

1932  
October

# The Fleur-de-Lys



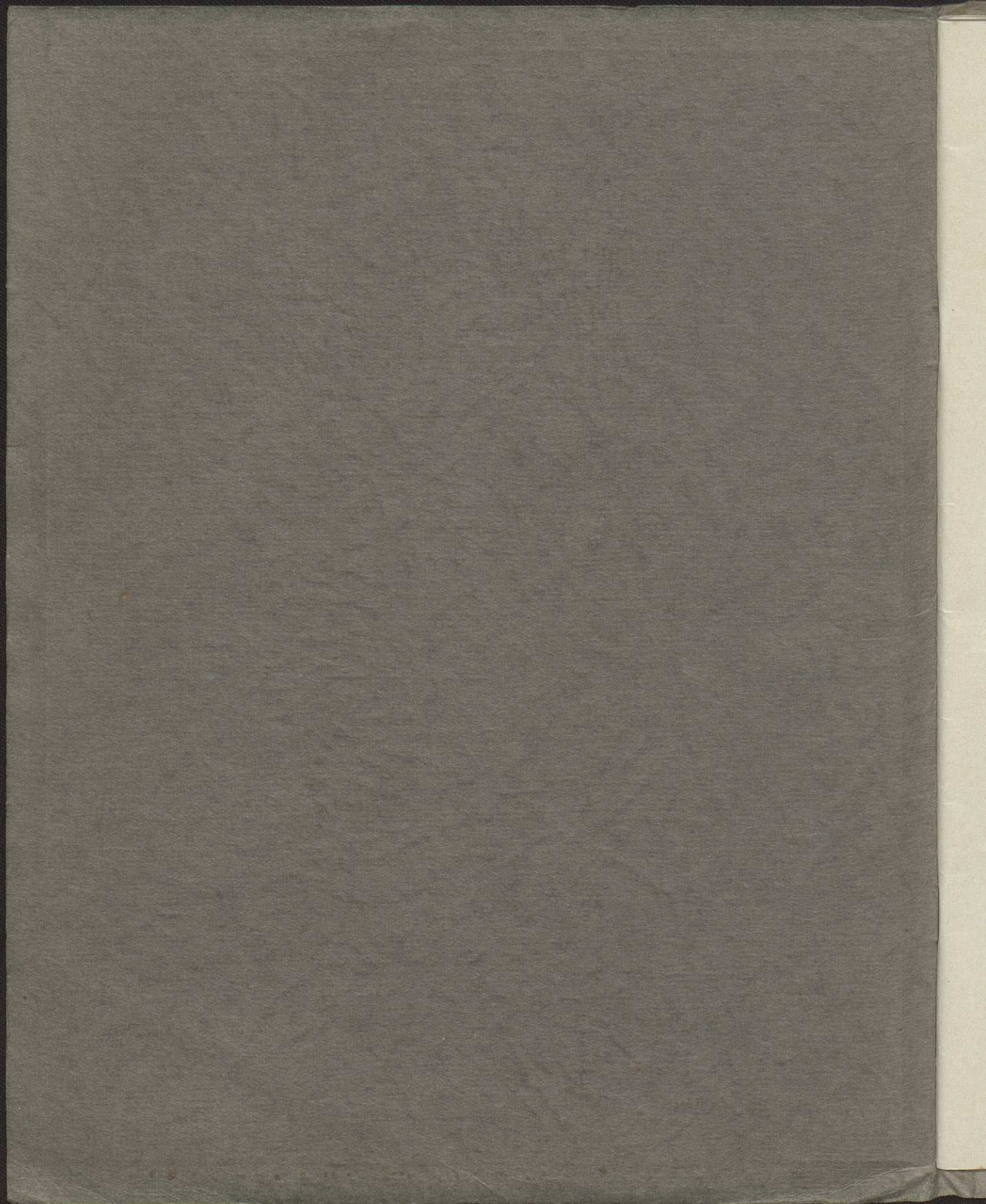
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TRINITY COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE









Vol. III—No. 32.

OCTOBER, 1932

Editor: E. K. Leslie.  
Sub-Editor: L. E. Parker.

Business Manager: J. Smibert.  
Janet Clarke Hall Representative: Miss  
Helen McDonald.

"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."

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

The great event of the year in tutorial circles was the engagement of the Electrical Bursar. The whole College was delighted to wake up one spring morning and find the papers full of the fact that Dr. Fraser had plighted his troth to Miss Kathleen Gault, daughter of Dr. Edward Gault, of Auburn. We wish them all happiness.

Both the Warden and the Sub-Warden were invalids for the greater part of the winter, but we are glad to say that they are both up and about again, and are once more engaged in their customary duties and hobbies.

The Chapel continues to flourish and the Monday evening singing practice (developing later in the year to Evensong) has been very popular. The attendance at Holy Communion has increased, and the use of Compline at 11 p.m. has been extended to Wednesday nights as well as Fridays.

We have to thank the Chaplain for reviving the Rusden Club, a society whose aim is the correlation of Science and Religion. Professor Cherry gave us a fascinating series of addresses entitled "Bullseves in the Dark," in which he showed clearly the presence of a Divine Purpose behind the evolution of the World and of man. Our thanks



are due to Professor Cherry for his clear and genial talks, and we hope to see him again before long.

The College did not provide a very well organised display for Commencement this year, though most of our members seemed to enjoy themselves very much. But in one direction we were pre-eminently successful—we managed to crown, first as Collegiate Queen and then as Queen Queen, our Mr. Ewing, who filled the difficult part admirably. Though he shrunk from the glare of publicity on Gala Night, delegating to Mr. Agar the glory of actual consummation, we feel that it was his efforts which evoked such a magnificent response. His portrait in the "Sun" hardly did justice to his inspired interpretation of the part.

For some time past it has been gradually dawning upon us that our Common Room is not all that it might be; in fact, in some circles, it has been described as an "excrecence." Everybody admitted that something should be done about it, and the only question was who should do what and when. After a minor crisis or two the Second Term Committee drew up a comprehensive scheme that had the unprecedented advantage of being acceptable alike to Mr. Zwar, the Club, Mr. Wynne, the Warden and the Council. Such astounding unanimity was bound to bear some fruit. The result is that during the Long Vac. the present room will be pulled to pieces, and out of its ruins a palatial creation will arise with oak panelling, a stone fireplace, a kalsomined ceiling, a re-surfaced floor and countless other improvements. The cost is being shared by the Council and the Club.

In view of the everlasting popularity of Common Room dances it was decided this year to take courage in both hands and ask the Council for permission to hold a Common Room dance in second term. Needless to say, the reply of "yes" was received with great acclamation, and on Saturday, July 30, the great event came to pass. Like the 1st term C.R.D., it proved a great success, being, in fact, one of the brightest C.R.D.'s on record. Mr. Agar somehow

managed to be present, but Messrs. Lewis, J., and Stephens—no, sir! The 'Varsity Melodists supplied the music, and such was the appeal of their strains that they succeeded in alluring quite a number of couples on to the floor.

This year the College Ball was held at the Plaza. For some years past we had been thinking of making a change from the St. Kilda Town Hall, and there is very little doubt that the change was successful, in spite of the superabundance of lights, both inside and out. Unfortunately the night was very wet and cold with the result that many promising combinations were completely spoiled. In fact, in this connection the present year must be regarded as very lean. However, all the youth and most of the beauty of Melbourne were gathered together, and seemed to have quite an enjoyable night. The halo of cheerfulness which surrounded the secretaries, Messrs. Agar and Bult, was in itself sufficient testimony to the excellence of the evening. In the absence of the Warden and Sub-Warden, the Chaplain assisted Mrs. Behan to receive the official guests.

The tendency to present Cups for competition last year was admirably continued at the beginning of the first term, when the Harpoon Cup was presented for slick drinking. After two or three tests the donors decided that this practice needed but little encouragement and diverted the Cup from its original channels (or the channels from the cup) to an object which, if it is not so spectacular, is at least as worthy. It will in future be awarded by the Committee to the freshman who makes the best all-round showing in College sport for his year. We have not been notified whether the Juttoddie Cup, the Zwing Trophy, and the Elliott Fours will count towards the award, but we suspect that the same serious spirit which moved the donors in their original presentation will hold good, and that these events, essential as they are to College life, will have but little influence with the Committee.

A novel function during Second Term was the Rowing Dinner, at which the



oars and the Mervyn Bournes Higgins trophies were presented by Dr. Mark Gardner, President of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys. Dr. Gardner charmed us with anecdotes of his own rowing days, and the Chaplain's speech was a masterpiece of tact and innuendo. The Dinner also took the form of a farewell to Mr. Baillieu, who has gone to Oxford to extend his rowing and golfing experience. The Rowing Dinner was an undoubted success, and we are looking forward to a similar function next year.

Whereas last year the Trinity Bridge School was a flourishing institution with some seven and a half members, among whom it was possible to organise a game at any hour of the day (or night), this year it was sadly depleted to a paltry four (and a half), while with the departure of Dr. Morris and the amazing renunciation by Mr. Parker of all that he previously held dear, it became almost non-existent. But there is hope for the future in that there is quite a school of Auction players in existence. We would remind these, however, that this game of "Mrs. Jones' Baby" cannot possibly compare with the more exciting game of Contract, with its boundless possibilities; also, that the Bridge School, having come third in a recent competition for teams of four, and possessing among its members the runners-up in the Lythgo Cup, with a well-established connection in at least two Melbourne clubs, has a definite tradition to maintain in its long fight against the strict followers of Culbertson. Mr. Parker, who, it will be remembered, received the princely sum of three dollars from that worthy, has informed us that next year he will be willing to give lessons in the rudiments of the Trinity System at 1/3 per head per hour for any players who wish to make up a table. Vive Oddie!

The annual Hockey match with the Hostel has now an added interest since a tooth, one of the few remaining relics of the mighty Cumbræ, has been suitably mounted for presentation to the scorer of the most goals. Competition for the award was so keen that no one succeeded in scoring more than one,

and so the trophy will be held over for a year.

Trinity, whether from bulk, beer or the beauty of their costumes, managed once again to defeat our fair neighbours. The Freshers, with a conglomeration of knights in armour, aquaplaners, a motor car, and some assorted executioners, put on an excellent performance during, in, round, and about the game!

Our Rugby team has, alas! not as yet reached its full strength, and even the inspired offer of refreshments in the event of success from Mr. Cumbræ-Stewart failed as an extra inducement to win. The spirit was willing, the flesh was willing, and even the agonised expression seen in some of the scrums failed to damp the ardour of those who intend bringing this Cup back to Trinity next year, but we found Ormond rather more advanced in the practice of the game, however much we knew about it in theory.

We have pleasure in congratulating the following gentlemen on being selected to play in Inter-Varsity sport:

Rowing: Messrs. Bevan and Campbell.

Rugby: Mr. Evans.

Baseball: Mr. Juttner.

Hockey: Dr. Morris and Mr. Law-Smith.

Golf: Messrs. Bult and R. Smibert.

Shooting: Mr. Townsend.

Tennis: Mr. Catomore.

A pleasant feature of club meetings this year has been the keen interest displayed by second year men—or rather by a second year man. Mr. Youngman is always ready to wile away a tedious hour, and he is as famous for his original light humour as he is for his kangaroo-shooting exploits.

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#### LUCKY DIP.

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Trinity decided to give a play so they picked one and this is the story:

Oliver Bulton was a Young Man and he was engaged to a girl called Betty Mainwaring and one day they said I know let's have a Party because being part of the Idle Rich they often did



that sort of thing and what do you think happened? Well they put the Wrong Date on the cards and so no one came and there they sat waiting and what with Cook and one thing and another by the time they had found what had happened the Dinner Was Ready and they said well we Can't Disappoint poor Cook because they really had Kind Hearts and so this is what they did. They opened the Telephone Book and in it they found Everything for Baby and they said that's Just What We Want and so they rang up Mrs. Bothways and besides that there was a General or something also called Bothways and they asked him too well that was two and another one came round the corner and a Misled Female rang up because she thought they were Liverpool Station but they weren't so she came too and an Author looking for Copy and so there were seven of them and it was all right about Cook because the Butler helped and just then a Woman came and said can I come so that was eight but the worst of it was that Mrs. Bothways turned out to be Sir Francis Bothway's Long Dead Past and he said who took that skeleton out of my Cupboard and she said Oh Frankie now I'm not a bit like a skeleton am I and nor she was so he had some Sherry after all and it was all right.

Well after dinner they all felt much better because that's the thing about Cooks you Have to Humour them and Sir Francis told them all about him and Katie and it was so sad because this is what happened well he was a young man on a Walking Tour and so the first place he came to was a Hotel and she was the Barmaid and he said another of the same please and married her and evidently this was a Bad Thing because all his friends and relations Got at Him in a Horrible Way and finally he got So Discouraged that he said Oh all right and that was why Katie kept a little shop called Everything for Baby but what with having been a General and being Used to Commanding, Sir Francis decided not to let the Ill-wind gather any Moss and he said to her what about it and she said Oh Frankie and he said good.

Well besides this another Affair was progressing because the Liverpool Lady had got the little author completely Under her Thumb so that he was prepared to Do Anything and so he might have done but just then who should ring up but his wife who ought to have known Better and home he had to go so that was the end of that but not for long—Because there was the Extra Lady and the Man from the Road and they got on Quite Well but she was Very Unsettled and kept on Ringing up Whenever Left Alone and this was a Bad Sign for sure enough who should come to the flat but an Inspector of Police who said Bring out Your Dead and everyone said well I never and nor they had and the Unsettled Lady got very Worked Up and told them All About It because what do you think? well she had killed her husband by means of a red snake under the door and why well because he ill-treated her and All Sorts of Things and they lived in the Flat Upstairs but there was more to come because when the policeman went up he Found No Body and that was a funny thing but in the Meantime the Man from the Road had flung off his Wolf's Clothing and appeared as a big Crook and said listen if you go to a certain place you will be Safe from the Police because he had got quite fond of her and when the police came back they said there's Neat Ned or Slippery Sam or Whatever his Stage Name was so he Made a Hurried Exit and this is what happened next in came a man and who was he well you won't guess so here it is the dead husband and it was all a Great Mistake because his wife was Very Emotional and suffered from an Artistic Temperament which is a Bad Thing and her part had Taken Hold of Her and that was the result so they all said well now except the policeman and he said something else. And that was just about the End of the Play because the Crook Escaped and Betty said to Oliver well and he said I think so too and what with the good acting and the flowers and everything the Trinity Play was a success and with the exception of Farrago a good time was had by all.



## DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

## Office-Bearers:

President: The Warden.  
 Vice-President: The Chaplain.  
 Secretary: Mr. J. Smibert.  
 Committee: The Sub-Warden, Messrs.  
 A. D. Meares, L. E. Parker, A. G.  
 Rylah, B.A., F. Shann, B.A.

The Society this year suffered a sudden decline both in enthusiasm and in the standard of oratory. Eight ordinary meetings were held, at which the average attendance was only 20, though never below 18. Following the precedent set last year, two teams debates were held under Intercollegiate conditions to give speakers an opportunity in practising team work. This proceeding has not justified itself this year, since for the first time for many years Trinity lost both Intercollegiate debates.

The first of these, held at Queen's, was on the subject "That the State interferes too much with the individual." Trinity, represented by Messrs. R. L. Stock, F. Shann, B.A., C. J. Zwar and L. E. Parker, opposed the motion. The outstanding speech of the evening on the part of Trinity was Mr. Stock's reply, but the verdict of the adjudicators—Professor Payne, Messrs. A. A. Phillips and A. G. Duffy—was unanimous in favour of Queens.

In the second debate, held at Trinity against Newman, we affirmed "That the twentieth century is the Golden Age." This time the debate was closer, being decided on a majority decision of the adjudicators—Professor Bailey, Messrs. W. K. Fullagar and A. H. Clarke. We can only hope that next year these defeats will be avenged most decisively.

The interest shown in the Wigram Allan Essay Prize this year was very gratifying, the attendance being nearly 40. The adjudicators—Father Murphy, Messrs. R. P. Franklin and W. H. Allen—gave their decision in favour of Mr. J. C. M. Crotty—"Quo Vadis?" After the reading of the Essays the President announced that the President's Medal for Oratory had been won by Mr. L. E.

Parker and the Leeper Prize by Mr. R. L. Stock.

An address by Mr. W. N. McKie, the City Organist, on the subject, "Fair Play for Music," has been arranged for Sunday, October 16, and this will conclude the activities of the Society for the year.

## IN MEMORIAM.

This year God has seen fit to call to Himself three of our contemporaries, each at the threshold of manhood.

Frank Inglis Taylor came to us from Corio in 1930. In the second year of his Medical course he was stricken by a painful illness from which he died on January 17, 1932.

Donald Granville Robertson, also a "Corian" and a Medical student, was in residence, 1929-31. A few days before Easter he contracted pneumonia, and died on Easter Sunday evening (March 27).

Wilfred Edmund Derham, a "Melburnian," was with us for only one year, 1929, reading in Commercial subjects. On the night of August 10 he was the unfortunate victim of a motor-smash and died a few hours later, in the early morning of August 11.

By what seems to us a strange coincidence, each of these three young men was, in a very special sense, the most cherished comfort of his mother. As our hearts go out in sympathy to the bereaved parents, and as we believe that somewhere in His great universe God has other and higher purposes for our friends, yet we cannot help feeling perplexed that lives so full of promise here should be so early removed. Still, it is not for us to question the providence of God. On a tombstone over a child's grave is inscribed this parable—

A gardener was going round the garden with his master, and came upon a young and tender flower plucked off.

He said, "Who plucked this flower?"  
 "I did," replied the master, and the gardener held his peace.



As the sadness of bereavement has been thus terribly brought home to us, and we have been made to think of what it means that parents should lose their children, so also we are reminded how near to us, even while we are young, may be the close of our days on earth. It is a call to sympathy and to seriousness—not that we ought to be less happy, but more serious. For all that our comrades have been to us, our lives, should they be lonelier, ought also to be richer and holier.

T.M.R.

#### FLEUR-DE-LYS CLUB.

##### Office-Bearers, 1932.

##### General Committee.

Presidents: R. A. Bidstrup, A. G. Rylah.  
Hon. Secretaries: F. Shann, J. S. Catomore.

Treasurers: A. G. Rylah, T. W. Vorrath.  
Indoor Representatives: J. S. Catomore,  
G. B. Sewell.

Outdoor Representatives: G. B. Sewell,  
E. K. Leslie.

##### Intercollegiate Delegates.

J. S. Catomore, G. B. Sewell.

##### Dramatic Sub-Committee.

C. J. Zwar, L. E. Parker.

##### Music Sub-Committee.

##### Dance Sub-Committee.

J. Bult, J. Agar.

##### Sports Sub-Committee.

Athletics: R. A. Bidstrup, J. Agar, J. Lewis.

Cricket: R. A. Bidstrup, G. B. Sewell,  
A. E. Cook.

Football: R. A. Bidstrup, T. W. Vorrath,  
G. B. Sewell.

Boats: L. L. O. Bevan, J. C. Campbell,  
T. W. Vorrath.

Tennis: J. S. Catomore, D. Stephens, A. G. Rylah.

#### VALETE, 1931.

J. M. Hedstrom—In College 1927-31. President 1930-31. President's Medal for Oratory 1930. Table President 1930-31. Crew 1931.

H. A. Wimpole—In College 1928-31. Out-door Rep. 1930. Hon. Sec. 1930-31. Tennis 1928-31. Football 1928-31. Athletics 1928-30.

J. D. McKie—In College 1928-31. Out-door Representative 1930-31. President's Medal for Oratory 1931. Leeper Prize for Oratory 1930. Wigram Allen Essay Prize 1929. Dialectic Team 1929-31. Table President 1931.

F. D. Cumbrae-Stewart—In College 1926-31. Table President 1930-31.

R. H. Richmond—In College 1928-31. Football 1928-31. Hon. Treasurer 1930-31. Table President 1931.

I. P. Garran—In College 1928-31. Athletics 1931. Crew 1930-31. Table President 1931.

E. F. Langley—In College 1928-31. Athletics 1928. Table President 1931.

C. A. C. Brown—In College 1929-31. Football 1930-31. Cricket 1931.

F. S. Dethridge—In College 1929-31. Boats 1929. Football 1929.

D. M. Sutherland—In College 1929-31. Cricket 1929-31. Football 1929-31. Athletics 1930.

C. M. Maxwell—In College 1929-31. Boats 1931.

A. G. Pringle—In College 1930-31. Boats 1931.

F. G. A. Healy—In College 1929-31. Athletics 1929-31.

T. G. A. Healy—In College 1930-31. Athletics 1930-31. Football 1930-31.

E. B. Richardson—In College 1931. Tennis 1931. Athletics 1931.

R. S. Robinson—In College 1931. Athletics 1931. Football 1931.

P. L. a'Beckett—In College 1931. Athletics 1931.



## THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

7

H. L. Catchlove—In College 1931.  
Cricket 1931. Football 1931. Athletics 1931.  
W. B. Chibnall—In College 1931. Football 1931.  
P. H. Dane—In College 1931. Football 1931.  
D. D. Hope—In College 1931. Football 1931.  
J. W. McKay—In College 1931. Athletics 1931.  
A. R. Tartakover—In College 1931. Cricket 1931.  
R. W. W. Wilmot—In College 1931. Athletics 1931.  
W. T. Agar—In College 1928-31.  
J. F. Anderson—In College 1929-31.  
R. R. Andrew—In College 1930-31.  
A. I. Barrett—In College 1929-31.  
R. S. Hart—In College 1929-31.  
T. H. Oddie—In College 1929-31.  
D. G. Robertson—In College 1929-31.  
R. G. B. Skinner—In College 1928-31.  
F. I. Taylor—In College 1930-31.  
C. W. Bailey—In College 1931.  
L. R. Balmer—In College 1931.  
P. S. Lang—In College 1931.  
C. M. S. May—In College 1931.

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### SALVETE, 1931.

K. S. Black—3rd Year Elec. Engin'g.  
C. A. Bush—Arts.  
T. R. H. Clark—Arts.  
K. F. Cole—Engineering.  
A. S. Ellis—Medicine.  
H. W. Evans—Engineering.  
D. C. Jackson—2nd Year Medicine.  
D. R. Leslie—Medicine.

J. G. Mann—Arts.  
M. A. P. Mattingley—Arts.  
J. M. McMillan—Arts.  
J. E. Starke—Arts.  
G. E. Moorhouse—Arts.  
B. Nixon—Medicine.  
P. J. Parsons—Science.  
W. I. Roadknight—Theology.  
R. S. Smibert—Medicine.  
J. R. Stawell—Medicine.  
N. F. Stuart—Arts.  
R. M. Teage—Science.  
S. L. Townsend—3rd Year Medicine  
T. H. Timpson—Arts.  
L. F. Whitfield—Arts.  
E. R. A. Wilson—Arts.  
S. A. Sewell—2nd Year Medicine.

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We wish to thank all our contributors, the J.C.H. Representative, the Chaplain, for his article and his keen interest, and the printers for their kindness and forbearance.

A keen observer will have noticed the omission of the Editorial and the Examination Results. This has, unfortunately, been necessary owing to financial depression.

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### EDITORIAL MODESTY.

"It was only through the admirable work of the secretaries (Messrs. Douglas Stephens and John Crotty) that, in spite of the weather and other disadvantages, the quarter finals were almost reached and an enjoyable time was had by all."—"Farrago."





## SPORTS NOTES



## CRICKET.

For the third successive year Trinity were unable to reach the final. After having a good lead on the first innings in the match against Ormond, a long day in the field on Thursday placed us in a hopeless position. Lack of practice and experience was largely responsible for this. Rain had prevented the team playing the usual number of practice matches, although we had played against Scotch, Wesley, Geelong Grammar and M.C.C. with indifferent success. This lack of concerted match practice was very evident in the field, and until this is realised and more keenness shown Trinity cannot look forward to success in Intercollegiate cricket.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. C. H. Keon-Cohen for the enthusiasm he displayed both at the nets and in practice matches; his coaching was very valuable, and we look forward to his assistance next year.

The team finally selected was as follows:—

Bidstrup (captain), Clarke, Cook, Crotty, Juttner, Meares, Nish, Sewell (G. B.), Shann, Starke, Stephens.

Ormond won the toss and opened on a good wicket. Laurie and Lawson gave them a good start, and the score mounted steadily until Crotty, bowling with plenty of "zip," produced a sudden change in the game. With the score at 1—120 he took three wickets for 4 runs. The remainder of the side offered little resistance to his bowling, and he finished with the excellent figures of six for 43. Trinity's fielding on the whole was good, although some chances were dropped.

Trinity opened with Cook and Shann,

who put on 61 for the first wicket—the best opening partnership the College had had for some years. Cook batted well for 40, and Sewell (40 n.o.), Juttner (21) and Bidstrup (18 n.o.) carried the score to 141 for three wickets. On Thursday Sewell and Bidstrup began quietly and appeared to be set for a good partnership until Bidstrup was brilliantly caught at cover by Hicks for 21. Sewell and Stephens were the only remaining batsmen to offer any resistance to the Ormond bowling, the former batting quietly and well for his runs. The innings closed at 254.

Ormond remained at the wickets for the remainder of the day, and, with good batting, made the excellent score of 393 for three wickets; Lawson 150, Shannon 107, and Laurie 97 n.o. being the chief contributors. Our ground fielding was good, but slackened off towards the end of the day, and chances, which were very expensive, were not accepted. Special mention, however, should be made of the slip fielding of Nish, who took five catches during the match. After about half an hour's play on Friday rain prevented the continuation of the match till Wednesday afternoon, when Ormond carried their score to 490. Laurie was then third batsman to reach the century. Trinity were unfortunate in losing the services of Bidstrup, who was unable to field owing to a strained hip.

Trinity, with 430 to make, were dismissed on a rain-sodden wicket with the very poor score of 65, Cook, Sewell and Stephens being the only batsmen to reach double figures.

We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Sewell on his success in winning the batting Cup presented by the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys; and also Ormond on winning the Championship.



# THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

9

Scores:—

## ORMOND.

### First Innings.

Laurie, c Meares, b Bidstrup	25
Lawson, b Crotty	62
Shannon, lbw, b Shann	32
Hicks, c Nish, b Crotty	0
Meares, c Cook, b Crotty	22
McGregor, c Nish, b Shann	0
McAdam, b Crotty	4
Oram, c Cook, b Crotty	4
Lush, not out	13
Young, b Crotty	15
Newman, lbw, b Clark	4
Sundries	13

Total . . . . . 194

Bowling: Bidstrup, 1-39; Clark, 1-24; Sewell, 0-36; Shann, 2-42; Crotty, 6-43; Stephens, 0-13.

### Second Innings.

McAdam, b Clark	0
Lawson, lbw, b Stephens	150
Shannon, c Nish, b Bidstrup	109
Laurie, c Nish, b Stephens	107
Meares, c Juttner, b Clark	34
Hicks, c Clark, b Stephens	8
McGregor, not out	25
Oram, c Sewell, b Crotty	8
Lush, c Nish, b Crotty	2
Young, not out	6
Sundries	20

Total for nine wickets . . 490

Bowling: Bidstrup, 1-81; Clark, 2-76; Crotty, 2-99; Stephens, 3-58; Shann, 0-79; Nish, 0-32; Sewell, 0-24.

## TRINITY.

### First Innings.

E. A. Cook, c Cram, b Lawson	40
F. Shann, c Sewell (sub.), b Meares	25
C. P. Juttner, lbw, Newman	21
G. B. Sewell, lbw, b Lawson	75
R. A. Bidstrup, c Hicks, b Meares	21
R. H. Clark, b Newman	0
D. F. Stephens, c Newman, b Meares	47
J. N. Nish, b Lawson	0
J. Starke, b Lawson	6
A. D. Meares, not out	0
J. M. Crotty, c McGregor, b Lawson	10
Sundries	9

Total . . . . . 254

Bowling: Meares, 3-65; Newman, 2-62; Lawson, 5-73; Young, 0-26.

### Second Innings.

E. A. Cook, c and b Meares	15
F. Shann, b Meares	6
C. P. Juttner, c Newman, b Meares	3
G. B. Sewell, c Lawson, b Meares	11
R. H. Clark, c Cram, b Newman	3
D. F. Stephens, c Newman, b Meares	10
R. A. Bidstrup, run out	3
J. N. Nish, st Laurie, b Newman	5
J. Starke, b Meares	1
A. D. Meares, c Lawson, b Newman	4
J. M. Crotty, not out	1
Sundries	3

Total . . . . . 65

Bowling: Oram, 0-5; Meares, 6-32; Newman, 3-25.

## ROWING.

At the end of last year our prospects for a good crew did not seem very bright. However, as it turned out, our material, though rough, proved to be very willing, and the nucleus of the crew trained regularly last year under Dr. Brian Keon-Cohen, who put in some valuable work with them. Unfortunately he had to leave for England early this year, but we managed to get Mr. Russel Keon-Cohen to take up the coaching again.

When the crew started training, early in February, several seats were still in doubt, but during the absence of "stroke" and "7" in camp, Mr. Keon-Cohen was able to settle the remaining places. The crew as finally selected before Easter was:—

	st.	lbs.
Bow—E. K. Leslie	10	10
1—H. R. Smith	11	4
3—G. E. Moorhouse	12	0
4—T. W. Vorrath	12	2
5—J. M. Baillieu	13	1
6—K. F. Cole	13	2
7—J. C. E. Campbell	12	1
Str.—L. L. O. Bevan	10	5
Cox—B. Nixon	8	9



We went straight into the racing boat, a departure from the usual practice, and long rows over Easter and plenty of hard work soon had the eight in good condition. Though we were still very rough, repeated trials with other crews, amongst whom was the W.A. interstate crew, showed that we had pace, and we went to the post with great hopes.

The heats were rowed under very unpleasant conditions, a flood stream and a strong head wind making the water very rough. We had drawn the south course against Newman in the first heat. After some delay, due to breakages, both crews got away to an even start. Newman held a slight advantage early, but between the bridges they faltered in the rough water and Trinity shot two lengths ahead. At Brander's Trinity steered for the shelter of the south bank, which enabled Newman, with the advantage of the bend, to come up slightly. But on gaining the comparatively smooth water Trinity drew away again, and, rowing easily, won by three and a half lengths.

In the second heat Ormond, on the north course, were closely pressed by Queen's for the first half-mile, but, with a good swing, steadily drew ahead to win by a length and a quarter.

The final was rowed next day under ideal conditions. There was a fair stream assisting the crews and a slight tail wind. Both crews got away well together, Ormond striking 39 to Trinity's 40. Ormond on the south had the advantage of the first bend, and were half a length ahead at Anderson Street, where they flopped in the wash of a launch which was running ahead of the crews. Trinity at 38 were striking several strokes faster at this stage, and shot to the front. Turning round the bend this lead was increased to three-quarters of a length. Ormond challenged at the staging, but Trinity were rowing well within themselves, and, increasing the rating to 40, went away to win by a length and a quarter. The time, 6 min. 21 sec., was a record for the race. After the race Mrs. Disher presented the Mervyn Bournes Higgins

pennant, the gift of Mrs. Kernick, to our stroke.

Too much cannot be said of Mr. Keon-Cohen's enthusiastic efforts behind the megaphone. He was largely responsible for our success, both by the condition he produced by a hard training and, what is more important, the spirit behind it.

The Second Eight's race for the Malcolm Russell Norton trophy was rowed before the final. Our crew consisted of:

	st. lbs.
Bow—D. Jackson . . . . .	10 3
2—J. Piercey . . . . .	11 0
3—C. Kitchen . . . . .	10 6
4—R. Richards . . . . .	11 7
5—P. Parsons . . . . .	10 6
6—M. Mattingley . . . . .	11 0
7—Lewis Lewis . . . . .	10 3
Str.—J. Smibert . . . . .	10 5
Cox—R. Smibert . . . . .	9 0

They were very rough on their first appearance, but under Dr. Ken. Hardy, who had given up considerable time to coaching them, showed great improvement. Ormond had boated an exceptionally strong crew and won easily by a length from Queen's. Trinity started badly but came up fast and finished equal second.

L. L. O. Bevan and K. F. Cole were selected to row in a trial eight for the inter-Varsity boat. Unfortunately Cole was unavailable. We were eventually represented by Bevan, who was chosen to stroke the eight, and J. C. E. Campbell, who rowed "bow." The latter was selected as emergency but entered the crew in Tasmania. We should like to congratulate them on their success.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. J. M. Baillieu for his generous gift to the Club of a new set of racing oars.

Trinity's name is once more on the rowing map. If we are to keep it there we must put in a lot of hard work. What we need is rowing and plenty of it. There is great opportunity to gain racing experience in the summer regattas, so let us make the most of it.



## ATHLETICS, 1932.

The bright future of Trinity Athletics so confidently predicted in the past few years appears to be rapidly approaching its fulfilment. Starting the year with less promising raw material than has been evident for some time past, we have been able, by the enthusiasm and hard work of the whole of the training list, to produce a well-balanced team, capable of running second for the first time since the War. Indeed, although perhaps unduly optimistic, Trinity athletes had high hopes of defeating Ormond. Such was not to be, and we must again look to "Next Year" to crown our endeavours. Keeness and enthusiasm such as shown in this and the last few preceding years must inevitably attain its object. It should be observed, however, that this attainment would be very much hastened if some of the enthusiasm shown by the actual members of the team were shared by the remainder of the College.

The preponderance of junior men in the team, coupled with the great improvement produced in inexperienced men by hard training, is a hopeful sign for the future. However, it is also a reflection upon those senior men, who, while members of the team in previous years, have since apparently lost active interest.

The Cato shield was again comfortably won by Ormond, with 73 points; Trinity (41 1-3) just beating Newman (38 1-3) for second place. For two or three events the first three colleges were fairly level, then Ormond drew away to a commanding lead with good wins in the 100 Yards and High Jump. Trinity was then a few points ahead of Newman. At the last event, the 440, with the Cato shield already won by Ormond, only one point separated those two. The tension was relieved by Agar, who won in fine style, defeating Triado (N.) by 2 yards.

This gave Trinity its second win for the day, Stuart having previously won the Hurdles. His performance was well up to the high standard set by last year's pair. The most significant fea-

ture, and the one that holds out most hope for the future, however, is not this increased number of first places, but the solid showing all through the team. Not only did Trinity score in all events, but in only three cases were the second strings unplaced.

The day commenced very well, Cole being 2nd and Baillieu 4th in the Shot Putt. Baillieu later showed his versatility by also scoring points in the 100 and 220 Yds. and the Long Jump. The outstanding performer in the sprints was Agar, who secured 1st place in the Quarter, 3rd in the 220, and 5th in the 100 Yds.

In the Half, Langmore and Lewis were 4th and 5th respectively, the winner being Triado (N.), an inter-Varsity and National champion. With more racing experience these two should develop into a solid and formidable combination.

Stuart's win in the Hurdles rather overshadowed the good effort of Piercey, who ran an excellent race at short notice. In the Mile Bult, with little or no previous experience, ran a very fine race, and, until the last 100 yards, appeared to have it won. He, too, should develop into a really good miler, and next year should offer formidable opposition. Molloy, although not placed, gave a good exhibition of plucky running, as did Clark later in the Quarter.

The Long Jump was also very satisfactory, Catomore being 3rd and Baillieu 4th. In the High Jump, Meares came 5th and Starke was unplaced.

Mention must be made of the wonderful performance of J. C. Horsfall, captain of the Ormond team, who, although handicapped by wet and slow tracks, established records in the 100 and 220 Yds. and the Long Jump.

Bidstrup, whom we had expected to be a pillar of strength to the team, had the misfortune to injure his back while playing cricket earlier in the year. His absence was a great blow, but we hope to see him fit next year.

The Old Boy's trophy was awarded to J. Agar, whom we also congratulate as being the sole Trinity representative in inter-Varsity athletics this season.



## FOOTBALL.

Last year, with seven promising freshmen in the football team, we looked forward to having a good team nucleus for 1932, but the loss of ten of the team, including some outstanding men like Wimpole and Catchlove, rendered the football outlook anything but bright. Moreover, we lost the services of Dave Alsop, who was doing Finals in Med.; and our only outstanding footballer, Bidstrup, was unable to take his part in the preliminary matches owing to an injured back. Nevertheless he decided to play in the inter-Collegiate match, and, as captain of the team, he set a fine example until his injury gained the upper hand and forced him to leave the ground at half-time.

With little prospect of an outstanding football team, it was necessary to fall back on hard training to form a team of any merit at all. As usual, athletics interfered with the early training, but after Intercollegiate Day the members of the training list worked with a will under the coaching of Bidstrup, with the result that the team rapidly showed signs of improvement. Practice matches against Melbourne Grammar, Xavier College, Geelong Grammar and Teachers' College were played, and although beaten in all of them, the last match against Teachers' College brought to light some patches of quite good football, especially on the forward lines.

## Trinity v. Queen's College.

Conditions for the Intercollegiate match were ideal, and Trinity was represented by the following team:—

Backs: D. Leslie, Vorrath, Baillieu.

Half-Backs: Bidstrup, J. E. Sewell, Agar.

Centres: Parsons, Piercey, Purbrick.

Half-Forwards: Stephens, Clarke, Starke.

Forwards: Timpson, Catomore, J. E. Lewis.

Rucks: Rylah, Campbell.

Rover: Cook.

Queen's won the toss but gave Trinity the wind, which favoured the Newman

goal. The early part of the game found the Queen's forwards attacking, and by clean, open play they were able to elude our backs and scored repeatedly. The backs, however, rallied well, and for a considerable part of the first quarter the ball was in our forward lines, where crowded play, which was characteristic of our forwards throughout the match, enabled the opposing backs to clear again and again. Moreover, we were being beaten in the ruck and in the air by the bigger men in the Queen's side, and the forwards had little chance with the high punts which were repeatedly kicked to them.

The end of the quarter found Queen's leading by 3 goals.

In the second quarter the same fault of crowded play spoilt our chances of scoring, while the opposing forwards, although they did not take the ball forward very often, were able to make better use of their opportunities to open play. At the second change the scores were Queen's 7—8, Trinity 1—7, and our captain, Bidstrup, deciding that his injury was ruining his game, played Piercey in the half-back position, Stephens in the centre, and R. Smibert in the half-forward position.

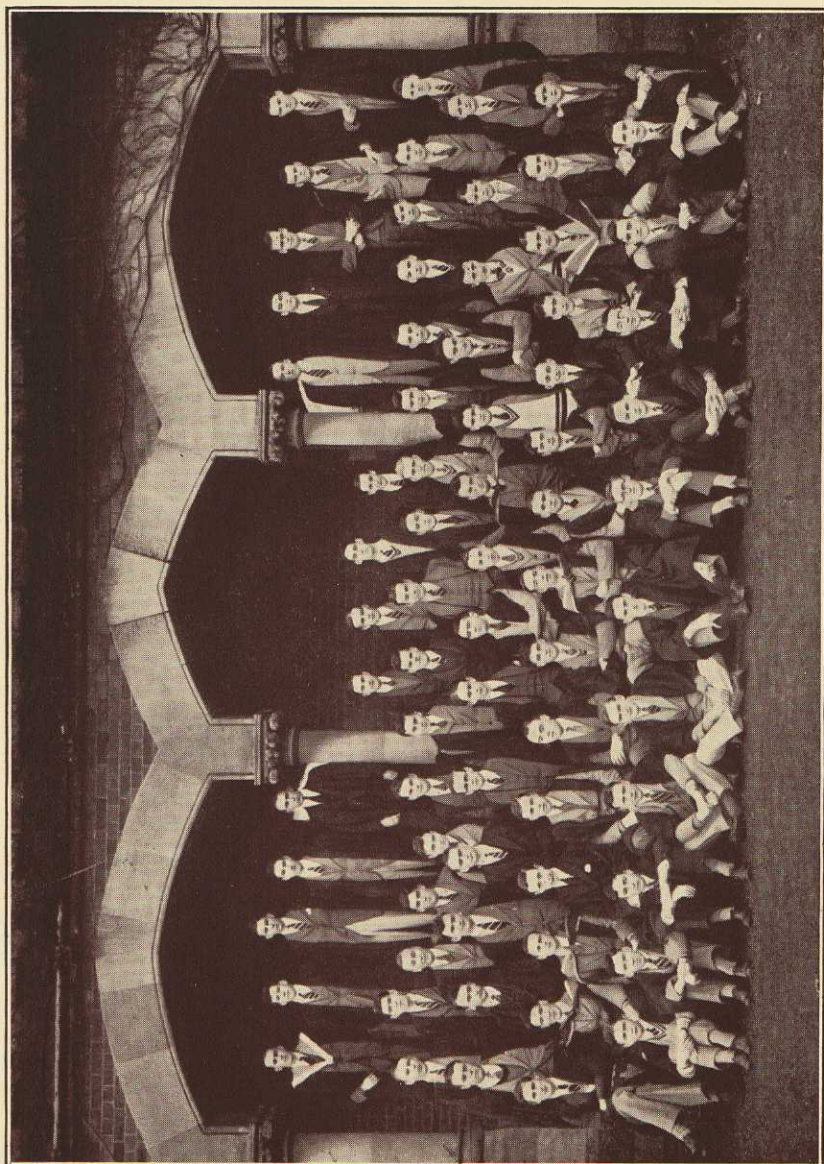
The game improved somewhat in the third quarter, but was still very scrumbly, resulting in the low scores of Queen's 3—3 and Trinity 1—4.

In the last quarter, Trinity were attacking almost continuously and the backs successfully warded off most of the opposing attacks. Once again, however, crowded play proved our undoing, so that the final bell rang with the scores: Queen's, 12—18, d. Trinity, 4—14.

Goal-kickers for Trinity were:—Stephens (2), Clark, and Cook.

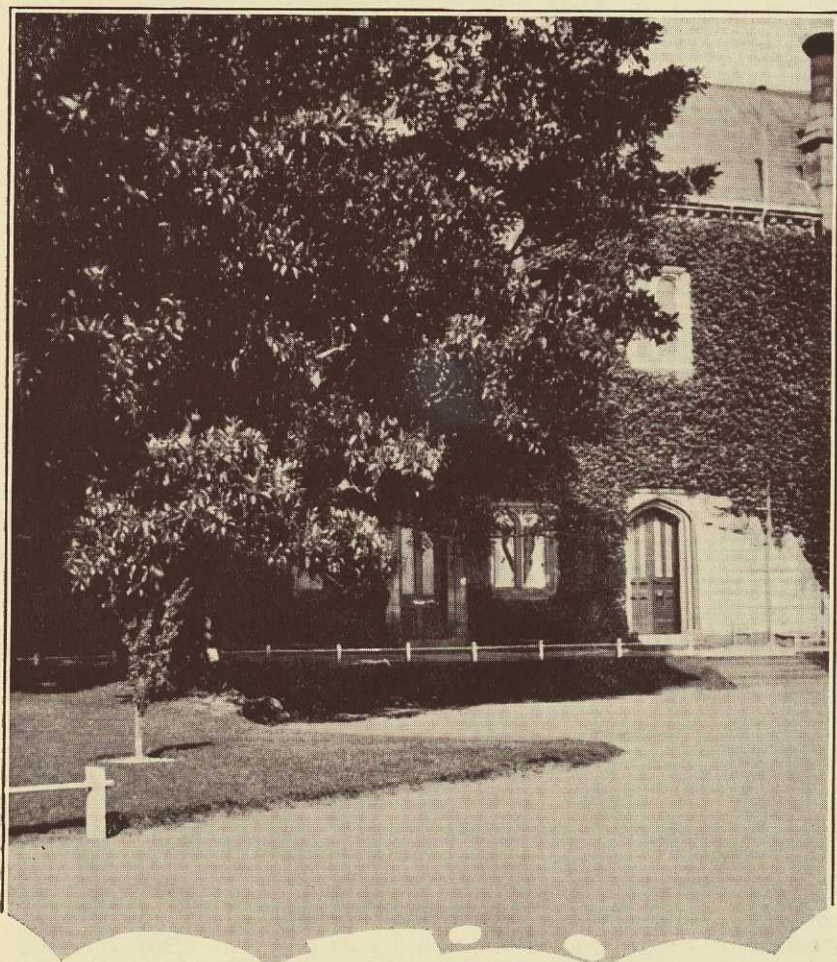
Of those doing well for Trinity, Sewell at centre half-back was conspicuous, and time and again repulsed Queen's attacks, receiving sound support from Vorrath at centre full back. Cook as rover and full forward showed plenty of dash, and was awarded the Keon-Cohen Cup. Others who played well were Purbrick, on the wing, and D. Leslie, at full back right, while Bid-





FLEUR-DE-LYS CLUB, 1932.





THE WARDEN'S LODGE.



strup showed that in spite of his injury he still maintained his old ability and determination.

### 2nd XVIII.

As the White Knight said to Alice,

"I'll tell thee everything I can,  
There's little to relate."

We had not even a nucleus of the Keon-Cohen warriors left to continue the good work this year. However, that great man himself joined us in our practice matches, and shouting his old cry:

"Alas! what boots it,"

gaily punted out of bounds in his own inimitable manner. After a strenuous period of preliminary contests we met Queen's, but, aided by the Prince of Darkness, they defeated us.

Final scores:—

Queen's, about 8 goals.

Trinity, about 5 goals.

The best game of the day was played by Mr. Romanis—between the sticks. As, however, he was not in the team, the Howse Cup was awarded to Mr. J. C. Morris-Crotty.

"How are the Mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!"

### TENNIS.

In the first round of the inter-Collegiate tennis, Trinity met Newman on September 20 in perfect tennis weather. Although prospects were bright results proved even better than expected, Trinity winning by seven rubbers to one. This year we were without the services of H. A. Wimpole and E. B. Richardson, the former of whom had represented the College for the past four years, but in J. N. Nish and A. G. Rylah we found two sound performers who had shown in practice that they were capable of producing good match tennis. The team thus consisted of J. S. Cato-

more (captain), A. G. Rylah, J. N. Nish and F. D. Stephens.

Stephens and Rylah met McLean and Shurman respectively in the first singles matches.

Stephens established an early lead, and, playing steady tennis, won the first set 6—2. The second set was very even, the Newman man forehand driving particularly well, but Stephens' consistency proved the deciding factor and he eventually won, 8—6.

On the west court Rylah, playing sound tennis, won convincingly in straight sets, 6—3, 6—4, thus giving Trinity a 2 love lead.

Playing against Riordan, Nish was likewise too strong for his opponent and won comfortably, 7—5, 6—3.

In the Galbally-Catomore match the latter was the first to strike form and had little difficulty in winning the first set, 6—1. In the second set, however, Galbally established an early lead of three love, but Catomore rallied, and, by effective volleying and smashing, eventually won the set, 6—4.

At the lunch adjournment Trinity thus found itself with an extremely comfortable lead of 4 rubbers to love.

Despite an excellent lunch, Trinity began well in the Doubles. Combining well, Rylah and Nish easily accounted for Riordan and Shurmann, winning in straight sets, 6—3, 6—4 thus putting the position beyond doubt. On the east court the two first pairs were opposed, this match producing the most interesting tennis of the day. Catomore and Stephens began well, and, playing good all-round tennis, won the first set, 6—3. The second set was more even, every game being keenly contested. Eventually, by more consistent tennis, the Trinity pair prevailed and won, 8—6.

Trinity first pair easily defeated the Newman second pair and won in straight sets without the loss of a game.

In the last rubber of the day Rylah and Nish met Galbally and McLean. They began well by winning the first set 6—4, but the Newman men recovered and took the second set 0—6, and, maintaining their form, also won the third set, 6—3.



**The Final.**

The final was played v. Ormond on September 28, the weather again being perfect.

While realising that the final against the strong Ormond team would prove a more difficult task, in view of the form displayed by the team v. Newman, we had high hopes of another victory.

In the Singles the opening was not auspicious when Stephens lost the first set to McLennan. However, Trinity's hopes revived when Rylah, after being 3—1 down, won his first set against Meares, after a hard fight. Further, Stephens won his second set chiefly owing to accurate tossing and smashing. In the third set, however, he was unable to cope with McLennan's excellent forehand driving, the Ormond man winning, 6—4.

On the west court Meares won the second set 6—3, and, by accurate placements and net play, took the third, 6—1, thus giving Ormond a lead of 2 rubbers to love. In the Clarke-Nish match both players drove well, but Clarke's consistency prevailed and he won, 6—2, 6—3.

In the first set v. Ritchie, Catomore established an early lead, winning the first set, 6—1. Ritchie then rallied and led 3 love, but the Trinity man evened at 4 all; but after a keen struggle the Ormond man took the set, 8—6. However, in the final set Catomore's accuracy prevailed and he won the set, 6—2.

Trinity were thus 3—1 down at the change over, and the position extremely difficult, but memories of '29 were still with us, and as the Singles had been close matches a victory was still possible.

The first rubber nevertheless proved somewhat disastrous for Trinity, the Ormond pair defeating our first pair in straight sets, 6—2, 8—6. But on the west court our second pair, after losing the first set 6—3, recovered well and won the second set, 6—2. The third set was somewhat of a marathon, Trinity finally winning 13—11 after a great tussle, Nish being the outstanding player.

Catomore and Stephens won the first set v. Clarke and Meares, 6—2, but lapsed into errors in the second, the Ormond pair leading 5 love. However, the Trinity pair recovered, and, playing very accurately, took the next seven games and the set, 7—5.

Ritchie and McLennan were also too strong for Rylah and Nish, winning in straight sets, 6—3, 6—2.

We congratulate Ormond on their victory, it being their first since 1914.

In the Pennant competition this year the College entered teams in "B," "C" and "D" grades. Although little success was achieved, the keenness shown has been extremely gratifying and augurs well for College tennis next year.

**INTER-COLLEGIATE HOCKEY.**

The Eggleston-Secombe Cup for inter-Collegiate Hockey was again won by Trinity this year after a magnificent victory over Queen's, who had secured the right to challenge Trinity, the holders of the Cup, by defeating Ormond in the preliminary round. Encouraged by the overwhelming victory of our men over J.C.H., and the fact that we have six or so regular and experienced exponents of the game, Trinity fielded a strong and confident team, admirably coached by Messrs. Morris and Law-Smith. To put it bluntly—the game was a cinch from the first bully. The solid work of Morris and Ewing enabled our goalie to make up for the sleep he had missed in working late the night before so that he could take part in the game. The forwards, though hampered by the obstructive tactics of the Queen's backs, played superbly and missed very few opportunities, so that Trinity won comfortably by 3 goals to none. The goal-hitters were Rylah, Cook and Prentice.

After the match the Cup was presented to Mr. (now Dr.) Morris, the captain, and Trinity will retain it for another year. What a pity that it is not allowed to grace "that hole in the wall"!





# OLD STUDENTS



## THE UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

The Annual Meeting of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys was held at the Hotel Windsor on Saturday, April 23, 1932, at 6.40 p.m.

The following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Dr. Mark Gardner.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. Maudsley and Mr. Sproule.

Committee: Drs. Furnell, Field, Sweetnam and E. R. White, and Messrs. Armstrong, Bloomfield, Herring, Knight, Sholl, Blakemore, Sutton, and Wimpole.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. W. H. Moule.

The balance-sheet, 1931-32, was confirmed, and the meeting, which consisted of over 60, then proceeded to dinner. Speeches were made by the President and Warden, and our two new politicians, Dr. Shields and Mr. Hollway.

At the suggestion of the President a luncheon was held on the 18th July in honour of members of the Society recently elected to Parliament, viz., Sir Stanley Argyle and Messrs. Russell Clarke, Casey, Hollway, and Shields. Our other representative, Sir Frank Clarke, was unable to be present. There was an attendance of over forty, and it has been suggested that similar luncheons should be made annual fixtures in the future, together with the Cricket Match and the Dinner.

The Hon. Secretary would like to remind members who have not paid their subscriptions for this year, 1932, that payment may be made to him as follows:—

Annual Subscription, 7/6.

One or more year's Subscription may be paid in advance.

Life Membership, £5/5/-.

Members are requested to send all notices of change of address and other communications to

The Hon. Secretary,

Union of the Fleur-de-Lys,

C/o Messrs. Moule, Hamilton & Derham,

394 Collins Street,  
Melbourne.

## OLD BOYS' NOTES.

**Note.**—These have been compiled from information obligingly supplied by various members, and the Secretary asks to be excused for any undue familiarity in the case of any members whom he does not know personally.

There is a long list of "Benedicts"—

**Reg. Blakemore** got married in the College Chapel on Monday, September 19, having given about an hour's notice to the Warden and very little more to the bride, the Chaplain and other parties concerned.

**Donald Mack** also patronised the College Chapel. He was married on May 12 to Miss Lamble.

**Paul Radford** married Winifred Kent Hughes on the quiet about three months since, and recently came over to Melbourne for his honeymoon.

**John Garran** was married in September.

**John Shaw** favoured St. John's, Toorak, where he was married on September 20 to Miss Syme in the presence of a large and extremely fashionable gathering.

**Raynes Dickson** married Miss Eril Howse in August, at St. John's, Toorak, the ceremony being performed by the College chaplain.

**Tom Hollway**, in addition to his legal and Parliamentary activities, has also found time to get married. He is now settled at Ballarat.



**Kenneth Hardy** just missed the last issue of the "Fleur-de-Lys." He married Miss Constance Sweetman in the College Chapel on October 22 of last year.

Congratulations to **N. B. Welsh** on the birth of a son.

**Brian Keon-Cohen** went off to England at the beginning of March. He proposes for a year or two to go the rounds of some of the hospitals.

**M. W. Britten**, having completed the examinations for London B.D., has returned to Australia and is on the lookout for a job.

**J. C. W. Brown** has come to the end of his tenure of the Lucas-Tooth Scholarship and graduated at Oxford in the Honour School of Theology. He, too, is back in Victoria and looking for a job.

Some of our old members have of late been unfortunate in meeting with accidents. Our sympathies went out to **Raynes Dickson**, who, having narrowly escaped being killed during the Phillip Island Road Race, was so unlucky as to have one of his eyes seriously damaged while out shooting. **Ted a'Beckett** was recently laid out in a football match and is in consequence unlikely to be able to take part in the big cricket for the earlier part of the season at any rate.

**Charles Belcher**, Chief Justice of Trinidad, is on a visit to Victoria. He still keeps up his nature studies.

Recent Trinity recruits to the Bar include **Whitney King** and **Andrew Garrahan**. The latter has startled the world by questioning the validity of the majority of judicial appointments which are being made in this State. The world appears to be taking the shock quietly. To both of these, hearty congratulations and good wishes.

**Harvey Sutton** has lately discovered that there are as many rats as there are human beings in Sydney. He likewise has not been shy about publishing his discovery.

**H. A. H. Smith** is on the Staff of Scotch College, Claremont, W.A.

Hearty congratulations to **G. S. Knowles** on his appointment as Com-

monwealth Solicitor-General; also to **Harold Stewart** upon his securing the reversion of **L. A. Adamson's** job at Wesley.

Two new members of the College Council are **Denis Deasey** and **Arthur Sherwin**.

**H. L. Wilkinson** returned from Paris some months ago with wife and child.

**E. C. Dyason ("Dido")** went abroad at the beginning of the year to study world economic conditions. He made known his views in a paper which was read for him at a recent meeting in Sydney of the Australian Association for the Advancement of Science.

**Peter Garran** settled down in Paris early in the year and wrote out to tell Australians all about his exciting experiences the second day after his arrival.

**E. I. Robson** came out on a visit from from the old country at the beginning of the year, and for the time being has settled down in Malvern. For some months he acted as locum for "Bill" Kerry as lecturer in Classics at the University.

**Cyril Crooke** is now practising medicine at Yarragon.

**M. E. de B. Griffiths** writes from St. John's College, Brisbane—to which he has been appointed Warden—and also sends his subscription.

**E. R. Crisp** does likewise from London.

**Paul Haege**, now settled in Sydney, writes of foreign travel and of meeting Old Trinity men at (inter alia) Seattle, London, Paris, Geneva, Monte Carlo, Wellington, and Christchurch, all apparently sufficiently prosperous to quaff in appropriate fashion to the health of the Good Old College.

**Oliver Fitts** tells of a yachting trip of 11 days off the coast of England—the medical details are rather crude, but apart from a little bit of trouble with a ham sandwich the first day out he managed to settle down to his new life with true Australian initiative and got back to London, to use his own words, "looking like a middle-aged Greek god."

**Alan Duffy** is also in England.

**Porrol Stokes**, back again after a combination of business with pleasure in



foreign parts, reports that he broke bread, and possibly an odd teacup or two, with his old associates, **Tommy Harris** and **Miller Vine**.

**Peter (S. W.) Shields** is abroad to learn the last word in Dermatology.

**M. H. B. Robinson** has passed his primary examination for degree of F.R.C.S. He is engaged in and to Medical Research in London and Miss Heath respectively. He will marry the latter in November.

**Jim Ainslie** has gone up in the golfing world and is now playing "A" pennant in W.A. As his practice continues to flourish he should be a reasonably contented man.

"**Biddy**" **Bridgeford**, whose impersonations of an eminent College authority will be remembered, is still a patron of the turf.

It is reported from Mt. Gambier that **Henry Hawkins** has another claim for income tax exemption.

**Miller Vine**, after getting his English registration, is attached to Hammer-smith Hospital.

**Rex Sweetnam**, practising in Toorak, has at last got a short vacation of a couple of weeks at Anglesea—the first in years.

"**Paddy**" **Ewing** is, mirabile dictu, enjoying life on the Continent between periods of study.

**Harry Furnell** now has his plate in Collins Street, having relinquished general practice. It is hoped that he will consent to coach the College football team next year and enable it to improve on recent performances.

**Brian Keon-Cohen** is at the London Free Hospital preparing for a higher degree.

"**Jackie**" **Turner**, having added the M.S. to his formidable list of degrees, seeks new fields in the Old World to conquer, and leaves as Ship's M.O. in the "Orsova" on December 13. Sorrowing hearts behind him.

**Stewart Weir** performed with much elegance and success in the Trinity Mixed Doubles recently.

**Kenneth Henderson**, known to contemporaries as "Bombie" and to a still later generation as "Heavo," has been

over from W.A. on a visit to his people. He bids fair to become a real "groper," but none the less is sending his daughter to Janet Clarke Hall next year.

**Max Clemons** has returned from abroad and has gone to Tasmania.

**Peter Grant** is busy at the Metro-Vickers works, Newcastle, England.

**Norman Robinson** is back in England after a holiday in Germany, and is preparing for further examinations.

**Conrad Hirschfeld** has been successful in gaining his F.R.C.S.

**Munro Kerr** is at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, pursuing his law studies.

**Randal Champion** has crowned his academic career with a doctorate and is on the honorary staff of the Melbourne Hospital. He is devoting much of his spare time to skiing.

**Tom Graham** continues a prominent figure in the golfing world of Victoria.

We feel that both **Keith Fairley** and **Bill Carrington** should be censured by the B.M.A. for having won large sums of money in the Dad Crossword Puzzles. If brilliant brains like these participate what is going to happen to John Citizen?

**Russell Keon-Cohen** is endeavouring to prevent the boat of 1933 from presuming too much on the success of 1932 in which he played so great a part.

"**Monk**" **Harbison** has returned to his practice in Sydney after a fleeting visit to this benighted and Bradmanless city.

**Bright Parker** is acquiring a reputation for tying the knot at fashionable weddings.

**T. Thornton Reed**, of Adelaide origin, is now Chaplain at Grimwade House, M.G.S., having succeeded Phil. Wilson there.

**Chas. Murray**, Vicar of Kingsville, has a very promising daughter.

**Charlie Cotes** has been transferred from St. Silas', Geelong, to Hastings.

**Claude Kennedy** has gone from St. Peter's to St. Andrew's, Middle Brighton.

**John Lobb** is one of the few fortunate engineers and architects who are managing to keep that hungry-looking wolf from the adequately wide door.



We have not heard of further re-trenchments in the Navy, so we presume that **Jack Hasker** still holds the afflicted marines and other naval ratings.

**Jerry Ashton** is still practising in Burke Road, Camberwell, while **Clive Langlands** has his plate up in Glenferrie Road.

"Ginner" **Broome** was in Melbourne for a while recently, getting some time off from his job in Rabaul to attend to private affairs in Victoria.

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### OBITUARY.

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We deeply regret to announce the deaths of the following distinguished Old Boys of the College:—

**Thomas Millear Bawden** died at Sydney on March 29, 1932. He came to College from Melbourne Grammar in 1924 and obtained his B.A. degree in 1927 after gaining honours in French, Latin and Science of Languages, sharing the Dwight Prize for French Language. He figured prominently for the College at Cricket, and also took a very active part in University debating. He went to Oxford in 1927, and there his health became seriously affected, in consequence of which he returned to Australia.

**William Campbell Guest** died at his residence in Malvern on April 14, 1932. He entered College in 1880 and left in 1886, after obtaining his M.A. and L.L.B. degrees with honours. He rowed in the crew of 1882. On leaving the College he was called to the Bar, both here and in England. For 14 years he was lecturer here in the Law of Property and published a text-book on the Transfer of Land Act, which was for years accepted by the profession as the leading work on the subject. In 1910 he was appointed Commissioner of Titles

of Victoria and carried out the important duties of that position for twenty years until his retirement. He was appointed K.C. in 1911.

**Donald Mackinnon** died in a private hospital on April 25, 1932. He was educated at Geelong Grammar School and was in College during the late seventies. He subsequently took his Arts degree at New College, Oxford, and was called to the English Bar in 1883. His many activities in every sphere of public life in this State are too well known to require enumeration, but among the many positions held by him may be mentioned "Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Minister for Railways, Vice-President of the Board of Land and Works, Assistant Minister for Lands and Commissioner to U.S.A." He was also President of the Victorian Cricket Association and of the Old Geelong Grammarians. He has aptly been described by Sir Alexander Peacock as "one of the most useful citizens the State has ever had."

**Hugh Macdonald Zouch Ross.**—Former students of Trinity College heard with sorrow of the death of Mac. Ross. After spending his school days at Brighton Grammar, he entered Trinity in 1901 and studied law. He at once took the lead in College life, and was particularly prominent in cricket, football and tennis. Men of his day well remember him as a handsome, graceful athlete and as a most lovable and charming companion. After completing his articles, Ross did not long practise his profession, but took up station life in Queensland, where he managed his own property of "Callandoon," Goondiwindi. Five years ago he returned to Melbourne and lived at Sandringham, where he was regularly seen on the links of Royal Melbourne. The memory of Mac. Ross will ever remain pleasant and fragrant amongst a very wide circle of friends.





## JANET CLARKE HALL



## OFFICE-BEARERS, 1931.

President: Miss M. Heseltine.  
 Secretary: Miss E. McK. Shaw.  
 Treasurer: Miss H. Lawson.  
 Reference Librarian: Miss B. Wilmot.  
 Fiction Librarian: Miss L. Cullen.  
 Auditor: Miss J. Dann.

## Debating Club.

President: Miss B. Wilmot.  
 Secretary: Miss H. McDonald.

## Tennis Club.

President: Miss Joske.  
 Secretary and Treasurer: Miss H. Lawson.  
 Committee: Misses Heseltine, South, Sloss, Speed.

## Dance Secretaries.

Miss H. Hay, Miss N. Crawcour.

## NOTES.

Janet Clarke Hall began the year very successfully by again winning the Women's inter-Collegiate tennis, thus keeping for another year Miss Mollison's Cup. No longer is the Cup the sole trophy in our Common Room, for we now have a magnificent shield, made of the best traditional English oak, which is to bear the names of the winners of the Singles championship. The night that we celebrated our inter-Collegiate victory Miss Mollison came to dinner, and afterwards vied with Miss Traill in recounting the struggles in women's tennis in the "good old days."

And tennis has not been our only field of activity. We have members in the University "A," "B," "C" and "D" hockey teams who all take part in matches regularly. Yrsa Osbourne was chosen to represent Victoria in the inter-State matches in Tasmania this year, and, as well as seeing much of the island, succeeded in distinguishing

herself in every match. In the second vacation, Y. Osbourne, J. Robertson and J. Hutchings went to Sydney to play for the Melbourne University hockey team. In the intervals of surfing and exploring the bridge, they found time to play five matches and won them all.

We have also been represented in basket-ball. M. Wells has been awarded her blue for her play in the Melbourne team in the recent inter-Varsity contests.

Stunt Night, at the end of the first term, saw Janet Clarke Hall turning out full of enthusiasm. Although we only won third prize, our "stunt" will long be remembered. The ballets, resplendent in Trinity sweaters and red, white and green ribbons, rivalled those of the Ziegfeld Follies, and E. Shaw, as one of the workers of the world, was a particularly striking figure.

The Debating Club came to life again in second term, and held a series of impromptu debates which provided much amusement and revealed a considerable amount of latent talent. Here we learnt that "modern blatancy was preferable to Victorian deceit," and decided that "modern boredom was sufficient justification for a revolution." In third term we held our annual debate against the Teachers' Training College. Miss McDonald, Miss Sloss and Miss Kerr did their best to prove that the power of the press was not a menace, but Miss Drummond, Miss George and Miss Hill, on the affirmative, carried the day.

On October 1 the Debating Club visited the Lyceum Club to meet the Wranglers, who also proved invincible. Janet Clarke Hall was represented by B. Wilmot, H. McDonald and R. Ross. The Debating Club is particularly grateful to Mrs. McMahon, President of Janet Clarke Hall Council, for her services as adjudicator.

We were very interested in having Miss Rosalie Joyce, Travelling Secre-



tary of the Student Christian Movement, with us for some weeks during first term. Miss Elsie Traill was also our guest for some time before going on to Sydney.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Miss Thompson, who has gone to take up her duties at the Emily McPherson College. We returned, however, to find domestic economy in full swing, under the supervision of Miss Halls. The young economists helped to cook the cheese straws and other delicacies for the supper of our first Common Room dance, no after effects being noticed among either members of the Hall or their guests. By third term the freshers were all ready to obtain the certificates of proficiency, which were this year presented by Miss Herring. In a delightful speech, Miss Herring reminded us that proficiency in domestic arts was to be regarded, not as an end in itself, but as a means towards living a well-balanced life.

Janet Clarke Hall has had many interesting visitors this year. On June 16 it opened its doors to the members of the English Association, who held a reception here for Dame Sybil Thorn-dyke. There were about one hundred and fifty guests, who had afternoon tea in the various reception rooms and afterwards assembled in the dining hall, where Sybil Thorn-dyke spoke to an enraptured audience.

Later in the term, Dame Sybil Thorn-dyke visited us again. She had lunch with us, and afterwards visited some of our studies and saw over the College.

Archbishop and Mrs. Head had dinner with us one day, after the Archbishop had preached in the Chapel. They went over the Hall and met many of the students.

We have also invited to dinner this year Dr. and Mrs. Behan, the Chaplain, Mrs. and Miss Leeper, Professor and Mrs. Woodruff, Professor Osbourne, Miss Derham, Miss Bage, Miss Jessie Traill, Canon and Mrs. Langley and various other gentlemen.

This year Janet Clarke Hall has redoubled its activity in the direction of acting fairy godmother to the children of the Parkville Home. Brownie meet-

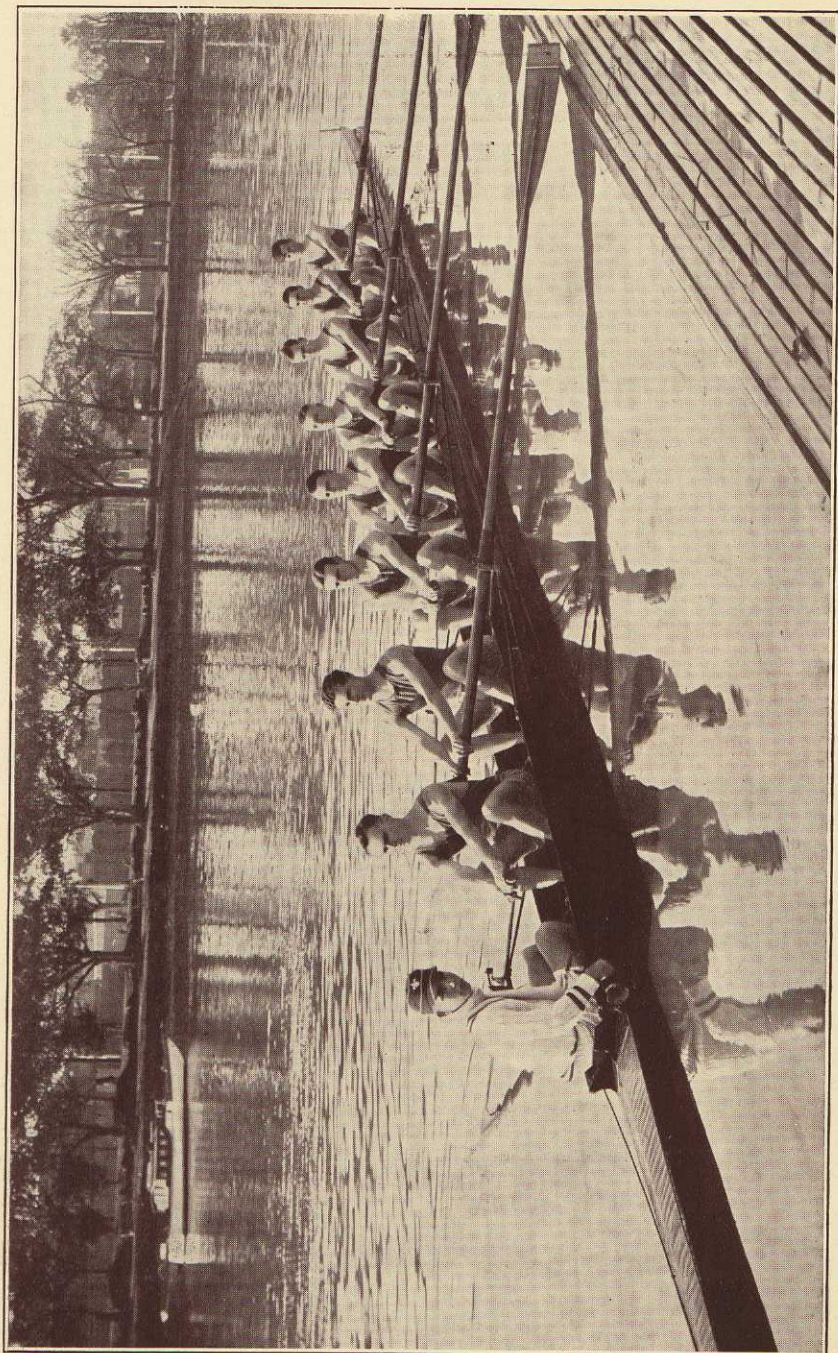
ings have increased in number, and the Brownie pack, which is entirely run by members of Janet Clarke, has increased very much in size. Picnics, walks on the common, and parties of various kinds have been arranged for the children each week. Several of the Brownies are qualifying for their tests, and are being initiated into the mysteries of dish washing, sewing and darning. (Note.—Those who possess garments minus buttons can have buttons attached to same by leaving at Janet Clarke Hall at the appropriate day, for the Brownies are anxious to get articles on which to practise the various ways of sewing on buttons.)

The Winter term saw feverish activities among those members of Janet Clarke who can knit (and who cannot?) Wool was bought and made into sweaters for the Home children, and Miss Tulloh is able to supply to those interested some amazing statistics concerning the number of sweaters produced under a co-operative system of industry. Those who doubt the extent of the good work have only to see the Brownie pack going out resplendent in their neatly-knitted brown jumpers, not to mention the red, blue, orange and striped creations which lighten up the play yard of the Home. A number of sweaters were also knitted and presented to the Red Cross to be distributed among disabled soldiers.

Several members of Janet Clarke Hall joined the party which went from the University to Mt. Feathertop during second vacation. They came back scarred and sunburnt, and bearing amazing tales of their mountaineering feats. They all passed some portions of their junior tests, and Miss Barnard is to be particularly congratulated on her victory in the Downhill Shalom Race.

On August 6 Janet Clarke Hall was at home to its many friends, and this year's ball was declared the best yet. Held at the Hall, it had all the amenities of a delightful private dance, and we would like to join with all those—and they are many—who have congratulated the secretaries on making the

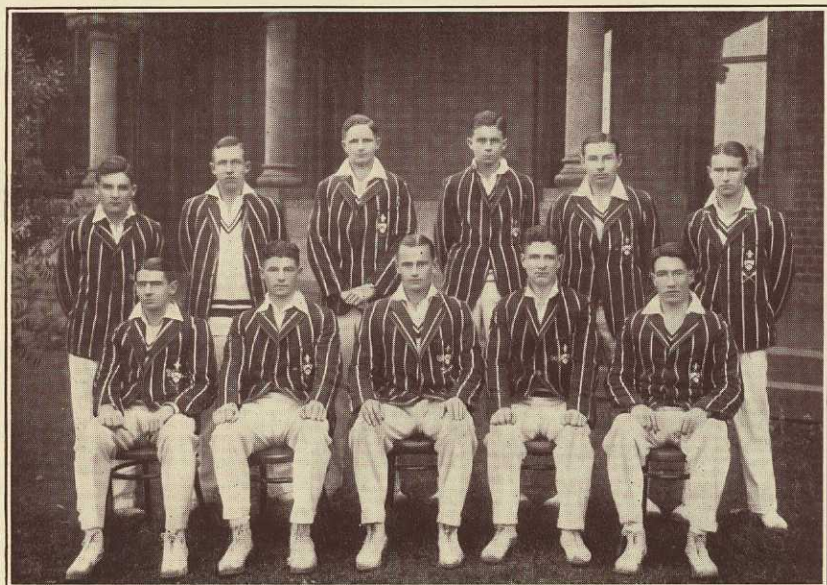




THE CREW—HEAD OF THE RIVER, 1932.

(Bow) E. K. Leslie, (2) H. R. Smith, (3) G. Moorhouse, (4) T. W. Vorrath, (5) J. M. Baillieu  
(6) K. F. Cole, (7) J. Campbell, (stroke) L. L. O. Egan, (cox) E. Nixon.





**CRICKET TEAM, 1932.**

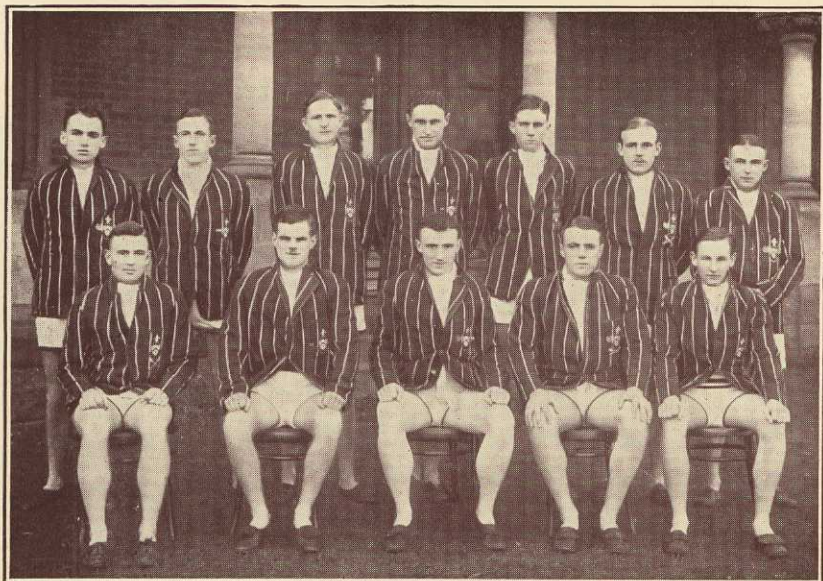
STANDING, Left to Right—D. Stephens, R. Clarke, A. Meares, J. Starke,  
J. Crotty, J. Nish.  
SITTING, Left to Right—C. Juttner, G. Sewell, R. Bidstrup, A. Cook,  
F. Shann.



**FIRST XVIII, 1932.**

STANDING, Left to Right—D. Leslie, J. Agar, J. Baillieu, J. Campbell,  
J. Starke, R. Clarke, J. Lewis, P. Parsons.  
SITTING, Left to Right—A. Cook, J. Catomore, T. Vorrath, R. Bidstrup,  
G. Sewell, D. Stephens, A. Rylah.  
IN FRONT—M. Purbrick, T. Simpson, R. Smibert.





TRINITY COLLEGE ATHLETICS, 1932.

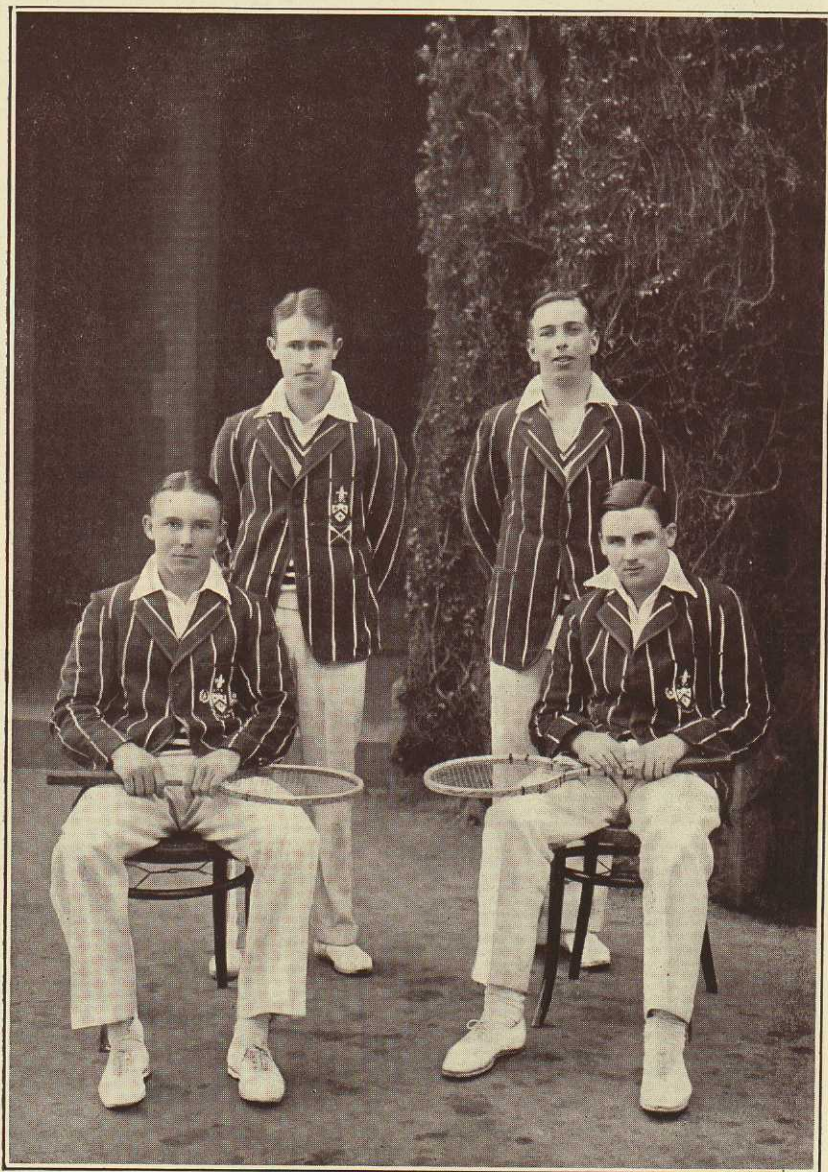
STANDING, Left to Right—N. G. Molloy, T. R. H. Clark, A. D. Meares,  
J. A. Bult, J. E. Starke, K. F. Cole, J. D. Catomore.  
SITTING, Left to Right—L. Langmore, J. E. Lewis, J. M. Agar, J. M. Baillieu,  
N. F. Stuart.  
In Absentia—J. M. Piercey.



SECOND XVIII.

BACK ROW, Left to Right—L. Langmore, M. R. Ham, R. Barrett, K. F.  
Cole, R. Richards, N. F. Stuart, K. W. Prentice, J. Mann.  
SITTING, Left to Right—L. Parker, A. D. Meares, G. N. Morris, L. Lewis,  
J. C. Morris-Crotty, L. L. O. Bevan, G. Wilmoth.  
IN FRONT—J. McMillan, H. Evans, B. Nixon.

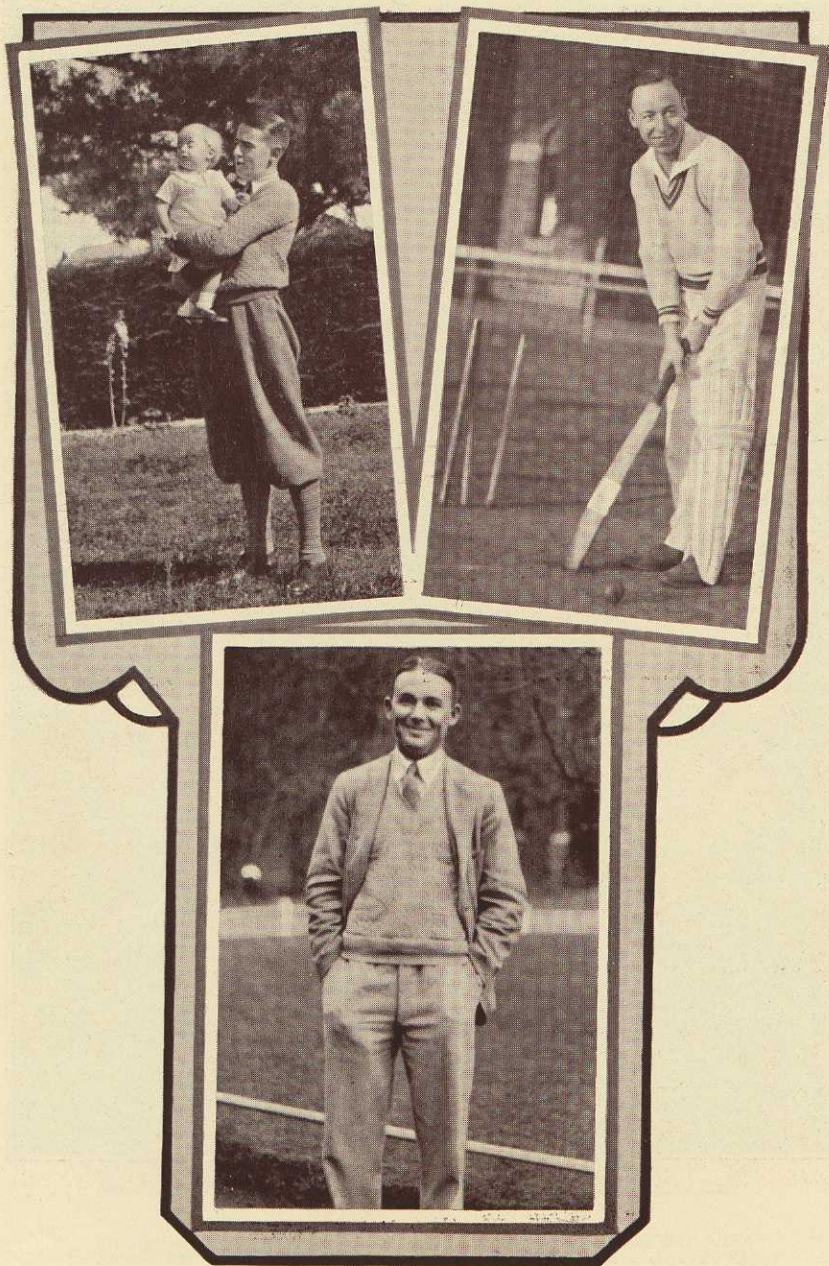




TENNIS IV, 1932.

STANDING, Left to Right—J. Nish, A. G. Rylah.  
SITTING, Left to Right—J. Catomore, D. Stephens.





I—"?"

II—"Jackie."

III—"Cate."

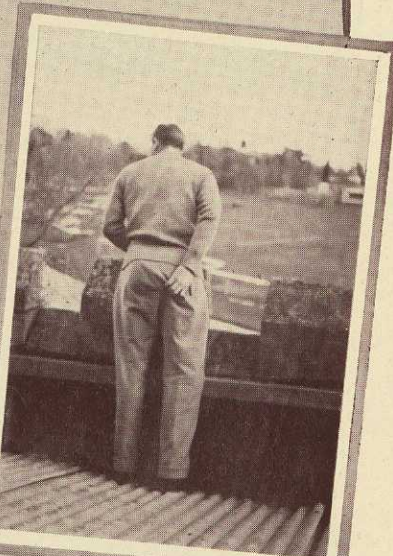
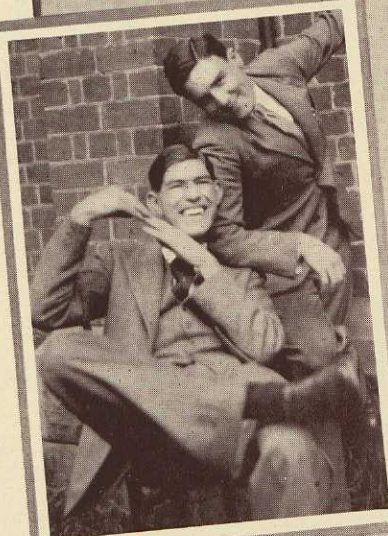




JANET CLARKE HALL TENNIS IV.

STANDING, Left to Right—Miss U. Sloss, Miss J. Hutchings.  
SITTING, Left to Right—Miss H. Lawson, Miss E. Speed.



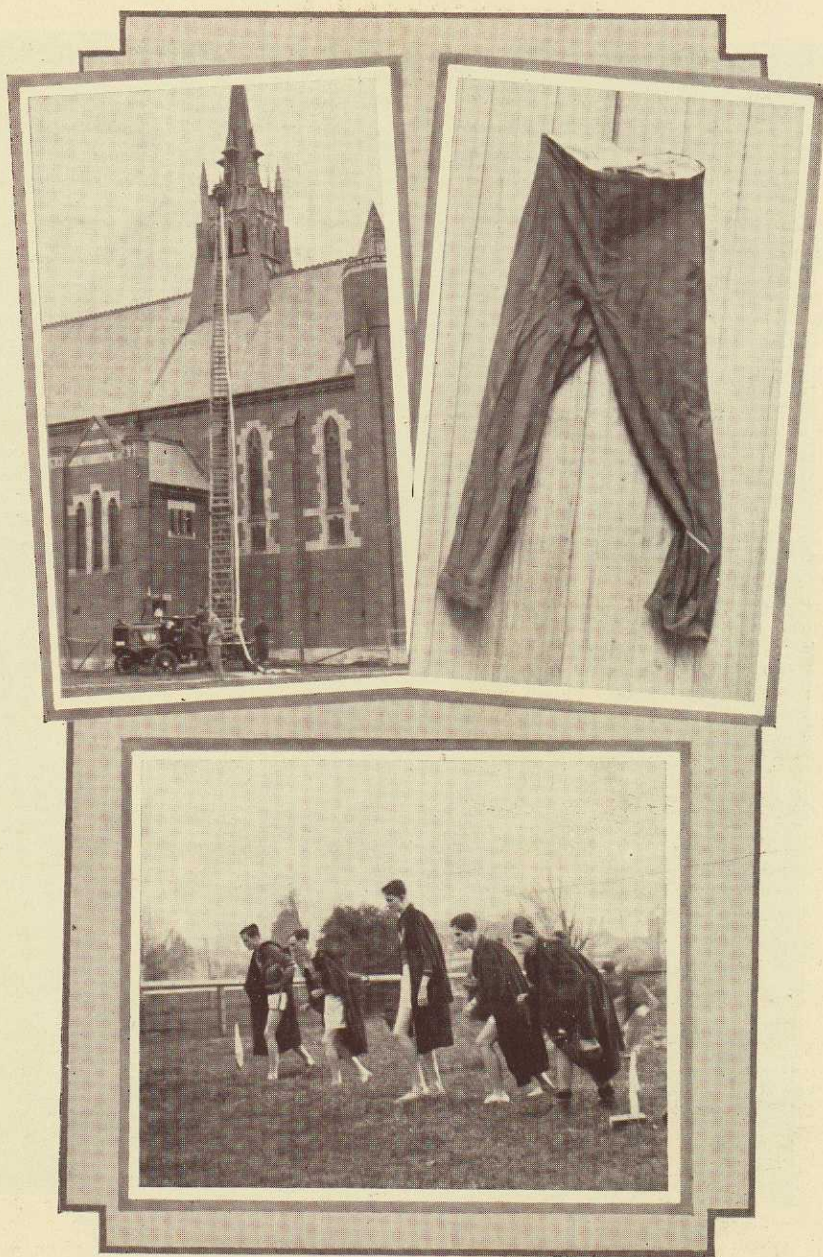


I—Hockey Team.

II—The Terrible Twins.

III—Dave and Bulpadock.





I.—The M.F.B. at work.

II—The Mystery Trousers

III—Juttoddie Cup.



evening one of the successes of the season.

We danced in the dining-hall to Keith Rankin's melodies, and sat out in the reception rooms and other tastefully arranged corners.

This year's Trinity play, "Lucky Dip," was a great success, largely, of course, owing to the brilliant talent supplied by Janet Clarke Hall. B. Saul was particularly convincing, and P. Lawrence, in her "semi," made a delightful Mrs. Bothways. J. Harper looked bright and beautiful, and B. Howell, as Betty Mainwaring, gave a performance which rivalled her success in last year's play.

Janet Clarke Hall has also done its bit this year in entertaining sailors who are far from home. Students have several times attended the parties arranged by Mr. Oliver, the Chaplain of the Seamen's Mission, and have come back with their outlook broadened and their French touched up.

At present the Janet Clarke tennis tournament is progressing and is arousing much interest. Last year's winners were D. Gepp and C. Cherry, who had a hard-fought victory over H. Lawson and E. Shaw. We would like to thank Mrs. Behan for the use of her tennis court during the tournament.

The trustees of the National Gallery kindly allowed us to have McInnes' portrait of Dr. Leeper photographed, and we now have a fine reproduction of it hanging in the Hall.

Many new books have been added to both the fiction and the reference library this year. We would like to thank particularly Miss Joske and Mrs. McMahon, who have been very generous in their gifts to the library.

The Old Trinity Women have gathered at Janet Clarke Hall several times this year. In second term they held a reunion here, and played bridge and tennis. On October 8 their annual dinner was held, when about forty past students and a number of official guests were present. Before taking their degrees, many past students had lunch at Janet Clarke Hall on April 17. We are very lucky in having another past student, Miss Barnard, as resident tutor this year.

### TRINITY WOMEN STUDENTS' TENNIS CLUB NOTES.

President: Miss Joske.

Secretary and Treasurer: Miss H. Lawson.

Committee: Misses Heseltine, South, Sloss, Speed.

Last year, for the first time in the history of the College, a Trinity Women's Singles Championship was held. This contest aroused so much enthusiasm that it has now been decided to hold it annually. A fine polished oak shield, bearing the Trinity crest in silver, has been purchased as a trophy for this event, and it has been presented to last year's champion, Miss Lawson. For this year's championship a large number of entries have been received, but the finals have not yet been played. The Doubles tournament, which is, as usual, providing much amusement, is also undecided as yet.

A "C" grade pennant team, consisting of Misses Cullen, Murray, South and Hicks, was again entered for the Women's Pennant. Although some enjoyable games were played, success did not attend its efforts.

However, our results in the inter-Collegiate matches were excellent. We scored an easy victory by defeating Ormond 8 rubbers—0 in the heat, and Newman 8 rubbers—0 in the final.

For the last few years the freshers have supplied members of the tennis team, and this year was no exception to that rule. In the difficult task of selecting the team Miss Barnard gave able assistance.

After the matches Miss Mollison, the President of the Committee of inter-Collegiate delegates, entertained the four College teams at a most enjoyable dinner at the P.L.C. Old Collegians' Club.

To celebrate our victory Miss Joske also gave us a dinner, to which she invited Miss Mollison and Miss Traill, who played in the first inter-Collegiate match in 1899, when Trinity defeated Ormond by 3 games. The function was accounted a great success, and our thanks are due to Miss Joske for her revival of the annual tennis dinner and



her untiring interest in the club's activity.

Details of the inter-Collegiate matches will be found below:—

#### Trinity v. Ormond.

First Round: 8—0 rubbers, 16—0 sets, 96—31 games.

##### Singles.

Miss Speed (T.) d. Miss Davies (O.), 6—0, 6—1.

Miss Lawson d. Miss Picken, 6—3, 6—2.

Miss Hutchings d. Miss Payne, 6—3, 6—3.

Miss Sloss d. Miss Adamson, 6—0, 6—4.

##### Doubles.

Misses Speed and Hutchings d. Misses Davies and Adamson, 6—1, 6—5, and d. Misses Picken and Payne, 6—3, 6—0.

Misses Lawson and Sloss d. Misses Davies and Adamson, 6—0, 6—3, and d. Misses Picken and Payne, 6—1, 6—2.

#### Trinity v. Newman.

Final: 8—0 rubbers, 16—1 sets, 100—40 games.

##### Singles.

Miss Speed d. Miss Bowan, 6—1, 6—2.

Miss Lawson d. Miss Brosnan, 6—3, 6—4.

Miss Hutchings d. Miss Kerley, 6—3, 6—5.

Miss Sloss d. Miss Bliss, 6—2, 6—2.

##### Doubles.

Misses Speed and Hutchings d. Misses Bowan and Brosnan, 4—6, 6—1, 6—4, and d. Misses Bliss and Kerley, 6—1, 6—2.

Misses Lawson and Sloss d. Misses Bowan and Brosnan, 6—2, 6—2, and d. Misses Bliss and Kerley, 6—0, 6—0.

#### VALETE.

Miss Finlayson—In Coll. 1929-31. Treasurer 1931.

Miss J. Hoggart—In Coll. 1928-31. Fleur-de-Lys 1930.

Miss M. H. Jones—In Coll. 1928-31.

Miss Grace Villiers—In Coll. 1928-31.

Miss W. Long—In Coll. 1928-31.

Miss N. Gawne—In Coll. 1928-31.

Miss C. Cherry—In Coll. 1929-31.

Miss L. Brady—In Coll. 1929-31.

Miss N. de Crespigny—In Coll. 1929-31.

Dance Secretary, 1931.

Miss J. Growse—In Coll. 1929-31.

Miss R. Mitchell—In Coll. 1929-31.

Miss M. Strangward—In Coll. 1930-31.

Miss D. Whitehead—In Coll. 1930-31.

Miss B. Linck—In Coll. 1930-31.

Miss D. Flatau—In Coll. 1931.

Miss E. Green—In Coll. 1931.

Miss M. Goodison—In Coll. 1930-31.

Miss E. Shaw—In Coll. 3rd Term 1931.

Miss M. Carr—In Coll. 1931.

Miss H. Jones—In Coll. 1st Term 1932.

Miss B. Love—In Coll. 1929-31.

#### SALVETE.

Miss B. Davies—2nd year Arts.

Miss J. Gardiner—1st year Arts.

Miss J. Harper—1st year Arts.

Miss J. Hodge—3rd year Conservatorium.

Miss J. Hutchings—1st year Medicine.

Miss H. Jones—1st year Arts.

Miss E. Kerr—2nd year Medicine.

Miss P. Lawrence—1st year Arts.

Miss B. Stenhouse—1st year Medicine.

Miss R. Williams—1st year Arts.

#### SUGGESTED REFORMS.

Oh yes, our life would be more sunny

If Rosie ceased her "passing funny";

We should enjoy it infinitely

If Jane would lose her "Definitely,"

If Louise no more said "Dirty Hounds"

And Glover ceased her warbling sounds,

If Rona for her final course

Forgot "Steam pudding, please, with lots of sauce,"

If Sloss and Hicks ceased talks of Chem.;

Why, then we might be fond of them.

"I've piles to do," says Tim and bolts,

With "Yes, I know," Moll us revolts;

And Beth is really not so witty

When all the time she says "Oh Pity!"

Oh! were we spared the constant yowl

Of "Teleph-o-o-ne" for Beryl H—ll,

If "Annie Rooney" ceased to be

Peace would come for Margeree;

But perfect peace **would** come in Hall

If Barbara ceased to talk at all!





## BRAINS AND BACON



QUO VADIS?  
Or  
THE TRIUMPH OF REASON.

[Wigram Allen Prize Essay, Trinity College, 1932]

By J. C. M. CROTTY.

Whose is this question, Quo Vadis? and whose the reason which has triumphed? The answer lies in the little word "man"—*homo sapiens*, whose *humanitas* and *sapientia* were both alike in jeopardy during that strange century of highest hope and profoundest disillusionment, the nineteenth century *anno domini*.

That, indeed, was the age of the apotheosis of Science—Science omniscient, omniferous and omnipotent, as portrayed in Renan's "*Avenir de la Science*"—Science a religion, with Renan its great high priest. But not for nothing had man been given "*men's sana in corpore sano*": having allowed science to bring more *sanitas* to his body, he succeeded just in time in preventing its bringing complete *INsanitas* to his mind. Towards the end of the century came the revolt of reason—*homo sapiens* at last reasserted himself, for the claims of science had become so arrogant and its abuses so intolerable that leading thinkers began to ask—Quo Vadis? Blind faith gave way to doubt; came the great disillusionment; and at last even the high priests of science, having seen the error of their ways, abdicated, confessing that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been dreamed of in their philosophy.

The French were the first to see the light. This great cult of science had been Germanic in origin, and though the French had maintained at first their wonted scepticism, asking, "Can any good thing come out of Germany?" they eventually succumbed to this peaceful penetration, and during the nineteenth

century France was intellectually a German colony. The religion of progress and the brotherhood of man took shape under Auguste Comte and other brave souls. The scientific march to the millennium had begun with a benign Germany in the van. Imagine the dismay of the French, then, at the German outrages of the war of 1870—at the still greater outrages of the peace of 1871—imagine, too, the utter disillusionment of a people so cruelly deceived. For once the French had abandoned their humanities, had bowed down to worship an alien idol—and lo! it had feet of clay!

1870, then, was the rude awakening of the French nation, but their leading thinkers had seen the pathetic fallacy of the cult of science some years before. Anatole France saw it as a faintly ironic satirist: "*Je suis bien près de croire que le dieu de ma vieille bible avait raison*"—in other words that God might have been right after all in forbidding man to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Renan himself saw it as a bitterly disappointed prophet of the millennium, confessing that, though the nineteenth century had seen more intense study in every branch of human knowledge than all the other centuries put together, the great problems of life were more obscure than ever. Brunetière saw it as a triumphant humanist, and his prophecy of the "bankruptcy of science" became a popular catchword towards the end of the century.

But there was no bankruptcy: science wrote off its over-capitalised claims in time, having seen, as Robbie Burns would put it, that "all was to wreck" if it didn't.

Science withdrew from those spheres into which it had wrongfully intruded, pursued by the disillusioned devotees who had put their faith in it, while Spengler, in his monumental "*Decline of the West*," has led the forces of reac-



tion to the utter extreme in categorically denying the general validity of science even in its *own* sphere!\* This judgment may sound somewhat too drastic, but it is practically admitted by Sir Alfred Ewing, who said, in his inaugural address when elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science a few weeks ago: "Spokesmen for science formerly displayed a cocksureness curiously out of keeping with the spirit of to-day. Contemporary leaders frankly admit that they are groping in a half-light, grasping what are at best *only half-truths*." (Sic!)

It has taken a genius whose name is well known to most of us to crystallise into a theory of mathematical precision this state of supreme imprecision. I refer to the gentleman mentioned by J. C. Squire, who has brought Pope up to date in the last two lines of this verse:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.  
It did not last: the Devil, howling Ho!  
Let Einstein be! restored the status quo!"

From Squire's viewpoint, then, Einstein's epoch-making theory of relativity means a return to obscurity, but regarded from the philosophic viewpoint, it means a return to sanity. It is a tacit admission of the essential impropriety of the nineteenth century claims of science: science has descended from the would-be sublime to escape the impending ridiculous, has descended from the dogmatic to the doubtful, from the absolute to the relative.

But first let us see whence came this strange phenomenon of the nineteenth century: how did man become thus mentally unbalanced? The trouble really goes back to the 16th century. Up to then, the realm of knowledge had been essentially a unity; from Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, through Roger Bacon and

Saint Thomas Aquinas to Newton, Kepler and Pascal, the realms of knowledge found their unity in God and religion.† But from the Renaissance and the Reformation, which shattered the unity of Western Christendom, dates that tendency towards the complete secularisation of science, of which the nineteenth century was the logical conclusion. The nineteenth century was indeed the tragic but inevitable result of the spirit which had dominated European thought ever since the Reformation. For the downfall of the great mediæval synthesis destroyed the inner unity of European thought. The men who sought to reconcile religion and science in an intellectual synthesis were exiles and solitaires.‡ Descartes died in exile at Stockholm, and Spinoza was cast out of the synagogue in disgrace. The mind of the age was divided against itself, spiritual unity was lost, and the spiritual bankruptcy of the nineteenth century was the appalling result.

For was not that the century—"le stupide XIXe," as the French now call it—in which man renounced his humanity, losing the privileged position which he had preserved in the world of Newton and the philosophers of the Enlightenment, and became part of the deterministic machine,‡‡ the sterile century of analysis without synthesis, the age of vast knowledge and small wisdom?

The men of that age naively believed in science as a substitute for religion, accepted, with incredible gullibility, the claim of science to be all-sufficient. They actually believed that science was the proper approach to reality, whereas, as Professor Sir Arthur Eddington has pointed out,§ scientific laws have as much resemblance to the real qualities of nature as a telephone number has to the individual subscriber whom it represents.

†Bull: "Science and Faith," p. 72.

‡Dawson: "Progress and Religion," p. 186.

‡‡Dawson: P. 221.

§Dawson, p. 225.

\*Vol. I—Ch. xi, "Passim."



In fact, this whole cult of science was based on a fundamental misconception, namely, that the truth of a laboratory abstraction was the truth of reality, which led on to what Professor Needham calls "that tremendous edifice of hypotheses, supposals and fictions" built up by science, which, as the same eminent scientist admits, "is always methodologically applicable, but *never really true*." (Sic!)

There, in the recognition by present-day scientists of this fundamental fact, lies the triumph of reason; but to the men of the nineteenth century the voice of reason (in the true sense of the word) was more still and small than the voice of conscience. They were like a lot of swaggering schoolboys, drunk on new knowledge—and much of it wasn't even new, as witness the case of Democritus of Abdera and the President of the Royal Society cited by Professor Wood-Jones in a recent article in the Melbourne University Magazine. Even the principle of evolution, one of the *idées maitresses* of the nineteenth century, had already been propounded by Lucretius some years previously, and Lavoisier's "*Rien ne se perd, Rien ne se crée*," hailed as one of the most remarkable pronouncements of modern science, had been proclaimed in the 5th century before Christ by Empedocles, although not, of course, in such good French!

If only the nineteenth century had read less Darwin and more Lucretius and Ecclesiastes! Its pride in its so-called discoveries would have received a rude shock on reading in the former: "*Eadem sunt omnia semper*," a phrase which had been so aptly translated by the latter a few years previously: There is nothing new under the sun!

Of course, the nineteenth century we have always with us, in the shape of Sir Arthur Keith and others of that ilk, who seem intent on making the most of their opportunities before being dragged, like a famous politician of our acquaintance, "screaming from the tartshop."

But for the most part, a world which, in an access of self-sufficiency, had airily dispensed with the deity

and all his works, has returned, chastened and disillusioned, to a God whom it can no longer characterise, with Laplace, as "an unnecessary hypothesis," for as Professor Cherry told the very audience which I see before me in this same room some months ago, Laplace's nebular hypothesis, on which he based that arrogant boast, and many other such attempts to banish God from the universe, have long since broken down. In fact, Prof. Cherry's whole series of lectures on "Design in the Universe" was indicative of the attitude of twentieth-century science, whose characteristic task, as Spengler prophesies, will be to sweep away that system of superficial, mechanical causality in which the nineteenth century placed its faith.

General Smuts, who preceded Sir Alfred Ewing as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, with his idea of the "holistic nismus," Sir James Jeans, who finds a satisfactory explanation of the universe impossible without the idea of God. Sir Arthur Eddington and Professor Haldane, with their insistence on the inadequacy of science without religion, offer further examples of this tendency.||

Julian Huxley goes right to the heart of the matter when he says that the problem of what man shall do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put into his hands is the most vital and alarming problem of modern times, and he rightly sees that religion alone, by supplying us with a scale of values, can save the situation. "At the moment," says Huxley, "humanity is rather like an irresponsible and mischievous child who has been presented with a set of machine tools, a box of matches and a supply of dynamite."†† That, metaphorically speaking, is science's gift to man; but how is he to use that gift? Science can give him no guidance whatever; it is, by its very nature, morally neutral; it knows no values, it lends itself with sublime

|| "Science and Religion—Passim."

†† "Science and Religion," p. 20.



impartiality to any power which knows how to use it—like the Slave of the Ring in the "Arabian Nights," who is equally ready "to build a town or to ruin a city, or to slay a king or to dig a river or anything else of the kind."

To slay a king?—aye, and millions more who were torn limb from limb by the scientific barbarities of the last war. A war of such inconceivable atrocity could never have occurred save in a world bereft of moral values by its blind faith in the cult of science. I have spoken of the disillusionment of the French after 1870, but it was not until after the war of 1914 that some people saw the light. Let me quote once more Sir Alfred Ewing, who speaks with some authority on the subject—in fact it has even been claimed that he and his 40 O.B. staff *won* the war. "I used to think," he says, "that the splendid march of discovery and invention was accomplishing some betterment of the character of man. . . . But the war came. . . . It was a shock to find that a nation's eminence in this department of intellectual effort did nothing to prevent a reversion to savagery, conscienceless, unbridled, made only the more brutal by its vastly enhanced ability to hurt."

The appalling catastrophe of 1914—the greatest blow that Western civilisation has ever suffered—that was the logical conclusion of this pathetic fallacy of the nineteenth century—the idea of science without religion, with its inevitable contempt for values.

But happily a new era lies before us—the twentieth century is an age of synthesis, the age of the rapprochement of science and religion. For between these two, we have realised at last, there is no real conflict. As Haldane says: "Science, when it is seen to be a manifestation of spiritual activity which is not centred in individual selves, is in complete harmony with the Christian conception of God"; while Romanes, Darwin's greatest disciple, owes his conversion to the realisation, as he phrases it, "that, logically regarded, the advance of science, far from weakening religion, has strengthened it."

Now that we have realised this, the way lies open for a great spiritual advance, and, as Edison has truly said, "if there is a God, He will not let us advance much further materially until we catch up spiritually."

That is the vital point: we must "catch up spiritually." The vast progress of material civilisation and of man's control over nature in the nineteenth century was not accompanied by corresponding advance in spiritual unity. It seemed as though the new powers had outstripped all control, and that man was becoming the slave of the machinery that he had created.††

But reason has triumphed, and now we must catch up spiritually—and the only way is by a return to religion, which, as we have seen, does not imply an abandonment of science. We must arrive rather at a synthesis of science and religion. It is only through the co-operation of both these forces, as Dawson says, that we can enter on a new phase of civilisation which is equally removed from the sterile inaction of the ancient East and the aimless material activity of the modern West.

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††Dawson, p. 218.

### TRIOLETS.

I asked her would she let me kiss,  
Not realising all was ended.  
It seemed to me a small thing, this  
I asked her—would she let me kiss?  
What Devil could have made me miss  
Love's warning, "Least said, soonest  
mended"?  
I asked her would she let me kiss,  
Not realising. All was ended!

The ways of women are so strange;  
Their subtle aims, who can discover?  
We hear men cry o'er all Earth's range,  
"The ways of women are so strange."  
From humblest cot to moated grange  
Perplexing to their sore-tried lover  
The ways of women are. So strange  
Their subtle aims! Who can discover?



## SILVER AND GREY.

Silver and grey is the sky;  
Silver and grey is the lake;  
Silver and grey is the cry  
Of the reeds that shake.

And myself, I am silver and grey  
When I think that man's love cannot  
stay—  
There was only the moonlight around  
us.  
Only the ties of friendship that bound  
us.  
Ties that have turn'd silver and  
grey  
In the light, too strong for love, of  
the day.

And the song of the fisher comes silver  
and grey  
As he drifts along his silvery way.  
And the sway of the silver-birches is  
grey  
As their long grey'd leaves are swoon-  
ing away,  
Shrouding the ground  
In a cloth that is wound  
Round the silver-grey mound,  
Where silvery fairies come every night  
To dance and to play in the grey moon-  
light.

There was only the moonlight around  
us,  
Only the ties of friendship that bound  
us,  
Ties that have turn'd silver and grey  
As the moonlight faded and came the  
day.

R.W.

## "THOUGHTS OF YESTERDAY."

Yesterday when passing by  
A flower stall, I chanced to spy  
A handful of boronia.

I crossed the pavement then to buy  
The pretty bunch that caught my eye,  
The sprigs of sweet boronia.

I held them there before my eyes  
And heard once more her joyful cries  
Whene'er I bought boronia.

How day-dreams take us by surprise,  
Inspired by blooms of tiny size,  
Small blossoms of boronia!

C.J.

## "WE WALKED QUITE BRISKLY . . ."

We walked quite briskly almost half  
an hour  
By uniform shop fronts and unswept  
asphalt—  
Road and path—and cramped-up bits  
of garden,  
Until at last we struck an unmade road  
Of dirty reddish mud, all edged with  
weeds,  
And pale green boxthorn hung with dim  
red lamps.  
It bent but once—where some old fool  
had built  
His house all in the way—and ended  
short  
In rubbish; motor tyres, tangled wires,  
Empty tins, aniseed, and box-thorn  
Jumbled on a trampled slope that ended  
In a man-spoiled creek, choked up also  
with refuse, slime and water-cress and  
tins.  
But on the other side of this same  
creek:—  
Perhaps twilight deceives. We stood  
and stood.  
Sheep on a circle, almost, of green land,  
Two houses on the hill ahead, their  
roofs—  
Not red, but faded grey, and, further up,  
The tower of a house—well out of  
date—  
Stuck up amidst some ragged pine trees  
dark,  
Thrown on a sky of palest orange tint,  
Merging into blue-green, greenish-  
blue—  
Call it what you like, it matters  
naught—  
Until it soared into a deep rich blue  
Such as they use to paint the roofs,  
inside,  
Of picture theatres—luminous, unend-  
ing.  
To the right, another hill, sprinkled  
with trees,  
More tufty and more orthodox in shape,



While to the left could just be seen  
tram lines  
And shops and our dear civilisation,  
Half-shrouded o'er with smoke and  
mist, blue too,  
He said: "It's six o'clock, we'd better  
shift."

R.W.

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### NIGHT.

There is a glow and quiet in the stars  
When darkness falls;  
Serene and calm, a beauty nothing mars  
As evening dies.

There is a perfect glory of the moon  
As, silent, she  
Watches the sloping, yellow sands slow-  
lapped  
By steady sea.

R.L.G.

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### FIRST LOVE.

It was only the first idea, you see,  
But he loved the thought of the cap-  
taincy  
Of a fleet of yachts—his very own—  
Made from pieces of soft red pine,  
With masts of flagsticks rigged with  
twine.

Green of the sea and white of the gulls,  
Were the colours he brushed on the  
rough-hewn hulls—  
Hulls of a one-inch depth.  
And the decks were pierced with tiny  
nails

As posts to hold the bulwark rails,  
The rails of plaited twine.

His mother made him all the sails  
Whilst he searched high and low for  
snails

To man his pretty boats.  
Snails and ants, and silkworms, too,  
Made a voyage; sometimes two:  
Not daring then to leave the boat  
For fear they found they couldn't float;  
And he was quite delighted.

But now those years have all passed by,  
For captains live and captains die,  
And all the world toils on.  
Grey was his face on his snow-white  
bed,  
His curls brushed back from his pretty  
head  
As his mother kissed his brow.

"Mother, my boats," came his far-off  
voice,

"Please bring them near me here.  
I must furl the sails and draw the keels  
Now that the winter's here.  
Ah! that's the one I want; you know  
The ants and the snail fought there  
A week ago, and the poor snail died;  
But I'm sure he didn't care.  
Mother, I wouldn't mind, would you,  
If I died and was carried there?"

So he tossed himself to sleep and  
dreamed of many baby things,  
Whilst his boats kept circling round  
him with their sails like silver  
wings.

Then the biggest and the finest drew  
abreast and took him on,  
And he saw the green and white—and  
then for ever slumbered on.

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### CAPRICE.

When you smile,  
I am glad;  
When you frown,  
I am sad.

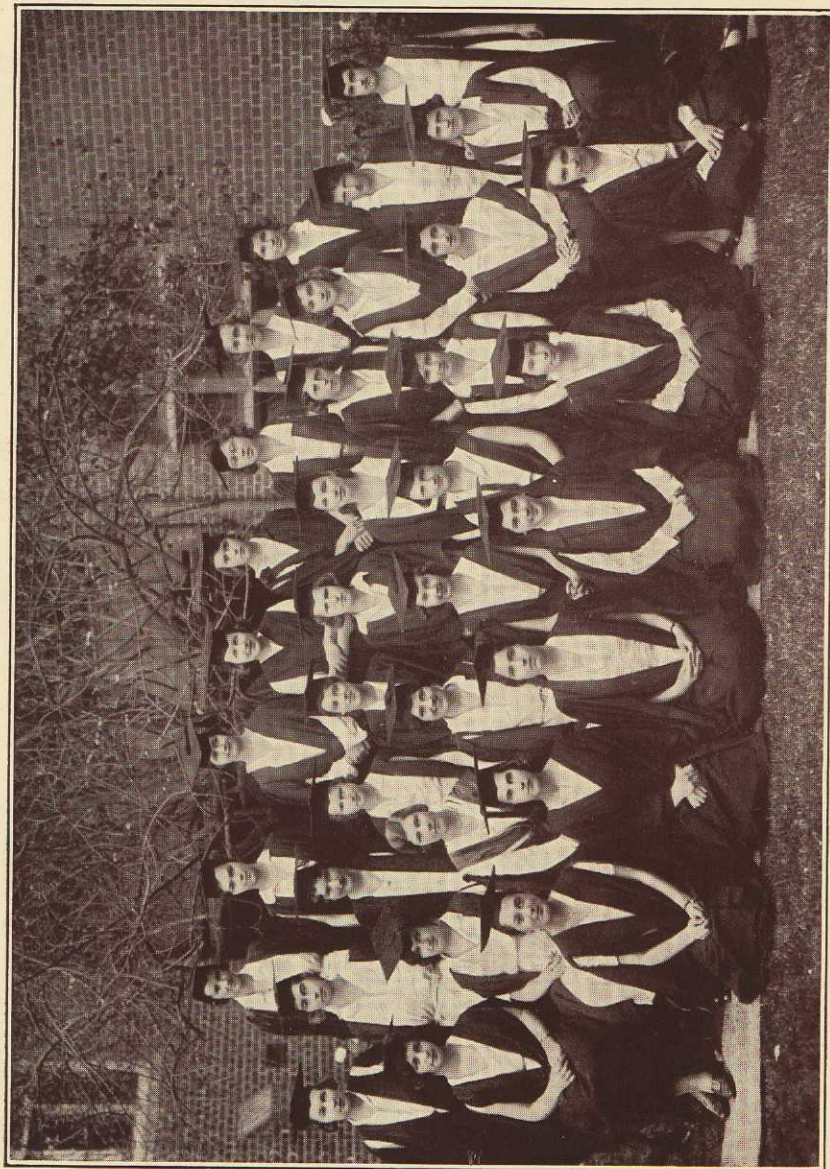
You need but nod  
Your pretty head,  
And I shall go  
To join the dead—

(And this is but right,  
So worthless am I,  
Deserving from you  
Not even a sigh).

And yet I ne'er  
Desire release:  
My life depends  
On your caprice.

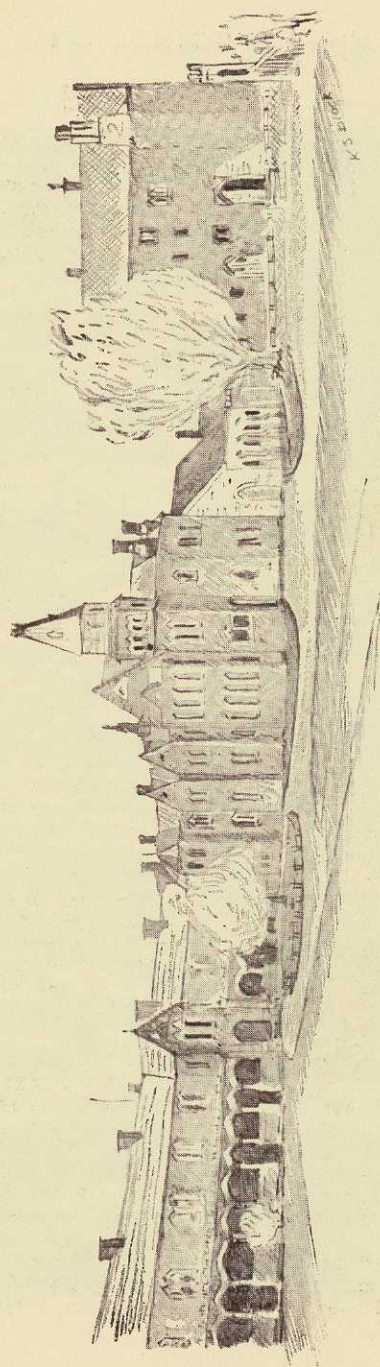
So I go  
Thro' the night,  
Ever hoping  
For the light.



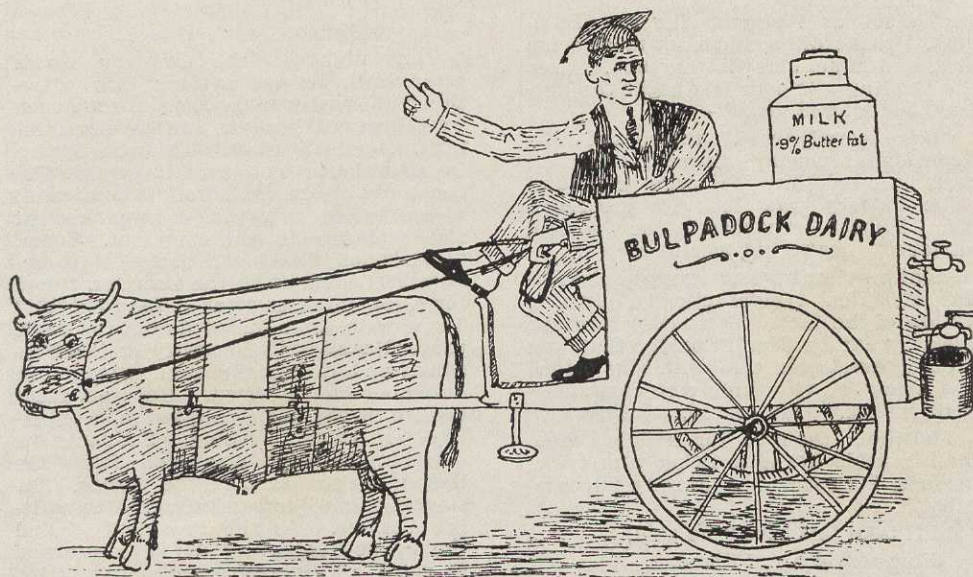


JANET CLARKE HALL, 1932.









DELIVERY! DELIVERY! DELIVERY!

### "THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN BOTTLES."

(No. I of the Walnut McDillon series.  
By Philgar Wallenheim—"The  
Quince of Story-tellers.")

#### I.

Some years ago it was my good fortune to be in College with the now world-famous Walnut McDillon, whose remarkable career of crime detection has led to his name being, throughout the length and breadth of all English-speaking countries, and U.S.A., a household word. But although most of his adventures are now known to every schoolboy, I think that none illustrates his methods better than the following rather obscure incident, which occurred almost at the beginning of his interesting career.

It was the morning of April the First, 19—. McDillon was seated by the radiator in his luxurious bed-sitting

room in the New Wing when there entered Mr. Filbert and Mr. Nevermann, of Lower Bishop's, both of whom appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation. McDillon looked up from the interesting tramway time-table which was engaging his attention (for, like all great men, he has his hobbies), cast a searching gleam of his spectacles in the direction of his visitors, and spoke:

"Well, what can I do for you?" he said.

#### II.

Mr. Filbert looked at Mr. Nevermann. Mr. Nevermann looked at Mr. Filbert. "Oh, you tell him," said Mr. Filbert.

"No, you," said Mr. Nevermann.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Filbert. "Well," he proceeded, "last night, as you doubtless know, a banquet was held in Hall to commemorate the outstanding performances of the College Yo-Yo team, whose enthusiasm and zest in training led—but I need not dilate further upon their many excellent quali-



ties, much as I should like to. Business, Mr. McDillon, business must come first, and mine, alas! is very bad. After the feasting was over last night the but-tery, my sacred trust"——

"Our sacred trust," interposed Mr. Nevermann, placing his arm affectionately around Mr. Filbert's shoulder. "The buttry was looted," proceeded Mr. Filbert, "robbed," he added, anxious to make his meaning clear.

"Quite so, quite so," murmured Walnut McDillon sympathetically, making a note of the fact. "It is therefore our wish," went on Mr. Filbert, "that you should investigate this dastardly crime, and bring the vile thing who committed it to justice." He ceased, panting.

McDillon thought for awhile, then, tossing aside his interesting time-table, he rose, his spectacles glinting purposefully.

"I'll take this case," he said.

"Fine," said Mr. Filbert.

"Excellent," agreed Mr. Nevermann.

### III.

Leaving Walnut McDillon's bed-sitting room, the three made their way cautiously through Lower Clarke's and Lower Bishop's, continued it across the brick pavement leading to the Eustace Rooms, and finally stood before the smashed-in door of the Buttry. During the whole journey, Mr. Nevermann informed me afterwards, Walnut McDillon's silence of movement was uncanny. "Not once," he said, did Walnut McDillon allow so much as a single twig to snap beneath his feet."

Having arrived at his destination, McDillon proceeded to work. First he took a small tape-measure from his pocket and measured the distance from the broken lock to the floor. Next he bent down and examined the lock carefully through a magnifying glass. Then he stood up. An enigmatic smile illuminated his countenance. His spectacles gleamed triumphantly.

"I thought as much," he whispered.

"Oh!" breathed Mr. Filbert.

"Ha!" hissed Mr. Nevermann.

### IV.

That night in the Common Room after Hall, it was evident that something unusual was toward. Strong men were grouped in twos and threes, talking in hushed voices. The atmosphere in general was tense and expectant. The cause of this unwonted stir was a small notice posted, or rather draw-pinned, at the entrance to the Common Room. "Gentlemen," said the notice, "are requested to remain in the Common Room for a few minutes after coffee to-night." Those with some knowledge of the day's proceedings gazed earnestly at the President and Walnut McDillon, engaged in animated conversation. But the faces of the great men, impassive, sphinx-like, revealed nothing. Suddenly a shrieking discord emanated from the long-suffering piano in the corner. Instantly silence descended upon the waiting College. As the President scaled the music-stool every ear was strained to catch his lightest word.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have a very painful duty before me to-night. Some time last evening ('at 9.54 precisely,' murmured Walnut McDillon) no less than fifty bottles of the right stuff were removed from the Buttry. The Buttry, as I trust you all know, is the place in which we keep our supplies of ale, not to mention other less notable drinkables, and not, as a certain freshman seemed to think some years ago, the place where we keep our butter. I hope no one here to-night subscribes to that view." At this point he paused, gazing sternly at such freshmen as inadvertently happened to be present. "However, thanks to our worthy colleague, Mr. Walnut McDillon (here all eyes were turned upon that gentleman, who, gleaming benignly through his spectacles, was quietly discoursing to himself upon the relative merits of trams Nos. 326 and 623), the criminal has been discovered." Gazing sternly at a certain small, dark, theological gentleman, resident in Upper Clarke's, he continued:

"Although it grieves me to have to do so, since he has been up till now a model of rectitude and correct



behaviour, I fear that I must reveal his name. His name," he hesitated for a second, "is Lon Bananis."

And now but little remains to tell. Bananis, needless to say, was publicly de-frocked and is now serving a life sentence at Naughton's Penitentiary, where he is frequently visited by sympathetic friends. One last scene forces itself upon my memory. It is laid outside Walnut McDillon's study, and three men are present. They are Walnut McDillon, Mr. Filbert, and Mr. Nevermann.

"Tell me, Mr. McDillon," said Mr. Filbert, "how you came to decide upon Lon Bananis as the culprit."

But with one last enigmatic smile and a final gleam of his horn-rimmed spectacles, Walnut McDillon was gone.

"A wonderful man," said Mr. Filbert.

"Amazing," agreed Mr. Nevermann.

Twenty years after (extract from the "Daily Liar":

"Among the guests we noticed Mr. Lon Bananis, the famous millionaire. It will be remembered that Mr. Bananis was released from prison some years ago, and has since made a fortune through the record-breaking sales of his powerful romance, "How I Broke Into the Buttery," which has proved invaluable to scores of thirsty people, as it describes an easy and inexpensive way of quenching the thirst. We wish this public benefactor every success in the future."

#### R.B. AT A CLUB MEETING.

Behind Browning's apparent obscurity is to be found a wealth of prophecy unequalled even by Mother Shinton in her most inspired moments. For instance, the following lines, taken, with one exception, from his "Fra Lippo Lippi," contain an almost exact description of a club meeting:

"Thus I scuttle off  
To some safe bench behind—Lord, I'm  
not angry.

Let's sit and set things straight now,  
hip to haunch:—

And so the thing has gone on ever  
since—

Never was such prompt disemburden-  
ing.

So, you despise me, Mr. Gigadibs!

I'm a beast, I know! All I want's the  
thing

Settled for ever one way; as it is

You tell too many lies and hurt your-  
self.

Changes? Surprises?—Don't misreport  
me now!

[Why, it's past midnight!] What mat-  
ter who know?

Then steps a sweet, angelic slip of a  
thing

Forward—[tho', you know your bet-  
ters?]

Addresses the celestial presence.

And who will kick or curse him for his  
pains,

Or holloa to the Eight to have him  
whipped?\*

It makes me mad to see what men shall  
do,

And we in our graves. Well, what mat-  
ters talking?

But see, now—there's the grey begin-  
ning. Zooks!

\*Surely "bathed."—Ed.

#### "MAROONED."

Through a sort of haze I saw a beam  
of light flashing through the air. With  
a feeling of new hope I staggered  
towards it. It seemed to be a sort of  
lighthouse, though rather small; how-  
ever, I blamed my very dazed condition  
for that. Oh, where was I? The last  
thing I remembered was eating an excel-  
lent dinner and drinking good wine—  
after that my mind was a blank. What  
on earth had happened?

The rain was heavier than I had ever  
known it. Was this the tropics? Why  
could I not think? I seemed to be on a  
tiny spit of land, while all around me  
was a continuous roar—I felt, rather  
than understood, that if I crossed that  
ominous white line it would probably



mean my death. Surely there must be someone about, or the light would not be there.

Suddenly I pulled myself together; I was alone no longer. Through the haze came a woman, a young lady of about my own age, and, like myself, clad in evening clothes. I looked again—that perfect figure, that adorable face—surely I knew it! It was a girl of my dreams at last.

“Aha!” interjects my sceptical reader, “I have been waiting for something like this!” But read on.

I gazed at her in wonder; not another soul was in sight. The light continued to throw its beam, while the rain had ceased. Still, in spite of my befogged condition, I realised that we must find shelter, but where? Of course; Where but in the lighthouse? I considered this proposition—reader, forgive me, remembering my condition; I could not even recall who I was, let alone think rationally, while my head simply buzzed with the thoughts that raced through it. Here were we, she and I, alone heaven knew where, with the prospect of perhaps a week together. (The lighthouse man did not seem to come into my calculations at all). After a week of bliss, we would be rescued, and then, having faced death together, we could not be separated. This divine girl, whom I had dreamed about, thought about, and planned for, would be mine! It would be heaven on earth—but what in the name of that same heaven was I doing, wasting time like this?

I pulled myself together. Should I speak to her and comfort her first, or endeavour to rouse our host-to-be? I pondered.

“What an utter fool the man must be,” I seem to hear you say. “Now, had I been there—! Anyway, this yarn’s gone on far enough; when does the anticlimax come? I suppose you were about a hundred yards off the coast and paddled ashore and never saw one another again, or something like that!”

Patience, gentle reader, patience; you are only partly right. Of course we

were rescued, else I should not be writing this. Also we did not meet again—still, let me finish my tale.

I looked at my dream girl again, with her sweet face, her perfect figure, her exquisite gown, and decided that it would be much better to be able to say, “Madam, I have much pleasure in offering you accommodation for the night.” And so I crawled around the base of my lighthouse, but nowhere could I find an entrance. God! Surely we were not going to die together!

I turned back and went round again; still nothing but an immense granite base. I staggered back to where I had left Her standing, and—and—she was gone! I heard the faint ringing of a bell and saw a light fading in the distance. I fell back aghast, while to increase my misery the rain began again, harder than before. Suddenly I made up my mind. I would catch her up and be rescued with her or die in the attempt. I sat down at the foot of my old friend, who had failed me in my hour of need, and started to undress. Away went my socks and shoes—I should not need them again. I stood up, threw off my coat, and—

“Hey! Hey! What on earth do you think you are doing?” A large figure in blue loomed out of the rain and shone a torch on me. “You’ll be getting run over if you stay here much longer, young man!”

“But, constable,” I said, “what are you doing here? Surely you are not wrecked, too?” I pushed him away and removed my waistcoat.

“Wrecked!” he said. “Here, you had better come along with me”; and, picking up my clothes, he took me by the arm. I struggled, but to no avail.

“Constable,” I said, this sudden shock having nearly sobered me, “where are you taking me?” He did not answer, but led me away from the safety zone. A few yards down the road I touched him on the arm.

“Wouldn’t you think that that zone light was a lighthouse from here?” I said.

That remark cost me five pounds.



## COMPETITION CORNER.

In order to increase the circulation of this production the Editorial Staff has decided to inaugurate a series of Competitions. You will see below "Fleur-de-Lys" Puzzles numbers 1, 2 and 3.

## I.

## Who Planted the Pants?

**The Puzzle:** One morning in September a pair of trousers was detected in the Bulpaddock by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Whose were they?

The Editor is offering a free trip to the Zoo to the first person who successfully establishes the identity of their owner.

Second Prize: The trousers.

## Clues:

- i. An eminent civil servant—the Fire Chief—states that there was nothing in the pockets. This points to the fact that they probably belong to a Trinity man.
- ii. Somebody else found a beer-bottle in the hip-pocket. This indicates
  - (a) that the Fire Chief was wrong;
  - (b) that they are not Mr. Romanis' trousers.
- iii. Several gentlemen were seen wearing elegant suitings for the next few days. This indicates
  - (a) that they had no more old trousers and therefore the pair in question may have belonged to one of them;
  - (b) that the rest of the College had no other trousers either, so they may have belonged to one of them.

## Rules:

1. The owner of the articles concerned may not compete.
2. Nor may his wife.
3. Nor may the Editorial Staff.
4. Nor may his wife.
5. Nor may the tailor who made the trousers.
6. All entries must be in by October 1.
7. The Editor's decision is final.

(A photographic reproduction of the mystery trousers appears on another page.)

## II.

## Famous Authors Competition.

We are offering the attractive trophy of one peanut to the first reader to guess the name of the author of the following article. All aspirants for this chased object must send in their solutions clearly labelled "For W.P.B." The Editor's decision is final.

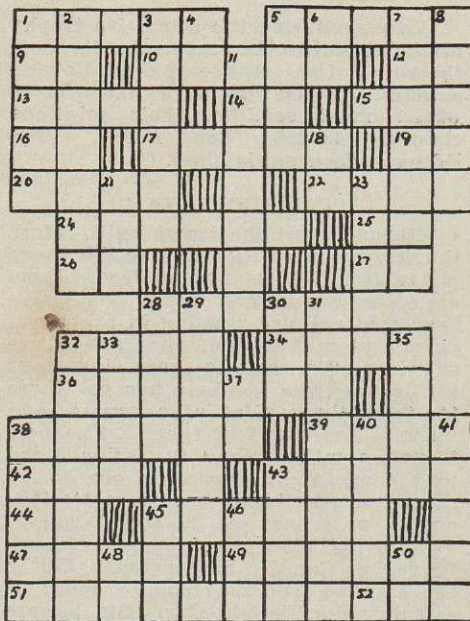
## "CAMERONIANA."

"Naturally all the trams built before the formation of the M. & M.T.B. were put to use. But to-day very few of them are to be seen in Melbourne. Some have been sold and are running in provincial cities and in Adelaide, some are in use as sleep-outs, and a very ingenious gentleman from Mentone has put three to form three sides of a square, and made a house out of them! The nocturnal rambler along St. Kilda Road may some night chance to see No. 7 careering merrily along on a mysterious errand, or he may see the round, bouncy 96 bearing the proud announcement, "Scrubber Car, No Passengers." Or, in the daytime, you may chance upon 17, a truly noble Freight Car. But beware of 5A, he spits; for he is the water car.

Let us now follow the development of the types built by the M. & M.T.B. They first produced 219, a very fine tram indeed. They were so pleased with it that they built forty-eight more. Then they tried an experiment when they built 268. The seats in the middle section, that is, the ones facing or backing the direction of the tram, were rearranged and set back to back so that, instead of being built for pairs only, they now accommodated two on each side, sitting back to back. The capacity was the same, but there were now only two frames instead of four, and everyone had an easy means of exit. Over a hundred later, at 377, came the latest wonder, whereby the experiment in 268 was elaborated. The entrances, with no sacrifice of seating space, were doubled in size. So much for the development of the ground plan of a tramcar, to which all W class trams from 219 to 418 are being standardised."



### III. College Crossword.



#### Across.

1. He plays Bridge.
5. Of a pianist.
9. This year men are Senior.
10. What we do for Exams.
12. Heard from D.G.T.
13. He entertains a lot.
14. Beheaded sheep's cry.
15. A good drink for 31 down.
16. He's now a doctor.
17. An initiation ceremony.
19. Upon.
20. Whisky is drunk with this.
22. What the Wing is.
24. A fish.
25. Smibert's title.
26. Pronoun.
27. Art [French].
28. Treasurer's Assistant.
32. Possible nickname for 31 down.
34. Some cows are this colour.
36. Crotty likes wearing this.
38. Pays fines.
39. Dogs drank his blood.

42. D.T.N.
43. A fountain pen.
44. Forward.
45. Apache dance.
47. A good thing.
49. A bad thing.
51. Rub out.
52. Seated.

#### Down.

1. Has a dog.
2. A good climber.
3. The Chaplain's drink.
4. A famous steeplechase.
5. College spirit.
6. Elderly freshman.
7. What the Warden hears.
8. He drinks Cider.
11. To be found in the medicine chest.
18. Buttery Curator's initials.
21. What Club Accounts become.
23. Another name for 47 across.
28. Related to.
29. What Senior Men do to tradition.
30. Sin.
31. An earnest seeker after the true light.
32. Throws crackers.
33. Famous poet.
35. Whisky should be drunk like this.
37. Bone [Latin].
38. Spanish hut.
40. Serenades are received with these.
41. He doesn't like being called this.
43. A Daglish ejaculation.
45. Longbottom [Latin "——longa"].
46. Exclamation.
48. Initials of 13 across.
50. Applies to errors in this Crossword.  
(The solution will perhaps be published in our next issue.)

#### SONGS OF THE MOMENT.

- Lazy Day. L.E.P.  
 Yodelling My Way to Heaven. C.P.J.  
 You're So Delicious. A.T.T.D.  
 I'm the Happiest Corpse in the Morgue.  
 J.R.  
 Ain't it Grand to be Blooming Well  
 Dead. W.R.  
 You Rascal, You. M.F.  
 We Love the College Girls. J.A.B. and  
 A.E.C.  
 I Knew It All the Time. D.G.T.  
 Electric Girl. M.F.  
 I'd Climb the Highest Mountain. G.R.W.



**BATS!**

(A bed-time story to be told to those about to spend their first night in the Museum.)

(N.B.—The Museum is really haunted by 'possums, but as there are few rhymes for "'possum" our poet has substituted the more poetical "bats."—Ed.)

BATS! BATS!! BATS!!!  
 You find when you've retired at night  
 Your hair stands up on end in fright,  
 For just when you've put out the light  
 They swish and twish  
 And flish and blish  
 Until you're almost mad and wish  
 You'd never gone to bed.  
 And if you DARE to show your HEAD  
 They swo-o-o-o-o-o-op into your hair.  
 And once they've got their talons there  
 BEWARE!  
 There's many a person's lost her hair  
 Through Bats! Bats!! Bats!!!

Someone may say, "Just laugh it off,  
 For, after all, they're only bats."  
 But it's no use trying to kid your head  
 They're angels round your little bed:  
 It's nothing at all like that.  
 The THING that casts its shadow there  
 On the white-washed patch where the  
 wall is bare  
 Is nothing more or less, my dear,  
 Than a creeping,  
     crawling,  
     loathsome,  
     lurking,  
     evil-working  
     BAT!

The midnight hour strikes in the dark,  
 But HARK!  
 Whatever can be that?  
 'Tis not a cow, 'tis not a mouse,  
 'Tis not a ghost within the house:  
 'Tis something worse  
 Than a witch's curse  
 Or the howl of a waiting cat.  
 The trump of doom  
 Inside your room  
 Might make a noise like that.  
 'Tis the bell from Hell that rings the  
 knell—  
 The call of a lovesick Bat!

The moral of this tale, you know,  
 Is "When in bed, keep on your hats,"  
 For, if you don't, there'll nest one day  
 In their sticky,  
     slimy,  
     frightening way,  
 A family of Bats.  
 And once they're there  
 BEWARE! TAKE CARE!!  
 They're there for keeps: they're BATS!

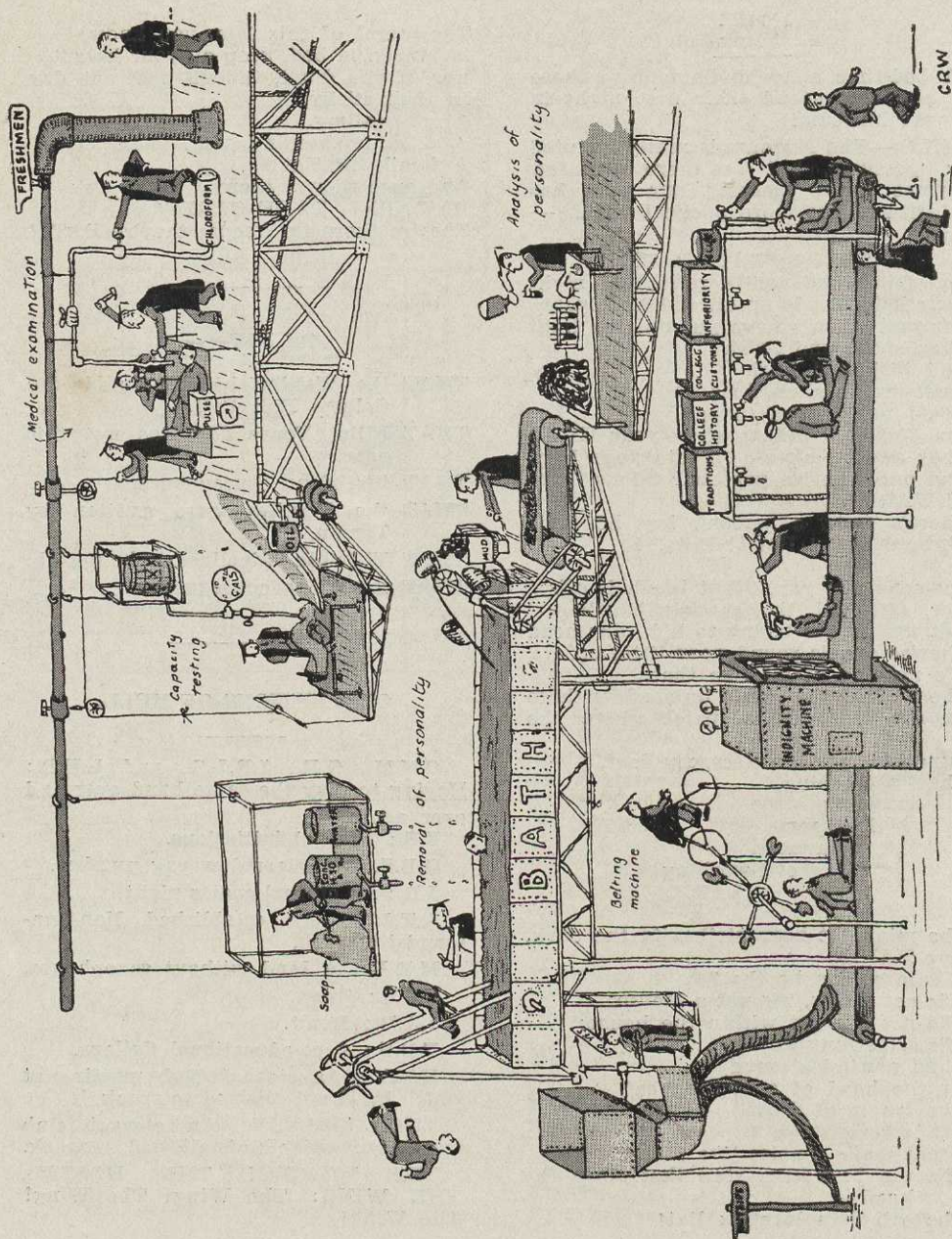
**ON DIT—**

THAT the Warden has answered the  
 College Roll Call.  
 THAT Elliot Fours day was wet this  
 year.  
 THAT it's of no consequence.  
 THAT the Hostiles were smitten by  
 Tarzan.  
 THAT Wilmoth is inclined to be uppish.  
 THAT it's of no consequence.

**CONCEPTIONS OF HELL.**

G.N.M., G.E., J.R.L.S., and L.E.P.:  
 Having to play the same hand over and  
 over again.  
 F.S.: Eternal initiations.  
 G.B.S.: An eternal wrong number.  
 J.R.: An eternal sports night.  
 A.T.J.D.: An established Non-Con-  
 formist Church.  
 M.R.H.: A land without saxophones.  
 C.J.Z.: Zvar.  
 J.A.B.: Boulton.  
 F.D.S.: A co-educational College.  
 N.V.Y.: An eternal Club meeting at  
 which he is not allowed to speak.  
 THE COLLEGE: An eternal club  
 meeting at which he is allowed to speak.  
 THE WARDEN, THE HOSTEL,  
 THE WING: The Wing! The Wing!  
 The Wing!





APPARATUS FOR SPEEDING UP INITIATIONS (Pat. App. for).



## TABLE TALK.

My Dearest Flossie,

Such wonderful news—you can't imagine it's such fun being His Woman—you find out such a lot about what they do and He makes such lovely tea. We had a beautiful talk on Sunday all about initiations. They are such a wonderful idea so Gentlemanly. They take those little beasts when they have the cheek to come to Trinity without ever having been there before and teach them not to be so Uppish. They must be **frightful** when they arrive all mealy faced and nervous and so **assertive** but They soon put that right because the forward ones aren't affected and it's only the nervy ones who suffer, which is quite natural. And of course it's such a **silly** idea to say They are bullying it is much too **manly** and **virile** for that and besides the intruders can't answer back.

And it's so good for **dignity** and **Tradition**. They are all called Sir and have to be treated with Respect. Some of Them want their Boots Cleaned and their Shaving Water brought and it would be **such** a good thing it's a pity They didn't agree to it. But still it's a very good thing for Seniority because the ones who are lazy and selfish are not found out which would be terrible and it gives the Seniors a chance to be Big Men and be Powerful and that is So good for them.

And then of course when it's over it's so good too for the Freshmen who aren't fresh any more so must be encouraged to be **keen**. And They pay extra attention to them it's very nice and they don't a bit get Swelled headed and they stop thinking for themselves and everybody's so Happy. I do wish you were somebody's Woman and could hear all about it. You can't realise, Darling, what a great thing it is until you've heard someone who's Sure talk about the Common Emotional Experience. That must be **lovely**. Perhaps you will be luckier later on.

Your affectionate Cousin,

TOSSIE.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

**My After-Dinner Speeches.** By N. V. Youngman.

Mr. Youngman has collected into one volume some fifteen speeches from the many thousand he has made in the last two years. Though by now some of them will lose somewhat from merely topical references it is easy to see what an instantaneous success they must have been when delivered. Rather modestly disclaiming any outside aid of interpretation, the author has omitted the frequent "(Laughter)" which we would have expected to be inserted in such a collection, and has left them to be judged on their own merits. Among general advice to would-be speakers Mr. Youngman emphasises the necessity of a good dinner beforehand, an engaging smile and original ideas. Of these he says the good dinner is the most essential.

Mr. Youngman is shortly to bring forth a small travel volume which he has recently published in London, "**Senor Bum in the Jungle**" (with sixteen photographs).

**Every Man His Own Mechanic.** By J. R. Law-Smith. (Technical Book Society. 2/6, post free.)

Mr. Law-Smith has long been known as an invertebrate car-driver, and his experiences with "**Emily**" taught him more than should be known about any car. He describes in detail some of the many gadgets to be found in his dashboard, and gives several instances of the use of string as a timely help in time of trouble. The edition is complete, with an appendix by Mr. Ewing on "**Make the Other Fellow Pull Up,**" an art at which he has long been expert.

**Cardinals I Have Known.** A. T. T. Daglish. (Limited edition, signed by the author.)

Mr. Daglish, in his well-known reverential, yet racy style, has treated the lives of many pillars of the Church. It was he who originated the witty saying with regard to Bishops, "**The higher the better.**" In this lengthy volume he



has restrained his antipathies within the bounds of libel, not so much from fear of action, but from pity to the more misguided of our dignitaries. One interesting chapter is devoted to the Rector of Stiffkey (for whom the author has a great admiration) and another to an acknowledgment of his debt to the works of the great Newman. Our copy from the Catholic Book Society.

#### Mr. Man's Monthly.

This is a new periodical edited by Mr. N. F. Stuart, who has long expressed his disapproval of the way the average Australian dresses. Mr. Stuart is a past master in fashion, having been called in to aid both Mr. Juttner and Mr. Cole, with the latter of whom he has had brilliant, if somewhat spasmodic, success. Included in this number are articles on the Prince of Wales' shirts, the straw hat, and colour schemes for spring, while there is a special section devoted to a description of the relative merits of different brands of hair-oil.

#### A Dictionary of Quotations. By J. C. M. Crotty.

Mr. Crotty has compiled quotations from many different sources, including the philosophical works of the great Spengler and the observations of Sir Alfred Ewing. About half the quotations are taken from French sources, his breadth of reading in that direction being absolutely remarkable. Mr. Crotty treats his subject with a loving care which is obviously the result of long association. On page 972 he demonstrates how a list of apparently separate quotations can be strung together to form an (apparently) connected treatment of any desirable subject-matter.

#### Other Books Received:

The Door with the Seven Locks. R. L. Gilbert and E. B. Dreverman.  
Faraway. P. J. Parsons and R. Teague.  
A Queen for a Day. J. M. Agar.  
State Secrets. A. G. Rylah.  
The Penal Code. D. G. Taylor.  
Indoor Games. G. B. Sewell.  
Journey's End. Dr. M. Fraser.  
In the Wood—a Conversation. G.E. and L.E.P.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

##### J.C.M.C., "Bushfire."—

"Ah! c'est magnifique, oui, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!

The fire fiend o'erwhelms in a moment of time

And those stricken giants, reduced to despair,

Now await the end nobly in impotence sublime—"

(Ah! c'est magnifique, oui mais ce n'est pas la poesie!)

N.V.Y.—"Where my Caravan has Rested." Last heard of in the W.P.B.

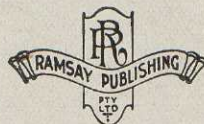
#### THE CHURCH MILITANT.

"In winning 13 rounds out of 15 by a big points margin, and defeating Tony Gora (Japanese) at Brisbane Stadium, Ron Richards (aborigine) demonstrated that he is the best two-handed fighter produced in Queensland for years."—Melbourne "Sun."

#### STOP PRESS.

As we go to press we hear that Jack Piercey has become engaged to Miss Margaret Smellie, daughter of Dr. Smellie, of Wynyard, Tasmania. Heartiest congratulations.





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