

1914  
June

Vol. 3. No. 15.



# The Fleur-de-Lys

Trinity College  
Melbourne University

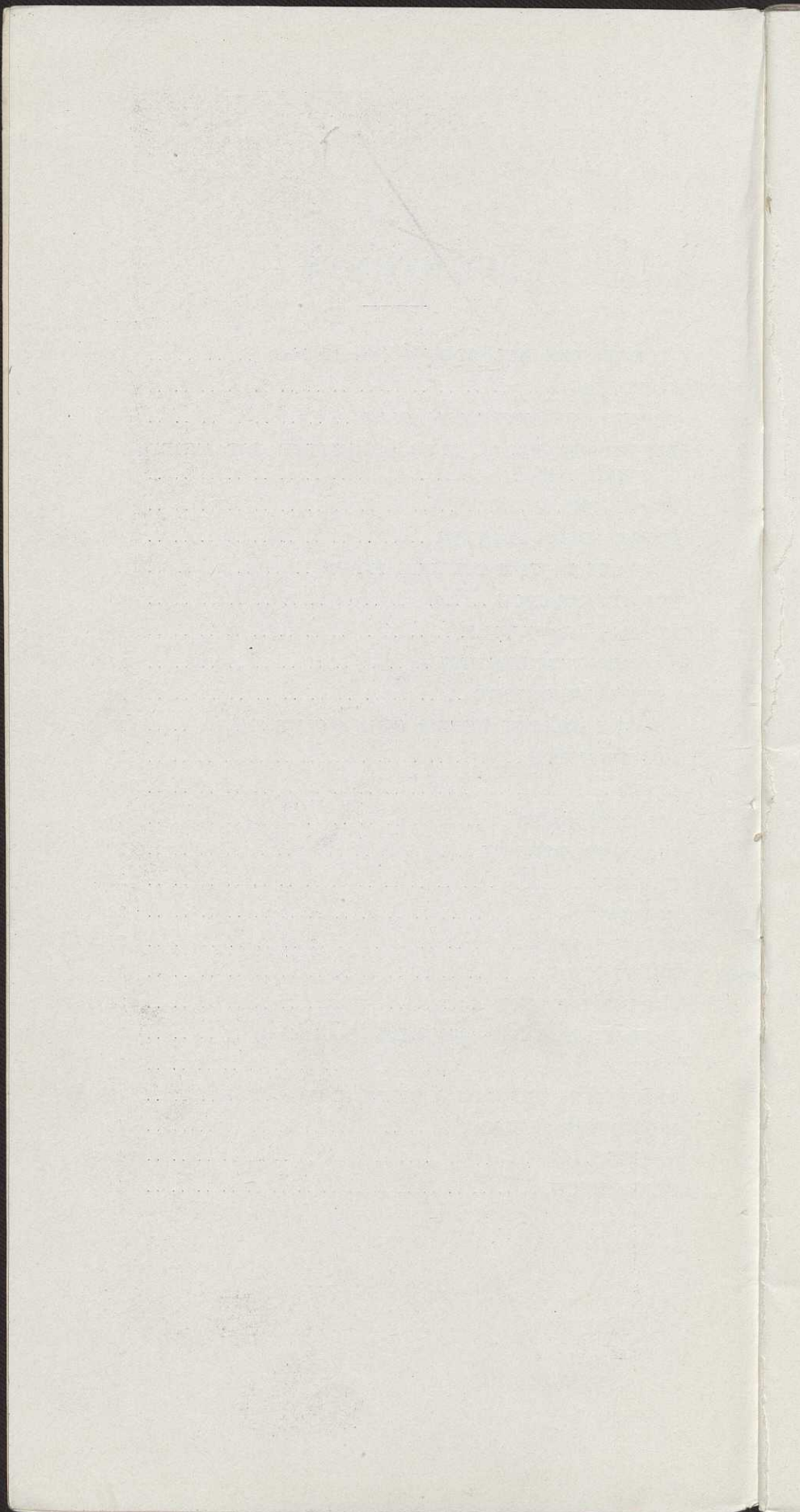
JUNE, 1914.

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# The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF MELBOURNE.

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VOL. 3.

JUNE, 1914.

No. 15

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Editors :

N. S. NASH.

A. R. MACE.

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.

An editorial is frequently viewed by the reader in much the same light as Shakespeare regards the cat—as harmless, but necessary—to be tolerated rather than read. It is looked upon as a vehicle to which the pet foibles of the editors may be harnessed and driven at greater length and with more indulgence than is generally afforded to the average contributor to a magazine. Sometimes, indeed, the necessity of writing an editorial is greater than the desire, and the writer is driven to every shift to eke out the paucity of his thought. It is our desire to avoid any fault of literary padding which may bring down the just condemnation of the reader. Such a desire is fostered by the importance of the topic we are about to discuss, and the very mediocrity of our style and thought will, we may hope, be illumined by the spirit of sincerity with which it is connected.

If we are asked to give a title to our theme, we will call it "mental mortality."

In doing so, we may perhaps be pardoned for a momentary digression in order to explain—we do it almost apologetically—that it is not a subject of exclusively college interest. Its application is Universal and consequently Collegiate, rather than Collegiate and therefore not universal. He who regards the "Fleur-de-Lys" as an intensely local production, whose main object it is to



parody the doings and sayings of some fifty men, needs to adjust his horizon. Our object must surely be to reflect the mind of the College in every phase of life and thought.

But to return to our topic.

The title, "mental mortality," is not the figment of an editorial mind which longs to be unusual, but the fitting description of an alarming process which is going on in our midst, often unnoticed, seldom checked and largely ignored. It is characteristic of our public conscience, as Mr. John Galsworthy has recently pointed out, that whilst we are agitated over trifles we are negligent over matters of real importance. We can rouse ourselves into grave concern over vital statistics if they show that the birth-rate is declining or the death rate increasing, but your young men may see no visions, your public mind may sink into apathy and indifference, and if any attempt is made to arouse it, like the sluggard, it is heard to complain, You have woke me too soon, I must slumber again. The result is that to-day the majority of people die, to all intents and purposes, before the age of 30, and because there are no statistics forthcoming on the matter we refused to be concerned or convinced. Nevertheless, it is one of those hard facts which waits with grim patience for recognition, knowing that sooner or later the progress of society will demand its urgent attention.

If the accusation is made that such a statement is too general or sweeping, let us endeavour to trace simply the process of this mental death.

When a young man arrives at the age of full consciousness, he is faced with the necessity to think, a necessity which alone differentiates him from the lower animals. He becomes aware that there are certain questions in connection with his existence, the world in which he lives, the society in which he moves, and the country to which he belongs, which demand his attention. To think, however, as it is the noblest prerogative of man, so it is also his hardest task, and one from which he has a fatal tendency to shrink. If he will seldom confess that he has declined the task, yet he will so often postpone it, as to have virtually surrendered the one privilege which entitles him to the name of man—the privilege of thinking.

His subsequent mental demise is rapid and complete. Imperceptibly, unwillingly even, but inevitably he slides down the slippery hill of mental debility, whence he adds yet another grain to that mass of unthinking conservatism which is the bane of every civilised society and whose only activity consists in a dull resistance to every suggestion of reform. Thus, brought into the world at considerable cost and endowed with great possibilities, he has by his suicidal action ended on nature's rubbish heap before the age of thirty.



And so it comes about that the refusal to think is the greatest crime which man can commit. Beside it, the match of the Suffragette and the bomb of the Anarchist pale into insignificance, for whilst their crime is the destruction of **matter**, his is the destruction of **mind**.

We have said that a subject which is of universal interest is consequently of interest to the College. The present case is not an exception to that rule, indeed it may be said that it is the one subject which matters, for on the mental state of the members of the College everything depends. It is, however, one thing to deal in generalities and another and more difficult thing to deal in personalities; for whilst we are always willing to believe that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," we are less willing to believe that the rottenness may emanate from ourselves. But if our observations are to have any value we are bound to see whether they apply nearer home. Are there any signs in the College of "mental mortality"? To this we would reply that the absence of the expression of strong opinions on current topics point largely in this direction. If strong opinions are not expressed it is because they are not held, and the question naturally arises, Are we getting into that condition when we are unaware that there is anything worth fighting for, or, what is worse, are we leaving the contention over vital things to those who by birth and education are less fitted to deal with them? It is surely our duty to cultivate opinions, for the man who has no opinions is like the other fellow's motor bike, quite useless.

There is perhaps another factor which contributes to this disease, which we mention with reluctance, but yet with the feeling that it touches the root of the matter. It is the part which the hereditary principle plays in the choice of a profession. We are only keeping pace with medical opinion when we say that heredity has a less powerful influence in a man's life than was formerly supposed; and although we do not wish to push this idea too far, it must be patent to all that for a man to enter a profession for no better reason than that it is his father's, must place an arbitrary restriction upon his natural powers. Especially is this so in regard to the choice of one profession, which we will not name, but which, more than any other, should be a matter of pure conviction. For men to be propelled feebly along no particular path whatever by the dim consciousness that Father's influence will help them when they are through, is not very edifying, and perhaps more than anything else produces the "ineffectual" young man. All this is the result of refusing to think, and let us record it again, in conclusion, as our conviction that for each occasion on which a man refuses to think, or defers the task, he has irrevocably lost a portion of that mental vigour whose possession alone makes life interesting.



# TRINITY COLLEGE SOCIAL CLUB.

FIRST TERM, 1914.

**President.**—Mr. J. E. Roe.

**Hon. Secretary.**—Mr. T. G. Fetherstonhaugh.

**Hon. Treasurer.**—Mr. D. E. Wanklyn.

## Committee:

Messrs. Roe, Fetherstonhaugh, Wanklyn, Mackay, and Mace.

## Sub-Committees:

**Cricket.**—Messrs. Moule, Spowers, Norris.

**Rowing.**—Messrs. Roe, Spowers, Fetherstonhaugh.

**Running.**—Messrs. J. S. Mackay, J. H. S. Jackson, H. Potter.

**Shooting.**—Messrs. Kitchin, White, Spowers.

**Football.**—Messrs. Roe, Moule, Marks.

**Tennis.**—Messrs. Wanklyn, Quirk, H. Clark.

**Music.**—Messrs. Brent, Fetherstonhaugh, Spowers.

## Curators:

**Common Room.**—Messrs. Sutton and Slade.

**Billiard-room.**—Messrs. Hawkins and R. Mackay.

**Note-paper.**—Mr. Macleod.

**Tennis Balls.**—Mr. Grimwade.

**Buttery.**—Mr. Scantlebury.

**Bath.**—Mr. Drought.

# REPORT OF SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE FOR 3rd TERM, 1913.

Gentlemen,—

The third term of last year passed away as most third terms do, the best part of it being taken up with work for its attendant examinations. The results of these were on the whole satisfactory. We have to congratulate Mr. Kitchin, who again is our sole representative on the exhibition list.

The term began very auspiciously with the College dance, which, thanks to the efforts of Messrs. Wanklyn and Spowers, was as great a success as ever. Contrary to the general custom, it had been decided to hold it in this term owing to the fact that so many medicoes would be unavailable at the end of second term.

The two remaining sporting fixtures for the year were decided, with the result that Trinity won the Tennis most decisively, and were beaten in the Rifle Shooting by a few points. The Wigram Allen Shield was again

won by Mr. Pat. Wood, and we take this opportunity, as he is leaving us this term, of placing on record his valuable service to the College in the field of sport.

In sport outside the College, Mr. Quirk must be congratulated for winning the Doubles Championship of Australia at Golf in partnership with Mr. Whitton, and later on in the year annexing "The Argus" and "Australasian" Shield with the same partner.

The issue of the "Fleur-de-Lys" this term produced a good deal of commotion in the College, and the calling of several special meetings in the Stew Vacation must be quite a record.

At the beginning of the term the Rules and Regulations of the Social Club were thoroughly gone into and revised. A fresh set is to be put into print as soon as possible.

With regard to the proposed gymnasium, your committee have great pleasure in reporting that £90 was promised by members of the College alone, and subscriptions to date total just on £200, thanks to the most generous donation of £100 from Sir Winthrop Hackett and £10 from the Warden. A tender was submitted at £410. This has of necessity kept us back somewhat. However, with the help of the Old Boys' Association still to come, it is hoped that a more suitable contract will be found. With regard to the Tennis Courts, it was definitely decided to put down new ones, as the old ones would be unplayable for the Intercollegiate matches of 1914. The tender of Mr. MacLeod for £92 17s. 6d. was accepted, the amount being just able to be met by the money in our Reserve Fund. The contract is to be carried out during the Christmas vacation, so that there will be two first-class courts now, both with a guarantee for eighteen months.

The term was finished up with the Valedictory dinner, at which we said good-bye to a number of very useful men to the College.

In conclusion, we take this opportunity of welcoming the freshmen of 1914, and hope they will do their utmost to place Trinity at the top of the Intercollegiate tree.

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### PESSIMISM.

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Our life is vain:  
Of love a ray,  
Of hate a gleam,  
And then—good day!

Our life is brief:  
A passing light  
Of hope and dreams,  
And then—good night!

—G. E. Aickin.



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## Common Room Chatter

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The Repertory ball provided an opportunity for some of our dancing "heads" to show themselves off in fancy dress. Most of them endeavoured to represent characters of the Dickens novel period, with varying success. The high collar worn in those good old days must have required a rubber neck on the wearer—it is evidently unsuited to our modern style of beauty. The long-necked man looked like a giraffe looking over a fence, while the short man's head was just visible and he appeared like a tortoise about to withdraw into its shell. Then there were fancy waistcoats, powdered hair and painted faces, all of which must have made their mark with their fair partners.

"Dum" was the Mad Hatter and looked the part. We are not quite sure what Wank was, but believe he was the ever-cheerful Micawber. "Miz" was the Fat Boy, and "Jiggy" a coachman in peg-top trousers. "Jock," with powdered hair, looked like a flunkey, and Dr. Harvey Sutton as the dashing and debonair steward from "Madame Butterfly" roused fond memories of rough sea trips.

The only sad event of the evening was that poor 'Enry got left behind and had to take a tram, which is very infra dig. for a Dickens character, especially when your partner goes by taxi. By the time he arrived he looked more like the "Lost Chord" or the "Missing Link."

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It is rumoured that our only actor on presenting himself at the stage door to take part in a charity matinee was mistaken for Julius Knight. The mistake was natural enough, as he carried a bag which was marked "Knight," and covered with foreign luggage labels. The audience were also deceived when he went through his performance.

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A timid intruder from Clarke's ventured into Upper Bishop's one day. A soul-stirring scene confronted him. A well-known theolog. was seen and heard disclaiming a poem in most impassioned style. There he was, lying back in a chair, gazing at the ceiling and hurling forth romantic and hair-raising words. "She drew a blood-stained dagger from her breast"—the words fairly sizzled along the passage. The timid intruder fled.

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Of course the tango is all the rage to-day, and it is danced by all those who move in the best circles. In fact it is useless to try and circle at all unless you can move in the best tango. The main thing is to learn some of the 72 different tangles. Having done this, beware of



entanglements! Now, Monker is learning the tango. Think of it! In 72 years, or thereabouts, he will be a tango expert, a master of every step of this intricate dance. He will be an exponent of a bygone craze—a curiosity, but a famous one. Shall we not follow him on the road to fame?

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Rowing interest has been revived thus late in the term by an interesting and amusing boat race which took place recently. The competing crews, consisting entirely of non-rowing men, left the College in taxis amid much enthusiasm. After they arrived at the river some difficulty was experienced in launching the boats, but finally both crews found themselves afloat. Mr. Hill's crew on the way up caught two crabs, bow, who had never before handled an oar, being the delinquent. After some good advice from Ticka he improved wonderfully. Duffy's crew, on arriving at Brander's, found their boat almost full of water and had to tip her out. A good start was effected by Mr. Faulkner by means of a shot gun, the "Fleur-de-Lys" reporter escaping the wad by a miracle. About a few yards from the finishing post Mr. Hill's crew collided with Mr. Duffy's, which was coming up with a great rush, and a re-row was ordered. Mr. Duffy's crew again almost sank, but after tipping the boat out, they were again ready for their opponents. A splendid struggle ensued, Mr. Duffy just getting home by two lengths amid wild excitement. Mr. Hill's crew was somewhat hampered by their cox., who, on hearing the starting gun, shouted, "Easy all."

Seen after the race, the winning stroke, who is a dark-haired young fellow of Celtic temperament, and who had his hair parted down the middle for the occasion, expressed his confidence that his crew would win. He said he had never stroked a better crew and that he trained on Bridge and Home Rule.

The losing stroke said that he also was confident in winning, but his cunning had proved useless. He praised Mr. Quirk for his fine effort, his golfing swing being particularly suitable for a hard finish. Previously to this he had never stroked anything more dangerous than a college cow.

**Crews.**—1. Duffy, Moule, Norris, Grimwade. Cox., L. Marks. Coach. J. Jackson. 2. Hill, Quirk, Mace. Cox., M. Kelly. Coach, J. Roe.

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Mr. R—wn—ee, who has already become known as the College Chatterbox, is a familiar sight in the Common-room after dinner. With his fund of anecdotes, his pleasant sallies of wit, and his jovial laugh, he is as popular with the crowd as a Unedda cigar.

His favourite method, like that of Socrates, is to tackle any unwary loiterer and fairly riddle him with questions.



If he happens to run against Mr. M—ks, the wearer of the doggedly determined look which the "Argus" reporter has noticed on the football field, he will be badly worsted, for that gentleman has never been known to fail in a reply—of some sort—to any argument.

\* \* \*

Some weeks ago there was an alarm of burglars in the Warden's Lodge in the "wee sma' hours." Spiller was hastily summoned and appeared on the scene armed with a cap pistol. After an exciting search, which began in the garden and ended, very fittingly, in the Chapel, a dog was run to earth. To those who believe in the theory of the transmigration of souls the explanation of its presence is simple. He was some long-forgotten student returned to pay an equally forgotten Chapel fine. Its shagginess makes us think it may have been W—rtheim.

### CHANGES IN THE COLLEGE STAFF.

This year has brought with it many changes in the tutorial staff, as hinted in other columns of this magazine.

We take this opportunity of welcoming in our midst those who have filled the vacancies. Never before in the history of the College, we are assured, have we possessed such a brilliantly qualified teaching staff. The medical student, who always needs much coaching, comes off best as usual in respect of this added tuition.

Mr. A. Nesbit, M.A., Oxon., and Mr. E. J. Hartung, B.Sc. (Dixon, Kernot and Wyselaskie Schols.) are feeding the 1st yearlings on the milk of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

Dr. Harvey Sutton continues to occupy his spare time in dispensing the Bones of Anatomy and the Sinews of Physiology to those attempting the 3rd year, whilst Dr. Kellaway (Beaney Schol. in Surgery and University Schol. in Physiology) is ably sustaining that precious article, the 5th Year Med., on the meat which is generally believed to fit him for his attack on mankind.

Miss Williams, Classical Schol. of Newnham, is filling Mr. Robson's place as Classical lecturer, and has already won the confidence of her pupils.

Mr. D. Seymour, M.A., has come from New Zealand to teach the Australians, Anglo-Saxon—an experiment which has at any rate the virtue of novelty. He lives in Lower Clarke's, that home of hot baths and quondam discontent, and has already made himself agreeable.

Miss Olive Davies, M.Sc. (Dixon and Macbane Schol. in Biology) is lecturing in that subject. She is residing at the Hostel, and we gather from the frequent communications which a favoured few of our number have with its inmates, that her residence there is much appreciated.



Three of these new tutors—Dr. Kellaway, Miss Williams and Miss Davies—are former students of Trinity College.

Mr. A. Bright, M.Sc., of Leeds University, and late of Wesley College, is taking the place of Mr. Nesbitt, who was acting in a temporary capacity during 1st term.

The Law student alone still wanders in the wilderness of neglect, uncared for tutorially, sometimes unloved. It is true that in some cases he has shown little promise of either application or scholarship, but an "occasional" tutor might check that "down town" tendency which seems to be the natural reaction after an arduous morning's lectures.

Apart from this weak spot, the College ought surely to respond nobly to its splendid band of charioteers.

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### TRINITY COLLEGE.

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1914.

This home of youth in his unfashioned clay,  
This meeting-ground of every type of mind,  
The College stands, as halting on its way,  
And waits expectant for th' completing hand.

How often in its days of vigorous youth,  
Large hopes coursed boldly thro' its waking soul,  
And generous patrons anxious for its growth,  
Gave of their means to help it to the goal.

And students, eager in the race of life,  
Placed highest honours as their constant aim,  
And in success which now rewards their strife,  
Link gladly with their own the College name.

But now a hush has fallen on the place,  
Its former voice of confidence is mute,  
Bereft of fame which clothed its early grace,  
It shivers on the brink of ill-repute.

It is the hush of night, but not of death,  
For night is pregnant with the birth of day;  
E'en now has dawn sent out its quickening breath,  
And warned us of the end of dull decay.

Shall we respond to life's imperious call,  
Or shun the task and follow sloth's blind road,  
And let the world behold our piteous fall  
From manhood's strength to serfdom's heavy load?

The will "to do" is ours; and we are men;  
The will has conquered nations in the field;  
The will is still the potent force of life,  
And in its use the College fate is sealed.



MR. ROBSON.

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The College has suffered a great loss in the departure of Mr. Robson. He left for England while we were all away on vacation, and it is to be regretted that we were unable to give him a fitting send-off.

For eight years Mr. Robson, as Vice-Warden, won the confidence and esteem of all who were connected with him. As a classical tutor he did splendid work, and he had a happy knack of making one remember important points by a method of quaint illustration. In sport, he was chiefly interested in rowing and coached the crew each year he was in College with the utmost keenness. Unfortunately he never had the satisfaction of turning out a winning crew. On one occasion he said that if the crew won, we could pull him out of bed—he escaped by six inches.

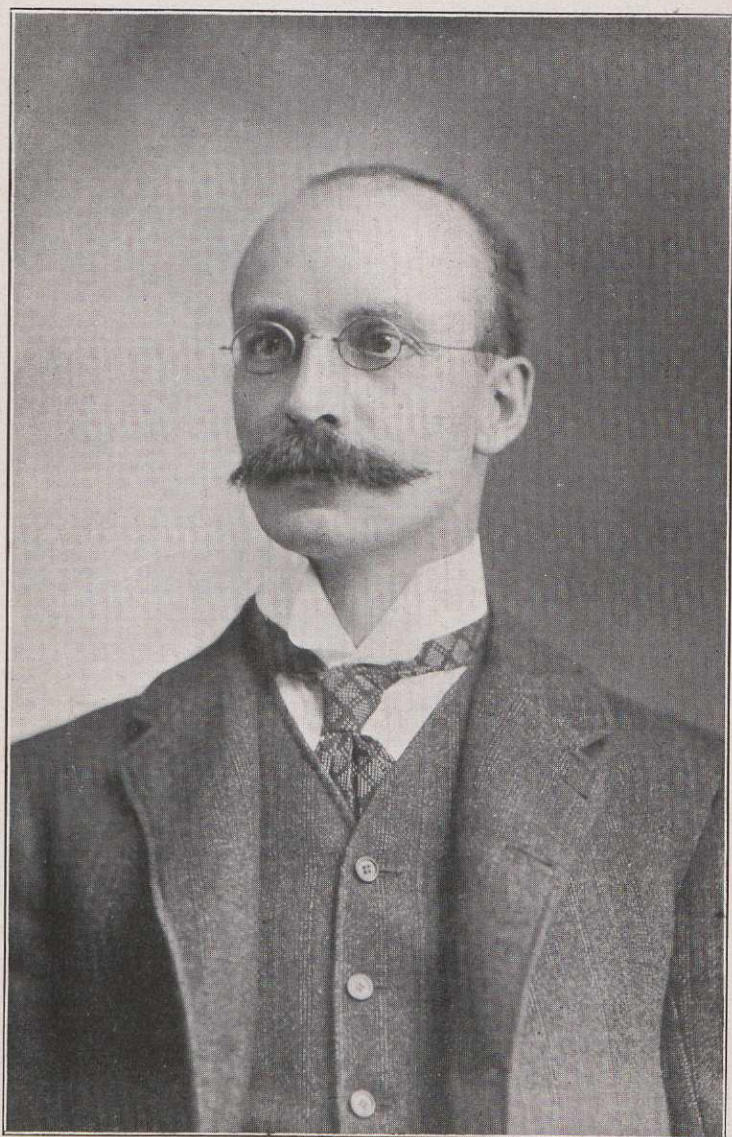
He helped the literary side of our life by holding evening readings and German classes. The "*Fleur-de-Lys*" invariably contained a poem or article from the pen of Pechvogel, Ph.D., and these did much to help towards the production of a cultured magazine.

He was a most methodical man. Few people visiting the College for tea-fights left without taking a peep at his bedroom to see the system of bags, pulleys and neat labels by which he disposed of such articles as "Sunday trousers" and the like.

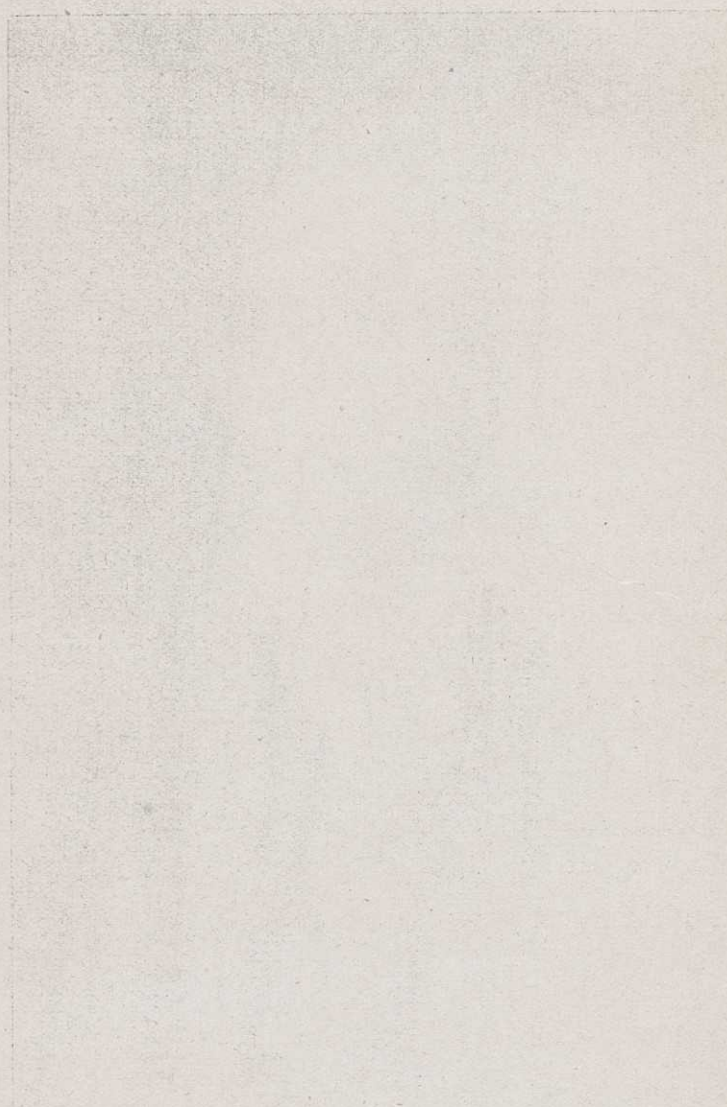
Before he left Mr. Robson wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Social Club, wishing us all good-bye. He said that his decision to leave his work had been maturing for some time. If he could have remained about 45 years of age, he could have stayed on at the College indefinitely, but since turning the half-century there had been much that felt like collar work.

The influence which Mr. Robson exerted will surely remain long after his departure. While it does remain we should find less difficulty in carrying out his final exhortation: "to keep the College moving."





Mr. E. I. Robson, M.A.





## EXAMINATION RESULTS.

## EXHIBITIONS.

Third Year Civil Engineering—F. B. Kitchin (aeq.).  
 Music: 2nd Year Bachelor and 3rd Year Diploma—V. E. Galway.  
 Maude Harrington Prize—V. E. Galway.  
 Dwight Final Honor Prize (History)—Miss Alice Hoy.  
 Logic and Philosophy, Laurie Prize—Miss Dorothy Tate.  
 Shakespeare Scholarship—Miss Alma Hansen.  
 Harbison-Higginbotham Research Schol.—H. L. Wilkinson.

## CLASS LISTS.

**Deduction Logic and Elementary Psychology**—Miss Dorothy Jean Hamilton, Miss Loris C. Coleman (1st class, Miss Mary Helen Crowther, Robert Esmond Sutton (2nd class), Leonard W. Slade (3rd class).  
**English, Part I.**—Miss L. C. Coleman, Miss Mary H. Crowther, Miss Dorothy Jean Hamilton (1st class).  
**Natural Philosophy, Part I.**—A. J. M. Stoney, 3rd class.  
**Chemistry, Part I.**—H. R. Hawkins, 3rd class.  
**Biology, Part I.**—Miss E. M. Kent Hughes (1st class). T. C. Backhouse (3rd class).  
**Geometrical and Mechanical Drawing.**—A. J. M. Stoney, 3rd class.  
**Graphics.**—A. J. M. Stoney (2nd class).  
**Classical Philology.**—Miss A. N. Bage (2nd class).  
**Philosophy.**—F. R. Adams, H. R. Potter (2nd class).  
**Geology and Mineralogy, Part I.**—F. B. Kitchin (2nd class).  
**Third Year Civil Engineering.**—F. B. Kitchin (2nd class).  
**Medicine.**—J. D. Norris, C. R. Lister, Miss Vera Scantlebury, H. N. M. Puckle (3rd class).  
**Surgery.**—C. R. Lister (1st class), J. D. Norris, A. H. O'Hara Wood (2nd class), H. N. M. Puckle, Miss V. Scantlebury (3rd class).  
**Obstetrics.**—A. H. O'Hara Wood, C. R. Lister (2nd class), Miss V. Scantlebury, H. N. M. Puckle, J. D. Norris (3rd class).

## FINAL HONOURS.

**Classical Philology.**—Miss M. Brock (1st class).  
**History.**—Miss Alice Hoy, 1st class.  
**Logic and Philosophy.**—Miss Dorothy Tate (1st class), Miss K. Kellaway, H. D. Campbell (2nd class).

## PASS RESULTS.

**First Year Education.**—Miss L. Sandner.



**First Year Arts.**—Miss Dorothy Jean Hamilton, Miss Alice E. Harton, H. C. Harton, L. W. Slade, R. S. Sutton, J. S. Drought, Miss L. S. Holmes.

**Second Year Arts.**—F. R. Adams, Miss A. N. Bage, Miss D. Scantlebury, J. B. Waltham, Miss F. M. Braithwaite, Miss K. C. McCormick, N. B. White.

**Third Year Arts.**—Miss K. J. Brett, H. D. Campbell, Miss A. Hoy, Miss H. Le Souef, Miss D. Townsend, Miss A. K. Blackall, Miss M. M. Brock, J. B. Burrell.

**First Year Science.**—Miss J. M. Hickford.

**Third Year Science.**—Miss M. Herring.

**First Year Laws.**—Miss L. C. Coleman, Miss M. H. Crowther, C. R. Campbell, A. Spowers, Miss L. A. Whybrow.

**Second Year Laws.**—H. R. Potter, E. J. Quirk.

**Third Year Laws.**—G. D. Kelly, H. O. Moule, N. S. Nash, D. E. Wanklyn.

**Fourth Year Laws.**—J. E. Roe.

**First Year Engineering.**—A. J. McC. Stoney.

**Third Year C.E.**—F. B. Kitchin, H. C. Clark.

**Third Year Mining Engineering.**—M. B. Kelly.

**Fourth Year Mining Engineering.**—E. C. Jowett, C. C. Riddell.

**First Year Medicine.**—T. C. Backhouse, J. G. Duffy, G. R. Grimwade, H. R. Hawkins, Miss E. M. Kent Hughes.

**Second Year Medicine.**—J. H. S. Jackson, L. H. B. Macleod.

**Third Year Medicine.**—F. K. Norris, H. F. Maudsley, L. P. Brent.

**Fourth Year Medicine.**—R. Scantlebury, J. Mackay, T. G. Fetherstonhaugh.

**Fifth Year Medicine.**—A. F. Jolley, C. R. Lister, H. N. M. Puckle, A. H. O'Hara Wood, J. D. Norris, Miss V. Scantlebury.

#### SINGLE SUBJECTS.

**Pure Maths., I.**—J. B. Burrell, Miss D. J. Hamilton.

**Greek, Part I.**—Miss D. J. Ross.

**Latin, Part I.**—L. C. Coleman.

**History of British Empire, Part I.**—Miss D. Scantlebury.

**First Year Vet. Science.**—R. G. Mackay.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Prof. F. S. Delmar, 5s.; H. Melville Piesse, 7s. 6d.; A. Wingram Allen, 2s. 6d.; E. C. Jowett, 10s.



## TRINITY COLLEGE HOSTEL SOCIAL CLUB.

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Office-Bearers for 1914.

President: Miss McCormick.

Hon. Secretary: Miss Windmill.

Hon. Secretary Tennis: Miss Whybrow.

Librarian: Miss Brock.

Hon. Secretaries Reading Club: Miss Brock, Miss Young.

Hon. Secretary Dramatic Club: Miss Kent Hughes.

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Social Club Committee.

Miss McCormick, Miss Windmill, Miss Whybrow.

---

Tennis Club Committee:

Miss Whybrow, Miss Holmes, Miss Kent Hughes, Miss Crawford.

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Social Club Report (1st Term).

The Hostel has opened this year with the record number of sixteen in residence. So many are we, indeed, that some of us are enjoying life *al fresco*.

We hear that a big "at home" is to be given at the Hostel shortly, and hope that when our distinguished visitors notice our present overcrowded condition they will be moved to subscribe liberally to a building fund.

For the first time in many years the Hostel is able to boast a resident tutor. We have pleasure in welcoming Miss O. B. Davies, M.Sc., to our midst.

The Social Club, owing to its large increase of members and incidentally to an increased subscription, now for the first time supports a telephone of its own.

The year is yet young and work is not much in evidence, but we hope that this year will prove as successful as last when the Hostel distinguished itself by getting a full list of passes and many honours.

We are pleased to report that our ex-senior student Miss Vera Scantlebury is now a resident at the Melbourne Hospital. We heartily congratulate her, and hope that she may be most successful.

Although in rather a cracked and enfeebled condition, the tennis court has seen a good deal of wear and tear this year. Not only have we held numerous tennis parties, but there has been a series of matches between the various contestants for places in both Trinity and Varsity four. The abundance of tennis genius among the Trinity women students this year has greatly raised our hopes as regards the results of the inter-collegiate matches.

### HOSTEL NOTES.

The contention made in some quarters that woman's intellect is equal to man's is more than borne out by last year's Exam. results.

Whilst the men secured a solitary First, the women captured no less than six Firsts. The proportion of men to women being about three to one, the exact superiority of Trinity women to Trinity men can be worked out by those who are fond of mathematics.

If this sort of thing goes on we shall soon have to regard the College as an adjunct of the Hostel, instead of vice versa, and speak of Trinity Hostel College.

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The relations of the Hostel with the College, like those of Great Britain with foreign powers, continues to be friendly.

The friendliness crystallises in the shape of little tennis parties, joint performances at Repertory Balls, and pleasant mutual intercourse to and from lectures.

All this is good for the College, in view of the superiority alleged above, and ought to have beneficial results.

In fact we have already noticed a softening in one whose outlook on life has always been distinctly joyless and who regarded the efforts of his fellow men as "offensive."

### LINES.


Like the song of sweet bells  
That has silently died,  
Like the murmuring chant  
Of the intrushing tide,  
That has melted in foam  
On the sands of the shore,  
Is the charm that is lost  
Now thy voice is no more.

As the stars fade away  
In a storm-pall of cloud,  
As the sunlight of even  
Is wrapp'd in the shroud  
Of the reddening waters  
That surge in the west,  
So thy beauty has vanished  
And with it my rest.

But the clouds will sweep past  
And the armies untold  
Of the stars, new-unveil'd,  
Will shine out as of old;  
The rays of the morning  
Will smile on the sea,  
And my world still be lighten'd  
By memories of thee.

—G. E. Aickin.





## College Notes.

The College opened this year with a feeling of strangeness. Many of our mainstays and identities had departed, and we kept continually looking around to see what else had gone and what else was new.

Of the tutorial staff, only Dr. Harvey Sutton remained. Mr. Robson had departed, and we had misgivings as to how things would get along without him. Then we had lost many of the keenest supporters of the College both in sport and work, and the freshmen were as yet an unknown quantity. Since then we have settled down and new men have come along to take the places of the old. There is considerable keenness in sport, although we are probably on paper weaker in that respect than we have ever been.

Last year was not particularly successful in sport or work. The December examinations floored many of us, but in the Supps. we scored a veritable triumph. Let us profit by our failures of the past, and taking new hope for the future, do all in our power to give of our best to the College.

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The College has been painted and papered during the long vacation and now looks fresh and clean, except for a reappearance of the fungus in some of the rooms. The work was carried out by Spiller and a small army of workmen. The front drive badly needs repairing and it will probably be attended to in the course of the year. Motorists are at present the chief sufferers, as punctures are numerous.

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Mr. Carlton Sutton left us at the end of last year after three years residence as Lecturer in Science and Mathematics. He has taken up research work, and we expectantly await disclosures about some of the hidden subtleties of science.

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Charlie Eaton, whom many old students will remember as porter in the College in their day, and who latterly acted as gardener to the Warden, died during the vacation. He will be greatly missed by those who come back to renew their acquaintance with the College, as he never forgot a face. The Social Club sent a wreath to his funeral.

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Lieutenant Bage, who recently returned with Mawson's expedition from Antarctica, where he did splendid work, dined in Hall one evening early in the term. He



was given an ovation on rising to speak, but his remarks were few, as he noticed the crew waiting thirstily for their dinner. We would all have enjoyed an address on the subject, "From Callboy to Antarctic Explorer." It is believed that he prefers a College chop to a penguin steak, or it may be the other way round.

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Three of our number went to the Christian Union Conference, held at Mr. Barker's during the Long Vac.

It proved to be most enjoyable. Bible Study in the morning, recreation and social intercourse in the afternoon, and addresses by various prominent men in the evening, combined to leave behind a very pleasant impression. We hope that the next conference, which will be held somewhere in Victoria, will be attended by quite a large number of College men.

We believe that one of the practical results of the conference has been the increased interest in College Bible Circles, of which we have four in progress at present.

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The Glee Club has started operations again this term. At present the singing is more forceful than harmonious—chiefly owing to the lack of any particular talent, but it gives promise of greater things in the near future if assiduous practice is indulged in. The name Glee Club seems to be rather a misnomer as the wailing sounds which drift down the passage on Friday evenings are more reminiscent of a "wake" than anything else. However, it is proposed to hold a concert in second term which will provide glees for those that like them and an excuse for giving charming little supper-parties for those who prefer less crowded forms of voice reproduction. It has been suggested that a charge shall be made to aid the building fund for the new gymnasium. The Club is in the able hands of Lindsay Buent and is being coached by Mr. Thomas.

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The Shakespeare Circle, held in the Warden's Lodge on occasional Saturday nights, is again revolving this year. This is one of those opportunities for getting that culture which is so often talked about but so seldom seen, and we should like to urge on all those who have the time, the desirability of taking part in such functions. It is specially gratifying to notice that even one or two med. are this year trying to improve their minds in this way. The plays read so far have been "The Merchant of Venice" and "Much Ado about Nothing," and although the rendering of the parts was on the whole good, there is much room for improvement in expression and feeling. Needless to say, it is very advisable for members to read their parts beforehand, otherwise confusion ensues, for there is "many a slip twixt the cut and the lip." We remember on one occasion a year



or so ago that a certain medico who had been entrusted with a minor part, which he hadn't read beforehand, came across the words:

"And you do not take heed  
You will come within blow of the law."

His pugnacity being greater than his intelligence, he rendered it—

"And you do not take heed  
You will get a blow on the jaw."

(Loud laughter.)

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The Hostel dance, like every other social function which has not been reported by any respectable journal, was a 'brilliant success.' This year the new Melba Hall was secured for the occasion, an arrangement which met with the approval of the non-dancing section of Clarke's, who were thus left undisturbed. As the floor of the hall had never had the privilege of being danced on before, it was necessary to "treat" it, and several of the more devoted members of the College spent an afternoon of deprivation from the University Sports in rendering the floor more danceable. They were not without their reward. Most of the College that "mattered" were present at the dance. The Senior Student who so seldom graces these functions gladdened more than one heart by his appearance at supper. His subsequent retirement to the smoking-room was one of those events which leave their shadows behind. One gentleman made himself conspicuous by his late arrival. He had theoretically been detained by work, practically by nothing. However, as he had secured his dances before, there was no need to hurry, and a late arrival always conveys the impression of being a "social lion." It would perhaps be invidious to describe the dresses, the appearance and general deportment of the participants. Modern dances so often defy description that it is perhaps best to generalise in the words of an old description of a dance:—"There were present the Jobberlinks and the Bobberlinks. And they all began dancing the game of catch-as-catch-can until the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

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### DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

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The first meeting of the society was held on March 13th for the purpose of electing office bearers for the ensuing year. Mr. Franc Carse, LL.B., was elected vice-president of the society. Messrs. Quirk, Griffith and Mace were elected to the committee, and Mr. Wanklyn to the secretaryship.

Three debates have been held this term, and judging by the attendance and the quality of the speeches delivered, men appear to be realising at last that facility of oral expression in their mother tongue is an absolute



necessity to a man of the twentieth century, and that the Dialectic Society offers one means of obtaining that facility. Freshmen have spoken up well at all the debates. Mr. F. Knight is to be congratulated on his fluent and easy style and also on the remark he made on Ladies' Night, which will live for ever in the annals of the society.

The subject of Ladies' Night was "that the word obey be deleted from the marriage service." As was only to be expected, the sound conservatism of the College asserted itself at the last moment, and when the numbers were up it was found that the motion was lost by six votes.

We had the pleasure on that occasion of listening to some highly original remarks from Miss E. Kent Hughes, who was the only visitor who addressed the meeting.

Owing to the absence of the Prelector, Mr. G. Baracchi, in Europe, the prelection could not be held this term, but will probably be held early in third term.

## Cricket.

In the Cricket match this year against Ormond, it was a case of a really weak team up against a really strong one, and we did almost as well as could be expected. We heartily congratulate Ormond on their success.

Our prospects from the outset were as blue as the sky. Whatever talent we had last year had left, and the new blood could not make up the deficiency. It was hard luck that illness prevented Norris from keeping wickets for us. However, Kitchin filled the breach and filled it very well.

Despite the weakness of the team, the spirit of keenness shown was very flattering—far beyond that of the previous year—and this augurs well for the future. Buck up, Trinity! Let not the light of departed Millers and Lewers fade from among us.

Special praise is due to the rowing members of our team. Even non-rowing men can realise how gruelling it is to slave at the nets for an hour or two and then rush down to the river and row. Trinity had the bad luck to have to draw on her crew for more than the other colleges had.

As to the match. The day was fine and the wicket perfect and the captain—Moule—lost the toss, unfortunately.



We did well in getting Ormond out for 274. Doig had bad luck in not getting his century. Our bowling was hard to manage, because it practically did not exist. Sweetnam bowled well in parts, but put up some frightfully loose stuff. Wanklyn helped to bear the brunt, and Roe kept a fair length. Scantlebury bowled well for a few overs. The full toss to leg was most prominent. Our ground fielding was somewhat slack, but no catches were missed.

Our batting was little better—those who were relied on failed. Sweetnam and Quirk deserve commendation for their scores first innings.

In the second innings Ormond closed for 4 for 300. Jones and Stephens both played well, albeit the former was a trifle lucky. In our bowling the only noticeable feature was the full toss before mentioned. Wanklyn, Roe and Moule did most of the work.

In the second innings our batting failed almost entirely, though Kitchin batted well.

### Scores.

#### ORMOND.

##### First Innings.

Doig, l.b.w., b. Scantlebury . . . . .	99
Stephens, b. Sweetnam . . . . .	13
Jones, c. Quirk, b. Wanklyn . . . . .	13
Crisp, thrown out . . . . .	10
Anderson, c. Kitchin, b. Sweetnam . . . . .	0
Saltau, c. Stretch, b. Wanklyn . . . . .	3
Woods, R. G., c. Kitchin, b. Sweetnam . . . . .	40
Porter, c. Roe, b. Moule . . . . .	35
Longden, not out . . . . .	29
Henderson, b. Roe . . . . .	1
Woods, E., c. Kitchin, b. Wanklyn . . . . .	11
Sundries . . . . .	20

Total . . . . . 274

Bowling.—Sweetnam, 3 for 65; Moule, 1 for 43; Roe, 1 for 38; Scantlebury, 1 for 7; Wanklyn, 3 for 53.

##### Second Innings.

Doig, c. and b. Wanklyn . . . . .	28
Stephens, b. Roe . . . . .	94
Jones, b. Roe . . . . .	100
Crisp, stpd. Kitchin, b. Stretch . . . . .	21
Anderson, not out . . . . .	50
Woods, R. G., not out . . . . .	0
Sundries . . . . .	13

Total for 4 wickets . . . . . 306

Innings declared closed.

Bowling.—Wanklyn, 1 for 63; Roe, 2 for 53; Stretch, 1 for 17; Moule, 0 for 56.

## TRINITY.

## First Innings.

Spowers, c. Doig, b. Jones . . . . .	8
Sweetnam, c. Longden, b. Jones . . . . .	39
Stretch, b. Anderson . . . . .	10
Moule, b. Jones . . . . .	3
Quirk, b. Jones . . . . .	22
Scantlebury, b. Jones . . . . .	0
Roe, c. Crisp, b. R. G. Woods . . . . .	9
Jackson, b. Anderson . . . . .	0
Kitchin, c. Doig, b. Jones . . . . .	8
Wharton, not out . . . . .	4
Wanklyn, b. Jones . . . . .	0
Sundries . . . . .	8

Total . . . . . III

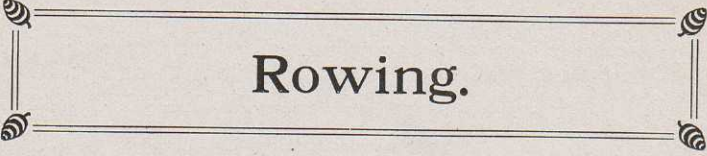
Bowling.—Anderson, 2 for 40; Longden, 0 for 4; R. G. Woods, 1 for 11; Jones, 7 for 48.

## Second Innings.

Spowers, c. R. G. Woods, c. Anderson . . . . .	5
Moule, b. Anderson . . . . .	0
Sweetnam, b. Anderson . . . . .	0
Stretch, b. Anderson . . . . .	9
Quirk, c. Doig, b. Jones . . . . .	1
Scantlebury, c. Doig, b. Jones . . . . .	1
Roe, b. Jones . . . . .	4
Wharton, c. Porter, b. Jones . . . . .	8
Jackson, c. Porter, b. Jones . . . . .	0
Kitchin, l.b.w., b. Anderson . . . . .	15
Wanklyn, not out . . . . .	1
Sundries . . . . .	4

Total . . . . . 48

Bowling.—Jones, 5 for 28; Anderson, 5 for 16.



## Rowing.

## THE BOAT RACE.

The inter-collegiate boat race was rowed over the usual course on the Upper Yarra on the 3rd of April. It was a perfect day with little or no wind, and the water as smooth as glass. Queen's jumped away at the start, followed closely by Trinity. Ormond, however, met with a mishap which necessitated their withdrawal almost before they had time to be moving properly.

Queen's continued to hold their lead down to the Temple of the Wind corner, where Trinity, replying to



the "call" made upon them, drew up and passed their opponents, gaining almost a length on them. Queen's took the corner rather badly, this being partly responsible for their loss of position. The race up the straight was very exciting; Queen's gallantly overhauled us, and, after an excellent struggle, won by about a quarter of a length.

We heartily congratulate the winning crew and coach on their fine performance. Sympathy is to be felt for Ormond, and they cannot be sorrier than we were that they were forced to retire so unceremoniously. We offer our heartfelt thanks to Mr. H. Ross-Soden for his kindness and skill while coaching us. We hope that he is not altogether dissatisfied with us, and, if possible, victory will be his next year. The crew wish to thank Dr. Harvey Sutton for his kindness in providing fruit during training, which was much appreciated. The following was the crew:—

H. R. Hawkins, T. G. Fetherstonhaugh, C. Scantlebury, L. P. Brent, T. N. H. Stretch, L. R. Marks, A. Spowers, J. E. Roe,; cox, J. H. S. Jackson.

## Old Students.

The annual dinner of the "Union of the Fleur de Lys" will be held on Monday, June 8th, at 7.15 p.m., at Hosie's Cafe, Elizabeth-street, and will be followed by the annual general meeting for the election of office bearers for the ensuing year and the discussion of general business. The President, Dr. Arthur Morris, will be in the chair, and the Warden will be the guest of the evening.

The annual subscription to the Union (5/-) is now due and payable to the secretary, Mr. Franc Carse, Selborne Chambers, Chancery-lane. All Old Students who have been members of the Social Club are eligible as members of the Union on payment of the annual subscription, and it is hoped that all those who desire to keep in touch with the College will join. The secretary will be obliged if members will notify any change of address in order to ensure their copies of the "Fleur de Lys" and general correspondence reaching them.

The beginning of the year saw quite a "boom" in marriages among the younger generation of Old Students.

On the 17th of February, Simon Fraser to Miss Phyllis Hammond Clegg.

On the 4th of March, Franc Carse to Miss Eileen Brett.



On the 10th of March, Guy Madden to Miss Doris MacEvoy.

On the 9th of April, E. C. E. Dyason to Miss McLure.

\* \* \*

Reginald Stephen was on the 17th February appointed Bishop of Tasmania, the sixth Bishop to come out of Trinity, though no other Australian College has produced any. Those who were in residence during the six years he was chaplain and sub-warden will not soon forget him, or the sobering influence of his "Good-night, gentlemen"; and his departure from Trinity was a real loss to the College. He was proxime accessit for the Classical Exhib. in Matric., gained the second year Exhib. in Nat. Sci., the final Schol. in Hist. and Pol. Econ., the Bromby Prizes in Greek and Hebrew. Last year he received the Lambeth degree of D.D. He graduated B.A. 1882 and was admitted deacon the next year; M.A. 1884, in which year he was ordained priest; he was Prelector 1882, Moorhouse Lecturer 1908. He has always been a steady reader and thinker, and is a matured scholar in some of the most difficult branches of sacred study; his place in the Diocese of Melbourne will be hard to fill; he expects to leave next October. A wish often expressed by "Billy" Kernot, of honoured memory, whose past students occupied many important posts, that one of them should become a Bishop, has at length been realised.

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As usual, numerous departures for England have to be chronicled. Canon Hancock, after 26 years' active work, has left on a health trip, from which it is hoped he will return fully restored. And the Rev. Cyril Eva is also going off for a year. Other departures include Hugh James, who has just finished a year at the Children's Hospital in Perth; "Bunny" Gill (who recently became engaged), and S. F. McDonald.

\* \* \*

Mark Gardner, Guy Miller, "Bill" Bailey, "Bob" Fowler, and H. ("Baldy") Gill held a small Trinity Dinner in London at the beginning of the year.

It is to be hoped that this idea can be extended, as there is always a large number of Trinity men in England. Besides those already mentioned are Ernest Dossetor at the Wells Theological College; Allen Leeper at the British Museum; Len Lillies proceeding to his F.R.C.S.; Neville Fraser, Arthur Jack and G. M. Sproule at Oxford; R. A. O'Brien (who stroked the last winning Trinity crew some time back in the dark ages), "Jock" Behan, E. I. Robson, and Rev. J. W. Griffiths, besides many others en route.

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G. W. MacDonnell has left Gisborne after a ministry there of six years and has been appointed chaplain of H.M.A.S. "Tingira."



A. R. Wilson, as he did not succeed in getting appendicitis or falling off any bikes last year, obtained the Diploma of Education. He has been appointed a military chaplain, and is now at St. Thomas', Moonee Ponds.

\* \* \*

Stanley Dobson has resigned his position as Associate to his Honour, Mr. Justice Hood, and is now serving his articles with Messrs. Weigall and Crowther. He met with considerable success in the Novice sculls.

\* \* \*

Blois Lawton and Roy Watson are off on a trip to the West on the "Karooola" to recuperate after their year at the Melbourne Hospital. The latter goes back as resident Pathologist.

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Ben Lewers, Resident at Bendigo General Hospital; Jack Morlet, Junior Resident at the Hospital for Sick Children, Brisbane; G. R. Cole, Senior Resident Geelong Hospital; Arthur Wood and Noel Puckle at the Alfred.

\* \* \*

F. W. R. Newton has been appointed incumbent of Holy Trinity, Coburg; H. S. Hollow, of Christ Church, Geelong; A. Law, of St. Andrew's, Brighton; and Frank Lynch, of Holy Trinity, Williamstown. The latter is also chaplain of the Naval Depot. S. L. Buckley is at Ivanhoe, having just returned from a year of duty in England.

\* \* \*

Clive Baillien and Langley Jack, who returned at the beginning of the year from England, where they had completed their law courses, were at the May sitting of the Full Court admitted to practice in Victoria. J. Herring was also admitted at the same time.

\* \* \*

Douglas Fraser motored down from Queensland to act as best man for his brother Simon in February, and Gresley Harper, who had just come across from Perth, also assisted at the ceremony. The latter also helped to "push off" Franc Carse a fortnight later in company with John Carse—the best man—who had recently returned from a trip to Ceylon and Burmah.

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Canon Hughes, "the Fighting Parson," has added to his avocations the position of chairman of the Cardboard Box Trade Board.

\* \* \*

Rev. F. W. Slade still at Broadmeadows. We are indebted to him for quite a budget of news concerning old "theologs." of the College.

\* \* \*

Horace Finnis has just had a new church built for him at Meredith. We wonder if he has caught the "rag-time" craze.



Mark Gardner is now R.M.O. at St. Andrew's Hospital, Dollis Hill, London, N.W. As his duties leave him ample time to carry on his F.R.C.S. work, and there is a golf course at the back gate, he appears to be quite pleasantly situated.

\* \* \*

A stone hall has been built at Warrnambool in memory of the late Archdeacon Peacock.

\* \* \*

Osborne O'Hara, who recently obtained his captaincy, writes from Colombo: "I am down here for a few days from Bombay, where I was looking for polo ponies for the regiment. We are still at Quetta for this year and then go down country to Madras."

\* \* \*

Rex Leeper went out to Bombay last October to join The Bombay Company. But unfortunately he went down with a severe illness shortly after his arrival and had to go up to Newara Eliya on a month's sick leave, subsequently extended by a sea trip to Fremantle and back before feeling fully set up again. He ultimately expects to be sent to Madras.

\* \* \*

Desmond Gavan Duffy resigned his Associateship at the end of last year and is now practicing at the New South Wales Bar.

\* \* \*

G. M. Sproule, who went to Oxford as Rhodes Scholar, is in residence at Balliol College. He has achieved several notable distinctions on the running track since he went to Oxford, and news has now come to hand that he has been chosen one of the four Oxford representatives for the athletic carnival to be held in America in the summer by the Pennsylvania Athletic Club.

\* \* \*

Bob Bage has returned after two years with the Mawson Expedition in Adelie Land, looking none the worse for his arduous experiences—as to which he can unfortunately say little until Dr. Mawson has given his full account in London. He has resumed duty with the Royal Australian Engineers.

\* \* \*

The "Yid" of evergreen memory has been following in the footsteps of a still more famous compatriot. His more recent "wanderings" include a honeymoon trip through the Australian Alps, the head waters of the Mitta and across by the St. Bernard track on horseback, and he is shortly off to Europe, via America. It is his bitter complaint that on the first jaunt he just failed to make his wedding and honeymoon expenses—which would seem to argue a supernaturally high level of astuteness among the inhabitants of the regions traversed.



"Dick" Casey has returned from Cambridge with a nondescript moustache. He has got a position at Mount Morgan.

\* \* \*

"Sos" Whertheim and Guido Baracchi have arrived at Barcelona in the course of their Continental tour.

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### Obituary.

Frank Embling Maidment, died on January 15th, 1914.  
Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Hastings Clarke, youngest son of the late Sir William Clarke, died on March 17th, 1914.

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The following is a list of the members of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys:—

a'Beckett, W. G. . . . .	The Grange, Berwick
a'Beckett, T. . . . .	465 Collins-street.
Atkins, Dr. C. N. . . . .	Hobart Hospital
Arnold, Rev. L. . . . .	St. Peter's, East Melbourne.
Bathurst, Bishop of . . . .	Bathurst, N.S.W.
Ballarat, Bishop of . . . .	Ballarat
Bage, Lieut. R., R.A.E. . .	Fulton-street, East St. Kilda.
Baillieu, C. L. . . . .	Selborne Chambers.
Behan, J. C. V. . . . .	University College, Oxford.
Bevan, His Honor, Mr. Justice . . . . .	Port Darwin, Northern Territory.
Brennan, Dr. E. T. . . . .	Fremantle Hospital, W.A.
Bullivant, A. H. . . . .	Gillenbah, Narranderra, N.S.W.
Bullivant, Hugh . . . . .	Gillenbah, Narranderra, N.S.W.
Burston, Dr. R. S. . . . .	Harpsden, Henley Beach-road, Mile End, S.A.
Eush, Dr. Hugh . . . . .	Ourimbah, Rutherglen.
Butler, E. V. . . . .	C. of E. Grammar School, Melb.
Cain, R. C. . . . .	Anderson-street, South Yarra.
Cain, W. N. . . . .	Madowla Park, Picola.
Carse, Franc . . . . .	Selborne Chambers.
Carse, J. R. F. . . . .	Widgiawa, Narranderra, N.S.W.
Casey, R. G. . . . .	Shipley House, South Yarra.
Clarke, Dr. C. Lowther . . .	Petersburgh, S.A.
Chomley, H. R. . . . .	A.M.P. Buildings, Collins-street.
Cole, Geo. . . . .	Geelong Hospital.
Collins, J. T. . . . .	Crown Law Offices, Melbourne.
Cowle, F. C. . . . .	Hanan's Club, Kalgoorlie.
Crotty, Rev. H. . . . .	St. Thomas's, North Sydney.
Crowther, H. A. . . . .	Brighton Grammar School.
Crowther, O'Dell . . . . .	c/o Weigall and Crowther, Chancery-lane.
Croker, C. N. . . . .	Dunira, Morris-road, Woolloowin, Q.
deCrespigny, Dr. C. T. C. . .	132 Strangways Terrace, North Adelaide.
Darby, Dr. G. R. . . . .	Latrobe Terrace, Geelong.
Dickson, Raynes W. S. . . .	413 Collins-street.
Dobson, A. F. S. . . . .	c/o Weigall and Crowther, Chancery-lane.
Dossetor, F. E. . . . .	Wells Theological College, Somerset, England.
Duffy, C. Gavan . . . . .	Selborne Chambers.
Duffy, D. Gavan . . . . .	Selborne Chambers, Sydney.
Duffy, Rev. G. Gavan . . . .	Presbytery, Carlton.
Dyason, E. C. E. . . . .	60 Queen-street.
Edmondson, F. W. . . . .	Wodonga.



Elder, S. E.	c/o Elder and Graham, Collins-st.
Elcoate, Dr. R. L. G.	Ganmain, N.S.W.
Eva, Rev. C. H. V.	The Vicarage, Hastings.
Ewing, Dr. S. A.	33 Collins-street.
Finnis, Rev. H. P.	Meredith.
Fowler, Dr. R.	England.
Fowler, T. Walker	Engineer-in-chief, Tasmania, Government Offices, Hobart.
Fraser, Douglas	Mundoolan, Q.
Fraser, Simon	Nyang, Moulamein, N.S.W.
Gardner, Dr. M. C.	c/o "Argus" Office, 80 Fleet-street London.
Garnett, Dr. W. Shenton	Women's Hospital.
Gates, Rev. A. C. F.	Gibdon-street, Burnley.
Gilbert, H., F.R.C.S.	No. 12 North Terrace, Adelaide.
Gill, Dr. H. B.	En route to England.
Gosse, W. H.	Illawong, Jugiong, N.S.W.
Graham, H. I.	c/o Elder and Graham, Collins-st.
Green, S. Dutton	c/o Hamilton, Wynne and Riddell, Collins-street.
Green, W. Heber	The University.
Hamilton, E. J.	Drouin.
Harper, G. T.	Guildford, W.A.
Herring, J. F.	Maryborough.
Hodges, E. N.	Selborne Chambers.
Hughes, Canon, E. S.	Albert-street, Eastern Hill.
Hughes, Dr. W. Kent	22 Collins-street.
Hurry, M.	Kyneton.
Henchman, H. H.	Celtic Chambers, Brisbane.
Ingamells, Rev. F. H.	The Vicarage, Coleraine.
Jack, W. L.	Domain-road, South Yarra.
Jackson, Dr. E. S.	St. Helen's Hospital, Brisbane.
Kiddle, J. Beachan	325 Collins-street.
Kitchen, Rev. G. A.	Frankston.
Kurrie, A. E.	Korumburra.
Lang, Dr. P. H.	Titanga, Lismore.
Langley, Dr. F. E.	Roseneath, Dandenong.
Lawton, Dr. Blois	Melbourne Hospital.
Lewers, W.	Selborne Chambers.
Lewers, H. B.	Bendigo General Hospital.
Leeper, A. W. A.	British Museum.
Leeper, R. W. A.	c/o Bombay Co. Ltd., P.B. 201, Bombay.
Lillies, Dr. G. L.	c/o A. Chudleigh, Garnick Club, London W.
Long, C. R.	Ivanhoe, Lygon-st., North Carlton.
Long, Dr. W. J.	Bendigo.
Mackay, Dr. E. Alan	Thurso, Toorak-road.
Mackay, J. H.	University, Hobart.
Makin, Dr. H. F.	Warrnambool.
Madden, G. R.	Selborne Chambers.
Mann, S. F.	Melbourne Club.
Maxwell, Dr. C.	Frankston.
Miller, C. W.	Whernside, Albany-road, Toorak.
Miller, Dr. A. G.	16 Washington House, Basil-street, London S.W.
Miller, L. F.	Selborne Chambers.
Miller, N. A.	Larnook, East St. Kilda.
Moline, A. H. P.	Y-Water, Emmaville, N.S.W.
Morris, Dr. A. E.	110 Collins-street.
Morlet, J.	Students' Room, University.
Moorhouse, Rev. W. E.	Dean's Marsh.
McDonald, Dr. S. F.	c/o Bank of Victoria, 10 King William-street, London E.C.
McDougall, Prof. D. P.	Lorne, Sandy Bay, Hobart.
McKay, Dr. A. A.	Caraipa, John-st., Maryborough, Q.



Nelson, Bishop of	New Zealand.
Newcastle, Bishop of	Newcastle.
Newton, Rev. F. W. R.	Holy Trinity, Coburg.
Noall, A. J.	95 Queen-street.
O'Brien, Dr. R. A.	100 Prince of Wales Mansions, Battersea Park, London, S.W.
Owen, Dr. A. G.	McNicol-street, Camperdown.
Plamer, C. C.	Nhill.
Parnell, T.	Queensland University, Brisbane.
Phillips, M. M.	Munro-street, Armadale.
Quick, B., F.R.C.S.	24 Collins-street.
Reynolds, E. T.	Bendemeer, Bell-street, Coburg.
Robson, E. I.	c/o Rev. Edgar T. Robson, Felsted, Essex, England.
Robertson, Dr. E. R.	Mansfield.
Ross, H. M. Z.	Callandoon, Goondiwindi, Q.
Salmon, Hon. C. Carty	Walsh-street, South Yarra.
Shaw, Rev. G. E.	Sydney.
Sherwin, Dr. A.	2 Collins-street.
Shields, Dr. Clive	Meekatharra, W.A.
Shields, Dr. Stanley	c/o Dr. Mackeddie, 14 Collins-st.
Slade, Rev. F. W.	Broadmeadows.
Smith, G. P.	Homebush, Domain-road, South Yarra.
Smith, R. Neil	60 Queen-street.
Snodgrass, Rev. E.	St. Paul's, Geelong.
South, Dr. Harold	Boonah, Queensland.
South, Dr. Arthur	Boonah, Queensland.
Sproule, W. St. G.	Selborne Chambers.
Stawell, Dr. R. R.	45 Spring-street.
Stewart, H. J.	Wesley College, St. Kilda-road.
Sutton, T. Carlton	Trinity College.
Sutton, Dr. Harvey	Trinity College.
Tasmania, Bishop of	Tasmania.
Tipping, Dr. Frank	Gunning, N.S.W.
Tucker, Dr. Cecil	Romney, Brighton.
Wangaratta, Bishop of	Wangaratta.
Wallace, J. Alston	Booabula, Wanganella, N.S.W.
Watson, Dr. R. F.	Melbourne Hospital.
Weigall, T. a'B., K.C.	446 Chancery-lane.
White, Dr. E. R.	84 Collins-street.
Wight, Neville	90 William-street.
Wilkinson, H. L.	Collins House, Collins-street.
Williams, Dr. M. L.	Wattle Street, Bendigo.
Williams, C. M.	c/o Williams and Matthews, Queen-street.
Wood, O'Hara	Selborne Chambers.





## THE CHANGE.

Through smoky haze from devastating fires,  
The sinking sun sends forth a dying ray,  
And austere clouds frown in the gathering gloom  
That marks the closing of a tedious day.

A drowsy murmur soothes the jaded ear—  
The wavelets lazily lapping on the sand;  
The hum of insects, harbingers of change;  
The gently moving tree-tops softly fanned.

Rumblings of thunder rouse the expectant earth,  
Parched with the blazing heat's monotony.  
While drops of rain like tiny pebbles break  
The languorous stillness of the leaden sea.

All suddenly, a seething roar proclaims  
The near approach of Auster's cooling blast,  
Rushing apace, bearing long-sought relief  
To many a weary, stricken soul—at last!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Dear Sirs,—There are two matters which I think should be brought to light through the medium of your columns. The first is the unfortunate tendency on the part of one or two members to turn the place into a nursery or a creche, or a kindergarten, or a harem—call it what you will. The freshman at any time is by way of being rather a bumptious young beast, and when he is coddled and petted and nursed by his seniors, the result is a combination of offensiveness and puerility that is almost unbearable. Apart from the freshman point of view, it is unnatural to see a senior man surrounded by a flock of kids five or six years his juniors. Happily there are only two such nurseries in existence here at present, but the sooner they go into liquidation the better for all concerned.

The other matter arises out of the habit some gentlemen have formed of making periodical excursions to the city—periodical is hardly the word, tri-weekly would be better. It is not so much the visiting the city one objects to, but the unfortunate effect it has on the visitants. These would-be "super-nuts" and "boys" have developed to an extraordinary degree, the faculty of rendering themselves particularly objectionable. They enter the College at about midnight and proceed to make night hideous by a series of obscene noises and catcalls culled from some low place of amusement. To a certain type of mind that sort of thing is no doubt wit of the very highest order, but, in the early hours, once is sufficient for the ordinary type of individual.



If there was anything really the matter with these young pups no one would mind; but it is all put on, probably with the idea of impressing on the freshmen what terribly bad men they are. If the truth were known it is very much to be doubted whether they get any fun out of it themselves, and heaven only knows how little other people get out of the proceedings.

Hoping that the objects of these remarks will remember in future that they don't own the place, I am, etc.

T. A. R.

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

Sir,—I wish to warn your readers of a nuisance.

The night-birds are about again. They consist of a body of our more restless members, whose chief recreation consists in going down town after Hall and returning just before the prohibited hour. They then resort "en masse" to various bedrooms to make sure that everyone is sleeping well.

They possess two peculiarities. The first is a detestation of their own company, and the second a hatred of quiet. In the former they are invariably depressed and wander aimlessly about the College. The latter means that other people are working: an equally unpalatable thought. Their conversation is strictly limited to a few slang terms. They never read books, but are sometimes seen looking at pictures.

The most amusing thing—if there is anything amusing in the matter—is that these gentlemen labour under the delusion that they are the "life of the College."

Strictly speaking, they are the death of it, in a very real sense, for, whilst they will not work themselves, they prevent others from doing so and thus rousing it from the deadness into which it has sunk during the last few years.—Yours, etc.,

A MONK.

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

Sir,—I should like to draw attention to a childish amusement which is becoming a public nuisance. I refer to the party, or parties, who arrive at College at about midnight in a hilarious condition, and amuse themselves by playing animals in the passages and bedrooms of Upper Clarke's. This is to awaken the College from its supposed lethargy, if you please.

It is hardly necessary to remark that after a hard night's work, sleep is distinctly acceptable, and it is therefore exceedingly annoying to be awakened by a series of childish and meaningless cat-calls, which, if they are meant to be funny or clever, undoubtedly fail in amusing anyone but those whose chief pastime it is to

utter them. I should also like to draw attention to the half-demented shrieks which issue from U. Bishops at all hours of the night and day. The individual who thus draws attention to his illustrious ecclesiastical self appears to be badly imitating others, more proficient than himself, and whose example is helping him to make a confounded ass of himself.—

Yours, etc.,

TANTALUS.

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

Dear Sirs,—We wish to draw the attention of all right-thinking men, and if there are any others, in this institution, of the miserable, sneaking methods adopted by those men who spend their week ends in College. Every man expects any food that may be left in his locker to be stolen, so that some unfortunate may dispense hospitality to his female acquaintances, but I claim that it is over the odds when on returning to College your locker, if you be so unfortunate as to live in Clarke's, looks as though it had been attacked with the College axe (both inside and out). The result will be that we shall be forced, in order to protect ourselves from these voracious vandals, to leave poisoned food about, or else hire a private detective constantly sleuthing during week ends. With our food stolen, our crockery smashed, and our cupboard generally wrecked, we claim we have some right to express ourselves as above.—

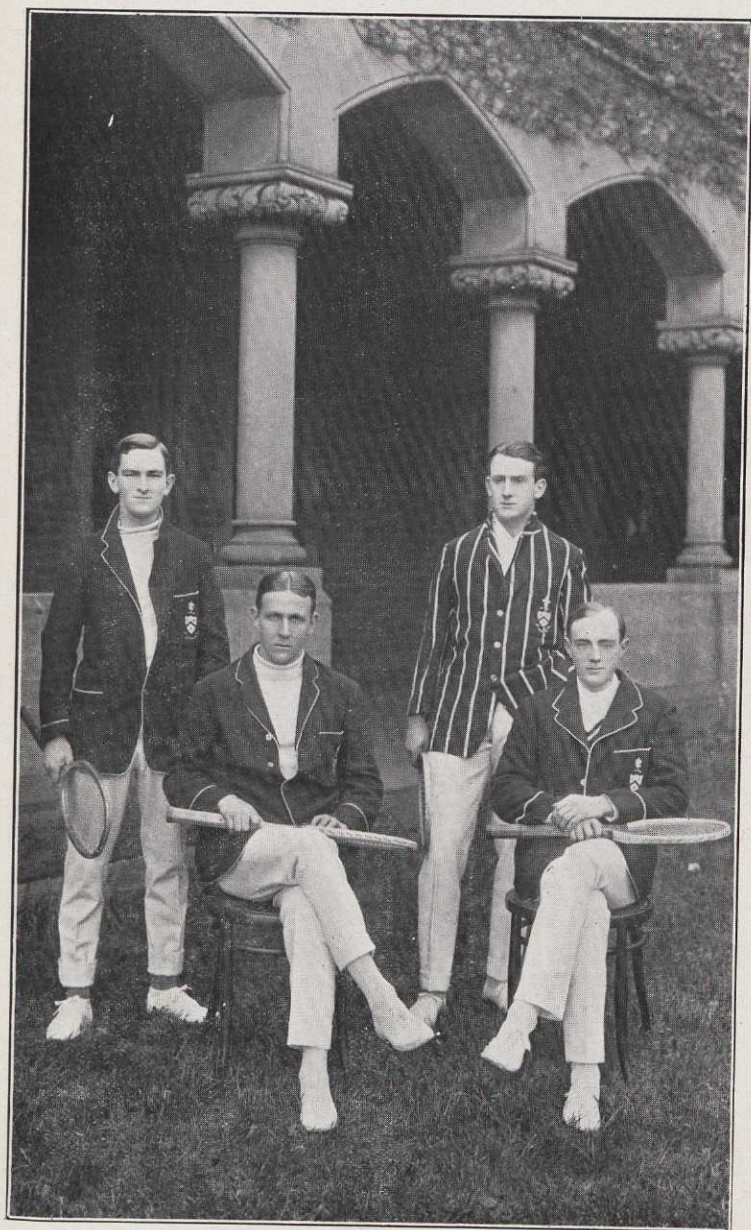
Yours, etc.,

CLARKITES IRRITANTES.

[Perhaps the damage was done by a meat axe.—Editors.]

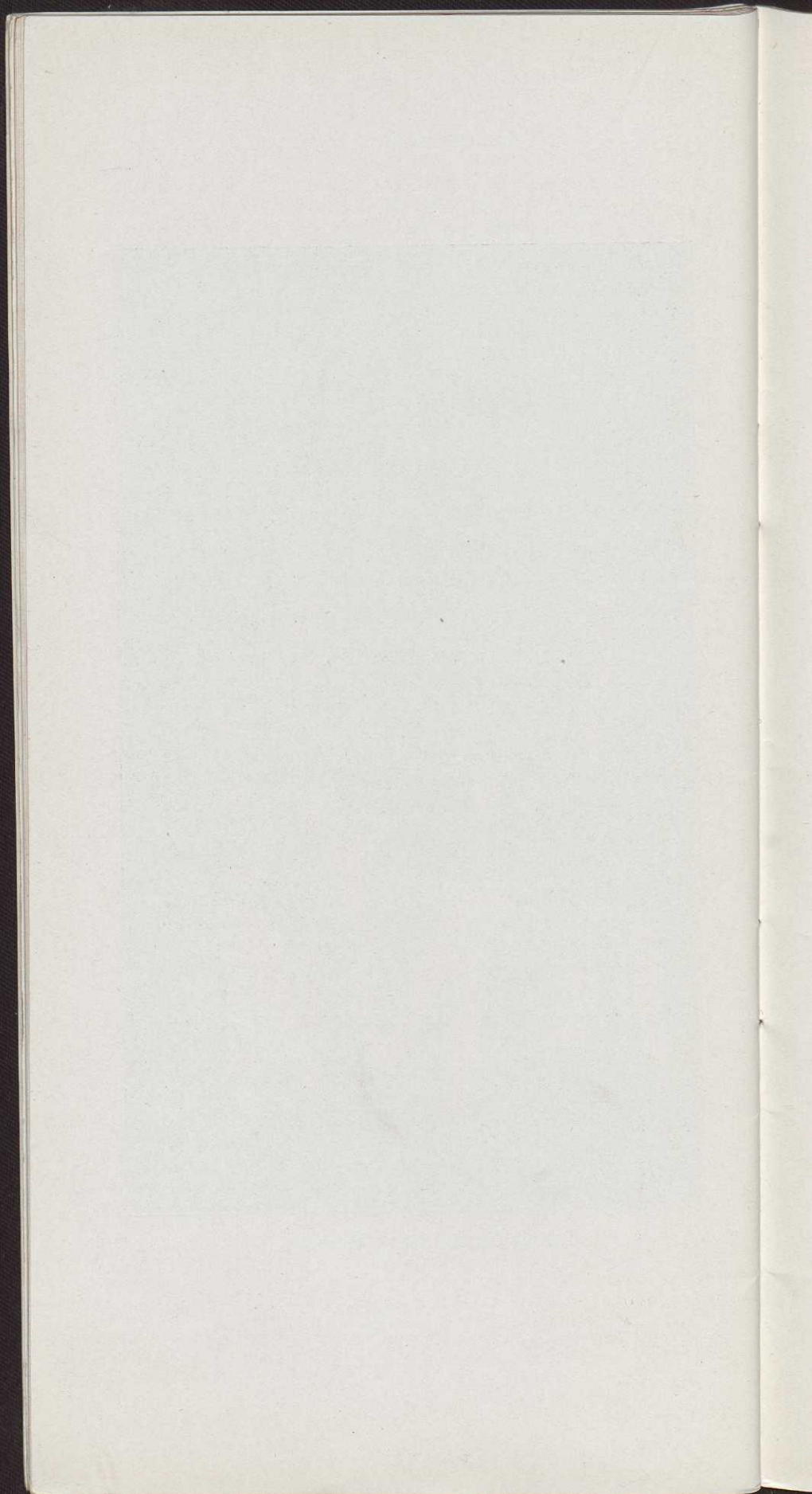






Tennis Team, 1913—Winners.







## CAMP.

Some dozen members of the College recently girded up their loins with the assistance of that instrument of torture known as the "web equipment," and, aided and abetted by about half a hundredweight of ironmongery tastefully disposed about their persons, betook themselves to the "Battalion Parade Ground."

There, as the tactful military phrase has it, they "fell in." That phrase describes their actions to a nicety. *Hac facto* at eight of the clock they stood firmly at attention and awaited orders till nine of the same (Ormond) clock. The tedium of waiting was somewhat enlivened, however, by the equestrian performances of the adjutant's groom. This gentleman had been ordered to take the steed up close to the men so that he could "get used to them." The groom carried out his orders by walking the animal down between lines of men two thirty-inch paces apart. Some one of the brutal and licentious soldiery took it into his head to assist his progress with the business end of a bayonet. The adjutant then concluded that the horse was a nervous creature and would have to "get used to the men" gradually. As a matter of fact, he was used to the men but not to their weapons.

However, in the latter end we got under weigh; wrong end first, of course. But that was a trifle. We arrived at Bundoora at about four o'clock. There we went through the agony of "issuing stores," which were always one blanket and one bucket per tent short. Thanking the gods that it was no worse, we sent out scouts and reconnoitering patrols to fill the blanks. To our surprise and annoyance we found the whole battalion engaged in the performance of the same intricate manoeuvre. However, we recovered a blanket and two tent pegs from the melee.

The next item on the programme was tea. To anyone who has not been in camp that meal, for straight-out bestiality, would spell despair. (I don't quite see how to straighten that out, but y' see what I mean?) I am not going to attempt a detailed description. I couldn't do it, not in these trousers. Of course, in a day or two you get used to every meal tasting of every preceding one, but for a little time absurdly fastidious people will worry about little things like whether they are eating onions, stew or *pate de fois gras*. (The answer is usually potato soup.)

The camp itself more nearly resembles what I have heard a Sunday-school Picnic is like than anything else. We were never once overworked, we had nearly always enough to eat, there were no contradictory orders, and there were almost no fourth and fifth year meds. (Verb. sap.) The only incident of note during the daily routine



was the daily Dental Parade at seven a.m. Two enthusiastic dental students had brought out their infernal instruments in the hope of a "bit of prac. work," as one of them put it. The wretched patient was placed on an upturned bucket and, in front of his very eyes, the two tossed up as to which should inject and which extract. This important point settled, they tossed as to which tooth was at fault, and generally ended by drawing—in turn—about half a dozen "to make sure." The patient then took his place among the audience while the remainder performed the ceremonial.

On Friday we marched home and thus ended "a derved dull camp."

The thing that has blighted our young hopes is that now, to the intense sorrow of those who remember the "good old days," we are a crack corps. Take it from one who knows, it's not half the fun it used to be, when the detail for forming fours on the march was "mark time two paces and dive for the blank." When nobody knew "marching order" from "fatigue dress," and, best of all, nobody cared. Those happy days have gone, alas, never to return, and now

If a beggar can't drill,  
Why we drills 'im,  
And teaches 'im 'ow to be'ave;  
If a beggar can't march,  
Why we kills 'im,  
And rattles 'im into 'is grave.

### THE RUMINATIONS OF A COLLEGE COW.

How strange is life! I dwell in peace profound until 10 a.m.; no man comes nigh save a few weary souls of the strange species known, I believe, as fresher, who pass hastily and hungrily as Ormond strikes 9. On sunny mornings I am not alone, for industrious youths produce easy chairs and multitudinous cushions, some of which look green and appetising, and there they sleep, book in hand, pipe in mouth. Towards midday they flock towards a low unpretentious shed, where apparently they are fed, as the melancholy of the morning is dispelled from their countenances.

My personal safety is my next concern, for yelling hordes of three or four in abbreviated attire chase madly round my sacred domain. What is their object? Are they attempting to kick that ball between those two sticks? Vainly do I seek refuge at the rear of Clarke's, only to be sent forth on my wanderings round the Bulpadock by a veritable hail of tennis balls.

As dusk gathers the open windows unfold many a tale. In Lower Bishop's in the gas-light I see many figures bending quietly over the tables—these windows



are without excitement, yet what a lesson to the rest of the College. In other rooms the lights are sometimes absent. Are the inmates out? Alas! I know it to my cost—but of that anon.

A curious medley of noises assails my ears; a well-known gramophone grinds ragtime melodies, aspiring songsters warble unappreciated yet not unmolested, while ever and anon a stentorian voice summons revelers to the telephone. Do they work here?

In peaceful intervals I muse over the events of the day, and dread the approach of night. Yet to-day life has been bearable, not like that afternoon not long ago when one of the well-nigh victorious crew in strange attire mistook me for his Arab steed. And then one night, as I lay peacefully chewing the cud, I felt an unaccustomed weight upon my back; in terror I attempted to arise, but insult was added to injury, as an anguished voice enquired of his comrades, "Which end of the beast gets up first?"

Yet while I muse the Ormond clock has ceased to chime, and from the last returning tram I hear the conductor vainly clamouring for the "elusive twopenny fare." But now the latest wanderer has returned, and I settle down to slumber to prepare for the troublous morrow that must surely dawn.

—"Vacca Collegia."

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### ROUND THE GALLERY.

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What a mass of blanks the pictures are in this place! One would more or less expect them in the Common-room and in the dining-room—they're supposed to be amply furnished by the Council. The Common-room atrocities are many times worse than blanks: a space of decent wall-paper would be infinitely preferable to the agonies of awkwardness of "*Le Printemps*," the chef d'oeuvre of the line. The rest of the hangings are nothing but old tradition, and this old fetish tradition is the great load on the College back. The most interesting thing on the Common-room wall was the filthy fungus, but they've taken that away from us for the time being.

In this poverty-stricken place one can hardly expect our alien authorities to have pleasing surroundings in a meal room, but how much brighter the whole eating process would be with a few bits of bright colour round the walls in place of the present shockers. Meal-time on physiological grounds alone should be bright, and we might even be distracted from De B—g—that surely would suffice. What about all these scholarships we hear so much about? Why not give one to generally adding a bit of colour to the place. I'll take the Council down and show 'em where they can get it—cheap enough for anyone.

But it's not only in these rooms and up stair ways that one fails to find a decent picture. How many of the men here know that we've a signed Braugwyn in the place? How many men have ever 'eard of 'im? or seen his pictures in our Gallery? How many men have seen that typically beautiful Heysen in one of the rooms? Hunt 'em up and have a good look at them.

Study after study of uninteresting uglies on the walls. The only redeeming feature is the way they are skied up near the badly papered ceiling. Many of them are "highly offensive" to the eye—pictures of Little Willie at a particularly nasty age.

Every week there are little picture exhibitions "down the village" of local artists. Some are good, many are shocking. But every now and then one can pick up a really good original, and an original is something nobody else has got. It will give the artist a boost, and it will give you and your room a boost—something to start on.

Your room for the time is your home: make it interesting. You have fairly decent carpets on the floors, cushions on the chairs. Why not complete the Trilogy and hang a few decent pictures. A room without pictures is like a house without windows. If the Young Things like to see Little Willie with his pretty cap on holding a cricket bat, well—let him trot out his pictures at his tea-fites, but in the interim let him hide them well out of sight. Nothing reacts on one like one's surroundings.

One decent picture on a wall may fill it much better than fifty flea-bites of things. Read what games McNeill W— says on hanging pictures, then get in the middle of the Bulpadock and think on it.

W. Wildflower, R.A.





## VALETE.

- C. C. Riddell.—In College, 1908-1913. Rifle team, 1909-10-11-12-13, Captain, 1912-13; Social Club Committee, 1912-13, President, 1913; President of Table, 1912-13; Business Manager, "Fleur de Lys," 1912.
- A. F. Jolley.—In College, 1909-13. Football, 1909-10-11-12-13; Running, 1909-10-11; Rowing, 1913; Cricket, 1910-11-12; Social Club Committee, 1913.
- W. H. Godby.—In College, 1909-1913. Mary Armytage Scholar, 1909-10; Cricket, 1910-13; Rowing, 1909-10-12-13; Running, 1909-10-11-12-13; Football, 1909-10-11-12-13; Shooting, 1911; Social Club Committee, 1913; President of Table, 1913.
- H. N. M. Puckle.—In College, 1909-1913. Dialectic Committee, 1910-11-12; Hon. Sec. Dialectic Club, 1910; Social Club Committee, 1912-13; Secretary, 1912-13.
- E. C. Jowett.—In College, 1909-1913. Running, 1911-12-13; Tennis, 1913; President of Table, 1913; Business Manager "Fleur de Lys," 1913.
- G. Baracchi.—In College, 1906-7-11-12-13. Editor "Fleur de Lys," 1913; Social Club Committee, 1913; Hon. Sec. Dialectic Society, 1913; President of Table, 1913.
- S. O. Cowen.—In College, 1911-12-13. Football, 1911-12-13; Henry Berthon Scholarship.
- J. Wharton.—In College, 1911-12 (1st term), 1914 (1st term). Cricket, 1911-14.
- J. Norris.—In College, 1913.
- C. R. Lister.—In College, 1913. Tennis, 1913; Football, 1913.
- P. O'H. Wood.—In College, 1911-12-13. Cricket, 1911-12-13, Captain, 1913; Football, 1911-12-13, Vice-Captain, 1913; Tennis, 1911-12-13, Captain, 1913; Warden's Minor Scholarship, 1911.
- H. D. Campbell.—In College, 1911-12-13. Committee Dialectic Society, 1912-13, Secretary 1912, Essay and Medal 1911, Oratory Medal 1913; Cricket, 1913; Editor "Fleur de Lys," 1913.
- G. D. Kelly.—In College, 1912-1913 (1st term). Football, 1912; Running, 1913; Crew, 1913.
- C. R. Campbell.—In College, 1913. Perry Scholarship; Tennis, 1913; Cricket, 1913; Football, 1913; Running, 1913.
- E. Sutcliffe.—In College, 1913.
- O. Shanasy.—In College, 1913.
- A. Stoney.—In College, 1913-14 (1st term).

## Blue Pencil.

The response made to the Editors' appeal for copy was not as good as it ought to have been, though by no means bad, and we are extremely grateful to all contributors who, whatever the merits of their work, at least realised their responsibility. The idea still seems to prevail that the Editors exist solely to write material, whereas in order to have a magazine truly representative of College life in all its varying hues and embracing wide interests, it is essential that as many men as possible should assist in its compilation.

Under these circumstances, however, we feel on a particularly safe footing. Any praise which may be going we should be fairly entitled to, while to anyone who complains that we have left undone that which we ought to have done, we have the obvious retort, "Why didn't you send us the idea?" All this has been said before in past numbers, but we still live in the hope that "the constant dropping will wear away the stone."

\* \* \*

The initiation passed off much as usual. The President of the Court had to be constantly woken up to give his verdict, while the counsel, both for the offence and defence, frequently assisted one another to rise to the occasion. On the whole it was strenuous work, and all concerned should be thankful it comes but once a year.

\* \* \*

Marko's Weather Bureau and Music Hall has opened and is attracting patrons nightly. Your temperature taken while you listen to the bandy-legged gramophone. Cigars given away with every forecast. Handsome attendant.

\* \* \*

The University procession was well attended by members of the College. The Governor's party led the procession and the make-ups were excellent, especially Sir John Madman and Lord Dead'ed. Lady Bottleup was charming, while the Lady Alicia Snatchpool "looked a million." The other party went as prehistoric suffragettes, and they certainly looked the part.

\* \* \*

Q.—Why wouldn't Rowntree talk?

A.—Because Isher would.

Q.—What made Bowler Nash?

A.—Because they wanted to make him Roe.

Q.—Why is it strange that Newport's White?

A.—Because of his connection with the Kitchin.

Q.—What makes Wank lean,

A.—Because he doesn't chew the Cudmore.



## ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BILLIARD-ROOM.

(With Apologies to Gray.)

The Ormond bell tolls slowly one o'clock,  
 The coin is tossed by those who stand and wait,  
 The lucky couple start their daily "knock,"  
 The others write their names upon the slate.

The red ball sits in its accustomed hole  
 And calmly waits its fast approaching fate,  
 A shot from baulk, allowing for the roll,  
 Deposits it unkindly in the grate.

The game proceeds, played with relentless force,  
 The cloth is furrowed by the rolling balls,  
 Each steering gaily an erratic course,  
 Sometimes into a yawning pocket falls.

The bending cue squints at the object ball,  
 The player fires, just seen behind the tip,  
 The spot ball travels with a lazy crawl,  
 And ends up bunkered on a pocket lip.

The other player on the table leaps,  
 Taking great care to keep his feet in baulk,  
 The spot-ball calmly in its crevice sleeps,  
 "Confound it, we have lost the bally chalk."

For twenty minutes it goes on apace,  
 With Fortune always waiting on the brave;  
 The next pair step into the vacant place;  
 Who would not wish to be a billiard slave?

\*

\*

\*

The following is inspired by the fact that Jiggy and  
 Jacko have started to learn the banjo:—

Hark to the tinkle of tightened strings,  
 Touched with a master hand!  
 Sigh at the sound of a voice which sings  
 Songs of the ragtime brand!  
 Weep at the wail of the violin,  
 Scraped with a sobbing bow!  
 But laugh till your sides are caving in  
 At the "twang" of the old banjo!

Work till your body calls out for rest,  
 Sleep till you wake next day,  
 Smoke your old pipe when you feel depressed,  
 Briar, boxwood or clay;  
 But when you're bored with this giddy life,  
 Or tired of squandering "dough,"  
 Then sit at home with your lovely "wife,"  
 Playing the old banjo.

The wail of a Recruit on reaching Bundoora:—

(Singing rights reserved.)

I've been cursing all day long,  
 Words I cannot find too strong;  
 Blame me not for what I say—  
 Blisters make me speak this way.  
 Why, oh! why did I come here,  
 Far from feather beds and beer.  
 It looks like raining—no use complaining  
 Of colds and wear and tear.  
 You made me march here,  
 I didn't want to do it, I did not want to do it;  
 There is a railway not far from here, you knew it,  
 I guess you always knew it;  
 You made me step out sometimes, you made me halt,  
 When things went wrong, sir, you said it was my  
 fault;  
 You made me shave, sir  
 (I didn't want to curse you, I didn't want to curse  
 you);  
 My rifle's rusty, too, indeed it's true, although its  
 new.  
 Give me, give me what I cry for—  
 A bath, a pot of beer and bed are what I'd die for;  
 That's how you'll make me love you.

(The poor fellow who wrote this has since had everything he wanted—a bath, beer, and bed—but still persists, unfairly, we think, in not only living, but in writing doggerel.—Eds.)

\* \* \*

### COMMON-ROOM BALLADS.

#### The Yarn of the College Porter.

I'm only a College Porter,  
 But I reckon I got some sense;  
 I reckon I know a thing or two,  
 And I reckon its over the fence.

The way I'm ordered abaht all day,  
 And made to work for me screw,  
 And its precious little thanks I get  
 From this ungrateful crew.

But d'yer suppose I do it for nothin'?  
 You don't know **me** if yer do;  
 I spent the Long Vac. in Tasi,  
 And paddled me own canoe.

But bless yer, its not only for money  
 I sits in me office all day;  
 I'm studying human nature.  
 As the bloomin' philosophers say.



Sometimes I 'appen to be leanin'  
 Just near the Common-room door,  
 And I 'ears the stoodents talkin',  
 And I 'ears their learned jaw.

"'Ow is it?" says one to another;  
 "Not too bad," the other replies.  
 "Got a fag," says a darkish young feller,  
 As 'e looks through 'is 'alf-closed eyes.

"My motor byke's all busted,"  
 Says a tall, fair young sport.  
 "No wonder," retorts another,  
 "If you goes and buys the wrong sort."

Then a cove with a pasty complexion,  
 And 'is 'air plastered back to his scalp,  
 Says, "I'm off to the bloomin' theayter  
 To give the actors some 'elp."

"Got a match?" says the dark young feller  
 I mentioned a minute before.  
 "Where's my milk," says a chap called Monker,  
 With 'is lip pointin' down to the floor.

"My cripes," says the senior stoodent,  
 With 'is face covered up with a grin;  
 "Struth," says a fair young feller  
 'Oo was making an 'orrible din.

Then a chap with a swagger approaches,  
 The dark bloke I've mentioned before;  
 Flicks 'is cigarette with 'is finger,  
 And shuffles one foot on the floor.

"I've bin to a 9 o'clock lecture;  
 I'm doin' third year law."  
 "Got a fag," says the darkish young feller,  
 'Oo 'ad smoked wot 'e got before.

And this is their conversation,  
 This is their learned jaw;  
 This is wot they calls culcher,  
 And wot I stays 'ere for.

When a pal says to me, "I wonder  
 Why you stop at that beastly job,"  
 I winks and I says with a bit of a leer,  
 Don't worry about me, old cob.

