

1911

June

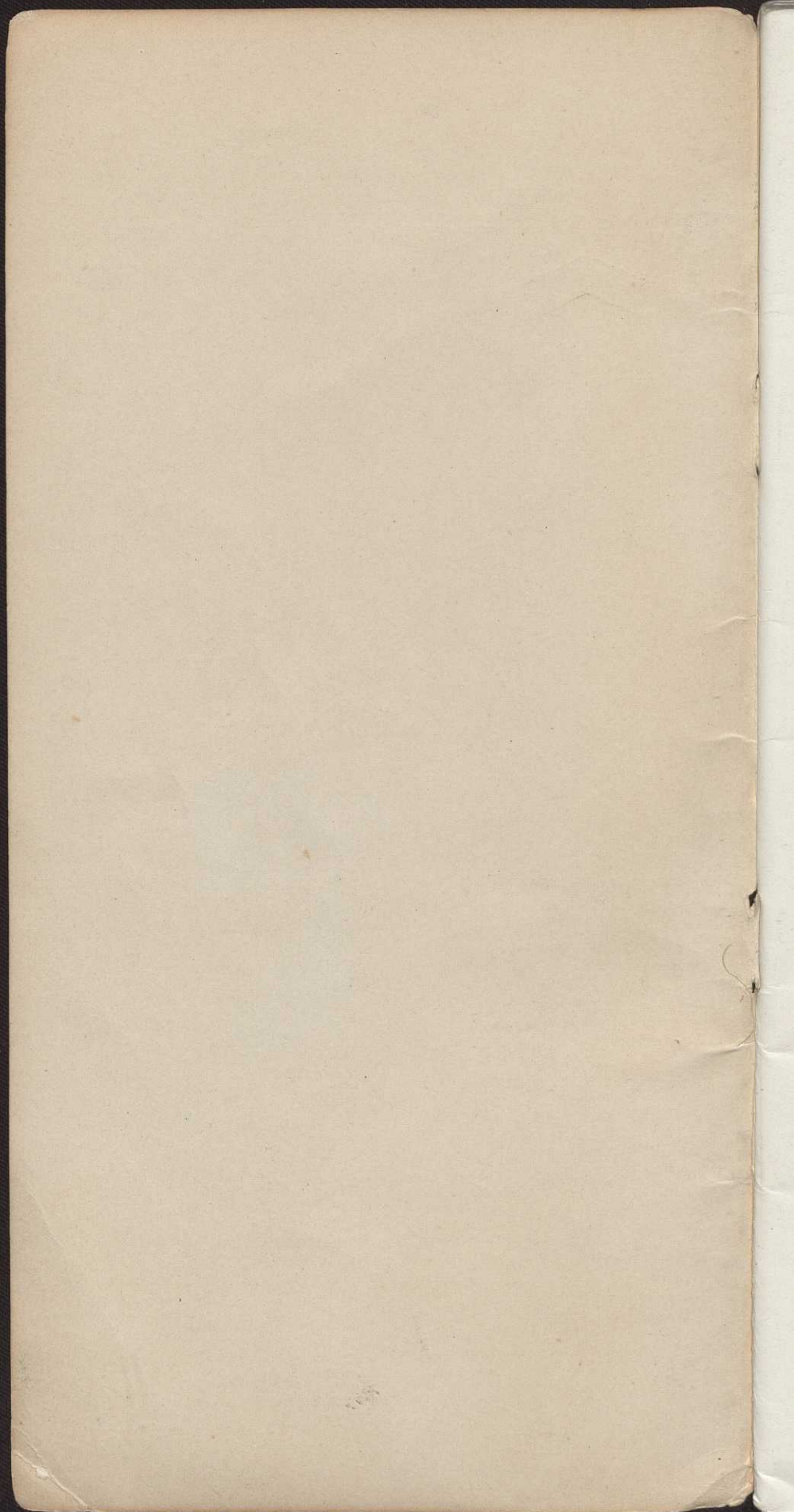
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The Fleur-de-Lys

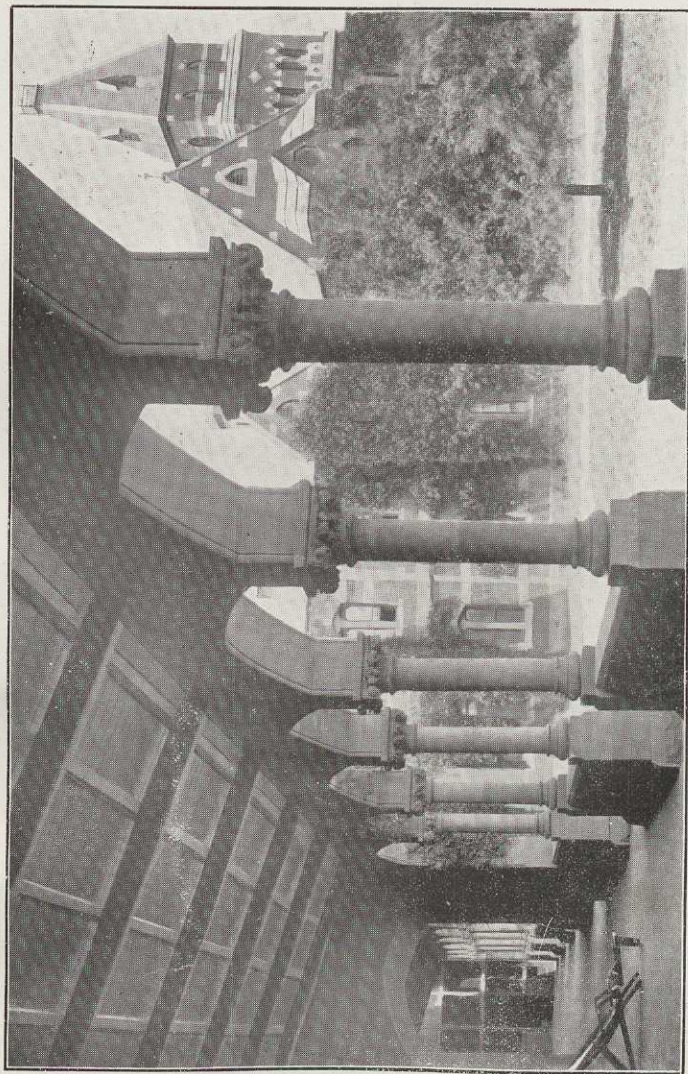
Trinity College
Melbourne University

JUNE, 1911.



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THE CLOISTERS.

The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE.

VOL. 2.

JUNE, 1911.

No. 9.

Editors :

R. W. CRESWELL.

H. B. JAMES.

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.

The subject of this article was arrived at by the Editors only after active discussion. After postulating that the College fell short of perfection in, at any rate, one salient particular, we set ourselves to find out what is lacking in our life and in our characters. The answer we consider is contained in that much-abused word "culture." We leave school, most of us, with an abhorrence of literature, due to it having been crammed into us for examination purposes, and having to be known more or less perfectly and more or less by rote for that reason. We see no beauty or use in literature and look forward to a time when our thoughts will be quite free from its assumedly baneful influence. However, in about two years this wears off and we begin, in many cases, to feel that a life made up of lectures, sports and tea-fights, with the average novel for reading matter, is not satisfying our ideal of the influences which should be at work in moulding our characters. Or if we don't think of this, we ought to. Certain brilliant specialists notwithstanding, we may generally concede that the ideal product of an institution such as this should be the all-round man, who can take the best degree, play a good battling game or row a good battling race for College or Varsity, take a hand in a brawl along the corridor, and last, and, sad to say, most neglected of all, hold his own well-founded views on matters literary, artistic and political. From this two questions naturally present themselves. With such an ideal before us, are our present aims and pursuits ade-

quate for its realisation? And if they are not, what is the remedy? A little self-examination on these lines can do no one any harm.

To begin at the beginning, we all of us, it may be assumed, have before us some main aim, some guiding lines which regulate our pursuits while inmates of this College, and in most cases the field which these aims include is not nearly wide enough. We are afraid of dissipating our energies on what we call side lines, to the detriment of our small main object, and the wider ideal either never occurs to us at all, or else is lost sight of in the cram for examinations or the struggle for a place in a team, the former of course being the greater pre-occupation. How many are there of us for whom the wider life has any meaning at all? Nine-tenths of the men reading this are probably remarking at this point that the above views may be all very well, but that as long as they do a good course and fit themselves best for their professional duties they are doing absolutely what is best for themselves and the people who sent them here. The ultimate result of that notion will be that if they ever do wake up they will find themselves later in life in that state of appalling ignorance and narrowmindedness which is most glaringly shown in the case of those professional men whose daily duties are their life and for whom nothing outside those duties has any meaning at all.

Mens sana in corpore sano. How can a mind be healthy which knows only, say, medicine, and for which all the rest of the whole field of human thought and knowledge simply does not exist? There are none so blind as those that **will not** see, but we are at the age when sight in all directions is possible, and it should be our aim to develop that sight over a wide range before the pall of "will not" settles on us and blots out all but a small patch of life from our view. Let us take advantage of our youth and the plastic character of our minds to mould our tastes on wider lines, instead of blindly worrying forward to our intellectual crippling and ultimate mental extinction. Adopting, then, the ideal of trying to develop mind and body on an all-round system, can we honestly say that the lives we lead tend to the ultimate consummation of that ideal?

A moment's reflection, if necessary, will answer the question with an all too obvious negative. The case that needs no demonstration of a man leading a life unfair to himself is the one, familiar to us all, of people who go in for no sport or exercise of any kind. We do not mean by this that we should abandon all else in the endeavour to make, say, brilliant footballers of ourselves, but there is some exercise within reach of us all, and as we all know, we should avail ourselves of it for the sake of developing our bodies and doing what

a past Prelector and "Fleur-de-Lys" Prize orator calls "sweating the villainy out of ourselves." We know that we are unfair to ourselves if we don't exercise. Then there is the case, ever before our eyes, of the consequence of neglecting our work; but on that point we count on the unanimous agreement of the whole College, on theoretical grounds at any rate.

So far, so good. Apply these principles a little further and see where they take us. We see that in every case neglect of any of our legitimate departments of activity will result in injury more or less permanent to ourselves.

However, "a truce to this dull moralising." Let us try to become decently well read, and take more interest in the problems of life around us. There are many occasions on which a man fails lamentably to establish his case in a discussion, or give his views the weight they are entitled to, all for want of such little reading as is within his reach. And it is a pitiable thing to see a man endowed with a vote neglecting or misusing it because he has never taken the trouble to make up his mind on questions involving the progress and destiny of his native land. Surely one is all the better for a little reflection on subjects such as these, and it is really very little trouble if one takes any interest in anything to instal a few sticks of mental furniture in a mind otherwise as barren as an empty ballroom. Even a little conversational equipment, acquired in a spare moment, may stand one in good stead when thrown into the company of cultured people.

A knowledge of literature does not mean ploughing through an annotated Shakespeare or a book like Carlyle's "French Revolution"; neither does a political opinion necessarily take root in the dry and often garbled accounts of debates appearing in the daily press. The secret is to let inclination have full play, and to read on lines that interest us. Even on the most elementary subjects there is much good and interesting literature to be got, and plenty of people to tell us where to get it, if we only take the trouble to inquire. Unfortunately, these subjects are "taboo" in our general conversation, a fact which seals much information that might otherwise be available when casting about for something to read. Again, everyday books often suggest reading of a more advanced character, as, say, "Westward Ho!" might suggest Prescott's "Peru," a line which, if interesting, might very profitably be followed up; or a liking for camp and open-air life might lead with advantage to the perusal of books like Stevenson's "Inland Voyage," or "Travels in the Cevennes." These are but illustrations meant to show how the commonest tastes or inclinations could help us to improve our minds to benefit and advantage. There can be no pos-

sible doubt as to the present enjoyment and future gratefulness for such reading, once a start is made. Let us open our minds, discuss other matters than sport and "shop," and we may go out from College imbued with a self-created atmosphere of culture that, inhaled at the present age, will remain with us all through life.

TRINITY COLLEGE SOCIAL CLUB.

Office-bearers for 1st Term, 1911.

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. Watson and Riddell.

Billiard Room.—Messrs. J. Herring and Roe.

Buttery.—Mr. Puckle.

Stamps and Notepaper.—Mr. Mackay.

Tennis.—Mr. Jowett.

"Fleur-de-Lys."

Editors.—Messrs. Creswell and James.

Business Manager.—Mr. Cole.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE FOR FIRST TERM, 1911.

Gentlemen,—

College opened rather later than usual this year and with fewer men in residence than we have had for several years.

In spite of the comparative smallness of numbers we have been able to hold our own in the Inter-collegiate events which have been held. Our cricket team, under the able generalship of Mr. Lewers, won the championship in most brilliant style, making the fifth successive win for the College.

We must congratulate the crew on the very fine race they put up. The details of the race are too well known to require further comment. Our thanks are due to Mr. Robson for his keenness and valuable services in coaching the crew.

In the running some very fine individual performances were recorded, notably those of Mr. Jolley, who

thoroughly deserved his win in the 220, and Mr. Jowett, who put up the best race in the Mile that a Trinity representative has done for some years.

During the term your Committee interviewed the Warden concerning the following matters which were brought up at the General Meeting:—

1. Quietness in Hall.

With regard to this the Warden stated that he had no objection to ordinary conversation and laughter, but that he objected most strongly to unseemly noise and to "pot-house laugh."

2. Opening the College earlier next year.

The Warden said that he could make no arrangements at present and invited the committee to see him again at the end of the year.

3. The appointment of another Medical Tutor.

We greatly regret the loss of Mr. Atkins, but at the same time we congratulate him on obtaining his degree and hope that he will have a most successful career.

Mr. Atkins was always very popular, and as Senior Student worked hard for the College, whose welfare he had always at heart.

We also lost Messrs. Connell and Mitchellhill at the end of the term, and we are pleased to welcome back Dr. Fowler and Mr. England. We also offer a hearty welcome to Dr. Jones and Mr. Carlton Sutton, who have come into College as tutors. The College has also lost a good tutor and a good friend in Mr. Parnell, who, after a residence of seven years, has gone to the University of Queensland to fill a position which will bring forth his sterling qualities.

The term was brought to an end by a most successful dinner given by the Warden in honour of the Rhodes scholar and the cricket championship.

A PARTING SORROW.

So long. What depth of sorrow thro' this cadence throbs.

So long. The heaving chest with anguish sobs,
So long.

Alas! The sorrow parting brings.

So long. A comrade's hand a comrade's wrings,
So long.

So long. Ah me! I can't repress a tear.

Alack! I weep for R—nd—lph Cr—sw—ll's hair—
So long.

[The hint has been taken.—An Editor.]

Common Room Chatter

We are pained to notice that there is always "Beer" at the "High Table" now.

While we are proud of the athletic prowess of our representatives in the 'Varsity boat in Adelaide, we fear that on the moral side their conduct leaves much to be desired. The cox, with that brazen effrontery characteristic of the tribe, openly confessed within these hallowed precincts that he had had a **drink** immediately after the race. This shocking tale of depravity was capped by No. 7, of whom we had expected better things, who casually remarked that he had had **two (2)**! It cannot be too clearly understood that when we send men from this College to the City of Churches we expect them to realise that the eyes of the College are always upon them, and that this sort of thing won't do. It won't indeed!

We hardly know our Bump-uncle nowadays. Poor Johannes Magnus, poor Falstaff, nothing but the name is left to remind us of former greatness. Still, what with his training for the inter-college boat race, his soldiering at Kilmore, his toil in the race for the regimental cup, his photography, and his two hours' doze before supper-time, what else could be expected? College fat men please copy.

The Rabbit was last heard of burrowing for life in Grattan-street.

Swine can't thrive on pearls, any more than the less musical among us can be expected to enjoy our slumbers while the crescendoes of crashing boots and the ravishing arpeggios of whistling contributed by a College functionary on his morning rounds are bursting about our sleeping heads. Many of us are already aged from want of sleep due to the tumults of early morning, from 9 o'clock onwards, and this last titillation of sound, delightful though it may be to those whose trained ear can appreciate it, threatens to finish off a few of the weaklings unless prompt steps be taken. We like a man to be cheerful about his work, of course, but when to the shouts of those worsted by a refractory collar-stud, the angry grunt of a man looking for his boots, the howls of exultation with which another retrieves his soap from a neighbouring bedroom, are added selections ranging from "Molly Riley" to the

"Gotterdammerung" of Wagner, we feel that the over-taxed tympanum has had about enough, and that if we take any further liberties with Morpheus he will up and away, leaving us bereft of that beauty sleep which a casual glance at certain of our number shows to be only too indispensable.

* * * *

How few of us are familiar with Victor Hugo's remark on leaving Trinity, in *Les Contemplations*, "Écrit en 1846." "Et faut-il qu' a jamais pour moi, quand vient le soir. Aulieu de s'etoil, le ciel se fleurdelysé?"

Puts the whole thing in a nutshell.

* * * *

Even in this democratic age, due respect is paid to titles. This is evidenced by the pomp and circumstance with which Herr Baron is robed for the "Ball." Instantly the corridors are filled with willing heralds proclaiming, "Mr. W—rth—m's taxi," while others of his bodyguard rush to assist him array himself and to place him in his car. It is perhaps unfortunate for the recipient of these kindly-meant attentions that, owing to the poor illumination provided in College bedrooms, he should at times find himself being born rapidly down the drive minus various essential articles of apparel, usually referred to in the plural. Luckily on the last occasion the dread mistake was discovered before the taxi had passed the Bishop's entrance, and was held back forcibly till Herr Baron was more than ready to depart.

* * * *

Our Wee-Duggie should know by this time that his sphere in life is to give advice (?) for six and eightpence, and that it is no use his trying to cross-examine a refractory motor-cycle. We note he lost time and temper over the last mentioned. Stick to your briefs, Dugglet.

* * *

Scene: A study in Lower Bishop's.

Tea-fight in progress.

The door opens (L.C.). Enter a fair-haired freshman. Stares at strange ladies. Pause of two minutes. All stare. Freshman changes feet.

All rise and bow. Perfect silence.

Freshman (blushing and accosting nearest lady):

"Why, I'm Cl—t—n D—v—s!"

Lady: "Oh!"

Quick Curtain.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions:—Miss A. Tucker, 1/3; Sir Winthrop Hackett, 2/6; Dr. G. Bailey, 2/6; Mr. G. N. Croker, 19/-; Mr. H. Mayo, 5/-; Mr. H. G. Morton, 2/6; Dr. J. E. F. McDonald, 3/-.

College Notes

We regret the loss of our Senior Student, Dr. C. N. Atkins, who is at present taking a well-earned holiday in Tasmania with Dr. Brooke Bailey, after his battle with the examiners. We understand that he is to return to Melbourne shortly to do some "locums," so we shall at any rate not lose sight of him for a time. We wish him every success in his future career.

* * * *

The long-needed repairs to the tennis courts have at last been executed. The east court was entirely broken up and relaid, while the west court was top-dressed. We hope that they will now be playable for some years to come. Another great improvement is the laying down of an embankment alongside the west court. This is sloped gently, so that when folk gather round during intercollegiate matches they will be able to see without the usual craning of necks.

* * * *

Our buffalo-patch which was planted towards the end of last year around the College oak has exceeded all expectations. It is now a thick verdant growth and gives great promise for those who are inclined to loll about in the genial warmth of the sun at springtime. In fact, so successful is it, that we are considering the advisability of planting more buffalo-grass by the cloisters and Bishop's wing.

* * * *

A new cloth has been laid down upon the billiard table, and those emulators of Gray and Lindrum assure us that the table has never played better within their knowledge.

* * * *

Johann the Incorruptible has departed from our midst, and another "Charlie" has appeared upon the scene. The old, old Charlie is still with us: the gardening seems to agree with him. Long may he remain here.

* * * *

We congratulate ourselves—the old order changeth—we have electric lights installed in both the Common Room and the billiard room. This is a great advantage, but it behoves us to be more careful of damaging the globes, as up to the present we have found that they are not quite as stable as the old ones and decidedly more expensive.

* * * *

We wish to thank Mr. J. Ross-Soden for his kindness

and trouble in placing such a unique photograph of the cloisters at our disposal (as seen in the frontispiece). We cannot over-estimate his ability as an amateur photographer, and we are pleased at being able to place in the "Fleur-de-Lys" such an entirely new photograph of the College.

* * * *

The College wishes particularly to thank Principal Aitkin for the sermon he delivered on Trinity Sunday. As those of us who were fortunate enough to be present will remember, he went fully into the history of the foundation and early days of the College, a subject involving a great deal of work, as much of it had to be translated from the Latin. Full justice was done to the subject, and it is gratifying to know that the sermon is to appear in print, and will, we hope, soon be available.

* * * *

Matters musical seem to be on the up-grade in College once more. Among the freshmen the Editorial ear has detected much talent, and voices remarkable, some for the quality and others for the quantity of the sound they are able to produce. As we write, a newly-discovered pianist is raising dulcet strains on the College instrument, and the return of Dr. Fowler is all that was needed to make the defunct Glee Club rise phoenix-like from the ashes of last year into a new and glorious season of song.

THE WARDEN'S DINNER.

A very fitting wind-up to the Term we all agreed.

This dinner was given in honour of the Cricket Championship and Rhodes Scholar. Besides the present members, there were also present several old students and men intimately connected with the College, among them being Mr. T. Weigall, K.C., Hon. L. Russell Clarke, M.L.C., Canon Long, Principal Aitkin and Rev. W. Fielder, Messrs. W. Lewers, J. T. Collins, C. S. Currie, E. L. Stock, F. Carse and Drs. M. Williams and S. F. McDonald. Various toasts were proposed and responded to. The toast of the Rhodes Scholar was honoured early in the evening and ably responded to by Mr. Sproule; Mr. Will Lewers, as usual, keeping the tables in an uproar by his exceedingly witty handling of "The Sports."

We heartily appreciated a most enjoyable evening and wish to thank the Warden heartily for his generous invitation.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

T. Parnell, M.A. In College 1904-1911.

During the term the College suffered the loss of Mr. T. Parnell, who for the past seven years has filled the post of resident Mathematical Tutor.

While congratulating him on his appointment as Lecturer in Physics at the Queensland University, we do so with very mixed feelings, for their gain is indeed our loss. Mr. Parnell leaves a gap in College which it will be very hard to fill. During his stay among us he has, in his quiet way, exerted an influence over our College life which, although few of us except the more senior men may perhaps recognize, is for all that none the less real.

In rowing his loss will be greatly felt, for he was always ready to help, whether with the College crew or in the more thankless task of "tubbing" the "freshers." And in a dozen other things, great and small, will we miss the man whom each looks upon as a real good friend.

We wish him the best of good luck in his new work and trust that he will always have as warm a spot in his heart for Trinity as Trinity men of his day will always have for him.

* * * *

We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. G. M. Sproule, the Rhodes scholar for 1911, and at the same time welcome him as a resident tutor, which position he holds till his departure for Oxford at the end of second term.

We wish him every success in his new life and trust that he will continue to bring honour upon his old College, with which we are glad to see he is doing his best to more fully identify himself.

* * *

We also welcome Mr. Carlton Sutton, who returned from England during the early part of the year, and is now Mathematical tutor in place of Mr. Parnell.

* * *

We are also very glad to see Dr. Jones among us in the capacity of Medical tutor, and trust that his stay in College will be as pleasant for him as, we are sure, it will be profitable to those who come under his care.

VALETE.

-
- C. N. Atkins.—In College, 1905-1911. Social Club Committee, 1909-1911. Hon. Secretary, 1909. President, 1910-1911. President of Table, 1909-10-11. Committee Dialectic Society, 1909-10-11. Crew, 1908.
- C. L. Baillieu.—In College, 1909-1910. Hon. Secretary Dialectic Society, 1910. Crew, 1909-10.
- D. G. Duffy.—In College, 1907-09-10. Committee Dialectic Society. Editor "Fleur-de-Lys," Captain Rifle Team, Crew, Football, 1910. Prelector, 1911.
- N. Fraser.—In College, 1910. Cricket, Football, Tennis.
- W. S. Garnett.—In College, 1908-1910. Warden's Scholarship, Business Editor, "Fleur-de-Lys" Librarian, President of Table, 1910. Rifle Team, 1909.
- K. T. Holmes.—In College, 1910. Warden's Scholarship, Rifle Team.
- F. R. Hughes.—In College, 1909-1910. Running, 1909.
- W. L. Jack.—In College, 1909-1910. Cricket, Football, 1909-10.
- A. C. Jowett.—In College, 1906-1910. President of Table, 1910.
- O. Kelly.—In College, 1909-1910. Perry and Clarke Scholarships.
- R. F. Lade.—In College, 1908 and 1910. Editor "Fleur-de-Lys," Football, 1910.
- G. G. Moule.—In College 1910.
- M. H. Piesse.—In College, 1908-1910.
- T. Reynolds.—In College, 1910. Henry Berthon Scholarship, Football.
- T. Sadlier.—In College, 1910.
- C. M. Williams.—In College, 1907-1910. Social Club Committee, Committee Dialectic Society, President of Table, 1910. Tennis, Running, 1907-8-9-10.
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Plans for a Chapel worthy of Trinity have been prepared and exhibited. It is hoped that the building will commence in the near future. At present a room in the Warden's Lodge is used, and this is wholly inadequate. The room holds about 40, and when full becomes stifling during the Sunday morning service. Some of the old students think it a pity that the Triennial Service cannot be held up at Trinity, and look forward to a change in the near future.

CHAPEL NOTES.

At the valedictory dinner last year we said farewell to our late respected Chaplain—the Rev. James Norman—on the eve of his departure for the Missionary Diocese of North Queensland. We wish him every success in his new sphere of work.

We wish to acknowledge the kindness of the Rev. George E. Aickin in taking the Sunday services until a new Chaplain is appointed. His addresses have been very interesting and much appreciated.

Another dozen of the New Ancient and Modern Hymn Books have been added to the elaborately-bound dozen donated by Messrs. Allen and McDonald. It has been suggested that some of the next instalment contain the music that an opportunity may be given for part-singing. The feature of the Oxford Hymn Book now in use is its poetry, hymns in Latin and good music. The collection must be eminently suitable for those English Colleges which have attached to them a trained boys' choir and school. But for the time-pressed undergraduate in a young college the number of hymns that do not require careful study and exceptionally good voices is too small.

The plans for the proposed new College Chapel have been prepared. The sketch plans hung on Clarke's stairs are an indication of the rare beauty of the architect's conception, and we trust that it will not be long before his ideas are able to take more tangible shape. The financial aspect is the only one not quite in keeping with the rest of the scheme, but we feel sure we have only to mention this for adequate pecuniary support to be forthcoming without further delay.

A SOLILOQUY.

"How little is man's knowledge—and how special!"
—(Shaw.)

Dear Gothic Hall of stately windows ten,
With stately spires—imperious and high—
That vie for vivid grandeur with the sky!
Through thee, the glorious minds of other men
Are thrown upon us here; and to our ken
Such vast and vacant vistas open lie
That where each ends no man can prophecy.

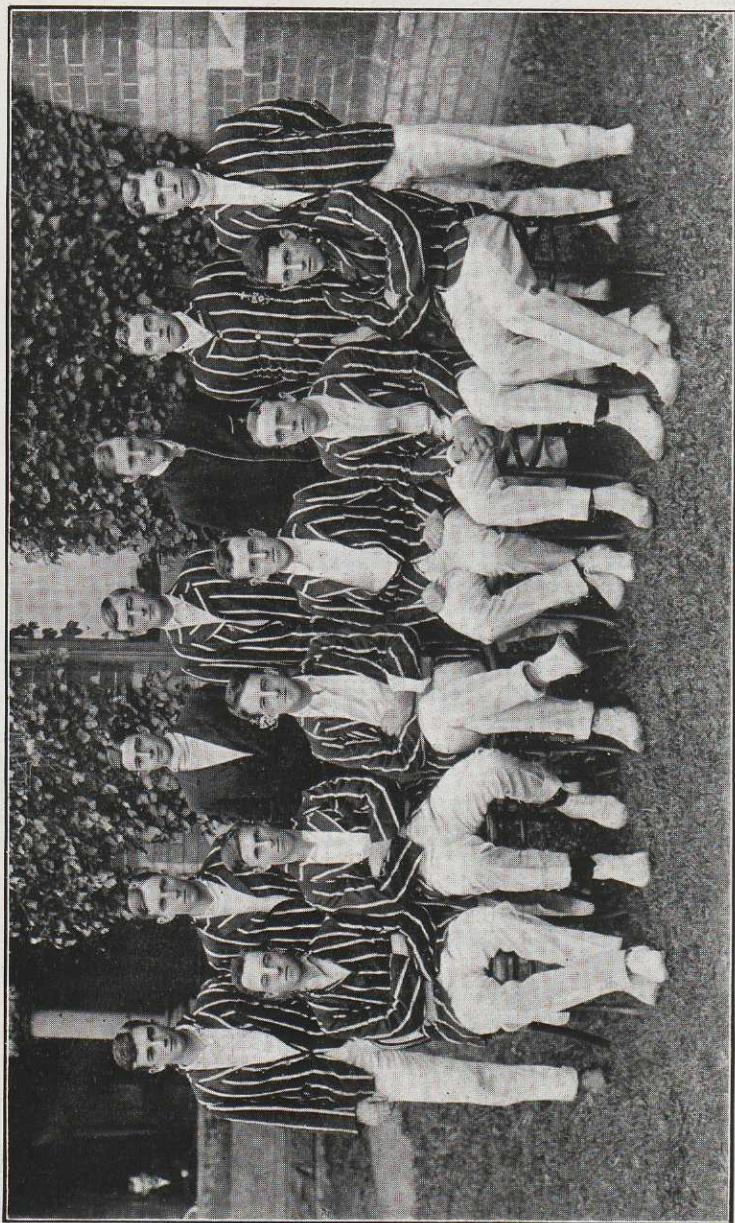
We set our steps upon one path, and then
With frenzied breath we seek at last to find
The end where leads this alley of the mind.
But when we've found it, we have lost the view
Of other alleys fair as this and true.
Imperious spire, thou emblem of the goal!
Thou eerie summit! Dost Thou see the whole?

STUDENS.

Cricket

TRINITY V. ORMOND.

For five years in succession Trinity has won the Cricket Championship, and our win this year is not the least deserved of them. From last year's team was missing Foster (Captain, 1910), N. Fraser and L. Jack, a solid loss from any University side, and on paper our team looked distinctly weaker than that of last year. However we included some brilliant freshmen, and even before the match we realised how much depended on them getting a good start. To turn to the matches, Trinity met Ormond on Tuesday, March 28th, and Ormond winning the toss went in to bat on a good wicket and totalled 304, the chief feature of the innings being Waters 91, a sound, batsmanlike effort. He had hard luck in getting run out before reaching his century, which he undoubtedly deserved. The bowling was shared by Maudsley and P. O'Hara Wood with 4 wickets apiece. Our fielding was patchy and our team did not show the cohesion in the field that was ultimately noticeable against Queen's. Trinity started their innings at 4.30 on Tuesday with E. F. Herring and D. Fraser, and they remained till drawing of stumps. Next morning Fraser stayed with Herring till 104 runs were added, he himself compiling 31, a correct and careful effort and responsible in great measure for the later batsmen's success. P. O'Hara Wood then joined Herring and the two freshmen were together. Both made runs rapidly each by his own methods. Herring correct and sure, waiting always for the loose one and just as often scoring off it; Wood dashing and brilliant, forcing the pace off good length balls. These two men remained unconquered till just before tea adjournment on Wednesday, when Herring was bowled by Anderson for 168. His runs had been made in a manner that leaves no room for doubt that with coaching he must develop into what C. W. Miller on his merits deserved to be, viz., an interstate player. His runs came from all round the wicket, his placing and finish on the leg-side being quite first-class. During Wednesday night there was slight rain, making the wicket slow and a trifle tricky and certainly difficult to score on. However, the wicket was no worthy excuse for our later batsmen, who failed badly on it, although due credit must be given to Waters, whose length was unimpeachable, thus enabling him to take full advantage of the wicket. Wood was gone early on Thursday by trying the same forcing tactics on the slow wicket that had proved so successful on the fast. His innings was a great one and really brilliant. One stroke



in particular was noticeable, viz., a fine leg glance, which on the fast wicket brought him many runs. His driving was clean and decisive and cutting at times brilliant. The innings totalled 474, Lewers with 70 being the only other to get double figures.

At 12 o'clock, with one hour before lunch on a tricky wicket, Ormond were in again, but failed to rise to the occasion. They were all out for 101. The wicket was fairly bad, but after their showing in the first innings they should have made more runs as our bowling, as a whole, lacked length, Maudsley being a noticeable exception. Trinity thus won by an innings and 69, this win being almost solely due to the excellence of the batting, helped by Ormond's hard luck in certainly having a bad wicket to pull up on. Our bowling and fielding was improved in the second innings, and there is no doubt that the confidence engendered by this win helped to give the "snap" to the bowling and fielding in the second match.

The following are the scores:—

ORMOND.

First Innings.

A. Tulloh, hit wicket, b P. O'H. Wood	42
F. L. Stillwell, b Maudsley	6
F. Osborn, c Maudsley, b Yencken	10
G. H. Jones, st A. O'H. Wood, b P. O'H. Wood	30
A. J. Waters, run out	91
K. Doig, lbw b Maudsley	22
G. Anderson, c Lewers, b Maudsley	18
A. E. Middleton, st A. O'H. Wood, b P. O'H. Wood	41
A. Tait, c Lewers, b P. O'Hara Wood	1
W. Hinman, c Jack, b Maudsley	1
H. Adams, not out	15

304

Bowling: First Innings.—Anderson, 3 for 137; Waters, 7 for 107.

Second Innings.

A. Tulloh, c A. O'H. Wood, b Maudsley	10
F. L. Stillwell, b Maudsley	5
F. Osborn, b Fraser	29
G. H. Jones, b Maudsley	15
A. J. Waters, b Jolley	5
K. Doig, c A. O'H. Wood, b Maudsley	0
G. Anderson, lbw b P. O'H. Wood	3
A. E. Middleton, run out	2
A. Tait, run out	0
W. Hinman, c E. Herring, b Fraser	2
H. Adams, not out	6

101-

TRINITY.

First Innings.

E. F. Herring, b Anderson	168
D. M. Fraser, c Stillwell, b Waters	31
P. O'H. Wood, c Adams, b Waters	174
Lewers, c Osborn, b Anderson	72
A. O'Hara Wood, b Waters	1
J. F. Herring, st Jones, b Waters	1
H. Maudsley, c Doig, b Waters	5
A. L. Jack, b Anderson	1
A. F. Jolley, c Anderson, b Waters	1

E. D. Yencken, not out	0
J. L. Wharton, c Anderson, b Waters	0

474

Bowling: First Innings.—Jolley, 1 for 37; Maudsley, 4 for 83; P. O'Hara Wood, 4 for 103. Second Innings.—Jolley, 2 for 32; Maudsley, 3 for 19; P. O'Hara Wood, 1 for 25; D. Fraser, 2 for 9.

TRINITY V. QUEEN'S.

Monday, April 3rd, saw the start of the final match between Trinity and Queen's. The day was perfect and so was the wicket, and Trinity on winning the toss had no hesitation in deciding to bat. A start was made by D. Fraser and Herring, who had sent us off so well against Ormond. This time, however, it was not to be, for Fraser soon edged one of Matthews up and was caught. P. O'Hara Wood followed, and after a short stay fell a victim to his forcing stroke to the on, the ball going straight back to McMeekin. With 2 for 39 the position was serious, but Lewers and Herring batting carefully stopped a rot setting in, and when Herring, after a careful and slow, but very necessary 60, was out the tally was 2 for 123. A O'Hara Wood then followed, and starting briskly, proceeded to put on the runs in sparkling fashion. Using the pull judiciously and driving and cutting finely, he scored freely till, with the total at 241, Lewers was bowled by Matthews for 109. He had played a sound innings at a critical point of the game. J. Herring followed and was batting nicely when he was run out mainly through his own fault. The rest did nothing and O'Hara Wood remained not out with 114 to his credit. Runs have always been expected from him, but he quite exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. No fault could be found with his innings which was both sound and dashing. Matthews, who always bowls finely in inter-collegiate cricket, was again Queen's mainstay. He kept a fine length and was always troublesome and finished 6 for 95 in our total of 340.

Big things were expected of Queen's and much plodding on the part of our bowlers. The position, however, was reversed. P. O'Hara Wood quickly struck a length, and, using the "Bosie" well, had all the batsmen in trouble. The batsmen certainly helped Wood by playing back at him, and if any of them had had the dash to go out forcibly to him the tale might have been different. As it was he finished with the fine average of 8 for 29, and to him is due the credit of entirely rising to the occasion. The Queen's batting was disappointing, Kerr and Matthews being the only ones to play good cricket. These two both batted well, and while they were in trouble was always possible. The innings terminated just after lunch on Tuesday for 136, and Trinity had the option of enforcing the follow on. However, with rain about, Trinity decided to bat again and again opened with Fraser and Herring. Both scored slowly till Herring

made a false stroke in trying to pull and was out. P. O'Hara Wood came next and by cricket of the most dashing type scored quickly, till getting reckless mishit Matthews to Nall. Fraser surprised both friend and foe in scoring by safe cricket. His driving was clean and forcible, his play throughout cool and deliberate. His score of 77 was not the least of our triumphs in the round of matches. Trinity totalled 204, Lewers with 55 and J. Herring 35 being the only other run-getters. Herring batted freely, and it is a pity he did not take his cricket seriously when younger, as his strokes are naturally good.

Queen's, with 469 to win, could only manage 101, and Trinity won by 300 runs. In this innings our bowling reached its top. Maudsley bowled finely till tired, and the same applies to Jolley who clean bowled Kerr. He had considerable pace and swung in with the wind. Our fielding all through this match was clean and accurate and the team backed up our bowlers in a most encouraging way.

Summing up the matches, one is brought to the conclusion that it is batting that wins College matches, a champion bowler always excluded, and certainly our batting was all through the best in the Colleges. Finally, we would like to emphasise the effect an umpire like Crockett has on the matches. His presence is now looked for regularly and the Colleges fully appreciate it.

The scores are as follow :—

TRINITY.

First Innings.

D. Fraser, c Clarke, b Matthews	0
E. Herring, lbw b Matthews	61
P. O'Hara Wood, c and b McMeekin	11
H. B. Lewers, b Matthews	109
A. O'Hara Wood, b McMeekin	114
J. F. Herring, run out	15
W. H. Godby, c F. Kerr, b Matthews	3
H. Maudsley, b Matthews	0
T. Fetherstonhaugh, st Boynton, b Matthews	11
A. F. Jolley, not out	3
E. D. Yencken, run out	0

Bowling.—Matthews, 6 for 95; McMeekin, 2 for 87.

340

Second Innings.

D. Fraser, c Clarke, b McMeekin	77
E. Herring, c and b Matthews	10
P. O'Hara Wood, c Nall, b Matthews	47
H. B. Lewers, c Kerr, b Matthews	55
A. O'Hara Wood, b Matthews	0
J. F. Herring, b Clark	35
W. H. Godby, c Kerr, b McMeekin	2
H. Maudsley, b McMeekin	4
T. Fetherstonhaugh, c Dunstan, b McMeekin	0
A. F. Jolley, c Clarke, b Kerr	15
E. D. Yencken, not out	0

Bowling.—Matthews, 4 for 85; McMeekin, 4 for 97; Kerr, 1 for 26; Clarke, 1 for 3.

265

QUEEN'S.

First Innings.

F. A. H. Boynton, b P. O'Hara Wood	9
A. McCutcheon, st A. O'Hara Wood, b P. O'H. Wood	12
F. R. Kerr, c J. Herring, b Godby	45
R. Matthews, c E. Herring, b P. O'H. Wood	52
A. H. Dunstan, lbw b P. O'H. Wood	3
R. M. Clark, b P. O'Hara Wood	0
E. Kerr, c Fetherstonhaugh, b P. O'H. Wood	0
Williams, c and b Maudsley	0
L. Craig, not out	0
E. L. Nall, b P. O'H. Wood	0
McMeekin, b P. O'H. Wood	3
Bowling.—P. O'Hara Wood, 8 for 29; Maudsley, 1 for 40; Godby, 1 for 17.	

Second Innings.

F. A. H. Boynton, b P. O'H. Wood	6
A. McCutcheon, c Fetherstonhaugh, b Maudsley	33
F. R. Kerr, b Jolley	14
R. Matthews, c J. Herring, b Maudsley	18
A. H. Dunstan, b Jolley	15
R. M. Clarke, b Jolley	3
E. Kerr, b P. O'H. Wood	20
Williams, not out	17
L. Craig, c Maudsley, b P. O'H. Wood	0
E. L. Nall, c Yencken, b P. O'H. Wood	2
McMeekin, c Fetherstonhaugh, b Maudsley	20
Bowling.—P. O'Hara Wood, 4 for 41; Maudsley, 3 for 61, Jolley, 3 for 24.	

EASY FRENCH EXERCISES.

I.

G.—Is it that this is a reformatory, my dear Alphonse?

A.—No; though of a nature so gloomy, it is the great Trinity College.

G.—And what then is that so magnificent and yet so quiet hall?

A.—That, my dear Gaston, is the dining-hall (salle a manger), and its quietness is due to the kindness of the so good presidents, who while forbidding the pot-house (maison publique) laugh, yet allow ordinary conversation and laughter.

G.—Ah! now I see, at first I thought that the food must be of such a quality to forbid all talk; but in one or two places I see the unhappy ones whispering. Let us away; the sight is too sad (triste).

A.—Where shall we go for a little amusement, my dear Gaston?

G.—We will go to the so cheerful Morgue.

II

G. A.—And who are these unhappy young men?

A. G.—These, my dear Gaston, are young men of no moment (pas de temps). One is the great Wank

Ah, who spends his time in two ways—smoking and laughing.

G.—But I do not see him to laugh.

A.—That is because he is smoking. He is always smoking.

G.—And the other, my dear Alphonse?

A.—That is the German Composer (*raconteur*) Sosso. He is an expert in this foolish game.

G.—And what is this so foolish game.

A.—They call it “the tap,” my dear Gaston and it is a copy of the so noble game of billiards.

G.—And why do the so tired onlookers play with the light?

A.—It is for luck, dear Gaston. You may perceive that in the darkness one has increased his score by twenty. He, my dear Gaston, has had the luck.

G.—And yet, my dear Alphonse, the onlookers do not laugh.

A.—That is because they fear the so venerable table might fall to pieces.

G.—Assuredly, Alphonse, these English take their pleasures sadly.

A SUMMER EVE.

Solemn the old sun marches,
The white glare softens and fades,
Till the marble cloister'd arches
Lose form, with their sculp'd facades.

Cloisters of fame and beauty—
Honoured, illustrious, bold—
Still ye rouse our hearts to duty,
As roused, were the men of old!

Stately the old day closes,
Ablaze with a dying sun;
The colour of crimson roses
Dies hard, with the ev'ning gun.

Twilight o'erspreads the heaven,
While starlight silvers the pines,
And the forms of the cloisters leaven
To softer and dusk grey lines.

And night with vault of glory,
With star bejewelled face,
O'er the ivied cloisters hoary,
Descends in a calm embrace.

—Jacobus.

Examination Results

PASS RESULTS, 1910.

First Year Arts.—J. B. Burrell, Miss A. Hansen, M. E. Griffith, Miss K. Kellaway, Miss Tate.

Second Year Arts.—Miss K. N. Crawford, K. T. Henderson, C. W. Meredith, Miss A. R. Slade.

Third Year Arts.—Miss N. Gilbert, E. C. Frewin, Miss A. G. M. Skinner, Miss T. M. Sproule, Miss A. T. Tucker, F. E. Watts.

Third Year Science.—E. I. Rosenblum.

First Year Laws.—L. N. Connell, J. N. Fraser, A. L. Jack, N. S. Nash, Miss M. C. Oliphant, E. R. T. Reynolds, Miss D. J. Ross, D. E. Wanklyn.

Second Year Laws.—C. L. Baillieu, J. F. Herring, W. L. Jack, J. E. Roe.

Third Year Laws.—A. F. S. Dobson, D. Gavan Duffy, D. M. Fraser, H. Ross-Soden.

Fourth Year Laws.—C. M. Williams.

First Year Veterinary Science.—C. T. McKenna.

First Year Engineering.—A. A. Hickman, M. B. Kelly, F. C. Martin.

Third Year Mining Engineering.—R. W. Cresswell, A. D. Mackay.

Fourth Year Mining Engineering.—A. C. Jowett.

Fourth Year Civil Engineering.—F. H. Foster, K. W. Holmes.

First Year Medicine.—A. J. Bottomly, L. P. Brent, T. G. Fetherstonhaugh, J. C. M. Harper, E. S. Joske, R. V. Norton, D. C. Pigdon, P. N. Whitehead.

Third Year Medicine.—G. E. Cole, H. B. James, F. D. H. B. Lawton, H. B. Lewers, J. S. Mackay, Miss V. Scantlebury, J. L. Ross-Soden, R. F. Watson, S. W. Shields.

Fourth Year Medicine.—F. L. Gill.

Fifth Year Medicine.—E. R. Cordner, K. S. Cross, W. S. Garnett.

Education, Section A.—Miss G. J. Kellaway, Miss T. M. Sproule.

Education, Section B.—H. A. Crowther.

SINGLE SUBJECTS.

Greek, Part I.—K. T. Henderson, Miss E. M. Bage.

Inductive Logic.—E. I. Rosenblum.
 Mixed Mathematics, Part I.—A. D. Mackay.
 Latin, Part I.—Miss I. W. A. H. Paten.

 CLASS LIST.

Pure Mathematics, Part I.—F. C. Martin, A. A. Hickman, 3rd class.
 Mixed Mathematics, Part I.—F. C. Martin.
 Deductive Logic and Elementary Psychology.—Miss K. Kellaway, 2nd class.
 English, Part I.—Miss Alma Hansen, Miss D. A. Tate, 1st class; Miss K. Kellaway, 2nd class.
 Philosophy.—K. T. Henderson, 1st class.
 Natural Philosophy, Part I.—F. C. Martin, 2nd class; A. A. Hickman, 3rd class.
 Biology, Part I.—R. V. Norton, 3rd class.
 Surveying, Part I.—F. C. Martin, A. A. Hickman, 2nd class.
 Classical Philology.—Miss Enid Joske, 2nd class; Miss A. R. Slade, 3rd class.
 History.—E. R. T. Reynolds, K. T. Henderson, 2nd class.
 Philosophy.—K. T. Henderson, 1st class.
 Third Year Laws.—D. Gavan Duffy, 2nd class.
 The Law of Property in Land and Conveyancing and the Law of Contract and Personal Property.—D. Gavan Duffy, 3rd class.
 Third Year Mining Engineering.—A. D. Mackay, 2nd class.

 EXHIBITIONS.

Mixed Mathematics, Part I.—F. C. Martin.
 English, Part I.—Miss Alma Hansen (equal).
 Surveying, Part I.—F. C. Martin (equal).
 Philosophy, Hastie Exhibition.—K. T. Henderson (equal).
 Mining Engineering: The George Lansell Scholarship.—A. D. Mackay.

 FINAL HONOUR SCHOLARSHIP, 1911.

Classical Philology.—O. N. Kelly.
 Chemistry: The Dixon Final Honour Scholarship.—E. I. Rosenblum.

Civil Engineering: The "Argus" Scholarship.—K. W. Holmes.

Surgery: Beaney Scholarship.—E. R. Cordner.

Pathology: Beaney Scholarship.—Dr. R. Fowler.

FINAL HONOURS.

CLASS LISTS.

First Term, 1911.

Classical Philology.—O. N. Kelly, 1st class; Miss A. T. Tucker, 2nd class.

Logic and Philosophy.—F. E. Watts, 2nd class; E. C. Frewin, Miss E. M. Bage, 3rd class.

Chemistry.—E. I. Rosenblum, 2nd class.

Civil Engineering.—K. W. Holmes, 1st class.

Medicine.—K. S. Cross, W. S. Garnett, 2nd class; E. R. Cordner, 3rd class.

Surgery.—E. R. Cordner, 1st class; K. S. Cross, W. S. Garnett, 2nd class.

General and Special Pathology.—W. S. Garnett, K. S. Cross, 2nd class.

Therapeutics, Dietetics and Hygiene.—W. S. Garnett, 2nd class.

DEGREES.

Conferred at Commencement, 1911.

Bachelor of Arts.—Miss Ethel M. Bage, E. C. Frewin, Miss A. G. M. Skinner, F. E. Watts, Miss A. T. Tucker (in absentia).

Bachelor of Science.—E. I. Rosenblum.

Bachelor of Surgery.—W. S. Garnett.

Bachelor of Mining Engineering.—Simon Fraser.

Master of Arts.—H. A. Crowther.

Diploma of Education.—H. A. Crowther.

It was decided by the S.R.C. to hold a University dance in the Wilson Hall if possible, but this attempt at something approaching a social function received its "quietus" by the refusal of the University Council to grant the necessary permission to use the hall for such purpose.

THE PIPE.

Take a College man into a study and offer him a smoke. Then watch what he does. If he refuses—doesn't smoke—conversation will probably be general and he will criticise your chairs, cushions and pictures of pretty demoiselles. If he smokes, he may accept a cigarette—or smoke one of his own—and brands of Egyptian and Virginian will be the topic. But if he fills his pipe with his own tobacco after inquiring what you smoke, then observe him closely. He will look round carefully and note the "Pipes" in the room. Possibly he'll pick one up that takes his fancy, and then you both talk on that most entrancing subject—"Pipes."

The pipes we have known! Doesn't that offer a field of pleasant reminiscence? Who knows the Pipes of Parnell—that expert smoker and critic? On the mantelpiece, tables, and in sundry racks are seen the briar, the calabash, the meerschaum and clay wrought into wondrous shapes and sizes varying from the smallest of briars to monstrosities resembling a section of a Gippsland gum tree. Most have reached full saturation point with tobacco juice. The newest can be picked out by the absence of the delightful colour of tobacco stain. Others, as Mr. Fielder might remark, are "transitional in type." As you see them lying there they are, however, mere shapes and sizes. Curious enough in their way, you say! Yes. But wait and you will see one from among these in action. The selected pipe will be fairly heavy in the wood, in colour dark as a College corridor at midnight, and decidedly large in the bowl. It is filled with a mighty fill and lit—and the cheery face peering over the pince-nez disappears behind a blue-black cloud. The puffs are short and powerful. If he is moving along a passage the picture of a T.B. destroyer at full speed with a following wind and the stokers stoking like devils in Tophet, is presented to the mind. But we no longer see this sight, nor do we hear the potent pipe loudly condemned. He is gone from among us and a younger generation will know him not.

Others have a more or less morbid desire for collecting pipes of a monotonously similar pattern, shape, and price. One member of Lower Clarke's has an almost unique collection of the famous though plebian "cherry-wood." To the mind of the ordinary smoker, the individuals of the family have no distinctive features. To the expert, the owner, there are as many differences and characteristics as between a calabash and a penny clay. He knows them by name. He speaks to them as a crazy shepherd to his sheep. He watches smoke by smoke, and day by day, the colour appear, darken and

form a pattern on their polished bowls; and each pattern for him tells the story of the pipe—contains the history of his smokes. If you would study the cherry-wood, go to him in his study on a cold night when his fire is known to be burning. There, feet on the mantelpiece, he will discourse at length and extol the virtues of his pet pipes, meanwhile and at intervals, tipping the ash on the carpet—a privilege of the study—and unscrewing at the base to “blow her out,” the carpet again benefiting.

But this should have been written in the past tense. He has now bought and “broken in” an “eight bob briar.” There are smokers innumerable, and pipes in legion. The fragrance of “My Lady Nicotine” pervades and clings in loving embrace to curtains, clothes and books as the witching hour approaches. A last pipe and then the arms of Morpheus. A toast: Oh! Raleigh.

Dialectic Society

Owing to a rather disorganised First Term the Society did not open its proceedings until much later in the year than usual.

At the General Meeting, held late in first term, Mr. E. I. Robson was re-elected Vice-President, Mr. K. Henderson Secretary, and the following members of Committee:—Messrs. Puckle, Creswell and Atkins.

One debate was held before the close of term, the subject being “That Preference to Unionists should be made Compulsory by Law.”

The result was somewhat disappointing as, though the speaking was good throughout, no one was found to support the proposer, Mr. Creswell, in his able defence. The following spoke against the motion:—Mr. Henderson (respondent), Messrs. Fraser, Campbell and Watts.

Mr. Campbell was the only freshman who summoned up sufficient courage to face the music; but it is to be hoped that the others may soon learn to appreciate the advantages that the Society offers and the real help it affords them in preparing for their future careers.

A goodly number of our men accepted the invitation of the Queen's Secretary to a debate on the subject of the Referenda. It was held on the eve of the polling, and a splendid debate resulted. Trinity was represented by Mr. O'Dell Crowther, Mr. Franc Carse, Mr. Creswell and Mr. Henderson. If the Society continue to receive from hon. members the support it has deservedly won in the past, a successful year will be ensured.

Rowing Notes

The eight got to work during the second week in March. Five of last year's men were available, but there was not much difficulty in replacing Godby, who was unable to row, Baillieu and Duffy, by G. G. Anderson, whom we were glad to welcome in College, and J. Ross-Soden and Watson.

The race, owing to the military camp, which claimed seven of our eight, had to be fixed before Easter. Time for preparation was short, but willingness and energy on the part of all concerned fully supplied the deficiency.

Mr. Robson undertook the coaching, and had again, unfortunately for the last time, the sterling assistance of Mr. Parnell's criticism. With a crew working together throughout without a single hitch or growl the coach's duties were almost purely academical; he supplied the theory—chiefly "leg-theory"—the crew did the rest.

The race was rowed on April 18th, on the usual course, from the Richmond railway bridge to the Henley finish. Mr. W. E. P. Austin got the crews away well, and Ormond, on the south, profiting by last year's experience, at once made a strong bid for the lead, followed by Queen's on the north. At the Monier we had come up, and the three crews shot the bridge practically level. Here Ormond began to fall back, and Queen's, now aided by their station, headed us by about three-quarters of a length at the new cut corner. A magnificent race ensued down the straight. Queen's led by a bare canvas at Brander's, while we continued still to creep up. The final result of spurt and counter-spurt was that Queen's were lucky enough to get in a stroke on the post, and were declared winners by Dr. Springthorpe by six inches.

The verdict offered a fertile theme for facile pens during the Easter holidays, no fewer than six letters appearing in the "Argus." We would only say that the judge's duty is to declare which boat, in his opinion, reaches the line first. He is, unfortunately for our case, not concerned with the position of the boats immediately before or after the finish. When the whole duty of man, and specially his duty as a boat-race official, comes to be discussed by some responsible body the result of this race will, no doubt, form an important "exhibit." At present we can only congratulate ourselves on having got so close and Queen's on having got so far away.

The race was umpired by Mr. Upward. The following are names and weights:—

THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

QUEEN'S.

		St.	lbs.
Bow	H. Rabling	12	0
2	W. L. Armstrong	11	10
3	S. E. Humphreys	11	0
4	D. P. Greenham	12	0
5	W. N. Abbott	12	10
6	E. M. L. Morgan	13	3
7	A. H. Dunstan	12	1
Stroke	F. A. H. Boynton	12	0
Cox	R. Webster	8	10

TRINITY.

		St.	lbs.
Bow	S. F. Dobson	10	10
2	R. F. Watson	11	3
3	J. F. Herring	10	8
4	J. E. Roe	11	2
5	J. Ross-Soden	13	0
6	G. G. Anderson	11	2
7	H. Ross-Soden	12	9
Stroke	R. W. Creswell	11	10
Cox	F. L. Gill	9	0

ORMOND.

		St.	lbs.
Bow	W. Pearce	10	12
2	R. McCracken	10	12
3	H. P. Brownell	11	13
4	A. C. Fraser	10	5
5	G. E. M. Stuart	11	13
6	J. C. Kinninmonth	11	0
7	J. T. Tait	11	0
Stroke	F. Macky	11	6
Cox	J. Pearce	8	11

We have to congratulate Harry Ross-Soden on having rowed five in the Victorian Interstate crew on the Parramatta River, and also on having rowed seven in the winning University crew at Adelaide. We congratulate Dobson, who rowed three, and Gill, who steered, in the same crew.

The remains of the College crew, with Godby, Johnstone, now out of College, and Halkyard, of Ormond, still under the inimitable guidance of Mr. Robson, pulled off the Army Challenge Cup for the University Rifles. The crew rowed the first heat on strictly theoretical lines, and but for an obliging crab caught by the Scottish would have been beaten. A little heavy thinking revealed the mistake, which was remedied sufficiently to enable them to win the final by something over a length. The crew was:—Privates Creswell (stroke), Herring (7), Roe (6), J. Ross-Soden (5), Johnstone (4), Corporal Godby (3), Privates Halkyard (2) and Watson (bow).

ON A COLLEGE BOOKSHELF.

Ritschl, he reposes in languorous ease not far from Wilamowitz-Moellendorff. Brugmann and Deissmann are at home to callers, down in the corner there. Or perhaps you would prefer to toy awhile with a "svelte" little volume answering to the name of "Hellenica Oxyrrhynchia." No use for the likes of them? I dare say not, though you'll find some intensely human touches in those papyri letters in Deissmann and Witowski.

Well, try that blackwood case. That's where my friends mostly live. Miss Edgeworth? Mean to say you don't know Maria Edgeworth? with her prim children and ultra-Socratic parents? Rosamond, now; surely if we still tell what Wellington and Canrobert remarked at Waterloo, we should, in Trinity at least, record Rosamond's "It's too late to get up early now." And Rosamond's papa, who "lent her a nice little machine of his for drawing perspective," which she was only allowed to use before breakfast—kind only to be cruel. But if you want to get papa at his best climb up the other side of the fire-place and fish out the "Parent's Assistant." Papa reaches his zenith in the "Birthday Present." Yes, that's the book. Book on the shelf below caught your eye? Alfieri—All-fiery, I call him—last lingering exponent of the "Classic Drama." What's the "Classic Drama"? Better read Vaughan's "Types of Tragic Drama," it's by the window there, if it isn't lent. And read Maeterlinck's remarks on the modern theatre in the "Double Garden"—I haven't got it—then you'll be able to keep your end up with frequenters of the Repertory Theatre. Want to get back to the All-fiery shelf? There's Lowell's "Study Windows" somewhere there—take a look through, if you feel like embarking on a course of literature. It was Lowell, I think, that sent me chivying round after Du Bartas, the rather plain-spoken poet that old Izaak Walton is so fond of quoting, and Sylvester, who translated him into English in 1598. That was one of my proud but disappointing days, when I got two of the Public Library wickets down for a duck. One doesn't often get such a good average against the Public Library.

But I'm sorry you're too big to enthuse about Miss Edgeworth. And there's Mrs. Trimmer and Jane and Ann Taylor. You know of course, "Who ran to help me when I fell and kiss the place to make it well?" Read E. V. Lucas' introduction to "Original Poems"; read E. V. Lucas generally; read his "Old-fashioned Tales," with the incomparable dog-story, and read "Over Bemerton's." (By the way, borrow him, don't buy him). "Bemerton's" is a secondhand book-shop, whence the gentleman who lodges upstairs secures quaint and curi-

ous "bed-books." Time doesn't allow us the cultivation of the "bed-book," but everybody should encourage the "tram-book." The "tram-book" should be pocketable and decently printed. It should avoid the appearance of a devotional work, if it is to be read in the last Brunswick tram. We have heard of a mellow Irishman sadly mistaking the character of a well-known Trinity don and of the pocket volume of Corneille he was perusing. Almost anything can be got in "tram-book" form, nowadays. One has only to prowling round. And it's good value prowling round a book-shop, a secondhand shop for preference. Only, before you go in always see that you have, neatly engrossed on your heart, Cato's warning: "What is not needed is dear at a penny." Buy because you can't beg, borrow or steal the book, but buy above all because you want to read it at once. There's one of my recent acquisitions—Charles Perrault. *Eighteenpence*. French? Well I'm afraid it is, but surely you know enough French to read "Blue Beard" and "Cinderella" in the form in which they first saw the light. Poor Perrault! Boileau gave him a bad time in the old Louis XIV. days. He had had the bad taste to maintain in four volumes that the moderns were as good as the ancients, and his ignorance of Greek is Boileau's King Charles' Head. It must have been good living in those times of literary thrust and parry, when everybody knew everybody else, just as it wasn't bad to be in Melbourne thirty years ago. We have grown too big now for a decent newspaper controversy.

After all, don't read what the other fellow reads. Start out for yourself. Buy some "tram-books." "Non impediunt foris," spake Tully, as he crammed a few papyrus rolls into the folds of his toga before going out for the day. We are told that his faultless tailor objected. And you can get plenty of little books that won't spoil the hang of that nice coat. Then you won't so much mind when the coach keeps you waiting at the boat-house, or when she's a bit late for tea, and the dentist's delay will be doubly delightful.

"PECH-VOGEL."

The Theatre Night held on Wednesday, May 17th, at "The Belle of Brittany" was a pronounced success in every way. Lindsay Brent, now of some little fame as the "Shop Girl," again, together with G. G. Anderson, provided one of the most interesting items on the students' programme. It was to be regretted "Sir Rufus," otherwise "Dummy" Clark, was unable to exhibit his talents on this occasion.

THE UNIVERSITY RIFLES IN CAMP.

This was our first big camp, a mixture of University keenness, overlaid, or partly overlaid, with soldierly qualities. As the messenger remarked to the Colonel of another regiment, "If you please, sir, Dr. — compliments, and the shop fellows are waiting for you to move on."

We made mistakes, but it is safe to say that they were mistakes of the head and not those irremediable mistakes of the heart, which make all effort hopeless.

To row in a gruelling boat-race, said by competent critics to be the hardest of recent years, to dash home, *change* into an uncomfortable uniform and a shockingly ill-designed set of accoutrements, to wait two hours on a cold night, and, finally, to travel forty miles in a train which took five bitter cold hours for the journey, carriages worse than cattle-trucks, is not the best preparation for an eight days' camp of hard work. But six men of Trinity did so, and a seventh came down to wish us good-luck, as he was rowing elsewhere.

We went into camp on Thursday, April 14th, and arrived at 3 o'clock in the morning, then marched two miles to camp and turned in till reveille at 6 a.m. The next four days were spent in preliminary work, with the exception of Sunday afternoon, which was devoted to Church Parade and time off. But after that the real work began, ending with two days' manœuvres, as an army in the field, at march, at rest, and in battle. At nine in the morning we had to be on the Brigade parade ground or—be talked to by the Brigadier. We were punctual after the first morning. We then marched out to the training paddocks about three miles out and worked there till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and got back to camp about five.

For the two-days' manœuvres, however, we left camp early on Wednesday and marched towards Broadford, as a long column of five thousand men, complete with transport, covering some two miles of road. We dropped some of our force on the way out to form our enemy next day, and they put in the afternoon digging trenches.

We went on to Broadford and bivouacked there in an outpost position. One company occupied a bleak hill-side and worked, the remainder lay snug in a hollow and slept. The lucky ones had six hours' sleep, the unlucky anything from one to three. We were out at daylight next morning, packed our goods, got some food and were on the road by eight o'clock. By twelve we got back to Green's Pinch, where we had left the others the day before, and prepared to attack their position. Unfortunately they had retired to another position further south, with the exception of two companies left behind

by mistake. The empty trenches were, however, rushed in the most approved fashion and we then marched home to camp and had a very welcome change and wash.

There were many discomforts, the straw was short, the ground hard, water was off, washing was a memory, the mornings were cold and the roads were hard, but there was no grumbling, and most of us had only just begun to like it and wanted another week when the end came. The work done earned the praise of Inspector-General, Commandant and Brigadier, but we must remember that we are not soldiers yet. To become so we must work steadily for the rest of the year, looking for no approval but from our officers and our consciences! This work will be hard, but not too hard for the men who toiled in the cook-house fire and smoke, scuttled over the ploughed land at Quarry Hill, or charged with the reckless assault of the lame, sick and lazy at Green's Pinch.

Hostel Notes

First term has gone by amid much talk, less work (why can we not truthfully interchange those adjectives?) and many little happenings, that though interesting at the time are scarcely to be given to the world at large.

The chief social event of the term was an "At Home" to say good-bye to Lady Gibson-Carmichael. In the presence of a large assembly the Warden delivered a most interesting address on the Authorised Version of the Bible.

The next occurrence of note was a welcome to our Freshers, whose gratitude took so hilarious a form as to attract the attention of a band of apparently unemployed in the neighbourhood. Some extra disturbance was thus occasioned, and the evening was voted by all most successful.

Tennis as usual has engrossed much of our attention. Dorothy Ross and Bertha Sproule came out on top of the first term tournament list, and we congratulate them on their inclusion in the four chosen to represent Melbourne against Sydney. News of their success is just to hand. Congratulations!

We are now looking forward to the intercollegiate matches which take place about the middle of July. The bye has fallen to Ormond's lot. As preparation we have had several scratch tournaments on Saturday afternoons, enjoyable both from the point of view of players and onlookers, if applause is any criterion. There was also a match against past Hostiles on June 17th.

At an enjoyable "al fresco" concert we took the opportunity of offering Trinity our sincerest congratulations on the cricket. We hope football, shooting and tennis may prove equally successful.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

For the benefit of freshmen and others, who wish to acquire easy methods of drawing some of our leading lights into conversation, we append a few of the questions best likely to draw them out:—

To Mr. W*nl*n: "Got a fill?" He will be in his stride at once, and within a few seconds will supply the names, appearance, characters and vices of all the men who have borrowed tobacco from him since he started smoking, at least a year ago. A sympathetic attitude and the offer of a cigarette will earn you a high place in his esteem.

To Mr. K*lly: "Cold up there?" After some thought, Mr. K*lly will reply in the negative. This must be regarded as fair progress, but do not put the same question next day, as he will have a stinging retort ready, if he can get it out.

To { Mr. R*e: (If separate) 'Seen old { H*rr*ng
 { Mr. H*rr*ng { R*e anywhere? "

If together: "What about a trip down town?" If they are working, you will be rebuffed, but if not, insure your life, make your will, resign your membership of the Y.M.C.A., and go. It will be worth it.

To Mr. D*bs*n: "Are you a sergeant?" A fruitful chat will ensue, in which he will compare himself with Nero, slightly to the latter's disadvantage.

To Mr. J*ll*y: "How do you feel?" He will lead you into a strong light and show you a bad taste in his mouth, explain how he diagnosed himself as suffering from all the diseases known to medical science except baldness, prescribe for himself, and walk off, smoking gloomily.

To Mr. P*ckl*: "How do you do?" He will reply, "Quite well, thank you. How are you?" in such a faultless manner that you will feel yourself the equal of crowned heads.

To Mr. H*nd*rs*n: "What are your opinions on——?" Any subject is equally familiar to him. It does not matter if you differ from him, he will brush aside your ideas as things of no account. However, if you see his platform manner coming on, withdraw at once.

To Mr. R*dd*ll: "How's your bike running?" Retire at the end of about three hours.

To Mr. Engl*nd: "Where did you get to the other night after you left us?" He will regale you with adventures beside which those of Haroun al Raschid pale into insignificance. A "knowing" demeanour, however, is essential.

To the whole College: "How's work going?" The reply will invariably consist of the word "Rotten."

Further instalment to follow. Mr. Fr*w*n carefully handled jests for G.G. Racy stories for Mr. Gr*ff*th, Baiting the Baron.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The Annual Social, usually given by The Christian Union as a welcome to freshmen, was this year replaced by one on a larger scale and held by the Students' Representative Council in the Wilson Hall on Saturday evening, May 5th. No doubt many of the freshmen regarded themselves as being altogether outside this category by that time. There was a very large attendance, including a decided sprinkling of the fair sex. A musical programme was provided by the local talent and greatly appreciated by all, the indispensable G. G. Anderson being to the fore. Speeches explaining the work and positions of the S.R.C. and Sports Union were given by Messrs. A. Fraser and John Lang. A very enjoyable evening ended in an impromptu dance, music being provided by Di Gilio's band.

As regards inter-'Varsity sports we have been most successful this year, the women winning the Tennis handsomely in Sydney and having at the same time a most enjoyable visit.

Our Hockey team was successful against the Sydney representatives, and did justice to a very gay dinner at Sargeant's afterwards.

We congratulate our eight on their fine win in Adelaide, and for once more restoring the coveted cup to our possession.

 "RUBBING IT IN."

Within the Common Room I saw
A guilty thing of comely straw,
That raised my ire in ev'ry pore ;
So from my book a leaf I tore :
On notice-board I placed the score,
 " **N**ine pennies will the hat restore."

Proud co-curator sacrosanct,
Are you the lad so soundly spanked ?
You who with me are equal ranked !

Upon your purse cruel chains have clanked,
Proud co curator sacrosanct !

CURATOR.

Running

The Intercollegiate Sports were held on Friday, May 19th. The weather was dull and threatening and the track very slow and heavy from recent rains.

The team, although it did not win, nevertheless put up a good fight. A very noticeable feature of the running was the work of the second strings. In the early part of training we were unlucky in losing the services of a useful man through accident. Minor accidents also caused inconvenience to other members of the team.

The running of Jowett in the Mile deserves comment. Here is a man who has done very little running, who can, after a month's training, run second to an acknowledged champion in a hard race. His running was excellent. Surely there are some more members of the College who are suppressing latent talent.

The thanks of the team are due to those men in College who undertook to "rub down" men training for the team. We recognise this is not a nice job, and that therefore these men are to be the more thanked for their efforts.

We must congratulate Greenham (Q.) on his splendid performance. He won the 440, Hurdles, Long Jump and High Jump—that is, four of the five events in which he ran. Kerr (Q.) must also be congratulated on his fine Mile.

Jolley won the 220 for us in good style, and also was second in the 100. Other men who did good work for the College are Jowett, Dobson and Godby, who were second in the Mile, Long Jump and High Jump respectively.

The final scores were:—

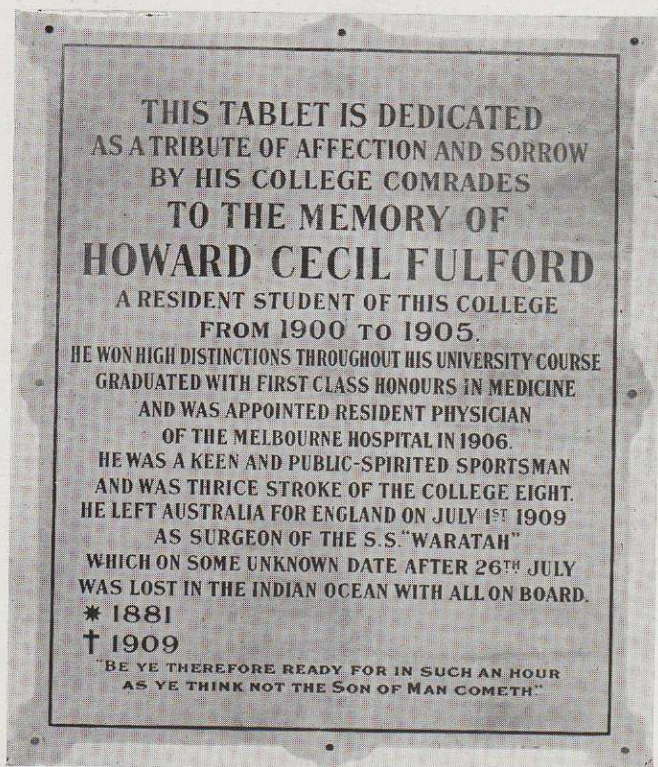
Queen's, 73½; Trinity, 52½; Ormond, 28.



FULFORD MEMORIAL.

On Sunday, 30th April, at 4 p.m., a tablet to the memory of Howard Cecil Fulford was unveiled in the College Chapel.

The attendance of past and present members of the College and of those who knew him put a severe strain on the accommodation of the present Chapel. The Dean of Melbourne—an old Trinity student himself—before performing the ceremony, delivered a short address in which he referred to the lovable disposition and the sportsmanlike qualities of Dr. Fulford. The Rev. Geo. E. Aitkin conducted the service.



Old Students

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

The Annual Dinner was held this year on Trinity Monday, June 12th, at Hosie's Hotel. The President (Mr. D. J. D. Bevan) was in the chair, and there were about thirty members present, the Warden (who unfortunately so far departed from precedent as to omit smoking his annual cigar) and the Senior Student, Mr. Blois Lawton, and Mr. H. B. James, representing the Social Club, being the guests of the evening.

After "The King" had been honoured, "The College" was proposed by Dr. R. R. Stawell and responded to by the Warden; and the election of office-bearers for 1911 was then proceeded with. The Rev. Canon Long was elected President, with Mr. Dutton Green and Mr. S. E. Elder as Vice-Presidents, Mr. Franc Carse as Secretary, and Mr. O'Dell Crowther, Drs. Harvey Sutton and Arthur Morris, Mr. H. T. Graham and the Senior Student ex officio as members of Committee.

It has been the custom at these dinners that "The King" and "The College" should be the only toasts honoured, but on this occasion this salutary rule was frequently departed from. The Hon. Carty Salmon, M.H.R., set the example by proposing the "new Secretary"—with some reluctance; the Secretary—without reluctance—responding; and he was followed by Mr. Bevan, who proposed "the Vice-Warden and the present students," the "Vice" and Senior Student responding. A rot then set in. Mr. Lewers in a speech brilliant in its obscurity proposing a toast to which Mr. D. Gavan Duffy, with equal obscurity, responded. With his Presidential honours fresh upon him, Canon Long then proposed "the Retiring officers," paying a special tribute to the splendid work done for the Society by Dr. Arthur Morris, who has been compelled, by pressure of his professional work, to relinquish the position of Secretary, which he has held since the reconstruction of the Society. The ex-President, in responding, endorsed Canon Long's remarks as to Dr. Morris's services and the meeting then terminated.

NOTES.

The membership roll of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys now contains one hundred and twenty-four names. All

old students who are not members should send in their names (not forgetting the annual subscription of five shillings) to the Secretary, Mr. Franc Carse, Selborne Chambers, Chancery-lane. All members are entitled to a copy of the "Fleur-de-Lys."

* * *

A smoke night was held at the College on Saturday, October 8th, to which all past and present members of the College were invited; but the attendance was not as large as had been hoped, only 25 members of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys being present.

* * *

Dr. R. A. O'Brien seems permanently settled in London. Recently married to an Australian and now working in Burroughs and Wellcome's laboratories.

* * *

Allen and Rex Leeper at Oxford, just returned from a five weeks' vacation in Paris, and settling down to work. We all know what that means.

* * *

Arthur Sherwin and Teddy White both left for London recently.

* * *

Balcombe Quick: F.R.C.S.—in almost record time. Congratulations!

* * *

Herbert Mayo a prosperous solicitor in Lamaroo. Recently married. The "Merry Len" going across to Adelaide to assist in tying the knot and Jack Lindon officiating as best man. Spent his honeymoon in Melbourne, when all the old brigade who had the pleasure of gazing on his cheerful gargoyle found him the identical "Buggins" of yore.

* * *

Ned Hamilton also recently married. Has the best wishes of all who knew.

* * *

"Pat" Lang and "Dell" Crowther contemplating the same serious step.

* * *

Dr. Cyril Clarke returned from England and in practice at Petersburg, S.A.

* * *

Mac Ross, at Callandoun, Goondiwindi, Queensland. Now a proud father.

* * *

We congratulate E. C. Dyason on his emergence from the sea of trouble that surrounded him. He was given a dinner by the Chamber of Mines, at which it was clearly shown that not only did he leave the court without a

stain on his character, but that the evidence showed him to have played an even better part than we had been aware of. All the same, we trust it will not be long before something pretty solid is sheeted home to those really responsible for the ordeal he has been through.

* * *

Ginger Burston, just appointed to doctor the niggers in the Northern Territory, and a jolly good appointment too. Who says our blacks are a dying race?

* * *

John Carse, back to the land again, after a trip to England. Is now an authority on Egyptology, archæology and matters architectural.

* * *

Franc, developing a promising practice and a more promising abdomen in Selborne Chambers. Secretary of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys, and still ready to turn his hand to odd jobs for the College.

* * *

Gresley Harper heard from in Perth, W.A., where he is practising.

* * * *

Dick Casey, Lang Jack, Rex and Allen Leeper, and John Carse were all in Paris within a few days of each other. No wonder there are riots in the Champagne districts!

* * *

Bage, "Bustling Bob," of infamous memory, has joined the Australian Engineers and is stationed at Swan Island. If he can get their heart's blood out of the enemy as well as he used to get the subs. out of us, he ought to be worth a battalion to Australia in her hour of need.

* * *

Jack Lindon, best man at the weddings of Arthur Langley and Herbert Mayo. Still hard at it in the S.A. Railways. Was over here just before the boat-race, but had to go back before that day.

* * *

Simon Fraser was offered stroke's seat in the Victorian Interstate Eight, but had to decline it, as he was off with his people to the Coronation. Seems to be getting over his broken heart all right. Defeated Neville in several acrimonious debates.

* * *

Neville Fraser, "The Nubbler," defeated Simon in several acrimonious debates. Going to finish his course at Oxford, in Magdalen, where we hope to hear of him in the cricket and tennis world.

* * *

Lang Jack no longer goes down town in pyjamas and

overcoat, but has accompanied Clive Baillieu to Magdalen, where his tasty but exotic dressing has already made him a marked man. We are glad to see that he is still treading the straight and narrow way.

* * *

Clive Baillieu, by latest reports, rowing four in the Magdalen crew, which is at present Head of the River and contains five Blues: no small performance for a man who has only been up at Oxford six months. Going to Germany with Lang to study cathedrals next vac.

* * *

Dick Casey, our missing Monk', is reported from Paris, where he was encountered by a Cambridge don, who describes him to our Vice-Warden as "a nice boy, but rather shy." Comment is superfluous.

* * *

Joe Allen, engaged to a parishioner. What Ho!

* * *

Arthur Moline, still going strong at Emmaville, where his good work is earning him praise in the engineering world.

* * *

It gave us a nasty turn to see that Doss was down with diphtheria, but we are happy to say that he is now up and about again, with a stick, though looking rather pale and hollow on it.

* * *

We very much regret to hear that Arthur South has not yet thrown off the paralysis of his arm from which he has recently been suffering, but wish him a sure and rapid recovery.

* * *

Dr. R. R. Stawell's after-dinner speeches are still quite up to his old form, as will be testified by those present at the dinner of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys.

* * *

Brook Bailey, on the Hobart Hospital. Recently reunited with Tom Atkins, when they signified the same in the usual manner.



LIFE IN THE RANKS.

By Two Full Privates.

We were nearly at our lowest. A hard race in the afternoon, a scramble up to College, hasty dinner, and then off as hard as we could go down to Spencer-street, where we fell in, the authors and friends taking up their positions as privates in Section 4 A Company, soon to develop into the pride of the regiment. Our vitality was at a low ebb, and as our imperious C.O. snapped out his curt commands, we shivered at the contact with that Iron Will. In a few moments we were all under control, and after various delays and contradictory orders that sounded strange to our unmilitary ears, we marched off to the train, hoping for a comfortable seat and then, blessed sleep. These ideas soon vanished as we were pushed into trucks, with boards for the lucky ones to sit on, and after some further delays, off we went; the others in excellent spirits, but a portion of the Trinity contingent not taking much interest in anything. Two of our number, who had "come out of training rather suddenly" were put to sleep, and the train having got past North Melbourne, stopped to see if it had dropped anything, or if the engine-driver's dog had caught up yet, or something equally important.

However, after a smart run of five hours the train covered the 40 miles to Kilmore, and a two-mile march took us to a maze of tents, in one patch of which we stood to attention (time 3.30 a.m., thermometer 33 deg. F., pulse 1 respiration 2), while a strange officer on a horse told us to be keen, and work hard, that reveille would be at 6.30 and that he hoped we'd enjoy ourselves. We dispersed without replying, tore off the tins and other gadgets provided by a paternal Government, and sank into a heavy sleep, all except King C*I*, who bustled about like a mad beetle for another hour or two.

Apparent interval of two minutes when—

"What the devil's that," said Private Johannes Magnus, leaping to his feet with obvious irritation, kicking C*I* in the bread-basket and coughing huskily in the back of his throat, as a frightful braying and cachinnation of demoniacal hee-haws and to-poopenartys broke in the night.

"Reveille, you prawns!" replied Sergeant Peggy Pride, our spiritual and temporal lord for the time being.

Four short words covered the situation, and we rose and began to dress. We were disturbed in our toilet and dragged out for a duty miscalled Bath Parade. Some of our aristocratic privates were disgusted at the viscosity of the fluid medium in which several regiments had al-

ready disported. Water was said to be an important constituent, but this was disputed.

Returned to camp, we walked about the lines picking up bits of paper, the reason for our early call being at once apparent. "And then began a struggle fierce and fell." An all-wise Government having provided us with all the requisites for housekeeping in the Sahara, mostly made of tin, it became necessary to get these things on. An imbecile private in glasses illustrated the way not to do it, obviously forgetting that the bits, like the works of an alarm clock, can only be put together in one way, and that a man who overlooks a tin in the early stages will have to carry his bayonet in his trouser pocket to make both ends meet.

Arrived on the parade ground, our C.O. startled all ranks by appearing on a Shetland pony which he must have brought along in his valise, with a few holes in the top for ventilation. At the command, we sloped arms with the precision of an asthmatic sewing-machine, and the steed, thinking the barrier was up, leapt forward, tripping heavily over its rider's spurs. He uttered a volley of curses, which, penetrating the recesses of the Y.M.C.A. tent, put the piano permanently out of tune and bent the G string in two places. To spare the mount's fetlocks he shortened stirrups, knocking his specs off with his right or dexter knee. Later on, as he dismounted, the saddle quietly and unostentatiously slipped round. We were strongly reminded of the picture in "Punch" depicting a knight under a Backward Spell.

We were soon to observe the interesting ceremonial of giving Camp Time by wrist watch, the officers occupied in so doing suggesting a group of Early Victorian dandies engaged in the instructive but, alas, moribund practice of "shooting their linen."

In the field, we gave notice of our approach by a clattering of tins, a rattle of sidearms, and an occasional dull clank as some infuriated private inadvertently hurled his fowling-piece from him, only to retrieve it under the watchful eye of our omniprescent C.O., The Mec Tonal. Occasionally we performed mysterious evolutions, as "Battalion Wheel" to the utter astonishment and dismay of our officers, who concealed their discomfort by turning on the nearest private and rending him limb from limb, a method clearly based on the "off with his head" manoeuvre of that great tactician, the Queen, in "Alice in Wonderland."

Our well-known "Rabble Formation," which we take up after two contradictory orders, and the command of "As you were," was at once the delight and terror of all beholders and the General Staff.

Who that has ever seen it can forget Corporal

P*ckl* in full marching order, charging across the ploughed land like a thing of life, or our two scouts, surprised by an officer while digging out a rabbit with their bayonets? Things like these are limned in undying paint on the recollections of all who saw them, but for an official account of camp we refer them to another part of this issue.

Net result: Johannes Magnus lost half a stone in weight, and H*rr*ng, the man of unquenchable spirit, who went to camp for "a bit of joy," returned in such a state of depression that he nearly put the study fire out. Bicycle corps, 1 strong, returned without loss of numbers. King George sleeps easier at nights, and we all had (Past Tense) three of his sovereigns to buy textbooks with.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sirs,—

To whom is the Executive responsible—to the Crown or to the larger representative body? The answer is well known to all students of Constitutional History: To whom is the Social Club Committee responsible and what are its functions? A body of students such as the members of Trinity College must have an organ to express their opinions, to carry out their administrative work, and generally to represent the general body of students—this is, or should be, the only work of the Committee.

Yet there are some who contend that the Social Club Committee is in addition an intermediate body between the authorities and the students, a body which expresses the views of the students, sometimes considerably modified, to the authorities, and a body to which the authorities look to exercise control over the students.

This latter view is too frequently adopted by the members of the Social Club Committee themselves, and it is not uncommon to find that men who are elected as representatives cease to be representatives in the strict meaning of the word after having held office for a term or two; hence views which are seriously held and seriously expressed in general meetings do not always reach the authorities before being censored at a meeting of the Committee, and the ultimate result of this is that the authorities get out of touch with the students.

I think the reason of this is very largely owing to the convention which is growing up, viz., that once a man is elected to the Committee he should not be displaced. The tendency of such a convention is to separate a member of the Committee from an ordinary student. A member of the Committee, perhaps unconsciously, will

reserve his opinion until the meeting of the Committee and will not frankly discuss matters of interest to the College with ordinary members before finding out the opinions of his fellow members of Committee.

The remedy, to my mind, is the more frequent changing of the personnel of the Committee, thus forcing back ex-members of Committee into the general body, which results in benefit both to the individual and to the general body of students.

Members should approach an election bearing in mind that there are five vacancies and that the five best men should be elected, and not, for instance, thinking to themselves, "so and so has gone off: there is one man to be elected."—Yours, etc.,

LEX.

(To the Editors of the "Fleur-de-Lys.")

Sirs,—

The blackboard used by the Dialectic Society was not removed from the Common Room after its first meeting, and the Hon. Secretary was fined for being the cause of an obstruction there. Could not any person who found the blackboard in his way have spent one minute in putting it back into the Lecture Room?

The incident appears to me to be typical of the attitude of the College towards its public-spirited "lambs" who accept the offices attendant upon its organisations and societies. A little thought and co-operation would both secure more efficiency and make thankless tasks less disagreeable to these Curators, Secretaries and Treasurers, some of whom are already overburdened with work.—Yours truly,

OBSERVER.

[We can sympathise, having been there ourselves.—
The Editors.]

(To the Editors of the "Fleur-de-Lys.")

Sirs,—

"Assiduo noster luceat igne focus" is the screed above the fireplace in Hall. Now I was one of a group of shivering mortals who gathered daily to sit at the festive board during the last short vacation—we froze, Sirs, absolutely froze; and there was that meaningless legend grinning down at us in mockery. I ask you, "Cannot something be done?" On making enquiries as to why we could not have a fire, I was quietly informed that the order was this: "No fires shall be lighted in Hall until the first of June." Have you ever before heard of such a thing? Fancy treating "temperature" in terms of "time." I ask again, "Cannot something be done." If we cannot have fires when the temperature is almost at

zero then let us have the screed changed to this: "Nunquam noster luceat igne focus."—I am, yours truly,
RADICAL REFORMER.

(To the Editors of the "Fleur-de-Lys.")

Sirs,—

My object in writing this letter is to put forth my views as to the position of College sport and to ask your Editorial comment thereon. In the first place, I maintain that College sport has attained a wrong position amongst us. We are not at school in Trinity and our sport here is but one of many expressions and offsprings of our College Life, not, as many would have, the very vital centre of our esprit-de-corps. My contention is that sports having once been forced into a wrong position are kept there by wrong training of Freshmen, who, as they come up, are overawed by their seeming importance and so help in turn to promulgate this idea. To a free-thinking freshman, if such exist, who objects to "cutting" his lectures, it is urged that that is the way College spirit is maintained. Now it is not the object of the writer to decry College spirit, which is wholly responsible for the position the College holds, but to differentiate between an overdone insistence on the importance of sports and a sane attitude treating them as a necessary, beneficial and serious adjunct to our common life. By this attitude I say that a man should never, perforce, be put in a position where he has to choose between work and sports, and so soon as that decision is necessary, so soon is College sport out of its sphere. By all means let us train, but not to the detriment of work.—Yours, etc.,

SENEX.

[We regard this as a fair statement of the position. Men in doubt as to their duties can do no better than adopt the principle the writer lays down, "that where one has to choose between work and sport . . . so soon is College sport out of its sphere.—Editors.]



Blue Pencil

The supply of material has been but moderate. Some of it has been declined owing to it being unsuitable either in style or matter, some as it has been duplicated elsewhere. Many contributions show that literary ability is rising from its dormant state, and we ask contributors not to despair if their effort has not been approved of by the editorial eye, but to make further attempts when called on in the future.

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Some budding poet (spare the word) has sent us the following panegyric (?). We print it for its sentiment, but oh! dear; oh! dear!

T.P.

He was more like a friend than a tutor to us,
He was more like a real good pal;
He never got cross if his tools you should take,
Never growled if you borrowed his cake.
We always felt he was one of ourselves,
For he treated each man like a friend.

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A Man with a Grievance sends the following jumble. It has beaten us, but our readers may make something out of it. As a specimen of construction in English it stands alone:—

“Scenty B—t or Baby Bliss we are glad to hear of your success your social future will be ruined by talking of it.” WHAT?

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This is the tale of a dreadful encounter in Lower Bishop’s last term. For the sake of our readers we have suppressed the more harrowing portions. The story treats of

King Arthur and His Nights.

’Twas night. King Arthur at a banquet sat
Surrounded by his mighty band of knights.
With him there sate Sir Eric, henchman true,
And also Sir Endel, brave and valrous one
Who first into the land did bring the weed
Known as tobacco. Even here he sate
Musing, and longing for his mistress fair
The lady Nicotine. Beside him was
That pillar of uprightness, the Canon.

Nor was the jester lacking from the court,
 E'en Hack, the comic of eternity.
 The revel ended, Arthur loudly called,
 "Bring to me the Wizard of all time,"
 Rival of Merlin, the sage Hossen-Lofe
 Then to the King he spake, "Lo and behold,
 Some leagues from here there stands a stately pile
 Called Bishop's, and within its walls there lie
 Youths who have promise, but in silence sleep;
 And in the spell of that fell demon Sloth
 Are all bewitched, and from their sleep must waken.
 This then is thy task, but listen! First
 Take warning of that dire and dreadful Spirit
 Who stands as Cerberus at th' Infernal Gates."
 The King set forth according to command,
 With all his band was struggling might and main
 Waking the youths—when sudden silence fell.
 Towards them came a stately ghost-like form.

The rest is too horrible.

[The fact that Tennyson and the author have both chosen the Iambic Pentameter to describe this incident may lay one of them open to a charge of plagiarism, but we are assured that similar coincidences are not uncommon in literature.—Ed.]

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Pibroch.—We trust you will have occasion to modify your views. As at present expressed, they would bring a mob down on the office in no time, who would most likely bath the Editors before they were satisfied.

X.—The subject of your article told against its publication, but we hope to hear from you again.

Hack Pot.—The Fighting Editor prohibits the publication of your article on Training for Running, as he fears he will be unable to quell the criticism it would certainly arouse.

D.E.W.—"The Dying Poet." Stone dead as far as the Editors are concerned. Wool is now 24d. scoured, 11d. greasy. Hang on for a better price.

Charlie.—We cannot print your "rhapsody," but we agree with you. A pair of letter scales is necessary. It is often awkward to know whether a scarf or bon-bons are the right weight, but you'll be infectious for a couple of months, anyway, so what does it matter?



