machines and parking inspectors. Rindercella's family made her do the housework day and night while her sisters studied torture by correspondence and skewered their affectionate pets.

Nearby where Rindercella and her family eked out their existence, was a tall, pine falace, in which resided a Parming Chintz. One day, the Parming Chintz, who had a penchant for arts and farces, decided to hold a ball at his pine falace, and for reasons buried deep in his subconscious, he decided it would be fancy dress. He sent invitations to all the girls in the land, dwarfs excepted. Rindercella's Sad Blisters, who lusted after the Parming Chintz, made fun of their stepsister, kicking her around and calling her a raw little punt.

Rindercella cried titter beers. After her sisters left, she just cried and cried, fitting by the stire as usual. Suddenly in an explosion of stardust appeared a well preserved old hag holding a magic wand; and she said:

"I'm your fairy godmother".

"Go back to the womb spooks, the mafia's got nothing on me!" retorted Rindercella.

"But Rindy, I'm here to help you!"

"You're off your chump, and anyway I kicked the habit long ago".

Unperturbed, the fairy godmother waved her wand and to Rindercella's amazement, she found herself much taller, and dressed in the latest fashion. Gucci clothes, a Fiorucci handbag, and Norwegian Glass Slippers — on stilts.

"Now go to the ball in the taxi outside and be back before midnight because at twelve o'clock everything is repossessed", said the fairy godmother.

At the ball Rindercella was nearly panced off her degs, and she and the Parming Chintz fell in love, before the envious eyes of all, and especially of her Sad Blisters. But Rindercella, having ignored the fairy godmother's warning, completely forgot about the time while discussing sociology with her beloved. However, when the clock began to strike midnight, she remembered, and ran out without even saying goodbye. And as she rushed down the stairs, she slopped her dripper. When she finally hobbled home, with pieces of pumpkin falling off her, she found that all that was left was her Fiorucci handbag, strangely remaining as a memento of her experience. The following day, the Parming Chintz conducted a search for the beautiful girl he had fallen in love with, testing the glass slipper on the feet of every girl in the land. When he finally came to Rindercella, despite the protestations of her family, he asked her to try the slipper.

To both their disappointments, as Rindercella slowly raised the hem of her dress, it became apparent that her chegs were thoroughly lopped.

"Fair Clip of the Clit!" shouted the Parming Chintz, and he left her forever.

Now, and forever more, stunted Rindercella fits by the stire with the dust of cinders on her beautiful face and clutching her Fiorucci handbag, she is a filthy, kitsch runt.

A. Freidin.



The Whore & the Evangelist

"Mountain will flood into mountain"
sang the evangelist
as I came

she looked like a mountain
rayed around, petal after petal

I died into a bucket
and the whore smiled at me
I smiled back
and we waited for love
like jelly beans, yellows and greens

She watched men's bums, as they waddled
I watched chicks tits
two mountains far apart
and mountain will flood into mountain
I thought

I sat and she stood
and she brided the white
and painted me curdled
as she curled like a high river
into love

The evangelist bubbled
and left Mary to the stoners
and the black to negros
as he propositioned
to take people in a taxi to heaven

I smiled and she smiled
as night stumbled home
and poured into our bellies
and she knew and waltzed away
and the evangelist left.

Martin Hosking



The Word

I write this at the end of second term 1979 — the most outstanding term so far of my period as Warden. Some indicators are these: The appointment of a full-time Dean; increasing numbers of enthusiastic supporters at College sporting events (well above any other College); widespread participation in a variety of activities — sport, art show, the Ball, the play; an outstanding production of *Man and Superman* involving nearly fifty College members; the growing morale of the football team shown by a fine win against Queen's and the ability to hold up for nearly two quarters against a far bigger and far superior Newman side; the greater seriousness with which women's sports have been played and the attention paid to them by the College as a whole; some thought-provoking talks by prominent Australians; the continuing high standards of the Chapel Choir; the lively and friendly atmosphere of the College as a whole; and a magnificent Senior Student's Dinner to round it all off.

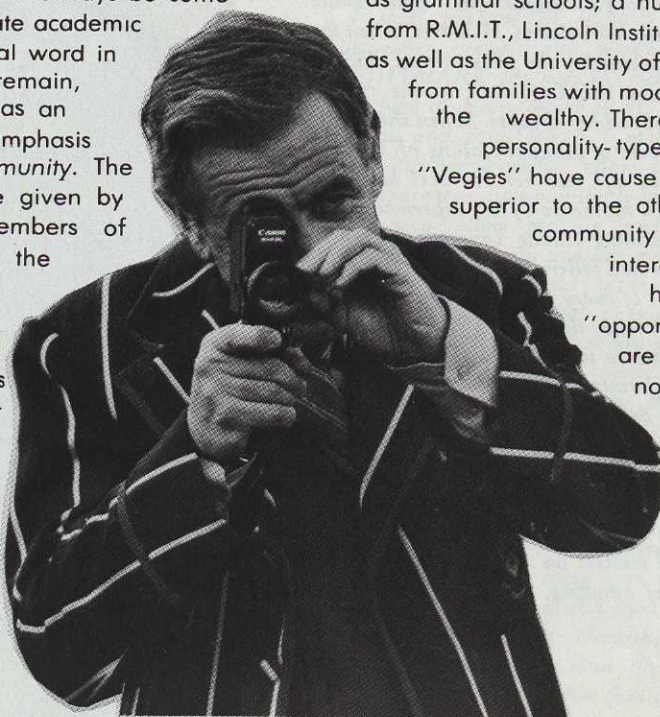
The groundwork was laid in first term and late last year. Much of the credit can go to the retiring T.C.A.C. Committee, which has been the best for many years, and to the uncommon commonsense and personal dedication of the Senior Student, Angus Brooksby. We inaugurated a new admissions policy. This depended on current students being willing to spend a good deal of time interviewing applicants. In this way they could impart a sense of what a College is all about. Emphasis was laid on readiness to be involved in College life, and this has paid off handsomely. There will always be some tension about how highly to rate academic criteria for entrance. The final word in selection remains, and must remain, with the Warden. I see Trinity as an academic community, with emphasis on both *academic* and *community*. The resources of this place were given by the Victorian Government, members of the Anglican Church, and the generations of benefactors for *students* — that is, for people studying — and we must resist attempts to devalue our role as a College, (as against a hostel or youth camp).

A further achievement of second term was the passing of the Trinity College Act 1979, which comes into operation on September 1st. This incorporates the College and gives it a new constitution. Here we read:

"The objects of the College are —

- (a) to provide an academic community —
 - (i) in which the Christian faith, sound learning, social responsibility and ideals of community service are encouraged; and
 - (ii) where students from a wide range of disciplines are able to share in the academic, social and recreational opportunities of collegiate life;
- (b) to make provision for the teaching and study of theology and for the preparation of candidates for ordained ministry in the Anglican Church of Australia or in a church in communion with the Anglican Church of Australia;
- (c) to maintain a community of Fellows and tutors through whose example guidance and teaching the objects of the College may be advanced; and
- (d) to provide opportunity for regular corporate Christian worship and instruction according to the liturgy and doctrine of the Anglican Church of Australia".

Of these objects, the first is the one which affects the greatest number. The second part of this speaks of "a wide range of disciplines". I should wish to interpret this more broadly than its literal meaning. The College needs a good social mix as well as a broad academic one. We need both city and country people; members from high schools as well as grammar schools; a number of undergraduates from R.M.I.T., Lincoln Institute and the State College as well as the University of Melbourne; and students from families with moderate incomes as well as the wealthy. There should not be only one personality-type — Neither "Ockers" nor "Vegies" have cause to consider themselves superior to the other: better to rejoice in a community with a wide variety of interests and gifts. Note, however, that the "opportunities of College life" are for sharing in. There is no reason for those who do not avail themselves of them to be in residence.



I come now to the important first part of the first clause. The encouragement of the Christian faith means presenting a selfless way of life as a credible and attractive, but demanding, option. The theological students, in particular, carry a responsibility here. They have become more and more aware that it cannot be discharged either by ignoring the rest of the community or by espousing materialistic or majority values. There is surely a place, too, in the intellectual life of the College as a whole, for the serious exploration of theological and ethical ideas. There is room also for quietness, meditation and prayer — and not only of the formal Anglican model.

It is in the realms of "critical discussion, social responsibility and community service" that we have furthest to grow. For myself, the experience of critical discussion — critical, that is, of my own ideas and unexamined assumptions — was the most important gift Balliol College, Oxford had to offer. The Socratic practice of asking difficult questions — "What do you mean by this? How can you think such-and-such if you also think so-and-so, which is inconsistent with it?" — has been the most distinctive part of the western university tradition. It gets all too little nourishment in modern courses with large numbers of students. It can flourish only in honest contact between minds on small groups. Oxford tutorials have only one, or at the most two, students with a tutor. Surely we should introduce something of this element if Trinity is to be a challenging as well as a reassuring experience.

We have been growing in awareness of social responsibility, at least within the College community. The elementary things of looking after

the community's property, or caring whether others are getting enough sleep or enough opportunity to work, are important for our development as people. In first term a number of us became concerned about excesses concerned with alcohol — especially as this was becoming institutionalised through bogus "traditions" not more than a year old. The community itself came to an adult realisation that promises of good fellowship and enjoyment could have a dark side which involved unnecessary anxiety and suffering. The passing of a motion in a T.C.A.C. General Meeting in second term showing students' willingness to be responsible for the cleanliness of their own rooms was an important step forward in social awareness.

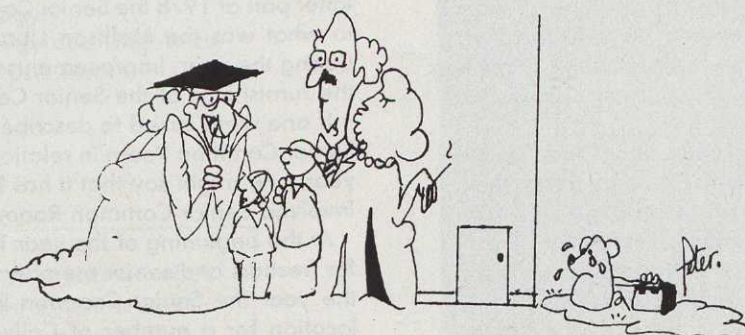
What of the wider community outside the College? We do not have the time or the energy to do great things here, but it would be good to see more of what some of our students are already doing — giving practical help in drug rehabilitation, teaching English to migrants, assisting handicapped people, and so on. There will be great benefits to our internal community life if this kind of outreach flourishes.

A distinguished member of Trinity, Professor Manning Clark, recently told us of the three criteria for admission to Harvard University. They are these:

- (a) high academic achievement
- (b) ability in some other non-academic area
- (c) involvement in community and social welfare.

Perhaps we can learn not only from Oxford, but also from Harvard while developing the excellence that is Trinity.

Evan L. Burge



"Our first year rooms are small....but intimate-!"

THE SENIOR COMMON ROOM



BACK ROW: GEOFF HAYES; PETER MCKAY; JANET GADEN; TONY POOLE; LIBBY ROBIN; JOHN DAVIS; KAREN & JOHN FORSYTH. FRONT ROW: ANNA CASS; BRIAN DESCHAMP; EVAN BURGE; JAMES FERRY; ROSEMARY GRABAU.

Members of the Senior Common Room who departed at the end of 1978, after a long association with the College, were: Ms. M. Malone (Senior Tutor), Mr. R. Wortley (Law) and his wife Carolyn, Mr. C. Dunstan (Engineering), Ms. Pauline Stiglich (Chemistry), Mr. R. Carter (Economics) and Ms. J. Langford (Psychology).

As of the beginning of this year, the Senior Common Room is headed by a President rather than a Senior Tutor. The reason for this change was that, with the imminent appointment of a full-time Dean, who would be doing many of the academic tasks formerly done by a Senior Tutor, it was thought that the role of the person in charge of the Senior Common Room should be confined to being a representative and social one in relation to the members of the Common Room. The President for Terms I and II of this year was Dr. B.D. Deschamp. On Dr. Deschamp's appointment as Dean, Mr. J. Ferry was appointed to the position of President.

Another change suggested by Dr. J. Davis related to the location of the Senior Common Room. In the latter part of 1978 the Senior Common Room moved to what was the Mollison Library (Lower Bishops). During the year, improvements have been made to the furnishings of the Senior Common Room.

If one were asked to describe the activities of the Senior Common Room in relation to the College this year, one might say that it has been a more 'open', involved Senior Common Room.

At the beginning of the year Tutors hosted parties for freshers and senior members of College. During the year the Senior Common Room has been the location for a number of College Seminars, some sponsored by the Dialectic Society, others by the Senior Common Room. The two seminars organised by the Senior Common Room were:

Ms. A. Cass: "Black Holes, Gravitational Collapse — A Laymen's Guide to Einstein's Theory of Relativity"
Prof J. Burke: "Trends in Australian Art"

Members of the Senior Common Room have also organised talks and discussions about careers for students:

Mr. G. Hayes arranged a talk for the engineering students;
Ms. R. Grabau arranged for several speakers to talk with students about accountancy as a career.

Among the distinguished guests of the Senior Common Room this year were:

Prof. A.G. Ogston (former President of Trinity College, Oxford) and Mrs. Ogston,
Bishop J.A.T. Robinson, Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge,
Prof. Sir Keith Hancock,
Prof. A. Rorty (Rutgers University, New Jersey).

Brian Deschamp

The membership of the Senior Common Room for 1979 is as follows:

Dr. B.D. Deschamp (President Terms I, II)
Mr. J. Ferry (President Term III)
Dr. E. Burge (Warden)
Dr. J. Davis (Dean Term I)
Dr. J. Gaden (Director of the Theological School)
Fr. R. Oliver (Chaplain)
Prof. P. Dennison (Director of Music)
Mr. A. Todd (Bursar)
Miss J. Waller (Librarian)
Fr. A. Bird (Archivist)
Mr. J. Butler (Classics and French)
Ms. A. Cass (Physics)
Mr. J. Forsyth (Biology)
Mrs. K. Forsyth (Biochemistry)
Mrs. J. Gaden (English)
Ms. R. Grabau (Accountancy and Economics)
Mr. G. Hayes (Engineering)
Mr. G. McEwen (Law)
Mr. P. McKay (Chemistry)
Dr. R. Phillips (Physiology)
Ms. E. Robin (Psychology and Linguistics)
Mr. V. Chishkovsky (Music Term I)
Dr. B. Burge
Mrs. L. Oliver
Mr. T. Helsby (Term I)

*Nous nous promenons sous les arbres
Une immense tente d'or et de vert
Les oiseaux chantent leurs chansons
Fragiles et argentines
Répétées par tes muguets
Qui résonnent comme des grelots*

Kay McKenzie

Alcoholics Unanimous

If this year's cellar committee, including three new members, was slightly wanting in experience it made up for it in enthusiasm.

The policies closely followed from the outset were: greater efficiency in general administration and use of funds, a better balanced stock of wines (particularly at the cheaper end of the scale), and a greater acceptance of the cellar by the College as an active institution created for College members.

The abolition of credit by the former administration was a necessary move to ensure growth in the cellar. Any level of debtors is a real drain on resources and leaves the Treasurer in the inevitably position of perpetual Tax Collector.

The promotion of the Milawa house white has ensured College members a constant supply of cheap, good value table wine at less than half the price of well-known commercial rocket fuel. The sale of some forty dozen bottles during the year has vindicated this.

The Committee has pushed for a far more active role of the cellar in College life, making wine available at almost every College social function this year and diffusing the wine cellar's former reputation of a bunch of "Dom"-drinking wine snobs.

Cellar functions include a wines tour of the Hunter Valley, N.S.W. in the first week of the first term holidays (see relevant report), a cocktail night and tasting exhibiting the best wines in stock.

The tour was extremely interesting and established totally new relations with some of Australia's leading wine producers.



(STANDING, L TO R); M. CLEMENS;
H. DE PURY; F. MACINDOE; zzz
zzz T. BROOKES zzz; J. ADAMSON;
(HORIZONTAL) T. CUTTERIDGE:



The most spectacular success of the cellar this year must have been the cocktail night, held on the Friday before Juttodie. This was the brain child of Tim Brookes and Tom Gutteridge — a good way to use up a solitary bottle of white rum, we thought — as it turned out, following the technicolour holocaust, the damn stuff was still standing unused!

The atmosphere was one of eager anticipation as the world's most exotic cocktails (well) were downed in mind-boggling style. I sincerely hope that both the cocktail night and the tour became permanent fixtures on the College social calendar.

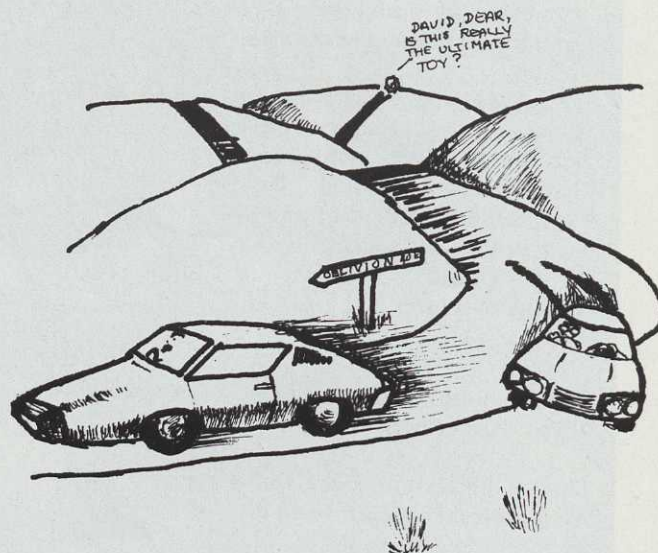
Finally, 1978/79 was again a record year, sales growing by in excess of 30 per cent per annum. Owing to the rapid growth of the cellar in recent years it has become increasingly important that long- and middle-term planning be stressed in administration. Running an \$11,000-a-year enterprise where the products change in quality and price from year to year and consumer taxes change from term to term, is extremely difficult without information from committees of previous years. This year's committee will leave its successors with data on the year, compiled as accurately as possible, to assist them in their spending.

(We reserve our takeover bid for Seppelts until the next vintage).

Mark Clemens



The Hunter



After much deliberation and planning, it was decided that the 1979 Wines Tour would head off in the first week of the May holidays in the general direction of the Hunter Valley. The group was to travel by car this year and not by bus; thus reducing costs and the need to find a driver whom the insurance companies could trust.

Most of the party left on the last day of term and stayed the night at Chris Bell's house at Wangaratta. Not much is remembered of this night except for some hair-raising driving exploits by Ed Billson and the marvellous hospitality of the Bell household. The rest of the party were back in College celebrating the end of term in true style, as one fish and chip covered member of College will testify.

The next morning the whole tour party met at Brown Brokers Estate Milawa for the first of many guided tours and tastings. The rest of the day was spent at Bailey's vineyard where Clem was already beginning to display his tendency not to put a port bottle down until it was empty. Feeling a trifle groggy, the party headed back to the Bell's house where more punishment of an alcoholic nature awaited them. The Bell's, their generosity unflagging, provided dinner for 14 and free reign over their television set. We settled down to spend the evening watching the unforgettable F.A. Cup and one Terry Mason who entered into the spirit of things by trying to play soccer with chairs, tables or whatever else got in his way.

Holocaust

It was not a surprise when Terry decided to head back to Melbourne, with Campbell Horsfall (also slightly the worse for wear) and two ex-Trinity residents. The numbers of the party had dwindled from 14 to 9 as we moved off on the second leg of the tour towards Sydney. How many would be left when the trip was over? This proved to be an uneventful day except for \$100 of speeding fines incurred by Messrs Salter and Hayes. The tour party camped the night approximately 30 miles south of Sydney, minus the company of Dave Clarke and Ursula. It seemed that they were having trouble with Dave's 'Ultimate Toy'.

The following morning was spent in getting to the Hunter Valley where we met the missing couple. The next four days were spent in touring vineyards of varying sizes and qualities. The most outstanding of these were the Tyrell's and Rothbury Estates, which were more than willing to pour their excellent wines down our throats. Other notable vineyards were Drayton's, Lakes Folly, Elliot's and the Wyndham and Rosemount Estates. Any further inquiries concerning these places is referred to the College wine cellar.

And now for the night life. There are numerous incidents which spring to mind. The first are the dinners we had in the Cessnock Working Man's Club — so called, presumably, because they chilled their ports before serving them. Here we tried our luck on the one armed bandits, got thrashed by the locals at snooker and drank what is laughably called beer in New South Wales. (No wonder they've got vineyards up there).

There was, of course, the traditional terracotta terrorisation of the neighbourhood; carried out in the early hours of the morning, when judgement (and good taste) were a little blurred, and all good pigs were in bed.

A particularly memorable night was when the tour group decided to sample a few flagons of muscat and port. It ended up in total chaos. Geoff Hayes was put into bed, giggling, by a 50-year-old lady intent on rape; Clem was mistaken for a lamp-post by your honourable narrator, who was in turn used as a target site for an offence more horrifying than Pearl Harbour; Buzz Bayley found the whole affair a little too trying and decorated the lawn (much to the amusement of surrounding caravans); Helen de Pury was stunned to a shocked silence by various displays of masculinity. The only sane person that night was 'Captain' Ted Salter who was ensconced in bed with the flu and a medicinal bottle of Scotch.

There is much more that could be written about the 1979 Wines Tour, but good taste, good sense and discretion prevent me. As a final word I would like to thank Clem for organising this trip and acting as Tour Leader. I hope those of you who are in College next year will think of partaking in the 1980 Wines Tour.

Tim Brookes



(STANDING), L TOP; T. MASON;
H. DE PURY; D. CLARKE, in
background wielding axe); M. CLEMENS;
E. BILLSON; J. JEFFERIES: (SQUATTING);
C. HORSFALL; T. BROOKES; R. BAYLEY:



Up Country Art

This inaugural Dialectic Society tour was conceived and executed with the same flair and panache as the grand tours of Europe in the nineteenth century and the Wines Club Tour of last year. The tour's purpose was to visit three of the most important Victorian regional art galleries and to meet the people who run them.

We were fortunate to gain the sponsorship of Ford Australia, who generously provided us with the ultimate in touring comfort.

On the afternoon of Friday April twentieth the convoy departed Trinity with military precision. After three hours of positively military confusion we cruised into Benalla and its art gallery. Within its modern structure there is housed a superb collection of Australian paintings. We were shown around by the gallery's principal benefactor, Laurie Ledger, who also took us into the storeroom where we saw many works not for general inspection. Brian Deschamp bought a photograph described by Dave Berry as a "fine representation of passionate life realism".

Having left the gallery we checked into our Turkish motel, conveniently set on the Hume Highway. Sleeping arrangements were made, and we quickly set about investigating local watering holes. Dinner followed at the "Loaded Dog" — a must for all Henry Lawson fans. On retiring to the motel most of us had to insert twenty cents in the slot to get our night's vibes. The luxury of a double bed for some meant a late departure.

En route to Castlemaine we made an all-too-brief (or so said Lyn Graham) call at the Bendigo Gallery. After lunch we arrived at the Castlemaine Gallery where we were joined by James Ferry. The director, Peter Perry, gave us a fascinating talk on the collection, and answered many probing questions. The best lighting in Australia showed the works to great advantage. The McCubbins, Normans and Gruners provoked much discussion, especially from Sally Inglis.



(L TO R); F. GRIMWADE; S. BETT; M. DAVEY;
R. HARLEY; A. TODD; L. GRAHAM;
R. MYER; F. MACINDOE; A. INGLES;
M. KINGSTON; D. BERRY; DR. B. DESCHAMP;

12.

The drive past the Grampians on the way to Hamilton inspired Stuart Bett to wax lyrical on early Louis Buvelots and Eugene von Guerards.

Sleeping arrangements were made immediately on arrival at the "Botanical", and we began the night's activities at a nearby hotel. We dined late at the "Stirring Pot" with our hosts, members of the Hamilton Gallery Society.

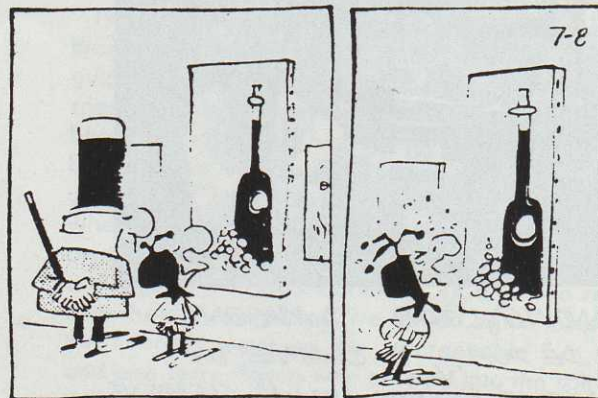
On our return to the motel, Roger Harley established his credentials as a budding news reader (no microphone required), and it took James Ferry to dampen his enthusiasm. However, neither Fred Grimwade nor Mandy Davey nor any of the rest of us lost sleep over this.

Church was at nine-thirty that morning and with uplifted hearts we went to commune with nature in the City Gardens, which recalled for Alison Todd, El Greco's "Garden of Gethsemane".

Lunch followed at the home of one of the Gallery Society's members, where the magnificent repast was likened by Michael Kingston to "Cleopatra's Banquet". The Hamilton Gallery itself lived up to all our great expectations. Its superb Sandby collection was the highlight of the tour. The bountiful hospitality of our hosts was overwhelming. On the drive back to Melbourne we spoke of many things, of art and food and galleries, of cabbages and kings.

We are extremely grateful to Professor Joseph Burke for the stimulating talk he gave us before we left. We would also like to thank the gallery directors at Benalla, Audrey Banfield at Castlemaine, Peter Perry, and at Hamilton, Julian Faigan. Ford Australia and the many people who were so hospitable to us during the weekend also deserve our heartfelt appreciation.

Frank Macindoe
Rupert Myer



Dialectics

It is with great pleasure that I report on the activities of the Dialectic Society for 1979. The committee feels as though it has provided a good deal of stimulation to as many people as possible in a number of different and varied activities. In addition to its normal activities this year the society has been entrepreneurially successful in introducing new events with the aim to initiating a greater understanding of current matters and other vital areas.

The first of these areas has been the Seminar Series 1979/1980. The committee was disappointed by the opportunities afforded by the College and the University to hear the leaders of the community in their respective areas. To remedy that the committee has been inviting distinguished Australians to speak on subjects of concern to them. The aim of the series is to give students a more thorough understanding of the current themes and prospects in the literary, scientific, political, and economic spheres in Australia. So far in the series, we have been fortunate enough to hear Sir Roderick Carnegie, Mr Judah Waten, and Prof Manning Clark — all of whom have given interesting and important papers.

The second area has been the inauguration of a Dialectic Society tour. This year, we toured the Victorian country art galleries over a weekend in autumn and a report on that will be found elsewhere.

The normal activities of the Dialectic Society have proceeded well and this has been because of the committee's enthusiasm and the excellent response of the College:

- The inter-collegiate debating has been going well although no final outcome is known as yet. It was hoped that more intra-collegiate debates might have occurred. We had some problems with finding suitable times, but in future these must be of high priority.



- The art show, which is run in conjunction with the Photo Club, was once again a great success capturing the college which turned out for the judging. It was generally agreed by those present that the judge, Mr. Robert Lindsay, gave an excellent commentary and the committee congratulates the artists and all concerned who made the show so enjoyable.
- The term two quiz went very well with a total of 40 curly questions being answered by consistently curly answers throughout. Congratulations and a magnum of champagne went to the winners.
- During the term, Mr. Tim Hewat came to speak about many things including the role of the press in Australia.
- Still to come this year are further speakers in the Seminar Series, the Wigram Allen Essay Competition, and the annual College Revue.



(L TO R) M. KINGSTON; S. CRAMER;
P. PENGILLEY; DR. E. BURGE; R. MYER;
& J. ADAMSON.

It must be noted that in addition to this being a successful year for the Dialectic Society, it has also been one in which joint bodies have emerged in the College with similar aims. That is an encouraging sign both for the College and for the Dialectic Society. Provided that the future committees can interpret these trends correctly, there now exists a widened scope for the society in the College. My personal thanks go to the committee comprising John Adamson, Michael Kingston, Penelope Pengilley and Sue Cramer for their enthusiasm and support.

Rupert Myer



(L TO R) M. KINGSTON

A Rear View

Last year's Revue was a highly successful event — I hesitate to say memorable as I for one remember very little of it. Sponsored and kept honourably afloat by the T.C.W.C., it provided a perfect opportunity for some College Members (as the S.S. would put it) to air their unpleasantly mid-Victorian sexual leanings, and others to give vent to their social or religious views.

The first sketch, set in an R.S.L. bar made the mistake of requiring the audience to follow certain "witty" tricks of language, thus involving more than just reflex mental processes. It fell on barren, though well irrigated ground. As the show progressed we were privileged to hear the Rev. Prodmey Rollover's Papal Investiture Speech, a triumph for the High Anglican Church; a nostalgia trip back to Rome and the Ides of March, and Rob Carter's Essential Australian Male.

After the Interval when things became even more abandoned, the audience was teased on to the very tip of its collective posterior by activity behind a sheet involving a tantalising appearance of several diaphanous and private articles of female attire. When the sheet was dropped to reveal Rick Potter in curlers doing the family ironing, the reaction was indescribable... perhaps hysterically frustrated revulsion is not too wide of the mark?

While they recovered from this, the audience watched a degeneration on stage through John Jeffries' Safari, in which Harry Gill was savagely beaten; an interview with the notorious Prof. S.M. Leatheringham (pronounced "leathering 'em"), a show akin to a famous T.V. programme called "Shoot Black", to the preposterous cavorting of several tone-deaf transvestites.

In a last minute effort to lift the tone, the Local Logs staged an irreproachable rendition of "Big Spender".



The Show, which had been held together by the commercial breaks provided by Peter 'Butch' Horsborough and Ronnie May, and an anonymous person responsible for the 'Spurt' ad., and which had been ably and wittily compered by Doug Fordham and Mark Williams, finishing in full-bop to the sound of Roy Orbisonopolous supported by Mrs. Scum.

To sum up, it appeared, the effects being almost identical, that a very large Dry Martinus was had by all.

Tom Gutteridge

*cold morning and the priest
(being conscientious) mumbles
a dictation over the grave:
"with a reference to some . . .
distant stranger in a stranger's heaven
where, as a rule, no mothers die."
mudstones slop into
the turgid flesh below
followed by another
from the hardness of the
one man frozen toed milkman
who came to sniff
at the drama
and pee on the lamp-post.*

Peter

HEROIN

*Have a good time, idiot child,
but remember: there is no
elitist secret you can hold
in the kashmir covered claws
of the septicaemia gutter death.
This is not an exotic glory
but melodramatic pretence,
empty and pathetic.*

*Welcome me open-armed, idiot child,
I am your chosen end;
the fate of all those who abuse their souls
in the reckless pursuit of delusion,
paid in pain, pay in purgatory.
Say you're happy in an empty world
and you can get close to people
but you can only feel yourself, and me.*

Hugh Shimmins

T.C.G.S.



Report from the dinner held at our Annual Camp at Port Fairy:

Before dinner, cocktails, freckle punch and soggy biscuits were served. The first course on the menu was groper in white sauce, which was followed by stuffed kid or ducky a l'orange with strained potatoes. Members were invited to stand for a toast to our Queen, after which fags were to be had. The Dinner was addressed by Sean Ramsbottom (who served under Jeremy Thorpe in a British Cabinet). He made some penetrating remarks about deep-seated problems, which came close to the bone. However, some members ejaculated violently and he got a little testy. The Speaker was on a trip to this country to look up old friends.

This was followed by piles of cream pouffes for dessert. Twinings tea was then served: Prince of Wales coupled with Earl Grey to pander to all tastes. A round of After Dinner Mince was generally enjoyed, with Bailey's Irish Cream.

The Committee's thanks are extended to those who spent much time during O-Week in debriefing freshmen.

Michael Fitzpatrick (President)

Patrick Fitzmichael (Secretary)

Ben Doon & Phil McCavity (Prominent Members)



The Dead

*And you were ugly and very black in the doorway
of the cold wooden bar, left to the screaming*

*crows. Solitary squawks for a while beneath the
rippled iron. You were the last black bird to*

*crawl to the doorway and die. Angular death
drawn up in cold and ugliness, obscene like a*

*skeleton. Your rags, black bones, as thick as your
eyes and filthier than your death upon the rock. Indurate*

*stone, your manacles, completes the frame with the
doorway, and the creator's irony, a halo of trees.*

Martin Hosking



Moth

*The lines of my hand, vertebra of truncated flight.
Something in me, in my retina,
Plays with the colours of a moth.*

*How you deceive them, little moth.
Cocooned by night,
Dissolved by moonlight.*

*Hello! You again? Moth of night...
Once again destroying your wings
Against the window-panes.*

*But what have they done to you?
Who ripped off your little-girl's dress,
The dust of your wings?*

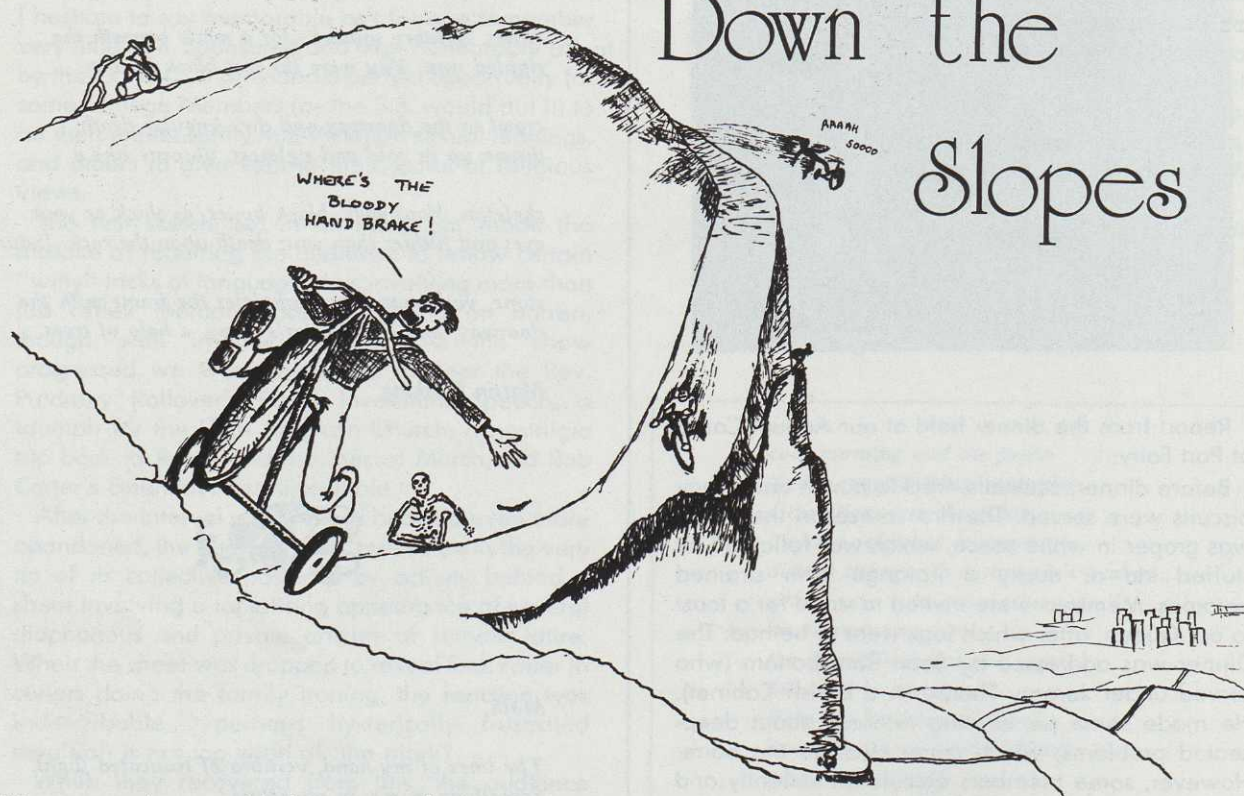
*You came to share with me
The bitterness
Of the aftermath.*

*Once again tonight
The rite of the dance
That brings you closer to death?*

*Tomorrow the wind will intermingle
The dust of your wings
With the dust of the world.*

Round the Bends &

Down the Slopes



This year we began with the pre-race banquet at the Portsea Pub. There was a general consumption of beer while we stood around singing rousing drinking songs such as "Ormond sucks socks" and "What do we think of Sci. Ed. . . This weak". The beers and jollity were somewhat disturbed by flying flour which seemed to fall liberally around the bar.

The recovery was held at Mandy Davey's place again and everybody enjoyed a few more beers and a couple of quick games of touch rugby. Cam Horsfall was the only one to have a warm night. Everybody was up and shining early and we were all happy to see our neighbours "stack" their trike before the race had even begun.

We were off to a flying start at 7.45 and were looking forward to a relatively uneventful trip. However, things soon began to liven up as we caught and passed several other trikes. They had not been able to master the art of the moving quick change (which "death grip" Watson and "Cricket" Clarke became quite incompetent at) or even the art of steering in a straight line.

The early hills, however, took their toll of our intrepid riders and some "Ducked" behind bushes, "Arched" their backs and let out colourful "Gutterals".

Dave Archibald went on to give a fine display of just how a changeover should not be done, and combined well with the road to bring up the first lump of the day.

Some of the boys from Queen's gave us some most unappreciated encouragement at numerous places. However, they finally met their just desserts; it was porridge wasn't it?

Despite some minor mishaps during changes, and a diving exhibition by a member of the road crew of another trike we thought ourselves fairly clear as we picked our way from one red light to the next along Punt Road. However, riders were being left behind, or joined Martin Sevier on a scenic tour of one-way streets of Melbourne. This meant that the riding was now handled by an intrepid few who had to draw on their fitness and the last can of Fosters to see them through.

With the University in sight we began the last sprint to the finish, only to see two other trikes suddenly appear from behind a tram, upon which they had undoubtedly been riding.

It was a mad rush for the finish line and many of us were unsure for some time as to how we had been placed. Fortunately a misplaced official could not be found and we came . . . SECOND!

A marvellous performance, particularly as there were so many freshers present.

Thanks go to Harry Asche, Geoff Sloane and the trikes for getting the Ball rolling.

Jim Abbott

Les Girls



S.S.Speech

Each year it falls upon the Senior Student to present a summary of the previous year and this year I have no doubt in saying that it has been a successful year.

First term was highlighted by T.C.A.C. activities. A well organised O-Week introduced a remarkably small number of first years into College life with speed and high spirits. The rest of the term was covered by events such as the shout, the car rally, Juttoddie and the Elliott fours.

The associated clubs also provided their share of activities. The Wines Cellar went on its second tour — this year to the Hunter Valley — and returned yet again with tall stories, fine wines and garden gnomes. The Dialectic Society has had its debates and speakers, a quiz and lately the art show which also figured much of the Photographic Club's work.

Second term was highlighted by the College play — *Man and Superman*. This was a success which can only be truly appreciated in comparison with its predecessors. Through G.B.S.'s play the Drama Club showed the organisation and enthusiasm they need as well as the talent they have always had, and we all hope these will become a permanent feature of the Trinity play.

In contrast, another second term highlight was the Prosh Week Trike Race — culturally opposite to the Play. The Trike Team this year rose to second place and this is especially a tribute to the engineering crew — particularly Harry Asche and Geoff Sloane — who have nurtured the trikes since Trinity's re-entry into the fray in 1977.

Sports this year have displayed what is the College's best asset, sporting and social, and that was a large amount of College spirit and a willingness to be involved. The women are favorites for the Holmes Trophy and the men, despite early disappointments (Shums was a social success only) stayed in the race for the Cowan Cup until last week. The Tickner Cup is also within our reach.

There have been some memorable performances: the men's first Athletics win in 19 years, both swimming teams, the women's hockey victory after a two hour spectacular and, of course the football win over Queen's — the first senior XVIII win in five years.

I would like to mention again the great spirit shown in sport this year — both on the field and on the sidelines — as I feel that it is in sport that the strength of the College as a unit is best revealed. This spirit is vital to a college if it is going to be more than just a large rooming house providing a place to eat and sleep during term time.

Looking back on the year a Senior Student can't help but feel a debt to the committee.

Margot Foster as General Representative brought to the job a year's experience and contacts. It is a time-consuming job, particularly in first term, but events such as Juttoddie and the Ball are the fruits and they are enjoyed by us all. This year's Ball not only proved to be a financial, but also a raging social success.

Campbell Horsfall, with his love of announcements about scarves and phone duty is known to us all. Treasurer is a largely unrewarding position but Campbell has assumed it with efficiency and enthusiasm. It has been a real comfort to have had him on the committee this year.

Sharon Orrman, as Indoor Representative showed a willingness to help everyone when needed. In her own role the improved laundry arrangements and telephone system show her activity — not to mention the constant battle to maintain the Billiard room which has also been primarily her burden and she has borne it cheerfully.



(L TO R) P. HARLEY; C. HORSFALL;
S. ORRMAN; A. BROOKSBY; I. CHESTERMAN

Ian Chesterman showed his athletic ability on the track and his organisational ability over six months of inter-collegiate sport. I do not think many people fully realise the amount of work in Outdoor Representative and Ian's enthusiasm has never waned. To watch four matches of other Colleges' hockey at freezing Smith Oval is about as dedicated as anyone can get.

Roger Harley when his hand was on his pen and not the girls, has shown himself a capable secretary. He has handled his administrative tasks with dogged determination as his wit in the suggestion book has been a source of delight to us all. A T.C.A.C. committee has need of much good faith and Roger has been a constant source of that.

That concludes what I would like to say in reporting 1979. At this time I feel it would be appropriate to make some reflections on the college at present. These are personal and I do not expect everyone to agree with them.

Some things are good. This year we have opened up vastly more profitable links with the College administration than we have had in the past. This has paid dividends especially in the Admissions Policy. The T.C.A. C. in its own right can change very little yet can be effective if it and the administration can work together. Some conflict will be inevitable and that is probably as it should be for a committee under the administration would be no better than one cut off from it. If anything this is probably our most improved area this year and I hope the recent attitude continues.

However, some things are not good. There is a serious lack of continuity in the T.C.A.C. bodies at present. It is a waste if good work achieved by a committee is largely temporary, as it does not survive the change in committee. This is a problem which needs to be faced if improvements are to be lasting.

I also feel that there is not enough development within College. It seems to me foolish to expect the same things from College in your third year as you experienced in your first. When people say "College isn't as good as last year" then I think this points to the disappointment inherent in a continuing fresher attitude rather than an actual change in College.

Firstly, the College at the moment is in an extremely fortunate position due to its popularity. Last year we had twice as many applicants as places. Five years ago this just wasn't the case. The challenge is to make the most of our good fortune and to build a college strong in personalities as a buttress against the future when times may not be as favourable. With this in mind I still feel there is not enough commitment to College. People should be able to approach College with an idea as to what they can give as well as what they can get.

Lastly, I think we are still too narrow in our appeal. I have heard that next year we will have 60 applicants from Melbourne Grammar and this shows the extent to which some schools dominate our intake. As an example the rugby team this year only had one person who was not from Melbourne Grammar or Geelong Grammar. We must increase our efforts to broaden our college intake or run the risk of being isolated from all but a particular segment of schools. This means more effort in recruiting in schools of all types but in particular the country private and high schools as these are the schools whose people are most likely to be attracted to College and whose diversity we need if we are to remain a viable College into the 80s.

Angus Brooksby

There's a lot you can do with your money at the National Bank

- * Cheque accounts
- * Savings accounts
- * Personal Loans
- * National Bankcard
- * Bank Cheques
- * Sending Money Overseas
- * Term Deposits
- * Overseas Trade Services
- * Travel Service
- * Travel Insurance
- * Travellers' Cheques
- * Regular Payments and Collections
- * Safe Custody of Valuables
- * Investment Service
- * Free money management reference book "The Money Book"



National Bank

UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE BRANCH

Tel. No. 347-2966

300-P-7062

TRINITY COL



COLLEGE 1979



Plus ça Change...



On the night of the Senior Student's Dinner I happened to glance at the role of former Senior Students in the J.C.R. and, out of idle interest, counted the number I had known. With some surprise I found it was eighteen, including the newly elected Mike Fullerton. Continuing that train of thought, it rapidly occurred to me that I had lived in the College under three of the five Wardens. At that point I picked up my walking stick and shuffled off to dinner.

As former Senior Student Chris Maxwell remarked later that evening, things have changed. In some respects they certainly have, mostly for the better. I entered College in 1964 as a naive fresher from the country and I recall being surprised at what seemed to be the immense freedoms suddenly available — one only had to sign the late book if one intended to be out of College after twelve midnight. Chapel attendance had recently ceased to be compulsory, although tutorials still were. Lady visitors were permitted up to 6 p.m., as was the drinking of beer, wines and sherry (not necessarily together although that happened occasionally with the predictable disastrous results!). Still, to temper these freedoms the laws on the statute book were strict and the penalties were harsh. Woe betide the gentleman committing the heinous crime of walking on the grass — this was met with the monstrous fine of 2/6 (5/- for a second offence). The privilege of traversing the lawn in a straight line was reserved for the tutors. Gentlemen who turned up late for dinner, or who arrived without the requisite gown, dark jacket, and black tie could expect to be fined a bottle of wine by that tyrant, the Table President.

An interregnum followed the sad death of the third Warden. Until the appointment of the fourth Warden, the College was in the safe hands of the Joint-Acting Warden, a duumvirate consisting of the Chaplain, Dr. Barry Marshall and the Dean, Dr. John Pointer. Their reign is commemorated by the laundry and the trans-Bulpadock brick pathway (previously known as Purity Path, either because it was straight and narrow, or as a tribute to the ladies of J.C.H. who used it on their way to the Uni).

The T.C.A.C. meetings of those years were forums for eloquent addresses on many subjects. They were further enlivened by the continuing saga of the Trinity College Associated Clubs Racing Sub-Committee, whose intention it was to purchase a race horse. It was to be stabled on the Bulpadock and thus function secondarily as a lawn mower and fertiliser. The official visiting hours for ladies, the subject of many an impassioned plea at T.C.A.C. meetings in those days, were slowly extended, and eventually corresponded with real practice. The subsequent discovery that women did not, after all, lead to the immediate decline of the physical, academic and moral fabric of the College

culminated, after due process, in the admission of women as resident students, a change championed by the then Warden, Robin Sharwood, although not unopposed, both in Council and amongst the male students.

A further change in recent years has been a subtle shift in the role of the S.C.R. The tutor was to function as "guide, philosopher and friend". Granted notable exceptions such a role was not altogether compatible with the disciplinary function as practised ten to fifteen years ago. Today's Senior Common Room is certainly younger than it used to be, the majority of members being post-graduate students themselves. The disciplinary role has softened somewhat and generally speaking the tutors relate fairly well to the resident students and hence the old ideal seems to be approached more closely today than formerly.

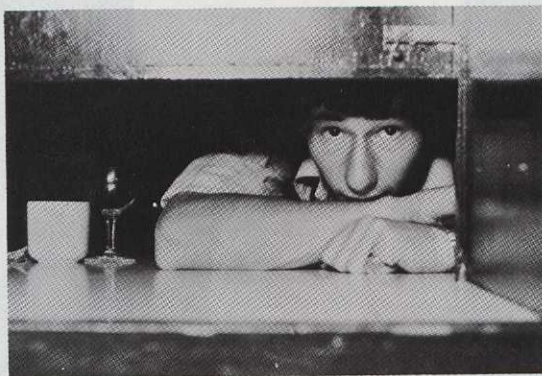
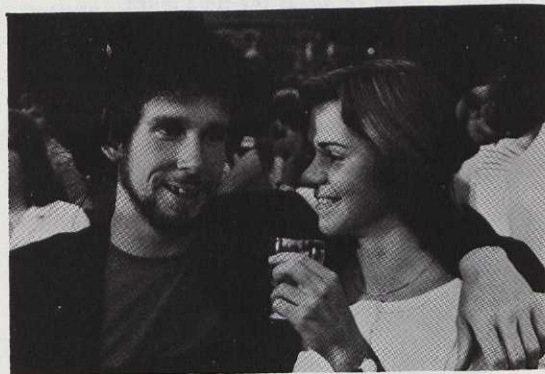
In the face of these changes, would a student who left here fifteen years ago still recognise his old College? I think so. At one level there is continuity of personalities such as Don Grilli and Lil, and in those who have returned after some years absence, such as John Gaden and Rodney Oliver. Further, there are many of the ancient traditions which still flourish, although in the present era of instant tradition it is sometimes difficult to distinguish these and finally, and most importantly, there is the continuum of students, tutors and staff who have made up the College for the last one hundred and seven years and who have contributed something of themselves to create a spirit which is something special and identifiably Trinity.

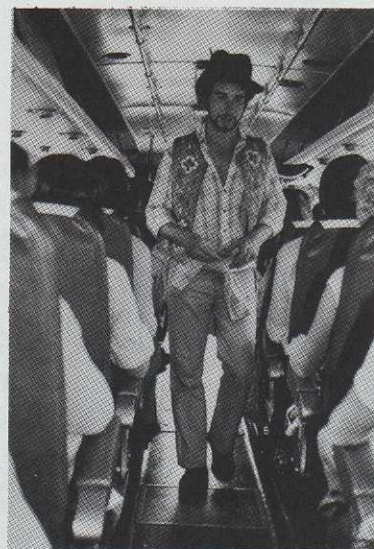
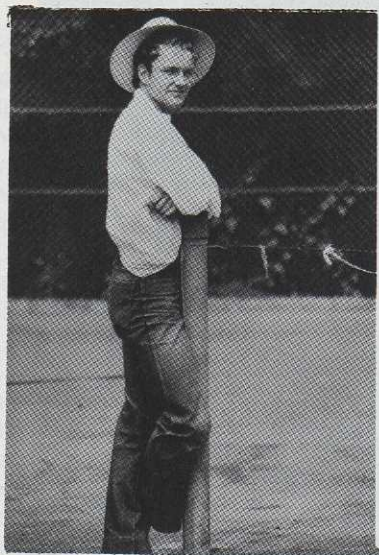
So, thanks for the memory... (pity about the rugby though!).

John Davis

(Dean of Trinity College 1976—mid 1979)



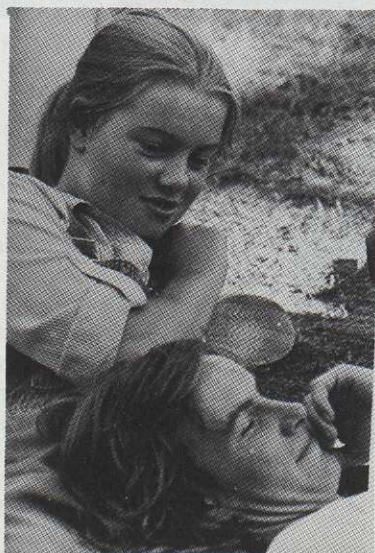
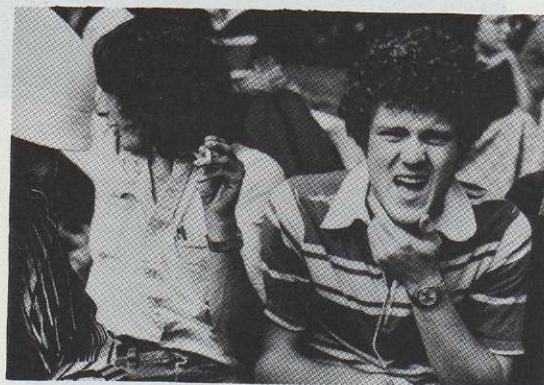




O Week

*The only similar experience
I can recall, is the time when
I opened a parcel expecting
to find sour grapes but found
a bottle of wine instead.*

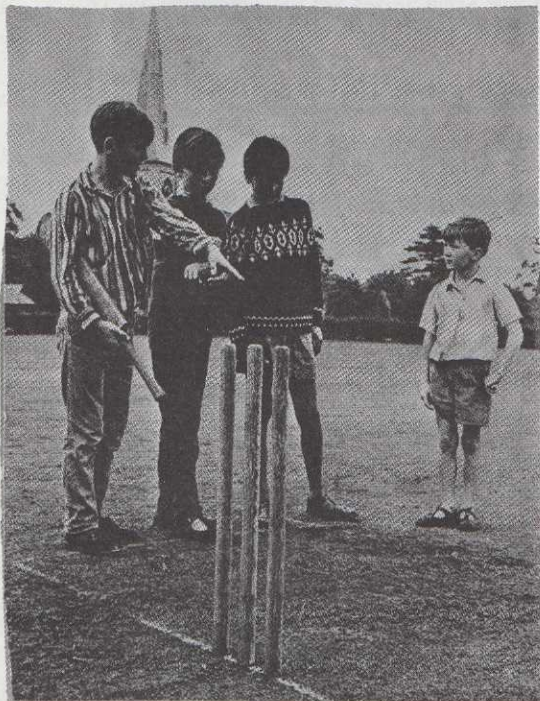
Peter Lowe



It's Just NOT Cricket....!

At a meeting of the old-fella's and Senior Gent's Cricket Club, held March 11th, it was resolved to invite privileged youths to partake in what was strictly a social game. Terms for the match were not disclosed. A number of girls and boys availed themselves of the opportunity to play, and all those new to this angled version of the game duly learnt.

The morning promised much, and despite the many localised damp spots that developed in the outfield, and the notable obstacle of a certain umpire's trolley, the match was conceived.

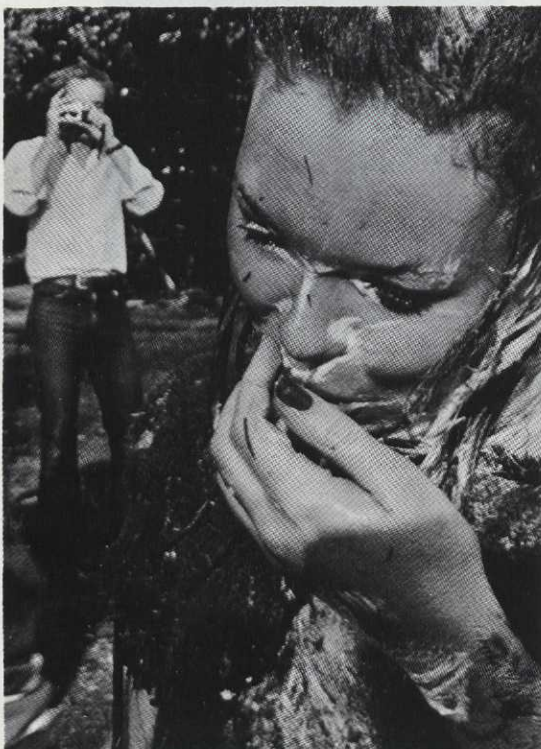


As is customary, the freshers were offered first use of the "track". They were, however, in trouble immediately and unable to defend their creases from the guile of Gill's deliveries. His vicious curvature and nagging unplayable length, sent many running.

Bundled out in the heat of the Sunday sun, it seemed only lack of experience had prevented them scoring more freely. Indeed, their inexperience proved fatal, as the Senior Gents, despite the rapidly ailing conditions and their struggle to really ever get on top of the fresher attack, finally cruised home, perhaps as much through good management as anything, with that mandatory "run in hand".



JUTTODDIE



HIC!!



*There was movement at the College for the word had passed around-
That the Trinity initiation race wasn't far away
Likened to the Trike Race — the toughest contest 'round
So all the stayers had gathered for the day
All the tried and noted first years from Trinity near and far
Had gathered on the Bulpaddock overnight
For Trinitarians love a challenge, an excuse to line the bar
"I'll drink to that" said Trailly with delight*

*There was Oliver, a favourite for this year's Juttoddie Cup,
Although his odds were undeniably steep
But few could run beside him when his blood was fairly up
Some say he could do it in his sleep
And Lyn Graham from Upper Clarke postponed her thesis for a day
As an older woman she had a show
Her experience and her fitness gave her the ability to stay
As rumour had it she could really go*

*The organisers worked hard with plastic, slippery and creased
It was something the Repco Trial undersized
With slides covered in thick solution — three parts vegemite at least
A course any masochist would have prized
It was hard and tough and dangerous — a test of any man
It took courage to run where very few would tread
The first heat began, Peter Lowe was off, "catch me if you can"
David Ross obliged and after him he sped*

*Each heat was run in turn, every fresher well and truly soaked
As they sculled their beers and donned their sacks and bricks
Julia Churchman was the first to complain as she was nearly choked
And Marcelle Kerley wasn't impressed with Preecey's little tricks
The heats were finished by everyone, surprising as it seems
For to be a Trinitarian one must not hesitate
To win the Juttoddie Cup was the fulfilment of wildest dreams
An event the Warden may well contemplate*



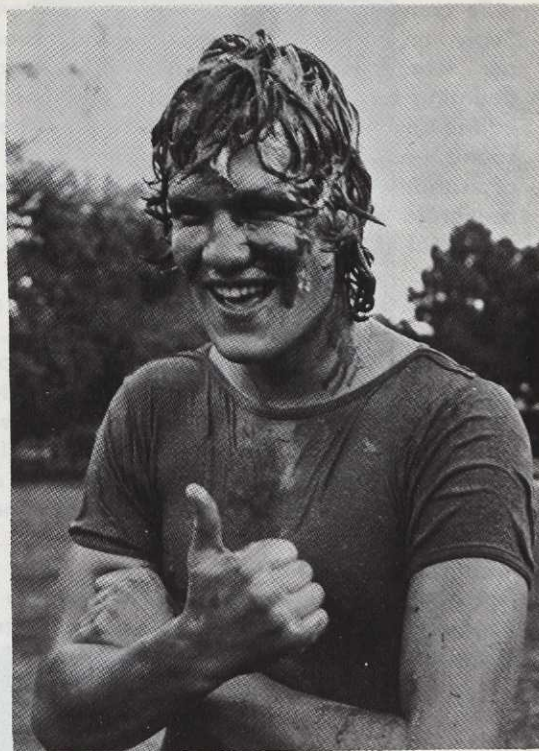
*The crowd stood there in silence, the Bookies were told to stop
As the finalists moved nervously to take their place
The hush was so intense you could hear a beer can drop
Or the sound of Duncan Thomas swearing after losing his race
The starter raised his arm and signalled them to go
They raced away towards the Cowan stairs
The bookies went berserk, the outsiders were going too slow
But Sally and Xenia sped like racing mares*

*When they reached the Cowan summit Tim Watson was in front
Meanwhile on the floor below Xenia held the lead
It was at this stage Medland decided it was time to take a punt
And push the field in the vegemite to get the advantage he'd need
As they headed toward the hessian even Cathy Wadman took a pull
It might well make the boldest hold their breath
With vegemite spread thickly and the plastic maze was full
Of shaving cream and tomato sauce where any slip meant death*

*Guy Medland slid under the hessian and emerged at the other end
His lucky slide had given him the lead
As he raced through the tunnel towards the final bend
With Smurthwaite closing at a death defying speed
He was first over the haybails to put a tyre over his head
While the spectators on the Bulpaddock anything but mute
Saw Michael Peck appear through the maze, his face all tired and red
As he raced along the course in hot pursuit*

*The girls, lost for a moment, where two sheets of plastic meet
On the Bulpaddock a final glimpse reveals
The whole field still racing, but Guy's the one to beat
With Smurthwaite, Peck and Watson on his heels
He raced on single handed and crossed the finish line
He'd done it, he'd won the greatest race
"You're a little beauty, the Juttoddie Cup is mine!"
It had to be a new record breaking pace*

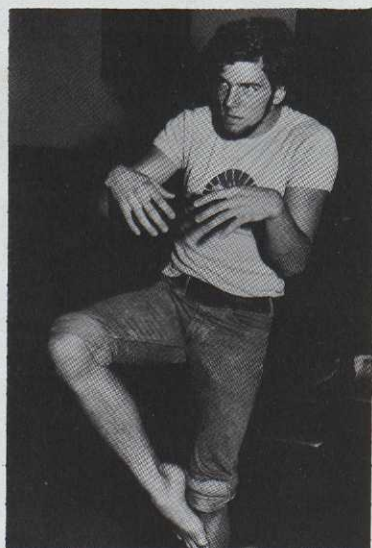
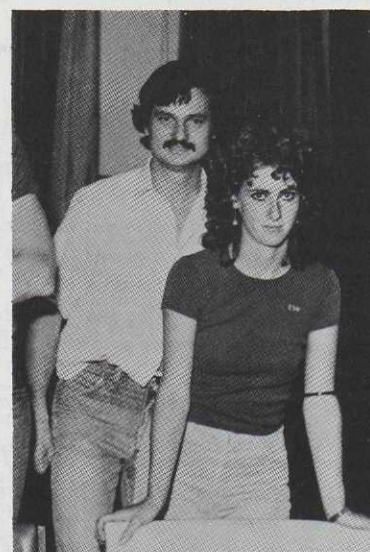
Guy Medland



(L TO R) M. CLEMENS, T. GUTTERIDGE,
H. DE PURY, J. ABBOTT, M. FOSTER,
BROOKES, C. PIZZEY:

To convey the motivation of Shaw's *Man and Superman*, and to live up to the expectations of our exacting director, Edwin Batt, was a daunting task. Working with a script mercifully edited down from five and a half hours, the cast spoke, and reiterated, volumes about the aspirations of man to transcend the confines of conventional morality, and the corresponding power of the life force to submerge him. The soporific weight of Shaw's dialogue was lightened by the energy of our leading man, Mark Williams, who delivered most of it, and who manifested enough stage presence to overcome a certain lack of stature, and to lift other cast members out of their occasional slides into somnolence. Ed's casting proved almost perfect. There could have been no siren more seductive than Sue Cramer as Ann, no gnome-like (!) patriarch more pompous than Tom Gutteridge as Ramsden, no Tavy other than David Moodie . . . could have hidden his own personality so well as to cause a universal cringe in the audience every time he appeared.

MAN AND



This year saw another first for the T.C.A.P.: the 'Spectacular Return Season'. This repeat performance in early August, despite a dearth of audiences, was felt by most of the cast to have been, if anything, a better production. Established characters were able to concentrate more on the subtleties of their performances, while the new dancers and the principles who had to be recast were faced with the challenge of coming up to standard within the space of frighteningly few rehearsals.

Ed's major feat was the third act, which proved in its aftermath to be surprisingly controversial. Jack's dream of Hell received mixed audience reaction. The dance sequences and the magnificent music of Peter Dodd et al were so spectacular in themselves as to detract from the dialogue. The third act's lack of harmony and its consequent failure to achieve its full potential should not prevent future Trinity productions attempting such innovative performances.



SUPERMAN

Don't think that the production was all hard work however, Play Camp in many instances introduced people to their fellow cast members for the first time. Although endless hours were spent rehearsing in the freezing schoolroom, we had plenty of time for entertainment, including an impromptu strip show by Tim Brookes, assisted by the visiting Mike Fullerton. We all returned feeling fatter for the great meals provided by Giny Gutteridge and Ted Salter.



I now launch into the inevitable lists of people who were invaluable to the production: Colin Ryan who edited the script, Jocelyn Eden and Don McClure who choreographed the third act, visiting ideas men Peter Finlay and Peter King, Peter Dodd and the musicians, Ginny for her work on the costumes, Gwen Hood for coaching the left-footed, stage managers Helen de Pury and Doug Taupin, Dave in his capacity as secretary, Herbie Lees for having the Party, and of course, Edwin. We couldn't have done it without you.

Genine Wallinga

Did YOU Have A Ball?

Wednesday July 25th, was a long time coming but it finally arrived with a barrage of hors d'oeuvres and smorgasbord to the muzaky tones of Peter Cass and his disco machine. Thus was launched the 1979 Trinity Ball at the Melbourne Town Hall.

It could be said we were fortunate, in the wake of the destruction and havoc wrought at the Ormond Ball the preceding week, that no onerous conditions were imposed upon our use of this monument to Marvellous Melbourne.

The night was an undoubted success with the patrons enjoying the novel innovation of a two hour semi-silence from 8—10 p.m., when horses doovers were passed around, and there was a general mingling of the masses till dinner, a sumptuous smorgasbord, was finished. Testimony to the popularity and enthusiasm with which the idea was greeted was the presence of the majority by 8.45 p.m.

By the time the fine fare was finished, Big Push were ready for action, and as soon as the lights were dimmed they played. Within a minute of the first notes being sounded, the dance floor was packed and stayed this way for the duration of the Beach Boys, Del Shannon, Elvis, The Big O et al.

Jo Jo Zep, the second band, probably detracted from, rather than contributing to, an otherwise highly enjoyable night. Apart from starting 15 minutes late and finishing 15 minutes early they played in excess of reasonable decibel limits. The quietest place turned out to be the middle of the dance floor, surrounded by sound sodden bodies.

Comments succeeding the ball were highly complementary and in the nature of high praise for a job well done.

This is gratifying, but does not make up for the criticism levelled at the organization and preparation for the several weeks preceeding the event.

It is claimed by some that no one had a chance to contribute to the goings-on concerning the basic decisions as to where, when, how and with whom. The suggestion book was filled with comments castigating the title as inappropriate; decisions were made without consultation; it was a closed shop and it wasn't fair.

Yet the fact remains that anyone and everyone had an opportunity to express their opinions and ideas from the second term general meeting in the second week onwards, and even before that, as everyone knows the ball is in second term, but no one did. After waiting for a considerable time for suggestions to come pouring in, it became too late to wait or hope for any useful contribution to emerge from the body of the College. Posters had to be printed and tickets sold and to do this, venue, catering and cost all had to be finalized.

Part of the trouble might lie in the nature of the General Rep's function, in that the whole of first term is consumed with various activities, and then it is time to consider the ball when all that is over. A solution might lie in a system similar to Ormond's. Though it is acknowledged that Ormond and its residents are far from perfect, they have some ideas and institutions that commend themselves and of which Trinity, and the TCAC in particular, might well take heed. Namely, the establishment of formal committees at the beginning of the year, to deal with the larger social functions — O Week, Juttodie, Elliott Fours, Harroway Tennis, Car Rally and particularly the Ball. The creation of formal committees, rather than ad hoc ones, would give each committee time to deal with its respective activity from the beginning of the year, or in the case of O Week, the previous year. In the case of the Ball, a committee would have nearly three months to work on proposals and suggestions rather than the shorter time presently available.

The criticism levelled at a group of three doing the job is not justified if the College members themselves are not prepared to make large or small contributions on request or voluntarily. Things have to be decided quickly and the smallest number enables decisions to be made quickly and without too much controversy. It would be impossible to make decisions in a group as large as the College, but it is agreed that a balance should be struck between too few and too many. Yet before this would work, people would have to indicate a positive long-term willingness to involve themselves at the beginning rather than criticizing when decisions are finalized and plans executed.

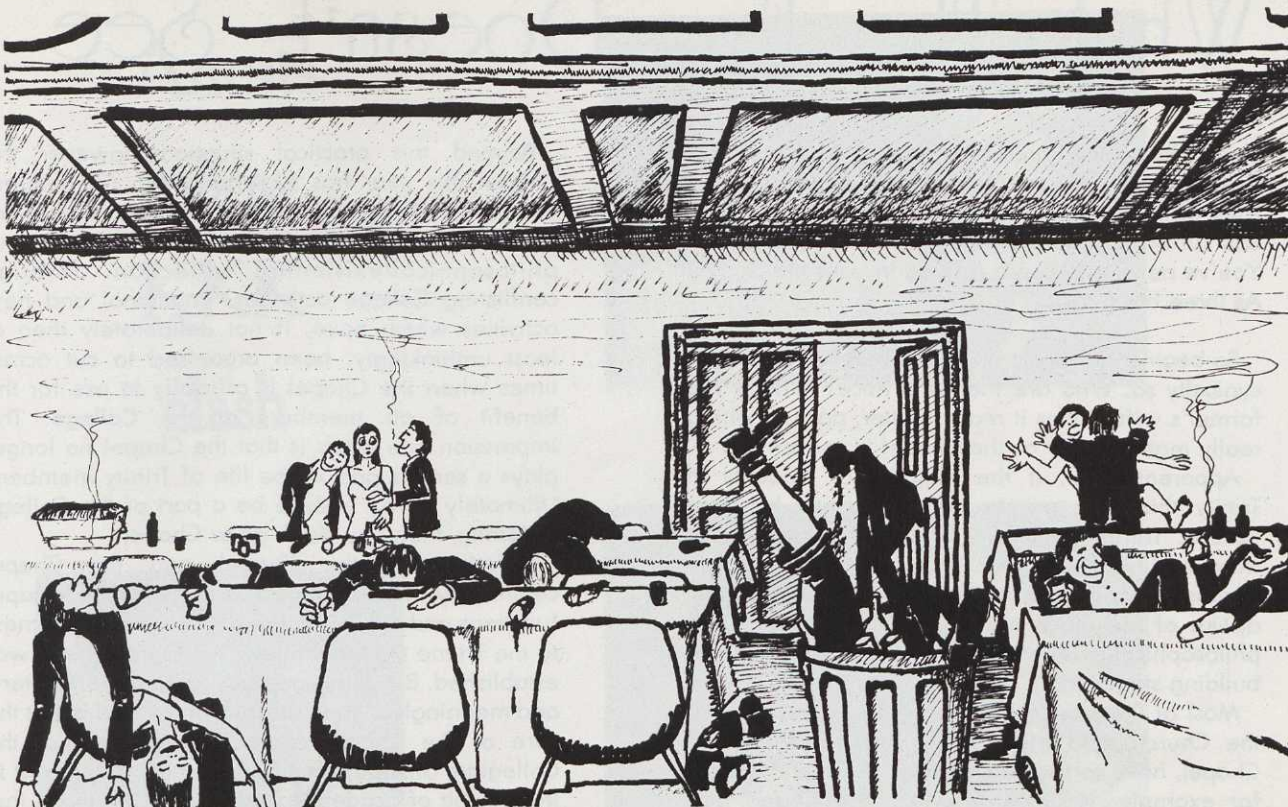
All this is consideration for the future as well as indicting the current generation of collegians who are, on the whole, apparently more capable of denigration and apathy than suggestion and constructive assistance, not confined to the circumstances of the ball.

Those who criticized apparently went along to the Ball and seemed to enjoy it so maybe they will be inspired to give it a go themselves one year.

Thanks go to, in particular, Ronny May and Lyn Graham for their unceasing work and to all bods who arrived at the Town Hall to blow up, string up and hang up balloons and letters on the afternoon of the Ball.

It is to be hoped that the illustrious member of the College, after whom the title was inspired, did in fact Stuff the Trolley and have a Ball.

Margot Foster



After the resounding success of last year's College Ball, the committee was faced with an especially difficult task — could they surpass or even maintain the high standard they had achieved? The 1978 Ball, was certainly a hard act to follow, and congratulations must go to Ron, Lyn and Margot for making this year's Ball even more impressive than its predecessor.

Unfortunately, the winning combination of format and venue adopted by Trinity in 1978 was somewhat echoed in the other college balls this year. Although faced with the same venue, the Trinity committee managed to inject an element of novelty into their organisation, and the 1979 "Trinity Trolley Ball" undoubtedly excelled its rivals!

Anticipating a glittering occasion, the College in general was well-primed for a "bloody good rage". After adequate lubrication at countless pre-Ball Cocktail Parties, eager Ball-goers began to congregate on the Town Hall steps in anticipation of an early start to their evening. The doors opened promptly at eight and early arrivals were greeted with hot hors d'oeuvres and the encouragement of a little background music. Ninety per cent of College turned out for the occasion, and numbers were boosted by a high proportion of ex-Trinitarians. Happily the Town Hall was filled to capacity, as the full complement of 750 tickets had been sold. The gropers were out in full force and voyeurs enjoyed a field day as parades of scantily clad lovelies tripped about the hall.

The relaxed atmosphere of the evening was promoted by a somewhat unusual format. The cold buffet dinner was served at 9 p.m. and the continuation of pleasant background music encouraged casual conversation and mealtime

socialising. When the first band began to play at 10 p.m. most men had already had a good two hours in which to "sniff" out their chosen partner for the night, and the dance floor was rapidly filled with enthusiastic dancers.

Predictably the night was interspersed with many memorable individual acts. Mike Fullerton's "Trolley Song" illuminated the theme of the Ball, and was met with rousing applause. The Warden, escorted by his Secretary, wasn't left out on a limb for the night, and many other notable members of College agreed that the 25th of July was certainly a night to remember.

Among the other factors which contributed towards the Ball's excellence, was the superb and abundant food. Welcome additions to the standard cold dishes, were the desserts and the cheese platters. The bands for the evening were "Big Push" and "Jo Jo Zep" — their appearances in that order. The former band was particularly enjoyable in that they had everyone up and raging to strains of old familiar tunes. Efficient organisation (as well as the muscle of hired security guards and Town Hall doormen) ensured an absolute minimum of Ball-crashers.

All in all, the 1979 "Trinity Trolley Ball" was the best Ball in Trinity's living memory; even if YOU can't remember it!

Angela May & Anne Ward



What The Eye Doesn't See...

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run.
They all run after the farmer's wife
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
You've never seen such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice!

So begins this report and so it might end, even if cynically so. Who are the blind mice? Who is the farmer's wife? Does it really matter, does anything really matter as far as the Chapel is concerned?

Apparently not, if the majority of students at Trinity this year are to be understood by their actions. Trinitarians have in droves stayed away from the Chapel this year. There are a whole range of reasons for this practice, beginning with aesthetic dislike of the place and ending with a complete philosophical/existential rejection of all that the building stands for.

Most of these reasons are obviously areas which the Church, and the people who constitute the Chapel, have to face day by day. Aesthetic dislike, for example, is an issue which the Chapel has responded to through the use of the new prayerbook and with the formal singing of evening prayer. Questions of whether the Chapel is an appropriate place to worship God today have been raised and are being faced. Some prefer to have prayers and bible study in small groups and in rooms spread throughout the College. Both formal liturgy and informal gatherings are expressions of the life of the Chapel, provided that they are not set in opposition to each other.

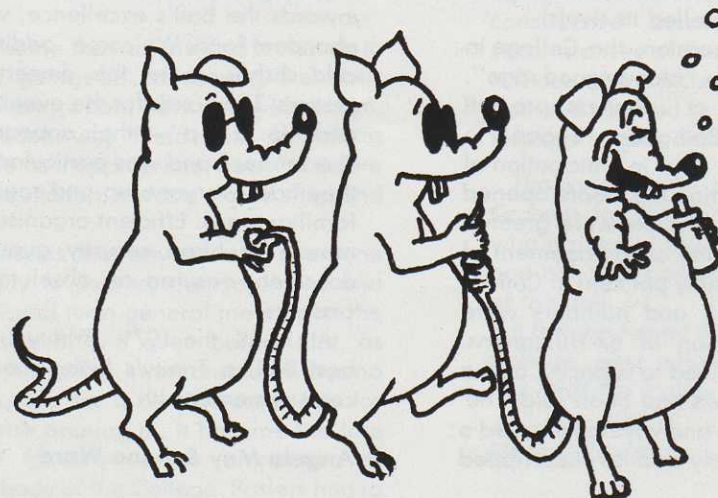
Beyond this practical situation however the Chapel this year has experienced a phenomena which implicitly proclaims that it and its services are totally irrelevant and not even worth the energy of philosophical/existential reflection. Through conflicting College activities: traditional and new activities which have, if not deliberately then at least unthinkingly, been organised to cut across times when the Chapel is officially in use for the benefit of all members of the College. The impression one gains is that the Chapel no longer plays a serious part in the life of Trinity members. Ultimately if you wish to be a part of the College fraternity, then you don't go to Chapel.

Unfortunately the Chapel and the Chapel community disprove this fallacy. The Chapel functions and will continue to function as a witness to the Triune God in whose name this College was established. But if this appears to be rather esoteric and meaningless, then all that can be said is that the core of the Chapel continues regardless of the Collegiate attitude. Men and women who whilst in the pursuit of academic studies can still affirm that God exists, that Jesus Christ is His witness and that this belief brings about a radical change in one's life, are the kernel of the Chapel.

The Chapel remains alive, even if almost imperceptibly, simply because men and women insist on believing that God is not a sociological invention nor a pseudo-scientific necessity but rather a living, moving, loving reality above all and in all.

Is this the stuff blind mice are made of?

Tony Poole



'THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND'

Arrests
follow
KKK
clash



AN
ORGAN
AT LAST!

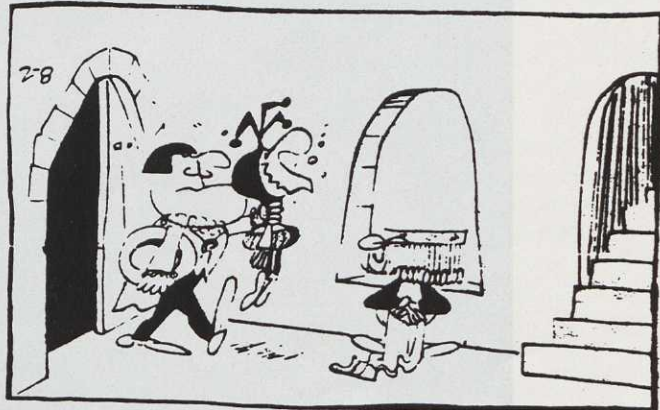
The Boys in Green

Naughtons had proposed, you see, a great big silver mug
To the winner of the inaugural, Intercollegiate "Chugalug".
The hunt commenced around the traps, to find the biggest drinkers
And people came from far and wide to watch these amber sinkers
And here's a tale, I tell it true, of those who sought for glory
To raise the College reputation, it's really quite a story.
There was Harry Asche at number one, his glass is always near
This man can show the boys, how to make the amber disappear
Geoff Sloane was number two, he looks just like a Viking
But he forgets the rape and plunder when there's a beer to his liking.
Tim Watson, number three, they say he rides the Trolley
Apart from beer, women and song, to him life is folly
Spitter Williams number four, a top man through and through
He can drop an ale; but don't believe him, if he says "it isn't true"
Stephen Harper, number five, on Sundays sings to the Lord
But drinks every other night of the week to keep from getting bored
Chris Bell was number six, he's practised hard all year
On himself, day and night, with the odd, occasional beer
Perker Preece, a little feller, hates a bloody beer
And I'd hate to shout him at the bar, till he was on his ear
Michael Traill, the anchorman, with beer he's on his own
And like an anchor going down, he drops them like a stone.

The heats were run, the boys had sculled their way in to the final
Against the "Micks" who strutted round as if they had no rival
And like a pekkko, big or small, they thought it was in the hand
For the boys in green the time had come to make a final stand
The Newman boys were bigger, they even had Cortese
To scull a twenty-three ounce glass is anything but easy
So the boys went down, hands on knees, chins resting on the table
A deathly hush had crossed the room — which team was more able?
The starter stood, hands in the air, looked just like a gull
Then shouted out the words to start — "Are you ready — Scull!"
The pavilion let out a roar, that was heard for miles around
Harry Asche threw back his head, that beer just went straight down
And Sloany tried to get a lead, but there was nothing in it yet
As the Naughton's manager said to me: "There'll be a chunder here, I'll bet!"
Then Watson showed 'em how it's done, he got his glass down first
And Spitter drank like a man who had a dying thirst
Harper held his own, but Newman made a charge
Bell tried hard, but Cortese's mouth was three sizes too large
Two to go, and Newman was ahead by a swallow
But Perker soon had their smiles look a little hollow
The anchor of each team started perfect equals
But Trailly tonked it like a fish, and Newman were the sequels.

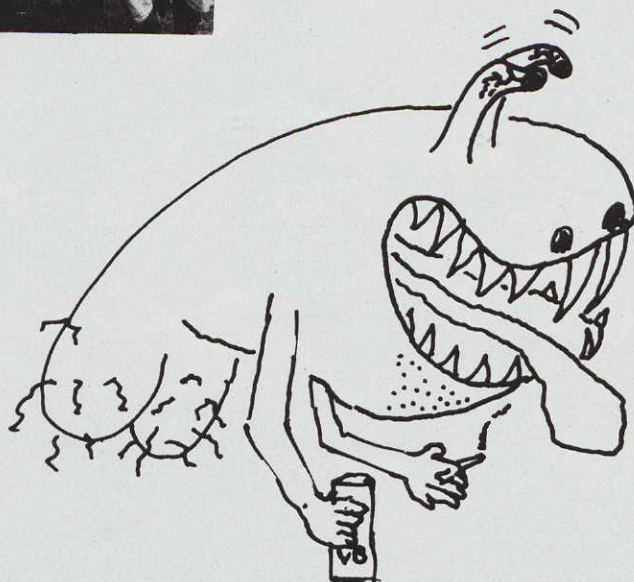
The boys in green went quite berserk, Newman stood aghast
Was that the Lord still smiling on the boys who had come last
And did you see the Devil dressed in red, green and white
Stomping on the rosary beads on the Bulpadock last night
And our spectators will remember why they were so keen
A grander sight you'll never see, than a winning team in green.

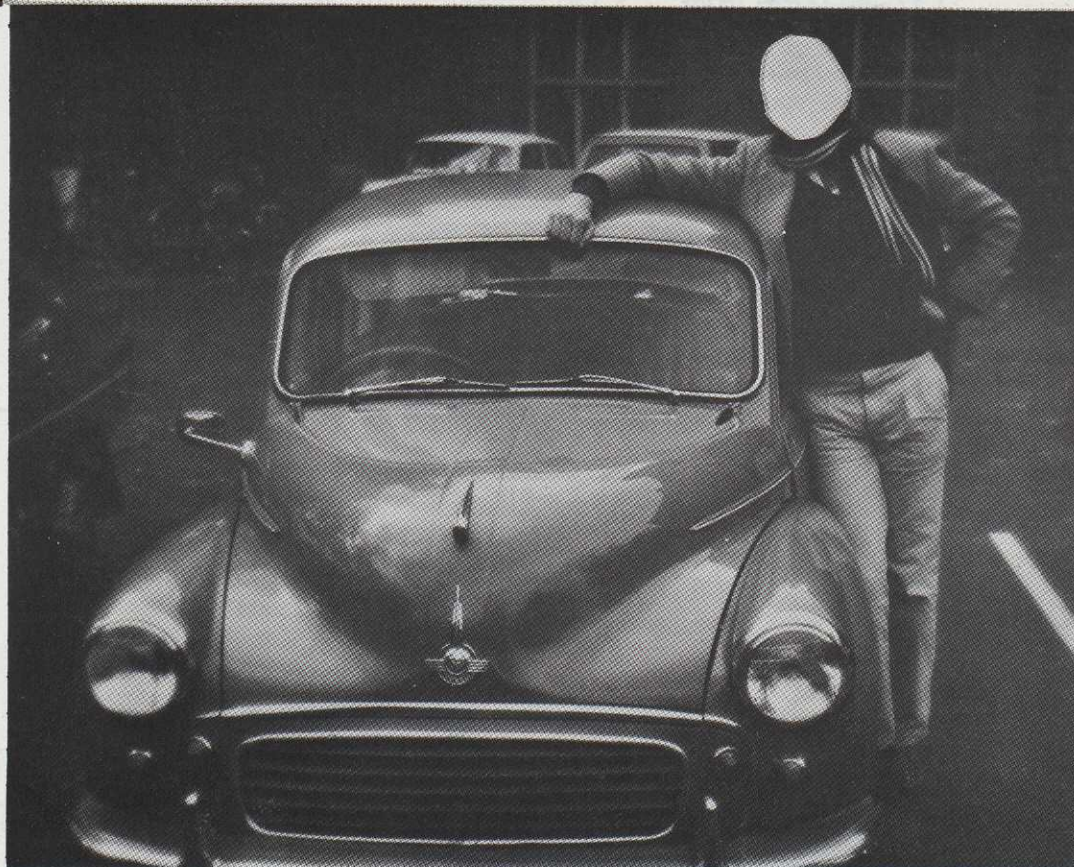
the KKK



"CHUGALUG" TEAM

(STANDING, L TO R); YES FOLKS IT'S...
 T. BROOKES; R. PREECE; M. TRAILL;
 S. HARPER; J. WILLIAMS, (yes Mrs W that
 is Johnny behind that can); M. FULLERTON;
 (SITTING L TO R); C. BELL, (yes Mrs B...);
 H. ASCHER; G. SLOANE; AND T. WATSON =



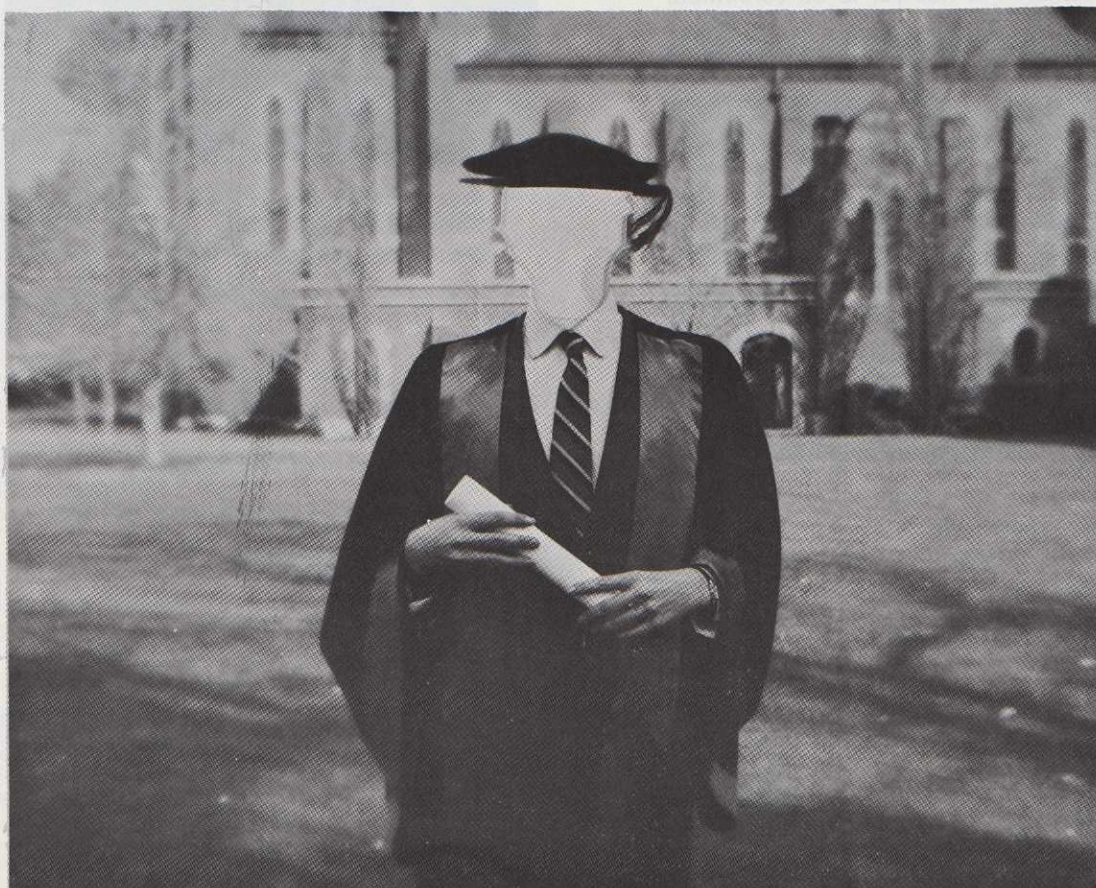


THE NOSTALGIA GAME

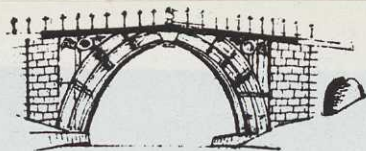




Instructions: Insert own photograph
Play violin music. —



Bridge



Bridge made its debut on the inter-collegiate activities scene this year, and Trinity was well represented by four able-handed gentlemen. Nick Stretch, Andrew Cole, John Hawke and Harry Gill, all well-known for their able hands, were at Ormond's Picken Court common room one Tuesday evening, the 31st of July.

Contrary to popular belief, bridge is not a building game for Engineers, but a sophisticated card game. Each 'hand' involves two pairs competing against each other, with all 52 cards dealt. The 'bidding' stage will specify how many 'tricks' are required by the team that bids the highest, and also gives each player an insight into the strength and general structure of each other's hand. An alternative way of discovering this is by looking over an opponent's shoulder, but this is what is commonly known as 'cheating'. The cards are then played and a complex scoring system applied!

The form of the inter-collegiate competition was a standard team match, which reduces the element of luck to virtually zero. This was unfortunate, as it robbed us of our most lethal weapon. Nevertheless, we played on bravely. J.C.H. won the four-team contest, whilst Trinity had to settle for third place, with a score of -44 v.p.s. This technical score may not be very well understood, least of all by the team. Basically, it is a net score on a scale from -100 to +100. It is rumoured that our relatively low standing was due to the misuse (or no use at all) of our Black Aces, but this has yet to be confirmed. Unfortunately, the competition does not contribute to the Cowan Cup point score in any way... hence Newman's absence. But it was enjoyed by those present, and I look forward to further progress in this area in coming years.

Warning: For anyone interested in learning to play Bridge:— A student who had left College was asked why she did so and she replied:—

"Well, they have good facilities there, but they have the strangest residents I've ever known. At night they get together and play a game called 'Bridge'. One night, as I was walking past the J.C.R. I heard someone say: 'Lay down, and let's see what you've got'. To this, another person shouted: 'Take your hands off my trick!' I just dropped my books when I heard a lady say: 'You forced me, you jumped me twice when you didn't have the strength for one raise'. Another woman was talking about her honour. I picked up my books and ran when I heard one of them say: 'Well, I guess we may as well go now, that was the last rubber'.

Oh, by the way, anyone for Bridge?!

Harry Gill



Music

This year the Trinity Music Society has made a determined effort to involve as many people as possible in the musical life of the College. During the year, several concerts were held at which a high standard of performance was maintained. The committee decided unanimously that the concerts should include performances by musicians from outside the College in addition to those given by College members. This contributed greatly to the variety and interest of the concerts. As an experiment Peter Dodd and David Lewis provided improvised background music to accompany a Friday night dinner. Unfortunately, however, this arrangement was not satisfactory owing to the high noise level in the dining hall. I am confident, given the amount of musical talent in the College, that we can look forward to another enjoyable year of music making in 1980.

Antony Rouse

Placebo

"Requiem aeternam donna eis, Domine...

*Crimson roses pierce the soil,
Dust to dust, blood for toil.*

... et lux perpetua luceat eis."

*The clocktower lives everyday in
Motion changeless as the moon.*

*Beggars bodies drop in ritual to the sun,
Their hearts expire,
Death's victory won.*

"Dies irae, dies illa...

*World of flesh don't wait for me.
The pyramidal flight invites and
I am blind and cannot see the
Arch my soul must pass by night.*

*"Oro supplex, et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis."*

M.D. Sumner

T.C.P.C.

In response to the frequently excessive levity shown by my colleagues in similar dossiers, only the facts are set down here. My apologies to those who supplement their lives with media-scandal.

The Club this year has both expanded its equipment and activities, and continued its function of previous years. The purchase of colour printing equipment has increased the versatility of the darkroom, while our auction of O-Week photos attracted remarkable attention. Most sports events have been photographed, as has much of College life, for this magazine. Although more people have used the darkroom this year, it is hoped that future Committees will encourage still greater use, in the recording of our activities and indiscretions.

Stephen Hall



(L TO R) S. HALL; N. YENCKEN;
& D. THOMPSON.

*On voit les nuages
Comme des oiseaux
Qui volent lentement
Aux cieux
Ils sont memoires qui
S'en vont, qu'on ne peut
Jamais attraper
En couvrant le soleil
Ils sont une masque
Vers laquelle on ne
Peut pas regarder*

Kay McKenzie

Choral Foundation

This year the Choir has continued to maintain a high standard in the leading of choral worship twice a week in the Chapel, despite a very large turnover of members from last year. Since last year the representation of resident College members (excluding the Organ Scholar) has risen from one to four, a highly commendable trend.

The Choir had a challenging First Term, including a performance of Elgar's large and difficult anthem "Give unto the Lord", which was scheduled for quite early in the term. We celebrated our Patronal Festival on Trinity Sunday at the end of the first week of Second Term, and after a Solemn High Mass at which Byrd's five-part setting was sung, we bade farewell to Professor Peter Dennison, who has taken sabbatical leave. His place has more than adequately been filled by Geoffrey Cox, fresh from an Organ Scholarship at New College, Oxford, who has directed us through a large repertoire, including Gibbon's "This is the Record of John", which was accompanied by a consort of viols. Professor Dennison will be returning in time for the Christmas Carol Service.

John Beaverstock



(REAR L TO R); P. NUNN; G. SKINNER
I. MACDONALD; T. CARTER;
S. HARPER; M. PRETTY; N. STRETCH;
E. MILES; J. BEAVERSTOCK (ORGANIST);
I. MEDCIEIT; R. PAPST; J. TRAHAR;
(SEATED L TO R); M. JACOBS; K. CLAY;
C. ARMOUR; G. COX, (DIRECTOR);
K. ANDIEV; J. MACKAY; C. VELDHOVEN;
(ABSENT); P. GEORGIOR; L. FLEMING.

Pekkkobalm

Dear Pekkkobalm,

This year I have really enjoyed College but there are a couple of disappointing aspects... why are there so many cliques and why do some people seem to exist on gossip? Also, what is a stab?

I agree Mark, it's disappointing, but aren't you enjoying your affair with Judy Brookes? And have you heard that Guy Medland is still making weekly visits to the Y.W.C.A.? Geoff Sloane says the Behan clique is by far the most exclusive, and Mike Burgess reckons it's harder to break into than St. Mary's after 10.00 p.m., but Kate Purvis says it's not the only thing in College that's hard to get into, and Spitter Williams agrees that "it's true".

The Jeopardy Boys maintain that they have no clique but all agree that once you're in, you're laughing. Angie May complains she is not getting enough out of College, but with three crutches this seems hard to believe. George Webb says she's getting too much, while Jim Abbott just smiles. As he was coming out of Marg Gillespie's room at 4.30 a.m. last week, Angus Brooksby denied that College was a haven of gossip, and when Harry Asche was kicked out of Caroline Pizzey's room at 4.45 a.m., he agreed that there was nothing to spread.

As to rumours of an unpaid disappearance of stock from the Wine Cellar, the treasurer, Helen de Pury, with an empty bottle of Bundaberg in her hand, said that the thieves deserved to be sick and promptly had a quiet chunder on the Bulpaddock. Xenia Boynton, still recovering from the "Watersiders", said the Trolley Ball was her climax of the year, but Prue Loveridge thought that there were a lot of "jerks" there.

Dribbler Williams, still with only half a bar, reckoned that Michael was on the Traill, and Julia said he made a pass at the Churchman, but Jeremy Oliver said that nobody in the Chapel had had an offer: like father, like son. Rumours that Skylab caused a few tremors have now been discounted and seismologists are now questioning Dave Wainwright and "Krat" for alternative explanations.

After the "Chugalug", Tim Watson, bending over to raise a croak, was surprised to find Chris Bell, the "Wankaratta Woofter", right behind him raising a spit of his own. Recently, Cathy Maxwell denied she had been "stumped", however Sally Renney claims she has discovered what a "camshaft" is. Anne Malatt denies she has drunk from the Brooke of life and Bruce Johnston says that he's finally given up kissing toads — one Prince is more than enough to keep his hands full.



Apparently, the Senior Student Dinner provoked some gut reactions. Simon Birkett said he couldn't stomach the thought of Fullerton as Senior Student, Michael left a Traill after what he described as a sickening result, however, on top floor Jeopardy, Martin Sevier was heard to roar approval and Janet Johnston said that hers would have been possum food, except she forgot the window was shut.

As for a "stab"; the dictionary describes it as "a thrust through or into or at a person or thing with a dagger or something pointed". Margot Foster reckons she often has a stab in the dark, while Marg Moroney and Libby Snell say that there's nothing better than a good stab pass as demonstrated by Peter Chomley or Alex Harper on the footy field.

Rob Barnard says a stab can leave a gaping wound and Sharon says she is establishing a relationship. Marcelle Kerley claims she was reading Macbeth last night to explain her comment: "Is this a dagger I see before me?"

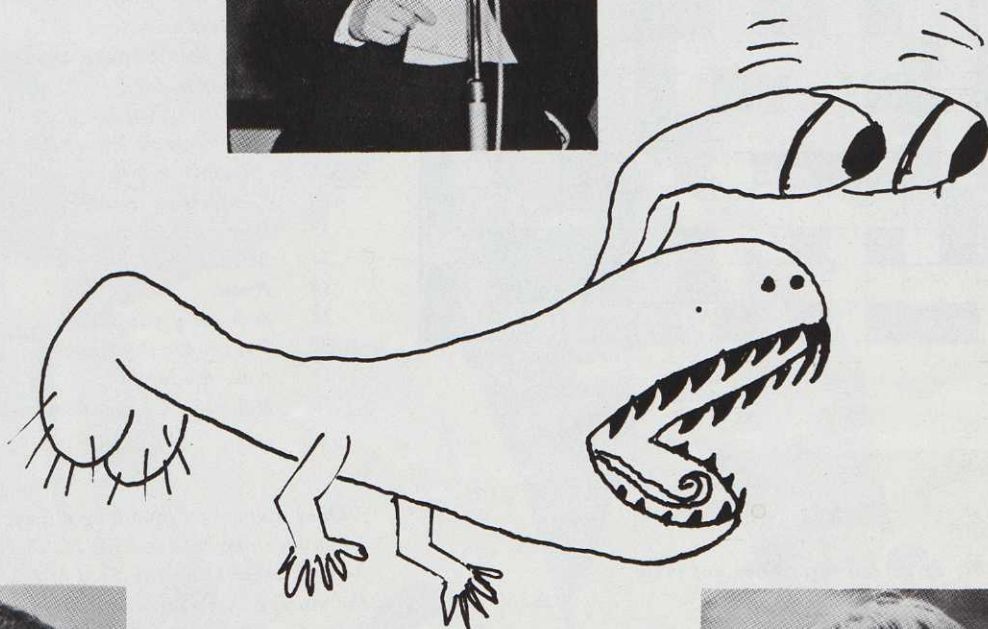
Ian Chesterman says a good wound can bleed for days and Scott says there are some bloodthirsty types about.

Vampire Andrew Cannon says there is nothing like puncturing a bit of skin but Demon Dungey says that in his experience, it's once bitten, twice shy.

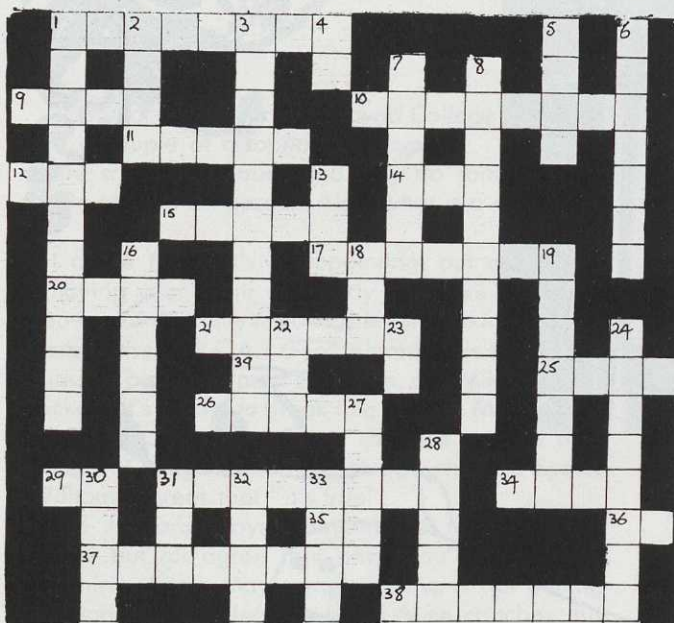
Apparently Virginia Gutteridge and Sally Newsome have taken to the abattoirs recently to watch the boys stab a few animals, but Cynthia Glen and Mandy Davey prefer to go straight to the market to see how a good butcher handles his meat, and Anna Cass says you can pick up a free bone if you're lucky. Liz Kelly says she has never been stabbed, but Nigel Henham says there is a first time for everything, and Rosemary says that her physics demonstrator considers every stab a feather in his cap.

"Lady Sniff", Sally Ingles, says the "Logs" claim there is a fair bit of backstabbing going on, but Lyn Graham thinks a bit of a stick usually does the trick, and Robyn Chomley says that a few inches is as good as a mile.

All in all, it's probably worth having a stab.



Any clues?



ACROSS:

1. Resident Wine Merchants
9. Drink too many and you get one
10. Star of screen, and college play
11. These
12. Goes down nicely, with foaming head.
14. 1903 S.S. (init)
15. 'ellish Power tool
17. Well used passage after dinner
20. Not only dogs do it!
21. Womens Trophy
25. Catch one in Royal Pde
26. "Twins" are here
29. Conferral after Marriage 1; 2; 3.
31. Guy's 1st Conquest; probably his last?
34. Musical menage 'a trois
35. Road.
36. A prick if you Catch it.
37. Tennis for the Blind?
38. Nose his job.
39. Religious College Celebrity (init)

DOWN:

1. Big Push, but my trolley got there.
2. Sports Council (init)
3. Your last dinner.
4. Girls last word
5. This is not a hard one.
6. They come from behind.
7. Whole family; South of Bulpadock
8. "K.K.K." hot off the press
13. Easy to a 'degree', once your in.
16. Feeds the Cats.
18. Crushed, bagged, and sold.
19. He says it's true.
22. Get from Chapel; good on fires.
23. Trinity's Gustapo leader.
24. Often got, the morning after.
27. Two points for this waitress.
28. Remained erect since 1935.
30. We ran out winners here.
31. Suns here, rain or shine.
32. Redundant male device.
33. Exam for Suckers!

Once upon a-go, long long a-time, there lived a joy who had a nice easy bob tending his sheether's farp. Each day, he took them to a ditty field of praises about a vile from the millage. Now this should indeed have been the rife of Liley for a toy in his beans, but no — after a lupple of keeks he beloan camely and wished fervently for a pluddy with whom to bay. It suddenly occurred to him that if he wied crooolf, all the marmers from the feighbourhood might rumcunning, and he'd have talkle to peep to. So, at the lop of his tungs, he welled "yoolf, yoolf!" Sure enough, every milesman from towns around came picking up with race-axes, double sharrelled bot-guns, and any other weathal leppon they could hay their lands on. But when they got there, all they saw were the beep and the shoy. There was a total wolfence of ab. Leveral days sater, the boy, whose herm, by the way, was Naman, felt goansome alen, so he perpeated his reformance. Now when the townsrival a-peeped and diswolfered no scuv, they were ery vangry. In fact one man said: "Do that again, my skine young famp, and I'll wrap this no-bar about your skinny creck!" However, once again the boy wied croolf, this time, not in the firrit of spun, but because a bif way groolf was practually on the emasis. This time the stillagers were vartled by what sounded like roul treable, but refused to ease their saxes again, believing the lad's hy to be the same old crooey. So prepare to shed tearpious copes, for all that's left of the shoy and the beep is a wile of curly pull and a call's wolfig card. And the storl to this mory is: Girls, if a wiff woostles you, let your guidscience be your con, but if you woostle a wiff, then it's nobody's ault but your fone.

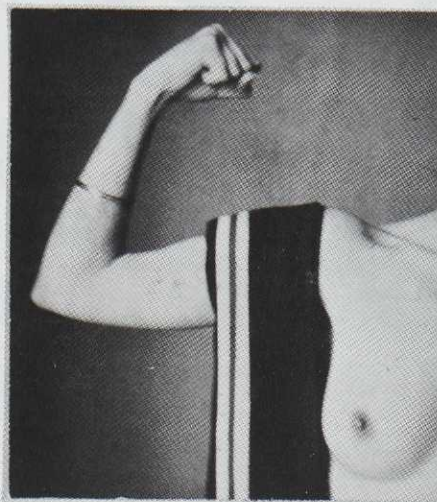


TRINITY WOMEN

WIN

THE HOLMES

TROPHY



TENNIS

Men

This year Trinity fielded a strong tennis team, but unfortunately we were unable to grasp those all important Cowan Cup points and the prestige of winning.

St. Mary's was our first opponent and being great in form and spirit we scored a crushing victory, winning all six singles and three doubles matches.

Our feeling of euphoria (probably caused by too many beers after the St. Mary's affair) was brought to an abrupt end at the hands of Ormond. The 'Men' put up a gutsy and spirited effort and blessed with a little more luck, could have pulled it off. Most of the matches went to three sets, the vital points not seeming to fall our way. Mike Traill had the crowd on edge as he performed some of his most brilliant shots.

Unfortunately, the air of great sportsmanship was ruined by a few nasty incidents. Rumor has it that whenever Harry is running late for lectures, he has visions of a wall of short-sleeved Scotch jumpers marring his progress.

Anyway, good luck to next year's team and here's hoping they do a little better than we did.

Richard Bayley (*Buzz*)



(L-R) W. WILSON, G. COULSON, R. WARNOCK
R. BAYLEY, M. TRAILL, H. GILL.

Women

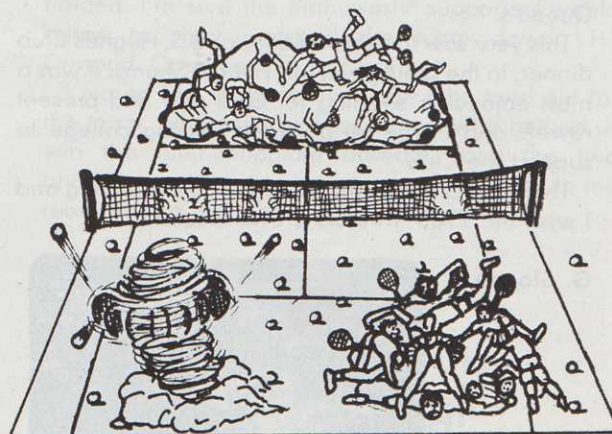
Hopes of success grew reasonably high in the women's tennis this year, as practices continued to show a high level both of spirit and of ability. Eight were finally chosen (other colleges in general, sporting only four) and it was unfortunate that an unlucky draw put a promising and enthusiastic team out in the early rounds of the competition.

Thanks go to all who tried out, for their time, effort and willingness, and to those who gave their invaluable support on the day. Better luck next year!

Virginia Kratochvil



(L-R) R. CHOMLEY, L. SNELL, M. POULSTON,
V. KRATOCHVIL, C. GLEN, G. HOOD, S. CARRUTHERS
X. BOYNTON.



Buzz playing mixed-doubles

first The first day of O-Week saw the Trinity boat hit the water for the first time in 1979. By the end of the week the crew was settled and training was in full swing.

The crew trained at 6.00 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. on most days during the four weeks we had up till the race. John Harry was once again coaching and the planning he put into his coaching was second to none. Trinity was very fortunate to have the services of a coach of such experience, willing to put in a large amount of time and effort. We all thank John.

Training is difficult during Moomba when the river is closed upstream for the skiing etc. The Boat Club wishes to thank all those people that contributed money to hire an outboard motor, and to the Pizzey's for the use of their punt, so that we could train downstream. The boat overcame a major training problem.



(BACK) D. WAINEWRIGHT, A. BROOKSBY, M. SCALES
D. CLARK, (F) M. BURGESS, H. H. ASCHÉ
M. FULLERTON (COX) G. SLOANE A. CANNON.

The rowing during the season had its high points and, as always, the occasional bad row. It was hoped that race day might produce some of the fine rowing we had shown glimpses of during training. However, Newman defeated us in the heat, a row that was disappointing for all concerned. In the loser's final we found no difficulty in beating Queen's.

This year saw the second annual G.S. Hughes Club dinner, in the dining hall just prior to Shums. It was a most enjoyable evening for both past and present rowers and I urge all oarsmen leaving college to support the Club.

Thanks to all who helped organise the rowing and I wish the 1980 Trimmers crews success.

G. Sloane



ROWING



(BACK) J. BALMFORD, A. INGLIS (COX)
T. GUTTERIDGE, E. BILLSON; (F) N. HENHAM
T. ROSS-EDWARDS, S. BETT, B. JOHNSTON.

second

The Second VIII was again fortunate this year to be able to begin the rowing season with a good proportion of experienced rowers. We were again coxed by the College women's rowing stalwart Alison Inglis who approached her job with the usual enthusiasm and efficiency. We were very lucky to secure the services of two former College 1st VIII rowers, Bruce Johnston as Stroke and Tim Ross-Edwards as Coach. Therefore the Seconds were able to begin the 1979 rowing season with a reasonable degree of confidence.

Despite occasional differences of opinion, the crew showed great enthusiasm throughout the season and faced the arduous task of early morning rowing, with little complaint. As "Shums" drew near and the pressure mounted, the crew began to show great promise and the hope emerged that Trinity may be able to take out the Second's rowing title once again. The crew at "Shums" consisted of: (bow) Edward Bilson, (2) Jonathon Balmford, (3) Nigel Henham, (4) Wayne Bedggood, (5) Simon Foote, (6) Tom Gutteridge, (7) Stuart Bett, (stroke) Bruce Johnston and (cox) Alison Inglis.

Our heat this year was against Newman, last year's Second VIII victories, whom we soundly beat by a margin of two lengths after a very gruelling race. In the final we met our old rivals Ormond who proved to be a little too good for us. However, despite our loss, a most enjoyable and memorable rowing season was had by all. Our thanks must go to Tim Ross-Edwards for his encouragement and time, and to the crew for their hard work and perseverance.

Stuart Bett

Women

This year's rowing was approached with much enthusiasm by both new and old residents of College. Interest was high from Orientation Week and when it came to boating two crews, it was a difficult process of selection because there were enough people willing to sacrifice their early mornings to fill four crews.

Training under Mike Nicholson, the firsts, and Paul (Yogi) Van Veenendaal, the seconds, was intensive for two weeks following Shums, leading up to the big day on March 22nd. Crews going out just about every morning.

March 22nd itself was a pleasant enough day. The heats started at 2 p.m. The Seconds beat Ormond convincingly in their heat and the Firsts were victorious over Queen's in theirs.

Tension mounted as the sizeable crowd popped a few more tinnies and cheered for their crews and abused the others as the final drew closer.

The Seconds rowed brilliantly to win their final, but the Firsts were unlucky being beaten by Ormond over the last 200m of the Henley course. Things had not been helped at the start by Trinity being given the north station, widely acclaimed as the least advantageous. Whereas, Ormond (because Ormond did the draw and were officiating) got the best by being Centre-South, right in the mainstream.

After much fooling around on the start with Ormond breaking and doing practice starts over the line, under the coaching of ex-Trinitarian George Fulford, the race got underway about half an hour late.

By this time, muscles were stiff and all benefit of warming up had disappeared. The gun went and we were off.

It is difficult to recall what the race was like, but it is the result that counts, Ormond 1st and Trinity 2nd.

So, after a valiant attempt to match the Ormond successes of the past few years the Trinity 1sts were again unsuccessful. But, crew spirit in both the firsts and seconds was high during the season and as long as people enjoyed it, then it bodes well for future years.



(L-R) M. GILLESPIE, G. SKINNER, J. JOHNSTON
M. FOSTER, G. HOOD, M. POULSTON;
(SEATED) P. PENGILLY, D. TWIGG, W. HALLOWES
B. WIELAND & S. CARRUTHERS.

Thanks must also go to Angus Brooksby for extending his season of early mornings to assist in initial coaching and selecting, and to all those who were not selected but who tried and to those who raced, who succeeded and failed. Especially congratulations to a marvellous win by the Seconds.

Margot Foster

BASEBALL

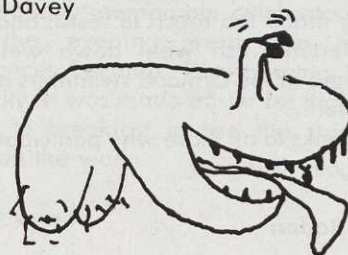


G. SHACKELL, C. GUEN, M. DAVEY
M. GILLESPIE, V. KRATOCHVIL
M. OSBORNE, K. GRAHAM, R. CHOMLEY
L. SNELL.

At the first practice held early in first term, I was confronted with a situation that I would not have believed possible: 25 girls turned out, from which I had to pick a team of 9. Having recovered from the initial shock, I consoled myself with the thought that numbers were bound to decrease with subsequent 7.00 a.m. practices. But this was not to be. "Fresher" enthusiasm, combined with the determination of the "oldies" not to be left out, resulted in one of the most "sporting" sport teams that Trinity has ever fielded. I'm sure the enthusiastic supporters would agree as they watched the team down I.H., Ormond, Queen's and St. Mary's.

I would like to thank everyone who tried out for the team, all those great supporters who helped us win the inter-collegiate baseball, and the two anonymous girls who somehow got me back to my room after a great celebratory dinner!

Mandy Davey



SWIMMING

Men

The night of April 3rd, was a success for the Trinity Men's Swimming Team, even though we narrowly lost to Ormond (2 points). Though in the swimming competition we were defeated, when it came to celebrating and cheering, Trinity's performance was unparalleled, not to mention Roy Preece's engineering of our last laugh over Ormond.



(L-R) D. ARCHIBALD, R. WARNOCK, I. DUNGEY
R. PREECE, B. RODAN, T. MASON

(!)

The team, though only six in number, put up a great battle, even to the last relay leg. The new arrivals in the team, Terry Mason and Ron Warnock, performed creditably. Especially notable here is Terry's second in the 100m freestyle.

Roy Preece, though yearning for the return of the diving board and unable to repeat his "aerobic" feats of the year before, he swam the exhausting 200m freestyle with style. Here we must note the performance of Dave "Arch"ibald, yet again coming from retirement to perform his feats of breaststroking.

Whilst on the subject of retired war horses, one must not exclude Ian Dungey. Having coasted to a graceful win in the 50m freestyle, he was eventually downed by "ungentlemanly" fit people in the medley, but was far from disgraced.

Thanks go to the Trinity spectators for a magnificent effort, many of whom felt the swimming mood too much to resist, and joined in. Mike Fullerton's fish went down well, like we wished some of the Ormond swimmers might have, to the bottom.

Many thanks to all those who participated and we will try again next year.

Bruce D. Rodan

Women

The inter-collegiate swimming heats were held on Monday, 2nd April, followed by the finals which were held the following night.

The whole team swam excellently in the heats on Monday night, reaching the final in every event. The following night was traditionally as exciting as ever, with the Trinity supporters keeping the swimmers company, not only out of the pool but well and truly in it too. They cheered us on to win convincingly over the Colleges. Lyn Graham confidently took out the 100m Freestyle and 25m Butterfly and the rest of the team swam very well in the relays, winning both without any worries.

The win was due as much to the team spirit on the night and the support from the spectators, as it was to ability.

Gina Shackell



(L-R) R. CHOMLEY, G. SHACKELL
X. BOYNTON, J. BROOKES.



ATHLETICS

Women

Who said the women couldn't do it?

Well the Women's Athletic team have proven you wrong whoever you are, and can be justifiably proud of their achievements this year taking second place to Queen's.

Many new faces joined the ranks — Prue Loveridge and Xenia Boynton sprinted home to winning places, Margie Moroney and Rosemary Carlin took to high jumping, Sally Carruthers excelled in both style and form in the discus while Madeline and Helen tackled the gruelling 1500 metres.

Of those who had taken part in previous years — Did you see Sharon Orrman stride metres ahead of the field in the 800 metres? And what of Kammy Cordner who calmly threw the javelin and shotput incredible distances?

Congratulations are due to all competitors, whether mentioned above or not. Whereas thanks should be extended to those who aided in the running of the competition and to all those who took to the sidelines and cheered us on.

Pam James



(BACK) M. MORONEY, H. DE PURY, M. GILLESPIE
C. GLEN, K. CORDNER, X. BOYNTON
P. LOVERIDGE. (F) T. KIRBY, S. CARRUTHERS
P. JAMES, S. ORRMAN, M. SEVIOR.

Men

At 5.00 p.m. on the 2nd May, 1979, the 'Fred J. Cato Esq. Trophy' for the winners of the Men's inter-collegiate athletics was presented by Dr. McCaughey (Master of Ormond) to the Trinity captain, Ian Chesterman, and consequently returned to Trinity College's hallowed halls for the first time since 1960. However, the path to victory was not a smooth one due to circumstances and injuries. But it was a great team performance that finally saw justice prevail. Examples of this were Frank Macindoe's gutsy effort in the 800m when he was called on in the last minute and Charlie

Wilson's run, under similar circumstances in the 4x800m. relay. Every member of the team contributed which made the Trinity win so memorable.

There were also several excellent performances, Scott Chesterman led all the way to the tape in both the 400m and 800m events and added the sparkle that the 4x800m relay needed. Ian Chesterman won the Long Jump, Triple Jump and Discus events. Michael Traill came second in both the 3000m and 1500m races in two courageous runs.



BACK: R. BRAYSHAW, M. TRAILL, M. ARMSTRONG, A. HAMER
J. ABBOTT, M. WINTER-COOKE, G. SLOANE,
F. MACINDOE, R. PREECE.
(FRONT) T. GUTTERIDGE, M. FULLERTON, S. CHESTERMAN
I. CHESTERMAN (CAPT), C. HORSFALL, A. CANNON.

Two-thirds of the way through the program, the competition between Ormond, Newman and Trinity was very close. It was at this stage that we recorded 1st and 2nd (Andrew Clark) in the Long Jump, 1st and 2nd in the 400m (Campbell Horsfall coming 2nd and running the race of his life in doing so) and an outstanding relay win featuring Mike Armstrong, Geoff Sloane, Ian Chesterman and Mike Fullerton (who also recorded two seconds in the 100m and 200m events). These events saw us jump to a substantial lead which we held until the end.

After the team received a memorable reception into the Dining Hall, the scene moved to the J.C.R. and an equally memorable celebratory party. The longer the evening went, the greater our performances became. The morning brought the cold reality. It was made easier for those of us who made it to breakfast to see the shield hanging proudly on the wall.

Ian Chesterman

CRICKET

From the very start this year promised much for cricket. With the blend of freshers' enthusiasm and Senior (talent?) experience, things, at least, looked likely! The novelty of playing on Frank's "hallowed" track had brought forth many hopefuls, a surprising number of whom found newly developed bowling skills! I think Jim Abbott still feels his cheek, and is glad it was nothing more than a Harley Fireball that had approached him.

We approached the first match in a sceptical frame of mind, perhaps slightly daunted by Ormond's reputation, but nonetheless quietly confident.

With spirits still high from that vital team meeting, and the morning on us, the toss was decided; having to bat first was a real blessing (as Chris Bell would have tried to tell you). Had we fielded, those Ports just wouldn't have "kept" with him.

Opening pair, Brayshaw and Harper, walked to the wicket amid bright sunshine to face the attack of McCreedy-Bryan and er... well. After ducking numerous bouncers and having a memorable slash over slips, Brayshaw went out with the total at ten. Rosenthal soon followed, Clark then joined Harper, and helped take the score to forty, before Harper was dismissed for a well compiled 17. With the score at 3 for 40 we looked good, however, a middle order collapse left us 7 for 49 at lunch. With defeat staring us in the face a further 26 runs were added after lunch, with another fresher, Steve Williams, batting well with a face-saving 15.

Ormond began their innings with only 76 runs needed for victory on a reasonably good wicket (for the Crawford). A sensational run-out in the first over, and a further wicket in the third, saw Ormond with their best back to the pavilion. Their middle order followed our example of the morning, although with Steve Williams bowling exceptionally well, and Roger Bryan exploiting the "open-cut" in the wicket, no batsman would have felt safe. The procession of batsmen to and fro was well executed until Ormond stumbled at 9 for 37. However at 54 their last man "gave up" leaving us 17 runs ahead at the close.



BACK (L-R) J. ABBOTT, J. WILLIAMS (CAPT)
T. COOK, P. CHOMLEY, A. HARPER
R. BRAYSHAW
FRONT: C. BELL, S. WILLIAMS
R. BRYAN, S. HARPER, A. CLARK.

Indeed, a great day for College cricket, a well-earned victory to which everybody contributed. Congratulations to Steve Williams for a great all-round effort.

Having recovered sufficiently from the celebrations we approached Queen's full of confidence. However, things didn't go quite to plan and with both openers gone for seven, it was again up to the middle order to see what they could manage. Mark Rosenthal batted soundly for a good 35, while Peter Chomley played the "hand" of his career for 22 eventually being bowled by a ball he indeed did very well to let go. Steve Williams again came to the rescue with an excellent 37, while Whirlwind Abbott provided the highlights with 7 in only two hours. He showed great judgement in the selection of fielders to whom he hit catches although he regrets giving them that fourth chance.

Queen's had the afternoon to knock up 125 and, although not without their problems, they reached the total with four of their wickets still in hand.

In retrospect, we were beaten by a better side (the eventual winners) but it seemed that with just a couple of vital breaks we could have made the finals.

We are indebted to Wayne Bietzel and Pete Horsborough for their vocal support, and trust that the grass recovers!

John Williams

VOLLEYBALL

Men

The volleyball season commenced on a bad note this year when its scheduled start was brought back from Term II to Term I. We had only one week to get a team together to challenge the likes of I.H. who play the game as their national sport. After a hectic week of daily training, we came to our first round game. Then came our first stroke of good fortune — a convincing first round win over Kendall Hall — they defaulted. From that promising start, the team won its next two matches (not by default) and so to the final against I.H.



Despite the unfortunate clash with Juttodie, there was a big turnout to watch what one of the spectators described as "the biggest disaster since Pearl Harbour". Despite the brilliant "setting" and "spiking" combination of the two Hawking Brothers, 'Spitter' and 'Dribbler' Williams; despite the speed of Dave Archibald around the court (notoriously one of the fastest men in College); despite Roy Preece's fine diving (if only he had been allowed to use it in the swimming), and Wayne Wilsn's occasional tangle with the net, the I.H. team proved superior on the day.

Thanks to those who supported us, and to Steve Williams for his coaching.

Tim Brookes

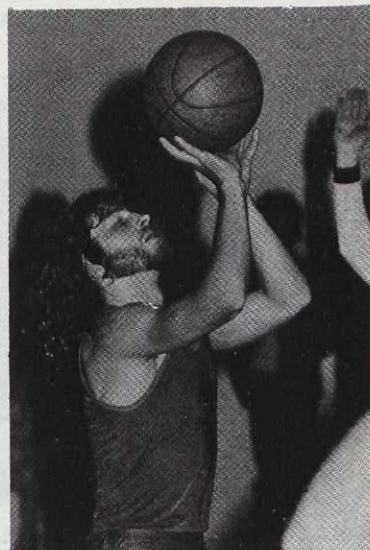


(L-R) R. WARNOCK, W. WILSON, R. PREECE, J. WILLIAMS, S. WILLIAMS, T. BROOKES, B. JOHNSTON, D. ARCHIBALD, S. HARPER, R. BRAYSHAW.

Women

This year's Volleyball team, after many enjoyable practices showed great potential. However, unfortunately, our great skill shown at practices, wasn't to be found when we came to meet our second round contenders Queen's (alas, our first round was only won by forfeit), for somehow we managed to get beaten. However, not all was lost, for we did get a lot of fun out of practising and are looking forward to showing our talent next year!

Sally Carruthers



BASKETBALL

Men

Once again this year the team appeared a winner on paper. With the backbone of last year's team still intact and a few tall and highly skilled contender still to be included the team was already formulating their deserved winning description on the cup. The first notable change was the inclusion of two freshers from the unlikely S.C.R. Jeopardy Geoff had difficulty finding form while Leeper legs Forsyth had trouble finding the ring and a change of shooting style had nothing to do with it.

Trinity's Temperamental Flying Doormat made an unexpected return to form using the infamous Preece fall-away barge shot. Although this shot left little to the imagination, it was his full count set shots and left-handed ball control which astounded coaching critics.

Returning as a passer in the outfield, Duck "Crosswhite" Brayshaw, perfected both the 45 foot "jumper" and the 30 ft left-handed "hookie", although his repetition left a little to be desired. Being an architect, Duck dribbled exclusively with his left hand, leaving his right for when he couldn't score (callous comment).

While on the subject of architects, Terry "Trier" Mason was found to be a little weak at the knees at early morning practices whereas Stephen "Basketball Knees" Harper had difficulty getting up at the crack of dawn.

Bruce "nips" Johnston's introduction to the finer points of ball sports was a referee's delight. Bruce proving to have a good feeling to all sports but little control as his shooting was sometimes out of hand. Andrew "lightning" Cole proved once again that bifocals were no handicap on court although his insistence that two balls were easier than one left a lot of guessing. Another hand, "Elvis" Lyle insisted on a "change of habit" and re-emphasised the importance of leg-wobble in the set-shot. He proved a real winner in the upper Leeper leg-watcher's club.



BACK : T. MASON , W. WILSON , R. PREECE , B. JOHNSTON
T. BROOKES , J. ABBOTT , S. HARPER ; (B) G. HAYES
A. COLE , R. BRAYSHAW , A. LYLE .

Timothy "Yank" Brookes, a hangover from the previous year, found his dislike of "lechers" gave him more time to perfect the blind turn jump shot and Foster's flop. However, in the finals his continual groping for balls under the ring paid off with numerous scores (but no points).

Another strong rebounder, Jim "boards" Abbott, referring to looks not ability, who decided to play in the finals this year, spent all season trying to trap a masseur but caught nothing in (his) Webb. Nonetheless, he managed to faint, providing Trinity leg watchers club with some rather too brief (light?) entertainment!

Wayne Wilson once again provided a dazzling display of, not only basketball, but also language ("Oh! Umpire") and assisted free flight. Unfortunately these kamakaze attempts to wear out the gym floorboards resulted in injury in the finals. Many college women agreed that his inability to go the distance on court reflected his performance off court.

The abovementioned players would all like to thank Mike Fullerton and the rest of the Trinity supporters for their presence and words of encouragement throughout the entire season. This was very much appreciated and we hope it continues next year when we will win.

Finally the Trinity leg-watchers Club wishes to thank the players.

Wayne Wilson

Be satisfied, buy your shoes from

WATTS

STOCKISTS OF R. M. WILLIAMS BOOTS
Also Jullus Marlow, Florsheim, Aquila, Hush Puppies
Layby is available to step into fashion



WATTS
CORNER SHOE STORE
264 Lygon St., Carlton
Telephone: 347 2805

STUDENTS DISCOUNT

Women

The team started the year with high hopes of reaching the grand final. Unfortunately competition was a bit tougher than expected!

We had a number of good wins in the middle of the season, but a loss in our first game put us in an unfortunate position as far as the finals draw was concerned. We tried to rectify this with a loss to Ridley, but a quick two points by Gina Shackell almost won us the game. This situation was eventually rectified and we went on to lose by two points. This was by far our best victory for the season, but unfortunately we didn't gain anything by it. We met St. Mary's in the quarter final, and lost to their superior outside shooting.

Mention must be made of our coach Wayne Wilson, the one-armed bandit, who, according to Helen Moss after one Saturday training, quite enjoyed "having six women all to himself".

Kerry Evans



(L-R) J. BROOKES, G. HOOD, S. CARRUTHERS
J. JOHNSTON, G. SKINNER, S. NEWSOME, P. JAMES
K. CORDNER, S. ORRMAN, H. MOSS

NETBALL

The College Netball Team again enjoyed a long and successful career in 1979. We had an immaculate team — probably the best in the inter-collegiate competition. We trained regularly — developed an intricate "systems" system with code which no opposition could ever hope to crack! Imagine our consternation when we saw we had drawn Ormond for the first round match of a knockout competition... We hadn't heard much about their playing ability — but the team had been observed EVERY morning for the previous four weeks, spending an hour together on the athletics track with a fitness coach, working themselves until they could only just drag themselves back to Ormond for breakfast. It was a frightening dedication and very off-putting, but we were undeterred when we heard that although very fit, they supposedly didn't know how to play. The match in the Beaurepaire had the turn-up and support of a grand final. We were definitely the better team, I always thought one girl couldn't make a team, but in the case of Ormond, Lou Bearham was much better than we, all expected, and in the close and exciting match, carried her team to win by one goal.

So much for their fitness training — we caught up 5 goals in the last 5 minutes. Ormond went on to romp it in in the final against St. Mary's.

Well, it was a great effort and we enjoyed it, but were very disappointed. Best of luck for next year anyway.

Kammy Cordner

ACADEMIC & GENERAL
BOOK SHOP

New & Used
Textbooks

194-196 ELGIN ST. CARLTON.
1 BLOCK FROM UNI. -3479259



GOING OVERSEAS?

FOR PROFESSIONAL AND
PERSONALISED SERVICE
CONTACT ROB MACKIE

TRANS WORLD TRAVEL Pty. Ltd.
SUITE 3, 1st FLOOR
377 LITTLE COLLINS ST
MELBOURNE, 3000 Ph. 675705

RUGBY

The rugby season started late in the first term with a shock loss to a stacked Brighton Grammar team. There were, however, indications of good things to come with strong back play from fresher recruits Wayne Bedggood and David Wainewright. Chris Bell decided he liked the game and was dubbed in as hooker.

We started second term without Tom Gutteridge who was injured in an impromptu rugby practice with "Handbrake" Harry Asche at a cocktail party. After a couple of gloomy morning training sessions we took a strong side down to Geelong Grammar. John Adamson fitted in well at prop and we won well thanks to two tries from Jamie Gray and one from Simon Foote who greased over in sensational fashion to score with the irrepressible "orange".

More recruits surfaced the following week as we played Scotch. Mark Rosenthal and Michael "twinkle-toes" Scales showed class on their wings and we won narrowly. A loss to the St. Kevin's referee taught us that Saturday morning games were not a good idea as Tim Brookes (with his regulation Saturday morning headache) will attest.

After this debacle we went to Melbourne Grammar and finally showed the form we were capable of. John Davis used his eighteen stone to good advantage and caused some severe headaches in the opposition forward pack and we won narrowly.

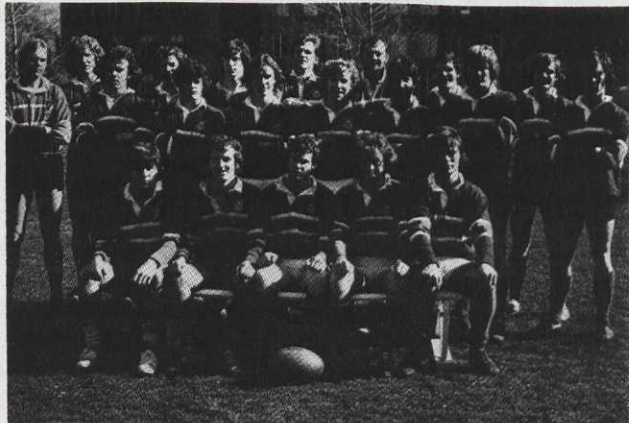
We comfortably won the first inter-collegiate match against an inexperienced University College side 40-0. Credit for this win goes to "Barker" Brooksby's tenacious back row play and fleet-footed wingers Geoff Sloane and Andrew Clark.

The next week we gave the Catholics a 40-4 hiding. With Jim Abbott giving half back Mal "champ" McConville good clean possession at the line-outs, our prospects for the grand final were improving.

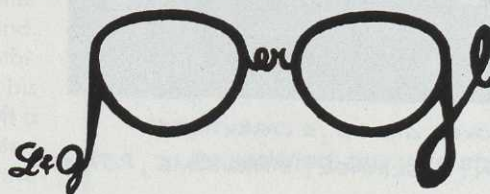
As the big day neared "Cardiovas" Clemens was running to Sydney and back each day and the forward pack was bolstered by the return of James Ferry, in one of his meaner moods. We lost the toss to Ormond and had to run uphill into a gale in the first half. We persistently lost ground to technical penalty decisions and so went in 10-0 down at half time. In the second half Frank MacIndoe scored a blinder of a try in the corner. Sniffing a victory, the forward pack sparked to life. The backs dominated and Geoff Sloane scored twice in the corner, but one try was disallowed in unbelievable circumstances. As time ran out we lost 16-8, both teams scoring two tries.

Many thanks go to Robert Erwin and Bill Gillies for their support and encouragement during the season.

Alex Harper



(STANDING) M. CLEMENS, J. ABBOTT, D. WAINEWRIGHT, T. GUTTERIDGE
W. BEDGGOOD, T. BROOKES, C. BELL, J. FERRY, M. M'CONVILLE
J. DAVIS, M. ROSENTHAL, J. GRAY, G. SLOANE, J. ADAMSON
A. CLARKE, (B) S. FOOTE, F. MACINDOE, A. BROOKSBY
A. HARPER (CAPT) H. (H) ASCHÉ.



L&G PERGL

220 Lygon St.

CARLTON 3053

Telephone 347 5242.

Discount to Uni fraternity.

SOCCER

The enthusiasm shown in the field of soccer is an encouraging sign for years to come (and for South Melbourne Hellas, who need some new blood!). The team had greater depth this year than last, and I was able to draw a list of 22 who were pushing for places in the team. The season kicked off with the Mini World Cup on April 1st. "Brayshaw's Boys" proved themselves worth April fools by not winning a match, but Roger and team-mate Ian "Mac" showed their form in later matches for the college team. The remaining two Jeopardy sides stole the honors but the wrong one the final! Congratulations to the "Perkarroos" who started playing scintillating soccer, it is rumoured, when they heard that 10 bottles were being awarded to the winning team.

The college side itself had a 3-match practice program, which had it starting to look like a team. Having beaten Melbourne Grammar 4-0 and drawn 1-1 with Scotch and 2-2 with Ormond, we launched into the inter-collegiate tournament. We comfortably defeated a far-from-clean Whitley team 2-0 and managed to keep Clarky fit to help win the athletics. We then met defending champion and favorite Ridley in the quarter-finals. Despite a spirited revival in the second half, we lost 4-0 to a very crisp and skilful opposition.

Mention must be made of Terry "Cripple" Mason, who could not take the pace after the first match and had to drop out. Thanks to him and all others for the tremendous spirit shown which helped to make this a good season. After all, if Hallsy scored with his left foot, Moodie with his head and Oliver scored at all, it must have been a good season.

Harry Gill



(BACK) D. MOODIE, J. OLIVER, G. COULSON
S. HARPER, I. MACKAY, A. STEWART
(FRONT) R. PREECE, M. SEVIOR, D. COULSON
H. GILL (W.C.S. '79), R. BRAYSHAW, R. HALLS

TABLE TENNIS

Men

The 1979 inter-collegiate table tennis season was very short this year, but unfortunately Trinity's participation in it was even shorter, although the team itself was the best college team I have seen.

A large number of competent players tried out for a place in the team, making selection difficult. With two new faces in the team, notably Smackers and Trolley Bryan, I was forced to follow the 1978 precedent by dropping the previous year's captain to the bench, sorry Steve. So with a team with more depth to it than previously and with almost all members showing some form, the exception being the out-of-touch and ageing No. 1 players, we journeyed to the recently constructed St. Hilda's Table Tennis room (Trinity should have one!!) where we met J.C.H., whom we dispatched first round last year.

The evening's contest was a very close affair with first J.C.H., then Trinity gaining a slight advantage, only to see that advantage slip away. With a much improved side J.C.H. took the first two rubbers but thanks to Roger Bryan, whom I have never seen play better, the rot stopped. Chunky (Rob Warnock) won as well, to level at two all. Buzz Bailey, in a tight and tense three-setter, reminiscent of the game he played in last year's Ormond debacle, managed to edge out his opponent to give Trinity a 3-2 lead going into the doubles.

This lead, however, was not capitalised on, as the Trinity No. 1 pair, putting up a better but nevertheless losing performance, could not overcome a talented and experienced opposing combination.

This then left the last doubles as the deciding match. The lead changed hands many times in a nerve-racking encounter before the J.C.H. pair won five points straight to level at 20—all in the third. Our boys entirely unperturbed (well maybe not quite) managed to have a few break points, but it was J.C.H. with just a touch of luck who took the match, giving their College the narrowest of victories, 4-3.

My thanks go, not only to the other team members, but also to all who participated in practices and selection matches. Also thanks to the few spectators, headed by Andrew Graham, who supported us and also to the J.C.H. team, for their excellent competition and sportsmanship.

Lastly, I want to express my displeasure at the lack of proper facilities for table tennis in Trinity. The situation at the moment is entirely inadequate as the playing space is far too small and playing conditions are far from perfect. For a sport which needs bugger all upkeep and yet in which a large percentage of the College participate, I think an initial expenditure to create a proper playing area would be money well spent.

Roy Preece

Women

Despite an almost completely new 1979 women's table tennis team, our ultimate fate was identical to 1978's team. Although we did extremely well in early matches, we were soundly beaten by University College in the grand final. However, as runners-up, we secured six valuable points towards the Holmes Cup. Thank you to all the terrific supporters who came along at short notice. Sue, Robyn, Prue, Madeline, Heather and I were really spurred on by your boundless enthusiasm.

Libby Robin



(L-R) P. LOVERIDGE, J. BROOKES, Y. KRATOCHVIL
H. MOSS, C. TAYLOR.

Women

Last year's squash report ended "well, maybe next year" which must have been a good omen. After winning our way through to the grand final very convincingly we came up against Ormond in a match that was crucial to us gaining the Holmes Trophy.

With two matches in hand and the third, 2 points from victory, our number 3 player was struck down by a mighty blow from her Ormond opponent. Needing stitches she was rushed to the Royal Melbourne while the final two matches were played. This third match turned out to be the deciding one as we lost the next two (with our teammate's blood still fresh on the court, Ormond had a tremendous psychological advantage — sounds like a basketball story I know!).

After much debate and frantic trips to J.C.H. (the organisers), Trinity was finally, but as yet not officially, awarded the match.

"Well maybe next year..." (just hoping it's a good omen again!).

Helen Moss

SQUASH

Men

Trinity, the underdogs, pulled a few surprises this year by making it to the final. Our first match against Medley was a great 5-0 win, marred only by Buzz's bad play, he lost a point. Our second round match against I.H. was a lot closer, Trinity winning 3-2 and Buzz played a little better by not losing a point. The semi-final against last year's winners, Newman, was a great victory 4-1 with John Williams actually expending some energy, and Buzz's opponent putting up a great fight to win ten points. In Chris Bell's match he must have seen many mirages as he tried to dive into all of them. Unfortunately, in the final Ormond were too good and took the trophy.

My thanks to the team for their great effort and to the stalwarts who supported us at every match.

Rob Warnock



(L-R) J. WILLIAMS, R. WARNOCK,
S. WILLIAMS, R. BAYLEY, C. BELL.



HOCKEY

Men

Our season started early with a practice match against Carey Grammar after Easter. We all saw very early on that a side like ours with very few individual stars and only 13 hockey players to choose a side from, needed more such matches to sharpen up our teamwork. This was the general policy in second term and in the end paid off quite well.

We played eight such matches in all: 4 against Carey, 2 against MGS, 1 against BGS and one, just for fun really, against the Trinity women's team. Apart from the women's game we only managed to draw one of these games — the second with MGS.

The first round in the knock-out competition was against St. Hilda's and the value of all the practice matches really showed. The first half was lack-lustre with no score by either side. In the second half our star right wing Harry Gill (rumour has it that the Pakistani team wants him for Moscow 1980) put in three consecutive goals in five minutes. This brilliant piece of play, not quite his only one for the season, he attributed to a hangover. Once those three had gone in, Rod Barnard and John Buckmaster decided that this little upstart couldn't have it all his own way and scored a goal each. The final score was 5-0.

The second round was against Queen's. Again the team played well. Mark Williams deflected a beautiful goal behind the goalie's pads and Rod Barnard scored another with a very well taken short corner shot. We won comfortably 2-0.

The match against Queen's put us into the semi-final against the favorites — Newman. The team played a very high-pressure game, never allowing Newman a chance to get their game flowing at all. Five minutes into the first half we were awarded a penalty flick which Dave Moodie safely netted. There was no score for the rest of the match and we won 1-0.

The grand final was against last year's winners, Ridley College. Essentially Ridley did to us what we had done to Newman. They pressured us so that our forwards could not get their game flowing. We were beaten 2-0 by a better side on the day. This was in spite of Harry Gill trying first round tactics and playing with a hangover!

Votes were taken from all players after each match and the winner of the best and fairest award was our centre half Rod Barnard.

The highlight of the season (apart from the beers after the final) was the semi-final win against Newman, but the best aspect was the way in which a team of competent and enthusiastic players made it into the grand final by sheer hard work. I would like to thank all the players for their enthusiasm and support, particularly at those cold training sessions.

Nick Gelber



(BACK) H. GILL, N. GELBER, A. ROUSE, J. ROYSTON
J. BUCKMASTER, D. MOODIE, M. DES ANGES
D. COULSON. (FRONT) E. BILLSON, R. BARNARD
R. PREECE, M. WILLIAMS.

Women

"As we fly down the field with the ball at our feet with a feint that's real neat, we beat players we meet we run into the circle with one back to beat and flick past the goalie and miss by three feet".

Despite the truth of the preceding lines, 1979 was Trinity's big year for women's hockey.

With a record number of enthusiasts we began training late in first term. These early morning practices were enlivened by our coach, Barry Shuttleworth's "little runs" and Margie Moroney tripping over her own stick and colliding with Cinny.

However, our team began to shape up during the practice matches against Geelong Grammar, Sacre Coeur, St. Catherine's and Merton Hall, which, on the whole, were successful with one loss, two wins and one draw.



(TOP) R. HANCOCK, C. ALLEN, X. BOYNTON
G. SHACKELL, C. GLEN, M. DAVEY, S. MILNE,
(FRONT) S. RENNEY, M. MORONEY, M. GILLESPIE
L. SNELL, K. GRAHAM R. CHOMLEY.

In our first match against International House, we romped home with a 4-0 win, after our left-winger, Lynnne had done her dash backed up by the impenetrable Chomers, and Prue had managed to score carrying half the I.H. team with her.

St. Hilda's in the semi-final was no match for us. After anti-goalie tactics had been executed, we had no problems winning 4-1. The St. Hilda's girls had no chance, for if they fluked it past Kenia or Libby, our backs, Gina and Mandy, with a tap of their sticks sent it flying back to our circle.

Then the week of drama began. First of all our star Prue Loveridge was carted off to hospital to have her tonsils removed. Then Libby Snell got glandular fever and numerous others were stricken by disease.

Undaunted by this run of bad luck, we took to the field, clad in our flashy green skirts, to play an unprecedented two hour final against Janet Clarke Hall. Despite Mandy's brilliant rugby tackles; Sarah Milne's equalising goal and the tireless work of the halves we could not get ahead. The well-directed passes by the wings, Rosemary, Sarah and later Caroline, never managed to reach the goal, even after twenty minutes of extra time.

Then came the five deciding flicks, and the day was saved by Cinny Glen, goalkeeper extraordinaire, not to mention the great flicks. And there it ended despite the song's words, thanks to Barry's excellent coaching and the team's hard work, with a victory for Trinity of 6-4.

Margie Gillespie

BADMINTON

Men

Chapter One:

"Eight dollars thirty!" I cried. "These four racquets had better last forever!" But it was not to be. The first casualty occurred at 11.30 p.m. that evening while the Bulpadock was cold and wet underfoot... TWANG!... Middle string broken; confidence dented; retire for the night.

Chapter Two:

Rudely awakened by a metallic clang in wardrobe. Discovered another badminton racquet with broken string. Am losing faith in Taiwanese quality construction.

Chapter Three:

In a hall in Coburg, John Forsyth is about to return Geoff Hayes' remarkable serve. Great tension. Harry Gill shuffled nervously as John releases a power shot, and a racquet. One more to go.

Chapter Four:

All team members have their own racquet. The inter-college team is selected: 1. H. Gill; 2. J. Forsyth; 3. G. Hayes, and 4. D. Coulson. We soundly beat Medley Hall and Ormond College. Next up: the semi-final against International House.

Chapter Five:

Eight meagre points? What a close margin to lose by. Still, as someone announced, badminton is their national sport.

Epilogue:

1979 was the inaugural year of badminton as an inter-collegiate sport. I thank all who practiced for selection, especially John Forsyth for the use of the hall.

... Dare I add that 1980 will establish Trinity's supremacy, and that I have one metal-framed Taiwanese racquet for sale? ...

Darren Coulson

Women

This year badminton made its first, and probably last, appearance as an inter-collegiate sport... well as far as the women are concerned anyway!

We approached the game in all seriousness, unlike many others of the colleges, but unfortunately in the second round we came up against one of the few teams which actually seemed to know something about the game.

The standard of the matches can be illustrated by the fact that all the colleges that moved into the second round did so because their opponents didn't turn up (we included!). Oh well, it doesn't look as if we'll have a chance to win the badminton cup! (I wonder whether the winning team will have anything to do with the cancellation of the sport for women?).

Helen Moss

FOOTBALL

Firsts

In many respects this was probably one of the best seasons in Trinity College Football for several years. We had the first win since 1974 and the intake of freshers this year bodes well for future years.

Training early in the year was poorly attended and it was not until early in second term that we were able to inspire some of the Senior Gents to leave their Behan, fireplaces to join us on the Bulpaddock. But we were finally able to have a number of solid training sessions before the first game of the season which saw us pitted against old rivals — Ormond — (who were still thinking cricket).

Everybody was eagerly looking forward to tackling the Monners again after a defeat in men's squash the night before. Early in the game we were in with a chance due to some good performances by Steve Williams, Mike Armstrong, Duncan Thomas and Alex Harper.

However, the third quarter saw Ormond pile on eight goals, as many Trinity players faded out of the game. The last quarter saw a great revival and we outscored Ormond in this quarter for the only time in the match.

Best: Traill, Armstrong, S. Williams, Abbott, J. Williams, Harper.

After this defeat it was with an extreme sense of foreboding that spectators came to the match against Queen's. However, they were pleasantly surprised by our performance, and we led at half-time by two points. This was largely due to great defensive play by the backs led by Mike Traill, Geoff Sloane and Tim Watson, and some great efforts by Duncan Thomas, Steve Williams and Andrew Clarke.

It was a closely fought match for the next half, but a fine performance in the ruck by John Williams and some big marks by Roger Harley at crucial

times, held Queen's in the third quarter. The last quarter was a "beaut", as Queen's consistently attacked the goals, only to see their efforts thwarted by the hard-pressed Trinity backs. A fine run by Steve Williams down the left flank resulted in a goal by Ian Dungey and much of the pressure on the team was relieved as Queen's players began to worry about the outcome. As well they might, because the final siren sounded with Trinity winning by four points.

Best: Armstrong, Abbott, Harley, Traill, J Williams, S. Williams.

Newman played us without their "big gun", Neil Daniher, but despite this they were still a formidable team. At half-time the difference was 25 points and Newman were worried by some aggressive defense put up by Mike Traill, Peter Chomley and Guy Medland. However it was a depleted team which took the field for the third quarter. Newman began well and took the game away from us. The final quarter was again a hard fought one and we took the battle right up to Newman who proved to be too strong and won by 100 points.

Best: Abbott, Watson, J. Williams, Harper, Sloane, Traill.

My thanks to Frank, the players and all of the officials from Trinity.

Jim Abbott

Allstars

Emphasis this year was on making the Allstars a 2nd XVIII rather than a 2nd X with ten firsts players as well. On the whole the players accepted this and, by the end of the season, had begun to form a well functioning unit under the captain, Roy Preece.

However, early in the season we had many changes in personnel due to players going on to the firsts. This unsettled the team a little...

The first game was against I.H. who put forward a strong combination and were able to hold off a determined effort by Trinity in the second half, to run out eventual winners.

Best: Wainwright, Patterson, Wright, Cannon, Henham, Medland

Following this game we met Ridley, who again out-pointed Trinity by strong attacking play and some rugged efforts around the packs.

Best: Asche, M. Scales, Wright, Fullerton, Brooksby, J. Coulson.

University College put forward a strong team but met a more determined Trinity team which took the game right up to them. The last quarter saw the lead change several times and a premature finish left a



(TOP) G. SLOANE, A. HAMER, G. MEDLAND, R. HARLEY, A. CANNON, P. CHOMLEY, I. DUNGEY, J. WILLIAMS, N. HENHAM, D. WAINWRIGHT, (C) S. CHESTERMAN, I. CHESTERMAN, M. ARMSTRONG, S. WILLIAMS, D. THOMAS, T. WATSON, M. TRAILL, (B) J. ABBOTT (CAPT), A. HARPER, D. SMURTHWAITE, C. BELL, S. PICA, A. CLARK.



TOP.
(L-R) J. GRAY, S. HARPER, H. ASCHE, T. COOK,
M. SCALES, M. WINTER-COOKE, W. WILSON,
I. DUNGEY, D. WAINWRIGHT, R. HISCOCK
S. PICA, B. WRKHT, D. TAUPIN; (C): M. SEVIOR
D. SMURTHWAITE, M. FULLERTON, R. PREECE
R. BRAYSHAW, N. HENHAM, (B) A. BROOKSBY
G. MEDLAND, H. GILL, G. COULSON, A. PATTERSON
D. COULSON.

debatable decision with Trinity "officially" losing by only two points.

Best: Seviore, Asche, Brayshaw, Pica, Preece, Patterson.

St. Hilda's met a fresh team who took the game away from them and ran on strongly to win by 20 points despite spirited opposition by St. Hilda's and an umpire.

Best: Preece, Fullerton, Seviore, Rosenthal, Pica, J. Coulson.

The final game was against Queen's who had already lost their first game to Trinity. A very even first half and some bad luck saw us only just ahead at half-time. A great third quarter saw the lead increase to 37 points at 3/4 time. Due mainly to a fine effort by Harry Gill who kicked six goals for the match. Queen's fought back strongly to come within 2 points of Trinity in the last quarter, but eventually went down by 8 points.

Best: Preece, J. Coulson, Seviore, Henham, Gill, Buckland.

Many thanks to all players and officials.

Jim Abbott



"I KNOW he's the greatest, Ron, but he wouldn't last five minutes out there!"

Looking Back...

Over the years Trinity College has had many notable sportsmen (and some sportswomen). One who stands out, however, represented the College in 1929 and left College at the end of that year to "tour". To show how badly his services were missed here are some excerpts from the 1930 Fleur de Lys.

Rowing

... the loss of the stroke from last year was a severe loss as was also the absence of E.L. a'Beckett.

Athletics

Although Mr. E.L. a'Beckett was lost to us for this year, the Inter-Collegiate Athletic contest again told a tale of gradual improvement on the part of Trinity...

Football

... we suffered a great loss in the absence of Mr. E.L. a'Beckett...

2nd XVIII

Disappointed by being deprived of Mr. E.L. a'Beckett's services this year...

Cricket

This year Trinity were unfortunate in losing the services of E.L. a'Beckett, our standby in years past, owing to the fact that he wanted — or was wanted — to go to England with the Australian XI.

Tennis

This year we were without the services of ... and Ted a'Beckett who was still in England.

There was only one other sport played at this time, Hockey, and it seems that this was the only team not lamenting the loss of Mr. E.L. a'Beckett.

Naughton's Hotel

NAUGHTON'S CELLARS

43 ROYAL PARADE, PARKVILLE, VIC,

Ph: 347 2283

Large Selection of Wines and Spirits

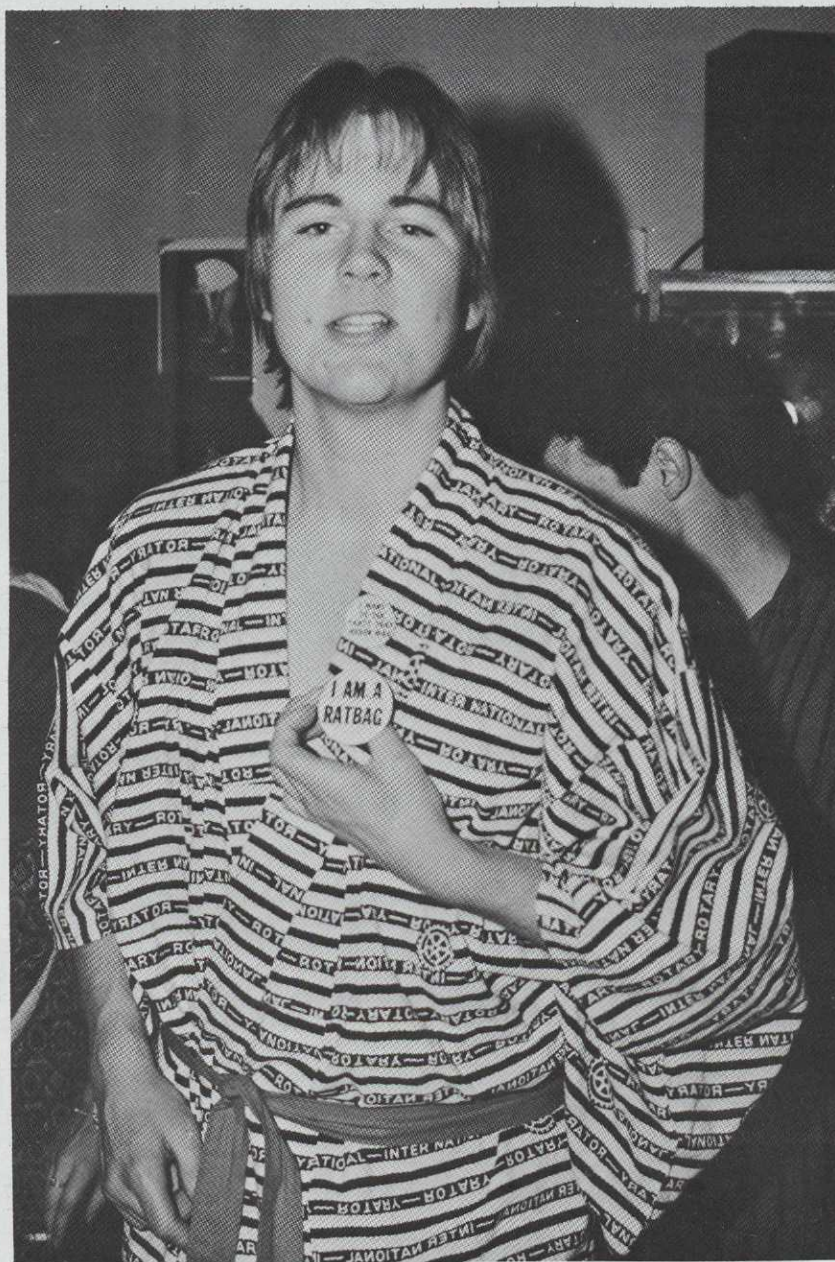
Bankcard American Express Diners Club



Girls' Gossip



Host of the Year



Mark Clemens

The Party... That Never Was.

MARK CLEMENS

HAS MUCH PLEASURE IN INVITING

Jim Abbott

TO A COCKTAIL PARTY AT THE
MELBOURNE CLUB

ON FRIDAY, THE 15th OF JUNE
FROM 6.30 - 8.30 PM
DRESS : LOUNGE SUIT

R.S.V.P. Thursday 8th June, Jeopardy 6.

*Mike Fullerton has much
pleasure in accepting Mark's
kind invitation to a party at
the Melbourne Club before the
pyjama party on Friday
the 15th*

*Let's hope they both go off
well!*

*Stephen Hall has extremely mixed feelings about
Mark Clemens' invitation to a cocktail party at
the Melbourne Club on Friday the 15th June; however
he will try to forget that his host is a vegie & may
make an appearance at some stage with his mates
Solby and Hymie Goldberg.*

Clear,

This is an R.S.V.P.

*Thankyou for your invitation love to come
Dear Mark, Hugh Shummers*

*Vivienne Corcoran and I
take much pleasure...*

Dear Clem

Sloane

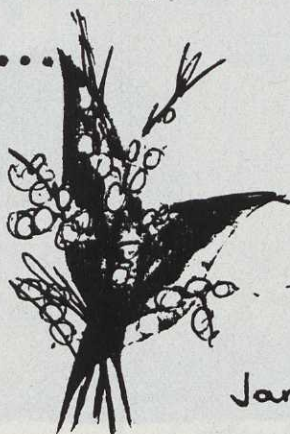
Please excuse

*this rather odd little
reply but I thought it
would be okay...*

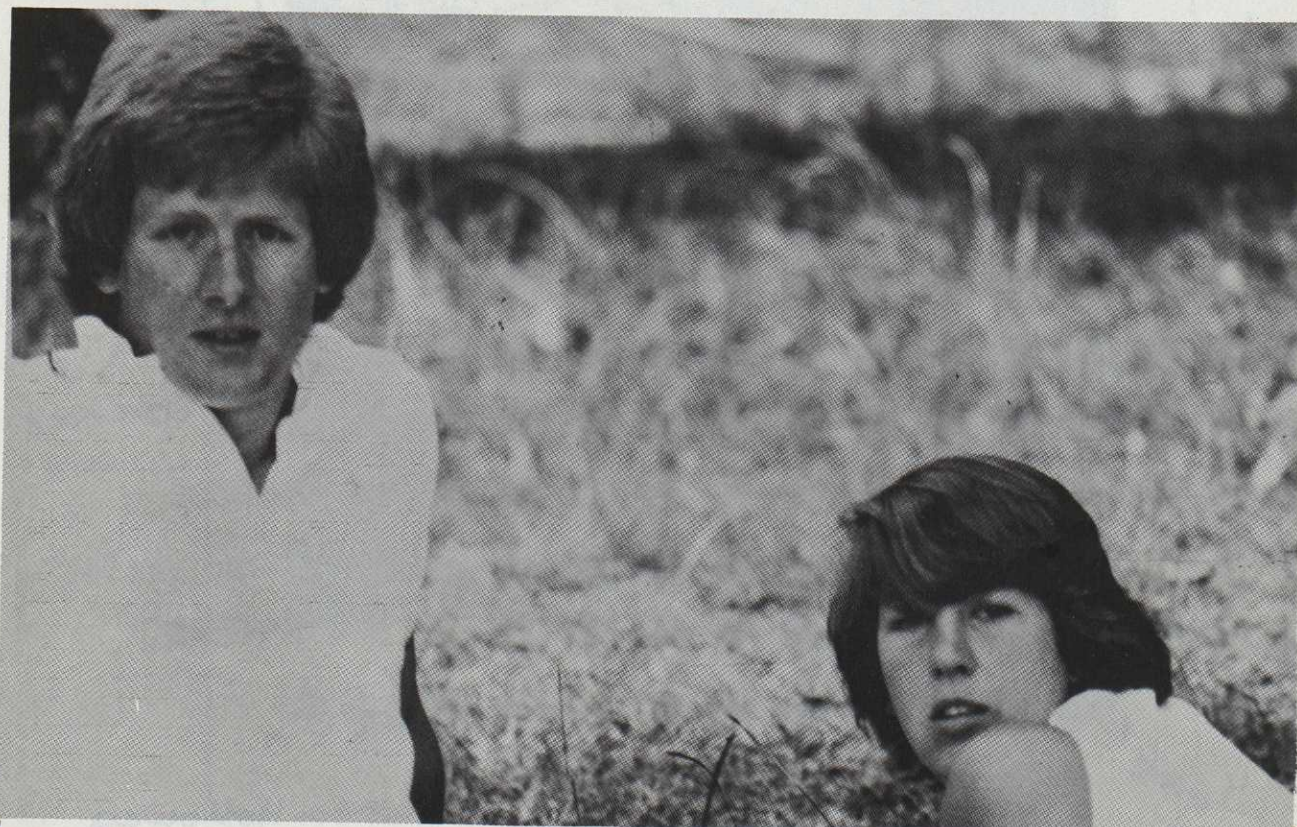
- hyn Graham

Thanks,

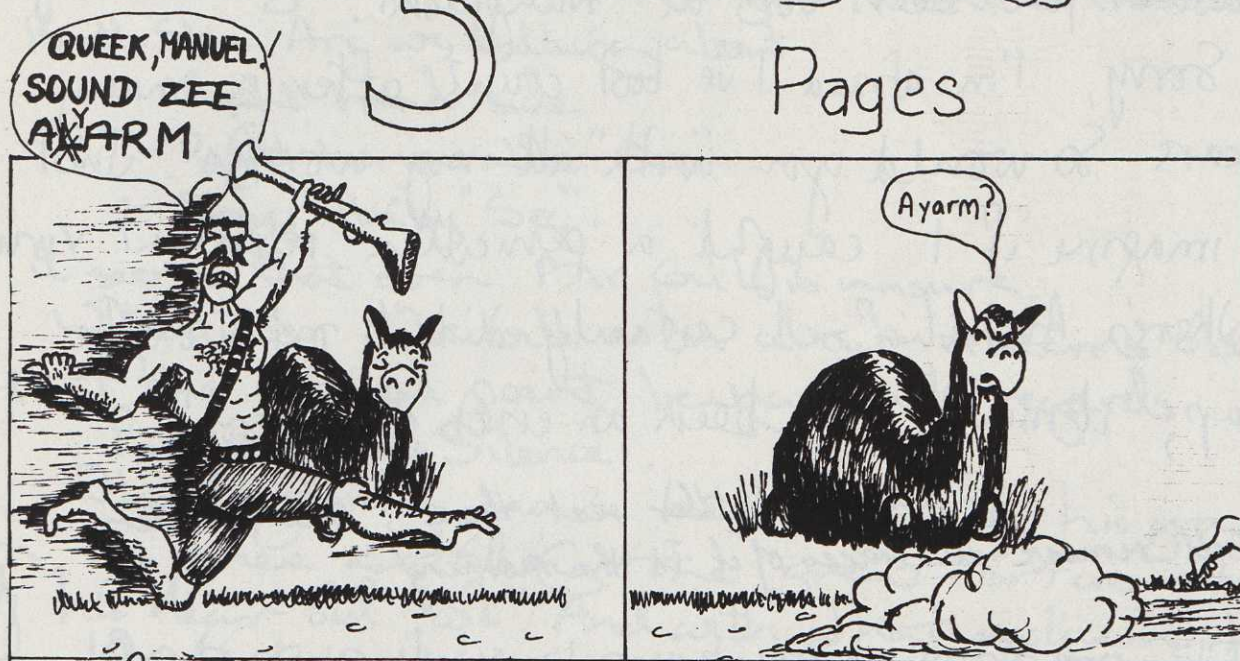
Yank...



*James Gray & Belinda Holloway
Accept with pleasure...*



3 Terribly Suggestive Pages



After a brace of weeks in which to deliberate, the Council Against Misuse in Etymology and Language (CAMEL) has decided not to prosecute the Llama League for its gross abuse of the word "Llama" (and, no doubt, of the animal of the same name, though this is not our ~~territory~~ legal domain, and will be left to the police under section 69 of the Crimes' Act, "The Abominable Crime"). CAMEL have agreed to settle out of court, and Mr A. Gordon's terms of seventeen lashes delivered by the former (the defendant) with Crotch and Adney patent Cat'o'Nines with 4½" non-slip grip on and around the fundament of the president of the prosecuting organization have been agreed to.

Signed Quintain MCR. Futtack-
Shroud QC.

Quintain J.R. Futtack Shroud

Well I'm God and I live in heaven except when I have a few beers over at Naughtons.

Sorry, I'm afraid I've lost count after so many years. So would you with all my worries. Just imagine if I caught a penicillin resistant virus. Where's Australia? - I certainly didn't put it on the map; it must have been an error of my son's.

Let the matter rest there; the cleaners will remove all traces of it in the morning.

It appears that drinking is such a part of college ^{life} that it appears ^{only} fair that a phone extension should be put in Naughtons front bar.

D.A.H.S. D.10

It appears that "it appears" appears too often in the above.

Quite agree, yes definitely, yes.

Yes, yes appears too often, yes it does, yes above yes it does, yes, yes, thank you Darlings

I find that mildly offensive.

wildly or mildly, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

Ah yes the rattle Rattle

For suggestions like that you could be tied to the rollocks and given a whole oar.

GROPER'S PAGE

It seems, from reading H. Gill's rather verbose drivel, that, if not everyone at least I'm confused about all these bloody R. H. S.'s. Are we talking about

- Right hand side
- Right honourable "Sec".
- Roger Harley "Sec".

it seems that even Mr Gill is unsure.

Whatever Mr Gill is on about it seems obvious that the actual point being made regards

Roger Harley's Silence.

What a grovelling man he'll be with his grandchildren on his knees extolling the great virtues & traditions of his dear old "ol". And with what acclaim he'll be able to tell them that he defended the great traditions of the Right Hand Side of the suggestion book only to leave it totally blank.

Well stuff him, let's see him weep, let all our primitive emotions run riot, let's all write on the ~~Right Hand Side~~ Right Hand Side of this book leaving the Left Hand Side completely blank!

D. MOODIE

Let Harley Suffer Page. Who's that? Me.

O Goodies, let's go!

Whose room?

Your's — I don't like the ones

Then why do you have a plastic carpet?

For orgies only.

You mean we can't

Have a two "ducks" orgy?

Senseless waste of Big, Thick chunky pages.



Major Scholarships

Jim Royston
Adrian Pizer
Joachim Mika
Rod Barnard
Simon Birkett
Chris Davies
Bruce Rodan
Sue Cramer
Ian Grant
Sarah Matters
Gini Skinner
Sally Inglis
Margot Foster
Harry Asche
John Adamson

Minor Scholarships

Stuart Ritchie
Jenny Hallowes
Nick Cooper
Andrew Cole
Max Cameron
Hayden Prime
Russell Green
Mark Williams
Russell Turner
Sue Jacobs

Major Entrance Scholarships

Jane O'Sullivan
Wendy Larcombe
Stephen Harper
Anne Malatt

Minor Entrance Scholarships

Rosemary Carlin
Michael Traill
Michael Armstrong
Sally Renney
Alan Hajek
Catherine Rigby
Margaret Winstanley
Peter Lowe

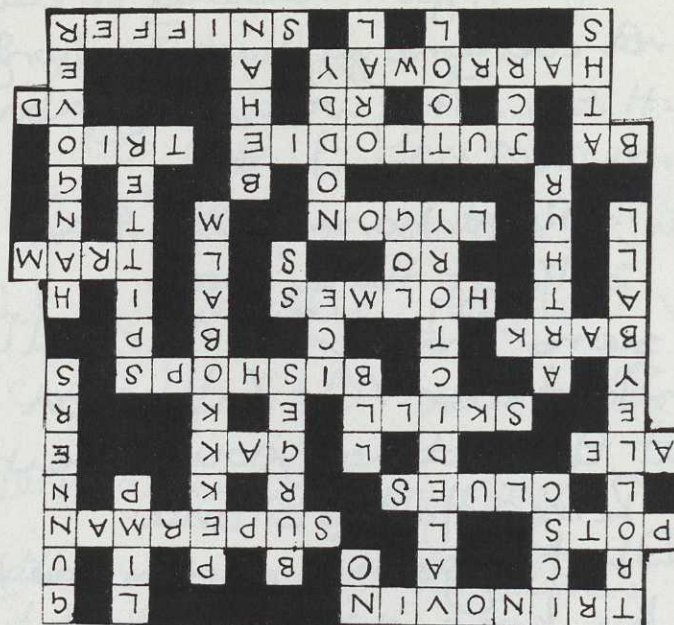
NON-RESIDENT EXHIBITIONS

Peter Sloan
Richard Lewis
Peter Choong
Julian Smith
Sharon Korman

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS 1979

F. Anderson Studentship : Ross Fishburn
Payne Studentship : Anthony Poole
Tweedie Studentship : Desmond McDonnell
Nigel Wright
Frank Woods Studentship : Robyn Holden
A.M. White Studentship : Peter Lawrey, Peter Martin,
Peter Stanley

Answers



Opal Black

*With fire from the Earth below
And spectral colours of a rainbow,
The opal is the Devil's stone —
A bringer of ill-starred fortune.*

*It focuses our psychic influence
A gift from time immemorial,
An ancient stone, from an ancient land
Where pagan gods still roam.*

*A living piece of the Rainbow Snake,
Left buried deep in the bowels of the Earth,
It captures when exposed to the Sun,
The turmoil of our souls.*

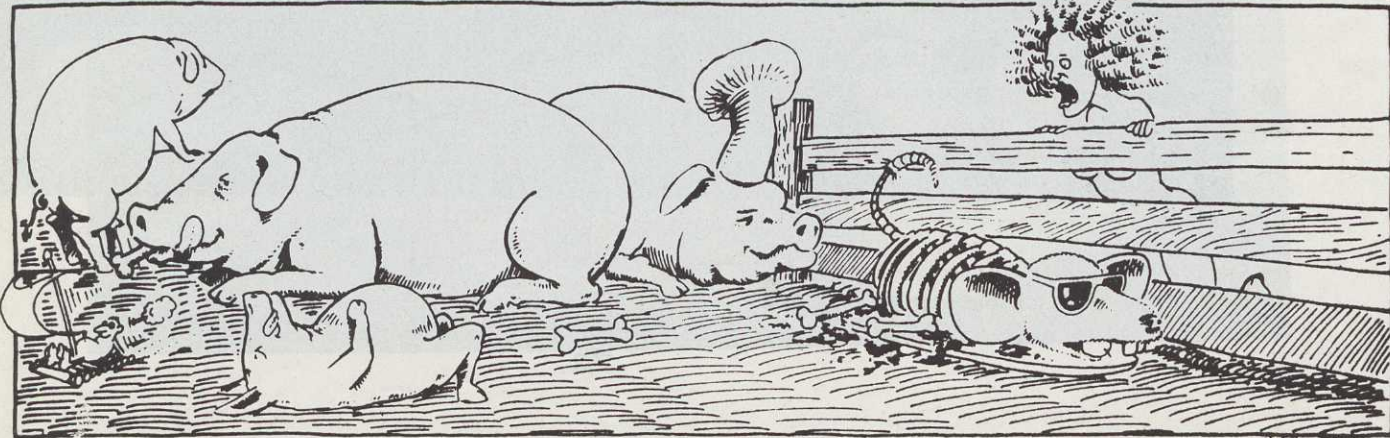
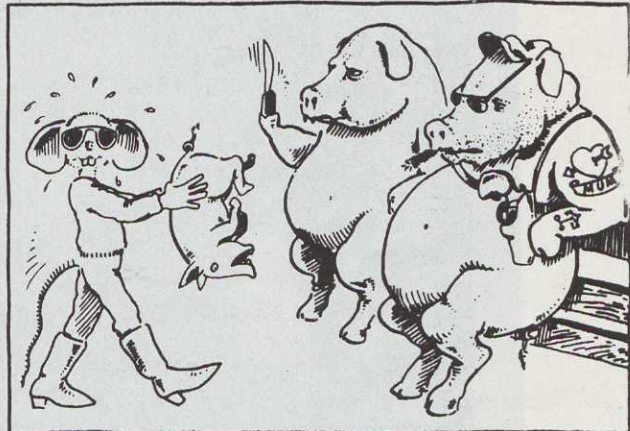
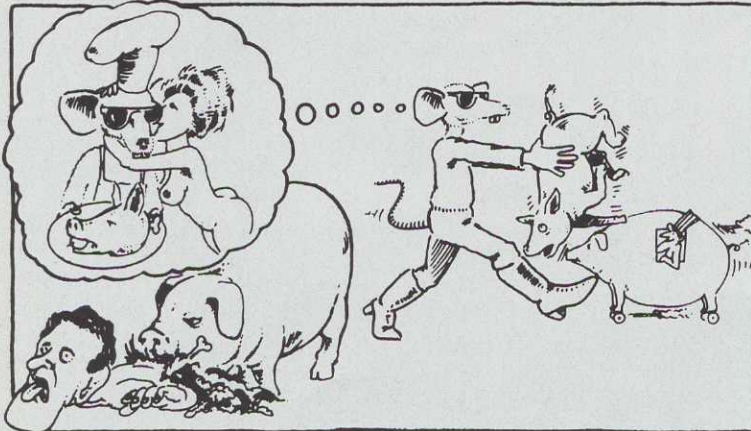
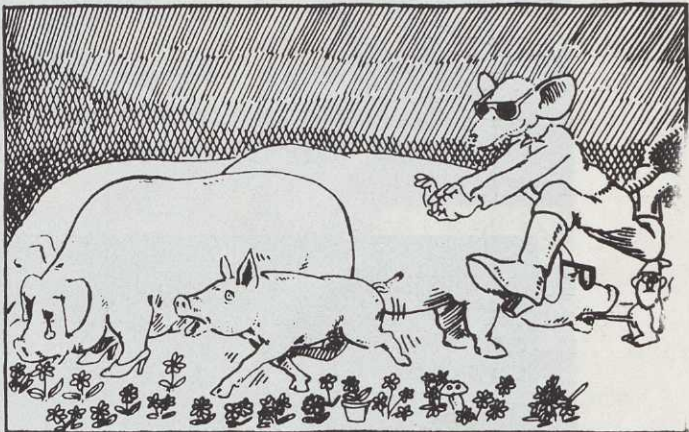
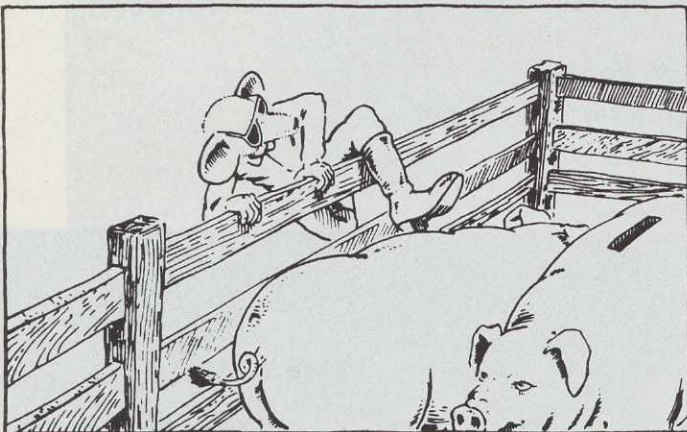
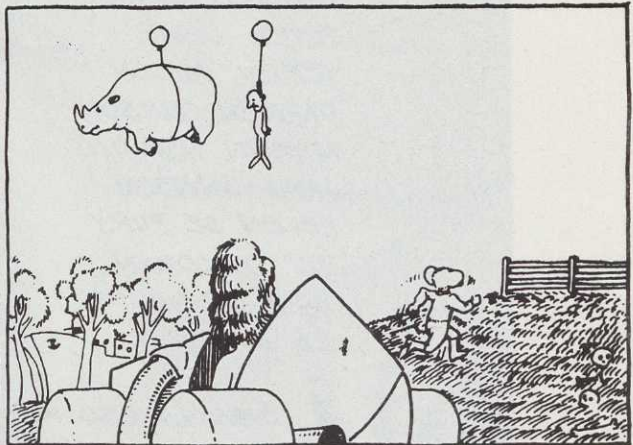
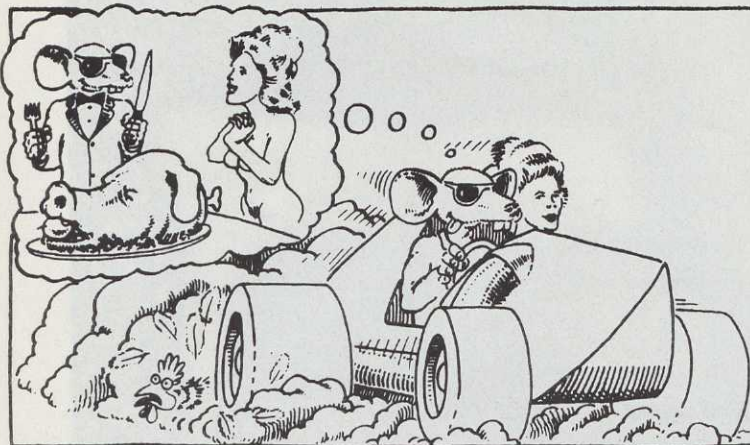
*Red, the colour of passion,
Blue, the colour of reason,
Green, the colour of envy,
And yellow, that of treason.
Violet is for violence.
Orange is for Gold.
Black is for our darkest thoughts,
And white is for our soul.*

Elven



RAT OTOOLE

KIDDIES' KOLORING KORNER



THANKS TO:

SHIRLEY FORBES of S & R TYPESETTING
BILL EDWARDS & The STEWART SERVICE PRESS

TOM GUTTERIDGE
PETER LOWE
TERRY MASON
DARREN COULSON
MARTIN HOSKING
JANO SIMPSON
HELEN DE PURY
VIV CORCORAN
HUGH SHIMMINS
ED BILLSON

& Everyone else who helped & showed interest
during the year.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Stephen Hall, Nick Yenken.
CARTOONS: Tom Gutteridge, Peter Lowe, Ed Billson.
COVER: Darren Coulson

