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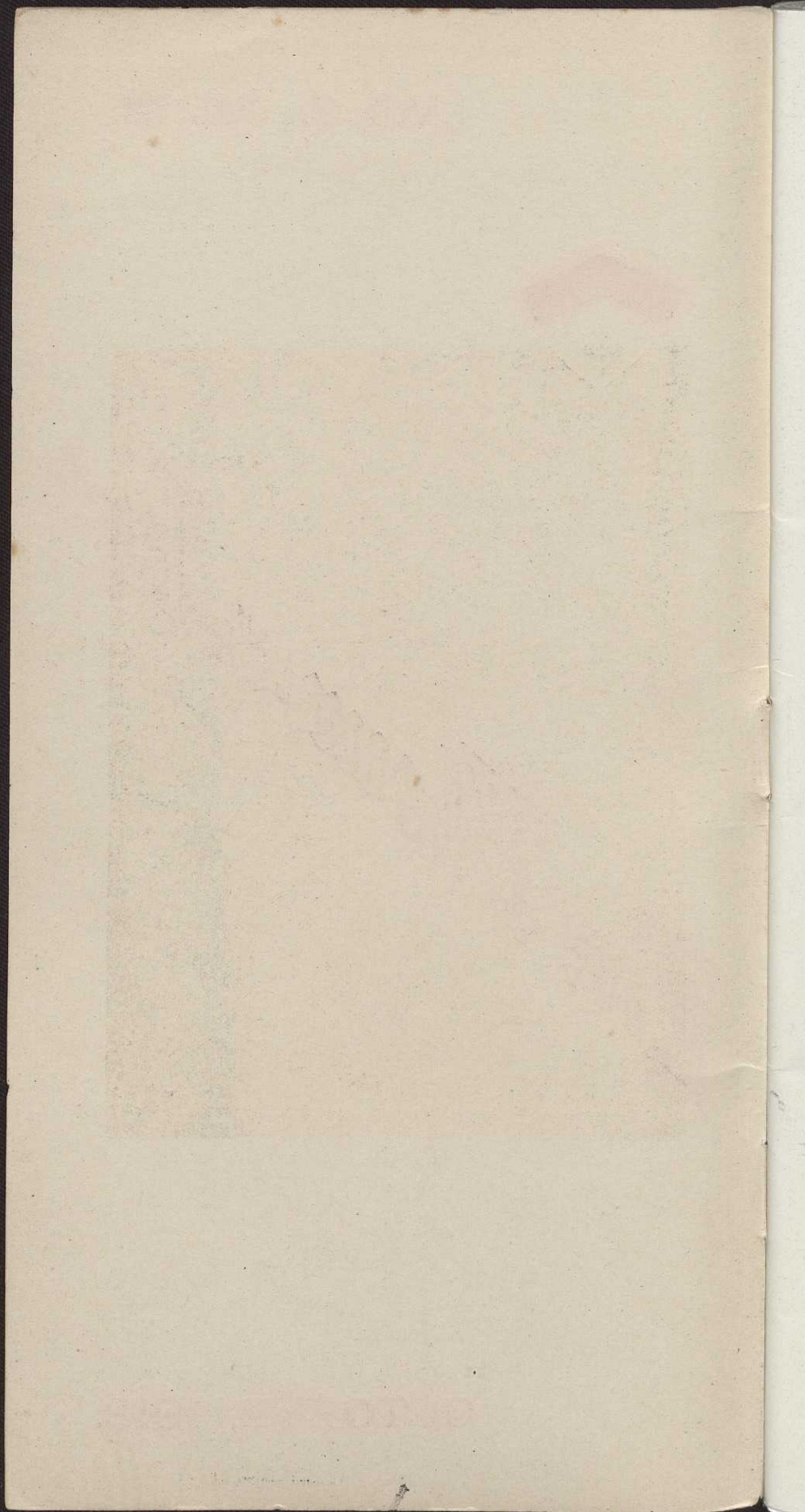
Vol. 2. No. 12.



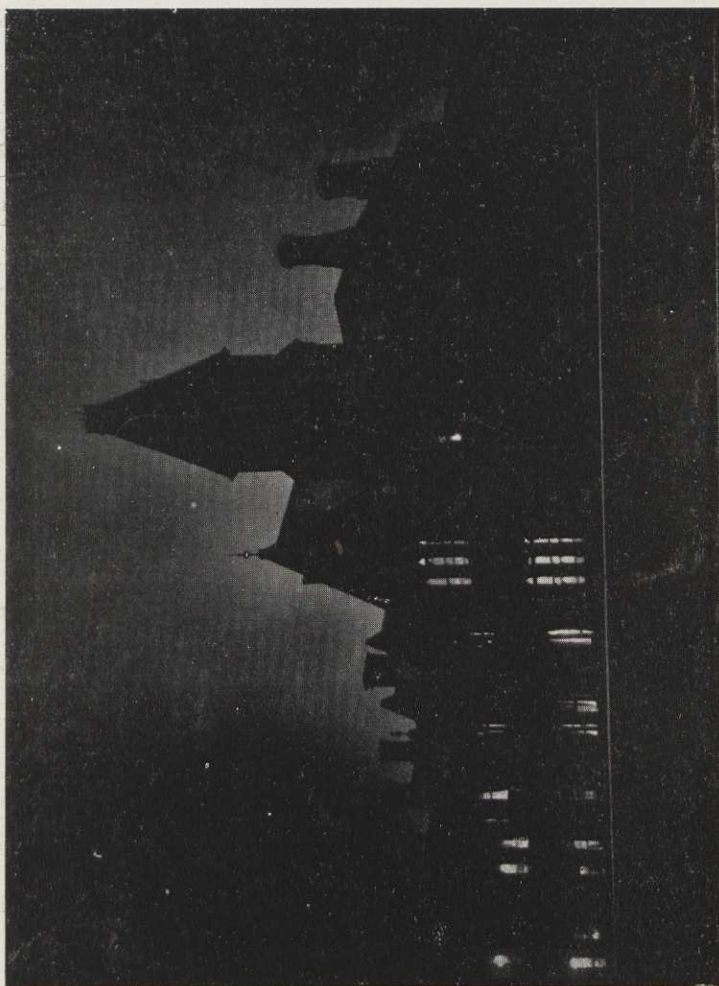
# The Fleur-de-lys

Trinity College  
Melbourne University

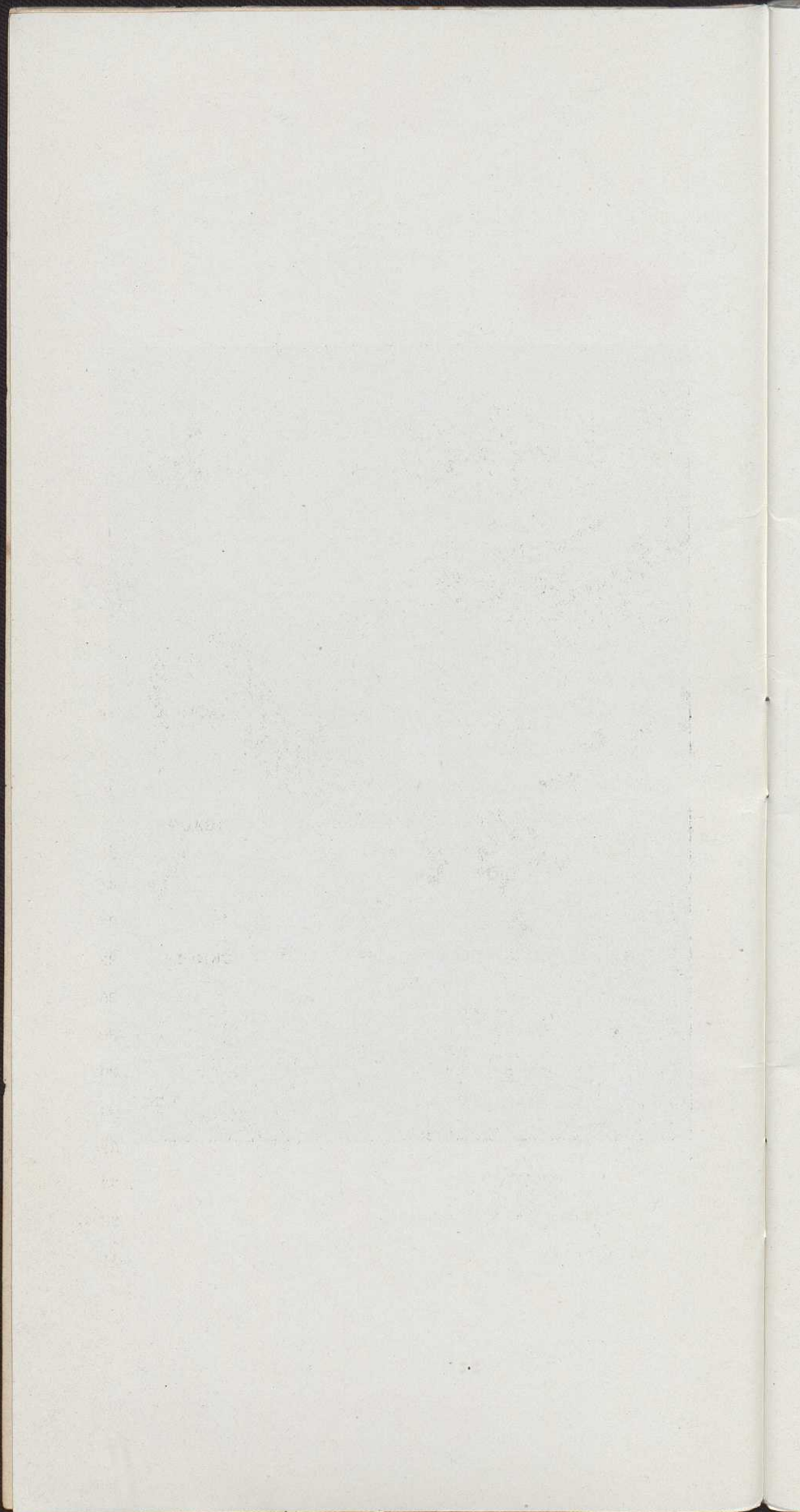
OCTOBER, 1912.







"THE COLLEGE AT WORK"

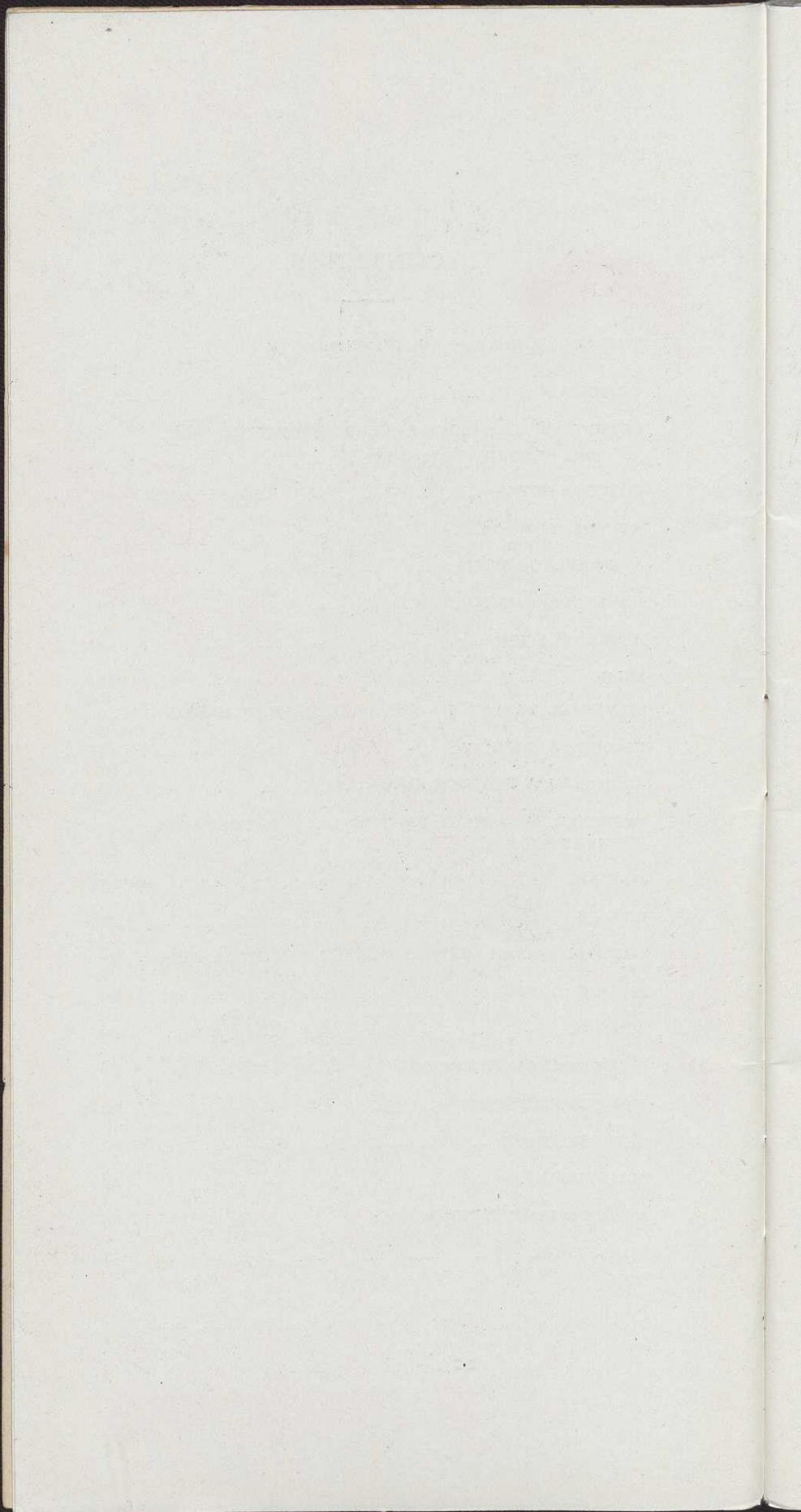




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# The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF MELBOURNE.

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VOL. 2.

OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 12

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Editor: 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.

Let us begin with our pride "in ages past, our hope for years to come." We mean the "Fleur-de-Lys."

Having invoked our manes, and expressed our pious hopes for the future, let us look at the present. Although we may rest reasonably assured, that at stated periods the first twelve numbers of this magazine will each have a centenary; yet the production of each succeeding issue has none of this quiet satisfaction. This issue brings us in touch with one of those petty, human, finite things, the end of a volume. The first "Fleur-de-Lys" for the year was a pleasure to produce, contributions being fairly frequent. The second, at one time, looked as if it would not issue; but here it is. We think that we can claim that the strong point of this magazine since its inception has been its restraint. It would be a pity to see one issue dropped, for we might be entitled to the opinion, that were such a thing to happen, it would not mean one issue gone, but the death of the "fearless, far-famed 'Fleur-de-Lys.'" However, enough has been said upon other occasions about the necessity for contributions and general interest. All we wish to say now is, that we hope the future editors of this magazine will not let it drop, even if they are forced to produce it as a mere record.

Here let us end this oft-repeated song, and look at a phenomenon—new, strange, and portentous. We refer to the position of the curator in our midst. What is our



duty towards the curator, and what is the curator's duty towards the College? Those of us who came into College some five years ago can remember different manners. In those days there was abroad a fine sense of duty. Men not only undertook these curatorships cheerfully, but carried them out so well that the only complaint we can remember was concerning the extortion of a famously officious Common Room curator. Again it was not considered a just misfortune that a man should be appointed to such a position. Then, had he been appointed, the whole progress of the execution of his duties was not obstructed and made difficult. This is what it used to be in those days, and the worry of the various rooms under our control was such that the Committee of the Social Club were only troubled in respect of selecting people worthy of these charges. Were these people appointed then treated as unfortunate? No; they were not boomed as public benefactors of the first magnitude; but still they were treated as people who were doing something for the general weal. Look at us to-day! At the last Social Club meeting no less than four of the curators were called in question, not to mention the indirect and slightly unwilling criticism of the editors of this paper, which came when they asked for contributions. Still, cutting out the sacrosanct, the others were guilty, in the extreme, of negligence. However, whether rightly or wrongly—to be seen, according to our opinion, hereafter—two of the bolder of these men either had a defence made for them or made one for themselves. Strange to say, despite the fact that someone has said—it must have been years ago—that the minority is always right, and, notwithstanding the fact that it was a defence, they were not far wrong. The men above referred to as the bolder spirits in this controversy, feeling apparently that all was lost, as a last resort blamed the whole of the people for whom they were working, forgetting, of course, that there is such a thing as a man doing a thing well, for his own satisfaction. The others, it would seem, grew so weary unto weakness of having magazines removed from the Common Room, that they were unable to defend their lack of interest in keeping in order the few that were left. Although we do not feel very deeply for them, we give them willingly, whatever benefit they can extract from the foregoing argument. Still we have been trying to point out, indirectly, as usual—a new time is coming in the next paragraph—that the whole fault does not lie in the fact that the curators chosen by the Committee are incompetent. It might happen so no body, even of autocrats, is unexceptionable; yet such an one, whose dignity does not obsess them, would, we almost said reverse their selection, but we will be content with alter their selection under circumstances such as these. They have not done so, which means much. Either they are to be accused of a kid-glove policy, or they have actually listened



to argument. Outside the foolishness of listening to argument—if we may be permitted a question as the official organ of the Social Club—were they right in leaving these men in their positions? In our opinion, they might perhaps have selected spirits worthy of these terrible encounters; but still freshmen are young and the senior men have exceedingly important engagements with the examiners at a very early date. We write as neither one nor the other. Shall he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat? And, if we are allowed to drive on, we might point out that his very leanness may give him a clearer vision—it is possible. If the temperance party had a few practising alcoholics pledged to their cause, and speaking to their platform, nothing would stop them.

Pleasant as it is thus to muse, we must get on to our last paragraph—the simple reason of all our troubles. Is there not a slight amount of selfishness in the matter? We would all of us (or at least we used to) appreciate being appointed to any post of labour or trust under our own selected Social Club Committee; but, failing such an appointment, do we assist them to the best of our—we almost said ability, but we will rest satisfied with—opportunity. To the “steely” eye it does all appear as selfishness; but not possessing that quality, we hug to our bosoms the hope that is only heedlessness. We are selfish if we cannot refrain from removing magazines from the Common Room, and treating the Billiard Room otherwise than we would if it were our own individual property. We feel sure that every man, were he to hear to-morrow that our most beautiful piece of statuary (which is it, by the way?) had been disfigured by a band of hoodlums, would hold up his hands in holy horror—at least we hope we can. If, then, it is possible that we should feel about these things to such an extent, why should we allow ourselves liberties with our own College conveniences, which are intenser in their communism, since they belong to fewer. We want to say that this is the gist and the spirit of the matter. With this idea of public spirit in our midst we can be happy. The College will come first and our pleasure and personal convenience will be matters of second importance.

Finally, we have to say two things. The first is, that the men we knew a few years ago were not ready for canonization; but still, in respect to this spirit of duty, they were ahead of us of to-day. The second is, that these virtues they possessed are not being examined under a magnifying glass. May be, looking at Gulliver amidst the Lilliputians has increased our respect for Gulliver, but we do not think so. Read I Kings xix. 13.



## REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE FOR THE SECOND TERM, 1912.

The second term this year has been unusually full of events—sporting, social and academic. For those whose term ended with examinations, it has therefore been a somewhat trying time. For those with other pre-occupations we presume it has been very pleasant.

During the term two intercollegiate events have been decided. We wish most heartily to congratulate Mr. Riddell and his team on winning the Rifle Shooting in such conclusive style. In the football match against Ormond, though the final result was against us, the team put up a fight of which we are all proud. We look forward with interest and some confidence to the tennis match. The Elliott Fours were won by a bright crew captained by Mr. Herring.

Trinity has reason to be proud of two of her old boys—Harry Ross-Soden and Simon Fraser. The defeat of Leander by an Australian crew, in which these two rowed, for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley-on-Thames, will be a long remembered event in the rowing world.

The College concert was an acknowledged success, thanks to the Glee Club and several old boys and others. Our thanks are due to Dr. Fowler and Mr. Galway for their management. College culture has been much advanced during the term, grand opera claiming some of our less studious members for many nights in the week. Messrs. Baracchi, Galway and Carlton Sutton are said to have frequently come home intoxicated with music. We hope that this is strictly true.

The term ended with the College dance—a most successful function as usual. We wish to thank Mr. Ross-Soden and his assistant, Mr. Wertheim, for the hard work put into the arrangements and for the excellent result achieved. We suspect that they did some good work on the night of the dance for which they were amply repaid.

In the August examinations the College did fairly well. Messrs. Fetherstonhaugh and Halloran are to be congratulated on passing their third year, Messrs. Wood, Jolley and Puckle on outwitting Dr. Springthorpe, and Messrs. Lawton, Lewers, James, Ross-Soden and Watson in getting past "non-committal Molly." For those who were not successful we express our sympathy and wish them better luck next time.

We hope that the results of the December examinations will this year be a record. The College has not been very successful in sport this year. Let us all see to it that it is on top in scholarship.

The Committee has carried out most of the suggestions of the last General Meeting. The main difficulty, as



usual, has been the food. The cuisine has not yet reached Savoy standard, but under conditions that are more difficult than many men realise, the matron has done her best, and the food served compares favourably with that of similar institutions. We wish to draw attention to the fact that curators are becoming unnecessarily slack in their duties, and hope that next term's curators will improve matters.

Finally, we wish to remind you that third term should be, and always has been, considered a working term. Let amusements and social functions and unnecessary brawls alone and try for good results at the end of the year.



## COLLEGE NOTES

Second term was a full one from the point of view of our social activities. The revival of the Concert was much appreciated. The annual dance was a great success owing to the efforts of Messrs. Ross-Soden and Wertheim. It has been suggested that in future the end of the dance should be notified by the firing of a big gun. The main trouble being that one of our number thought that "God save the King" was the beginning of another two-step.

\* \* \*

The Vice-Warden has been making many an after-dinner hour pleasant by his fine translations of delightful stories from Low German. All who have had the pleasure of hearing him can agree that Captain Pott, of the Anna Maria, takes a lot of beating as a piece of artistic truth; not to mention the sweet ways of little Gretchen and Mr. Robson's cigarettes.

\* \* \*

There are ominous signs in front of the College. Our little oak looks beautiful, just bursting into leaf, and in the distance everything else seems to be at the same game. Everything looks attractive, and then we get that chill feeling about the heart when we remember that homely warning, "You shouldn't go there, you shouldn't go there." How much better it would be if we had our examinations at a suitable time—the dull, dreary middle of winter.

\* \* \*

The chances of most of the College look well for the

November engagement; but there are some who can appreciate the following little quotation from Calverley—

“But ever dwells the soft voice in my ear,  
Whispering of what Time is, what Man might be,  
Would he but ‘do the duty that lies near’  
And cut clubs, cards, champagne, balls, billiard-  
rooms, and beer.”

\* \* \*

The thanks of the University are due to Mr. Robson for his donation to the Boat Club for the purpose of the purchase of the old Ormond Boat.

### AT THE PUMP.

It was a strange insinuation to make against the irrigation channel. It wasn't tight, they said. What a curious code of morality these channels must have! To prove the contrary, it was determined to fill it as full as it would hold. As a student of ethics, I went to study its behaviour. An engine-house, I discovered, stood to the channel in loco Youngii et Jacksonii, clad barman-like in immaculate white, corrugated, or rather “goffered,” over the engine-house, flat-ironed over the boiler. The long shed, with the tall, rusty chimney, cuts a civilised figure against the box-trees of the river-front, trees with stems for which there is no other word than “tigered” trees that are barking in passionate grey-purple entreaty for Hans Heyssen to come and take their portraits, trees that when he had got faithfully on canvas you would tell him that he was romancing. But he would have caught them at their best, on a sunny day after rain.

The pressure gauge was gradually rising. A trolley on wooden lines ran out between the wood heaps, and the fire was duly fed. A magpie hopped, en ami de maison, from log to log, and the faithful hound sniffed underneath for rabbits or rats or whatever else her doggish soul hoped or craved. I studied the “graffiti” on the broad open door. The rustic Cimabue had had full scope—charcoal in plenty and a smooth white surface. An Amazon—pray heaven she may never, to misquote Calverley, “lift the failing foot to kick,” for her calf (she is what the Latins call “succincta”) is of heroic proportions; the halberd in her left hand is too true to Australian tradition, too slender a gum-sapling, to be of much avail. But to arm, with her physique, is supererogation. And there was a noble effort, illustrations with text; the spelling of the latter would rejoice the phonetic soul of the Director of Education. I seemed to detect the work of two hands and Cimabue, in the intervals of stoking, vouchsafed the information that Giotto's later additions had rather spoiled the original delicacy of his composition.

But “not these the sights the present hour demands,” for there's a pressure of over 50 lbs, and steam is turned



on. The bickering eccentrics "start their quarrel on the sheaves," the vacuum in the condenser mounts slowly from zero to 27; piston rods receive a friendly slap, oil is administered here and there; outside the measured plash of water is heard, and the bull-rushes begin to sway gently in the artificial current.

A few chains away, in the middle distance (*medio tutissimus ibis*) eleven black and white ibises are digging eleven long curved black beaks into the soft ground, strangely changing colour as they pass behind sparse tufts of last year's rushes. Under a gum on the channel-bank a shag is patiently camped awaiting developments and yabbies. From the other side come faintly the ploughman's exhortations to his six-fold team, where the plough is billowing up the level green and leaving four trim brown furrows in its wake. And from the Murray one may hear, maybe, the gentle puffing of a steamer, high-wheeled, high-bridged, dropping down stream, with a leash of wool-barges in tow, not with wool, but with huge logs hung alongside from outriggers, their thick butts just succeeding in belying the general air of calm, as they push a ruffled wave before them on the placid river.

Prosaic enough, no doubt, for those whose daily work is here, for Cimabue, for the ploughman, for Blossom and Diamond and Smiler and the rest of his team, for shag and straw-necked ibis, for the skipper of the steamer, as he puffs tobacco-wreaths in competition with his own smoke-stack; worse than prosaic for him that must watch the channel-banks, and for Lass who can find neither rat nor rabbit; but for one whose normal horizon is limited by four book-clad walls there should surely be, in all this, a truer poetry than he will ever find in print. —Scolopendria.

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### TRIOLET.

When wattle blooms on every hill,  
 And every care is chased away,  
 Joy frolics gaily to his fill,  
 When wattle blooms on every hill,  
 Wakes to laughter each sleepy rill,  
 Wreaths his forehead with blossom gay,  
 When wattle blooms on every hill,  
 And every care is chased away.

—"Jacobus."

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### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. G. W. MacDonnell, 2s. 6d.; Dr. R. Fowler, 5s.; Miss Barnard, 2s. 6d.; Rev. G. Watts, 2s. 6d.; Miss Navarack, 2s. 6d.; A. D. Mackay, 2s. 6d.



## Common Room Chatter

A pretty little story has reached us. One day our indispensable porter was looking after his many interests in the business world, when he was hailed from a taxi. Our more famous giant emerged, forced him to get into, and use the cab as his own. We have heard indirectly that his credit has since bounded up, and it was a fine sight to see him return to his official duties under such auspicious circumstances. How beautiful; but, oh, how quixotic! His benefactor returned an hour later on a common or garden cable car.

How many an act passes unsuspected in an unsuspected spot—not given to scandal—such as this. The art of J.F.H. has at last come to light. Now we know why he wanders in Parkville. He must be looking for new subjects. However, we must own it is not everybody who can paint figures.

One of those delightful touches that might have been did not occur a few nights ago. A College man was moving forward to dine, with a girl on each arm, at the renovated Cafe Denat, when he espied what he thought to be the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." A burst of laughter and a gurgle of delight when a closer examination showed that it was but "Honi soit qui maly mange." Such is life.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," with a vengeance. The hatred with which the women students have for years viewed their male fellows seems to be breaking down. Almost a month ago—or was it more?—a youth was seen lying at the feet of a maiden fair on the "banks" of our lake, and actually working. O the sympathy of it! O the refined torture of it! This must be a race that knew not Joseph.

Since then we, who have old-fashioned ideas about these things, were saddened by the sight of a little luncheon party in College. What is worse, the prime mover was a man who ought to know better. The old school may be crabby, crass and conservative, but we always have found it wise to separate women and work. Why, you will be having them grow up, and then the fear of death will be gone, for a man will have nothing to loose and, perhaps, everything to gain.

Last vacation all the College went to the mountains. Some went on foot and were sorry; some went on motor bicycles and managed to fall off at each wayside house; but yet they were sorry too. Some went in a touring



car and took S—r; some just went like ordinary decent human beings. And when they had all got to their various mountains, some ran up steep hills to get a sweat up; some thereat got annoyed; some looked at scenery, and again some got annoyed; some fell in the only water hole within miles; some slept together; some talked opera and were told to take up an instrument; some walked many miles and were tired; some lay in the sun and were happy. One and all rose at the hour of the invalid. "I all'us has one at eleven."

\*                     \*                     \*

The sympathy of all goes out to M—nckt—n K—lly. There never was a man less suited to the position between J.F.H. and S—ss. We ask his president to save him for us.

\*                     \*                     \*

We must congratulate a member of the College upon his taste in cigars, and his boldness in displaying it to the world. We have always reckoned—but we were too timid to say so—that you could buy cigars at wayside inns, four for a shilling, better than the best Corona. We don't mind admitting that one of the editorial staff now offers to one and all Mild Capstan cigarettes. What a lot there is in a bold example!

\*                     \*                     \*

The death is announced of the Meander Club. All the members blame the President, who has not been seen for some time. The secretary, it is feared, is getting ready for flight too. We suggest that they should form the nucleus of a Dancing Men's Union, and make their two leading planks preference to Unionists, and no dancing with girls who do not wear a Union label.

\*                     \*                     \*

It is rumoured that the Law Students' Society is going to lodge an objection with the College authorities against the uncomplimentary habit of people from other courses developing a passion for Law at the eleventh hour.

## TRANSLATION.

Fritz Reuter, *Ut mine Stromtid*, Chap. 8.

Braesig at the Hydropathic Establishment.

Weel, that's what he does, he swaddles me up that tight, I could scarcely fetch my breath. "I didna need air," he said, "sae much as watter"; and he actually wanted to shut the winder. "Nay," says I, "that much I have learnt, a feller must have fresh air—leave yon winder up"; and sae he leaves it and gangs awa. Sae there I lay, cramped and con-fined, but quiet enough and comfy enough, when all on a sudden like there's a buzzin' an' a hummin' aboot me, an' as I looks up, there's a whole swarm of bees a comin' in at the winder, the

queen in the lead—I know the queen, 'cos, seest tha, I'm a bit of a bee-man mysel'—and yon queen starts to swarm on the blanket the doctor had put round my head. What was I to dae? I couldna stir. Sae I blawed at her, blawed till I was clean breathless, but my luck was oot. The beastie lit richt on top of my bald head, for I always tak my wig off, to save it, and then the whole swarm came buzzin' about my face. That was mair nor I could stand. I roll out of bed, flop on to the floor, and unroll mysel' out of the blanket an' out of them wet sheets, till I rolled to the door, and round an' about me the deevil was loose, man, the deevil incarnate. And noo I'm out of yon door, sparrin' awa at them bees, blind an' mad like, an' shriekin' for help. An' then—the Almichty be praised!—the doctor's ax-sistent met me an' brocht me to anither room and then into the needful claithes, sae that after a rest of an hour or thereabouts I could gan doon to the dining-room, the Salong they calls it, that is to say, with half a hundred bee-stings stickin' in my skin. I start to talk to the gentlemen; they snigger. What are they sniggerin' for? Thoo don't knaw, Karl, I didna knaw either. Sae I turn to one of the leddies and mak some neighbourly remark about the weather. She blushes. What for does the weather mak her blush? I dinna knaw, nae mair do thoo, Karl. . . . Then comes the watter-doctor and says to me very po-lite like: "Mr. Braesig, pray excuse me, but you made yourself rather too conspicuous this afternoon." "How so?" I axed. "Why," says he, "when you ran out of your door Miss D'Otancarri was just crossing the corry-don, and she, in the strictest confidence, of course, told all the rest."

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From the German of Leopold Schefer.

Not to endure is Patience: But, serene,  
 To bear with soul immortal mortal sufferings,  
 Feeling thyself, not them; living high above them,  
 As high above yon clouds clear shines the sun,  
 That, Friend, is Patience.

---

From the Dutch of Helene Lapidoth-Swarth.

Beloved, that with smile divine,  
 Didst stoop to this sad heart of mine,  
 While June with azure and gold a-shine  
 The scents from her flowers was flinging.  
 Friend, who didst win me from the grave,  
 Who, giving all that love could crave,  
 My soul from drear despair didst save;  
 What thanks should I be bringing?



Mine, all mine own, that deignst to be,  
 To soothe my sad despondency,  
 With angel arms enfolding me;  
 What shall my thanks be giving?  
 The roses of my ecstacies,  
 The lilies of my reveries,  
 The worship of my psalmodies,  
 The wreaths that crown my living.

—Pechvogel, Ph.D.

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### MUSIC.

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There can be no doubt but that the infancy of College music, so carefully nurtured by our predecessors, has, in this year of grace, blossomed into a healthy and vigorous adolescence. Never before, we venture to assert, has the musical taste of the College reached such an eminence of culture. The "musical philistines," who brought upon their heads the merciless wrath of Horace Finnis, have departed hence (a few perhaps have tarried), and in their places have arisen prophets and disciples of musical righteousness.

To what must we attribute our development? The Lady Northcote Permanent Orchestra Fund and Prof. Marshall-Hall are always with us, and to these "institutions" Melbourne owes a great deal. Our latest musical vigour, however, must be largely attributed to the powerful stimulus produced by the operatic seasons recently conducted in this country by the Melba and Quinlan companies respectively. In this respect our own improvement is but an index of the valuable educational effect these ventures have had upon Melbourne people in general.

Coming nearer home, we must not forget the traditions handed down to us by musicianly collegiates of former years, nor the labour of love undertaken in connection with University music by Mrs. Georgette Peterson and Mrs. Ewart. All these influences, and many others, no doubt, have been at work in moulding the College "tone." Nor is this statement merely a villainous pun, for surely College music is one of the most influential factors productive of College character or "tone." It makes at once for culture, refinement and fellowship amongst us all.

This year the College boasts a number of instrumental players and quite a strong glee club. During last term their efforts culminated in a very successful revival of the College concert, a function that has lapsed during the past two years. Most of the performers were past or present Trinity students, supplemented by the kindly extra collegiate assistance of Mrs. Ewart, Mr. and Mrs.

Gregor Wood, and Master Geoffrey Leeper. According to custom, the College song was sung by an old student. On this occasion Dr. "Ted" Cordner had this honour. Two other old students prominent on the programme were Miss D. Penfold (hostel) and Dr. G. Miller. After one number by Miss Penfold the demands of the audience were so persistent that our rule of "no encores" was relaxed. A large share of the work of the concert was undertaken by the Glee Club, under Mr. Gregor Wood. They acquitted themselves very creditably, but evidenced traces of insufficient practice. Rigid tempo and pianissimo effects are not the strong points of the Glee Club, any more than these attributes are the strong points of our everyday College musicians. Besides those already mentioned, the following soloists contributed:—V. E. Galway (piano), W. H. Godby (song), A. F. Jolley (flute), D. Cumming (song).

In conclusion, it must be acknowledged that the success of the concert is always largely due to the Warden of the College. Without his beneficence a coach for the Glee Club would not be possible and a valuable stimulus to college music lost.

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#### MEMORIAL TABLET TO LATE DR. H. R. SALMON.

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The walls of Trinity College Chapel are growing eloquent with the memorials of past students, who, having "served God in their day and generation," are fallen asleep in Christ. Another memorial was unveiled on Wednesday, August 21st. It was a brass tablet to the memory of the late Dr. Harry Robert Salmon, who died in 1910. Dr. Salmon was a resident student from 1880-85. During that time, as the memorial inscription testifies, "his lovable disposition and sterling qualities of manhood made him a leader among his fellows alike in the arena of sport and in other activities of college life." At the unveiling a short office was said in the Chapel by Archdeacon Pritchard, of Broken Hill, who performed the ceremony of unveiling the tablet and gave a brief address. The Warden of the College, Dr. Leeper, read the Lesson, which was Wisdom iii. 1-10, the morning lesson for All Saints' Day. Several old College friends and relatives of the late Dr. Salmon were present at the unveiling. In his address Archdeacon Pritchard said that it had been his privilege to prepare his old friend for confirmation under the guidance of the late Dean Vance. He dwelt upon the fitness of the phrase in the inscription "sterling qualities of manhood." He had benefited by the influence of these in the long friendship that had



followed the College days. Such friendships between men of different professions illustrated the benefit of the wise policy of their benefactor, Bishop Moorhouse, in establishing a theological faculty within Trinity College. Dr. Pritchard dwelt upon the great benefit to the clergy of such a policy. It had given Trinity men a wider sym-

**THIS TABLET  
IS  
DEDICATED  
BY HIS OLD COLLEGE FRIENDS  
AS A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
HARRY ROBERT SALMON  
M.B., B.S., Melb.,  
A RESIDENT MEMBER OF THIS SOCIETY  
FROM 1880 TO 1885.  
HIS LOVABLE DISPOSITION  
AND STERLING QUALITIES OF MANHOOD  
MADE HIM A LEADER AMONG HIS FELLOWS  
ALIKE IN THE ARENA OF SPORT  
AND IN OTHER ACTIVITIES OF COLLEGE LIFE.  
HIS INFLUENCE ON THOUGHT AND CONDUCT  
DURING HIS STUDENT DAYS  
WAS CONSISTENTLY EXERTED  
ON THE SIDE OF ALL THAT IS HONOURABLE  
AND OF GOOD REPORT.**

\* 1861.

† 1910.

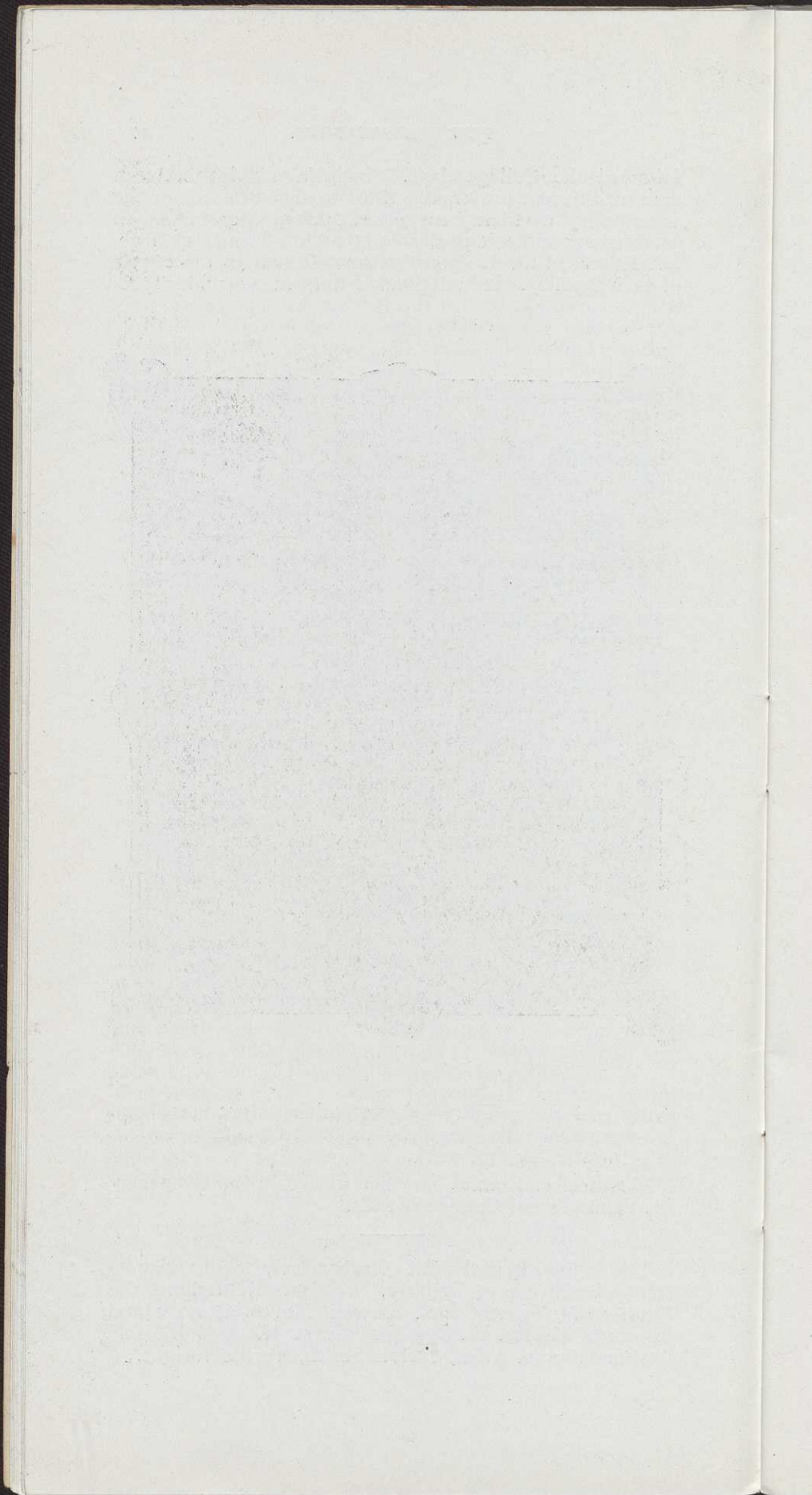
"THE BEST OF WHAT WE DO AND ARE.  
JUST GOD. FORGIVE!"

pathy and a capability of recognising true manhood amongst their fellows which was of the greatest possible help in after life and work.

The memorial tablet has been placed in the Chapel by Dr. Salmon's old College friends.

The following is the list of subscribers to the memorial:—The Bishop of Ballarat, Archdeacon Pritchard, the Dean of Melbourne, Drs. Stawell, Noyes, Greville and Macansh, Messrs. W. Campbell Guest, K.C.; A. J. Noall, Arthur Wigram Allen, Carlyle Smith, Neville Wright.







## Dialectic Society

This year has been notable for a revived and sustained interest in the Society's work. The debates went with vim and were generally remarkable for an unwonted dialectical pugnacity and keenness, which found a culmination in the final discussion of the year. This success was due in large measure to the numbers and calibre of our debutants (if we may thus designate that deplorable victim of nightmare and neurasthenia, the maiden speaker). Amongst those who thus struggled with and valiantly overcame a shy and native modesty in the interests of the Society were numbered Messrs. Wanklyn, H. Griffith, G. Baracchi, Wertheim, Mace, Quirk, and J. Herring.

Mr. Wanklyn lost to Mr. Baracchi his motion "That any effort to abolish Capital Punishment is ill-advised. A decisive vote was polled against the evils of horse-racing, Mr. Griffith claiming a well-deserved victory from Mr. Wertheim. Both spoke well.

The ladies were invited to hear their merits and demerits (?) discussed at the final debate, which affirmed "That the Australian Girl of to-day does not compare favourably with the girl of her grandmother's day." Mr. Campbell opened. Mr. Henderson responded. The nine speakers handled the pros and cons of the subject with the reckless daring of a benighted ignorance, and in the end man's much-contemned sense of chivalry awaked and negated the motion by 13 votes to 5.

At a later meeting Dr. Harvey Sutton was elected Prelector in the place of Mr. R. Cresswell, who, unfortunately, had been obliged to resign that office. Dr. Sutton delivered his address, entitled "Science and Citizenship," in the Athenaeum Hall on July 31st. Sir John Madden occupied the chair, and the speakers, who were on the platform to criticise and congratulate the Prelector were—Professor Masson, Mr. G. H. Knibbs, Rev. Principal Aickin, and Mr. W. Murdoch. The press gave the address flattering notice in their news and leading columns, finding much therein wherewith to point their peculiar party moral, and to adorn their peculiar political tail.

At the meeting the President's medal for oratory was presented to Mr. K. Henderson, and the Vice-President's medal for essay writing to Mr. M. H. Piesse.

Dr. Robert Fowler has been elected Prelector of the Society for 1913.



## ARCHDEACON PEACOCK AS A STUDENT.

(From "The Parish Record.")

It is a melancholy pleasure to comply with the request that has been made to me, to say a few words about the student days of the late Archdeacon Peacock. He entered Trinity College in the latter part of the year 1891. When he joined, he was 27 years of age; considerably older than the average undergraduate. He had not had anything like a complete secondary school education, and was thus at a great disadvantage, as compared with his fellow students of the same University standing. Indeed the difficulties arising from the want of a better grounding in classics and mathematics before he came to the College, proved so great that, after spending some years in residence, he was unable ultimately to take his Arts degree, though he had passed, I believe, in every subject except Greek. In another way he was handicapped during his student days. He had no skill in sport. These two drawbacks would have been fatal to his influence among his fellow students, had he been an ordinary man. But he was no ordinary man. He had a very remarkable personality. He was a happy blend of gentleness, suavity, firmness, high principle, tact, and humour, all sanctified by deep religious feeling. Without any effort, and apparently in the most easy and natural way, he soon became the leader of his fellows in almost every department of the life of the College. While he took no practical part in sport, yet he showed the keenest sympathy with every form of athletic and other recreation. He was always chosen, I believe, as scorer at the College cricket matches. His influence over his fellow students was extraordinary. It is rarely that a theological student is elected a member of the Students' Social Club Committee, but Peacock soon became not only a member of committee but also their chairman. From the opening of the College there has never, within my recollection, been any student who has exercised the same power over his fellows. It is hardly too much to say that, while he was here, the residential tutors became something like a superfluity. The influence he possessed was not won by any popular arts; for he was always a plain, simple, unassuming student; yet no one knew better than he how to be all things to all men, and that without ever making any compromise or sacrifice of principle. He had a fine gift of humour and unfailing bonhomie, and I believe that he enjoyed the personal affection as well as respect of every College man of his time. He took a large part in the work of the Dialectic Society. He was a frequent and persuasive speaker at its meetings, and won the President's medal for oratory in the year 1894. He might have been Prefector also had he desired it, for the position was offered to him. I can truthfully say that his College career was not marred by a single false step, and that the fine standard which he maintained of sanctified



yet robust manhood left an impress upon the College for which it has been permanently the better. He is a remarkable instance of the irresistible power of simple goodness. No one who knew him in his College days was surprised that he made his mark immediately wherever he went after he left the University. Among my old students I count, I am thankful to say, many highly-prized personal friends. There is none whom I remember with greater affection and admiration than Andrew Peacock.

ALEX. LEEPER.

Trinity College, Aug. 6th, 1912.

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### PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE LATE ARCHDEACON PEACOCK.

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It is felt by some friends of the late Archdeacon Peacock that there ought to be a memorial of him at Trinity College, where his influence among his fellows during his student days was so great and so enduring.

There can be no question that the high tone of conduct and manners which happily marks the College at the present time is in very large measure due to the fine traditions created by him and men like-minded.

Colleges have been noted for their gratitude to those of their members who have done good service to the society to which they belonged. To no past student do the friends of Trinity College, Melbourne, owe a larger debt on this account than to the late Andrew Peacock.

A handsome brass tablet, mounted on blackwood, could be placed in the College Chapel for about thirteen guineas. A sum comparatively so trifling ought to be readily forthcoming from the students of Archdeacon Peacock's time, who recognised his nobility of character, and felt the charm of his personality.

Subscriptions will be received by the Warden of the College.

Trinity College, 12th September, 1912.

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### FOOTBALL.

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We played our customary one and only football match for the year.

This year we were drawn against Ormond. Until half-time the contest was even, but from then on our resistance, if it did not slacken, was of little avail. The final scores were:—Ormond, 13 goals 6 behinds; Trinity, 6 goals 6 behinds. For Ormond, McCracken, Woods and Young were particularly noticeable; for us Arthur O'Hara Wood, Maudsley and Lewers played well.

We congratulate Ormond upon their win against Queen's.





# Rowing

The Elliott Fours were rowed about the middle of July, and provided some excellent finishes. There were five crews entered, and the final was won by Cumming's crew (s)kippered by Herring. The crew was as follows:—Wanklyn (bow), D. Kelly (2), Herring (3), Cumming (str.). The Grice Eights race was rowed on August 8th, and resulted in a win for the Medical crew. The Arts and Law crew was the only one in which Trinity was represented. Our represents were Spowers (str.), Roe (6), Davis (5), and D. Kelly (bow). In the heats the Medicals beat Law and Arts by half-a-length, and Engineers beat Dentals by a similar margin. The final resulted in an excellent race between the heat winners, the Medicals finishing about a third of a length in front of the Engineers. We would like to thank Mr. E. I. Robson, President of the M.U.B.C., for so kindly providing afternoon tea for guests and crews. Judging by what we saw at the tea gardens, we can assure Mr. Robson that the courtesy was much appreciated.

At the conclusion of the races, Miss Grice presented pewters to the winning crew.

The crews for Henley were picked early in the beginning of this term, and have been practising steadily for the last two or three weeks. We are somewhat surprised to see that we have only three representatives out of a total of thirty-two or more, and would like to impress upon all oarsmen that the art of rowing is one that needs any amount of practice, and that rowing at Henley is a very good method of gaining this practice.

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## THE AUSTRALIAN CREW AT HENLEY AND STOCKHOLM.

[The Editors wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Jack Ross-Soden for placing at their disposal these interesting extracts from letter received by him from Henry Ross-Soden.]

Writing is an awful fag, but here goes for a garbled narrative. You have long ere this heard the great news, and plenty of particulars besides, so I will try to talk of stray subjects. The immense crowd expected at Henley was only realised on the last day of all, the day of the finals, when Royalty was present. On that day Henley was a portion of London condensed. After the race was over, it took me from 6 o'clock till 8.30 to walk a distance of 380 yards, as I afterwards measured it. On the



river the crowd was, if possible, worse, and the only water visible was that strip between the booms. One could easily have walked from Henley bridge to Fawley, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, along the course of the river without once putting foot to land. One would merely pass from boat to boat and from punt to punt, etc. This huge crowd surged thick around the Royal stand when the presentation was billed to take place, and when the Royal party prepared to take their leave there was a most striking scene of loyalty in the crowd. Without any previous notice or instruction, but, it would seem, merely from instinct, this vast crowd, with one accord, leapt to their feet, no matter what their craft, and, holding their paddles, oars or poles high upright in the air, gave vent to a mighty round of cheers just as the King and Queen appeared at the head of the steps leading to the Royal barge. It was the most impressive sight I have ever witnessed, and speaks volumes for the loyalty of the English people. His Majesty the King and Queen got into the umpire's launch, and followed our race down, and as the Queen was wearing our colours we could not do anything else but win. After the race we received a great ovation from the people on the bank, but it was not till we had rowed in to the landing-stage. Just at the finish, when both crews had drifted a few lengths past the post, and were gasping for breath, there was not a sound from either bank. It might have been a thrilling moment in a stirring tragedy. Dead silence for about three or four minutes, when we roused ourselves to cheer Leander. Then it was that the crowd took up the cry, and we were nearly deafened by the various shouts of congratulation to Australia or Sydney.

Of the value of the win there can be no possible doubt, for the Leander crew are the indetical same lot who won the Grand last year when they were all at Magdalen College. Bow was an exception, he being a Cambridge man. Of course there were a few men of the hard-headed type like Nickalls, who deprecated the Leander crew for safety so that, should, by any unlikely possibility, Australia win, they would be able to go round telling all and sundry that they had always maintained Leander to be a poor lot.

When we beat New College and Leander we beat the two best English crews that have been got together for the past few years. There is no question about that because everyone we met was quite ready to put Bourne on a shining throne and worship him as a stroke. They could not conceive of his being defeated. And yet we beat him and his New College crew quite easily, although I am merely reiterating an old complaint when I say our crew is a comparatively poor one for Australian rowing. You may say with justice that I am merely doing what Guy Nickalls did; but I am not prejudiced at all when I say I have rowed in better crews before. However, I



don't want to blow all day, so I will complain again. This time, of the amount of handshaking that was necessary after our win.

\* \* \* \* \*

All the gilt is off the gingerbread, and we are a very cheap lot now. After Henley we puffed up some and spoke of rowing with the voice of Authority, but now we are indeed pricked bubbles. Yet we are one and all perfectly willing to row Leander again at any time on a **straight** course for any distance, from 100 yards to five miles. They, of course, are not having any. They know as well as we do that given a straight, clean run they could never see us after the gun.

I daresay the Melbourne papers had something to say about the course. It was such that one crew had practically a straight run, while the other had to have three applications of the rudder, besides making a wide detour. When the Canadians rowed Leander at Stockholm they had a lead of a one-third length at the swimming station, which was about 1,200 metres from the start. About 100 metres further on came the first turn which the Canadians, who were on the bad side, had to make. At the 1,600 metre mark came the second turn under a bridge, and between these two points they went back a whole length. When they came out from under the bridge they saw their loss, and, becoming anxious, went to bits. They lost by about a length. When they came in they told us about the tremendous difference in the stations, but of course we heard them out in the same smiling way as everyone will hear us. We did not believe them altogether, though we could see there was some advantage in the other station. However, as we were drawn to row in the same station as Canada against Leander, we thought we would make things safe by getting a length's lead at the 1,200 metre mark. Except that we did get this length lead, our tale is the same as that of the Canadians. We jumped clean away at the start, rowing a higher rate than we did at Henley, and increased our lead to a length at the 1,000 metre mark. We were content with this, but did not slacken our rate, as I then thought, and still think, we should have done. Anyway after we made the first turn we found Leander leaping up on us without any reason, because they neither sprinted nor did we slacken or row any worse. By the time we had made the detour to pass under the middle arch of the bridge, had made the turn and emerged from the bridge, we found that Leander led us by a foot or two. The perfectly surprising way in which they had gained on us fairly flabbergasted us, and, stroke calling for a sprint, we went at it blindly. After about 20 strokes, with no appreciable gain, we fairly broke up, and Leander walked away from us. From the bridge to the finish was about 250 yards or more. There is no doubt that the moral effect on us of Leander's surprising gain was the disastrous element,



aggravated by the double application of the rudder which they, on the straight course, escaped. There are many might-have-beens, but I'm not going to whine. In effect, it was the rottenest possible course you could imagine on which to decide the world's championship. Look at the result and it sticks out a mile. Leander, whom we beat at Henley from a bad start and with a  $\frac{1}{2}$  length down at the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, come to Stockholm, alter their work to blazes and cut three inches off their oars. They then go out and beat us when they were a length down at  $\frac{3}{4}$  way. New College come second after losing one man—Ward—from their Henley crew, and after being beaten by us in a cake-walk. They certainly had not improved. In my opinion, Canada could waltz away from New, and yet they will never be heard of in the Olympic event. We are sick.

I never did hold that this crew was a slap-up crack crew for Australia to produce, but that it was better than England's best was amply demonstrated at Henley. That and the fact that Leander shied high at any mention of fighting out the rubber over a three or four mile course on the Thames, are our sole crumbs of comfort.

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## RIFLE SHOOTING.

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The shooting match took place early in second term, and we were unfortunate in losing two of last year's team through exams. Our chances, too, looked poor, for we were faced by a very formidable Queen's team, who had all had experience in inter-Varsity shooting; but as four of our team were military men we hoped that a most realistic disappearing man would so work on their bloodthirsty nature that we might be able to pull through.

The top score of the day went to Cook, of Ormond, whose 98 included an unlucky miss at 900 yards.

Trinity made an excellent start at 300, averaging just under 33, made by consistent shooting of the whole team. At 600 the positions of the teams were practically unchanged, and even the 900 yards, which is usually crisis of the match, was comparatively uneventful, except that Ormond, by a fine effort, caught up to Queen's.

The conclusion of the target shooting left us in the lead with 454 points, 11 ahead of Queen's and Ormond.

The conditions for the disappearing man are supposed to represent a firing-line exposed to fire from the target-trench. The enemy, represented by a khaki head and shoulders, emerges eight times for a rapid shot, and each man is permitted to reply to the extent of one shot, making in all 40 shots per team, each hit counting 2 points. In this we tied with Queen's, each getting 39 hits, and so remained winners by the rather narrow margin of 11 points.



For us White made the best individual score of 96, and had the bad luck to get four successive "inners" at the 900 range, and here, "inners" with the least bit more luck, become "bulls." Spowers also made a good start in College shooting with 94, made by good, consistent scoring.

The team, under the advice of a medical member, adopted this year a most drastic method of training, and to this we attribute our win. It would be inadvisable, however, to publish our system, as it is a jealously-guarded secret.

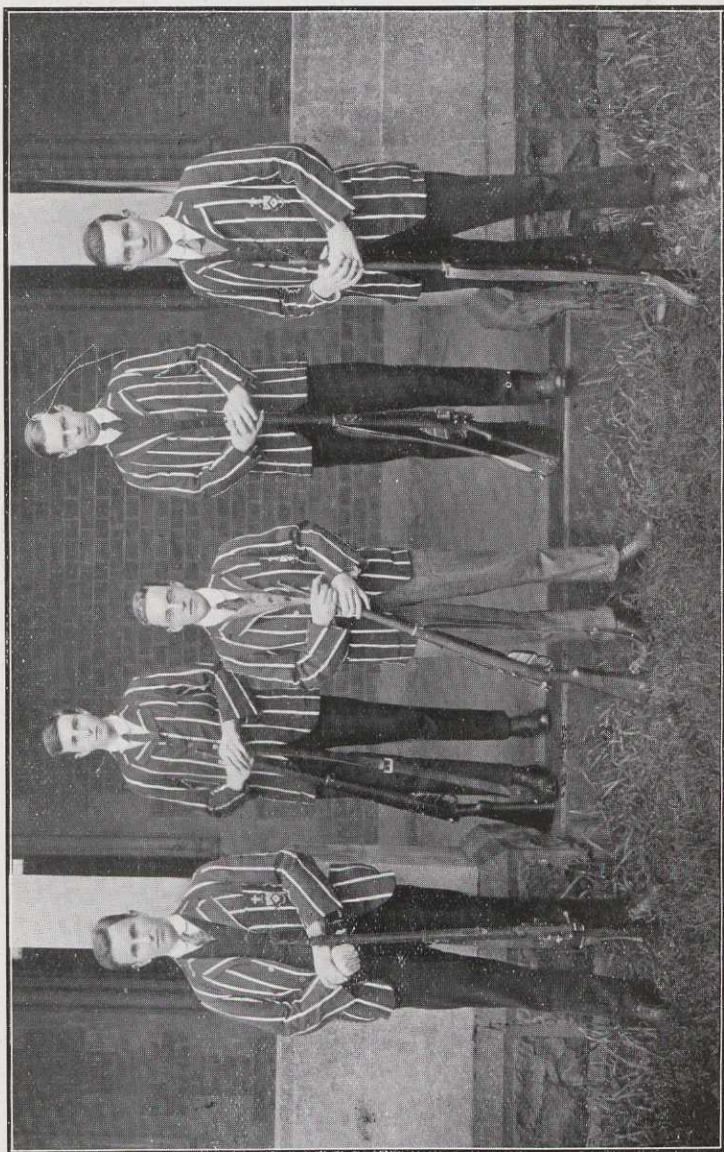
The following are the scores:—

<b>Trinity.</b>				
	300	600	900	Total.
A. O'Hara Wood . . . . .	33	32	29	94
F. B. Kitchin . . . . .	31	29	24	84
A. Spowers . . . . .	32	32	30	94
N. B. White . . . . .	34	33	29	96
C. C. Riddell (capt.) . . . . .	34	30	22	86
Totals . . . . .	164	156	134	454
Disappearing man . . . . .				78
Total . . . . .				532

<b>Queen's.</b>				
	300	600	900	Total.
S. C. Fitzpatrick . . . . .	31	34	30	95
H. Rabling (capt.) . . . . .	34	32	28	94
W. H. Collins . . . . .	32	34	24	90
F. A. B. Boynton . . . . .	30	28	24	82
E. L. Nall . . . . .	29	30	23	82
Totals . . . . .	156	158	129	443
Disappearing man . . . . .				78
Total . . . . .				521

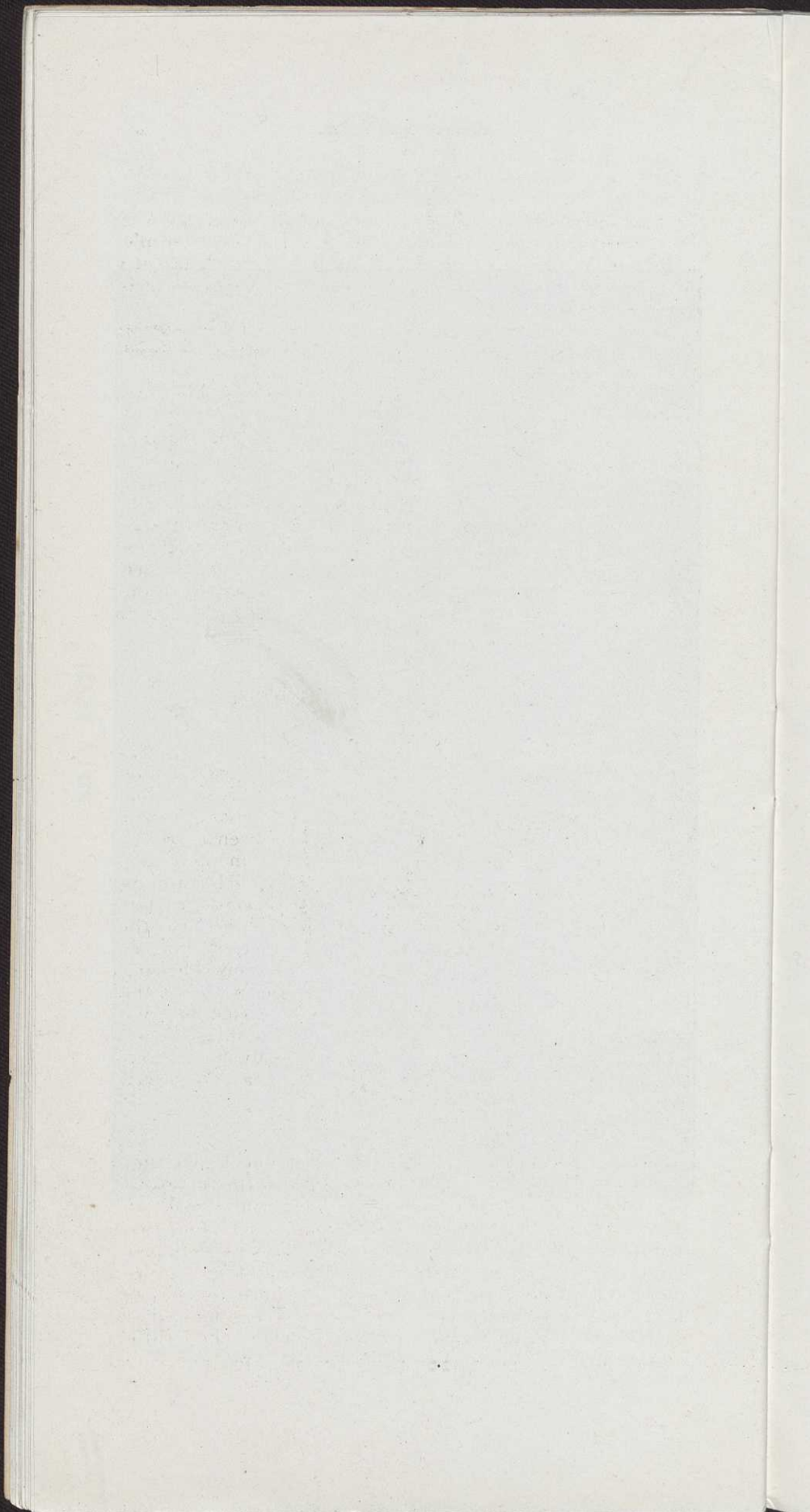
<b>Ormond.</b>				
	300	600	900	Total.
G. A. Cook . . . . .	34	34	30	98
J. M. Mathew (capt.) . . . . .	32	32	29	93
C. S. Barber . . . . .	31	29	27	87
R. G. Woods . . . . .	25	33	27	85
W. M. Olive . . . . .	32	25	23	80
Totals . . . . .	154	153	136	443
Disappearing man . . . . .				62
Total . . . . .				505

Trinity has now won three of the four matches held, and lost the fourth by one point.



RIFLE TEAM.





## RUNNING.

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The Intercollegiate Sports were held on the last day of first term, and ended in a rather easy win for Queen's. Their most notable performer was Kelly, the Victoriarn champion, who annexed for them the 100, 220, 440 yards and the high jump.

For Ormond, McKenna performed very well in getting over 20 feet in the long jump; while Kerr, of Queen's, won the mile run, as usual.

For the College Cumming and Nicholson were the only ones to come to the front at all.

The final result was:—Queen's, 72 points; Ormond, 47 points; Trinity, 33 points.

We offer our congratulations to Queen's on their splendid win, and to Kelly on his individual success. Attention might well be drawn at this stage to the lack of interest, with which the College men seemed to train for the sports. Although the result might not have been altered, yet our position could have been improved upon, had all the running men fully realised their obligation to the College.

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## INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS.

By "Foot-Fault."

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The day for the finals of the intercollegiate tennis broke squally and threatening. Ormond's redoubtable wielders of the fourteen ounces of wood and catgut having received their quietus from Queen's, it remained for our champions to do battle with the latter in the finals. Queen's courts were chosen for the battlefield, and in spite of the unpropitious weather conditions, a fair sprinkling of either sex assembled, partly to see the tennis, partly to see each other. The dainty frocking of many of our fair visitors was universally admired, being particularly unsuitable to the day. In the midst of the throng our ever-genial Warden was to be seen from time to time, doing his utmost to make the function a social success, seconded more or less ineffectually by various sex-conscious members of the College. Tea was served at Queen's in the interval.

### The Play.

As the eight players stepped out on to the courts they were greeted with rounds of applause from the onlookers then present—about half-a-dozen. The Trinity team offered some pretty distinctions in its personnel. Our first pair presented Arthur Wood as a picture of keenness, while, by way of contrast, his younger brother strolled about the court with that nonchalant air to which we have become accustomed. Our other pair consisted of Wertheim, resembling in some respects the Eiffel Tower and in others a bottle of pickles, partnered by



Lewers, who wore—among other things—that mulish expression which he generally affects in College contests. To cut a short story still shorter—for the reason that I missed most of the play through talking to a girl—Trinity gained a very decisive victory, the scores being, to use what I hope is tennis terminology, a fair indication of the form. I am told that in pasting inoffensive little balls upon a few square yards of asphalt our representatives showed considerable skill, though Arthur Wood was scarcely at the top of his game. I am further informed that Nall and Clarke played well for Queen's. And if I may be permitted to offer the vanquished a word of consolation, it was no disgrace for them to be beaten by a team some of whose members we confidently expect to see playing for Australia in Davis Cup contests at no distant date.

The scores were:—

A. and P. O'Hara Wood v. Bartram and Clarke:—6-0, 6-2, 6-0; versus Nall and Matthews: 6-3, 6-0, 6-2.

Wertheim and Lewers v. Nall and Matthews:—6-0, 6-4, 6-3; versus Bartram and Clarke: 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

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### THE "GROUSE" SUIT.

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The "grouse" suit—if it has any interest for the great world of fashion—is coming into vogue in this College. For the benefit of the ignorant I may describe the "grouse" suit as the latest attempt of the high-grade tailor to combine in the highest degree and in a single coat the qualities of elegance, comfort, and utility. It was at the beginning of the year that this costume first burst on us—in a slightly more primitive form than the up-to-date article—on the back of a college dignitary hitherto less notable for the originality of his conceptions than the unbendable iron of his will. That you may better understand whom I refer to, I will describe him as a person who has cultivated considerable intensity of manner. Have I not sat down with him to dinner, and watched with interest his face growing paler than alabaster, and his eyes shining with the radiance of the stars? I shall never forget returning from my last long vac. and beholding, as I swung blithely up the drive, my iron friend step solemnly into the sunlight in the full glory of his first "grouse" suit. My eyes, accustomed though they were to the blinding sun of a sub-tropical summer, positively blinked.

You can never mistake the "grouse" suit. The rough shaggy cloth, the warm buff ground-colour, something of the hue of our Central Station, the wonderful waist-effect imparted to the wearer by a cunningly contrived strap, and the protuberant leather buttons resembling faded chocolate-creams preclude all possibility of error. The example of my friend with the will of iron and the voice



of brass (this latter well illustrated by "Molly Mine" in the bath) was not immediately imitated by any other enterprising member of the College. It was not until late winter that the tide began to turn in favour of the "grouse" suit, when several of our number, overcoming their conservatism in clothes, at length proceeded to follow the lead so manfully set them last summer. M—le, a gentleman who frequently develops after college contests a surprising elegance of language and beauty of accent, has shown us that even a freshman is capable of disporting himself in the foreground of fashion. Nor does the theological element, so sore a trial to us worldlings in most things, lag far behind in this. W—te, until recently the inspiriting conductor of the "Freshmen's Band," is already to be seen in the clutch of a "grouse" suit of surpassing beauty. Q—rk, too, whose standard of high-pressure study is only equalled by his form on the golf-links in any important match, and the facility with which he catches a cold, shortly after his return from the snows emerged one fine morning in the gorgeous habiliments of the latest fashion. And now, last and longest, we have the inimitable German. Rising a little earlier than usual—about noon—the other day, he suddenly descended in our midst, crying plaintively to anyone who approached him: "I don't want to be washed, Daddy." The result was surprising: the man at the piano hit out the most abominable discord on record; a theolog., who was quietly reading, swallowed that highly indigestible organ the "Church Messenger," and S—ckl—m—re threw a fit in the fire-place. And the cause of all this was the remarkable combination of S—ss and a "grouse" suit. Not that there is anything wrong with the suit; on the contrary, it is a credit to its maker. But honestly, I would not advise its owner to venture out with it in Collins-street or any other crowded thoroughfare; there might be riots.

In conclusion, let me say something of the curious psychological effect of the "grouse" suit upon its wearer. Since its advent, the man who introduced it to this College has held his spirit more magnificently aloof than ever before. Now, indeed, is he adamant, and from his eminence of splendid isolation he has cast even his "grouse" suit, which—alas!—we see no more. In the case of M—le, the new garment was quickly followed by a violent attack of influenza. W—te now uses on occasion the language of the worldlings. Q—rk has caught another cold. And S—ss won a doubles tennis match at Grace Park.





## RETROSPECTIVE.

He had come up with rather curious ideas. He was actually silly enough to suppose that at the University would be found the future rulers of his country. That he would come in contact with certain lines of thought which would influence their generation. Further, he had imagined that residence at a University, which had behind it certain traditions, would result in culture of mind as well as body.

But in both these ideas he had been disappointed.

In the first place, he found that those who were to be the future helmsmen of his country were to be found almost anywhere but at the University.

In the second place, he noted a peculiar phenomenon.

He found, indeed, considerable knowledge, because the unpleasant necessity of passing exams. demanded it—but he found very little **thought**.

He came across extraordinary examples of men who had taken honours in their particular school, but who were incapable of independent ideas. They had been so busy swallowing their lectures in tabloid form that they had had no time to examine the ingredients.

Besides his ideals, he had brought with him certain marks of personality, but at the end of two years he had cast these too-conspicuous ornaments into the melting-pot of mediocrity.

Of all the proverbs that have been handed down from the ancients and duly perverted by an uninformed generation "When in Rome do as the Romans do" was the one he prized most highly.

At all costs he had determined not to be thought peculiar.

And now at length he had arrived at the last term of his last year.

He sat in his study with his feet on a £5 5s. carpet and his eye on a 2s. 6d. picture (a true criterion of the proportion which body bore to mind in his estimation), and his thoughts naturally went back over the five years he had spent in College.

Latterly the conviction had grown on him that to be a senior man meant something more than precedence.

Vague notions began to flit across his mind that when he left College some of his friends, who still held to the mischievous Dictionary meaning that a University was a "place of learning," would expect him to be well-read. And so he had made determined efforts in the last few months to read. He hated the task because it involved thinking, and he hated thinking because it involved being alone; but he felt the task must be faced.

What should he read?

He had once heard someone say that Carlyle was the greatest thinker of the 19th century. Accordingly he had made a start on "Sartor Resartus." He had never

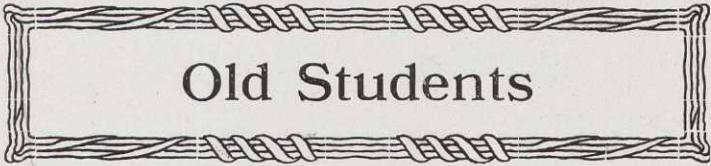
read through much that he didn't understand, but at length he came to the following passage:

"To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune: to each by wisest combination of these two a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problems were ever the first: To find by study of yourself and the ground you stand on what your combined inward and outward capability specially is."

This at any rate he understood. And understood it well enough to realise that with one-third of the allotted span passed he was still without his vocation.

Now, when he had read this what did he do? He didn't, as, had he been a character in a modern novel, he would have done, make a solemn vow there and then that henceforth he would use his Capabilities "Pro ecclesia, pro patria," for then he would have been untrue to the characteristics of his generation. No! he threw Carlyle into a corner of the room, stigmatized him as "rot" and went upstairs to play billiards.

—Periphrasis.



## Old Students

Subscriptions have been received from the following members of the Union:—

a'Beckett, W. E., The Grange, Berwick; a'Beckett, T., 465 Collins St.; Atkins, Dr. C. A., Children's Hospital, Melbourne; Arnold, Rev. Len., St. Peter's School, E. Melbourne; Baillieu, C. L., Magdalen College, Oxford; Behan, J. C., University College, Oxford; Bevan, His Honor Mr. Justice, Pt. Darwin, N. T.; Bullivant, Arthur, Eellenbah, Narrandera, N.S.W.; Bullivant, Hugh, Eellenbah, Narrandera, N.S.W.; Burston, Dr. R., Carracal, Hawthorn; Bush, Dr. Hugh, Ourimbah, Rutherglen, Bage, Lieut. R., R.A.E., Fulton-street, E. St. Kilda; Cain, R. C., 463 Chancery-lane; Cain, W. N., Readoula Park, Picola; Carse, Franc, Selborne Chambers, Melbourne; Carse, John, Widgiewa, Narrandera, N.S.W.; Clarke, Dr. C. Lowther, Petersburg, S.A.; Crowther, O'Dell, Chancery-lane, Melbourne; Crowther, H. A., Armidale, N.S.W.; Cowle, F. C., Hannan's Club, Kalgoorlie, W.A.; Croker, C. A., Riviera North Quay, Brisbane; Darby, Dr. G. R., Latrobe Terrace, Geelong; Dossetor, F. E., Wells Theological College, Somerset, Eng.; Dobson, A. F. S., care of Supreme Court, Melbourne; Duffy, C. Gavan, Selborne Chambers, Melbourne; Duffy, D. Gavan, Selbourne Chambers, Melbourne; Edmandson, F. W., Wodonga; Elder, S. E., care of Elder and Graham, Collins-



st.; Eva, Rev. C. H. V., The Vicarage, Hastings; Fowler, T. Walker, C.E., 421 Collins-st.; Fowler, Dr. R., Trinity College, Parkville; Fraser, Simon, Noela, Toorak; Fraser, Douglas, Noela, Toorak; Gardner, Dr. M. C., care of "Argus" office, 80 Fleet-street, London; Garnett, Dr. W. Stanton, Women's Hospital, Melbourne; Gilbert, Dr. H., 12 North Terrace, Adelaide; Green, S. Dutton, Cochrane-street, Elsternwick; Green, W. Heber, University, Carlton; Hamilton, E. J., Drouin; Harper, G. T., Guildford, W.A.; Hodges, E. Norman, Selborne Chambers, Melbourne; Hughes, Dr. W. Kent, 22 Collins-street; Hughes, Canon E. S., 410 Albert-street, Eastern Hill; Herring, E. F., New College, Oxford; Hurry, Maurice, Kyneton; Jack, W. L., Magdalen College, Oxford; Jack, Arthur, Magdalen College, Oxford; Jackson, Dr. E. S., St. Helen's Hospital, Brisbane; Kiddle, J. Beacham, 325 Collins-street; Kurrle, A. E., Korrumburra; Long, Dr. P., Titanga, Lismore; Leeper, A. W. A., Balliol College, Oxford; Lewers, W., 463 Chancery-lane; Lillies, Dr. L., care of Arthur Chudleigh, Esq., Garrick Club; Garrick-st., London, W.; Long, C. R., Education Dept., Melbourne; Mackay, Dr. E. Alan, Thurso, Toorak Road; Mann, S. F., Melbourne Club; Miller, Dr. A. G., 85 Spring-street; Miller, L. F., Selbourne Chambers; Miller, W. A., Larnook, E. St. Kilda; Morris, Dr. A. E., 110 Collins-street; McDonald, Dr. S. F., Alfred Hospital, Melbourne; McDougall, Prof. D. E., Lorne, Sandy Bay, Hobart; McKay, Dr. A. A., Maryborough, Qld.; Newton, Rev. F. W. R., Christ Church Vicarage, Geelong; Noall, A. J., 95 Queen-street; Parnell, T., Queensland University, Brisbane; Palmer, C. C., Nhill; Phillips, M. M., Larnoo, Armadale; Quick, Dr. Balcombe, 24 Collins-street; Robson, E. I., Trinity College, Parkville; Robertson, Dr. E. R., Mansfield; Ross, H. M. L., Callandoan, Goondiwindi, Qld.; Salmon, Hon. C. Carty, M.H.R., Parliament House, Melbourne; Shields, Dr. Clive, Meekatharra, W.A.; Sherwin, Dr. A., care of C. H. Siffe and Sons, St. Michael's House, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.; Shaw, Rev. E. E., H.M.A.S. "Tingira," Sydney; Slade, Rev. F. W., Lancefield; Smith, R. Neil, 60 Queen-street; Sproule, W. S., Selbourne Chambers; South, Dr. H., Park-street, Boonah, Qld.; South, Dr. Arthur, care of Dr. H. South; Stawell, Dr. R. R., 45 Spring-street; Stephen, Dean, St. John's College, E. St. Kilda; Stewart, H. J., Wesley College, St. Kilda; Sutton, Dr. Harvey, Trinity College, Parkville; Tucker, Dr. Cecil, Romney, Brighton; Wallace, J. Alstan, Boobabula, Deniliquin, N.S.W.; Wangaratta, Bishop of, Wangaratta; Weigall, T. a'B., K.C., 446 Chancery-lane; White, Dr. E. R., 84 Collins-street; Williams, Dr. M. L., Wattle-street, Bendigo; Williams, C. M., care of Williams and Matthews, Queen-street; Wood, O'Hara, Selbourne Chambers; and an ingenious gentleman from Camperdown, who sends his subscription anonymously.



The annual dinner of the Union of the "Fleur-de-Lys," which was held at Hosie's Cafe on June 10th, was a most successful and enjoyable function. The President, the Bishop of Bathurst, was of course absent, but as his representative, Mr. S. Dutton Green, requested himself as Vice-President to take the chair, and the Vice-President gracefully acceded to the episcopal exhortation. The muster-roll of those present included Messrs. Dutton Green, T. a'B. Weigall, K.C., C. Carty Salmon, M.H.R., A. J. Noall, O'Hara Wood, W. Lewers, R. Neil Smith, E. I. Robson, M. M. Phillips, C. R. Long, S. E. Elder, C. Gavan Duffy, O'Dell Crowther, E. C. Dyason, J. B. Kiddle, D. Gavan Duffy, Heber Green, Franc Carse, Drs. Kent Hughes, Arthur Morris, Balcombe Quick, E. A. White, Shenton Garnett, C. N. Atkins, Robt. Fowler, S. F. Macdonald, and the Warden and Senior Student (Mr. Blois Lawton), as guests of the evening. The chairman proposed the toast of the College in happy vein, and it is perhaps needless to say the toast was drunk with enthusiasm. The Warden received an ovation. He touched lightly on Rhodes scholars and Bishops and other every-day occurrences at Trinity, and assured his hearers that, incredible as it might seem, the present students were as fine a set as those whom he was then addressing. The ceremony of presenting the Warden with his annual cigar devolved upon Dr. Carty Salmon, who made the most of this solemn opportunity. The careful committee, however, from previous experiences of the Warden's encounters with the weed, had apparently resolved to combine courtesy with due attention to economy. The cheroot of which the Warden became the proud possessor was, as Mr. Weigall put it, "something like a cigar!"

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While upon the topic of Bishops, it transpired during Mr. Noall's speech that he had not quite grasped the identity of the erstwhile Canon Sadlier, to whom he several times referred, amid applause, as Bishop Nelson. It was suggested as a compromise that, since Canon Sadlier had not yet been inducted to his office, he might be grappled with as a half-Nelson. The Vice-Warden (Mr. Robson), in dwelling upon the attractions of the new Bishop's future home, told of a remarkable and interesting fish that was to be found in the waters of his diocese—which Mr. Weigall appropriately amended by the interjection "of his see."

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The chairman called upon Mr. W. Lewers, as the person most like a Bishop, to respond. Mr. Lewers, while pointing to Mr. O'Hara Wood and Dr. Kent Hughes as possessing superior claims to the chairman's qualification, accepted the call and presented his views not so much, he said, as a pillar of the Church, but rather as a flying buttress, supporting from the outside. A story is told of Mr. Lewers in his college days, that on one oc-



casation, in reading the first lesson, he gave the words "There never were such Dalmug trees since the days of King Solomon" with such dramatic pathos, that many of his listeners felt that life was no longer worth living and were almost reduced to tears. Mr. O'Hara Wood was in his best form, and suggested many a story, which he would not tell, of some of those present. Mr. Weigall, too, was in his most effective mood; and Mr. Neil Smith, Mr. Elder, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carse added suitable comments upon various matters that were or were not discussed. A vote of thanks to Mr. Carse for his efforts in making the gathering a success was well deserved, and carried with acclamation. Mr. Blois Lawton, as the senior student of the College, made an excellent impression, and fairly brought down the house when he announced that he had discovered from observation and enquiry that the chief reason of the invitation of the Union being extended to him was that he might be responsible for seeing the Warden safely home.

For the year 1912-1913 the office-bearers appointed were:—President, Mr. S. Dutton Green; Vice-Presidents, Mr. S. E. Elder and Dr. Arthur Morris; Committee, Dr. Harvey Sutton, Messrs. H. I. Graham, O'D. Crowther, Dyason and Franc Carse, Mr. Carse being unanimously re-elected as Honorary Secretary.

\*                      \*                      \*

His Honor His Justice Bevan writes from Port Darwin, N.T., in answer to a demand for his subscription:—

"I was quite pleased to get your notice of the subscription to the 'Fleur-de-Lys,' and to feel that I was not quite forgotten. I enclose postal-note, and with it send all kind greetings to the various members of the Union. . . . This is a wonderful climate: for all the time I have been here you have been able to rely absolutely on the weather: fine, bright and warm: no need for overcoats or umbrellas: just perfect summer weather; but, alas, the north-west monsoon is beginning to blow, and we shall soon have the damp, muggy weather, which is trying until the heavy rains set in January. Spite of it all, I get a fair amount of exercise in the way of horseback riding, and that keeps me very fit. I have had a couple of good trips into the country and have been immensely impressed with the possibilities of the Territory. Just think of country that has not had a drop of rain for five months, within a week of having the old rank grass burnt off being covered with a fine growth of rich green feed. The people down South would have given something for that before the rains came."

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The following appreciation of the work of Walter J. Sedgefield, a scholar of the College, is of interest. The extract is from "The Periodical," May, 1912:—

"Another quotation from Mr. Frederic Harrison's articles 'Among my Books' in the 'English Review':—

"I am quite satisfied by the very careful and learned



researches of Charles Plummer as to the way in which we should read Asser. . . . The true "Life" of Alfred will always be in his own writings, and especially in his "Boethius," which can now be read in the original Anglo-Saxon, critically edited by Walter J. Sedgefield (Oxford, 1899), and in his excellent English translation (Oxford, 1900). This beautiful book, now open to the English reader in a dainty form, must ever stand beside the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, as the outpouring of soul by a royal saint. It was the happy idea of Mr. Sedgefield to print in italics those parts of Alfred's "Boethius," which are not in the Latin text, but are the king's own reflections on life, duty, and religion (and I think these amount to nearly one-tenth in bulk). They are amongst the most noble passages to be found in the last immortal work of antiquity. These enable us to see into the inmost spirit of the best of kings and the bravest of saints. It is a book to stand beside the "Imitation" in spiritual elevation, and yet it is the private manual of a hero who in battle would "charge up hill on the foe as if he were a wild boar."

"It may be recalled that eleven years ago Mr. Harrison said, when lecturing at Harvard, that "both the text and the modern rendering by Mr. Sedgefield are an immense improvement, both in accuracy, scholarship, and elegance, on the earlier editions, whether of the old or new versions. It is only now . . . that the real power of Alfred's work can be fully understood.'"

\* \* \*

G. E. Shaw, recently appointed first Chaplain to the Australian Navy, has taken up his duties on H.M.A.S. "Tingira."

\* \* \*

Married last month: Albert Guy Miller to Miss Marjorie Levey. Osborne O'Hara acted as best-man and John Carse and Norman Hodges were among the groomsmen. Also married a week later, O'Dell Crowther to Miss Kathleen Daly, H. A. Crowther being best-man and Dr. Balcombe Quick a groomsman. Both have the best wishes of every man who was in College with them.

\* \* \*

Mark Gardiner and "Milko" Wilkinson when last heard of were about to do Europe in a fortnight.

\* \* \*

Arthur South left for England about a month ago.

\* \* \*

Oloff Kelly has arrived in London, where he intends following a course of Education.

\* \* \*

C. L. Baillieu engaged. Congratulations!



## AT A COLLEGE WINDOW.

The afternoon sun shines brightly and there is a calm over the world. Save for a sparrow twittering in the ivy, or a screech from some study as a maiden trips past, there is not a sound to mingle with the drowsy hum of the traffic.

Presently from a doorway there steps a most immaculate figure. Neatness seems to be his calling. His head is hidden in a wonderful hat, the colour of which blends with the landscape.

His tread is measured. With a slowness born of long practice he marches down the drive liting a soft operatic refrain. A tram heaves in sight, but his unmuffled calm is undisturbed, and so, regretfully as it were, he passes from view.

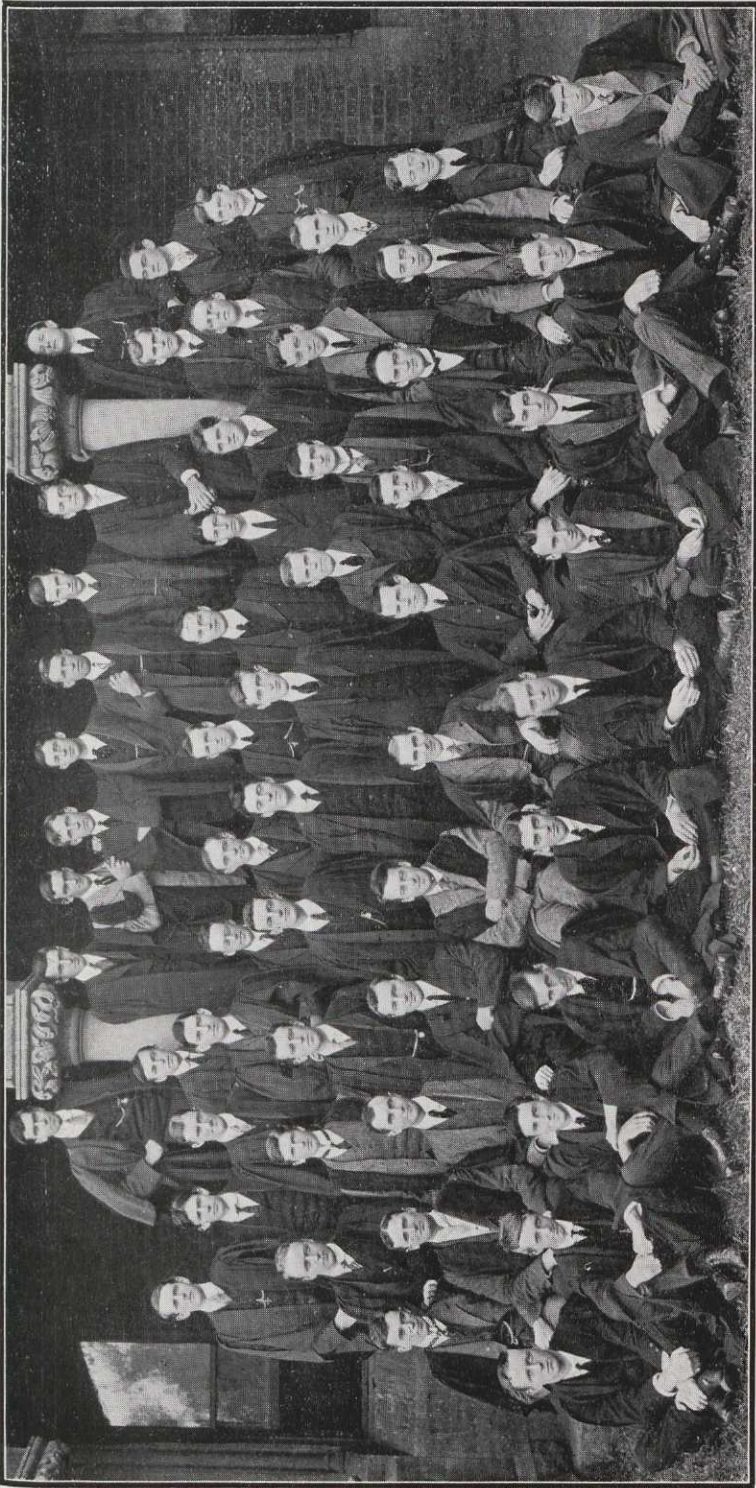
Another figure emerges and strolls down the drive. He is without a hat, and his well-brushed hair shines in the sunlight. His purpose is soon disclosed. Behold, two maidens enter the gate, and are greeted by the well-brushed one with an easy assurance. He has had experience in these matters, so that he is not embarrassed by such an encounter. This little party enters the College, and once again the landscape is bereft of the "human form divine."

A taxi rushes up to the doors, and is entered by a long figure with an expression of easy indifference. He mutters "Sandown," and is borne away.

Another figure emerges. He is pushing a motor-bike, and his tall, gaunt form, clad in overalls, tower over it like a poplar beside a kerosene tin. He madly rushes along with the bike, but the machine is evidently annoyed at the treatment, and, after a few resentful snorts, it comes to a standstill. The tall one laboriously searches for the cause of the stoppage, whilst a browsing cow looks up and gazes sorrowfully at him, and insulting remarks flow from a window near by. After about half-an-hour's careful thought and investigation, the defect is apparently remedied. The motor giant, after hurling a ready retort at the window, mounts his puffing steed, and is carried away, and soon his figure is hidden by the tree tops. The cow continues to gaze with an expression of bovine wonderment long after the smell of petrol has diffused in the balmy air.

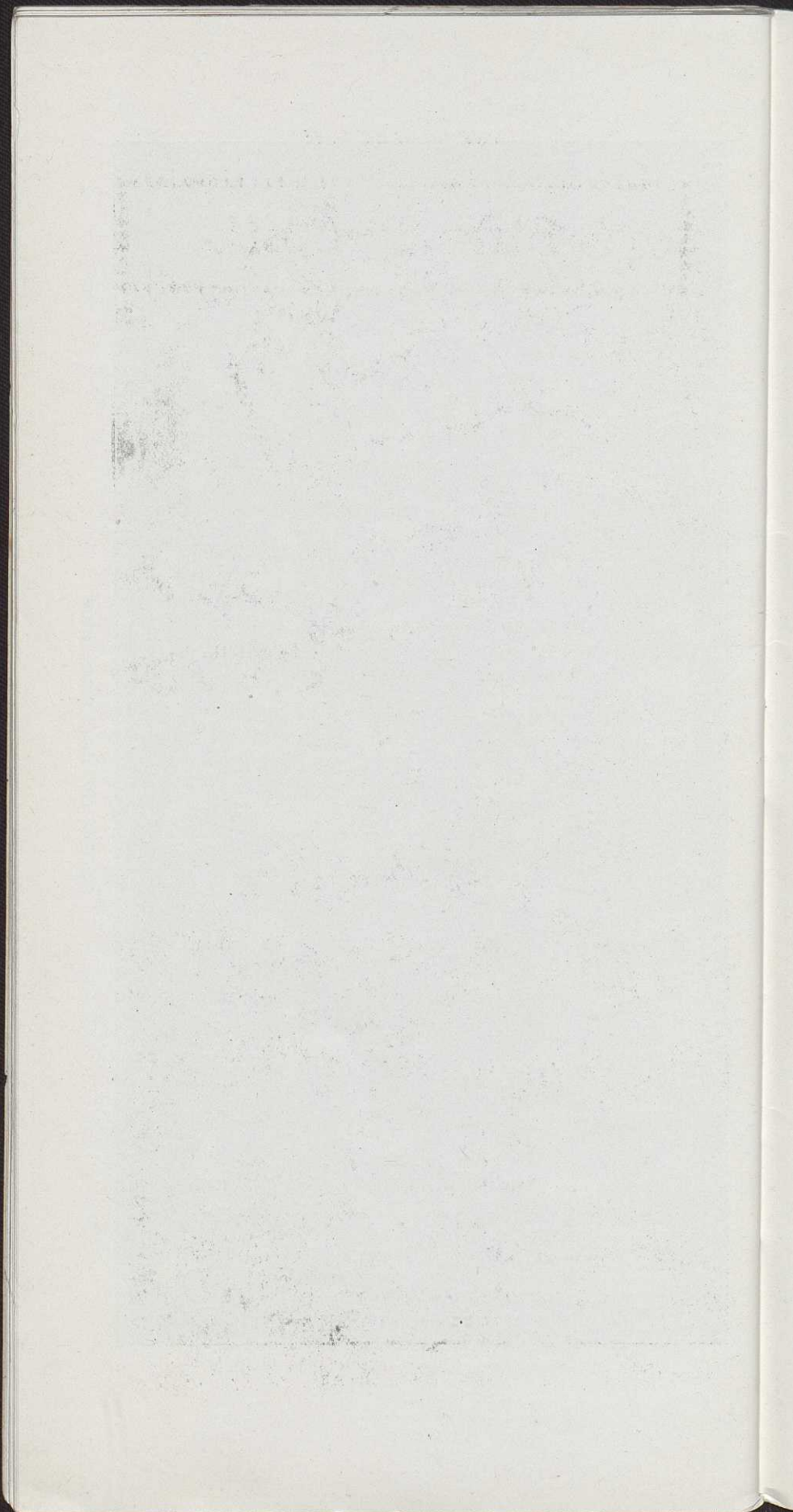
And so the twilight shadows deepen and the sun sinks to rest and—another afternoon has gone in the unprofitable study of what others are doing.





GROUP OF COLLEGE MEN.







# Blue Pencil

## PREFACE.

Of all the undiluted rot,  
Which you from time to time have got,  
This earns the onion and the cake,  
Unless I very much mistake.

## PREAMBLE.

O, wielders of the weighty "we"!  
O, planters of the "Fleur-de-Lys"!

That comely herb of sprightly growth,  
Which knoweth not the touch of drouth,  
But flourisheth from year to year,  
An evergreen that's never sere,  
To you my fancy takes its wings,  
Grave mother of majestic things! . . .  
(Now, Pegasus, no cheek, I pray;  
You're just a trifle fresh to-day;  
Remember bees have stings,  
Although their honeyed lips  
Don't breathe such notions  
When asking humble haws and hips  
For contributions.)

Pardon, I pray, good men of Irk, this politic  
digression:

My narrative I'll now resume with your polite  
permission.

Now hide the head with reverent mien  
And strictly mortify the spleen;  
In direful tones I shall relate,  
How wonderful the ways of fate.

Memet one day (asbit omen), an Editor full  
dignified,

Long was his hair, his face was long, and lengthy  
were the sighs he sighed.

Was this the face that Fern-Tree knew?  
Was this the gully's pride?  
Was this the form that lured the fair  
The parish church inside?



Gone! gone the pristine grace of limb!  
 And my heart went out to him.  
 "Oh, Editor, I prithee, tell what trouble hast in  
 store."

He gave a strong crescendo groan:

"The fated day has come,  
 The bird of time is on the wing"  
 (In *dimuendo* was his groan).

"But other birds are dumb.  
 Say, wilt thou pipe a little song,  
 Or pen a little thing?"

I made a very quiet reply:

I answered in a roar:

I said, "I'll do my very best,  
 I can't do any more."

And so it came to pass  
 That I have writ me down an ass.

—Dogberry.

[This strange thing was discovered in an editorial box with the words "hold over" upon it. Can any former editor give any information concerning the poor fellow to whom it refers? What's more—"Who's Dogberry?" All that is known about him here is, that his handwriting is shocking. However, *de mortuis*, etc.—Eds.]

\* \* \*

#### WILL YOU WRITE?

Six months ago I had a new idea—since then I've had no other.—Adot.

The Editors adore ideas,  
 If new;  
 But, oh, how often are their fears  
 Too true!

They get a piece of prose to read  
 (Or verse):  
 It strikes them that it could indeed  
 Be worse;

And then they find some witty friend  
 Will swear  
 He'd read the same from start to end  
 Elsewhere.

How patiently the College mind  
 We've coaxed  
 To give us thoughts, and yet we find  
 We're hoaxed.

If freshmen have a few ideas  
 Not bad,  
 They're just the old ideas their peers  
 Have had.

And when the peers begin to write  
 Again  
 Their lack of wit is almost quite  
 As plain.

Ah, how to fill these pages Fall  
 And Spring—  
 I've got no new ideas at all  
 To sing.

—Fumeur.

N.B.—Rhymes are in "Oxford English."  
 [How true, oh, how true!—Eds.]

\* \* \*

[The Editors regret to say that they have been exposed to a most unprovoked attack by some irresponsible individual who has apparently had a poetic frenzy and is recovering from the disease. We print his (de-)composition to show how much we have to endure, and how unenviable is our lot.]

#### ODE TO AN EDITOR.

O witless one, who wields such power immense,  
 Commesurate only with thy lack of sense,  
 Whose autocratic power to pick and choose  
 Makes would-be authors tremble in their shoes.  
 Heed to thyself, for lo, the worm hath turned!  
 And take this Ode in place of others spurned.  
 Thy luckless colleague, too; let him beware,  
 Him with the long and lank, well-parted hair;  
 He is as vacant and as weak in mind  
 As thou; ye both are like the empty wind  
 That blows for days and leaves no trace behind.  
 So do ye spout, mouthing a deal of air:  
 In sooth ye should possess, to make things fair  
 An empty head to match a vacant stare.  
 Ye twain have reigned and ruled with pencil blue,  
 Taking no heed of what men think of you,  
 Thinking of naught save how to "deal with copy,"  
 Stamping my masterpiece as "weak and sloppy."  
 Hast thou not often sent me back my verses?  
 In lieu thereof receive my heartiest curses.  
 O, wretched creature, cursed be thy days,  
 Until thou seest fit to change thy ways!  
 May ghosts of slaughtered poems haunt thy bed,  
 May frenzied poets break thy addled head;  
 And when thou diest, may I be thy judge:  
 I'll give thee justice and I'll make thee trudge  
 Mid jeer and jest and every kind of slighting  
 From poet to poet with thine own bad writing  
 Until, worn out with many a weary walk,  
 Humbled in soul by many a candid talk,  
 Thou seest fit to reconstruct thy mind,  
 Getting some sense in place of empty wind,



Learning respect and reverence for thy betters—  
 The more so, when the same be men of letters.  
 With this I leave thee, Oh, thou wretched man,  
 Thee and thy mate, defend thee if thou can.

—Junius.

[Not content with the rhymes (?), the author of this wrote the editorial note seen above. Personally, we think this is the sort of thing which makes the editing of a number of the "Fleur-de-Lys" preferable to passing a year at the University. It is indifference that kills the editorial soul.—Eds.]

\* \* \*

### VAC.

He who works all the vac. not infrequently loafs all the term.—Epigrams of Eric.

You are weary, pale student,  
 Of the worker's way—  
 Toil, and text-books, and lectures;  
 Well, they end to-day.

You have drudged late and early  
 For the dread ordeal,  
 While I loafed along bravely  
 With an equal zeal.

True, I should have been toiling,  
 But my heart was light;  
 Now I'm weary of idling—  
 I must work to-night.

It's a good time that's coming  
 For us all, my friends,  
 When the loafer gets busy  
 As the long term ends.

—Me and 'er.

\* \* \*

The following is an extract from a contribution received, entitled "The Modern Ananias":—

He took a freshman down to town,  
 He shouted all along the line;  
 "The Savoy," said he, "I soon shall own,  
 The 'briedlers' owe me two-and-nine."

He looked around, the boy was gone:  
 The Baron shook his tousled head:  
 "Gescharrt," said he, "I take the scone,  
 These yarns have killed 'the fleurpter' dead."

## THE NATURALIST'S NOTE BOOK.

Jacko, the marmoset (Simian Brisbanum).—Useful ladies' pet, very noisy. May be fed on bananas, pineapple or sugar cane.

The Myrt (Corpus Adiposum).—Migratory bird, at present inhabiting cocoa plantations. Does not make a good pet; cannot be stroked with safety. Cave: Bait known to disappear from several traps in one evening.

The Blue Bird (Wankus morosus).—Sometimes seen in Billiard Room; said to have pecked the tips of cues. Like the Phoenix, we believe this unfortunate creature will end in smoke.

The Herring.—Deep water fish; may be caught if proper bait used. (Inquire within.) Its Roe is considered strong.

\* \* \*

## SICK AND SUFFERING.

By Non-Medico.

\*Myrt\*.—Your complaint is serious. Run round the Bull-paddock four times before chapel, playing a mouth-organ.

A. O'H.W.—We are afraid the only way to gain form is by altering the outline of your sketches.

Arthur M.—For grey hair, a little caustic wit used frequently should restore the natural tint.

Lindsay.—Yes, a lavender bath is very refreshing and the odour clings.

Wanker.—Gloom and depression—try Spry's Cider for the "blues." It induces good manners.

D.L.—No; crimping is supposed to poison the roots of the hair and to induce baldness.

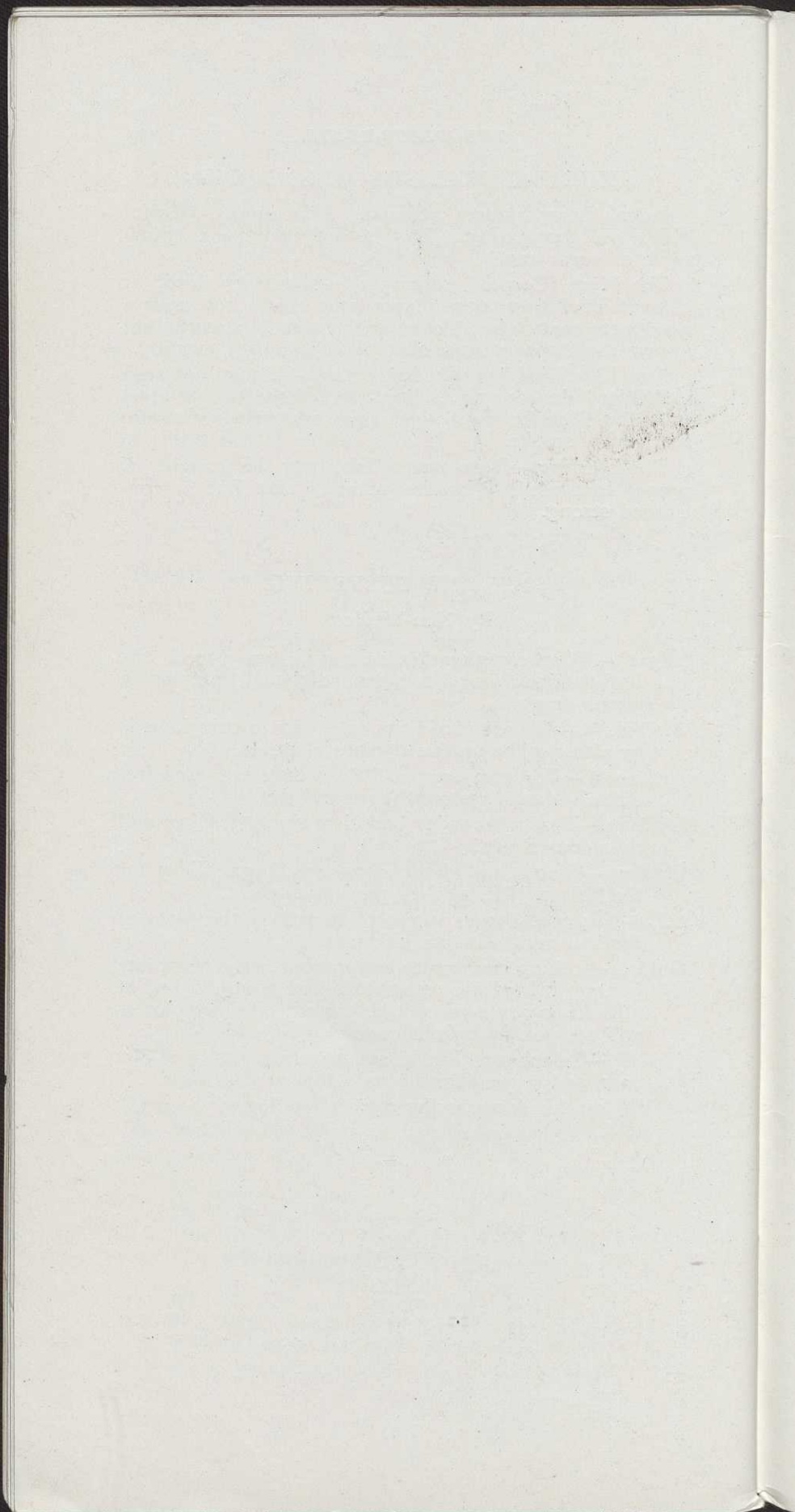
Guido.—Nothing can ensure early rising better than late hours. Indeed we recommend not going to bed at all. At any rate your little "mixed" working parties will see you up before luncheon.

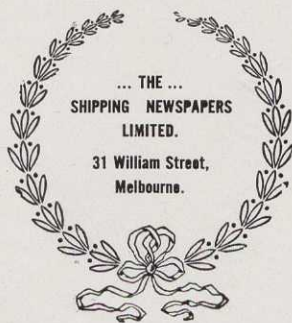
Charlie.—Telephones, like kisses, are transmitters of disease, and so we advise a reduction in your calls.

\*We lay this down as the correct spelling of the word.









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