

Vol. 2. No. 11.



# The Fleur-de-Lys

Trinity College  
Melbourne University

JUNE, 1912.





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# The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF MELBOURNE.

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VOL. 2.

JUNE, 1912.

No. 11

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Editors :

H. B. JAMES.

M. H. PIESSE.

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.

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## EDITORIAL.

One of the most peculiar things to be faced in any community is the effect which the relation of events has upon the mind that receives. We could hardly expect this world to be a pleasant place if we all went to the trouble of finding out the facts of every case before we judged. But surely it is not too much to ask that people particularly interested in a man or a community should in those cases exercise a little care before they condemn; praise is not to be thought of ever. However, can we not hope that, if we are fortunate enough to possess friends, we can expect justice at least from them?

The College has friends!

Perhaps we have never thought of the College in this aspect; perhaps we have not realised that many estimable people are watching our movements and daily life, not with the detached attitude of justice, but humanly and sympathetically. There are those who are always willing to say, that the place is as good from all points of view, as it was in their own day. They are the people whom we should like to have near, if we felt that we had fallen into error; for we know they would not believe it of us. When we judge with our hearts we give these charming men and women pride of place among our friends. Still, when we bring the cold light of reason to bear upon friendship we are inclined to rate no

lower another group. These are the people who have watched our institution year by year, one generation passing to give place to a new, ever striving for the light. From time to time they chasten us with well-directed criticism, urging us to make use of the many facilities for development, which are open to us in a College such as this.

We do not shrink from the probe: but we have objection to the form in which this criticism has come to us of late. Most people well remember that interesting case of the staggeringly drunken cadets. A pillar of the community, a modest, timid man, who did not disclose his name, wrote to the papers complaining of the shock he had received upon seeing a band of intoxicated cadets issue forth from a brilliantly-lighted hostelry in Sydney. When challenged, in the course of a heated correspondence, to give particulars as to locality, and circumstances, he refused. No one would like to call anybody who writes to the papers a liar, much less a sensation-monger; yet, after mature consideration, we feel forced to draw the conclusion that the gentleman in question was not sure of his facts.

These friends of ours, with critical sword drawn, appear, in their anxiety, to be believing every vague, unverified rumour of this nature, circulated by the evilly-disposed, and the evilly-minded, who cannot imagine that things could be quite right.

We are told that a friend whose loss would be greatly disadvantageous to the College has said, that our discipline is so lax as to come barely within the connotation of the term. Another, probably his informant, for this very reason, would not send his son here; and upon enquiring at a sister College, was informed that he would not find this peculiar quality different there.

Having subdued our laughter, let us examine the charge. The reflection cannot be upon the staff, for the Warden and Vice-Warden, upon whom authority in its strict sense depends, have been with us for years. If this laxity rests on their shoulders, then we can presume that the College has been in its present reported state all these years; for all must admit that their energy is boundless, as it ever has been.

No! If our critics have definite thoughts upon the subject, they must mean their criticism to be directed at that general supervision, which the Council, in their wisdom, have entrusted to the student body.

We admit we have received a shock and a surprise, otherwise this article would not be occupying its present position in our magazine.

We have at present just as upright a body of men as we have had. Verification of this rests with the authorities, and if—such is life—their testimony cannot be accepted as uncoloured, we refer our calumniators



to men who are, and have been, in close touch with us as individuals, feeling sure that they will find among that number at least one or two who are unbiased.

If work and application are criteria, our senior men do not fall short, and upon them falls the burden of that supervision in the main. There is a seriousness of thought upon things that matter, which would please anyone, except those who burke enquiry. We are breeding a man tough-minded and practical, a man who can grapple with the things he has to face, and will not use a false culture or a sham humility as a shield against realities.

We ask no favour; we ask fair treatment. Let our friends, our critics, our judges make enquiry; let them trace any allegation to its source; and, that done, let them consider it in the light of that source. Then the College will be able to repay the interest that they take in us by treating their remarks with the respect they would deserve.

## TRINITY COLLEGE SOCIAL CLUB.

### First Term, 1912.

**President.**—Mr. F. B. Lawton.

**Hon. Secretary.**—Mr. R. F. Watson.

**Hon. Treasurer.**—Mr. J. E. Roe.

### Committee:

Messrs. Lawton, Watson, Roe, James, Lewers.

### Sub-Committees:

**Cricket.**—Messrs. Lewers, A. O'Hara Wood, and Godby.

**Rowing.**—Messrs. Roe, Watson, and Herring.

**Football.**—Messrs. Cumming, Jolley, and Roe.

**Tennis.**—Messrs. A. O'Hara-Wood, P. O'Hara-Wood, and Lewers.

**Running.**—Messrs. Jolley, Fetherstonhaugh, and Godby.

**Shooting.**—Messrs. A. O'Hara-Wood, Riddell, and Fetherstonhaugh.

**Music.**—Messrs. Ross-Soden, Galway, and Godby.

### Curators:

**Common-room.**—Messrs. Galway and Kitchin.

**Billiard-room.**—Messrs. Wanklyn and Wertheim.

**Tennis Balls.**—Mr. Cowan.

**Buttery.**—Mr. Puckle.

**Note-papers.**—Mr. Brent.



REPORT OF HON. SECRETARY FOR THIRD  
TERM, 1911.

Gentleman,—

The third term passed as usual with very little incident, the proximity of exams. exerting a very quietening influence by claiming most of the men's time. In the examinations most of us proved successful. Pre-eminent among "honour" men was Ned Herring, who won two "exhibitions" and the Rhodes Scholarship. This is the fourth Victorian Rhodes scholar that Trinity has sent home. Henderson again obtained "firsts"; but we are sorry to see that he is not an "exhibitioner" this year. Among the fifth-year meds. Gill and Anderson obtained honours. In sport, S. Fraser and H. Ross-Soden have distinguished themselves by being chosen to row in the Australian crew at the Olympic games, Stockholm; and Arthur O'Hara-Wood won the M.C.C. Autumn Tennis Championship in splendid style.

The "Fleur-de-Lys" made its second appearance for the year, and, thanks to Messrs. Creswell and James, aided by extremely few contributors, was a great success.

At the "Prelection," Mr. Duffy, the Prelector, gave an address on "Punishment of Criminals," which was considered to be of great merit.

The Committee has also to report the installation of a hot-water apparatus in L.C. bathroom. This, in addition to that in Bishop's Buildings, will, we think, prove very welcome, as it is a very necessary luxury, and the cost of cleanliness has not been heavy.

Numerous wattle-trees were planted round the College during the term, and successfully survived the summer.

The College year ended with a valedictory dinner to those leaving, when we endeavoured to give them a hearty send-off and wished them the best of luck in their different careers.

We now look forward to another successful year in sport and scholarship. Let men remember that a well-spent first term means a sure pass in November.

We conclude by expressing our regret for our old friends who have gone; and also take the opportunity of welcoming freshmen, and advising them to pursue hard work, and, above all things, determine to place Trinity College at the top of the Inter-collegiate tree.

## College Notes

Mr. Robson returned at the beginning of the year from a scamper through Europe. We welcomed him back right heartily, and the more so, since we all declare he looks younger than ever. At present he seems to be struggling with the Wander-lust. Next term, no doubt, will see him thoroughly settled down again. Those members of the College who have an eye to the chances of the future, and, in some cases, the necessities of the present, have appreciated immensely his German classes, which have taken the place of the readings of ancient English literature after Hall.

\* \* \*

Mr. Ned Herring, the last Rhodes Scholar, left for England in April. We congratulate him upon his well-earned success.

\* \* \*

The billiard table has undergone the usual minor repairs, and a new set of balls have appeared. The tournament promises to be most successful.

\* \* \*

The football team has played two matches in preparation for meeting Ormond. We ought to produce a fair team against the appointed day.

\* \* \*

The Glee Club has once more come to life and looks as if this span will be a healthy one. The thanks of the College are due to Mr. Gregor Wood and Dr. Fowler.

\* \* \*

The College feels the need of new bicycle stalls, or rather motor-bicycle stalls, as the influx of the latter has crowded out the honest push-bicycle.

\* \* \*

The Prelection will this year be held about the middle of second term. The exact date has not yet been fixed. The old third term fixture was inconvenient and the Prelection suffered in consequence.

\* \* \*

While the magazine is at the printers, Miss Enid Derham's play will be produced. We are pleased to say we are represented in the cast. We wish Miss Derham every success.

\* \* \*

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. K. Henderson, B.A., on his engagement to Miss Sharley Tickell, daughter of Captain Frederick Tickell, C.M.G.



## A PLEA FOR THE COMMONPLACE.

When little Paul Dombey, sitting hand-in-hand with his sister on the sands, tried to understand the language of the waves, he was typifying an attitude of mind towards nature which we of to-day, through the peculiar trend of the times, are finding it increasingly difficult to assume. To understand to the full the wonderful rhythm and poetry of our conscious existence, to be able continually to strike out fresh significances from the common things of every day, is a joy only possible to him whose horizon is bounded by the spiritual and the ideal. Without this outlook, he cannot get within the magic circle, where all things whisper to him of their strangeness and mystery.

A gorgeous sunset, a loud clash of thunder, a brilliant series of lightning flashes, and such like phenomena, will startle the average man into exclamations of admiration and awe. But towards the commonplaces of earth and sky he remains indifferent. He rarely looks into the heart of a flower; the texture of a leaf or the tissue of a fruit, the structure of his body, are wonders to which he is invariably blind. In the sky, by day or by night, swept it may be by winds or fleeced with clouds, flooded by the moonlight or bespangled with the cold stars, is an endless book of which no two pages are alike. Yet he is "deceived by familiarity," the marvelous escapes him because he has seen it so often.

Yet it is precisely this quality of seeing a thing as if for the first time—of idealising the commonplace—that constitutes an essential attribute of all the world's great thinkers. Chesterton, in speaking of this significance of the seemingly insignificant, declared that Tolstoi could read a tragedy in a wrinkle on a man's brow; Whitman could find riches of thought in a single blade of green grass; Browning founded his greatest poem on an obscure story of sordid lives he picked up on a second-hand bookstall. Stevenson says of Whitman that his whole life to him was a perpetual miracle, and that he considered a hair on the back of his hand just as curious as any special revelation. Stevenson of himself declares somewhere that to hear a strain of music, to see a beautiful woman, a river, a great city, or a starry night, makes him despair of his Liliputian arts of language.

Men have eyes, yet see not. From the cradle to the grave most of us travel with a film obscuring our spiritual vision, blind to the mystery that wraps round all existence. We live in the world, but not of it because our curiosity is almost wholly governed by our prejudices; and its direction determined by the magnitude or rarity of the object.

"VULGUS."



## SAPPHO.

[A Translation.]

## Ode II.

Like to a god he seems to me,  
 Aye, mightier than a god is he,  
 Who, ever sitting nigh to thee,  
     Sees, and hears

Thy sweet laughter, but the pain  
 Fraught with pleasure, numbs my brain,  
 Kills my senses, makes like rain  
     My falling tears;

Clings my tongue, through all my veins  
 Creeps a fire, unsought there strains  
 A darkling sound within that pains  
     Eyes and ears;

Bathed in an icy sweat I stand  
 Prescient of death, palsied of hand,  
 Paler than the pale sea strand  
     My face appears.

"PHAON."

## TO RACIALISM.

Ah, Thou art strong! Yet surely do I see  
 Great tides of fretful Man arise above  
 Thy power, and risen give such silent shove  
 As fills the vacant throne that waits for Thee

In History's Oblivion. It shall be  
 That Thou are set aside with velvet glove  
 When Self grows stronger, and a Brother's Love—  
 And Peace is made a mightier Diety.

No clank of armour, and no boom of gun  
 (Or favoured minion that Thy fortune moulds)  
 Shall sound Thy knell. The nineteenth era  
     frowned

On men and dynasties, while Peoples won

Thy path to power through strife, Whom Peace  
     now holds  
 Low-bowed within the coils of Commerce—  
     bound. "QUAEROR."

\*\*\*\*\*  
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 \*  
**Common Room Chatter**  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

Still do Trinity men attain fame. In a recent examination in music candidates were asked to explain the meaning of "Guidiosyllables." Naturally our organist emerged with a "first" to his name, although the spelling somewhat puzzled him for a moment.

\* \* \*

Music is really on the "boom" in College, and when we say music, we mean music. "I do like cheap sea trips," "Our cousin Caruse," etc., are only indulged in at rare intervals, and by a select circle. "Tosca" and "La Boheme" seem to be all the piano will play. It is even rumoured that that bird of song (habitat U.C.) has given up singing "Molly Mine" in his bath, and now warbles "Softly Wakes My Heart." All we wish is that we could begin the inverted commas at "wakes," but truth forbids. What a lot McCormack has to answer for!

\* \* \*

Our musician-in-chief is undergoing a thorough and most wonderful training. Various people in College, who consider that they have souls are trying to develop his, by cutting down his carbohydrates. How little people learn from experience! We ask them, did not their own spring from eating and drinking well. Otherwise where is their justification?

\* \* \*

A little motto for the young, who visit galas, and other giddy affairs: "Peccatu curatus," which, being translated, means, "If you can't be good, be careful."

\* \* \*

We have to record another effort to help along the higher things with our support. Several of our members put in an appearance at "The Doll's House," which was staged by the University Dramatic Society. Two of them had tried once before, but arrived a week early only to find Miss Margaret Cooper in possession. However, when they did get there, their perseverance was well repaid. It is no reflection on the production to say that the earnest member of the party was rather upset upon his return. The cause of it was the damping effect of two medicals in U.C. and a highly-placed individual who talked about "rubble."

\* \* \*

Mother Nature has set one more of us thinking. An Easter party, who were living close to the dear old lady, and, as it happened, were on their way to church at the time, had a narrow escape from the falling bough of a huge gum. The host of the party expressed his fear



that a similar thing might fall upon their camp. He paced on awhile, deep in gloomy thought. Then he spoke: "Are you an only child?" "No!" came the surprising answer. "Well, by gum, I am!" followed in sepulchral tones. Gloom for the rest of the day. To set people's minds at rest we are able to say that this only child is still whistling.

\* \* \*

The College was upside down for quite a week, just before term ended. The porter was taken ill and removed to the hospital. Next day the kitchen boiler burst. The superstitious connect the two events. However, we are pleased to say that we have that invaluable man back again, and the one pleasure his absence gave—to boot, Charlie Eaton on the door again has come to its end.

\* \* \*

The Editors of the "Fleur-de-Lys," past and present, will have to hide their diminished heads. A charmingly serious young fellow brought the present occupants of this noble chair a contribution. Handing it in carelessly, he expressed his doubts as to whether it would be of any use to us, as it was merely a "literary effort." O, literature, why art thou so dull! Gentlemen, which is it? We have made use of it.

\* \* \*

An amusing little event, witnessed by a few, took place in the Common-Room a few weeks ago. A young thin fellow, with a wealth of long black hair, asked a comrade for a "fill" of tobacco. This was impossible, the tobacco not being available. Then he expressed his desire for a cigarette. He was accommodated. Then this youth, after smacking all his pockets hard, asked for a match. As he received it the gentle donor remarked, "It strikes me that about all you have is the habit."

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### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions (from October 20th, 1911, to May 20th, 1912):—A. Wigram Allen, 4s. 9d.; Miss Williams, 5s.; J. D. Mackay, 10s.; J. Redmond, 5s.; Miss Traill, 2s. 6d.; Rev. F. Lynch, 5s.; H. B. Gill, 5s.; T. W. Ross, 6s. 3d.; Dr. Sexton, 4s.; Miss Tucker, 2s. 6d.; H. M. Mitchell, 2s. 6d.; Rev. W. Fielder, 5s.; Miss Bage, 5s.; Miss E. Bage, 5s.; Archdeacon Pritchard, 2s. 6d.; T. G. S. Morton, 5s.; Miss Traill, 2s. 6d.; Miss Sutton, 2s. 6d.; Miss Lilian Armytage, 5s.; Sir Winthrop Hackett, 3s. 9d.



## Examination Results

### PASS RESULTS, 1911.

- First Year Arts.**—Miss M. M. Brock, H. D. Campbell, E. F. Herring, Miss Alice Hoy, Miss D. Townsend, P. A. Wisewould, Miss H. Le Souef, C. F. H. Ipsen.
- Second Year Arts.**—M. E. de B. Griffith, Miss Alma Hansen, Miss K. Kellaway, Miss D. A. Tate, Miss A. R. Vines.
- Third Year Arts.**—Miss R. M. Glancy, K. T. Henderson, Miss Enid Joske, Miss A. R. Slade.
- First Year Education.**—Miss E. S. Mason.
- First Year Science.**—H. C. Urquhart.
- Second Year Science.**—Miss M. Herring.
- Third Year Science.**—R. M. Cooke, E. C. Riddell.
- First Year Medicine.**—S. O. Cowen, F. W. Rodda, H. R. Pascal, H. F. Maudsley, C. Friend, D. D. Browne.
- Third Year Medicine.**—H. C. Colville, W. W. S. Johnston, A. F. Jolley, H. N. M. Puckle, A. H. O'Hara-Wood, W. H. Godby.
- Fourth Year Medicine.**—Pathology: Miss Scantlebury, G. E. Cole, F. B. Lawton, H. B. James, H. B. Lewers, J. Ross-Soden, R. F. Watson, S. W. Shields, J. Morlet.
- Fifth Year Medicine.**—G. G. Anderson, L. Darby, F. L. Gill.
- First Year Laws.**—G. D. Kelly, H. O. Moule, P. O'Hara Wood.
- Second Year Laws.**—A. L. Jack, N. S. Nash, Miss M. C. Oliphant, E. R. T. Reynolds, Miss D. J. Ross, D. E. Wanklyn.
- Third Year Laws.**—J. F. Herring.
- Fourth Year Laws.**—A. F. S. Dobson, D. M. Gavan Duffy, D. M. Fraser, H. Ross-Soden.
- First Year Engineering.**—H. C. J. Asche, F. B. Kitchin, W. L. Murrell.
- Second Year Civil Engineering.**—F. C. Martin, H. C. Clark.
- Second Year of Mining Engineering.**—E. C. Jowett, M. B. Kelly.

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

First Year Music.—V. E. Galway.

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SINGLE SUBJECTS.

Education, Section A.—Miss A. A. Adams, Miss N. Gilbert, Miss V. J. Lee, Miss A. G. M. Skinner.

Education, Section B.—Miss A. A. Adams, Miss M. W. Howard, Miss V. J. Lee.

Inductive Logic.—R. M. Cooke, C. C. Riddell.

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CLASS LISTS.

Greek, Part I.—E. F. Herring, 1st class; Miss D. Townsend, 2nd class; Miss M. M. Brock, 3rd class.

Latin, Part I.—E. F. Herring, 1st class; Miss D. Townsend, 2nd class; Miss M. M. Brock, Miss Hilda Le Souef, P. O'Hara Wood, 3rd class.

Pure Mathematics, Part I.—H. C. J. Asche, 1st class; F. B. Kitchin, 3rd class.

Mixed Mathematics, Part I.—F. B. Kitchin, H. C. J. Asche.

Deductive Logic and Elementary Psychology.—Miss Alice Hoy, 1st class; P. A. Wisewould, 3rd class.

English, Part I.—Miss Alice Hoy, 1st class; Miss E. S. Mason, Miss M. M. Brock, 2nd class.

Natural Philosophy, Part I.—F. B. Kitchin, 1st class; H. C. Campbell, W. L. Murrell, 2nd class; H. C. J. Asche, 3rd class.

Chemistry, Part I.—H. C. Urquhart, 1st class; H. C. J. Asche; F. N. Rodda, 3rd class.

Biology, Part I.—S. O. Cowen, 2nd class.

General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology.—R. F. Watson, 3rd class.

Medicine.—J. Jona, 1st class; G. G. Anderson, F. L. Gill, 3rd class.

Surgery.—G. G. Anderson, F. L. Gill, 2nd class.

Obstetrics and Gynæcology.—J. Jona, 2nd class; G. G. Anderson, L. Darby, F. L. Gill, 3rd class.

Geometrical and Mechanical Drawing.—F. B. Kitchin, 2nd class and Professor's Prize; H. C. J. Asche, 3rd class.

Graphics.—F. B. Kitchin, 2nd class; H. C. J. Asche, 3rd class.

History.—M. E. de B. Griffith, 1st class.

Philosophy.—Miss K. Kellaway, 1st class; Miss M. C. Oliphant, 3rd class.



**Modern Languages.**—Miss Alma Hansen, 1st class; Miss D. J. Ross, 3rd class.

**Geology and Mineralogy, Part I.**—E. C. Jowett, 3rd class.

**Alexander Sutherland Prize for History.**—Miss Alma Hansen.

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### EXHIBITIONS.

**Greek, Part I.**—E. F. Herring.

**Latin, Part I.**—E. F. Herring.

**Hastie Exhibition.—Deductive Logic:** Miss Alice Hoy.

**English, Part I.**—Miss Alice Hoy.

**Chemistry, Part I.**—H. C. Urquhart.

**Hastie Exhibition.—Philosophy:** Miss K. Kellaway.

**Ormond Exhibition in Music, First Year.**—V. E. Galway.

**Mining Engineering.—The Dixson Final Honour Scholarship.**—A. D. Mackay.

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### FINAL HONOURS.

#### Class Lists.

**Classical Philology.**—Miss Enid Joske, Miss A. R. Slade, 3rd class.

**History.**—Miss R. M. Glancy, Miss K. N. Crawford, 3rd class.

**Logic and Philosophy.**—K. T. Henderson, 1st class; Miss Noela Gilbert, 2nd class.

**Laws.**—A. F. S. Dobson, 3rd class.

**Mining Engineering.**—A. D. Mackay, 2nd class.

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### DEGREES.

#### Conferred at Commencement, 1912.

**Bachelor of Arts.**—Miss E. Joske, K. T. Henderson, Miss K. Crawford, Miss A. R. Slade, Miss R. M. Glancy.

**Bachelor of Science.**—R. M. Cooke, C. C. Riddell.

**Bachelor of Medicine.**—F. L. Gill, G. G. Anderson.

**Bachelor of Surgery.**—G. G. Anderson, F. L. Gill.

**Doctor of Medicine.**—R. Fowler, M. C. Gardner, G. L. Lillies.

**Bachelor of Civil Engineering.**—K. W. Holmes.

**Master of Arts.**—F. E. Dossetor.

**Diploma of Education.**—Miss T. M. Sproule, Miss A. Skinner.



# Cricket

The draw for 1912 resulted in the first match being Trinity versus Queen's. Accordingly on March 19th we lost the toss, and Queen's batted on an excellent wicket. Our bowling was excessively weak, and our opponents did only moderately well as our fielding was slack and lifeless. Kerr, Matthews and McMeekin were the best of Queen's side; McMeekin in particular being very brisk. The best of our bowlers was Godby, and very little could be said for the rest, though they were tryers. Trinity opened badly, but when Pat Wood and Lewers were associated things looked well when, with 85 on the board, Lewers foolishly hit a googly of Boynton's to silly mid-on. None of the others did anything except Maudsley, who played a most spirited innings, and was, as usual, out to the worst ball he got. Pat Wood gave us an innings marked by admirable restraint, and his timing was perfect. His rate of scoring, though influenced by the knowledge that so much depended on him, was never slow, and he had distinctly poor luck in missing the century by one run. Trinity totalled 225 runs; a lead of exactly 20.

Queen's then compiled 210, with McMeekin again hitting our tired bowling to the extent of 55. Our fielding, however, and bowling, until tired out, was a great deal better than in the first innings. With 191 runs to win, Wood and Lewers started, but both went early, and it fell to the lot of Arthur Wood to make the effort for his side, but—though every batsman made a plucky effort to stay with him, we failed by 27 runs. Arthur Wood was responsible for the backbone of our resistance, and in making 77 gave a chanceless display of forceful batting at a critical period, and at one time looked like saving the game. The Queen's bowling was much improved this innings—McMeekin bowling especially well. Queen's thus won by 27 runs, and for the first time since 1906 the cricket championship passed from Trinity.

Queen's played Ormond in the following week, Ormond winning comfortably.

## Scores.

### Queen's.

#### First Innings.

Herring, J., b. Matthews	4
Godby, bld McMeekin	10
Wood, P., c and bld Kerr	99
Lewers, c Kerr, bld Boynton	44
Wood, A., bld F. Kerr	1

Moule, bld Boynton .. . . .	2
Spowers, bld Boynton .. . . .	3
Maudesley, c F. Kerr, bld Matthews .. . . .	39
Roe, c Boynton, bld Nall .. . . .	7
Jolley, not out .. . . .	0
Cumming, c Boynton, bld Nall .. . . .	0
Sundries .. . . .	16
Total .. . . .	225

## Second Innings.

Herring, bld Boynton .. . . .	0
Godby, bld McMeekin .. . . .	5
Wood, P., bld McMeekin .. . . .	17
Lewers, st. Collins, bld Matthews .. . . .	6
Wood, A., c Clarke, bld Nall .. . . .	77
Moule, l.b.w., bld Boynton .. . . .	10
Spowers, c Kerr, bld Boynton .. . . .	10
Maudesley, st., bld Matthews .. . . .	23
Roe, bld McMeekin .. . . .	1
Jolley, bld McMeekin .. . . .	1
Cumming, not out .. . . .	4
Sundries .. . . .	10
Total .. . . .	163

Bowling.—1st innings: Matthews, 2 for 72; McMeekin, 1 for 51; F. Kerr, 2 for 29; Boynton, 3 for 52; Nall, 2 for 5. Second innings: Matthews, 2 for 51; Nall, 1 for 21; McMeekin, 4 for 29; Kerr, 0 for 19; Boynton, 3 for 33.

## Trinity.

## First Innings.

Boynton, run out .. . . .	22
Collins, c P. Wood, bld Jolley .. . . .	6
Matthews, c Lewers, bld Godby .. . . .	21
Kerr, F., c A. Wood, bld Jolley .. . . .	67
Williams, bld Godby .. . . .	9
Kerr, E., c and bld Maudesley .. . . .	5
McMeekin, c Godby, bld P. Wood .. . . .	42
Craig, bld Roe .. . . .	1
Kelly, bld P. Wood .. . . .	3
Nall, bld Godby .. . . .	13
Clarke, not out .. . . .	2
Sundries .. . . .	15
Total .. . . .	205

## Second Innings.

Boynton, c Moule, bld Godby .. . . .	14
Collins, bld Spowers .. . . .	32
Matthews, c Lewers, bld P. Wood .. . . .	24
Kerr, F., l.b.w., bld Jolley .. . . .	5
Williams, c Godby, bld Godby .. . . .	20
Kerr, E., c Lewers, bld P. Wood .. . . .	5



McMeekin, bld Lewers . . . . .	55
Craig, not out . . . . .	0
Kelly, c Spowers, bld P. Wood . . . . .	2
Nall, st., bld Wood . . . . .	11
Clarke, bld Lewers . . . . .	25
Sundries . . . . .	17

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Total . . . . . 210

Bowling.—1st innings: Jolley, 2 for 43; Maudesley, 1 for 39; P. Wood, 2 for 49; Godby, 3 for 34; Lewers, 0 for 13; Roe, 1 for 9; Moule, 0 for 3. Second innings: Jolley, 1 for 43; Maudesley, 0 for 3; Godby, 2 for 51; P. Wood, 4 for 56; Roe, 0 for 8; Spowers, 1 for 29; Lewers, 2 for 3.



## Rowing

Under the present arrangement of inter-collegiate fixtures, made necessary by the Easter military encampment, College rowing starts very early in the year. By the commencement of term the crew had got fairly well together, and were finally picked soon after. They gave every promise of a good performance and enjoyed an uninterrupted and pleasant training. The crews went to the start under splendid weather conditions; but Trinity was again unfortunate, the Ormond crew being first past the winning-post.

Now is the time to work for good rowing next year. We hope to see likely men taking every opportunity of getting practice with the co-operation of members of the crew and others who are willing to assist in coaching young oars. The entries for M.U.B.C. regattas might well comprise more men from Trinity, and the Saturday afternoon trips to Twickenham will, it is to be hoped, again become a regular fixture. These trips seem for the time to have been quite neglected, whereas in past years the opportunity of a Saturday on the river was rarely missed by a crew of some description, no matter how "scratch" it might be. Unfortunately in a College of limited numbers, many men, owing to the exigencies of other sports, cannot devote much of their time to rowing during the winter months. Even allowing that, there could easily be a larger number of fair oarsmen from whom men could be coached for the crew, and at no time should there be such difficulty in collecting a second eight as has been the case this year. It is scarcely necessary to point out again what has been often laid down before—that it is not wise to depend entirely on men from the Public Schools to make up the College eight.

## IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH ROWING.

Eights week at Oxford is a curious sight for the first time. All the boats line up a little more than an oar's length from the bank and with about a length or length and a quarter of daylight between them. A boatman holds them off with a long pole, and the coxwain keeps the boat in with a cord from the bank.

It seems a tremendous scramble as soon as they start, which is, no doubt, partly due to the bad wash in which all except the leading boat have to row.

All the boats are side-seated, the opinion being that these boats are easier to sit owing to their greater width. The outriggers are a good bit shorter than with centre-seated boats, and this is said to give greater stiffness. There seems to be no difficulty in balancing the stroke and bow side of the crews, as they often row as much as five or six stone heavier on one side. All the best crews at Oxford last year, and they were on the whole much below the average, used 11 feet 10 oars.

They seem to set the work lower. New College, who rowed Head of the River last year, only had their sills  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches above the seats. Their slides are the same length as ours. The greatest noticeable difference between the style of the English and Australian crews is in the recovery and swing forward.

The Englishmen seemed to recover right past the perpendicular, in fact almost into the catching position, before even starting to bring their slides forward. This gives one the impression that they are reaching out much further than we are accustomed to do, but from careful observation of their blades, I do not think this is so, and that a more erect position, during at any rate the major portion of the forward swing, would be less tiring.

More work is done astern of the rigger in these crews, and, consequently, the crew lies back more at the finish. This seems a disadvantage, as a great number of the boats bury their head and don't seem to ~~run~~ between the strokes as freely as those in which the crew sits up more at the finish.

The Belgian crews are said to do practically no work astern of the stretcher. Weight attracts more attention in England than out here, and in very few of the first-class crews are light men to be found except at bow or stroke.

It is universally admitted there, that coxswainless rowing is the highest form of the sport, and it seems surprising what good courses are steered by some of these crews. It is impossible owing to the varied conditions to compare as regards pace the English and Australian crews. Side-seating alone makes a crew look



very different from one in a centre-seated boat, except when it is exactly broadside on.

Rowing is a luxurious sport on the Thames. There the boat is put into, and taken out of the water for you, the oars brought down, and all you have to worry about is pushing her along.

S. F.

### WARDEN'S PORTRAIT.

The Warden's portrait was presented to the College on Thursday, May 2nd. The movement for the presentation was initiated by Dr. Harvey Sutton, on whose suggestion the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys took the matter in hand and opened a fund for which subscriptions were received, not only from the members, but also from many other past students, past and present of the Hostel, and from the present students of the College. The necessary sum was soon forthcoming, and the Union were fortunate enough to secure Mr. Rupert Bunny to undertake the work, with the result that the College now possesses not only a splendid portrait of the Warden but also a fine work of art.

The presentation was made in the Dining Hall, in the presence of a large muster of past and present students and friends of the College and other members of the University, by Mr. Dutton Green, the senior Vice-President of the Union, the President, the Bishop of Bathurst, being unavoidably absent.

Mr. Green said that the history of Trinity College was practically the history of Dr. Leeper's distinguished career among them. He was appointed Warden of the College on January 6th, 1876, and converted what had been described as a Church of England boardinghouse into a real live College. When he started there were five students, and now they had 57, and could take many more if there was accommodation for them. The wonderful success of the College was a monument to Dr. Leeper's unfailing energies and his striking abilities.

Dr. R. R. Stawell said that as one of the oldest members of the Union he welcomed the opportunity of being present and expressing his intense feelings of affection for Dr. Leeper, and appreciation of his life-work.

Dr. Macfarland, the Vice-Chancellor of the University and Master of Ormond, said that he did not know any man who had done more to create and uphold the traditions of the University than Dr. Leeper.

The Master of Queen's said that it had been his highest ambition to render Queen's worthy to rank with and rival Trinity, for which Dr. Leeper had done so much.

After the portrait had been unveiled and formally presented, the Warden, who was warmly received, in accepting the portrait on behalf of the College, said that in one way he stood in a position that any man might envy, but in another respect he felt entitled to claim

their sympathy. He did not know if all of them were aware that he was an Irishman. That meant that he was able to be emotional and to feel things deeply. He could assure them that he felt very deeply the unprecedented honour they had done him, but he would rather make a speech about anyone else in the world than himself. In his case his many friends had accepted the will for the deed, and recognised that whatever were his faults and failings he had always endeavoured to foster a high ideal of what a University College in Melbourne should be. It would ill become him to allow them to suppose that he accepted all the flattering remarks that had been made in the most barefaced way before him. At the same time he must confess that he liked them. After paying a tribute to Bishop Moorhouse, and to the magnificent liberality of Sir William and Lady Clarke to the College, Dr. Leeper referred to his obligations to the College Council, and to past and present students. Speaking of the future, he said that he thought picturesque antiquities were out of place, and there must come a time when he must yield his place to a younger and more strenuous man. "But I warn you," he added with a smile, "that I hardly consider that time has yet come."

After the ceremony refreshments were served in the Common Room, when the Warden was again the recipient of many hearty congratulations and good wishes.

#### AUTUMN.

The window of my study fronts  
 A lawn of verdure fair,  
 Where Autumn-tinted oak leaves fall  
 Caressed by Autumn air.  
 Whilst droning from the lecture-hall  
 Shows learning still holds sway,  
 I feel the kiss of Autumn sun,  
 And hie myself away.  
 For Autumn holds my heart in thrall:  
 I dream of bushland springs,  
 And languish for the scented gums,  
 Whose praise each warbler sings.  
 While Nature thus my steps doth guide,  
 I greet my old-time friends,  
 And thank a mighty providence,  
 For peace that Autumn sends.  
 But Autumn days e'en too must end;  
 The sky of sapphire hue  
 Shades off to orange, umber, dun,  
 The stars are waked to view.  
 Soon fleecy clouds descend in mist  
 From heaven's sparkling dome,  
 And me enshroud with soft embrace—  
 They guard my footsteps home.

"JACOBUS."



## Dialectic Society

The civilisation of a nation, a recent writer observed, is measured by the number of people who are interested in philosophy.

With equal truth (the degree of truth to be determined by the reader) may it be said that the civilisation of a college may be measured by the number of those interested in the work of the Dialectic Society, for assuredly there cannot be anyone interested in, and looking forward to taking a part in the solution of, live problems of the hour, who can fail to take advantage of such a training.

The prospects of the Society at present look particularly bright. Several freshmen, notably, Messrs. Mace and White, promise particularly well, and we are looking forward to hearing from the others. The energy of the secretary is boundless, and the amount of work he puts into his own contributions to the debates is another indication of his fine enthusiasm.

The veterans of the Society, Messrs. Duffy, B.A., L.L.B., Piesse, and Henderson, B.A., continue to give loyal support, and several others, whom we should have heard from long since, are overcoming their native modesty. The season opened with a Ladies' Night, the question being that "The recent militant tactics of the suffragettes are the best calculated to achieve their ends." Mr. Duffy opened and Mr. Piesse responded, and Messrs. Campbell, Henderson, Lade and Mace also spoke. The occasion was an interesting one, for Miss Vida Goldstein, who has just returned from England, where she has been intimately concerned in the suffragette movement, was present, and delivered a glowing panegyric on the leading suffragettes. Mr. Champion also broke a lance for the cause's martyrs. The motion was lost notwithstanding, by 11 to 21.

The next debate was on the question, "That the action of the Federal Government in refusing military assistance to the State Government in the recent strike is worthy of the severest censure." Mr. Lade opened and Mr. Herring replied. Messrs. Cowen, Henderson, White and Griffith also spoke, and the motion was carried by 11 votes to 10.

On Thursday, 16th inst., a united debate was held at Queen's, the subject proposed by us being that "The present system of industrial competition is not to be tolerated in an enlightened age." Mr. Campbell led for us in the affirmative and Mr. Thomas responded for Queen's. Mr. Campbell was supported by Messrs. Henderson and Mace. The motion was lost—13 to 16.

If the present interest and high standard of debating is maintained, the Society will have a highly successful year.



## A PASSIVE IMPRESSION OF THE INITIATION.

Why is it that nights chosen for the instruction of freshmen in the way that they should go, and, incidentally, for the entertainment and amusement of the Senior men should be nights of perfect beauty, sleepy nights, with just enough cold to make us snuggle down in the blankets and think, in a very drowsy frame of mind, on the comforts of beds in general and our bed in particular? On such a night, did we experience, unwillingly no doubt, but still to our immediate and ultimate benefit, the rather painful episode, which was to make us men of Trinity College.

It is the dread hour of "mid-night," that hour of mystery when walk the terrors of the night, ghosts, spirits of the departed, Initiators. The Initiatees slumber peacefully. A weird, unearthly yell awakens the echoes, and with shuddering cadence dies away. With a start, I sit bolt upright; I begin to rack my brains for descriptions of the sounds emitted by various species of the man-killing animal life in Australia. My knowledge of Australian zoology being limited to the kangaroo, the opossum, and the mert, I draw a blank. I begin to recast my former views, expounded in broad daylight, on the subject of ghosts. The scream is repeated again and—yet again, demoniacal chuckles resound from one end of the College to the other, and in a momentary lull is added the patter of feet coming nearer, ever nearer. I have it, a College man, W\*\*\*\*m, most likely, has gone raving mad. I am in danger of being attacked by a homicidal maniac. No! Homicidal maniacs I should say, I hear more than one, the College shakes with their tread. I look for a means of escape. The windows? I'll be forsworn. Too late! They are on me. The door bursts open. I give one horrified gasp, sink back in a delirium of horror, and begin to babble about my rich relations. No time is given me for prayers. I am "yanked" out of bed, rushed along miles and miles of corridors, past countless other shrieking and gibbering maniacs, until after what seems to me hours of aimless rushing to and fro, I am brought up in a palatial antechamber, amidst gleaming white architecture and statuary, where I am kept quite busily entertained until the time fixed for my audience with the great Man, the Mysterious Head, the Senior of these mysterious men. Shall I harrow your feelings further? Nay, I will draw a veil over the following hour. To think of, e'en now brings the sweat to my brow. It shall ever be a closed page in my book of Life.

I pass, in conclusion, to the moment, when, wearily gathering some bed-clothes—not necessarily my own—from different corners of the College, I crept back to bed; and pondered on the changes of this life and the amount of pathos, humour, tragedy and tense excitement, that can be crowded into one brief hour.



Hac [*with measured appreciation*]: Yes—; but a gentlemanly rascal.

Alan: Well, perhaps you're right [*thinks*].

*Both smile happily and duality becomes unity in one jolly, broad smile. The curtain descends gently, happily, and very slowly.*  
"SEN-SON."

## OF COURSE.

### A Snap-Shot from Life.

*Scene. Trinity College, about 6.30 p.m.; sun low in the west. In the cloisters, the College porter, white-coated and reposeful, is to be seen leaning lightly on the balustrade, contemplating the skyline. In front of the Warden's Lodge an extraordinary figure, which, on looking at it again, one takes to be a human being, is waiting for something rather impatiently, while swinging up the drive comes a gaunt, grey-haired old gentleman of distinguished aspect, twirling a walking-stick. The extraordinary-looking individual, who is of giant stature, catching sight of the approaching old gentleman, raises his hat respectfully, thereby displaying a shock of black hair and a face (it is a face) studded with pimples. The two then engage in the following conversation:—*

Old Gentleman: Let me see, you're K\*lly?

Pimple-Face: W\*\*th\*\*m, sir.

O.G.: Of course, of course, W\*\*th\*\*m. What course are you doing?

P.F.: The Science course, sir; first year.

O.G.: Ah, yes, the Science course. And should you pass your first year, you will next year be doing your second year?

P.F.: Yes, sir.

O.G.: Let me see, W\*\*th\*\*m, I had an idea that you were doing the Race course.

P.F.: Yes, sir, that and the Science course—both. When I am not at the Science course I am at the Race course.

O.G.: Ah, yes, of course. [*Frowning suddenly*]. Humph! the two courses have never yet gone together; you have established a precedent! [*Moves off with a farewell wave of his stick, disappearing into the Warden's Lodge.*]

P.F. [*soliloquising*]: Ah, but I didn't tell him of the third course I am doing, the course that never yet ran smooth!

[*A taxi buzzes merrily up the drive. P.F. raises his hand, and it stops before him.*]

Chaffeur [*to P.F.*]: Where to, sir?

P.F. [*a sentimental expression playing among the pimples*]: St. Kilda Road.

Chauffeur [*who has driven him before, brightly*]: Yessir.

[*P.F. enters the taxi, which starts off down the drive.*]

P.F. [*speaking from the taxi, which is almost at the gate, to no one in particular, yet in a voice tender and broken with emotion*]: Splaaddaat.

*The taxi turns into Sydney Road, the sun dips down under the horizon, the College porter disappears, and the reiterated note of a bell peals forth in the near distance. Beneath its clangour there steals back to us—a whisper on the breeze—a sound, fraught with all the mystery of the falling night. It is the ghost of the solitary word—Splaaddaat.*

## Hostel Notes

The year 1912 opened with the largest number of students the Hostel has seen for several years, and almost every course in the 'Varsity is represented. At first life here was somewhat disconnected owing to Final and Supplementary examinations and other unpleasant things, but after the first Social Club meeting, held early in March, affairs became more settled. This meeting was chiefly for the election of office-bearers, and the following were elected:—

President of Social Club: Miss V. Scantlebury.

Hon. Secretary of Social Club: Miss E. Joske.

Hon. Secretary Trinity College Hostel Tennis Club: Miss E. Purnell.

These three formed the Social Club Committee. In addition, Miss Mason was elected Hon. Librarian and Miss Tate, Miss Kershaw and Miss Ross, members of the Tennis Club Committee.

For the last couple of years the Social Club has been without a copy of the Rules in any tangible form, and it was decided that the Committee should frame a new Constitution on the lines of the old. This was accordingly done, and at a special General Meeting, held somewhat later, the proposed draft was accepted.

The increasing number of University interests having made it impossible to continue the Literary Society in its original form, a Reading Club has been established this year. The aim in view is to encourage reading of the more representative modern authors, and a committee consisting of Miss Tate (hon. secretary), Miss Kershaw and Miss Townsend were appointed to arrange a syllabus.

As usual, great interest is being shown in the tennis, and an exciting singles tournament has been in progress throughout the term. The results are just announced, and D. Townsend, L. Wybrow, B. Preston and D. Ross head the list. We feel exceptionally proud of our players this year, for three of our team have been chosen to represent the Melbourne University in the Inter-'Varsity matches to be held in Sydney. We wish them the best of luck in their matches, both for 'Varsity and for Trinity.

The largest handicap tournament we have yet had was held at the end of April. Indeed the number of entries was so great that only for Trinity's kindness in lending courts we should not have been able to finish in one afternoon.



To wish farewell to Miss Ethel Bage, a former senior student of the Hostel, Mrs. Archer invited the present students and many friends for tennis one afternoon. A picture, the gift of our old senior student, now brightens the first floor corridor. May other students follow this example set by Miss Bage!

One of our old Hostiles, Dr. Muriel Lavarack, who has had a large and flourishing practice in Queensland, was married last week. Her name is now Jones.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olga Zichy-Woinarski to Dr. Kenny, one of Melbourne's well-known specialists.

We find that we have been entertaining an angel un-awares—nay, two angels, for one morning we awoke to find our doors decorated with sapient remarks appertaining to our characters and callings. It is somewhat disconcerting to find that our most intimate characteristics have not been hidden from all.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"

Mrs. Landale is presenting to us a portrait of her mother, the late Janet Lady Clarke. The portrait has been executed by an English artist, and is considered an excellent likeness. Arrangements will shortly be made for a formal unveiling of the picture.

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### WITH THE M.U.R.

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About a dozen of those members of the College, who were either more patriotic or less able to resist the arguments of the recruiting sergeant, spent a somewhat damp Easter at the Kilmore camp.

The experiences of those of us who were there last year had bred a distrust of the efficacy of the official ration—so nearly every kit-bag bulged with tins of jam, milk and sardines.

However, the camp was full of pleasant surprises. The transport was good (we travelled up in carriages and arrived at 2 a.m.), the morning wash was something more than a myth, filtered water was always obtainable, and the work was easier. Finally, the "Tin Tyranny" of the bandolier equipment has long been a thing of the past, and the groans of the "rookie" having some small tussle with his web equipment were received in scornful silence by the veterans.

The "retirement" of some of the most brilliant of last year's Full Privates left gaps in our ranks that were indeed hard to fill, and for the first few days we were a very quiet corps on the march. Even A4 (but the shadow of their former greatness) were silent, until one afternoon, maddened by the 'Two-steps played by the Rangers' band, they gave tongue and drowned the offending music with the 'Varsity Anthem.



Our spare time was most profitably spent in the three amusements of getting dry, wondering who bent the pick, and calling (later on our brothers-in-arms, the Vic. Rifles, joined us in this) for Private Finch, who was acting as orderly to the C.O.'s horse. This animal was a contrast to last year's model. It was larger, and on the few occasions on which it succeeded in struggling to the head of the column we noticed that its progress was greatly assisted by its tail, constantly rotating, and, in a favourable breeze, adding materially to its speed.

The training carried out was similar to last year's. The first five days were devoted to drill and instructional field work, the last two to tactical exercises. These were much more interesting and inspiring than the unfortunate Green's Pinch episode. No less than three engagements were fought. In the first two we were on the defending side, which entailed rising at 3.30 a.m., a rapid packing of kits, and a hasty breakfast of bread and sausage, followed by a hurried, silent departure from the sleeping camp to take up our position.

Dawn saw a very sleepy "Red" force (the Garrison Troops Brigade) bivouaced at the foot of Green's Pinch. Breakfast time saw them digging trenches for dear life. Midday saw their revenge, as they sat comfortably in their trenches and pumped hypothetical lead into an advancing "khaki" force (the Australian Infantry Brigade), who paid dearly for their three hours' extra sleep by a laboured advance over the ploughed fields in full marching order. Those of us who were lucky enough to form part of the reserves enjoyed the whole scene, and eat our lunch in peace and quiet. Brigadiers could have fared no better.

The afternoon's work was a scramble over hill-tops, in a fierce rearguard action, and some of us only escaped capture by a piece of magnificent bluff put up by an officer of the Vic. Rifles, who, in some mysterious way, came to command us.

Night fell on a reunited army, peacefully bivouaced along the Pyalong road. For over a quarter of a mile the line of camp-fires stretched, lighting up the white and tortuous branches of the natural avenue of trees which fringes the road, while officers and men gathered round them, smoking and singing. Later we slept by our arms in an adjacent paddock, and next morning it was the turn of the A.I.R. to rise early and take up their position for the day's battle, and ours to toil after them and drive them back into Kilmore. It was warm work, and at 2 p.m. the "cease fire" sounded, and we marched back to camp just in time for a much-needed dip in the lagoon.

Our return journey to town was made in a train of first-class express carriages, the result being that the railway people, not recognising its true nature, allowed it a clear run to town without any of those delays so



necessary in the case of troop trains. Finally we disbanded at Prince's Bridge, sorry that a jolly good holiday was over.

It is fitting here to place on record the value of our C.O.'s services to the University. The formation of the corps was mainly due to the hustle "Mick Donald" put up in his student days; and to the corps being in existence before compulsory training was introduced 'Varsity men of the future will owe the privilege of being allowed to drill together instead of being scattered in the areas they reside in.

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### THE TOAST.

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Come, the last glass ere we part!  
We have drunk to youth and beauty,  
Hailed wit, and toasted Art,  
Cometh now our sweetest duty.

So the crystal goblets drain,  
Snap the slender stems in twain:  
O Heart of Hearts in amity,  
My Trinity! Our Trinity!

While the red wine fills our veins,  
While it sets the pulses bounding,  
Holding as by silken chains,  
Sing with voices loud resounding.

Sing with feet upon the board,  
Sing this toast to our adored.  
O Heart of Hearts in amity,  
My Trinity! Our Trinity!

Health may leave us, strength may fade;  
Wealth nor love may ne'er come near us;  
Death soon cover with his shade,  
Yet we'll sing nor never fear us.

So forth the broken goblets fling,  
And with hearts united sing,  
O Heart of Hearts in amity,  
My Trinity! Our Trinity!

"JACOBUS."

## SOLILOQUY.

"Much is in the atmosphere of Cambridge, and it is that which makes the Cambridge man." Then I began to think, and when I saw the little city, I understood.

"As are the sights that he sees  
So is the mind of the man,"

writes Arnold; and this is true of nothing more than of the University spirit. Our Cloisters and our Oak-tree have played their part in the formation of an atmosphere. They have helped to give our College man a different outlook and a different manner, to make of him a being different from a member of another college and from one who has lived no college life at all.

Some go much farther, suggesting that Bishop's studies looking west breed a species of our college genus distinct from that bred in the south-facing studies of Clarke's; and that the Warden's new fence heralded an era of orderliness unknown before.

Whether we agree or not, the matter is serious.

Never-to-be-forgotten is the effect of those scenes of quiet beauty that met us on our first walk in the University grounds. We did not enter by the Main Gate—marred even then—but passed by twelve fine windows (with a whale outside), into a courtyard of the chastest architecture. A buttressed building on our right—correct and beautiful—and massive walls ahead which led us to a staircase that would grace a sanctuary—and cloisters, and a view of distant domes from which our eyes are drawn by one more brilliant masterpiece, our Wilson Hall

And what has happened! I had hoped that generations of my countrymen would feel as I had felt and see what I had seen. They will see it, and more. They will see across the lake no Grecian portico, but larger plastered buildings; no row of windows looking on a whale; no drive through pine-trees; but a new conservatorium, a larger department for engineers; or a club-house, refitted and improved by those who know the worth of all things, except the worth of beauty.

When an ideal is brought to this University by some youthful mind that bore it, what is the food it feeds on—how can it grow in power?

"As are the sights that he sees,  
So is the mind of the man."

This is a continent that the Anglo-Saxon race develops as a people rather than as a caste. Here alone they have found empty a temperate land that makes life easy for them. Our natural surroundings are as different as can be from those our fathers conquered; and as the race attunes itself to them, it will change. (Some say they see a change already.)



Every man should influence his neighbours, and make himself fit to influence them. Still more especially it is the duty of a University to make itself felt to mould the public mind. There is an opportunity before us—unique in history—but it is not a choice. The racial change will come. We may direct, delay, or alter it; but not prevent.

STUDENS.

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VALETE.

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- G. G. Anderson.—In College, 1911. Crew, Running, Football, 1911.
- R. W. Creswell.—In College, 1910-11. Warden's Exhibition, 1908; Committee Dialectic Society, 1911; Prelector, 1912; Editor "Fleur-de-Lys," 1910-11; Crew, 1910-11; Stroke, 1910-11.
- C. Davis.—In College, 1911. Henry Berthon Scholarship, 1911.
- S. Dobson.—In College, 1908-11. Crew, 1908-11; Running, 1908-11; Football, 1908-11.
- D. Fraser.—In College, 1908-11. Cricket, 1910-11; Football, 1908-11; Tennis, 1910.
- E. Frewin.—In College, 1908-11; Football, 1909-1911.
- F. L. Gill.—In College, 1907-11. Warden's Minor Scholarship, 1907-'09-'11. Social Club Committee, Hon. Treasurer, 1909-11; President of Table, 1910-11; Librarian, 1911; Crew, 1907-11.
- E. Herring.—In College, 1911. Perry Scholarship, 1911; Cricket, 1911; Tennis, 1911.
- A. L. Jack.—In College, 1910-11; Cricket, 1911.
- A. D. Mackay.—In College, 1910-11. Warden's Scholarship, 1910-11.
- C. Meredith.—In College, 1908-11.
- W. Murrell.—In College, 1911. Warden's Scholarship, 1911. Football, 1911.
- H. Pascal.—In College, 1911.
- H. Ross-Soden.—In College, 1907-11. Social Club Committee, Hon. Secretary, 1911; President of Table, 1910-11; Crew, 1907-11; Football, 1907-11.
- E. Watts.—In College, 1908-11.
- E. Yencken.—In College, 1910-11. Cricket, 1911.

## AN ALLEGORY.

A man of imagination, irregular as genius, loved his toast. He loved his toast dry and crisp, so he stood it about him; some pieces stood against the cruet, some against the sugar-pot. This was not quite satisfactory, as he would in a moment of abstraction move one or other of his props. One morning his brain conceived an idea, and this conception brought forth the first skeleton toast-rack, a thing of joy, wicker and wood—air-surrounded.

Some time later came his patron, a noble lord of the land. This lord saw the grand work and carried it off to adorn his own lofty board. Now this lord was a leader of fashion, so many began to eat crisp toast, that had not souls above sodden-heated bread.

Two hundred years passed, and toast-racks were general. Then there rose up a fat manufacturer, who ate buttered toast. He produced a rack for toast, a solid china massive thing. Now this was cheap, and he sold many thousands. Some found their way into a noble institution—a College. Then the Sodden ate sodden toast, and the Bright ate sodden toast, but swore—they did not act.

Years sped on, and the bright became bad-tempered and almost as sodden as the others, not noticing that there was honey in the marmalade. This changed the whole institution, so that all thought it was the natural order of things that toast should be sodden, and that marmalade should contain honey. The few, who held to the old tastes, were considered cranks.

“VERB. SAP.”

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## Old Students

The Annual Dinner of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys, held on Trinity Monday (June 10th), marks the close of the financial year, and consequently subscriptions are now due for 1912-13. Members are requested to send their subscriptions to the Hon. Secretary, Franc Carse, Selborne Chambers, Chancery-lane, as prompt payment saves a good deal of the trouble and expense of sending out circulars.

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D. J. D. Bevan has been appointed Chief Judicial Officer of the Northern Territory. He made his mark in the life of the College, perhaps most decidedly as an actor. He played with great ability the name part in



Browning's "Strafford" when it was staged some fifteen years ago in the St. Kilda Town Hall by the members of the College. This is believed to be the only instance outside England and America of the staging of one of Browning's dramas. Judge Bevan also played the part of Admetus in the fine performance of the *Alcestis*, which was given by the College in the Town Hall in the year 1898.

\* \* \*

T. a'Beckett Weigall, K.C., the first Open Scholar of the College, has been elected President of the Melbourne Club for the present year.

\* \* \*

Miss Woinarski, formerly of the Hostel, is about to marry Dr. A. L. Kenny, the well-known Collins-street specialist.

\* \* \*

Canon Sadlier, Bishop-elect of Nelson, N.Z., will be leaving for his new diocese about the end of June. A movement is on foot among old students of the College to present him with his episcopal robes. The formal presentation will be made at a gathering to be held at the College shortly before his departure from Melbourne.

\* \* \*

Miss Melian Stawell, sister of Dr. Stawell, who distinguished herself in the realm of scholarship by the publication of a notable book on the *Iliad* of Homer, has been winning fresh laurels by contributions to the decipherment of the ancient Cretan inscriptions.

\* \* \*

Wilfrid Kent Hughes has been chosen President of the Old Melburnians for the year 1912.

\* \* \*

C. Carty Salmon is likely to be a candidate for the new Caulfield electorate in the House of Representatives.

\* \* \*

The Rev. D. M. Deasy, the new Vicar of St. Columb's, Hawthorn, was a notable footballer in his College days. At one time he captained the Geelong team.

\* \* \*

The new Trinity M.Ds. made a brave show at the last University Commencement. Both staff and students were represented in the presence of Drs. Jones, Fowler, Gardner and Lillies.

\* \* \*

Arthur South is about to start on a voyage to England.

J. T. Collins, Chief Parliamentary Draftsman to the Government of Victoria, has obtained six months' leave of absence. He will be starting for England via Canada in a few days.

\* \* \*

Dr. Mary Booth's important work in Anthropometry

has been referred to appreciatively in recent published reports on the physique of Victorian children.

\* \* \*

The tablet which is to be erected to the memory of the late Dr. H. R. Salmon, of Ballarat, has now been fully subscribed for, and it is likely that it will be shortly erected in the College Chapel.

\* \* \*

S. J. R. Greville, who stroked the Trinity boat in the first Inter-collegiate contest, has now a flourishing practice in South Melbourne.

\* \* \*

The Rev. E. S. Hughes was elected a Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral by the Diocesan Synod in its last session.

\* \* \*

L. F. Miller was recently elected a member of the Council of the College.

\* \* \*

E. R. Cordner has been appointed Registrar of the Melbourne Hospital.

\* \* \*

Miss Bendelack is mistress of an important missionary school in Hong Kong.

\* \* \*

H. Ross-Soden and S. Fraser are members of the crew that will represent Australia at the Olympic contests at Stockholm.

\* \* \*

Cyril Lowther Clarke was recently married to a daughter of the Bishop of Riverina.

\* \* \*

The Rev. S. E. Maxted has been appointed to a parish in Sydney.

\* \* \*

T. W. Ross has been appointed an Engineer Sub-Lieutenant in the Australian Navy.

\* \* \*

F. E. Dossetor took his M.A. degree at the last Commencement, and is, we understand, about to start for England to enter a theological college.

\* \* \*

Robert Bage is with the Mawson Expedition to the Antarctic.

\* \* \*

A. A. McKay is a happy father.

\* \* \*

H. Cook is leaving the State, and has written for an order for a blazer.

\* \* \*

John Redmond writes:—"To me the most interesting part of the Magazine is that devoted to 'old men,' for one gets a chance of finding out what has become of them. Recently I was wandering round North Queensland, and was several days in Townsville. All the spare



time was put in with Russell Walker Grant, who was my study mate in 1895. He is well and doing well, but sometimes longs for a glimpse of the old ivy and Virginia creeper-covered College and 'shop.' We are both of the opinion that the happiest times of our lives were spent in Trinity, and I never fail to have a look at the old place when anywhere near. I hope to be in Melbourne early in the New Year, but, unfortunately, the place will be closed, but that cannot be helped. It is good to look at if one cannot get inside. Moreton, a Maryborough man, was here recently with a tennis team, which was soundly beaten by our local team. Am surprised to know "Caesar" South is at Peak Downs: thought he was at Boonah. Whenever Caesar put his initials on the slate in the billiard room as H.S., Harold Stewart invariably put his as H. 2 S. I hope to call on "The Slimy Poole" (T. Slaney Poole, barrister) when next in Adelaide. Would like to offer congratulations to "Pat" Lang on his marriage. Hope he is as joyous as he was when shortsighted "Johnny" "oiled" his bike with Pat's Tannin solution. Congratulations also to Guy Miller on his engagement. Queensland is prosperous and I'm quite content to stay here and make a crust. May the 'Fleur-de-Lys' flourish long."

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Owing to the fact that many old students have failed to send in their records, though twice asked to do so by circular, the "Liber Albus" has been held up, and unless these old college men see their way to forwarding the requisite information the book must necessarily be held up indefinitely. Will those who read these lines endeavour to help, by urging defaulters with whom they may come in contact to comply as per circular immediately?

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Sirs,—

May I be permitted to draw attention to what, among the many things that make life here so enjoyable, I might almost refer to as a College nuisance. We have in our midst other nuisances, for example, gentlemen of alleged superior mental abilities—over-subtle tutors singing in the small hours—work—and the excessive charges of the College factotum, better known, perhaps, as the sub-warden. These, under the circumstances, I can put up with, but this other nuisance of nuisances, this compound, concentrated essence of nuisance is unbearable. It consists of two heavily perfumed individuals, with proclivities towards tea-fights, telephones and undraped art. They approach us preceded by what I can only describe as an over-powering stench of scent,



pervading studies, corridors, and common-room. Scented students! The very idea is unpleasant enough, but the nasty cheap reality—the perfume isn't decent—just nauseates. I meet this nuisance in the telephone-box constantly. It doesn't matter what hour of the day or night I choose, it doesn't matter how urgent is the message I want to transmit, I am fairly certain to find the box occupied—the odour will tell by whom. Then I despair, for I know full well that my important business must wait on the gossip of the drawingroom and the small talk of society—by the half-hour. In the intervals between their tea-fights and visits to telephone, these "squaw-men" (using the expression in rather an unusual term) are to be heard performing on the piano, the one playing after the manner of an ill-constructed machine, the other tinkling on the treble, thick-thumbed and out of tune. They have a partiality for Puccini; fortunately their knowledge extends to about two airs per opera, but they butcher Cavaradossi, Mimi and Butterfly; they prevent better musicians from displaying their art and drive me from the room. In fact it would hardly be going too far to assert that cheap scent, misuse of the telephone, and an utterly inferior musical monopoly are, taken into conjunction, just nauseating.—I am, yours, etc.,

SUFFERER.

[We understand that our correspondent is making a slow but sure convalescence. We ourselves are seeking advice as regards our hearing and sense of smell since reading the above.—Eds.]

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

Sirs,—

It is with much hesitation that I present this letter for publication in the College magazine. But since it deals with a matter of rather grave importance, affecting the corporate life of the College, I deem that the responsibility must not be shirked.

A certain section of the College seemed to think their invitation to the pre-initiation meeting was omitted through special design. Now I wish to point out that notice of such a meeting cannot be posted on the College notice-board for a very obvious reason. Also, by exercising a little nous the probable date, place and time of such a meeting could be easily found out. This, helped by a little enquiry on their part, was done by a good many men in the College. The section referred to also complained of lack of wit. Well, if this was of so poor an order, which I personally deny, why does not the gentleman who was responsible for the virulent outburst which has provoked this letter improve the College wit by sometimes displaying his own scintillating powers? He wasted a glorious opportunity at the Initiation; I do not think he uttered a single remark during the proceedings.

This gentleman also deplored the conduct of the meeting mentioning, amongst other things, which I will pass



over as being unworthy of notice by any thinking man, that he considered the freshmen were hardly used. I would ask him to look back to his own experiences and think well before making a similar remark again. The results prove that the gentle persuasion which is meted out to a freshman during his first few weeks in College is of lasting and usually permanent benefit to him. Of course I grant you that this is not so in some cases, and these are the cases where persuasion has to be exercised for some months, or even years. If, after a year's residence in College, coercive measures are still necessary, we tremble to think of the future of such a man when let loose on the world.

I hope, Sirs, that you will pardon the length of this letter, but I think that this is an important matter, and I hope that these few remarks may be productive of a little good. That such views can be expressed as special views of a section of the College I do not for one moment believe. I prefer to think that their spokesman was impelled in the heat of the moment to utter personal views which he imagined echoed the sentiments of others. I hope such twaddle will never again be heard.—I am, yours, etc.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

[The views you speak of, we believe to be purely those of the gentleman alluded to. If "Anti-humbug" recollects, no one supported the frenzied outburst; and certainly no larger section of the community than that constituted by one person can be in any way associated with the incident.]

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

Sirs,—

In writing to your columns with reference to what I regard as a College nuisance, I must say that it is with reluctance that I do write about such a sordid subject. Everyone knows that the highest regard is felt for a good Curator, who, in turn must treat his fellows with a certain similar regard. But I fear me that some of this year's Curators daily overstep the bounds of all decency. I refer, Sirs, to the petty officiousness of our Billiard Room Curators. These up-starts—nothing less—order the unfortunate billiard enthusiasts around the room. I myself have been thoroughly put off my game by the weedy one who is given to raising his voice. I will go no further into this painful subject. I have said enough to indicate that I approach this topic in no querulous tone. In conclusion, I ask you, Sirs, to admonish a rebuke, dignified and commanding, which, let us hope, will show these small-minded officials the error of their ways.—Yours, etc.,

"OUTRAGED DIGNITY."

[Our Fighting Editor, who has had a somewhat similar experience, after interviewing the afore-mentioned for nearly half a round, received a substantial guarantee that, hereafter, anyone in anyway interfering, would be dealt with in a very similar fashion.—Eds.]



## Blue Pencil

The Editorial Staff wishes to declare its honest appreciation of the effort made by members to ensure the success of the present issue. Without hesitation we can declare that the number of contributions sent in has constituted a record which will be hard to beat. Freshmen are particularly thanked for their efforts. No previous year has seen more than an isolated attempt at producing copy from them. This year hardly one failed in sending along manuscript. Necessarily, with such an abundance of material to choose from, much is held over, much is useless, and some is reproduced. We hope that the magazine is up to standard, in any case it is representative of the literary ability of the College.

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### THE DEATH OF AN IDEA.

By "Dogberry."

"The Fleur-de-Lys! the Fleur-de-Lys! and something really clever!"  
 Good Editors, I swear you'll have my very best endeavour,  
 And though the trial of my muse you soon may be decrying,  
 It is a try which you, I think, will recognise as trying.  
 To gratify your fair request gives me peculiar pleasure,  
 Would good intents were excellence, you'd marvel at my measure;..  
 For I shall strive my very best to satiate your longing,  
 Nay, even now bright thoughts I feel into my head come thronging.  
 They come, they come, and still they come like shoals of silver troutlet,  
 Alack-a-day, and there they stay, and cannot find an outlet,  
 And hither dart and hurry there in fashion most despairing,  
 And grope in vain to find a way to give themselves an airing.  
 Sad fate; within a bursting brain they'll die of suffocation,  
 And never know the toothsome bait of jealous admiration.  
 They were literary fish with a most resplendent tail,  
 And a pretty little poem was each little shining scale.  
 Yet stay! What's this? the tiniest sprat  
 Scarce worth the name of tiddlebat,  
 Has struggled through with groans and cries,  
 And here exhausted gasps and dies.



"The Fleur-de-Lys! the Fleur-de-Lys! and something really clever!"

Good Editors, I swear you've had my very best endeavour.

Although it may not seem to be

A portent or a prodigy,

O, pruners of the Fleur-de-Lys!

O, wielders of the weighty "We"!

To all of which we reply:

Good Dogberry! Good Dogberry! 'Tis something almost clever;

From Fleur-de-Lys thy facile pen, indeed we shall not sever.

Thy sprat, in fact, is rare to us, we greet it with a hail;

'Tis our decree, "Who read shall see"—but now we wait the whale.

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#### HER FIRST KISS.

The half-drawn curtains of a stately bed,  
Where lay a maiden in soft moonbeams clad,  
Displayed to human gaze such beauty as  
Would rival even heaven's far-famed queen.

The twinkling stars stopped each in his career,  
Amazement did o'erspread the very heavens,  
It almost seemed as if Aglaia fair,  
Had wandered from her lovely sister's twain.

The grateful calm of sleep was still untouched,  
When soft into the room there stole a form,  
The maiden dreamed soft lips were on hers pressed.  
She wakes, she starts back from the enraptured gaze.

The shame of guilt grips hold her beating heart,  
The dawning light shows up her suffused face;  
"Alas! Alas!" she cries, "I am undone,  
For I have now been kissed"—but by the sun.

A soul-harrowing tragedy, one even imagines the sun, with a wicked leer in his eye, offering up the same thanksgiving as Hajj—

"Glory be to Allah."

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The Editors acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Jolley for the following jewel:—

With cheerful smiles our German class  
Does week by week its German farce.  
There's Me and Wank with German book,  
Transformed perhaps to German look,  
But German speak by hook or crook  
As taught by Mr. Robson?

Oh! No.

## THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

## VERMICELLI.

A titled young lady from West,  
 At last gave her teddy bear best;  
 I'll try something human,  
 She said with acumen,  
 And now Vermis-silly's her jest.

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## COLLEGE MUSIC.

Where does sweetest music linger?  
 In the voice of gifted singer,  
 In the throat of D\*rw\*s C\*mm\*ng when he trills a lover's  
 lay,  
 In the shower's silver gushing,  
 And the "Baron's" royal rushing  
 In a taxi, to a restaurant not very far away.

In the wind of summer even,  
 When the stars are white in heaven,  
 And the witching hour is striking, and the moon is pure  
 as snow;  
 Through the cloisters lightly straying,  
 In the little oak-tree playing,  
 Swooping downward with warm kisses on the dew-wet  
 grass below.

In the College organ swelling  
 Through the Chapel, and foretelling  
 All the harmonies of angels; and the ecstasies unknown.  
 In our B\*t's fat fingers beating,  
 And the stricken keys repeating  
 A Thrice-murdered air from "Tosca" in majestic mono-  
 tone.

But the music that is purest,  
 And the note the truest, surest,  
 Still enduring, never-ending (and it cuts one to the bone),  
 Both the near and distant blending,  
 Man and woman comprehending,  
 Greets us daily, in the tinkle of the College Telephone.

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I've observed a remarkable study,  
 Psychologically rather abstruse,  
 With his note-books galore, he's a terrible bore,  
 And just smiles if consigned to the deuce.  
 He indulges in great expectations  
 Of what he will do when he's through  
 Tis great prowess in sport, so I've heard him report,  
 Must entitle him Bombie the Blue.

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It is understood that the next Marlo-drama, "The Lure  
 of Gold," or "Why Parasites Feed on Foreign Dishes,"  
 has been in active rehearsal for some time past.



Seen lately at trial turns—not in Brennan's circuit—  
a Count (?) in disguise—our Gay Pierrot.

\* \* \*

"Anxious" asks who painted the Warden's portrait.  
We have made inquiries and have been informed in strict-  
est confidence that it was Spiller.

\* \* \*

Sos.—The lines you are thinking of are to be found in  
Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," Act I., Scene II., lines 8  
and 9—

"The Baron touched in his holy chase shakes off  
his **facial** curse."

No! if Amundsen had a sewing machine at the South  
Pole he would probably patronise the old firm.

Yes! But trade may quicken up a bit down there.

Yes! clothes for the penguins.

\* \* \*

"The Workers," by Eric.—We specially recommend  
the article to all Freshmen. Out of bed not earlier than  
11 a.m. and in bed not earlier than 1 a.m. are the chief  
points of interest.

\* \* \*

"Training Notes," by Bhoo and the Senior. Gambols  
on the Turf every evening at 5.30.



# MONSTROUS COMPETITION

OPEN

TO ALL WHO LIVE WITHIN THESE PRECINCTS  
(including the Porter and the taxi man on our doorstep.)

ARTICLES. VERSE. IDEAS.

SACRED. PROFANE.

HINTS TO COMPETITORS:

Profanity and Wit. Sacredness and Polish.

(Still, not to be discouraging, we mention that the Editors have an abundant stock of all these qualities.)

N.B.—Ideas, IF NEW, must be treated in a PROFANE and WITTY manner; otherwise, should this College realise their peculiarity, neither the Editors nor the contributor can say that they were joking only.

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## PRIZES.

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### CLASS I.—

ADMIRATION OF ONE'S FELLOWS (owing to the acceptance of an article by The Editors and the excellent printing of the same).

### CLASS II.—

ADMIRATION AND ENVY OF THE EDITORS—when you supply them an idea. The Editors permit owner of idea to claim the language in which it appears.

### CLASS III.—

CONSOLATION—of duty done and the acquisition of a long-established right to abuse roundly the ignorant and dully unappreciative souls of the Editors.

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NOTHING WILL BE CONSIDERED AFTER  
AUGUST 3rd.

















