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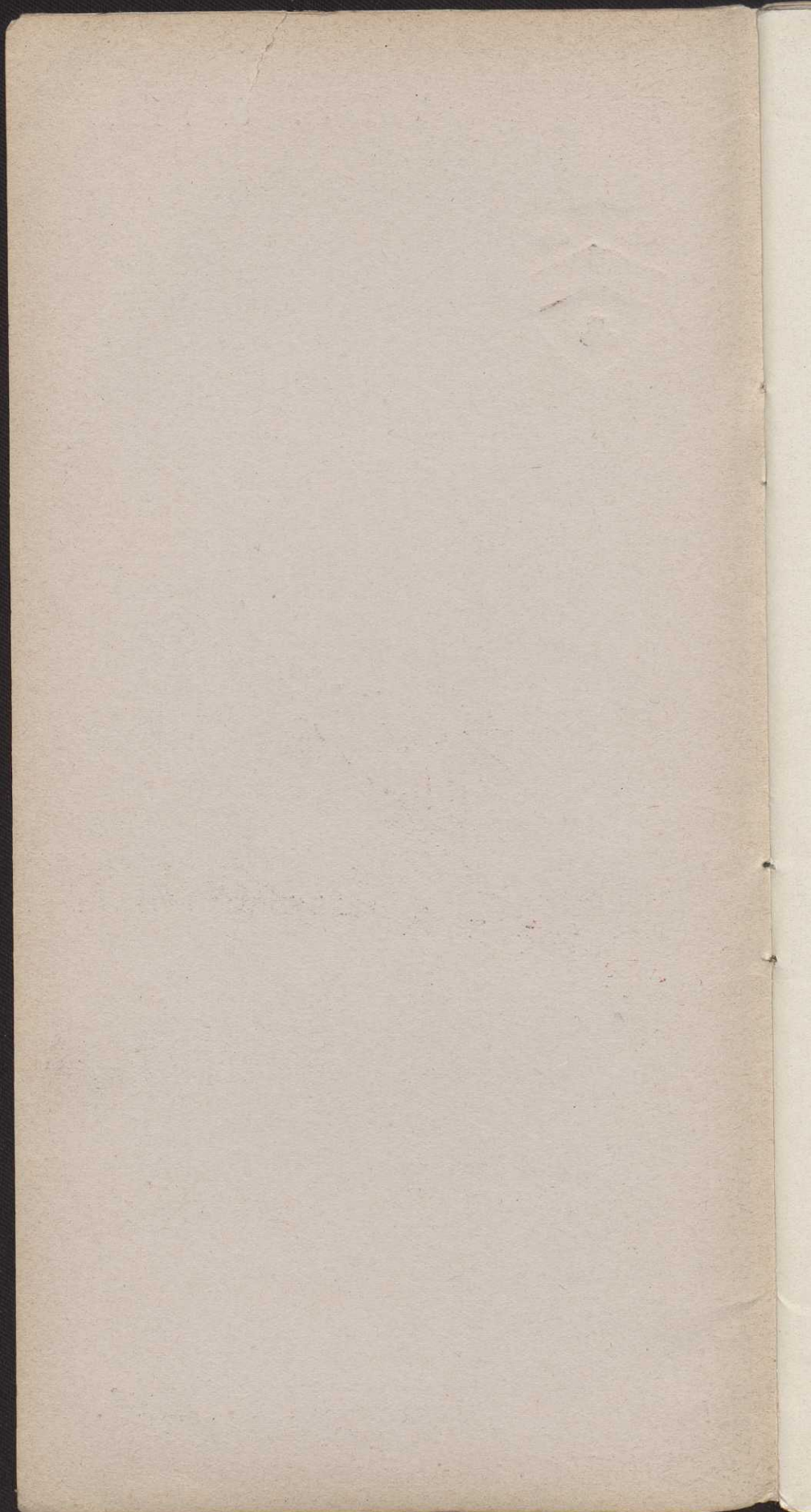
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The Fleur-de-Lys

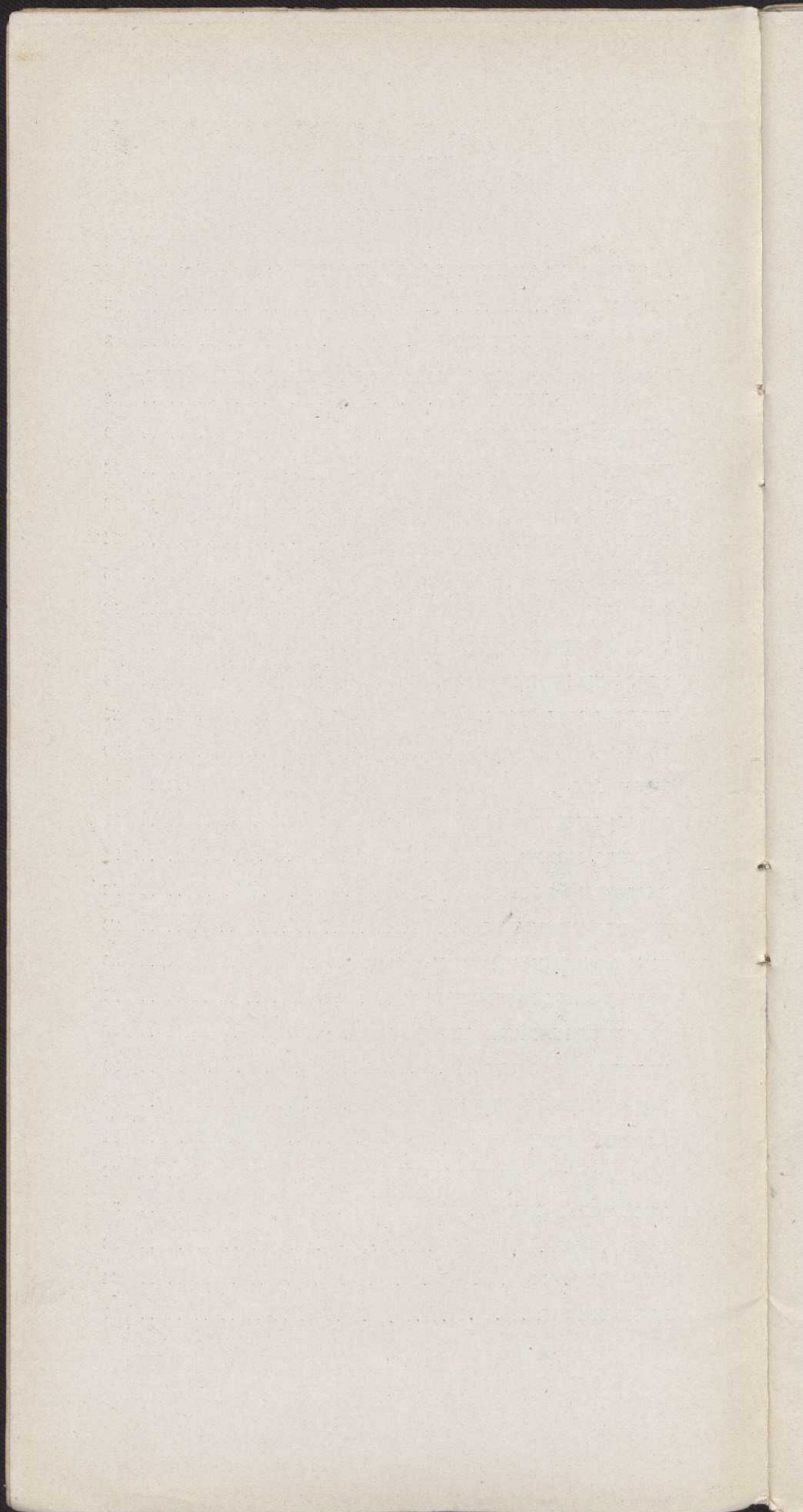
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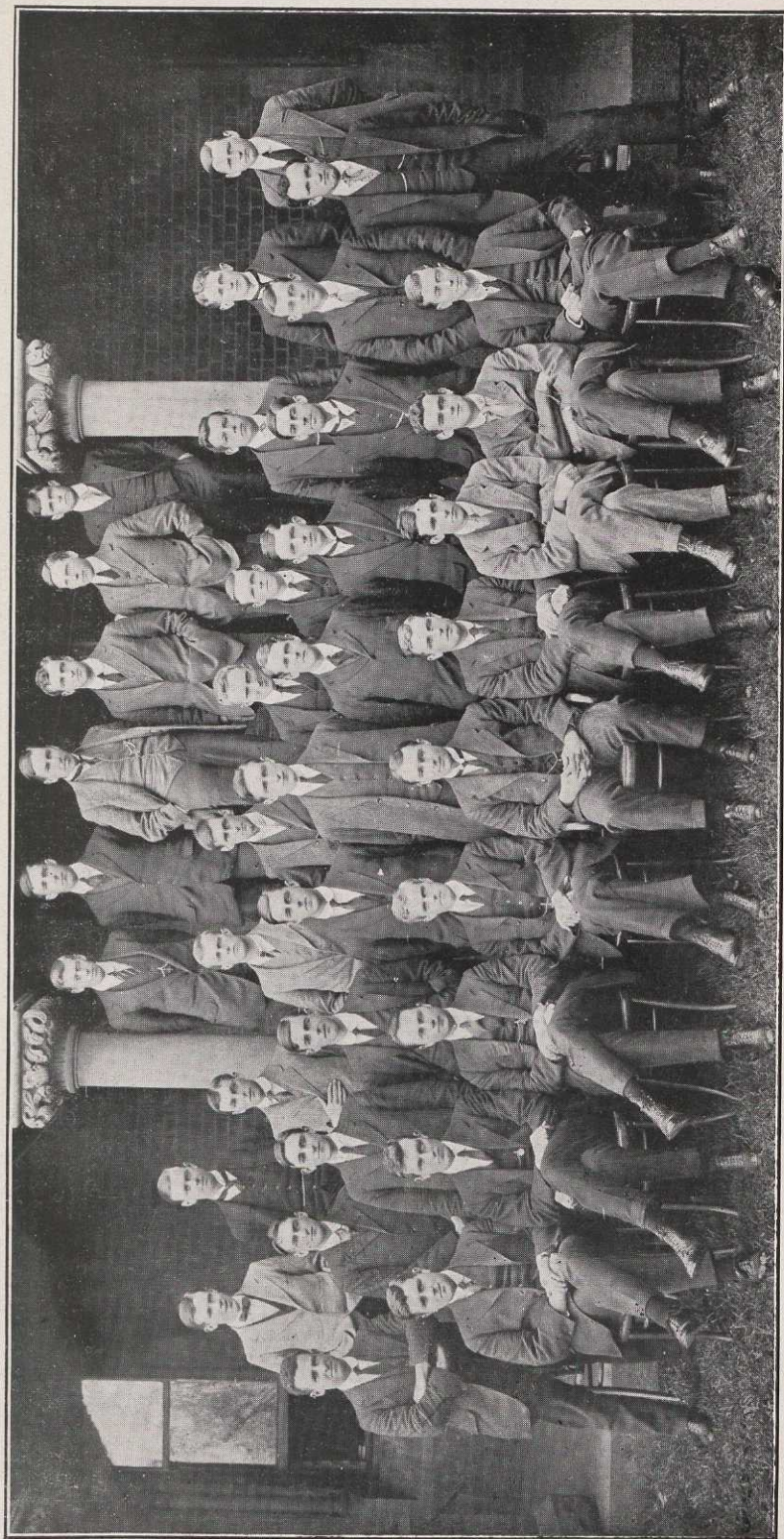
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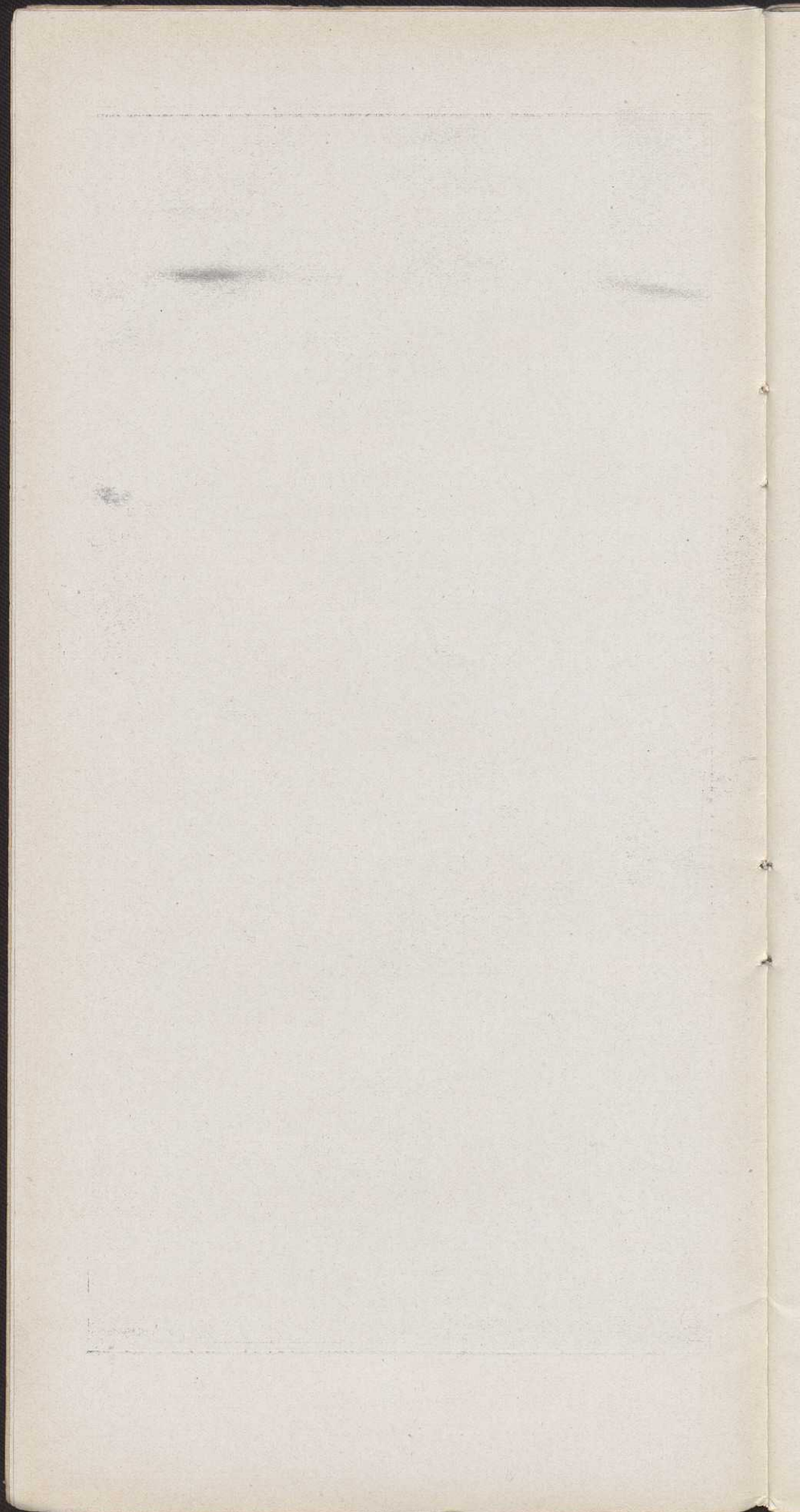
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Group of College Men.



The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE.

VOL. 3.

OCTOBER, 1914.

No. 16

Editors:

A. R. MACE.

J. GAVAN DUFFY.

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

EDITORIAL.

With the poor figure which the College cut in last year's exams still before our minds, and with defeat in every sporting fixture so far, dogging our footsteps, there really seems only one possible topic for an "editorial"—the College itself.

We are face to face with the fact that the College is passing through a critical period. It is no use shutting our eyes to the truth nor writing pleasantly, but ineffectively, of other things. No good ever comes of pretending that all is right when all is wrong; and the one important fact which we ought to consider exclusively, and to which we ought to address ourselves with all speed, is the question of the causes and remedies of the present state of affairs.

Of course all our failures can be explained away like most failures. We can point to the fact that, from an exam. point of view, we simply haven't the material with which to gain exhibitions and honours. We can plead our inferiority numerically, in comparison with the other colleges, as a reason for our failure in sport. But when all is said and done, we can only at best excuse ourselves and, as a French proverb says, "He who excuses himself accuses himself." Denied, then, the privilege of excuse, we may proceed to argue that if we don't pos-

sess the quality in the College to gain successes, there is simply nothing for it—we must accept defeat. But in adopting this attitude we are omitting the element in success, the very great element, of personal effort. Many of the greatest achievements in the history both of individuals and peoples have been brought about by the correct handling of poor material. Granted, then, that we have touched low-water mark, and, added to that the fact that we do not possess much brilliant material, what is to be our attitude? Surely not one of "laissez faire."

We are utterly unworthy to follow those who have preceded us if we are able to put forward no effort because there seems no hope of success. And now for a practical suggestion. Let every man determine at once to put forward a supreme effort. Let everyone pledge himself to persevere at one particular branch of sport and one special line of work. Some few of our number have done nobly this year in one direction or another, but many of us (and the writers frankly confess to be among the number) have more or less drifted through the year without doing a fair share in both directions. There is already, we maintain, a feeling manifest that something ought to be done, and that some combined effort is required. Let it take definite shape. Let every man bind himself as suggested, and, if necessary, let a book be kept in which his pledge is registered.

But we must carry our appeal further. If this movement is to gain ground it must be fostered from other sources and meet with active sympathy and encouragement. To this matter, therefore, we now turn. The College does not consist solely of the students. It is true that much of the success of the place depends upon them, but this is by no means entirely so, and we want to extend our appeal to all those who are connected with and interested in the College.

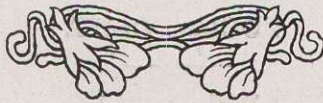
This Foundation belongs to the Church of England, and there are on the Council, amongst others, the Bishops as ex-officio members, being as they are the representatives for the time being of the Church of England. At this critical juncture in the life of the College we think that we are not exceeding our privileges when we respectfully request these gentlemen, in common with the other members of the Council, to ask themselves the question as to whether they are fulfilling their responsibility to the College. We believe that when the deeds of men come to be weighed in the balances of Justice, one of the sins which will make the scale go down with a crash in the wrong direction, is the criminal folly of holding an office whilst neglecting the responsibility thereof. Of course we make no accusation—our knowledge of the governing body is too hazy for that, but we simply ask them, as a religious body, to indulge in the

religious exercise of self-examination, so that they may make sure that they are faithful trustees of the splendid work of those to whom they have the privilege to succeed.

We feel we are justified in making this appeal all the more because the one constant authoritative connection with the governing body domiciled actually with us, and giving his exclusive time to the interests of the place, has departed in the person of the late Vice-Warden. Hence the magazine must be requisitioned as a weapon of appeal.

To return to our point, let us quote a concrete example of what we mean. There is no doubt whatever that there is a leakage somewhere between the Public schools and the College. Men go to other colleges who ought to come here, and we are consequently missing some of the best material. We ask the authorities—Do they know this, and, if so, do they care, and, if they care, what are they doing to rectify matters? All these, we hold, are pertinent and necessary questions and such that, considering the critical times, cannot be dismissed as superfluous.

Our main contention is, that if the College is to revive and rise once again to its proper place, there must be co-operation. There must be sustained effort from within, active sympathy and understanding from without. The College coach has got badly bogged, and if the students are to put their shoulders to the wheel, let the authorities see that the wheels are well greased. Then our combined efforts will be successful, and we shall dash forward again up the hill of Parnassus to the field of Marathon without any apology to the Classics and Geography.



SOCIAL CLUB REPORT.

Second Term.

The 2nd term this year has seemed an unusually short one; it has been attended with its usual round of events. In sport only one intercollegiate event was decided, and though we were beaten in football, our team deserved great praise for the way they played. But we most heartily congratulate the ladies of the Hostel, who won the first tennis championship so handsomely.

The College concert was an acknowledged success. Great credit is due to the Glee Club, which practised most regularly and rendered their glees in a masterly way.

In the August examinations the College did fairly well, Messrs. Norris, Cowen and Maudsley being successful in their fourth-year subjects, Mr. Brent in part of them, and Messrs. Scantlebury, J. Mackay and Fetherstonhaugh in Forensic Medicine.

The billiard tournament was conducted in admirable fashion, finishing in the middle of the term, and resulted in a fine win for Mr. Quirk.

Matters concerning the proposed gymnasium have been left over pro tem. However, the College views with great interest the erection of the Carrington Memorial Chapel, which was started at the end of the term.

The College has achieved great distinction through Mr. Quirk winning the Victorian Championship at golf. After appearing to be in a hopeless position as the result of first day's play, he tied for first place on the second day, and eventually won the play-off.

Mr. Marks was selected to play with the University football team which visited Adelaide during the vacation.

In conclusion, we trust that this term, which is always considered a working one, will be spent with hard work for its attendant examinations.

REPORT OF TRINITY COLLEGE HOSTEL SOCIAL CLUB.

Second Term, 1914.

This term has been as prosperous as ever. Little events like measles only serving to give us extra excitement, without disturbing the even tenor of our ways.

The chief incident of the term was the inter-collegiate tennis matches, in both rounds of which we were successful. As usual, after the final match we entertained the visiting teams at dinner,

Circulars appealing for funds for a new tennis court have been distributed, and so far £37 have been received. This, however, is not sufficient as £50 was the lowest estimate, and so we are hoping for further contributions.

The Hostel wishes to congratulate Miss Windmill on her success in passing her third year Medicine so well.

Owing to exigencies of work the Literary and Dramatic clubs have not been as prosperous as they might have been. The secretaries of the above societies evidently consider that the enjoyable Shakespeare evenings at the Warden's Lodge have provided us with sufficient literary information.

There was a match between the Past and Present Hostel students, in which the present students were successful. We wish that more old students would accept the invitation to meet together on this afternoon once a year.

Committee T.C.H.S.C.

Common Room Chatter

One of the few amusing incidents of the College football match was the speech made by a dramatically inclined Trinity half-back at half-time. When accosted by an irate opposing forward who wanted to know what the — he meant by — well crawling all over him, the invincible Barnstormer, drawn up to his full 5ft. 2in., one hand feeling for where his sword hilt should have been, replied: "Sirrr, your language revolts muh! How dare you address me so. I'll have you know, sirrr, you have forgotten something in that trifling English courtesy due from one gentleman to another." Collapse of Ormond forward. Reader to put in as many dramatic pauses as seem necessary.

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College readers, both past and present, of G. K. Chesterton's "Flying Inn," should have a particular fellow feeling for Humphrey Pump in his "song against grocers." To those who, at one time or another, have been obliged to purchase the wily candle or the furtive soap in this neighbourhood, the following lines must surely appeal:—

"The evil-hearted grocer
Would call his mother ma'am,
And bow at her and bob at her,
Her aged soul to damn,
And rub his horrid hands and ask,
'What article was next?'"

Act IV. of one of the Repertory company's latest plays contained some passing reference to a transaction in shares. Our elongated engineer, who was returning from the show, broke a silence that had held intact for the greater part of the afternoon by leaning over to his next door neighbour on the returning Brunswick tram and saying, "I don't think he was right about those shares."

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A frightful outrage has been perpetrated in our midst. Every canon of decency and morality has been violated. That backbone of our constitution—the idea that an Englishman's home is his castle—has been trodden underfoot. The study of one of our most aesthetic members has been invaded by the madding crowd who undertook to improve on the hanging of the aesthete's pictures. They laid unhallowed hands upon his choicest possessions, each of which represented part of his beliefs, or, shall I say, pose. Readers, try to imagine the proper wrath of the aesthete when he discovered the vandals drinking cocoa 'midst the devastation they had wrought. Julius-like, he expelled them, cutting one and all off his visiting-list. I, who was privileged to witness the scene of desolation, was moved nigh unto tears. The outraged proprietor, with his sorrowing, sympathetic bride, glowered upon the ruins of his shattered and desecrated Penates. Sad, inexpressibly sad!

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Wednesday matinees have become popular with the advent of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. The "gods" is frequented by bands of enthusiasts, some en masse, others a deux. In the latter case we find the solution of that old problem, "Will the lady pay?" She does. Of course then you may shout an ice-cream or a peanut, and all is well. She has your company through three hours of darkness and bright music, and is not this enough? You provide further entertainment for the mass, assuming 'tis a "bob" well spent.

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On dit que Ticka is about to launch upon an unsuspecting public a rival newspaper to the well-known weekly produced by Mr. Vockler. Having made his own fortune at the expense of some of our most noted "fielders," he intends to soothe a host of punters on to them. On being questioned by our reporter, he stated that he was prepared to swear that he picked a winner once over in the West.

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In these days of tennis tournaments championship and otherwise the casual passers-by have a continuous picture of sad, drawn faces, and displays of rage, coupled

with a ceaseless flow of doubtful language. The more one sees of it the more one agrees with "Whats-his-name." Truly! Ces Anglais! ils s'amusent tristement.

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The College has established a record. Curb your excitement, "gentle reader." So utterly weary were the members of the football team after the Ormond match that not a man made pilgrimage to the city, there fitly to celebrate our overwhelming defeat. Verily, we are not as great as our predecessors.

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One of our members was mistaken for a certain Yankee at present advertising one of Melbourne's daily papers. Such is fame!

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It is not our custom to insert advertisements in this paper, but the Senior Student wishes us to say that after spending a week-end there he can thoroughly recommend —'s Hotel at Seymour. As Harry Lauder would say, it is "awfu guid."

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Our erstwhile friend Guido returned to the fold lately fairly bursting with stories of adventure. He reports that he narrowly escaped being rioted on in Vienna. We claim that that is nothing to boast about. It has happened to a great number of College men.

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Dr. Maloney's meeting opposite the College gates was a great success. Potter's neglect to turn up in night attire was disappointing, but it was balanced by Pa's utter rout by the Irish lady.

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The fair-haired Humpo is greatly in request for the umpiring of girls' hockey matches. He officiated "beautifully" in the inter-Varsity matches and was, we hear on the best authority, greatly appreciated.

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Those members of the British Science Association who were the guests of the College behaved themselves in an exemplary fashion. We have heard no complaints from the Porter or the local policeman, and we personally have missed nothing as yet from either our bedroom or study.

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After reading the "Argus" report of golf at Sandringham we are surprised that Quirk should so far forget himself and the etiquette of golf as to stroll on ahead whilst his partner was playing an approach.

One of our best-known Professors was unfortunately failed without an oral in his pet subject by Kingsley, whilst the latter was somewhat uplifted by a "Herald" victory of the British fleet.

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"When the cat's away the mice will play." Owing to the absence of one of our number who hails from another State, his young brother seems to be making somewhat of a welter of it. Two teas at one and six per diem adds up at the end of a year. So—go easy!

DESIRE.

Into the gulf of vain desire
 My restless fancies swim;
 My passion burns for what it lacks,
 And then again grows dim.
 The comforts of this age of ease
 Confine and hem me round,
 And yet my spirit strains to burst
 The sense which keeps it bound.
 The dullness of a winter's day,
 The distant landscape view,
 The thought of ages long ago,
 The touch of evening dew.
 All these break through that carnal sense
 Which longs to settle down
 And fill me with a strange desire
 I know not whence has grown.
 Is it for wealth or social rank,
 That stupid social height,
 That false, delusive altitude
 Where might traverses right?
 Is it for power, whose chiefest joy
 Precedes attainments end?
 Is it for lust, which, satisfied,
 Will turn again and rend?
 It is for the love of a kindred soul
 Which complements my own,
 Whose heart keeps time to the beat of mine
 In a wonderful unison.
 It is for the clasp of a loving hand
 And the feeling that every thought
 Finds its ready response in the depths of a heart
 Whose affection is never taught.
 Oh, give me faith and patience and strength
 That this joy may be my own,
 But doubly strength, for it may be decreed
 That I live my life—alone!

THE HABIT.

In spite of the assertion made by some that the College is a dull mass of conservatism, an ordinary inmate is inclined to believe that it is far otherwise. To his experience, in fact, the very opposite seems to be the case. Ask him his opinion, and he will tell you that the place is invested by a creed little short of extreme Socialism. Further ask him to account for this, and he will sum it up by the one word "borrowing."

Borrowing in College is rampant. A man can't call a thing his own—it is usually someone else's.

You perhaps see someone wearing your most cherished tie—a wondrous thing of spots and bright colour. You approach him to remonstrate, but the words die on your lips and you make some inane remark on the European situation instead. His own socks are clamouring on your feet for the recognition of their rightful owner. As a rule the borrowing is done in most open manner. With the utmost inconsequence the borrower will tell you as a joke that he has been away for the week-end with your razor, or has been using your soap for the last ten days. In the latter case you may safely call him a liar. No man in College uses the same piece of soap for so long—someone else is sure to have laid hands on it long before that.

When caught in the act the borrower is absolutely unperturbed. He has no idea that you can possibly be annoyed with him. His motto is, "Live or be lived on," and he is determined "to live." You will see a man come out of a tutor's room with a pile of firewood and run slap into the tutor's arms. Is he abashed or ashamed? Not he. "Hullo!" he says jovially. "I am just going to light a fire," and passes on whistling.

You give a tea-fight and you borrow the other chap's crockery to make a splash. You go to a dance and a shirt of spotless linen—not your own, of course—adorns your chest. Someone has bookcases of books he seldom reads—again you borrow. Instances are innumerable.

After all, everybody thinks the goods of other people are better than his own. In this case, however, the Tenth Commandment emerges scatheless. You don't covet the other man's goods—you use 'em.

Perhaps borrowing is a relic of the old days of the tribal community, when the chattels of the tribe were put to common use, or it may be the seed from which a world Communism will grow. Whatever it has been or will, there is no doubt that it *is* a College institution which will last as long as the most sacred tradition.

Furthermore, have we not the authority of that acute human observer Charles Lamb, who describes borrowers as being of the "great race" of men.

Of a truth, men of Trinity, ye should rule the earth.

—Percy Pomegranate.

THE LAW STUDENT.

The position of the Law student in this College is rather anomalous. He is in the College, but not of it in so far as his work is concerned. He must struggle alone with the complexities of his subjects, and there is no guiding hand to lead him through the darkness of doubt to the brighter light of understanding. His position would perhaps be less hard but that he sees men of other courses being taken in hand by competent tutors, and this makes him look round for a reason for his neglect.

Surely it can't be that the study of Law is so simple that tuition is unnecessary. Results during past years should clearly show the contrary. Is his course unimportant, and, as such, does it require discouragement by the authorities? It certainly appears to be discouraged. A Law student in this College, one would think, would be apt to look on the place as a mere boarding-house. That he does not do so is due to the spirit which mere connection with the College inspires and the associations with his fellowmen. Surely Law is almost, if not quite, as important a study as Medicine: the study of Medicine leads to the healing of the human body, while the study of Law is a means to the service of the corporate body—the State. The one deals with the internal frailties of man, the other with his external weaknesses.

The Law course is only four years, whereas Medicine is five, and consequently the Law student seldom rises to positions of responsibility in the College. Perhaps this may in some measure account for the fact that his voice of complaint is seldom heard. He is not even granted the favour of a technical magazine, a courtesy which is extended even to theologs and engineers.

It cannot be a question of fees surely that denies him a tutor. A third and fourth year Law student pays only one guinea less per term than a third and fourth year Medical, and the pampered, spoon-fed medical has two tutors at his disposal.

Whatever the cause of neglect, the result is apparent. The Law student, working as he does without any apparent interest being taken in his work, is only too ready to let things slide. The whole atmosphere of the place seems to weigh against his best endeavour, and the consequence is he is apt to become a worker for his own ends and not for the College good.

Grant him a few concessions in the way of tuition and let him feel that the College takes some interest in him, and not only will better law results be obtained, but

he will be more likely to give of his best to the College in other ways.

On the other hand, let him feel that he is being neglected and he will at once become a centre of discontent—the process is only natural.

It is time some action was taken in the matter of Law tuition. The first step has come from the Law students; it remains now for the authorities to consider the matter in all its aspects and do something practical.

PRO URBE.


We do not know the sunlit days
That tells one winter comes;
The clear pure air, the fragrant breeze
From meadow land or tossing seas,
Scented with salt or gums.

The parched land shimmering in the haze
Of summer's stifling heat,
The smoke-clouds shutting out the sun,
The summer stars when day is done,
With rest for weary feet.

We have the rush of moving crowds,
One heart that throbs and beats,
And dear to us are winter nights;
Men passing by: the coloured lights
On wet and glistening streets.

We lack the blossom on the hills,
The timber straight and tall,
The ripening crops that fall and rise,
The sighing wind, the bright birds' cries,
The kookaburra's call.

But we—we love the city's life—
The rush, the noises loud;
For them the wide and empty lands,
The open seas, the silent sands;
For us the hurrying crowd.



College Notes.

The women's intercollegiate tennis resulted in a comparatively easy victory for Trinity. In the first game against Ormond, although the first set of all went against them, Trinity ultimately ran out easy winners. Three days later the Hostel four served up an equally solid licking to Queen's. The play right through the matches was excellent and Trinity deserved its win. The trouble taken in practice and training by all the teams should serve as an example to the mere males. Our congratulations, although delivered at the time, are again tendered to the Hostel four.

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Inspired no less by the artistic appearance of one of our number than by his fund of green-room gossip, several members of the College were, during last term, tempted to tread the boards with the Repertory company. At the first suggestion that College men should constitute the stage crowd Mr. Grogan MacMahon's agent was almost overcome by the number of people willing to help the good cause, and get a free pass to the show. The first rehearsal was a howling success, almost 50 per cent of the original number turning up. Sunday's social obligations lessened this somewhat, and the second rehearsal was comparatively poorly attended. The third rehearsal was generally considered unnecessary by the majority, who already knew when to cry No! No! and when Shame! Shame! The great day arrived, but the lure of a sunshiny Saturday was too great and only our longest and our shortest accompanied the fantastic agent aforesaid to the theatre. They had a great time and it cost nothing.

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Third term arrives with smiling spring, but it is like the handsome young man in the "bellowdrama" who we all know, beneath his smiling exterior, bears ill-will to all noble characters. It is a time of good resolutions—nobly kept by some, shockingly shattered by others. Working leagues and spring weather—Cup week festivities and final gallops for exam. stakes are utterly irreconcilable.

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The billiard tournament, as is only just, went to our back-marker, Eric Quirk, who encountered little opposition until the final. In these few tournament games—for he is a rare visitor otherwise—his play from the rough was immense, and his amazing accuracy from cuppy lies augurs well for his coming campaign at Seaton.

The College dance, for the first time for many years, is not to be held. Though the invitations were out, and the arrangements in a great measure carried out, the sudden war caused a general dislocation of College affairs. The Debate was not held at the end of last term, and the Committee decided that the College dance should not be held. At any rate in all probability there would have been about three girls per man owing to the exodus to the Expeditionary Force.

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The sentiments expressed by the Warden in his speech on the European war were generally approved of. However, we see no reason even now why the gentleman from New Zealand should "think himself everybody" because the Warden referred to that volcanic dominion as "that brave little island," or words to that effect.

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The College bears an empty look nowadays owing to the departure of some of our brightest spirits for the front via Broadmeadows. However, at present they seem to be enjoying themselves by all accounts. Sperry makes up for a hard day's work by teaching some of the boys poker, whilst Dum will have plenty of opportunity for demanding "English courtesy" from his opponents. Jock we fully expect to see armed with a mashie niblick rivalling even the intrepid Boggarts. The best wishes of the College go with them on their trip, and though we cannot truthfully wish they should see active service, yet may the best of good luck be theirs.

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The Warden delivered a fine speech to us in Hall immediately on Great Britain's declaration of war. He pointed out that we were fighting in a good cause, and though we should not under-estimate the strength and bravery of the German people, the Triple Entente should win out. He said that we were entering on a period of great trial for the British Empire, and that he was sure the Commonwealth would be to the fore with assistance for England just as in the Boer war. His speech was received with great enthusiasm.

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The Elliot fours were to have been rowed at the end of last term after a lapse of a year. The crews were picked, but unfortunately the Kaiser inconsiderately rushed headlong into war just before the races were rowed. About five men turned up at the sheds; two or three had gone to enlist, and those unaccounted for were probably standing with uptilted faces outside the "Age" office. Anyhow there were no races and Wanklyn still holds the cup.

THE COLLEGE CONCERT.

This event was a great success, both as a concert and a social function. Notwithstanding the bitter weather, there was a good attendance, and the dining-hall, which had been suitably decorated for the occasion by Mr. Brent, was quite full.

Master Geoffrey Leeper opened the ball with a piano-forte solo, which reflected great credit on his present powers and augured well for his future excellence in this direction. Mr. Duffy's recitations were loudly applauded. This promising young man possesses considerable histrionic powers. We hope eventually to see him in melodrama.

Miss Wynne Macoboy's songs and her duet with her sister, Miss Mollie Macoboy, were received with great enthusiasm, and the bouquet with which she was presented reflected the general feeling of the audience at her performance. Miss McAdam delighted the lovers of the violin by her rendering of "Bolero" and the encore which it evoked. Miss R. Percy played two pianoforte solos, "Nocturne" by Grieg, and "Danse Creole," with great effect. Mr. Henry Thomas, the painstaking conductor of the Glee Club, sang "The Lute Player" in fine style. The banjo selection by Mr. A. Durand must have warmed the hearts of our embryonic banjoists, and the clever imitation of a sermon made even the front rows smile.

The College Glee Club, which was really the *raison d'être*, if not the *piece de resistance*, of the evening, acquitted itself well. Its performances were pleasing to the audience as being the musical efforts of their friends and to the rest of the College as marking the termination of a long series of practices. "To the Death," with which they opened fire, was done well without being done to death. "The Admiral's Broom" stirred the martial instincts of the audience to their depths. "A Venetian Love Song" and "The Soldier's Farewell" nearly reduced them to tears, whilst "Sweet and Low" and "The Bumble Bees" had the necessary soothing effect. An amusing incident occurred during the singing of the last. Whilst the members of the club were emitting a sound like an engine painfully climbing a steep gradient, which was artfully meant to convey the idea of a bumble bee, a young lady in the audience leant forward excitedly and said to her mother, "It is meant to be a bee." It is always nice to have one's efforts appreciated, and the Glee Club will be glad to know that one member of the audience at least with rare insight fathomed their meaning. Mr. Brent concluded with the College song, followed by the National Anthem.

A change was now noticed to pass over the faces of

the non-musical section of the College. They who hitherto had sat through the performance with an air of well-bred stupour, now rose with alacrity, for was not the best part of the programme yet to come—the entertaining of their lady friends to supper. What forms these various supper-parties took history does not record. Double doors shut out the inquisitive reporter, and he was left to wander alone amongst the fumes of Mr. Spowers's cooking operations, which filled the College like a dense fog from top to bottom. We can only hope the food, whose odour offended the passing nostril, nevertheless pleased the palate of the parting guest.

Thus concluded a most enjoyable evening. Our best thanks are due to the Warden for his help and to all those, including the accompanists, by whose perseverance the entertainment was made possible.

COLLEGE MUSIC.

"Music hath charms to soothe the sullen youth,
Material unresponsive and uncouth."—Willie.

In spite of the fact that there are few who "strictly meditate the thankless Muse," and that lethargy grows upon the College like the fungus on its walls, music at least is given the place of honour which it deserves.

The stranger on entering Lower Bishop's will be charmed with a soft and sympathetic rendering of an obsolescent ragtime played on an instrument with many stops and accompanied by the beat of a boot on the hearth. And if he had the fortune to spend the night in that building (which, unfortunately, the harsh rules of the College forbid) he might see strange sights; for even before cock-crow, when the ghosts walk and fools have breakfast, he would toss restlessly in his bed, haunted by a lean tenor (or is it falsetto) voice which neither bed-clothes nor double-barred doors will keep out. And later on, entering the Common-Room, the curators will (individually and collectively) display their vocal powers in any song or ditty from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera. And, what is more, they will on very special occasions sing the correct words in tune and not more than three keys. For three hours afterwards will be heard that all-powerful piano, which prevents Lower Clarke's from working. So great is the power of music!

But what of the gramophone! that delight of all true music-lovers, which will produce the voice of Caruso or Fred. Bluett through sand paper. They truly may be likened to Orpheus, for if they are not surrounded by

wild beasts, at least adolescent members of the canine species flock to them in hordes; and some, it is said, take their female visitors to hear them. Can this be for lack of intelligent conversation? No, surely not!—the suggestion of cankered mind. But truly the Young Thing has said:

O, for a cup of tea, an easy chair,
And you beside me sitting silent there,
Enraptured, listening to the gramophone,
With crumpets—then your company I'll bear.

INTER-COLLEGIATE SPORTS.

Trinity made a fine fight for the championship in the Inter-collegiate Sports, being beaten by Queen's by two points only. This is the second sporting event which Trinity has been within an ace of winning this year. The College is certainly on the up-grade in sport. A glorious day, a record number of tea-fights and some exciting contests combined to free the afternoon from dullness. J. H. S. Jackson was the hero of the day, coming first in the 100 yards and 120 hurdles and a good second in the 220 yards. He wisely scratched from the mile, which, coming early in the afternoon, would have spoiled his chances in other events. The inclusion of Miller in the Long Jump proved to be a wise step, as he won it in very fine style at 21 feet. H. R. Potter is to be congratulated on coming third in the 440 yards, especially as an injury to his foot had prevented him from training. Kitchin and Marks did useful work, coming third in the 220 yards and the 120 Hurdles respectively. The High Jump and the Mile were Trinity's weak points. Had we made any sort of a showing in these we should have easily topped the score.

LINES.

When in the budding leaf God gives us power—
Warrior unrest to grasp and throttle wrong—
To use in whole-souled emphasis the dower
Of righteous wrath—to fling afar a song
Of His own heart's desire—the cause of truth
To hold the purest passion of the soul,
Till crescent knowledge, reaching the full-orbed whole,
Enfold the insatiate yearning of our youth;
Thinkst thou He gave these as a transient flush
For deeper thought to weaken and destroy,
To quench incipient action in the spark
With timorous cares? Nay, rather should we blush
That God-sent fire issued not forth in joy
Of service pure, but faded into dark.

D.S.

Football

This year we met Ormond, who had previously beaten Queen's. Once again we have to record a decisive win for our opponents and to congratulate them upon putting into the field a really first-class team. Ormond have every reason to "throw bouquets" at themselves, as they played sterling football, showing strength in all departments of the game.

Perhaps if one simply looked at the scores of this match one might be apt to pass on with a sigh of disgust that Trinity had got no nearer to victory. As a matter of fact there is much to be learned from such a defeat. To begin with, our material for a team was, from the first, raw, nay, almost primitive, and yet, with almost certain knowledge of defeat, the men responded nobly to the call, and every evening for some weeks before the match the Bulpaddock shook to the trampling of many feet. Perhaps never before has a team tried harder to improve itself and so reduce by a goal or two the tally against them. It is a lesson for future generations—a stirring example of devotion to the College.

The match itself needs little description. From the first we were outplayed, but fought every inch of the way. Ormond's goal-kicking was erratic in spite of which they soon had a substantial score on the board.

Every man for Trinity did his best, but his best was not enough against the more experienced team. Especially noticeable for us were Moule, who played brilliantly; Roe, solid and untiring; Marks, our only League player, and Kitchin. Others who played well were Norris, Fetherstonhaugh, Miller and Jackson. Our forwards were weak or we might have made the scores look a little prettier:—Scores:—18 goals 22 behinds to 4 goals 4 behinds.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Owing to rules and regulations regarding rifle shooting on the ranges during war, that inter-collegiate fixture will probably not eventuate. Without wishing to be too self-satisfied, it is rather disappointing to us as Trinity hoped to reprieve its fallen fortunes somewhat in that event.

HOSTEL NOTES.

The golfing mania has spread even to the Hostel (*why*, we know not). Several enthusiastic Hostiles may be seen hitting up Australia in the dusk of even. A few coaching lessons, we consider, are highly necessary for them. (What about the Doctor?—Eds.)

The Intercollegiate dinner this year was brighter than usual owing to fireworks both within and without.

Judging from the sounds that float over from Trinity from time to time, there is ample scope for a larger membership of the Glee Club.

One of the most active members of the Hostel was stricken by an epidemic pronounced by an eminent College physician as germs-measles (*species*, German). With the usual selfishness shown by juveniles, she and her nurse kept it all to themselves. Grave fears were entertained lest the epidemic had spread to a neighbouring institution, but—it proved to be merely influenza.

We all enjoyed the Trinity Concert. So much harmonious vocal talent in the vicinity was quite unsuspected, and, therefore, all the more appreciated.

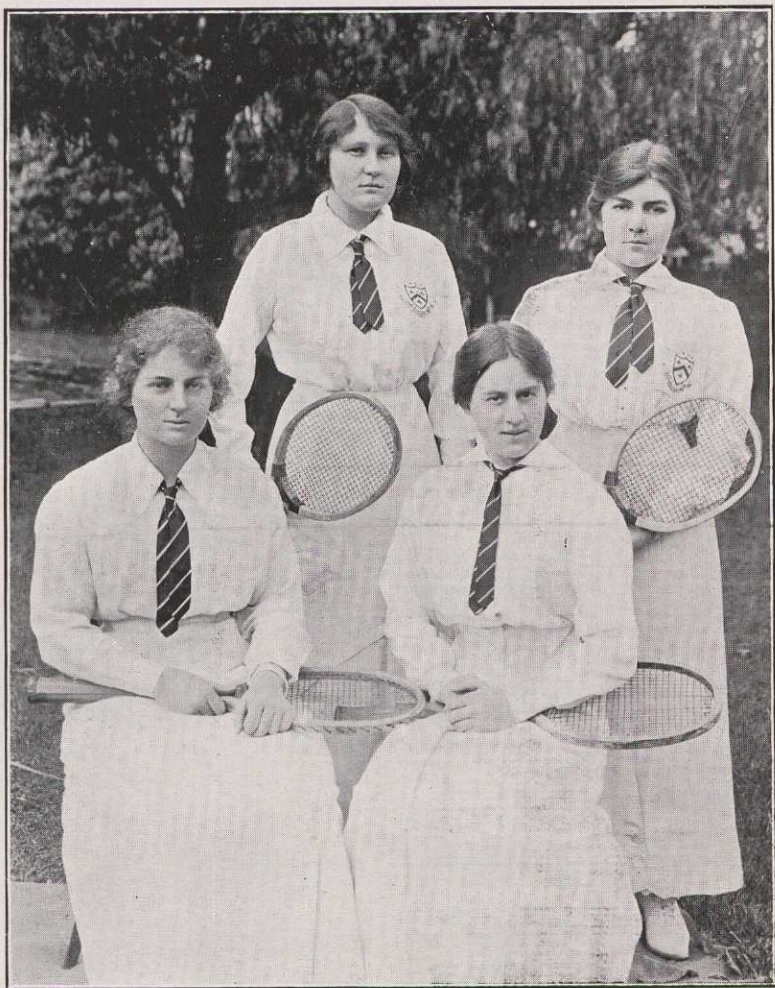
We hope that the relations between Trinity and the Hostel, unlike those of Great Britain and foreign Powers, will still continue friendly.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

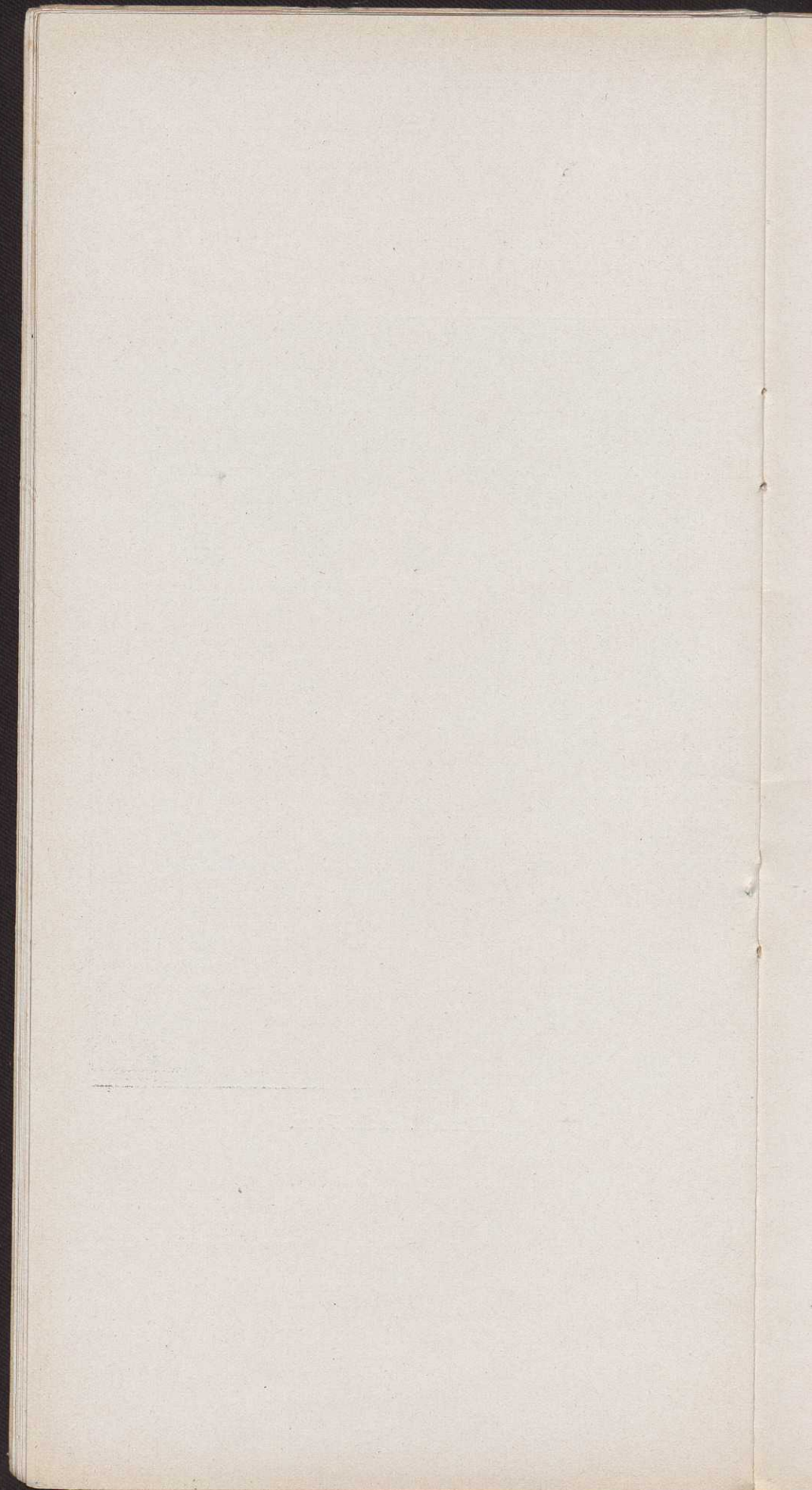
The affairs of the Dialectic Society seemed rather to "go to the wall" during second term in the face of other and more pressing attractions. The members of the Glee Club have no time for anything but practices. They also very early in the term secured a mortgage on the Common Room, and any suggestion of a debate was treated with scorn and a redoubled application to the music.

We managed, however, to hold one meeting, when Mr. Wanklyn moved that "experiments on living animals should not be tolerated in a "civilised community." Dr. Sutton, supported by a crowd of prejudiced medicals, took the negative. He treated the meeting to such a flood of fervid eloquence as has hardly been heard since the days of the loquacious Creswell. The motion was lost by a large majority.

The date originally fixed for the Prelection had to be cancelled owing to the continued absence of the Prelector, Mr. Baracchi, in Europe, and it has now been fixed for October 12th.



Hostel Tennis Four.



THE COLLEGE AND THE WAR.

The call for volunteers has been nobly responded to by Trinity men and the College has the honour of contributing eight men from the fifty at present in residence and four from those who have recently left. A farewell dinner was tendered to them on Friday evening, September 4th, preceded by a short service in Chapel. The Warden again rose to the occasion with a splendid speech which found an echo in the heart of every man present. He recalled the fact that on the occasion of the South African war the College had made an equally worthy response, and that it was no matter of surprise that in this critical hour we were giving ten of our best men to fight for the Empire. The Warden concluded by emphasising the seriousness of the occasion and the need for self-sacrificing action.

Captain Robert Fowler, of the Army Medical Corps, and Lieutenant C. Carre-Riddell, our late Senior Student, responded on behalf of those who had joined the Expeditionary Force. There was an absence of anything jingoistic in any of the speeches, but in its place was noticeable a spirit of calm determination.

We wish them all God-speed as they go out from amongst us, and we feel sure that, knowing who our representatives are, we shall never have reason to feel other than proud of them.

The present list of Trinity men going in the first contingent is as follows:—

Dr. Robert Fowler.	R. M. Cooke.
Dr. H. B. Lewers.	E. W. Hill.
Dr. A. F. Jolley.	N. Stretch.
Lieut. C. Carre-Riddell.	H. O. Moule
F. K. Norris.	N. W. Faulkner.
J. H. S. Jackson.	J. S. Mackay.

VICTORIA'S CONTINGENT.

(By kind permission of the Editor of "War Notes and Queries.")

Broadmeadows Camp.

One would need an aeroplane to see the camp at its best. Only from such a height could one realise its expanse. Just as a composite army may be analysed into its various units, so would be distinguished the lines of the various arms—the Infantry, the Artillery with their five batteries, the Army Service Corps with their mass of stores, the Light Horse with their rows and rows of horse lines, and the Engineers with their wireless apparatus.

At the beginning of the encampment it was several days before each unit received its full quota; now only portions of the equipment remain unsupplied, and each day the little Broadmeadows train bears away a batch of disappointed rejected men. The whole mass is working with the regularity and snap essential to a trained army, and it is being realised by every man that the most powerful force is the force that is controlled.

It no longer needs an almost superhuman effort to roll out at reveille—the “revelly” of the soldier—which is sounded at 6.15. One by one the men take their turn at the taps with their green canvas wash buckets. Some of the Infantry fall in and have a “wash parade.” The water is cold some, but it starts a warm tingling. Dress for parade is bugled at twenty minutes to seven—five minutes later the “fall in.” Two forms of drill are the order in the early morning; semaphore signalling, or physical drill.

Every man is learning the signalling; in fact by now almost every man can send a message with his flags or his arms as semaphores. Some flag the Morse code, which has the advantage of being more generally applicable to further distance, and to a heliograph light as well as flags. Smart physical exercise with “doubling” is excellent before breakfast, leaving a glow that obliterates the keenest bite of Jack Frost.

At eight the bugler is again produced to blow the cook-house call. Men fall in in front of their tent and file past the cooks with tin plate in one hand for the “stoo” and a panican in the other for coffee—an immense slice of bread is given in. In some camps an orderly from each tent collects the food “en masse” in a big dish, and the coffee in a bucket.

Breakfast over, there is a rush for the fairly clean washing-up water. Drill again at nine. Each unit, of course, has its own peculiar drill. The Infantry, which form the body of the troops, march out in their companies on to the parade ground and spend their morning with rifle drill and skirmishing—the mock warfare of camp.

The Artillery harness up their horses, hitch up their guns, gallop round their paddock, unlimber the 18-pounders, and with ease, accuracy, and precision blow imaginary *Deutschers* to further destinations.

The various Ambulance Corps have a first-aid lecture for an hour each morning, and spend the rest of the time with the stretchers, tending the dummy wounded and bearing them back to the Red Cross waggons. It is interesting to note that modern ambulance waggons have a large red cross on the roof—aeroplanes.

The Light Horse are a fine regiment—their mounted drill is splendid. They have their own paddock, where-

in they skirmish, fire off their empty rifles, and gallop round. Everywhere are little batches of signallers, flagging away their "ac's." to distant parties. The day has passed, when the "Repeat, can't follow" sign was the most constant message.

Morning drill is over about 12.15. Dinner at one—meat, one potato, an onion, tea and bread. Drill again at two. Another lecture for the Ambulance Corps on the care of horses or the elements of camp hygiene. Then more drill, with just enough "Stand easies." Lately route marches of five to six miles along the Campbellfield-road have broken the monotony. The afternoon session is over about five. Again the rush for the wash buckets. Each man usually washes his feet and legs, and gives his body a good, brisk towelling to take the place of the daily tub, which is impracticable. Tea at six, composed as a rule of "stoo," tea, and bread. Each tent receives one tin of jam per day. Butter and milk are not provided, but may be bought as an extra outside.

The food is excellent. Every man can eat it all, and an "empty stomach" complaint is never heard. At each meal an officer comes round to each tent asking for complaints. Everybody looks splendidly fit, and if one has a knowledge of anatomy, to see the men stripped is a treat.

After tea there is a foot inspection in the Infantry lines, after which the feet are bathed in a solution of Condy's crystals. Truly, a soldier is as strong as his feet.

The evenings are variously spent. There is a Y.M.C.A. tent, which provides all writing and reading requisites; a piano and a platform. Also a Salvation Army tent, which provides characteristic music. The choice of concert songs in the evening is extraordinary.

Somebody will get up and sing a cheerful little ditty about "A Little Green Grave on the Veldt." After the applause has subsided a rag-time is set syncopating; then a good old time-worn Jingo "Sons of the Sea," invariably followed by three cheers for the King, and three hoots for the Kaiser. Such cheap Jingo manifestations become wearisome. Kipling will have to come to light with another "Absent-minded Beggar."

The whole camp is very cheerful, and the work is really splendid—there everybody capable of judging is unanimous. There is a "go" about the whole thing. Such is the keenness that lieutenants are found in the ranks, and rumour has it that somewhere in the oblivion of the Infantry ranks is a major.

After a good day's work everybody sleeps. First post, 9. Last post, 9.30. The beds consist of a water-proof

sheeting, a straw-filled paillasse, and the regulation thick grey blanket.

Who knows when we're going?

Who knows where we're going?

But nobody minds—everybody is tremendously fit, and all are keen. Everybody who has not been successfully vaccinated in the last twelve months is to be done again. Already arms are beginning to itch. Later we will probably all have a typhoid vaccine. When the Force finally moves it will be a wonderfully fine one—splendidly equipped and splendidly trained—the finest ever sent from here.

F. KINGSLEY NORRIS, L.H.F.A.

ON LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

As a means of imparting knowledge the lecture, as we know it to-day, is rapidly ripening for the museum.

In its original idea it took quite a different form. Students used to gather eagerly round the feet of their teacher and listen to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips. Books in those days were rare and the lecturer was the only source of information. Moreover the lecturer was a master of his subject and frequently a pioneer in the branch of learning he taught.

To-day all that is changed, and yet with changed conditions the lecture still remains like some ancient landmark left where it is partly from sentiment, partly because no one has bothered to remove it. Nowadays hundreds of books descend in a perfect avalanche on the head of the unfortunate student, and the least meritorious of these text-books puts the case better than does the average lecturer. For the average lecturer, mark you, is by no means a teacher. He is not required to be. Almost the only qualification which is *not* demanded of him is that he shall possess the ability to teach.

The result is that not one lecturer in a hundred has the gift of imparting knowledge, and the wretched student is forced to sit hour by hour whilst the lecturer talks into air which becomes thicker with each succeeding lecture. Of course in certain branches of learning lectures of a kind are necessary, but for such subjects as English, History, Philosophy, etc., the lecture in its present form is distinctly "de trop" and is at best but a permission on the part of the student for the lecturer to indulge his vagaries.

Take the case of Philosophy. Contrast the picture of Aristotle with his hearers gathered round him in the open air, eagerly questioning him; with the present dis-

mal scene of a number of jaded students gathered late in the afternoon in a frowsy lecture-room, scrawling at express speed the words which fall from the lecturer's lips, with no time to consider their meaning—a mere dictation lesson.

Don't think, dear reader, gentle or otherwise, that I am encouraging you to cut your lectures. By no means. Go to the lecturer, thou sluggard, learn of his ways and be wise, but wise to this degree, that you will see the need of reform in the present system.

"But," says the lecturer, "if you abolish lectures what is to become of me—my occupation will be gone. I shall no longer be able to reside in a desirable residence in the University grounds and to be called of men 'Sir, Sir.' I shall no longer be able to wear the hood pertaining to my degree on great occasions and to walk with my brothers, two by two, like a girls' school out for a walk. In fact, I shall be **then** what the lecture is **now**, a pathetic ruin."

But stay! Nothing has been said about abolishing the lecture. This is only a plea for its reform.

To begin with, make attendance at lectures entirely optional. Let the lecturer draw his audience by the magnetism of his personality and his enthusiasm for his subject. Compulsory audiences of any kind are bad and breed unhealthy results. If the lecturer is quite unable to attract he must do what the student has to do—try, try again.

Finally, let the lectures be printed and given to the students beforehand, so that when the class meets an intelligent discussion may take the place of this everlasting scribbling.

ELECTION ECHOES.

Some idea of the amusement to be got from a day's watching of the common or garden voter at the polls may be gathered from the following incidents, all of which occurred at the one table. A period of depression was relieved by the appearance of a large and forbidding-looking woman who literally bounced into the room. After duly giving her name to the clerk in charge, it was discovered that the lady was not on the rolls. She was requested to withdraw, but flatly refused, explaining that a policeman had taken her name for the rolls. The clerk meekly suggested that he thought it could not be the policeman's fault, whereupon the woman aforesaid remarked in a distinctly audible voice that in her opinion all policemen were not "immaculate." Another member of the allegedly fair sex had no idea

whom she wished to vote for. Eventually she issued triumphantly from the box brandishing a Senate paper on which she had placed her mark against each of the twelve would-be senators. Collapse of the clerk, who had spent some ten minutes explaining to her the correct method of voting. The greater percentage of women had not the foggiest notion of the way to vote or whom they wished to vote for. There was, however, one delightful exception. A couple appeared, and the wife immediately took charge of affairs, loudly instructed her husband how to vote, pushed him into the box and, eagle-eyed, watched him until his papers were placed in the slot. Another individual apparently took an exceedingly pessimistic view of the coming parliament, for she announced that "next year, if I'm not dead, I'll learn how to vote." Finally, to cap all, a dear old lady appeared and proclaimed herself as Mrs. Smith. When asked for her Christian name she glibly announced "31 Blank-street." Theoretically the writer is in favour for votes for women, but practically he is extremely doubtful.

SCRUTINEER.

INTER-VARSITY SPORT.

The following Trinity students represented Melbourne University in various inter-Varsity events this year:—

N. B. White and F. B. Kitchin were members of the Melbourne Rifle Team.

A. Spowers and J. H. S. Jackson were in the winning crew at Adealide.

J. H. S. Jackson came third in the 100 Yards and 120 Hurdles.

In the women's tennis Miss Whybrow, Miss Crawford and Miss McComas played in the successful Melbourne Four.

Melbourne University Sports.

J. H. S. Jackson came second in the 880 Yards.

In the Long Jump all three places were taken by Trinity men:—F. B. Kitchin 1., J. H. S. Jackson 2., D. R. Miller 3

220 Yards.—D. E. Wanklyn 1., F. B. Kitchin 2.

1 Mile Walk.—N. H. Dooley.

100 Yards Collegiate Handicap.—D. R. Miller.

Putting the Shot.—M. E. Griffith 2.

Javelin Throw.—H. C. Harton 2.

Smokers' Race.—C. Scantlebury.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Wood Stealing.

(To the Editors.)

Sirs,—There is something radically wrong in the state of Denmark. The habit of continually preying upon one's neighbours has gone too far. The limit is reached when an energetic Upper Clarke's couple lug their basket of wood, split small, along endless corridors and up innumerable stairs only to have their vigour rewarded by the fruits of their labour stolen from them during their absence at lectures.—I am,

FRIMPTLEHEIM.

(To the Editors.)

Sir,—To the ordinary college man of to-day the present system of scoring in intercollegiate sports seems to be wrong. There are three colleges and six separate sporting events in the year. It is more than possible that each college might win two of these events, in which case it would be impossible for anyone to claim the rubber. The only things to be altered, in order to make one college yearly the winner of the rubber, are the rules governing tennis, football and cricket. Instead of, as is now the case, one college having a bye, and there being consequently only two matches in each of these sports, each college should play both the others. The extra time necessary would only be two whole days and two half-days during the year. There would be points given for first, second and third places in each intercollegiate event. If the above idea were carried out the college winning the most points during the year would be the winner of the rubber.

But perhaps the greatest point in favour of this suggestion is that it would cause more interest in any intercollegiate sport where one college is immeasurably superior to the other two. At least the idea is worthy of discussion by the intercollegiate delegates.—Yours, etc.,

S. O'D.

(To the Editors.)

Sirs,—Of the many and beautiful legends woven among the traditions of this our College, by far the most interesting and tenderly pathetic is the one relating to the ringing of a warning peal for Chapel by an august official of this place. How this one, deducing from the scarcity of tips in a time of dreadful dearth, that every wrist watch in the College had been popped, gracefully relaxed his attitude of chill aloofness as far as to offer to ring, unconditionally and quite apart from further remuneration, a bell which would give clear

twenty minutes before the popular Chapel service and a further gratuitous peal informing the would-be participators in the said ceremony that five minutes yet remained in which to save the half dollar. Regretfully we, the Chapel-goers of this fair pile, gaze through the mists that cloud those golden days; hopefully, prayerfully we live, vainly, perhaps, expecting that in our day, too, we may hear the **Bell** ring out its kindly warning—not that we mind four half-crowns a week. Oh, no! but could we start our labours, shorn of the mental stimulus of the shrill falsettos and the drowning basses of the pillars of the erstwhile Glee Club?

"But," asks our 9.30 breakfaster warming his chop with a match, "has no one now a watch?" We concede that there are p'raps a few but never one yet capable of following or even approximating the vagaries of the Ormond Clock.

Trusting that among your readers there may be one to whom this reminiscence of a pretty fairy story may be an incentive to **do** something.—Yours, etc.,

THE PHARISEE & THE PUBLICAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Eric.—No! you are wrong. None of the bouquets at the concert were thrown about even though pa did handle one.

Wildflower.—Never mind what the "Bulletin" says. Many of our well-known actors wear white socks in the evening.

Red Indian.—We are informed that bacon and eggs and beer are quite healthy, although the bathroom is hardly the place—but never mind.

Nark.—We sympathise with you. Put the names in a hat and draw one blindfolded.
hat and draw one blindfold.

Yum Yum.—We like your choice of a nick-name. You must be of even a more affectionate nature than we had thought.

De Bung.—We have heard of a man taking his dog out for a walk and of children running with their hoops, but you are the first to take a motor byke for a run. However, it is good exercise and will reduce your avoirdupois. What about buying it an engine later on?

STOP PRESS NEWS.

Just as we go to press we have received the following message from our Lie Commissioner:—

Official.

An engagement is announced between Lieutenant Bage, of the Expeditionary Force and Miss D. Scantlebury, late of the Hostel.
We proffer our heartiest congratulations.

Reliable.

Another engagement is rumoured between a member of the Expeditionary Force and a lady unknown. The secret is in the hands of Mr. W——n, to whom application should be made.

An important envelope-ing movement is reported towards Sw—t—n. It occurs three times a week and always the same handwriting.

A somewhat distorted cable message has also come through in which the name of H. C. C——k figures with six others (all members of the other sex). It is impossible to say what has happened, but no doubt a fresh bage in history is about to be written.

The message also says that Allies (or name something like that) has fallen back somewhat.

Knight attacks are reported to be frequent.

TOWN-SICK.

Dun sky and dun heart—
Life in the sun-heart—
And oh! but I'm tired, I'm tired
Sunlight down gutters;
Warped in high shutters
Oh! but I'm tired!
Curse on the lamp-lure,
In me the tramp lure . . .
And inns in clean shadows, cool shadows at even
Stars strong as wine-flow
And roads in grey line-flow,
And in my soul heaven!
Give me the strong step,
I'll waive the town's throng-step;
Give me the freshness, the stillness of things . . .
Leaf-vista bird song—
Not the town's whirred-song,
Heart-songs with wings!
Pale star and pale heart—
Life's in the hale heart—
And oh! but I'm tired, I'm tired!
Moonlight down gutters,
Twisted in shutters
Oh! but I'm tired . . I'm tired . . . I'm tired . . .

L.A.

Old Students.

The attention of those members who have not paid their subscription (5/-) for the current year is drawn to the fact that Mr. C. L. Bailieu, Selborne Chambers, Chancery-lane, is now secretary of the "Union of the Fleur-de-Lys," and all subscriptions should be paid to him as soon as possible.

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 wish to keep in touch with the College will join. The secretary will be obliged if members will notify him of any change in their address so as to ensure that copies of the "Fleur-de-Lys" and general correspondence should reach them safely.

* * *

There has been a regular rush of "meds" to get to the front since the outbreak of the war. Harry Cordner, who has been in the old world for the last twelve months and more, has gone to the front with the Army Service Corps.

* * *

Balcombe Quick has volunteered for service with the Australian Army Medical Corps. It is also understood that Bob Fowler, Ben. Lewers and Hack Jolley are to be attached to the Australian-Imperial Expeditionary Force.

* * *

Franc Carse and E. T. Reynolds have both been actively engaged for the last few weeks in making a vigorous assault on the Labour strongholds of Fawkner and Maribyrnong respectively. When these lines appear in print the result of the election will doubtless be known; but their efforts have been such as to give us every hope of their success.

* * *

Randolph Creswell is still at the "Hill."

* * *

Harry Ross Soden has started practice on his own in Melbourne.

* * *

Charlie Duffy was eighth in the pre-election ballot for the selection of Liberal candidates for the Senate in Victoria. Since the campaign opened he has been doing yeoman service for his party on the hustings.

"Sos" Wertheim has returned from his peregrinations round the globe. He has announced his engagement to Miss Eadie.

* * *

Mark Gardner has gone to the front with Lady Dudley's Field Hospital.

* * *

We are indebted to Guido Barrachi, who has just returned from Europe with an absolutely new and final solution of the social problems of the world, for the following notes:—

Ned Herring, seen at Oxford, is fast developing into the typical English University product and has acquired an English accent.

"Tufty" Jack, also at Oxford, has lost his well-known tuft and become quite bald. He belongs to most of the Night Clubs of London!

Guy Miller is living in Oxford.

Bill Bailey was seen in London and Paris and apparently enjoying life to the full.

Mark Gardner and Allen Leeper were also seen in London.

* * *

Bill Godby has been appointed a junior resident of the Adelaide General Hospital and is taking up his duties at once.

* * *

F. E. Dossetor was ordained in Southwark Cathedral recently. He is also to be congratulated on the birth of a son and heir.

* * *

E. I. Robson writes as follows:—

Hotel Plaats Rozaal,

Leiden.

Above is my permanent address for some time unless I go to Spitzbergen or Greenland. Holland is too hot. They told me in Australia that it was always cold in Europe, but it certainly isn't.

At the request of Melbourne University I have been braving the torrid sun of Groningen in full M.A. regalia. At any rate it was a more appropriate attire than the velvet and carmine in which some of the poor German professors were sweltering. On Wednesday night (or if I may tell the shameful truth), in the small hours of Thursday morning, three learned professors (I generally got the title) were sadly crestfallen to find the Hotel Friffe drunk out of beer. As this was after a "reunion entima" tendered by the University Council, and after the sporadic but very generous hospitality of the Students' Club it was perhaps just as well.

Holland is a delightfully little country. One seems to get everywhere in an hour or so, and there are heaps of trains. I am learning Dutch slowly but steadily—to people who don't speak Dutch I seem a marvellous phenomenon, but I am painfully aware of my own deficiencies. Of course, it was polyglott in Groningen; half English and half German in my experience; but I rather avoided French, or I could have had my fill of that, too.

Please give my love to friends generally. I am enjoying life immensely and finding a lot of new intellectual worlds to conquer. But I shall not conquer any if I go to many Groningen tercentenarys. They are rather distracting!

* * *

The following alterations and additions to the list of members appearing in the June number of the "Fleur-de-Lys" have to be made:—

Dickson, W. S. Raynes . .	The Pines, Sandringham.
Fraser, Neville	Magdalen College, Oxford.
Feilchenfeld, E.	Hay, N.S.W.
Jona, Juda L.	Hazelmere, Wattletree-rd., Malvern
Jack, A. L.	Merton College, Oxford.
Kelly, Olaf	M.C.E.G.S., Domain Rd., Sth. Yarra
Lewers, W.	463 Chancery Lane.
Long, Bishop of Bathurst	Bathurst.
Leeper, A. W. A.	208 Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.
Lewers, Dr. H. B.	Expeditionary Force.
Lister, Dr. C. R.	Melbourne Hospital.
Morlet, J.	Hospital for Sick Children, Brisbane.
Pritchard, Archdeacon W.	
Charles	Broken Hill, N.S.W.
Puckle, Dr. H. N. M. . .	Alfred Hospital.
Riddell, C. Consett	Stanley St., Elsternwick.
Shaw, Rev. G. E.	88 Hotham St., E. St. Kilda.
Sutton, T., Carlton . . .	The Avenue, Royal Park.
Tasmania, Bishop of . . .	
Watson, Dr. R. F.	Melbourne Hospital.
Wood, P. O'Hara	Lancsdowne St., St. Kilda.



Blue Pencil.

The well-known query, "When is the 'Fleur-de-Lys' coming out?" began to get on the Editors' nerves so badly that they had to make a supreme effort and "bring it out." It will be allowed that there is every excuse for this lateness. Wars and rumours of wars, "Extraordinary Ages," and still more "Extraordinary Heralds" have driven all thoughts of quiet literary pursuits from the minds of Editors and contributors alike. However, here is the "Fleur-de-Lys," which we introduce at last with a plea for indulgence. Some difficulty was experienced in finding suitable illustrations as the College seemed already to have been photographed from every conceivable position. Fortunately when the Editors' thinking powers were at breaking point the Hostel won the Tennis and furnished one beautiful picture. The College Group is incomplete as several men were away in connection with the mobilisation and others had joined the Expeditionary Force. Our thanks are due to all those who have contributed to the present number. It contains several "maiden" contributions of no mean order.

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Is a motor-bike your hobby?
 Does it get your constant care?
 Are you always tinkering at it
 In the time you have to spare?
 Do you like to get a pace on
 Which is really reprehensive?
 Then to W——n, let me tell you,
 You are utterly offensive.

Are you fond of having tea-fights?
 Do you love a charming girl?
 Do they like you at the Hostel?
 Are you in the social whirl?
 Is the list of pleasant dances
 To which you're asked extensive?
 Then to W——n,—must I say it?
 You're offensive, most offensive!

Are you a "bumptious" freshmen,
 Or a boisterous "young pup"?
 Weren't you born in dull New Zealand?
 Don't you always look fed-up?
 Don't you respect a senior
 'Cause his course has been extensive?
 Then to W——n you are specially,
 Specially offensive.

Do you like what W——n doesn't?
 Do you do what W——n don't?
 Do you work when W——n cannot?
 Do you laugh when W——n won't?
 In fact, do you do anything
 Which is really quite immense?
 Then to W——n you are hopelessly
 An object of offence.

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A CUBIST POEM.

(With apologies to Mr. Max Weber.)

Balls, balls, balls, balls,
 High, low, and higher, higher,
 Up, right up, up, right up,
 Balls, balls, tennis-balls;
 Throwing, throwing, at Bishop's;
 Noise, shouts, whistles, curses, shrieks,
 Balls, balls, balls,
 Windows, and faces, faces, windows,
 Windows, Windows, windows,
 Balls, balls, balls,
 Smashings, crashings, crashings and smashings,
 Curses, curses, many curses;
 A crowd collected, crowds, crowds,
 Yelling, laughing, hooting, bellowing,
 Balls, balls, balls.
The Warden comes!
 A sudden hush, hush, hush,
 The crowd dispersing, vanishing, banishing,
 No more balls, balls, balls,
 No more smashing, cursing, smashing,
 Peace, peace, quiet, quiet,
 Silence, silence. . . .

Fines, fines, fines!
 Half-guids, shillings, pennies,
 Arguments, arguments, much wrath,
 Reproaches, reproaches, reproaches:
 Wanker answers, answers.
 Fines, fines, fines,
 Sperry, Humpo, Jacko;
 Tears, tears—tears—tears.

Alas, alack, alas, alack,
 No more balls, balls, balls.

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Several members of the Science Congress are to occupy rooms in College during the vacation. Ardent curio-hunters and collectors of the unconsidered trifles of great men are therefore greatly excited and expect to

reap a fine harvest after these scientific gentlemen have left. This may be sufficient apology for the following:—

Oh! mighty man of science,
Who comes from o'er the sea
To occupy my humble bed
(It often falls with me),
Leave me some slight memento
Before you go away,
Some monograph or lithograph,
Some autograph or photograph,
A relic of your stay.

Do me a learned treatise
Upon a College meal,
Just diagnose "tingbarlow"
And tell me how you feel.
Be sure and leave me something
Before you go away,
An anagram or monogram,
A cryptogram or diagram,
A relic of your stay.

Leave me a curly whisker or
A thesis on a collar,
Your pet name write upon my wall
Or spare me "half-a-dollar,"
I'm sure you won't forget me
Before you go away,
A motto or a bit of string,
A saveloy or diamond ring,
A relic of your stay.

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ENGLISH COURTESY.

Perhaps you never think of it,
But surely you'll agree,
That nothing matters half so much
As English courtesy.
On the football field you're striving
And you give a nasty bump;
The fellow's sure to swear at you
Or take a running jump.
Remember you're a gentleman
Of culture, and just say:
"You forget your English courtesy,"
And sadly turn away.
You give just a little supper,
Crowd your room with hungry guests,
Then with cakes and cocoa fill 'em
And laugh at all their jests,
And when they rise to say good-night,
You say how glad you'd be
If only they will come again—
That's English courtesy.

A fellow takes your collars or
 Your soap or cigarettes;
 He takes your books or socks and to
 Return them he forgets.
 But, if you chance to catch him, don't
 Remonstrate angrily,
 Just say, "Oh, won't you take some more?"—
 That's English courtesy.

Be sure and always think of it,
 Your motto then will be—
 "Toujours la politesse" (that's French
 For English courtesy).

—Percy Pomegranate.

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LAMENT ON THE LOSS OF A PIECE OF SOAP.

Where, 'mid the shades of blackest night in sorrow may
 I grope,
 Seeking my dainty tablet pink of costly toilet soap?
 Mahomet's curse upon the day I took you to the bath—
 I'll bathe no more since bathing means such bitter
 aftermath.

You were a shapely oleate of delicate perfume,
 Mild sandalwood, whose twining vapours round about
 the room
 Bespoke the gentle joss-house, and the slumb'rous opium
 pipe,
 And min'string houris almond-eyed, soft-footed, true to
 type.

Yea, now you are another's—'neath another's roof you
 dwell;
 I try to school my stricken heart your mem'ry to expel,
 And when old Time the healer clears the cicatrix away
 I'll fill your place, you pale pink jade, with white Cash-
 mere Bouquet.

—Demijohn.



