

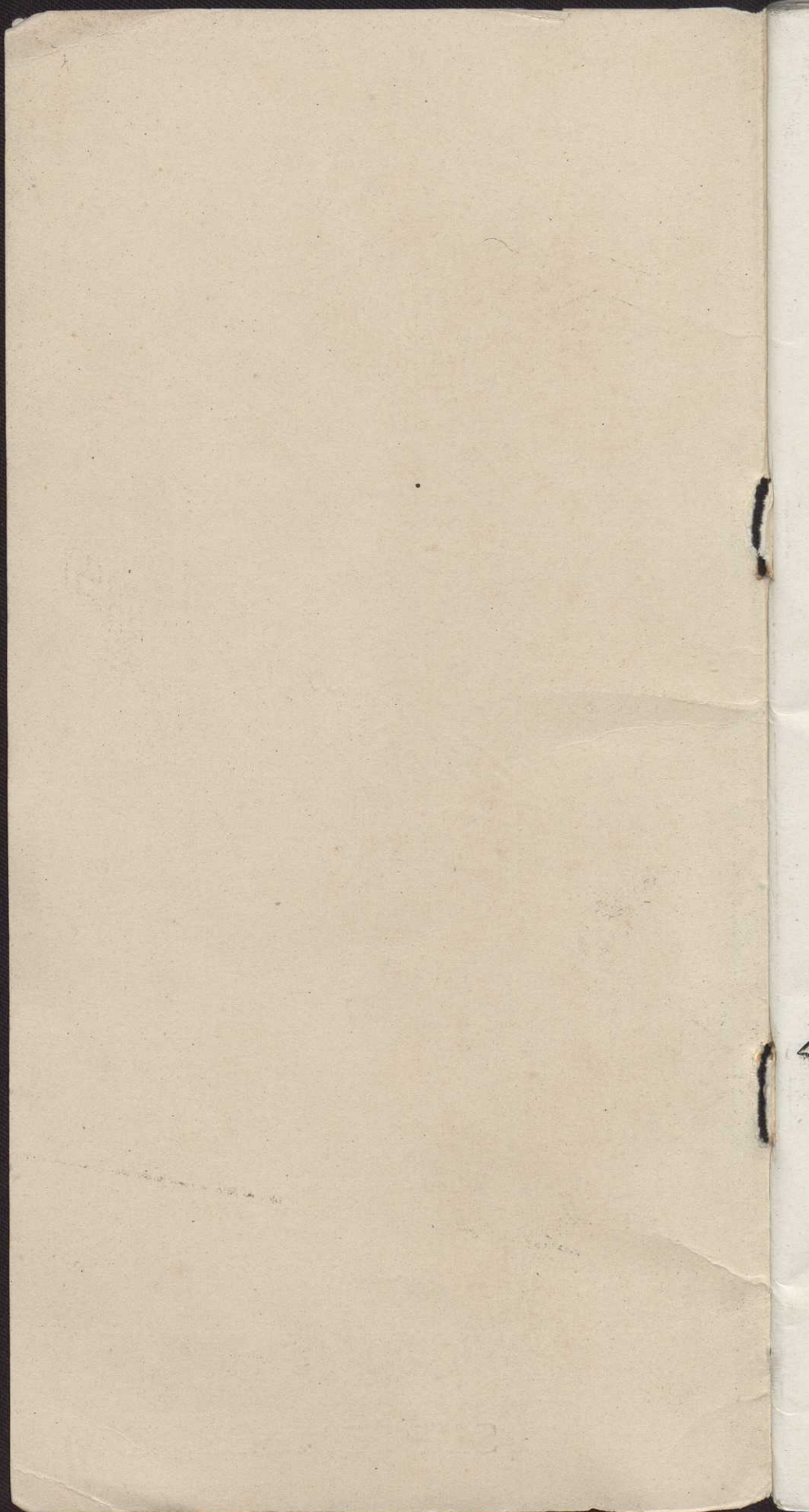


Vol. 2. No. 8.

The Fleur-de-Lys


Trinity College
Melbourne University

SEPTEMBER, 1910




The Fleur-de-Lys

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The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE.

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

No. 8.

Editors :

R. W. CRESWELL.

R. F. LADE.

Hearts and voices lift in harmony,
Shout the triumphs of the Fleur-de-Lys !
Fill up your glass with joyous boast,
Fill up your glass to pass the toast,
Drink with three times three success to dear old Trinity.

EDITORIAL.

Now that the editing of this Magazine has passed into new hands, it will be profitable to devote a little thought to the College attitude towards the "Fleur-de-Lys," because it is only fair to realise that it has arrived at a critical stage in its career. The magazine was founded in a kind of Golden Age of College letters, more especially of comic literature. The editors and contributors wrote articles, not because they thought it their duty to supply something for the next number, but because they felt within themselves a large amount of readable matter craving an outlet. As is only proper, the main bulk of these contributors were reading for the Law and Arts degrees, and were seldom met with in those schools of the University where culture has been replaced by the harder and more grisly facts of life. But there has been a great change in our College personnel. Those ardent philosophers and joyous light-hearted humourists are gone from among us, and

we who replace them are a lesser generation, by comparison dwarfed and stunted in our intellectual stature. In the words of a recent visitor to our Dialectic Society, we have "descended to the average." Worse than that, we have become spoilt by the presence in our midst of these literary Olympians. This effect is noticeable in other phases of our thought, and it is not only the College attitude towards the "Fleur-de-Lys" that gives cause for a little inward examination. Take the case of the Dialectic Society. In the past, when we wanted to hear good speaking or to be instructed in the art of eloquence, we went to the meetings and studied the behaviour of the champions in the dialectic lists. But now that those champions have left us, does it not seem fair that we who remain should endeavour, however inadequately, to replace them?

Or again, consider the periodic disturbances that break out from time to time in the Common Room and elsewhere. To the absence of our sturdier predecessors we attribute the fact that the past two terms have been the quietest within the memory of man, and the prevailing attitude of taking one's enjoyment by looking on instead of joining in the fray would seem an effective guarantee for future peace.

It may be asked in what way these doubtless important truths concern the "Fleur-de-Lys." It is because we find that this attitude of allowing other people to do one's work has extended to the College magazine that we feel obliged to raise the question in these columns. We cannot always depend on a few men to supply us with articles, and it is a humiliating thought that a College such as ours should depend upon a past generation for topical matter, the one department above all others where present men should be pre-eminent. And then, in its wisdom, the College will perpetrate a masterpiece of unconscious irony by gravely recording a verdict as to the quality of a particular number, attributing it to the efficiency and brains, or lack of them, of the Editors. In theory the Editors should only have to make a selection from the myriad articles sent in by willing contributors, set their seal upon them, and the magazine is complete. In actual practice the case is usually very different. We would ask our readers to give this question a little consideration, and when the next number is in prospect to come forward one and all

with their copy, so that they may feel the success or failure of a number depends upon the College as a whole, and does not lie at the door of the industrious few.

TRINITY COLLEGE SOCIAL CLUB.

Office-bearers for 3rd Term, 1910.

President.—Mr. C. N. Atkins.

Hon. Sec.—Mr. F. B. Lawton.

Hon. Treas.—Mr. F. L. Gill.

General Committee:

Messrs. C. N. Atkins, F. B. Lawton, F. L. Gill, H. B. James, H. B. Lewers.

Curators:

Common Room.—Messrs. Wood and Puckle.

Billiard Room.—Messrs. Roe and Godby.

Buttery.—Mr. G. E. Cole.

Stamps and Notepaper.—Mr. C. C. Riddell.

Tennis.—Mr. A. C. Jowett.

"Fleur-de-Lys."

Editors.—Messrs. Creswell and Lade.

Business Manager.—Mr. W. S. Garnett.

Report of the Social Club Committee for Second Term, 1910.

In the term just ended the last three inter-collegiate events of the year were held.

In the football match, which was held on a very bad day, we met Queen's, and were beaten by them after a strenuous game.

The rifle match held a couple of weeks later had a much happier result. The scoring at the first three ranges was very close, but in the field firing our team did very well, scoring twenty-three hits, and thus winning the match by about thirty points.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Duffy and his team on their fine performance.

We are pleased to see that Mr. O'Hara Wood, who shot so well in this match, has been chosen to represent the 'Varsity against Sydney and Adelaide.

In the tennis we met a very good Ormond team, who

beat us by about fourteen games, and then beat Queen's, and so made a draw for the inter-collegiate premiership.

The races for the Elliot Cup were held during the last week of the term, and the final was won by Mr. Dobson's crew. Mr. Dobson also stroked the winning eight in a University regatta held in the same week.

The dance which took place at the end of term was, owing to Mr. Atkins' untiring efforts, a greater success than ever.

Mr. Casey went out of College during the vacation, and is now on his way to Cambridge, where we hope he will have a successful career.

We have now to look forward to a term of hard work, followed by the examinations, which are a necessary evil, but which we trust will not be an unmixed one for any of us.

We thank the Editors and Business Manager of the "Fleur-de-Lys" for the work they have put into this issue.

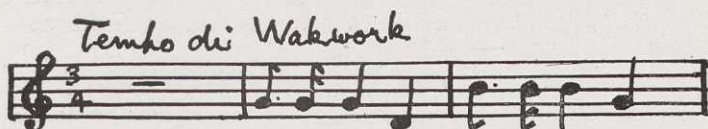
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Common Room Chatter

The conviction is slowly dawning upon us that we are not the men we were; and whether or no the next generation will rise phoenix-like from our ashes is a matter for the gravest speculation. Excepting the solitary evening when Papa Tix, The Herd, and the Great Bloater took a hand in the game, there has been a monastic calm along the corridors more oppressing to the ear than the slight tillation of sound to which we had grown so accustomed. The silence is oppressive, and like the deadly calm before the bursting of the cyclone, renders one nery and suspicious to such a degree that work is almost out of the question.

It is with real pleasure that we record in our midst the presence of a genuine hall-marked Brand, who was plucked from the burning by the hand of a country acolyte of our acquaintance. We require no further proof of the latter's fitness for his life's work than this; well qualified indeed is he to wrestle with the heathen in spirit, or set to flight the armies of the alien. He must have discovered some potent Philosopher's Stone near Ferntree Gully to transmute "One of The Boys" into a Low Church curate in embryo. We fear, however, that the latter's health is giving way from the large quantities of lemonade and sodawater he is compelled to imbibe, and this, coupled with a whisper that convert and

converter, Arcades ambo, are running counter to one another in an *affaire-de-cœur*, may seriously undermine the good work which has been done on such refractory material.



Touring the Continent, We Believe.

We extend our pity to the Rabbit. Australia's Pest, in a recent examination, was unable to satisfy his Professor because, though knowing perfectly the food suitable for infants he was unable, as he says, to find anywhere to put it in. We fear that the knowledge so carefully stored by this curse of the Commonwealth is too highly specialised ever to be of much practical use to him.

A correspondent draws attention to the congestion of traffic in Lower Bishops about 7.30 a.m. It is caused by a number of sybarites in that building who indulge in a hot bath every morning. The effect of this is twofold. The water is used up in the first place, and secondly the comparatively unclean members of Clarke's are thus hindered in their ablutions, which must of necessity be of the most rigorous kind. In this connection we would point out that the trend of College thought on the question of hot baths is that once in a way one is practically imperative, but that more may cause the Spartans of Clarke's to despise their more effeminate brethren, and so set up a schism in our student body.

This is to warn players that the billiard balls have been exceeding the speed limit, and that a police trap will be set by the Goat near the middle pocket to check the growing evil. As a result of this scorching the Red is looking very speckled, and Spot displays a large crack or fissure on its none too perfect surface, indicating tyre troubles or rocks on the line.

We cannot congratulate the designer of the table on the mound on which the red ball is spotted. That it looks well all will allow. In fact, it rather reminds us of a tee in golf, but the phenomenal leaps taken by the ball from this eminence, the alarming velocity with which it hurtles into the fireplace, and the gaping dents made in the newly papered walls, lead

us to believe that in this respect utility has been sacrificed to originality.

The telephone was in constant use before the dance, in most cases with uniform success. One prominent social light is now having cards printed, as follows:—

Please keep me ——— dances, and oblige,

Yours devotedly,

W. L. J.

The new megaphone will be found a distinct addition to the College tone. Those querulous shrieks which were so often but "unavailing bullets on an irresponsible target" will be heard no more, and it is now possible, without loss of dignity, to make an ordinary conversational voice carry to any corner of the building. At the same time, while appreciating to the full the advantages of the instrument, we cannot regret that a decreasing number of calls will give less occasion for its use.

A novel entertainment was given us a little while ago. Some musical enthusiasts, impressed with the fact that the College taste was degenerating, went to no small expense to procure the services of a distinguished musician, who, we have every reason to believe, hails from Italy. His selections were heard with the appreciation they deserved by an excited audience, and were interspersed with beautifully coloured views on the subject of music by several well-known College authorities. Our guest departed, well satisfied with his reception in Trinity, taking with him many pleasant souvenirs of his stay amongst us.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions:—Rev. W. E. Moorhouse, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Sydney Buckley, 5s.; Mr. F. E. Dossetor, 2s. 6d.; Miss A. Sutton, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. F. England, 2s. 6d.; Mr. T. W. Ross, 2s. 3d.; the Rev. Archdeacon Pritchard, 2s. 6d.; Rev. E. A. Crawford, 5s.; Rev. W. P. Morris, 2s. 6d.; Dr. A. South, 2s. 6d.; Miss D. Pengold, 3s.; Miss H. Backhouse, 5s.; Mr. G. Baracchi, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. L. Bloomfield, 5s.; Dr. E. Feilchenfield, 10s. 6d.; Miss E. Bage, 2s. 6d.; Rev. E. I. Gason, 2s. 6d.; Dr. Helen Sexton, 2s. 6d.; Dr. Christina Goode, 2s. 6d.

College Notes.

The year now drawing to its close has not been remarkable for any extraordinary event in our history. It has been a time of quiet progress, as the newspapers say. If silence is a sign of work, then for us, at any rate, the Tree of Knowledge that blooms in November should bring forth fruit scarce fit for plucking.

* * * *

We regret the loss of our Senior Student, Mr. Gresley Harper, L.L.B., who has gone out of residence, and is continuing his work with Mr. Bryant. Mr. Harper's place in College life will be hard to fill, especially in the Dialectic Society, where his neat turn of phrase will be particularly missed. Mr. R. G. Casey is another familiar figure, whose departure for Cambridge has been a distinct loss to the College. We feel sure that he will ably represent us in those Halls of Learning, and hope that some day he may again be seen among us.

* * * *

The football match with which our Theologs have been wont to delight the College in second term has this year been cancelled, and apart from the moral lesson which the spectacle of his theological brethren in conflict must always convey to the mind of the layman, we lose much valuable information on the more uncommon features of the game. Early in the term the enemy for some inexplicable reason declared they could not fight. This difficulty was overcome by the exercise of a little determination, and a day was fixed. Assiduous practice was encouraged, and every afternoon the Bullpadock echoed to the tramp of theologic feet. All, alas! in vain. St. John's, unable to obtain the aid of more than one League player, discovered another insurmountable objection, which all the biting satire and caustic wit of our senior Theolog could not overcome.

* * * *

We have also to chronicle with regret the temporary disappearance of another College institution, the Concert, a result in great part due to the exodus of musicians at the end of 1909, and the consequent impossibility of forming a Glee Club this year. It is to be hoped that next year will see the revival of this important feature in the life of the College.

* * * *

Friday night, July 29th, saw the St. Kilda Town Hall

filled with a brilliant assembly, when the College once more upheld its reputation of giving one of the best dances of the season. Mr. C. N. Atkins, who discharged the duties of hon. secretary with more than ordinary ability, is to be congratulated on being allowed at last to share in the scene of his labours and his triumphs. The guests numbered over three hundred, and included many past students of Trinity. Our special correspondent gives a more detailed account in another column.

* * * *

The Billiard Room has undergone a much-needed improvement. The new paper makes an admirable background to the portraits of our winning teams. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Leeper, both for her kindness in choosing the pattern and for the taste which she showed in her choice. The clock, too, has received a new lease of life, and devotees of the cue can no longer take advantage of the vagaries of a neighbouring time-piece to defeat the watchful eye of the Curators.

* * * *

We have a Bullpadock. We hope soon to have a Buffalo-patch. The circular plot of earth that surrounds the little oak-tree has been planted with buffalo grass. When this has struggled to maturity through the luxuriant crop of weeds which is the immediate result the Social Club think of supplementing its attractions with a few seats.

* * * *

At a meeting of the College Council, held on the 9th Sept., upon the motion of the Rev. Canon Sadlier, seconded by Mr. E. J. Stock, it was unanimously resolved that the Governor in Council be requested to appoint Dr. C.C. Salmon, M.P., a trustee of Trinity College grounds and buildings, in the room of the late Mr. F. S. Grimwade, and that the resolution be transmitted to the Premier. At the same meeting the Rev. Canon Sadlier, M.A., and the Rev. T. J. Smith, M.A., were appointed examiners for the Bromby prize in Greek for 1911. Canon Sadlier, Dr. C. C. Salmon, and Mr. J. T. Collins were appointed a committee of the Council to supervise the preparation of a short history of the College which it is proposed to include in the forthcoming *Liber Albus*.

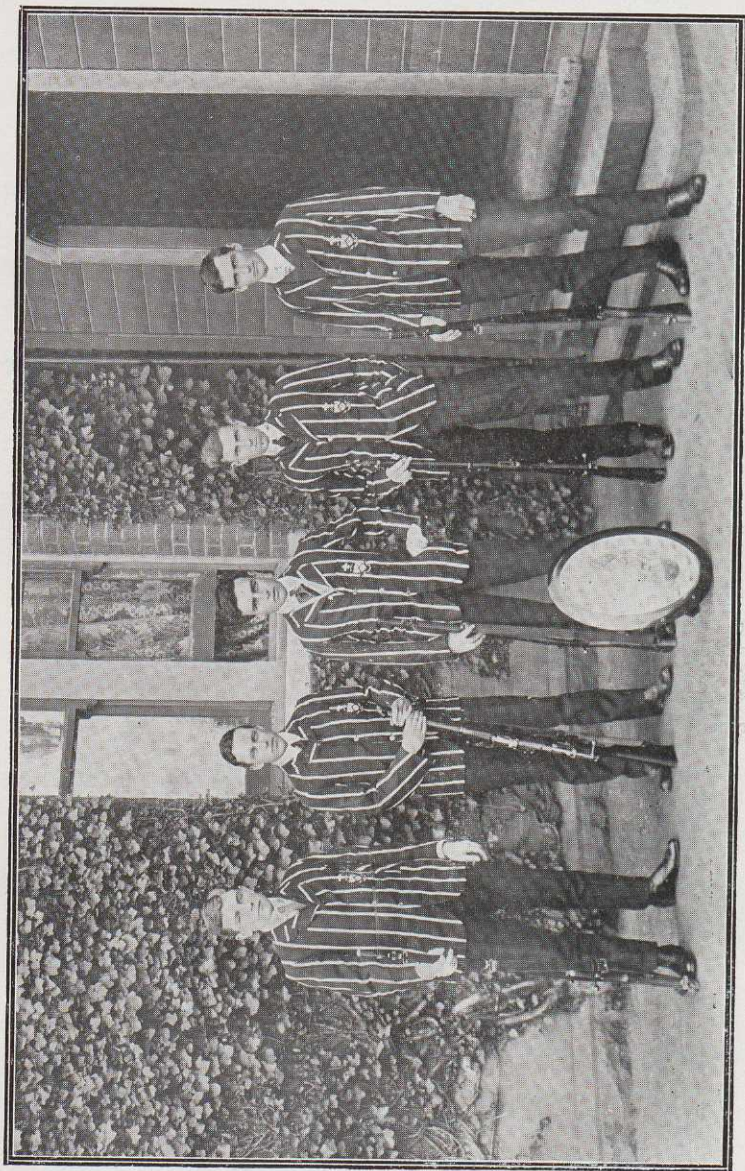
VALETE.

R. G. Casey. In College 1909-10.

G. T. Harper. In College 1905-6-7-8-9-10; Social Club Committee, 1910; President, 1910; President of Table, 1909-10; Editor of "Fleur-de-Lys," 1909-10.

WILSON HALL.

Comrades, leave me here a little, till old Marcham
gives the word,
Leave me here to see the students follow in a mournful
herd.
'Tis the place and all around it, as of old, they wait the
call,
Wait until old Marcham calls them, calls them into
Wilson Hall.
Here before the portal pacing, thus they cramp a youth
sublime,
With presentiments of evil, lengthy papers, ebbing time.
In the Spring a fresher verdure comes upon the Bul-
padock;
In the spring the brighter sunshine all our labours seems
to mock;
In the Spring a deadlier pallor comes upon the fresher's
cheek;
In the Spring he counts the moments as they vanish
week by week.
Where's the comfort in revision of the work we shirked
before,
Memorising likely questions, conning former papers
o'er?
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, they, the tools
of fickle fate,
Linger round the gloomy doorway, doubtful if success
await.
O! Professors stony-hearted! O! the subjects one and
all!
O! the dreaded, dreaded paper! O, the dreary, dreary
Hall!
At the Oral they are formal, fitted to their petty part.
With prodigious hoards of knowledge, break a nearly
broken heart.
Cursed be the social ties that draw us from our even-
ing's work!
Cursed be the social duties ever keeping us and Quirk!
Cursed be the futile papers that we write at each exam.!
Cursed be the useless knowledge, and the heavy books
we cram!
I, the heir of all the ages, and in sport a leading light!
I to pore with blinded eyesight over text-books half the
night!
I will wed some savage woman, build a hut upon the
shore,
Mated with a Melanesian, what care I for Logic more?



T. G. Fetherstonhaugh, C. C. Riddell, D. G. Duffy (Capt.), A. O'H. Wood, K. T. Holmes.

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Rifle Shooting.
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The second Inter-Collegiate Rifle Match was shot at Williamstown on July 9th. The conditions were the same as the preceding year, viz., teams of five, seven shots each at 200, 500 and 600 yards, and finally field firing at a disappearing man. In spite of bad weather all the teams had been practising hard, and each College was confident of success. Trinity had Riddell and Wood from last year's team, with Duffy, Holmes and Featherstonhaugh new members. Garnett was among the five originally picked, but was unable to shoot, owing to an attack of the fashionable complaint. Duffy captained the team, and as usual the members seconded him most zealously. The weather was cloudy to sunny, with a steady two to three o'clock breeze at 200, and the scoring was very good, Rabling, of Queen's, leading with 34-35, with Barber, McArthur and McLennan (Ormond) 33-35, 32's being too numerous to mention. At this stage Queen's 161 ran ahead, with Ormond 160 and Trinity 158. At first at 500 the conditions were equally good, and Wood (Trinity) gained the possible, with Barber (O.), and Phillips and Higgs (Q.), only one point behind. Towards the end light and wind became uncertain, and scores were affected, Queen's, who were shooting singly, suffering most, and though still leading, were only one point from Trinity, with 321 to 320, while Ormond had dropped to third place with 318.

At 600 the weather was distinctly worse, and a fine drizzle fell for a little, but soon cleared off; the wind and light were shifting, and this, with the natural difficulties of the range, caused a little "cracking-up" among the less experienced. Here the best performance was that of Mathew (O.) with 34, a very fine score in the bad weather and difficult range, while Riddell (T.) 34, and O'Hara Wood (T.) 33, shot consistently and carefully. The other scores ranged from medium to bad.

The result of the fixed target shoot was Queen's and Ormond equal 468, Trinity 466. There remained the field firing at the "man," and Trinity felt that they still had a chance, knowing their team's vigorous practice, and the mathematical principles formulated by Riddell, on which Duffy had trained his team. The spectators, who had ploughed their way through Williamstown mud, now got into the target trench for the last stage. The figure of a man appeared at 600 yards for 10 seconds, and the teams fired one shot a man. It then disappeared, and an advance was made for about 50 yards, until it reappeared, when the riflemen threw

themselves down, and fired or tried to fire another shot. This was repeated eight times, and the final results were Trinity 23-45 hits, Ormond 9, and Queen's 12. Each hit counted three, so the grand totals were:—Trinity, 466 + 69, 535; Queen's, 468 + 36, 504. Ormond, 468 + 27, 495.

The individual scores are given below. The best is that of O'Hara Wood (T.) 100, with Mathews and Barber (O.) close up with 98. O'Hara Wood, Barber and Phillips have since been picked to shoot in the Inter-Varsity Team.

	200	500	600	Total.	Man.	G'd T'l.
	yds.	yds.	yds.			
Trinity—						
O'H. Wood	32	35	33	100		
D. G. Duffy (c.)	32	33	26	91	69	535
Fetherstonhaugh	31	33	23	87		
Holmes	31	30	30	91		
Riddell	32	31	34	97		
				<hr/>		
				466		
Queen's—						
Rabling	34	31	32	97		
Higgs	31	34	28	93		
Phillips	33	34	30	97	36	504
Humphreys	32	33	29	94		
Boynton (c.)	31	28	28	87		
				<hr/>		
				468		
Ormond—						
Mathew (c.)	31	32	35	98		
Barber	33	34	31	98		
Doig	30	31	26	87	27	495
McArthur	33	31	31	95		
McLennan	33	30	27	90		
				<hr/>		
				468		



MR. TEMPLE'S VISIT.

At the beginning of third term the University received a visit of some ten days from the Rev. William Temple, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Mr. Temple is keenly interested in social questions, and has given much study at home to these matters and to Christian evidences; and so it was on these subjects that he lectured under the auspices of the A.S.C.U. which secured his visit.

Lectures as such have lost all charm for most of us, but those who heard Mr. Temple could not fail, apart from his clear and interesting treatment of his subject, to be impressed by the subject-matter itself. To him religion is no sentimental abstraction, and religious thought is not an end in itself, but he insisted that these subjects should be investigated by each one of us with earnest "relentless" thought, and that thought itself was useless unless it resulted in action. It was each man's duty to think out these matters for himself with the best guidance he could get, neglecting no evidence, and pursuing his inquiry in a logical and scientific spirit; but to shirk the investigation, or neglect any facts, was the part of a coward. Mr. Temple's own lectures were a fine example of the methods he advocated.

In one of his lectures Mr. Temple gave a sketch of the universities in foreign lands. Especially interesting was his description of their rapid increase in China and the East. He spoke of the immense political and religious significance of the new energy that was developing there, and the great part the local universities must inevitably play in directing this energy. They must be the source of the people's new religious and political ideals, and they are the strategic point of attack for those who would wish these ideals to be of the best. No people, he considered, were better fitted to devote their lives to work in these universities, or more directly called upon to do so, than students in English-speaking countries.

During his stay with the Warden, Mr. Temple was a guest at several supper-parties in the College, where, by his good humour and interesting tales of Oxford life, he showed that in spite of being a don and Fellow of a College he had not forgotten his undergraduate days.

At the request of the Social Club committee Mr. Temple spoke to the men in the Common Room the night before he went away, and stayed talking to them afterwards.

He is now on his way back to England, to take the headmastership of Repton School; but his power as a lecturer will not soon be forgotten, and the thought and

enquiry of various kinds which he has stimulated should have a lasting effect on the university.

Men will be glad to hear that Mr. Temple has presented his book, "The Faith and Modern Thought," to the College library, in memory of his visit amongst us.

ICHABOD.

In that good hour of after dinner fears,
 When full repletion gives the soul surcease
 Of thought, and potent as some orient balm
 Cigars and coffee both conduce to calm,
 My restless genius reminded me
 "I must write something for the 'Fleur-de-Lys.'"

But why? For years I know I've written verse
 (And every single year I've written worse).
 But is there no repentance of that crime?
 Must I write nonsense till the end of time?
 I was but one of that abandoned band,
 Who in the earlier numbers lent a hand,
 Did I assault the laws of taste alone,
 Or murder the King's English on my own?
 We all were guilty, as back files will show,
 Of larcenies from Shakespeare, Pope and Co.
 All libelled ev'n tutorial dignity.
 Yet unto all of those who sinned with me,
 Consideration like an angel came,
 And one and all have given up the game.
 Besides, for years I have not sacked a bed,
 Or hurled a boot at some stray reveller's head.
 A tattered gown would now offend my sight,
 I'd sooner sleep than join a waterfight.
 Raids are a joy for which I never pine.
 I never smash a door, or court a fine,
 Cut chapel or poach T. P.'s cigarettes.
 Nought of these things remain but vain regrets,
 And the irreverent may soothly say,
 "We fear that Poor Old Joe has had his day."
 Well! It is true. I'll not go maundering on
 Of things from which the joy of life has gone.
 So here I make my last bow on the stage,
 And write down "Finis" on my final page.

Sâdh.



Football

Football of late years has not flourished in Trinity. Ormond has been well supplied by her public schools, but the advent of footballers of class to this College has been rare. Nevertheless, 1910 has been, let us hope, the opening of a new era in our football, for it is safe to say never did our team train harder or more consistently for an event in which defeat certainly seemed the most probable result.

The draw for 1910 was Trinity v. Queen's, June 25th, the winners to play Ormond on the following Tuesday. Our team consisted of S. Dobson, D. G. Duffy, D. M. Fraser, N. Fraser, W. H. Godby, J. F. Herring, L. Jack, T. Fetherstonhaugh, H. James, A. F. Jolley, R. F. Lade, H. B. Lewers (Captain), H. Maudsley, T. Reynolds, H. Ross-Soden, J. Roe, T. Sadlier, A. O'Hara-Wood (Vice-Captain).

A worse day could hardly have been picked for the match. A strong northerly wind confined practically all the play to the wing distant from the Pavilion.

Trinity led off with the wind in the first quarter, and scored two points to Queen's nil. In the second quarter Queen's, starting off with a couple of rather lucky goals, and following up with a couple more as the result of good combined play, gained a lead that Trinity never recovered. The third quarter was in our favour, and we scored one goal three behinds to one goal.

In the last quarter the wind had slightly moderated, and though the majority of both teams were more or less played out, the League stars of Queen's kept the game going in their favour, with the final result of Queen's 9-3, Trinity 1-9.

Unquestionably the better team won, but the scores are hardly a fair indication of the game. It was Queen's phenomenal accuracy that won the day. Some of their goals were lucky, but more came from concerted play, which the conditions imposed by the weather rendered impossible to the less experienced team.

To name men as pre-eminent in an even team like ours is difficult, but the work of Maudsley (in the ruck), Godby and James (back), Jolley (centre), Lewers and Neville, Fraser (forward), and Fetherstonhaugh (back), showed out more prominently than that of others. In the Queen's team we met the nucleus of an extremely competent combination in Frank Kerr, who was about the best man on the ground, Greenham

McMeekan, and Matthews, while Abbott and Dunstan were very solid in defence.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that the hard work the team has put in will bear better fruit next year, and help to win Trinity a football championship in the near future.

It might be noted that the umpiring greatly detracted from the game, and it is questionable if the League should send what are obviously experiments in the shape of umpires to matches which to us at least are serious encounters.

TENNIS.

The annual intercollegiate Tennis match was held on the 28th July, on the Ormond Courts, between Trinity and Ormond. It resulted in a win for the latter by fourteen games, after an interesting struggle. Wood and N. Fraser did best for Trinity, and were six games up on the day. N. Fraser is to be heartily congratulated on the form which he displayed in his first appearance in these contests. He ably backed up his more experienced partner, who played his customary finished game. For Ormond, Baird, our old opponent, fully sustained his reputation, and was splendidly supported by the other members of his team.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Ormond on winning the Tennis Premiership this year.

The scores were:—Baird and Tulloh v. Wood and N. Fraser, 6-4, 3-6, 7-5; v. Williams and D. Fraser, 6-1, 6-3, 6-0. Rowan and Tait v. Williams and D. Fraser, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2; v. Wood and N. Fraser, 4-6, 1-6, 2-6.



OF EXAMINATIONS.—(AFTER BACON.)

I cannot call examinations better than the baggage or impedimenta of learning; they cannot be spared, yet they hinder the march. Nevertheless, they endue men's minds with a true sense of the frailty of their persons, the casualty of their fortunes, and the dignity of their vocation. Examinations serve for delight, for occasions, and for ability; and in each sort they are of twofold use, whether you consider him that examines or him that is examined. To speak first of the examiner. He is a wise creature for himself, but a shrewd thing when he setteth a paper. His delight is in private and retirement, wherein worketh much cachinnation and ebullition of wit. But, as Tully remembereth, the crocodile weepeth while he consumeth the prey; so it fitteth the other in public to feign sorrow, while his blue pencil revels in the spoil. For ability, it chiefly appeareth in ambiguities and surprises, and you shall see the cunning examiner divine the weakness of the candidate, though it be but in the tendon of Achilles. Yet they be not without difference, seeing that the golden fleece of the classics is guarded as by the rocks of the Symplegades, whereof the ancients feign that he who would enter, was like to be crushed between the twain; contrariwise sweet philosophy showeth a merciful countenance. The examination chiefly serveth the occasion of the examiner when he also lectureth; as one should say, "Let order be kept, else shall we see at the exams." But this I hold right earth.

For the student the delight is but for certain fantastical spirits that count it freedom to be bound, as by text-books and such toys. But of such curiosities we shall not speak. And so, of occasion, which is twofold. For firstly it is but a sorry case where a call or summons shall not be answered with a non possumus, as "The examinations draw nigh." And secondly, if a crass tutor or usher do but suggest some supererogatory task, he shall be met with a rebuff: "They will ask no question about this," and against such there is no redargution.

And now to speak of the reglement of examinations, wherein ability hath her play. Let not the student think that success is to him that hath great knowledge, for that were a bravery of the Stoicks, and the lists give it the lie; nor to natural ability, which ill consorteth with democracy; nor yet to much study, of which wise Solomon truly saith it is a weariness of the flesh, and certes it entangleth and muddleth the wit; but rather to the common sense, wherefore it comes that many are plucked. For study, let the examiners be studied. That is but a trivial grammar-school text: "Know thyself," and I hold Machiavel wiser when he saith, "Know the

Examiner—*Noveris inquisitorem.*” And you shall tip more from papers formerly set than all the corporation tips, albeit both are rubbish. Memorials inscribed on cuffs and such like are little worth, and as for examination by proxy, the authorities like it not. In writing be not overbold to say too much, for he that talketh even that he knoweth, talketh also that he knoweth not, and it is well so to speak as to seem to hold back somewhat, so it be done with discretion. But to speak in a mean, let them be haberdashers of small goods to set forth their shop. Let not the show and ceremony of the examination room give fear, for “*Pompa inquisitionis magis terret quam inquisitio ipsa*—they are plucked who pluck not courage,” and certainly the stew-pots bestow too much cost on examinations, and by their great preparations make them appear more fearful.

It is a point of cunning, and meet for the wise man, to wait upon the Professor shortly after the business, and I have known many doubtful cases certified thus. And let it not be thought untoward, for there be, as Cosimo remarks, many that cannot write books, and yet are good in their own alley; and there are manners of the withdrawing room no less than of the lecture room. Yet let this be done with a demure abasing of the eye sometimes, and it were good to choose after meals, for then are they most flexible.

But to conclude, Let not him that faileth despair. For at the least he abateth the edge of envy; and certainly failure hath this also, that it openeth the gate to the supplementaries: *Post gaudium gaudium novum.*

ROSTAND'S “LA PRINCESSE LOINTAINE.”

The grey fog lies heavy on the galley, that, with crew storm-tossed and battle-spent, bears Joffroy Rudel, poet and prince, sick unto death, towards her he loves unknown, Melissinde, Princess of the Orient. “’Tis a fools errand,” says the surgeon. “’Tis God’s work,” says the friar, “even as God’s work is done wherever men deny self. Is God’s only purpose in the Crusades the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre?”

“Not that! What He, what God willed, was to save
 All that lived useless, proud and idle lives
 From self-indulgence and indifference;
 To fling them, nobly chanting, on the spear,
 Drunken with duty, wild for a homeless death,
 Forgetting self—as all men need forget.”

With the friar on board, and with Bertrand, loyal partner in Rudel’s quest, to sing how,

“When her dainty beauty shines
 Midst her tresses’ rippling shade,

Doleful every darling pines,
All the Loves turn renegade,"

can we wonder at the devotion of the rugged mariners
to Her, to the Princess, far, unknown?

The fog lifts with the sunrise, and the way-worn travellers salute the minarets of Tripoli. But will Rudel live? Can Bertrand bring the Princess ere he dies? He finds all access barred by a rival; but with him to overpower the guards, and to rush, fainting, into the presence of the princess is the work of a few moments. With her it is the work of even fewer to fall in love with him. It is Rudel, she thinks, who kneels singing the famous love-song that she has learnt from many a troubadour:

" 'Tis nothing strange or rare
To be sighing, be she fair,
Brown or auburn be her hair,
Your mistress;
For auburn, fair or brown,
She costs little pains to own;
But I love, far, unknown,
My Princess.

'Tis no merit worth alleging,
To be vowing faith and pledging,
When one may kiss the edging
Of her gown;
Or may sometimes take and press
A hand that courts caress;
But I love my Princess,
Far, unknown."

It is to Rudel she thinks, that she chimes in with the antistrophe, where the song rises to a paean of self-abnegating passion, "nobler for being vain."

Too late the truth comes out. The harm is done, and Melissinde and Bertrand forget all but love, forget Rudel, forget the ship, forget the black sail that may at any moment announce his death. Huddling back, they dare not go to the window overlooking the roadstead, fearful to see the gloomy denunciation of their faithless dalliance. "Still," pleads Melissinde,

"all happy folk
Have even as we, some window open behind them;
All feel, in the chill air wafted on the soul,
That window open, calling, claiming them,
But they cower low, nor ever dare to look;
Else would they see some barque of dolorous duty
Beckoning them from the bliss that binds them there;
Or, should they look too late, they would see the
reproof
Of that black, flapping, relentless sail, remorse."

But Bertrand breaks the spell. His honour is not quite

dormant. It shall not be sullied for her "caprice." That word shatters her dream of a transcendant passion founded on transcendant guilt, and penitent she creeps to the window.

"The sail is white, white 'gainst an azure sky,
White as a hope of pardon!"

Her pinnace, garlanded and perfumed and musical with harp and viol, has long been ready, and Joffroy Rudel sees his Princess at last, sees her, only to die, bathed in her loosened hair, in her embraces, and the curtain falls as the friar repeats the leit-motif of the play:

"Yes; such deep love does heaven's work indeed."

And Bertrand and Melissinde? Did she ever leave her convent? Did he come safe from the Crusades? Did they meet again? They loved, and there was a saving merit in their timely repentance. So let us hope the best!

PECHVOGEL, Ph.D.

COLLOQUIOLISUS.*

Gentlemen,—The language of to-day, polyphyletic in origin though it is, is manifestly turgescient with unedifying colloquialisms, which should be eccoprotically expunged. I refer of course to the introduction of modern modes of expression, unprecedentedly interpolated into the conversation of the unintellectual.

We should fight "ad internecionem" to obtain the hermeneutically exegetical interpretation of ideas, without reverting to corrupt expressions of heteroclitical insignificance.

For example, that soul-blasting excrescence of conversation among the "Foex Populi," "**He's a comic,**" might and should be relegated "sine mora," to profound obsolescence, and more mellifluous phraseology immediately instated. Such substitution, Gentlemen, might proceed thus:—"His is a personality exquisitely attuned to delectable exponentiality of 'Sal Atticum.'"

I find it incumbent upon me, supersensitive as I am, to vituperate sesquipedalianly upon the utter absurdity and inanity of the following:—"You're the one." This acts sensifaciently and setaceously upon my hirsute appendages; it is fit only for degraded proletarians and extramural humanity of the genus "Sus Scrofa."

Gentlemen, in order that I may not be condemned of prolixity or verbosity, I shall conclude my few remarks by drawing your attention to the following insensate irrational accumulation of words, a manifestation of

*[Culled from the address of a well-known literary Hack.]

deliquescent and dormant dementia, namely, "going cold when nucked boning another's lactic.

Gentlemen, as I am neither a philologist nor a "Demurgus," words fail me; even in my propaedeutical days I could find no extenuating circumstances for such otiose carelessness; cold calculating ostracism is the only meet and justifiable punishment for such a lapse.

Gentlemen, I thank you.

'VARSITY NOTES.

The annual football match between teams representing the Melbourne and Adelaide Universities was played on the new Adelaide University Oval, and resulted in a win for Melbourne by 35 points, after a hard, clean game. At three quarter time the scores were level, but in the last quarter the League experience of our men stood them in good stead, and they ran out winners by the aforesaid margin.

The Inter-'Varsity Eights race was rowed on the Yarra this year. We were represented by a strong crew, who showed good form in practice, under the exceptional coaching of Mr. C. Donald. A strong northerly gale was blowing on the day of the race. Sydney had the weather station, Adelaide the centre, and our men the lee, out in the rough water. After some difficulty at the start, the crews were got away, and at the end of the first half mile it was seen that Sydney had failed to make the running in the calm water. Adelaide were slightly ahead, and our crew were swinging well and driving through the rough water in fine style. However, at this point our No. 4 caught a crab and bent his rigger, destroying our chance of finishing. The race resolved itself into a stern chase for Sydney, as the Adelaide crew maintained their advantage, and were never caught, winning by about two lengths.

HENLEY CREWS.

Senior Eight.—C. C. Halkyard, H. Ross Soden, S. J. Campbell, H. A. Dunstan, I. A. MacFarland, H. Rabling, P. R. Lyttle, A. F. Dobson.

Junior Eight.—R. F. Watson, F. S. Carse, E. Gutteridge, T. Ross-Soden, H. G. Lahy, R. W. Fowler, A. Gillespie, F. H. Foster.

Maiden Eight.—R. W. Creswell, A. Birnie, F. Humfries, H. A. Crowther, F. Macky, J. Brownell, J. G. Duffy, A. C. Fraser.

Maiden Four.—Wendell-Clarke, G. E. Stuart, L. McLeod, P. Halkyard.

THE UNIVERSITY UNION.

The University Union is now established on a firm footing, and that most necessary adjunct, a proper Club House, has been provided by the generosity of the Government and the University Council. That there was urgent need of this Union cannot be disputed, and it should receive the strongest support from all quarters.

University undergraduates have consisted too largely of a number of separate sets, corresponding to different courses and years, with the result that the ordinary student has come into contact only with men of his own outlook and interests. His University horizon has thus been narrowed, and the broadening influence of a proper University education has been lost.

The Sports Union has done much good work in bringing students together, but a complete interchange of ideas and opinions can only be effected by a general social club within the precincts of the University, in which men from all years and courses may constantly meet. The Union intends to provide reading and writing rooms, committee rooms for the use of the various societies; a debating and concert hall, billiard rooms and orderly rooms for the Rifle Corps. A restaurant run on an entirely separate financial footing will be provided for the convenience of those lunching at the University. The Union will also place the students as a whole on a better footing with the Council and teaching staff, and should result in more friendly co-operation between them. The teaching staff will become members of the union and it will be governed by representatives of the Council, teaching staff and students. The result of the recent referendum was nearly 5 to 1 in favour of compulsory membership for full course students, so that this clause will probably be passed by the Senate. Membership for single subject students, past students and research scholars, is made optional, while provision is made for admitting visitors as honorary members, so that the rooms may be thrown open to them. In the provisional constitution, past students who have paid at least three annual subscriptions become life members. The provisional subscription is 5s. per annum, with 2s. 6d. entrance fee.

As regards the relation of this union to the Colleges, there has been much difference of opinion. It is doubtful whether the College men will make much direct use of the Union rooms, since all the advantages offered there already exist in the Colleges. From this it has been argued that College men should not be expected to support the union equally with extra-Collegiate men. However, the indirect benefits which will accrue to all students alike are worthy of the strongest support, and

any differentiation between class and class would be contrary to the main object of the union. None can appreciate better than the College man the great benefit of that "esprit de corps" and loyalty to our Alma Mater which this union, if properly supported, will undoubtedly foster in the large body of undergraduates; and in the resultant vigorous life and power of the University all will share alike. Both the University and Colleges have suffered in the past from lack of appreciation on the part of the outside public, and the only way in which our University can attain her true position and influence is by sending forth year by year a strong body of graduates, united in their enthusiasm and loyalty to their Alma Mater, and determined to foster and advance her interests. The reflex of this must be increased activity and progress, both in University and in College life.

College men have always taken a leading part in the affairs of the University societies, and it is only natural to expect of them a keen interest in the building up of this new union, where their help and experience will be especially valuable.

T. E. W. HOLMES.

August 15th, 1910.

THE WARDEN'S PORTRAIT.

At the Annual Dinner of the Union of the "Fleur-de-Lys" the meeting unanimously decided that a portrait of the Warden should be presented to the College. It was agreed that a subscription list should be opened, and nearly thirty pounds were promised in the room. Subscriptions are limited to one guinea, and this was done with the desire to make the presentation a representative one. It is hoped that all Trinity students, past and present, will contribute something, however small, to the fund. The arrangement of details was left to the incoming committee.

The Warden has consented to sit for the portrait, and the committee hope to be in a position shortly to announce to whom the work has been entrusted.

As it will greatly assist the committee in their choice of artist if they know approximately how much the fund will amount to, all Trinity students, if they have not done so already, are requested to forward their donations either to Dr. Harvey Sutton, Hon. Treasurer, Trinity College, Parkville, or to Dr. Arthur Morris, Hon. Secretary, 110 Collins Street.

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Old Students
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A. L. Bloomfield writes from Colorado Springs, Colorado:—I have not met a Trinity man since 1901, when passing through on my way to Western Australia. I put in some five years there, and then started for Cripple Creek, U.S.A., since when I have worked all over the Middle West and Old Mexico, as far south as Chihuahua, (near as we can get to it. Eds.). At present am with the Golden Cycle Mining Co., in charge of their mill, one of the three big mills in the U.S.A., and situated under Pike's Peak, in the picturesque little tourist town of Colo. I've had some fine hunts in the Rockies, and expect another after bear this fall. I like the States first rate, and guess I'm holding up the honour of my country and old College alright.

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Dr. Mark Gardiner writes:—During the course of a stay in Brisbane I received great kindness at the hands of an old Trinity man, Dr. E. S. Jackson, one of the first students of the College. He is just as keen now on the welfare of Trinity as those who have just graduated, with fresh memories of pleasant days spent in College. I spent a very pleasant fortnight with Dr. and Mrs. Jackson at their beautiful home on the Brisbane River. The Doctor still retains his rowing prowess, and sculls on the river in the early mornings when not engaged in looking after his Pawpaw trees. (I am sorry to say that I did not take an active part in these ante-prandial exercises). Other old College men I met were Dickson the Crown Prosecutor, "Bob" Bage, who has just left the Railway Department and is working for a position in the R.A. Engineers, also "Boss" Croker, who was just off south on a River gauging expedition. I did not get up as far north as Clermont, where our late Senior Student A. E. South, renowned in song and old in years, is in charge of a hospital. I heard of "Ben Boulton," who is a prosperous pier builder at Cairns. I also met Rev. E. S. Hughes, who was on a trip north; and three generations of Trinity students had lunch together in Brisbane, Dr. Jackson, Mr. Hughes, and myself.

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Arthur South.—Hospital and private practice at Clermont, inland from Rockhampton, Queensland. Singing all the old songs in the bath, and "backing in his cart." When he has "taken the lid off the sugar, please." Except on the days when "Mother, I don't want any more meat."

Jack Ward has gone to Cloncurry.

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E. T. Brennan, resident at Ballarat Hospital.

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S. F. McDonald, appointed to the Alfred Hospital.
This appointment is now given on merit.

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G. T. Harper, reading in Chambers with Mr. Bryant.
Lives at "Tasma," Parliament Place.

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C. L. Clarke has gone to England on a pleasure jaunt,
starting as ship's surgeon.

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Arthur Morris, surgeon, Collins Street, has a full page
of appointments daily.

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Bob Elcoate, at Tarnagulla, is still going strong.

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Billy Williams, at Bendigo Hospital, is the white
haired boy of the "Matrix." Bob Fowler and Tommy
Atkins spent a week-end with him lately, and finished
with a dinner at the "Shamrock," when the toasts were
"Red, White and Green," and the "Ladies, God Bless
Them."

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Simon Fraser, who is mining in Bendigo, arrived in
the middle of the dinner after one of his jaunts to Mel-
bourne, which his landlady says occur "very often." "I
wonder why."

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Frank Langley has removed from Yarram to Dan-
denong with his wife and babies.

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Mac Ross, at Callandoon, Goondiwindi, Queensland,
is a good boy now, and stays at home with his wife.
We don't blame him.

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W. W. S. Johnston has returned from England, and
is not to be persuaded from going on the land.

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Ben Boulton, engineering at Cairns, intends returning
to medicine in about six months, either here or in Lon-
don.

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Franc Carse, paddling his own canoe, is laying the
foundations slowly but surely. Jack is leaving for Eng-
land this spring.

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Bull Sherwin completed his term at the Alfred, and at
present is staying with his people in Queensland.

D. Bevan was elected President of the Union of the "Fleur-de-Lys" for 1910-11. Hearty congratulations.

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Forty-four attended the annual "Fleur-de-Lys" dinner, held this year on June 30th. A record attendance!

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Arthur Moline reports from Emmaville (N.S.W.) that he may be in Melbourne during the next two months.

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Two new "Fleur-de-Lys" recruits are F. W. Edmondson (Wodonga) and C. C. Palmer (Nhill). They are both practising solicitors, and in the old days the former was an active supporter of the society.

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Dr. Harold South sends his subscription from Boonah (Q.), but Arthur has so far maintained a discrete silence.

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The Rev. E. S. Hughes, one time secretary of the Union, has returned from a health trip to Queensland. We hope he has been fully restored to his youthful vigor.

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The Rev. L. Arnold, who took charge of Mr. Hughes' parish during his absence, is also a member of the "Fleur-de-Lys." They were both present at the annual dinner.

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The Society intends holding a smoke-night at the College on Saturday, October 8th. This will be the first of its kind ever attempted, and it is hoped that the efforts of the Committee to bring past students into closer touch with the present will be rewarded by a large attendance. The President will take the chair at 8.30 p.m., and all Trinity men, whether members of the Society or not, are invited, and will be very welcome.

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R. G. Casey joined the Society before his departure for England. We wish him bon voyage and a safe return.

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Trinity has strong representation at Geelong. Dr. G. R. Darby, Dr. A. A. McKay, the Rev. F. W. R. Newton, the Rev. G. E. Shaw, and the Rev. J. H. Allen, are all in that town.

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Russell Clarke, an old Trinitarian, has just contested the Southern Province electorate in the Legislative Council. Returned by a bumper majority.

The Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Wangaratta is one of the more recently joined members of the Union.

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W. E. Gosse has taken up land at the Harvey, W.A.

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Arrangements have now been made for Rowing or Honour Blazers, to be obtained from J Sinclair, tailor, 332 Collins Street. (Price, 30s.). The following are the conditions for the Honour Blazer. Extract from Social Club rules:—"There shall be a green blazer, with badge and white border, which shall be worn only by the following":—(a) Those representing the College at least once in each of three different sports. (b) Those representing the College at least four times in any single sport, or combination of two sports.

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE UNION OF THE "FLEUR-DE-LYS."

The Annual Dinner was held this year on June 30th, at Hosie's Hotel, and the attendance was a record one. No fewer than forty-four members took part in the celebration. For the first time within the memory of man, the Warden was unfortunately prevented from taking his seat on the President's right hand. His absence was generally regretted, but the Society was not slow to take this unique occasion by the hand. The result is reported in another column.

Mr. L. F. Miller, President of the Society for the year 1909-10, occupied the chair. "The College" was proposed by the Hon. Carty Salmon, M.H.R., and responded to by Mr. Robson and Mr. C. N. Atkins (the Senior Student).

At this dinner a slight innovation was made. It has always been the custom in years past for the stroke of the College crew to be present and respond for the College. Last year the Union decided that the Social Club Committee should be invited, and this year the Union was honoured by the presence of nearly all the members of that committee. Mr. D. Bevan was elected President for the ensuing year (1910-11), Messrs. G. M. Long and S. Dutton Green are the Vice-Presidents, while the committee has the same as that of the previous year, Mr. O. D. Crowther being elected to fill Mr. Dutton Green's place.

It has been suggested that in future years the committee should make arrangements for some songs or other musical items. This plan would tend to check the

flow of oratory, which, stimulated by the Dialectic Society, has been greatly to the fore at recent annual dinners.

MEMORIAL TO H. C. FULFORD.

As all hopes of anything being heard of the ill-fated *Waratah* have had to be slowly relinquished, a number of the College friends of H. C. Fulford, who was the surgeon on the vessel on this her last voyage, have inaugurated a movement to place a tablet to his memory in the College Chapel. Circulars to the above effect have been sent to all Fulford's College contemporaries whose addresses are available, and a sum sufficient for the object in view should shortly be in hand. Should this paragraph, however, meet the eye of anyone who has not received a copy of the circular, he is requested to take this as a notification. Subscriptions, which are limited to ten shillings, should be forwarded to Dr. Arthur Morris, Hon. Secretary, 110 Collins Street, Melbourne.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors.

Dear Sirs,—I think it is time that in this paper (which in its way is the guardian of the spirit of the College) some remarks should be made regarding the behaviour of one of our men. Already attention has been called to him in a contemporary magazine, but apparently a stronger rebuke is needed.

A Professor who is held in great respect by the men who have passed through his hands, and who has always been a cheery friend to his students, is now apparently to be baited at will by a Trinity man. Surely this is not the conduct which is to be expected from our men.

A mere boy from school could be pardoned for this kind of larrikinism, but it is unpardonable in a man who has seen something of the world. It is to be hoped that nothing further need be said, and that Trinity will not incur the slur of such conduct in the future.—Yours,
ANOTHER TRINITY MAN.

To the Editors.

Dear Sirs,—All roads lead to Rome, but some men are not over-scrupulous in their choice of paths. So, too, it is with fame, which many strive to reach by devious ways. But there is this one important distinction to be

borne in mind, that whereas Rome is always Rome, fame is as variegated as the chameleon.

Many are enticed into evil ways by the false glamour of that elusive phantom, stretching forth eager hands only to grasp some foul substitute.

Nevertheless they hug their prizes to their bosoms, cheating themselves into the belief that they have attained their goal, and are the envied of all mankind.

One of these misguided creatures has recently acquired special prominence by the unutterable odium of his methods. It may be that the adulation of his short-sighted fellows has inspired him with the conviction that he is a leader of men. Or the loud laugh of the vacant mind has led to the delusion that he is a humorist of the first order. The frantic rattling of chairs and tables has filled him with the exultation of conscious power, and suffused the countenances of his satellites with a glow of admiration.

The fumes of his noxious tobacco have sullied the purity of the atmosphere in the sacred Halls of Learning, and that too in the very presence of the venerable High Priest, intoxicating him with triumph.

While the just vengeance of that outraged dignity has been cunningly evaded for a season, the public delinquent sublimely unconscious of almost universal scorn and derision, proceeds on his downward course, with his head in the clouds and his feet in the mire, dragging with him the good name of the community he inhabits. Who cannot feel an overwhelming pity for him? Who can show him the way out?—Yours, etc.,

STUDENT.



Rowing Notes.

Second term has seen a lively interest taken by the College in rowing.

Frequent regattas have provided excellent opportunities for practice and experience, while some of our men have the material evidence of pewter pots as a proof of their efforts on the river.

In the Novice Fours, held on 29th June, Holmes and Casey were successful in this respect, being in the winning crew. "Dick" Casey has since departed for Cambridge, where we feel sure he will acquire fame in his chosen sport, and he has our best wishes for his success.

Another regatta, held on the 27th July, for eights, saw yet two more of our men amongst the winners, S. Dobson and L. Brent. The latter is no longer a resident, but "the indefatigable Dob" has been untiring in his devotion to the Boat Club, and as Hon. Sec. has made his post a difficult one for any but a zealous and enthusiastic successor to fill.

The Elliot Fours were rowed on August 1st, and provided an excellent exhibition of rowing, proving that the standard in College has not deteriorated. Here again Dobson's crew was successful, finishing first with a comfortable margin. The crew was as follows:—Henderson (bow), Gill (2), Herring (3), Dobson (str.).

Notwithstanding the depletion in the ranks of our rowing men, owing to illness and departure, keen interest was displayed in the regatta, and the entry list was as full as it has been in past years.

As soon as third term began, training was commenced for the Inter-Schools Race (for the John Grice shield). The Arts and Law crew, containing six Trinity men, was soon on the river, and Mr. Robson, being approached on the subject of coaching them, gave a ready assent. Great praise is due to our Vice-Warden for his skilful handling of the crew, and we congratulate him heartily on their ultimate success, for, almost needless to add, the Arts and Law crew won. The race was held on Wednesday, September 7th. Our representatives in the winning crew were Herring (bow), Duffy (2), Roe (4), H. Crowther (5), H. Ross Soden (7), and Dobson (str.).

The Engineers proved to be a better crew than most critics allowed, and gained a well-merited second place. The Medicals also started.

Two days later the Trial Fours were rowed, consist-

ing of men not in the Grice Eights, for the purpose of choosing crews to represent the M.U.B.C. at Henley. Two Trinity men, J. Mackay and J. Ross Soden, were in the winning crew, and well deserved their hard-won victory.

The Henley crews have now been chosen, and Trinity has supplied a strong contingent, ten out of a possible thirty-two. True it is that three of them are no longer with us, but with the spirit of fellowship that the College inspires in all her alumni, we count them ever ours.

Is it at all unreasonable to expect that some day, by dogged perseverance and constant practice, by seizing every opportunity of gaining the experience afforded by such regattas as Henley, we may once again see our College Head of the River?

It is well for the College, and freshmen in particular, to remember that rowing is not learnt in a day. Neither is it learnt exclusively at school, for the man who first takes up the game at College, and later on acquires a seat among the mighty, will not find himself by any means unique. The roll of honour contains the names of many notable oarsmen who learnt the rudiments of rowing at College alone.

OUR LADIES' LETTER.

My Dear Lady Innocence,—

On Friday, the 29th of August, in the St. Kilda Town Hall, the flood gates were opened, and Trinity College launched forth for one wild, delirious evening of utter abandonment.

There was apparently no end to the pluck and determination shewn by young and old on that night, from the charmingly dignified Warden to the mathematical tutor; the one qualification necessary was for a man to get included in the list of "dancing," in contrast to the "non-dancing" men, for then all was well. I hear the Vice-Warden, despite his youthful appearance, was afraid of being among the latter, but when he found his friend the secretary had realised "There is many a good tune comes out of an old fiddle" he made the most of his rejuvenation and jolly well showed the girls which list he belonged to.

The debutants, both ladies and gentlemen, showed great resourcefulness, and they say the College is quite proud of its little Neville. He appeared first with just the nicest little show of nervousness, but this gradually wore off, until as the morning arrived, he was going

with all the dash of his elder brother, who had come down especially from the Bendigo mines to enjoy himself, and it was not his fault if he didn't. He was finishing with all his old grace, in the way his rowing has taught him, viz.—“Right up to your chest with one piece.”

There was a Mr. Cl**ve W*ll**ms, one hears such a lot about, whom I particularly wanted to see, but somehow I hardly think he could have been there, as he was not in the room all the evening, and the only alternative was for him to have spent the night in the garden.

Mr. J*w*tt looks what he is, but seemed a little bit worried. We heard afterwards that some of his guests had given away all their dances weeks before. How anyone could have done this one can hardly imagine, as with his wonderful hair and penetrating black eyes he looks the exact imitation of the British naval officer, which is a good enough model for anyone to set himself.

Mr. J*ll*y was a host in himself, and they tell me his guests were so numerous that they would have filled any ordinary ballroom by themselves. He seemed to be waiting for his study-mate to come out of the car, to obtain the use of it, but needless to say the latter realises the advantages of being able to advance the spark when in a tight corner too well, and stayed where he was!

The tennis player Mr. O'H*r* W**d was going quietly but surely, and as the “Referee” says—“He has the temperament which takes victory or defeat with the same smiling countenance.” As far as one could judge he was receiving only one kind of treatment that night. His partner in crime, Mr. P*ckl*, was cool and alert, but one supposes he would relax his dignity a little when in the privacy of the fernery.

Another young man who is going to Oxford with Mr. B**ll** had condescended to wear something like orthodox costume, in contrast to his usual appearance within the College walls; apparently his personality unadorned is sufficient charm only for his fellow-students. His method of dancing was alluring and intricate, but we would remind him that arrangements had been made for a clean “Break-away” and the clinches were not to be prolonged.

The Captain-bowler of the Cricket team was holding all the catches that came his way, and they found it as difficult as ever to leave his tempting ones alone. His study-mate seemed to be scoring pretty freely all round the grass.

There was one big lovely shining face which loomed up on the horizon pretty often with a smile from ear to ear and a sparkle everyone admired. They say he is a returned Rhodes scholar, and now has a position of some

authority in the College, but all this was thrown aside, and he was just the big boy again, though with the habit of going to sleep broken for this night at least. The only signs of care were on the top of his head.

It was quite a treat to see so many Old Boys of the College present, some with their wives and some with other people's. Right up to the last one young husband thought he was coming by himself—his name was not Guy "Jones," but they found out he had a better half and they made him bring her. A naughty Frenchman was the hit of the evening, but when he was seen a good deal about with his old friend from Kyneton they realised it was only their ex-Senior Student Mr. E. C. Dy*s*n with a beard. His friend has just the same old "big, round, bonny" face, and it must do the present men good to be shown what loyalty to the College really is, for there is nothing this man will not do to show that he means never to forget his old friends nor Trinity College. May we always meet him at the Trinity dance!

The Cr*wth*rs were in great form after their trip to the snow, and the elder brother seems to be recovering from his broken heart. Franc was the only representative of the famous "Brethren," and he seemed as welcome as the other was missed.

One heard many remarks about absent faces, and such people as "M*cR*ss, Bill B**ly, Bob Elc**t, M*rk G*rdn*r, Billy W*ll**ms," etc., must have been quite worth meeting if the tales of their prowess be true.

The supper-room was decorated charmingly, but I must tell you of one little episode that happened there. I was calmly eating my chicken and drinking my champagne when, in reply to the call "Waiter," the room was suddenly filled with horrible and weird oaths, which seemed to come from a nice-looking boy who, they say, is soon going to Cambridge. He didn't really look a bit like a waiter, and it seemed to be one of those flashes of wit which came from a party of rollickers who were supping not too well but wisely. The Trinity ex-sporting Theolog. was down from the Gully with his latest convert in attendance, and the boys were at last given a chance of seeing what they so strongly suspected, viz.—"the reason why." I should think they would be quite excused now, for he has shown exceptional taste.

Now let me just warn these would-be Don Juans against believing too many of the nice things said to them, and let them forget the things they did which they should not have done, but curse themselves for not

doing the things they might have done, and remember, in conclusion, as T.P. says:—

“The pain of one maiden’s refusal
Is drowned in the pain of the next.”

Yours sincerely,

ANOTHER GIRL.

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Hostel Notes.

Our small community labours under the disadvantage of living in the past and future only; as manifested in its actions as a corporate body, present existence it has none.

With regard to the past, we might discourse at length about a certain dance given in the middle of second term; about several tennis-parties, all of which were successes, except the last, and it, too, after being postponed for three weeks on account of the weather, ended by being a success. All these things, however, share in the characteristic of the demise of the good Queen Anne—they are somewhat stale news.

There was also an intercollegiate tennis match. On the night of the Finals we had a very jolly dinner with Ormond, the other losing team. We heartily congratulate Queen’s on their victory. The match was played in very wet weather, which probably accounted for the somewhat poor attendance of onlookers.

With regard to the future, exams. are looming ahead with their penalty of work. Each Monday some thoughtful soul calculates the number of weeks that still remains and states the result amid much acclamation. The arithmetic of it becomes easier, naturally, as time goes on. Mathematics, Classics and Philosophy make their way even to meals and sit like skeletons at the festive board. There is a general feeling that if all are not working, they ought to be. “The chill dread of the Unknown” is intense. Even the lighter talk of the latest grand opera fails sometimes to lighten the gloom.

“With the snark, so to speak, at the door” nothing else can be expected, but light recreation is not wanting. The Third Term tennis tournament is being carried through by our energetic secretary (assisted by a few

players), nor have we forgotten all the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of first two terms.

Most of those who six years ago haunted, unbidden, the scholastic shades of the Rusden Library have departed, but there are still not a few who will be interested to hear of the latest Trinity marriage and join us in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Moorhouse every happiness.

We end (as usual) by wishing Trinity, with that integral part of it—our noble selves—the best of luck in Alma Mater, her trials and in everything else it may have to undergo.

THE NAMING OF THE BREW.

Dramatis Personae.

A Wizard.

A Stranger, of hungry mien,

Messer Clivo, a man of the Law.

Scena.—A room, decorated as if for study, hung with rich tapestries; skulls and bones in profusion. The two occupants crouching over a fire.

Stranger (knocking): Ho! within!

Clivo: Enter, good sir. Thou art in time
To share a cup with us.

The Wizard: Yea. Provided that thou dost not spill
The smallest drop upon these Turkish
rugs
Or tear the beauteous covering of yon
couch.

Stranger (in fear): Indeed, I will most willingly attend.

The Wizard: Thy cup! I have, observe, the big one
for myself.
Again I do remind thee: Have a care.

Stranger: What is this wondrous drink, this potion
rare?
I feel all larky, and would fain give tongue.

The Wizard: I will tell.
It is one ancient drink yclept Mochá
By some *coffée*, again by some "da koff."
Thrice nightly doth it brew in yon
hack-pot.

But none can mix it half as well as I;
I am indeed the one.

Stranger (aghast): What, you're the one!
Pray tell me where I taste this
wondrous muck.

Wizard (expanding): I will, a treat, O prat!
It slips upon thy palate, and hence descends
Past thyroid gland, and epiglot, and on
Until thy tight pylorus bars its way.

(The stranger marvels at such learning.)

Clivo: Enough! If I have heard this once,
Then fully an hundred times since boshter Sol
Hath driven his chariot o'er the caerulean vault
Of Heaven's pantheon.

Stranger: All my mind doth reel.
I gaze and gaze, and still my wonder grows
That such a face should cover all it knows.
One question more—Who is this mage who
sits
Plunged in dull gloom, and with such
threat'ning mien?

Clivo: He hath a thousand names, and yet is his
A curious one that doth belie his gloom.
He is yclept Pertater, old Pertat;
See, wait awhile, his mood will doubtless change:
He'll whistle like one thing, and wondrous
sounds
Will issue from his face, tho' made of wood.
Have I not heard loud roars, his vocal chords
Raucous in noisy song. His antics too—


Stranger (trembling): I pray you stop. He is too hot
for me.

A bongiorno, Sirs.

(Exit backwards.)

Wizard (madly): Shut the outside door!





Dialectic Society.

Since the last issue of the "Fleur-de-Lys" our popular and energetic secretary, Mr. C. L. Baillieu, found it necessary to resign his position owing to the pressure of his University work, and Mr. H. N. M. Puckle was appointed in his place. Mr. Baillieu was elected to the vacancy on the Committee caused by the departure of Mr. G. Harper, LL.B. In the latter we have lost a fluent and convincing speaker who took a continued and active interest in the work of the Society.

Three meetings were held in the second term, the first of which took place on the 15th June. The debate, "That the Nationalisation of the Drink Industry in Australia is to be Desired," was opened by Mr. Duffy with his customary earnestness and responded to by Mr. Creswell. The meeting showed their disapproval of the motion by rejecting it without a division.

The next meeting took place on the 7th July, when Mr. Wilkinson, M.C.E., moved—"That the imposition of a Federal Land Tax is desirable." The Society was fortunate in having such an able supporter of the Land Tax to explain the question, and it is to be regretted that there were only thirteen members present to hear Mr. Wilkinson. The small attendance at this meeting forced one to realise the small amount of interest that has been shown this year by the majority of the College in the doings of the Society. Mr. Watts, who responded in a very carefully prepared speech, was followed by Messrs. O. Kelly, A. Mackay, Baillieu, Puckle, Dobson, A. Jowett, Yencken and the Chaplain. The motion was negatived on a division by six votes to four.

The last ordinary meeting of the year, which was a Ladies' Night, was held on the 21st July. There were about thirty members and a rather larger number of visitors present. The motion debated was, "That it is desirable that the House of Lords should be abolished." It was opened by Mr. Creswell, who was unable to do himself justice, owing to his suffering from an attack of influenza—in fact, he had just risen from his bed in order not to disappoint the large audience. Mr. Baillieu responded in a thoughtful speech in which he displayed considerable skill in the handling of a difficult subject. Three visitors, Messrs. Wilkinson, Connell and De Crespigny made very interesting speeches, the latter especially introducing in his treatment of the question fresh thought, which was, however, rather above the

heads of the majority of his listeners. Other speakers were Messrs. Duffy, Harper, Henderson, Williams, Casey, Carse and the Prelector. The motion was negatived by nineteen votes to eight. This debate was the best of the year, the interest being well sustained throughout.

In conclusion, one can but reiterate the well-known and, maybe, somewhat hackneyed remarks made year by year in this magazine, that the College as a whole is singularly blind to the golden opportunities offered by the Dialectic Society to all members to acquire at least some proficiency in the art of "thinking on one's legs," and expressing those thoughts with more or less lucidity. The freshmen this year have not taken the interest in the debates that might have been expected, seeing that so many of them are embarking on a theological or legal career; and except in the case of the one or two who have been too busy in discussing the undesirability of their fellows, or in vain and pitiable attempts to appear before the world as "bloods," one feels a natural surprise at their neglect of what is a not unimportant branch in their respective professions.

THE PRELECTION.

The Prelection was held in the Masonic Hall on the night of September 2nd, when the Prelector (Dr. S. F. McDonald) delivered his address on "The Doctor—Should he be Socialised?" His Excellency the Governor was prevented by a severe cold from presiding, and the position of chairman was filled by the Warden. Other speakers were Professor Harrison Moore, Hon. Carty Salmon, M.H.R., and Drs. Stawell and Norris. There was a good attendance, but it is to be regretted that so many of the College were prevented from being present.

The Prelector stated that the growth of the hospital, the increased radius of the big practice, the lodge and its off-shoots, and the unprofessional practitioner all seemed to be closing in to disturb the peace of the general practitioner. The troubles fell under four heads—fees, overwork, unsuitability and competition. With regard to fees there were three classes of patients:—Those who could and did pay their doctor's bills; those who could but did not, with those who paid, usually last, with as great a struggle as they had in paying all bills; and those who never paid at all. The doctor's remedy for not being paid by some patients was that he charged his paying patients excess to cover his losses. Closely

bound up with the question of fees was that of over-work. In a practice made up largely of the struggling payer, the lodge-patient, and the non-payer, the doctor must, in order to make a living, work all day and most of the night. The doctor and the patient suffered in consequence.

Finally there was the ever-present strain of competition. The worst competitor was the public hospital, maintained by an ever-dwindling stream of charity and an ever-increasing State subsidy. Medical fees had in recent years declined in some respects, but on the whole had greatly increased. The cost of a trained nurse or private hospital, the drugs, dressing and appliances, all in addition to the doctor's bill, made a stunning total. Was it any wonder then that the Protean lodge, with its more objectionable offshoot the dispensary, had gained such ground?

There was only one remedy for all the existing disadvantages—complete State control of all hospitals, physicians, surgeons and all benefit societies. The medical profession would be divided into three classes—a class of young doctors devoted exclusively to hospital work; the specialists and consultants at the head of the profession; and the medical attendants of the middle class. The organisation of the medical profession would be simply that of a large and important Government department. At the head would be the Minister of Public Health. Medical officers would be given districts, and would be visited yearly or half-yearly by an inspector of the department. Apart from the general district medical officers, there would be special and general consultants, who would, if their spare time allowed and they were so disposed, carry on a private practice. Other men would be appointed to do detached work, such as pathology and bacteriology, or special investigations.

The other speakers though recognising the vast possibilities of such a scheme, were in the main opposed to it. Dr. Stawell, though realising that the nationalisation of the profession might come in time, did not consider that such a scheme should be suddenly thrust upon the people, while Dr. Carty Salmon pointed out that it would result in a loss of sympathy and enthusiasm among the members of the profession.

At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. C. L. Baillieu was called upon to receive the president's medal and the "Fleur-de-Lys" prize for oratory, and Mr. K. T. Henderson was presented with the vice-president's medal and the "Fleur-de-Lys" prize for essay writing.

Blue Pencil

The supply of copy has been more liberal, perhaps, than our Editorial would indicate, but we are convinced that there are still some lights hiding under bushels that could stand a more public position. Some of the unprinted contributions show distinct promise, and we hope to hear from the contributors again. We print the following letter as indicating the spirit in which Editors should be approached:—

The Editors,

Dear Sirs,—

I have the honour to enclose a contribution to your most excellent journal. I shall be honoured if you will deign to cast your eye over it, and, if necessary, to alter the spelling or grammar, which, for the sake of a literary clientèle, I pray you do.

Lastly, I shall be placed in ecstasies of delight if it fulfil such a high function as to light the editorial weed.

Yours humbly,

DOGBERRY.

P.S.—Even a little punctuation would not be amiss.—D.

In reply the Editors may say that the contributor has every reason to feel ecstatic.

* * * *

Doug and Neville complain that the College herd has established a dormitory in the vicinity of Lower Clarke's. Here it pursues its nightly task of manufacturing the morning's milk, constantly disturbing their rest, and quite impervious to boots, insults, arguments and other things which are hurled at it with considerable force through bedroom windows. In a moment of abstraction we showed this communication to the Spring Poet. He was not to be denied, and presented us with the following, which he assures us is a "pastoral":—

Sleep and the Cow I sing, the College Cow
That nightly by the beds of list'ning Clerks
Chews loud her grassy cud with stert'rous blow,
Nor ever stays her stamping hoof, but marks

The earth with ruin; and her nervous moan
 Is heard what time the questing tom-cat calls,
 Distinctive through the rain's low monotone
 And all the fury of the north wind drear,
 Long after, clamouring loud from Ormond's walls,
 With three th'unerring clock salutes the ear.
 And Sleep, that broods o'er Bishop's classic pile
 (The home of dire and dread Theology),
 Longtime to Clarke's denied; whence midnight bile
 And fearsome wrath and Fraser-ology.

EXCELSIOR.

There are pages bright with glory, there are exploits
 bold and gory,
 And our fathers often tell us gallant deeds our fathers
 did,
 But when we are old and hoary we will still relate this
 story,
 A thing far more renowned than Mazippa or the Cid.

'Twas in the short vacation, when we all for recreation
 Hie us to some quiet corner, just at sunset's golden
 glow,
 That a young man ever daring climbed a mountain grim,
 uprearing,
 Striving onward, ever onward 'mid the snows of
 Buffalo.

Far up into the mountains where the trickling, burbling
 fountains,
 Their crystal waters scatter to the smiling plains
 below,
 He strode with lips set tighter, for his burden grew no
 lighter,
 Never looking once beneath him to the fields where
 cattle low.

Why **did** he thus aspire ever climbing higher, higher,
 Till the setting sun with crimson lit up sky and crag
 and lea?

List! his burden was not grievous, though his walk a
 trifle tedious,
 For the burden on his shoulder was—ah! tell it not—
 a **ski**.

ORA MUTANTUR.

Of old with eager haste a man to call
 From Clarke's far cloister or the dining-hall,
 With raucous notes through all the scale,
 And many a shrill falsetto wail,
 Would throngs of ineffectual voices bawl.

But now with ease the faintest, feeblest tone
 Can call a fellow to the telephone.
 No need your vocal chords to harm,
 The tiniest voice sounds loud alarm
 With bass portentous through the megaphone.

* * *

We acknowledge the receipt of the following books:—

“Masticatory Methods,” by Press-the-dent D. the non-de-plume under which the learned author of *“A Modern Platter-chewed, or Common-places of Eating,”* has chosen to hide his identity, provides much food for thought. Far from being method in his madness, as the Old Man puts it, there is madness in his method, and his chapters on *“Repetition as a Factor in Alimentation,”* *“Back to Nature, or Things a Cow can Teach Us,”* deserve the epithet *“remarkable.”*

“Quick Quirk with the Ivories,” by Eric, is a work of an entirely different character, and contains an interesting dissertation on *“pots”* by F. L. G.

“Is Loudness Justifiable?” By the talented author of *“Built for a Burberry,”* or *“The Human Tornado,”* Much space is devoted to the art of showing off one’s clothes when in motion, and, in addition to lying while standing, it demonstrates the possibility of remaining in motion when apparently still. In his chapter on Uniforms the writer states that he still intends to keep his mufti hue on whenever possible.

“Revised Book of Sermons,” by M. H. P. Those who remember this author’s previous works on *“Gin Cock-Tails,”* and *“The Psychology of a Hansom Cab,”* will share our wonder at this change of subject.

“To My Younger Brethren,” by Geofft. Full of sound advice to freshmen, in the course of which he discusses in picturesque fashion the origin of his baritone solo *“In Search of Piesse I Roam,”* and dwells with perhaps unnecessary emphasis on the sorrows of life with a wowsler.



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