

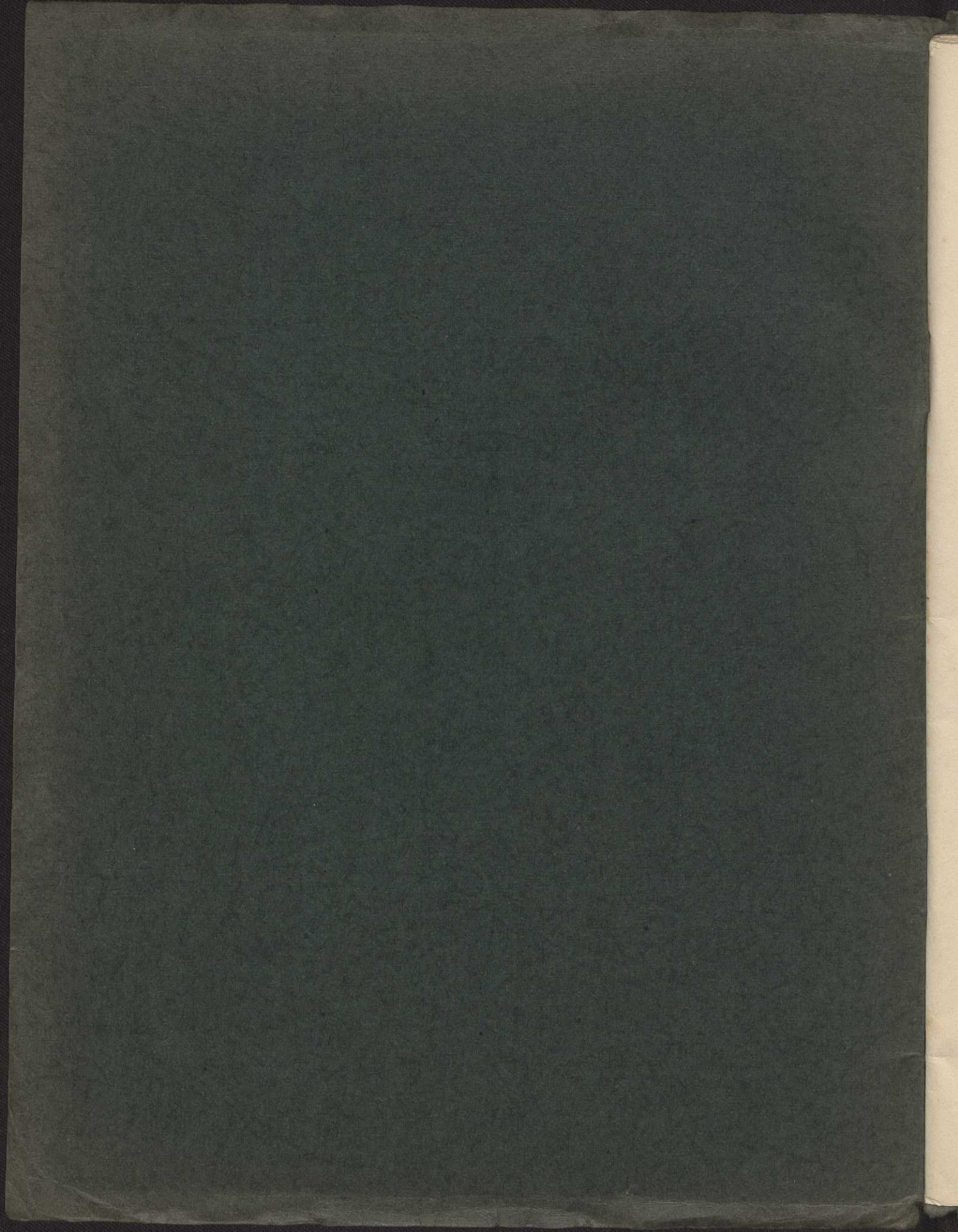
1936

November



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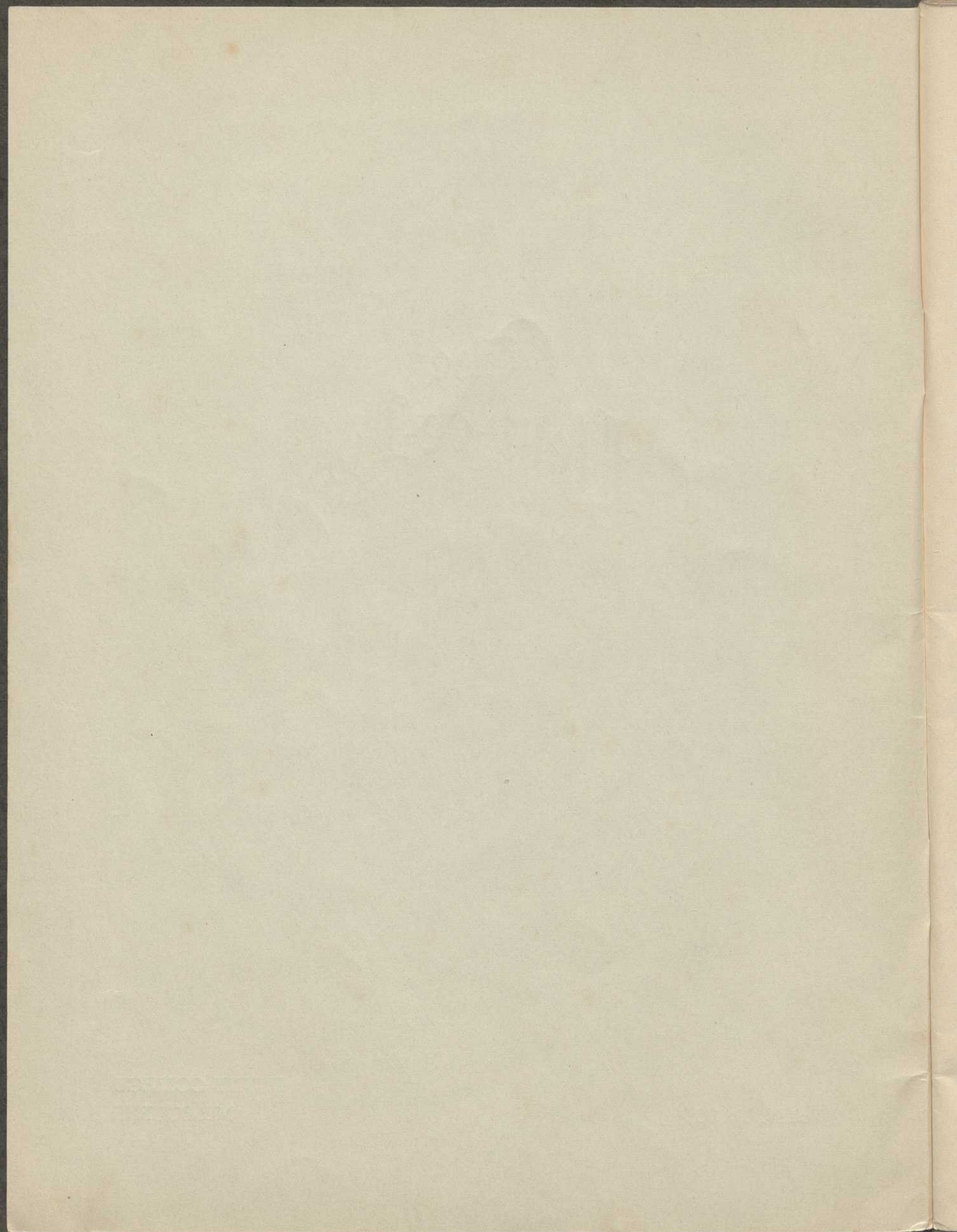
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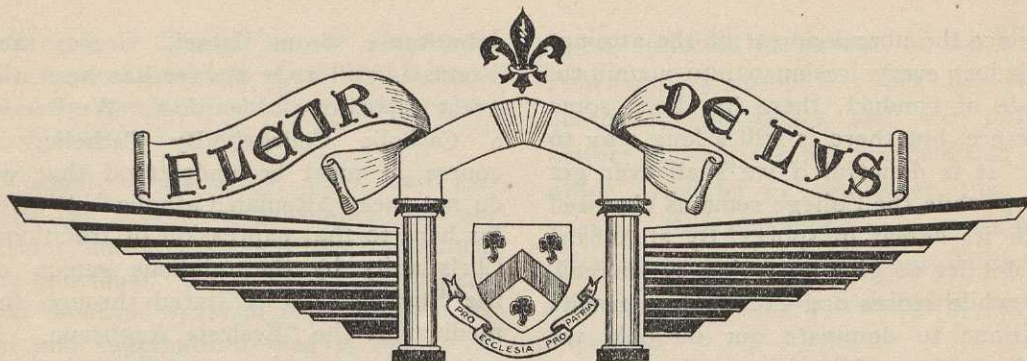


The
Fleur-de-Lys

Vol. IV., No. 36

TRINITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE





Editor: E. R. A. WILSON
Sub-Editor: C. M. H. CLARK

Janet Clarke Hall Representative: Miss M. WILSON
Business Manager: R. HAMER

Editorial

Seventy odd gentlemen are able to turn out to watch an inter-collegiate match. How many are able to get as far as Newman to attend an inter-collegiate debate? Three. We can only hope that this is not a straw revealing mental currents. At every sports dinner this year it has been urged that every man turn out to practice for that individual sport. It has never yet been suggested that every man should attempt his hand and brain at some form of creative activity or thinking, and resentment is felt at compulsory chapel three mornings a week. Yet one cannot but help think that the brain is ultimately more important than the body, and the soul more vital than the brain.

Perhaps the fault lies not entirely in the College itself. Our age is intensely concerned with the question of behaviour. We are not particularly interested in what people may believe or think. But we are impressed by how they behave. Parents and teachers are rarely upset by what adolescents may think—they may assent to the most radical philosophies without causing anxiety

at home or at school. But as soon as such thought is translated into action, there is panic among the parents and pedagogues. And so at College—not to desire a place in the First Eighteen is infinitely more appalling than the most perverse habits of thought. Behaviour is what holds our interest. We have lost the ability to go any deeper.

But if this is a prevailing mode of thought in the world outside, that is no reason for its existence in Trinity. If advance and reform are to come from anywhere, surely we must look for them from a University College. Here we have unrivalled opportunities for thought, for study, for the cultivation of taste, wisdom and discernment. We have chances which few others in this country share. And yet we do little enough with them. The personality blunders on by a trial and error process into a lop-sided growth with shallow roots. And nobody seems to care very much. To wrench still another quotation from its context—"There's something wrong somewhere."

Since the abandonment of the attempt to induct every freshman into a uniform mode of conduct, there has been some advance, but there is still a long way to go. It is doubtful if we shall ever get there while the College remains obsessed with its defeat in sport. By all means do not let us give up trying to succeed, but while scores and examination results continue to dominate our outlook, we shall simply muddle along, and remain as we are. Meantime we should be producing great thinkers and artists, providing the leaders of Australian thought and culture.

The need is great enough—we have as yet no indigenous civilisation, and it is a notorious fact that such original thinkers, writers and artists as do arise in this country prefer to live abroad. There is a wonderful mission waiting for a handful of men, and this College ought to be the place from which to expect them. This is the more obvious insofar as the University has failed in its task; it has become simply a super-technical school for supplying the professions and trades. The eyes that dare stray from a text-book are instantly averted. Even when one is covered in sweat and mud, it is still sacrilegious to notice a tree against a sunset.

And although we may amass great stores of learning, are we the wiser? Wisdom seems to be a commodity less and less available, (and desired) in educational institutions; for the prevailing methods and ideals of modern education with specialisation on the one hand, and "a treatment of humanities either as a kind of pseudo-science or as superficial culture" on the other, are not calculated to cultivate a disposition towards wisdom. And the Catholic Church, with its

inheritance from Israel, Greece and Rome, is still as it always has been, the great repository of wisdom. We live in a Catholic College. By Catholic, of course, it must be understood that we do not mean "Roman Catholic." We refer here to that expression of traditional Christianity by the religious genius of the English race as stated through the medium of the "Ecclesia Anglicana." If not everyone can be an intellectual giant, or an artistic genius, everyone can learn to order his life and character in the light of the wisdom of the ages. Here again we are the possessors of unique opportunities, and how shall we account for our stewardship?

Unfortunately, most of us do not regard ourselves as stewards. It is difficult to see why our modern age, with its obsession of freedom, its impatience of restraint, should find any attraction or help in Behaviourism. But it is that to which we are wedded—to regarding our activities as the objective results of the reactions of heredity and environment on ourselves. Obviously, this is a negation of freedom of action, and is simply a new-fangled way of evading moral responsibility. Our freedom-obsessed age might find a much more congenial atmosphere in a system of thought based on the possibility of free choice. Such a system is Moral Theology, which has its roots far back in the Christian past, and may be said to have had its beginnings in the writings of the early Fathers.

If, then, theology be the science of the knowledge of God, and if morals be the study of a behaviour which is the result of a more or less free choice, then moral theology must have for its object the study of human behaviour, insofar as that

behaviour is directed to the attainment of a supernatural end—God—and is regulated by standards which have themselves a supernatural origin.

Catholic Christianity, then, calls us back to moral responsibility for our actions, and at the same time safeguards the individual. It has grown up through two thousand years of experience—natural and supernatural—and is not to be

lightly rejected in favour of the latest American "philosophy." Let us, then, accept our privileges and our duties, neither abusing the one nor rejecting the other. And let us remember that the greater the opportunities and abilities offered, the greater the responsibility incurred, and the more fruitful the return expected.

COLLEGE NOTES

Students' Club

President: T. R. H. Clark.
 Hon. Secretary: J. E. Lewis.
 Hon. Treasurer: F. R. H. MacDonald.

Common Room Committee

The Dean; T. R. H. Clark; J. E. Lewis; F. R. H. MacDonald; N. G. Molloy.

Finance Committee

The Dean; T. R. H. Clark; J. E. Lewis; F. R. H. MacDonald, N. G. Molloy.

Sports Committee

The Dean.
 Cricket: T. R. H. Clark.
 Athletics: J. E. Lewis.
 Football: I. C. C. Galbraith.
 Tennis: P. J. Parsons.
 Rowing: D. C. Jackson.

Inter-Collegiate Delegates

I. C. C. Galbraith; F. R. H. MacDonald.

The most encouraging feature of College life this year has been the interest taken in music. Gramophones and good records are numerous in college, and we have been very well represented at the Celebrity Concerts. For all this interest and enthusiasm we are largely indebted to the Warden, who has been most generous in playing his best records for us on a Sunday morning after Chapel.

There was no new wing to open this year, but towards the close of last year the Dean married, and shortly afterwards moved into the new Deanery.

This building has brought the Permanent Building Scheme one stage nearer completion, and the College crows one step nearer exclusion.

Last year's Chaplain—the Rev. George Green—is now well settled in England. His place has been taken by an old boy of the College, the Rev. J. D. McKie. He is also Theological Lecturer, and so the old system is resumed after last year's interregnum. We take this opportunity of welcoming him.

Another trip was made to St. Mark's, Adelaide this year during the second term vacation. The College defeated their hosts in the football match, and everyone seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself. There was a lot of sleeping done by various members of the College after their return.

The College "At Home", held at the Palais, St. Kilda, was another success, under the secretaryship of Messrs. R. H. Deasey and T. R. Blamey. They did a very difficult piece of work very well, and we offer to them our gratitude and thanks.

The Common Room Dances this year have been a tremendous success. Soon the Common Room will be too small for the large number who attend. The Matron, as usual, attended to the floral decorations—a work of supererogation for which we are duly grateful.

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. T. R. H. Clark has announced his engagement to Miss Betty Robinson.

SALVETE

- G. O'B. Armstrong—Law IV.
 P. W. Atkins—Med. II.
 N. A. H. Banks—Arts.
 V. H. Belson—Law IV.
 M. C. Brumley—Arts and Science.
 N. W. Buckley—Commerce II.
 L. W. Carroll—Law.
 G. F. R. Cole—Dentistry.
 D. H. Colman—Arts.
 J. J. Dale—Science.
 J. N. Falkingham—Arts.
 J. B. Felstead—Medicine.
 A. S. Ferguson—Medicine.
 A. R. A. Freeman—Arts.
 J. S. Guest—Science II.
 A. W. Hamer—Science.
 L. A. C. Harris—Engineering IV.
 P. R. Leckie—Medicine II.
 H. S. Moroney—Medicine.
 B. L. Murray—Law.
 J. M. McCracken—Medicine.
 R. A. Parett—Engineering.
 W. H. Roberts—Engineering II.
 D. B. Robertson—Medicine II.
 D. Rutter—Engineering III.
 R. S. Searls—Engineering IV.
 K. C. O. Shann—Arts.
 H. A. Thomas—Arts.
 P. N. Thwaites—Arts.
 N. H. Turnbull—Science.
 T. V. Walpole—Medicine.

VALETE

B. F. G. Apps; G. W. Barker; R. C. Barrett; A. S. Ellis; J. A. Gibson; R. L. Gilbert; W. J. K. Paul; M. R. Ham; A. R. Hughes; L. A. Langley; J. G. Mann; B. Nixon; K. W. Prentice; S. A. Sewell; C. P. Sherwood; A. T. Smith; J. R. Stawell; F. D. Stephens; J. O. Thornborrow.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY**Murder at the Garrick**

The College presented "The Case of the Frightened Lady," by Edgar Wallace, at the Garrick Theatre on July 17 and 18. The mind of Wallace was a marvel of fertility, and, knowing his predilection for a large number of corpses, we looked forward to the big event with some zest.

The play concerned a mother obsessed with family tradition, and determined that the line should continue, despite the obstacle of an insane son and heir with homicidal tendencies. One or two murders are thrown in incidentally, there is an attempted abduction, and a few terrifying moments in the darkened bedroom of the prospective bride. Relief was provided by a moronic Sergeant and a romantic looking police offsider, who nearly fell in love with the heroine of the play.

The second act was an obvious welter of obvious clues and red-herrings. The climax was really exciting and very well done. The homicidal son reveals the whole mystery to Inspector Tanner, who knew all about it before he began, but who could not prevent the suicide of the son. And his mother's cry: "A thousand years of being great—gone like a candle in the wind."

It was scarcely as intricate as many of Wallace's plays, and that very fact helped to make it less wildly improbable; uniformly good acting helped considerably to lessen the air of unreality which such plays often give. J. M. McMillan played the part originally taken by Gordon Harker in London, and his chirpy conversation offset the tenseness of most scenes. N. H. Turnbull did well in the difficult part of the insane son—Lord

Lebanon. His nervous gestures and disjointed speech gave just sufficient impression of strange behaviour, without betraying his infirmity. Mary Heseltine made a commanding mother, and the calm assurance of Blue Steward as Tanner carried conviction, especially in the final scene. J. S. Leach and D. H. Colman were admirable as the two footmen—really the son's warders—and brought a definitely sinister atmosphere to their scenes. Indeed, the whole cast performed extremely well; and of course the production was as smooth as we have learned to expect from Terence Crisp, who deserves every congratulation for the show he turned out. The proceeds—which were considerable—went to the Janet Clarke Hall Jubilee Scholarship Fund.

The only disappointing feature of the play was the attitude of most of the audience to Lady Lebanon's family pride—her intense conviction of the greatness and destiny of the House of Lebanon. This was written in all seriousness, and was the mainspring of the action of the play. Too many of the audience were inclined to treat it as a light comedy. It was the tragedy of the play.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY

President: The Warden.

Vice-President: Mr. H. D. Wiseman.

Secretary: Mr. F. F. Thonemann.

Committee: Messrs. J. M. McMillan,
D. C. Jackson, A. P. B. Bennie.

The society is in the dumps. The president is inclined to believe that the secretary tipped it there. The secretary naturally defers to the president's better judgment.

The Freshers' meeting consisted of the hesitant delivery of banalities. Nothing could relieve the tedium of the proceedings, not even the president's criticism.

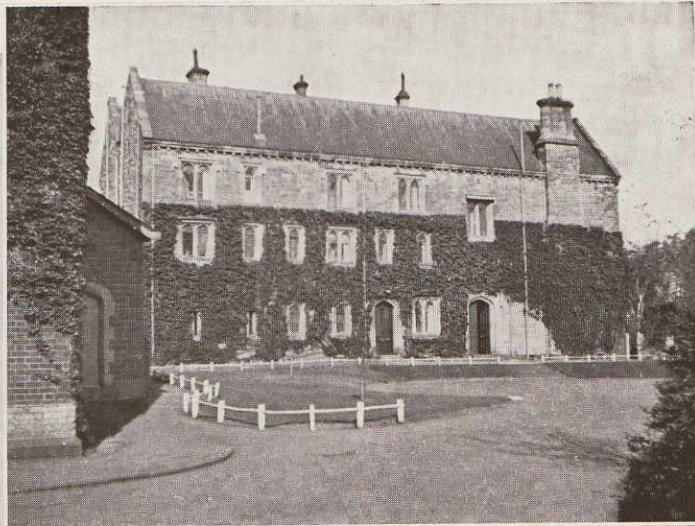
The debate on the possibility of platonic love drew a large audience. We can only hope that this does not indicate that sentimentality is rife in the College. The anti-platonic lovers won the night.

At the next meeting the house decided by a small majority that it would fight for King and Country. The College is indeed strongly Imperialistic. It was not mentioned at this debate or at any other where its relevance was apparent that if we fight for King and Country in war with the same apathy as we fight for them in peace, our defeat is assured.

Attendances failed at later meetings, though speeches rallied—becoming more vigorous as they became more personal.

The College, represented by Messrs. F. F. Thonemann, E. R. A. Wilson and A. P. B. Bennie, was victorious in both intercollegiate debates. One must not suppose that this success indicates the vitality of the society.

Apathy marked the Wigram Allen Essay Competition. From a record College (numerically) only five entries were received, and one of these was withdrawn at the last moment. The reading was as interesting as the judges' remarks about it. The prize was awarded to Mr. J. M. McMillan. The President awarded his Medal for Oratory to Mr. H. P. Brown, and the Leeper Prize for Oratory to Mr. F. F. Thonemann. Mr. H. D. Wiseman was re-elected Vice-President of the Society, and Mr. C. M. H. Clark was elected Secretary, with a Committee consisting of Messrs. A. G. L. Shaw, H. P. Brown, and A. P. B. Bennie.



THE WARDEN'S LODGE

THE DEANERY



THE CHAPEL

The retiring Committee hopes that next year the Society will become a vital part of College life, and will not remain a slowly draining backwater. Much will depend on the quality of next year's freshmen.

CHAPEL NOTES

The chapel is one of the few places in College where one can be free from all worry and excitement. Its geographical isolation from the other College buildings is almost symbolic. It is quiet; it is a unit in itself; and it is an epitome of civilisation. Even such changes as occur in connection with it are silent and unobtrusive; for it has a life of its own which flows on apart. The Rev. J. D. McKie takes the place of the Rev. George Green as chaplain, but there is no fuss or turmoil of change. The same services are continued with only minor differences; the same spiritual gifts are given. Even in the realm of technicalities and details is this true. Mr. Albert Martin was unable to continue his singing lessons, but practice continued—under the instruction of the chaplain. The city organist, Mr. W. McKie, assisted at a singing practice in third term—for which we are duly grateful—and could such a change be disturbing?

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Revs. Lionel Bakewell, Frank Oliver, and F. E. Maynard have

all preached to us during the year, but there is no break in the continuity of the chapel life. If anything, it is rather intensified—and we are happy to have them visit and preach. Nor must we forget the help given by the Revs. E. K. Leslie and A. E. Winter, at the first term Corporate Communion of the College—especially as the Corporate Communion is an invaluable asset to College life. It is a pleasant thought that on that specific occasion all three priests were old boys of the College.

And the changes in the interior decoration of the chapel have served to increase the abidingness of the chapel and all for which it stands. These changes were begun by a former chaplain, the Rev. T. M. Robinson, now warden of St. John's College, at Morpeth, in New South Wales. During his tenure of office (1928-34) he obtained various improvements, such as the altar frontal, a temporary dossal, a credence table, the "Songs of Praise" hymn books. During the chaplaincy of his successor, the Rev. George Green, the altar lights were added. And now, with the advent of the new chaplain, we look forward to more improvements and additions which will help increase the beauty and sanctity of the building. They are badly needed.

Finally, we cannot ignore the fact that the Servers' Guild has this year increased its membership to a quite unprecedented extent.

SCHOLARSHIP VALUES

As the result of a recent decision on the part of the Governing Body of the College, the method of defining the values of Scholarships to be awarded to resident students is to be modified in order to secure a more efficient administration of Scholarship Funds. The modification will come into operation at the Annual Scholarship Examination in November next. In the prospectus to be issued by the College prior to that Examination, due notice of the impending change will be given to candidates. It will apply both to entrance candidates and to those who have already entered upon a course at the University.

The purpose of the change is to adapt the values of Scholarships as far as possible to the financial needs of Scholars. But no student of first-rate ability will be deprived of a reasonable reward.

The value of Scholarships which have been founded at the College and Janet Clarke Hall varies from £40 to £75. The award has hitherto been made on grounds of merit only, irrespective of the financial position of the successful candidates. Consequently the more valuable Scholarships have gone to the ablest students, whether they needed help or not; while the less able have been compelled to content themselves with Scholarships of smaller value, although their needs may have been greater and their capacity for deriving benefit from residence in a University College certainly not less than those of the most brilliant scholars.

Such a state of affairs cannot accord with the real intention of those by whose generosity the Scholarship Funds have been built up. As those funds are

limited in amount, the College authorities are forced, time and again, to turn away manifestly deserving students for whom, under existing arrangements, it is impossible to provide the assistance required to enable them to come into residence.

The principal feature of the change now proposed will be the introduction of a distinction between the provisional or nominal value of Scholarships and their final or effective value. In the examination prospectus candidates will be informed that the Scholarships offered for competition are of two classes—Major and Minor—the former of £30 and the latter of £20 value. The basis upon which such scholarships are to be awarded is merit alone, so that the Major Scholarships will go to candidates whose performance has been outstanding, and Minor Scholarships to those who have done well, but not brilliantly. As soon as the awards have been published every scholar-elect will be asked whether or not he or she proposes to accept the Major or Minor Scholarship allotted to him or her. If, in any particular case, the value of the Scholarship is not sufficient to enable the scholar-elect to enter into residence, he or she may apply for further assistance, supporting the application by a declaration on the part of his or her parent or guardian that such further assistance is necessary, and indicating definitely what additional sum is required. The provisional or nominal values will thereafter be reviewed by the College authorities, and a final or effective award made of the several endowed Scholarships in the light of the information so placed in their possession. In some cases the original value will remain unaltered. In

others it will be increased by a "supplement," small or large; but a maximum of £80 in the case of men and of £70 in the case of women (including, of course, the original £30 or £20) will for the immediate future be ordained.

About ten years ago a similar change was made at the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, under the authority of an Act of Parliament. It has proved eminently satisfactory, and the authorities of Trinity College are confident that, though local conditions may be slightly different, it will be equally successful here.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

(Including Janet Clarke Hall)

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1936

- A. M. White Scholarships—Margaret M. Henderson, H. P. Brown, J. J. Dale, T. S. Moffatt, D. J. Shale, P. N. Thwaites.
 Charles Hebden Scholarships—R. B. McMillan, H. F. H. Selleck.
 Charles Hebden Bursary—C. M. H. Clark.
 Henry Berthon Scholarship—L. W. Carroll.
 R. & L. Alcock Scholarships—K. C. O. Shann, M. R. Thwaites.
 Perry Scholarship—J. S. Guest.
 Clarke Scholarship—W. F. Connell.
 Richard Grice Scholarship—A. G. L. Shaw.
 F. L. Armytage Scholarship—P. J. Parsons.
 Simon Fraser Scholarship—W. H. Roberts.
 John Hugh Sutton Scholarship—M. R. Thwaites.
 F. C. Stanbridge Scholarship—Vivienne R. Silcock.
 A. R. Grice Scholarship—Helen M. C. Clark.
 Florence Hawdon Chambers Memorial Exhibition—Rosa C. Baker.
 Council's Scholarships—Dorothy F. Crozier, Marcia C. Jack, Charlotte M. Anderson, Phyllis R. Crozier, Heather M. G. Jones, Phyllis E. McDonald, Margaret E. Maxwell, Ena J. Parker, Margaret J. Rylah, Emily F. Stephenson, Mary A. Whitehead, Marion R. Wilson, M. C. Brumley, A. W. Hamer, R. J. Hamer, R. A. Parrett, H. A. Thomas, D. R. Leslie, T. R. Blamey, A. C. Crombie, R. N. McMullin, D. L. Hollway.
 Bishop's Studentship—A. P. B. Bennie.
 Moorhouse Studentship—E. R. A. Wilson.
 Marley Studentship—N. A. H. Banks.
 Florence Stanbridge Studentship—J. N. Falkingham.

CLASS LISTS

Annual Examinations—November and December, 1935, including Medical and Dental Examinations held during the year.

- Advanced Ethics—G. H. Williams (2nd Class).
 Agricultural Biochemistry—Yvonne Aitken (1st Class).
 Agricultural, Part III.—Yvonne Aitken (2nd Class).
 Anatomy (including Dissections), (2nd Year B.D.Sc.)—R. N. McMullin (1st Class).
 Anatomy (including Histology)—Margaret M. Henderson, D. J. Shale (1st Class), Barbara G. Stenhouse (2nd Class).
 Ancient History—W. F. Connell (1st Class), W. L. Ross, S. J. Leach (2nd Class).
 Australasian History—M. Patricia Colebrook (1st Class), Janet F. Dixon (2nd Class).
 Bacteriology, Part I.—Nancy L. Gent (2nd Class).
 Botany, Part I.—A. C. Crombie (2nd Class).
 Botany, Part III.—Charlotte M. Anderson (2nd Class).
 British History B.—A. G. L. Shaw, Joyce S. Satchell (2nd Class).
 Chemistry, Part I.—Emily F. M. Stephenson (1st Class), Margaret E. Maxwell, J. S. Guest, W. R. C. Stevenson, R. L. Richards, A. C. Crombie, J. C. Barton (2nd Class).
 Chemistry, Part II.—Nancy L. Gent (1st Class).
 Commercial Law—Helen M. McCulloch (2nd Class).
 Constitutional and Legal History—H. P. Brown, Phyllis R. Crozier (2nd Class).
 Constitutional Law, Part I.—T. R. Blamey (2nd Class).
 Economic History—A. G. L. Shaw (1st Class), M. Patricia Colebrook, R. B. McMillan (2nd Class).
 Economics, Part I.—A. G. L. Shaw (1st Class), R. B. McMillan (2nd Class).
 Economics, Part II. (Arts Course)—H. P. Brown (1st Class), Margaret J. Rylah (second Class).
 Education—Lorna M. M. Mitchell (2nd Class).
 Electrical Engineering, Part I.—T. S. Moffatt (1st Class).
 Engineering Design, Part I.—J. S. Smith (2nd Class).
 English Language and Literature, Part I.—Marian R. Wilson, Margaret E. Cowling (1st Class), Ada J. Anderson, Rosa C. Baker (2nd Class).
 English Literature, Part II.—Grace Martin (2nd Class).
 French, Part I.—Anna Dane, Vivienne R. Silcock (1st Class), R. B. McMillan (2nd Class).
 General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology—B. L. Hellings (1st Class), D. R. Leslie, Jean A. Hutchings, Kathleen K. Blackwood (2nd class).
 German, Part I.—Anna Dane, Vivienne R. Silcock, R. B. McMillan (1st Class), Ada J. Anderson (2nd Class).

Greek, Part I.—H. F. H. Selleck (1st Class), R. H. Deasey (2nd Class).

Greek, Part II.—M. R. Thwaites (2nd Class).

Hydraulic Engineering, Part I.—T. S. Moffatt (2nd Class).

International Relations—Margaret J. Rylah (2nd Class).

Jurisprudence, Part I.—G. B. Kerferd (2nd Class).

Latin, Part I.—H. F. H. Selleck, R. J. Hamer (1st Class); W. F. Connell, Anna Dane, R. H. Deasey, F. M. Robinson (2nd Class).

Latin, Part II.—M. R. Thwaites (1st Class, N. C. Carroll (2nd Class).

Law of Contract and Personal Property—H. P. Brown (2nd Class).

Law of Property in Land and Conveyancing—T. R. Blamey (1st Class).

Law of Wrongs (Civil and Criminal)—Enez L. Ainslie, I. D. Mackinnon (2nd Class).

Mechanical Engineering, Part I.—D. L. Hollway (2nd Class).

Mechanical Engineering, Part II.—T. S. Moffatt (1st Class).

Mixed Mathematics, Part I.—Mary A. Whitehead, Ena F. Parker (2nd Class).

Modern Political Institutions—Phyllis R. Crozier, I. D. Mackinnon, M. Patricia Colebrook (2nd Class).

Natural Philosophy (Medical Course)—M. C. Townsend, J. L. Bignell (2nd Class).

Natural Philosophy, Part I.—Ena F. Parker (1st Class), Emily F. M. Stephenson (2nd Class).

Natural Philosophy, Part II.—T. P. Gill (2nd Class).

Physiology—Margaret M. Henderson, D. J. Shale (1st Class), P. J. Parsons (2nd Class).

Physiology, Part I.—Phyllis E. McDonald, (1st Class).

Physiology, Part II.—Charlotte M. Anderson (2nd Class).

Political Philosophy—Phyllis R. Crozier (2nd Class).

Psychology, Logic and Ethics—Helen M. McCulloch (1st Class); Ada J. Anderson, Rosa C. Baker (2nd Class).

Pure Mathematics, Part I.—J. C. Barton, Mary A. Whitehead, H. E. Touzel, Ena F. Parker (2nd Class).

Pure Mathematics, Part II.—T. P. Gill (2nd Class).

Zoology (Medical Course).—A. T. Smith, M. C. Townsend (2nd Class).

Zoology, Part I.—J. S. Guest, Margaret E. Maxwell (1st Class), A. C. Crombie (2nd Class).

Zoology, Part III.—Winifred M. Burrage (2nd Class).

FINAL HONOURS

December, 1935, and March, 1936

Classical Philology—G. B. Kerferd (1st Class).

Philosophy—T. H. Timpson (2nd Class).

English Language and Literature—A. P. B. Bennie (1st Class); Kathleen W. Badger (2nd Class).

French and German—J. A. Gibson (1st Class); Honor M. S. Good (2nd Class).

English and French—Kathleen L. Brumley (2nd Class).

Latin and German—Jean Tonnie (2nd Class).

Laws—R. L. Gilbert (2nd Class).

ANNUAL EXAMINATION—MEDICAL COURSE, DIVISION IV.

March, 1936.

Medicine (including Clinical Medicine)—Yrsa E. Osborne (1st Class); S. A. Sewell, J. G. Brown, E. B. Drevermann (2nd Class).

Surgery (including Clinical Surgery)—J. G. Brown (1st Class), S. A. Sewell, Yrsa E. Osborne, F. D. Stephens (2nd Class).

EXAMINATION FOR HIGHER DEGREES, ETC.

Master of Surgery—G. N. Morris.

Diploma of Gynaecology and Obstetrics—Ella A. N. Macknight.

Obstetrics and Gynaecology—J. G. Brown, W. G. Cuscaden (1st Class).

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES

(Annual Examination—November, 1935, including Medical and Dental Examinations held during the Year)

Yvonne Aitken—Dixon Scholarship in Agricultural Engineering and Surveying; Henry Giles Turner Scholarship in Agricultural Science; Half-share of the Wrixon Exhibition in Agriculture, Part III.

Margaret M. Henderson—Half-share of the Exhibition in Third Year Anatomy; Half-share of the Exhibition in Third Year Physiology.

D. J. Shale—Half-share of the Exhibition in Third Year Anatomy; Half-share of the Exhibition in Third Year Physiology.

W. F. Connell—Proxime accessit for the Exhibition in Ancient History.

A. C. Crombie—First Brunning Prize in Botany, Part I.

Emily F. M. Stephenson—Half-share of Dwight's Prize in Chemistry, Part I.

- T. S. Moffatt—John Monash Exhibition in Electrical Engineering, Part I.; W. M. McPherson Exhibition in Hydraulic Engineering, Part I.; Dixon Scholarship in Mechanical Engineering, Part II.
- Anna Dane—Half-share of Baillieu Exhibition in French, Part I.; Exhibition in German, Part I.
- Vivienne R. Silcock—Half-share of Baillieu Exhibition in French, Part I.
- H. F. H. Selleck—H. B. Higgins Exhibition in Greek, Part I.; John Grice Exhibition in Latin, Part I.
- M. R. Thwaites—Exhibition in Greek, Part II.; Exhibition in Latin, Part II.
- H. P. Brown—Jessie Leggatt Scholarship in Law of Contract and Personal Property.
- T. R. Blamey—Jessie Leggatt Scholarship in Law of Property in Land and Conveyancing.
- D. L. Hollway—Wright Prize in Mechanical Engineering, Part I.
- Phyllis E. McDonald—Exhibition in Physiology, Part I.
- Charlotte M. Anderson—Exhibition in Physiology, Part II.
- J. S. Guest—Half-share of Georgina Sweet Exhibition in Zoology, Part I.; Baldwin Spencer Prize in Zoology.
- Margaret E. Maxwell—Half-share of Georgina Sweet Exhibition in Zoology, Part I.
- M. C. Townsend—First John Iliffe Scholarship in First Year Dental Science.
- R. N. McMullin—Half-share of John Iliffe Scholarship in Second Year Dental Science.

FINAL AND FINAL HONOUR EXAMINATIONS

December, 1935, and March, 1936

- G. B. Kerferd—R. G. Wilson Scholarship in Classical Philology.

ANNUAL EXAMINATION—MEDICAL COURSE, DIVISION IV.

March, 1936

- J. G. Brown—Fulton Scholarship in Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

- G. B. Kerferd—Wyselaskie Scholarship in Classical and Comparative Philology and Logic.
- A. P. B. Bennie—Professor Morris Prize in Literary Criticism.
- J. M. McMillan—H. B. Higgins Scholarship for the Study of Poetry.
- T. H. Ackland—Randal and Louisa Alcock Scholarship for Medical Research.

COLLEGE FINANCE, 1916-1936

To the Editor,
 "Trinity College Magazine,"

Dear Sir,

I trust I am not imposing upon your generosity in asking you to concede some space in your columns to bring to the notice of old students the enclosed memorandum circulated amongst members of the Union of the Fleur de Lys at the unanimous wish of the Committee.

By indirect means some old students may be in a position to swell the future endowments of the College, but all old students should be in a position to contribute to what is considered an immediate need.

£500 is required to complete a gymnasium and squash court; our aim is to obtain this sum by subscriptions from old students during the period of my presidency of the Society.

Thanking you in anticipation for your assistance,

Yours Faithfully,

(Signed) Robert Fowler,
 President,
 Union of the Fleur de Lys.

Memorandum

I. Though Income and Capital Accounts are necessarily interdependent, for purposes of clearness it is convenient to consider them apart.

II. In order to understand the present financial position of the College, it is necessary briefly to review developments extending over the last 20 years or so. This is especially true in the case of Capital Account.

A. Income Account.

Despite various increases which took place after the War (in the cost of living, salaries of Tutors, wages of domestics and the like), only at rare intervals has the position of current account given cause for anxiety. In most years income exceeded expenditure because the increases just referred to were offset, partly by increased revenue from students' fees, and partly by the appearance of a new source of income, namely endowments ear-marked for the payment of tutorial salaries. The increase of the revenue derived from students' fees was due not only to larger numbers (both resident and non-resident), but also to the scaling up of College fees by mutual agreement between the three older Colleges. The income from endowment funds for the Teaching Staff at one stage rose as high as £2500.

With the coming of the years of depression, in common with most other educational institutions, the College suffered a set-back; but it was not until 1934 that, owing to the convergence of two factors, there was an actual deficiency upon current account. That year showed a shortage of £1300, which the College was fortunately able to meet by a transfer from reserves built up during the preceding period. Last year there was again a shortage, though not of such serious proportions—it amounted only to £140.

The two factors above-mentioned were, on the one hand, a decrease of about 25 per cent. in the number of men in residence, and, on the other, a fall of about £1000 in the annual income from endowments available for tutorial stipends (which, in its turn, was due in

substance to the recent decline in interest rates). This year (1936) it is anticipated that current account will be restored to its former sound position, owing partly to the large increase in the number of resident students and partly to the continuation of certain economies, imposed at the beginning of the depression, which, for reasons which will hereafter appear, the Council has wisely decided for the time being to maintain for the special purpose of enlarging the provision for College Scholarships.

But the decline in income from endowments promises to be a more or less enduring factor in the situation; and the reserves built up between the years 1920-1930 have been exhausted.

B. Capital Account.

There is a marked distinction between Capital Account and Income Account. With efficient administration of the finances, the two sides of the Income Account ought, by and large, to be made to balance; but in the case of an educational institution such as a University College, it is impossible out of current resources to build up anything more than a small reserve which will provide a margin on which, as it were, to come and go during occasional lean years. The strength of Capital Account must therefore depend upon factors other than the mere efficiency of current financial administration. In short, it must depend upon benefactions presented to the College by public-spirited citizens. Only by means of such benefactions can provision be made for the development of the College; this imports (1) the extension of buildings, (2) the strengthening of the Teaching Staff, and (3) the provision of

Scholarships, which make it possible for able students to enjoy the benefits of College life.

1. Twenty years ago the "capital" position of Trinity was very weak. To his first Council meeting the present Warden submitted a financial programme embodying four principal suggestions:—

- a. For the renovation and improvement of the existing buildings, which were then in a sad state of dilapidation, an emergency sum of £10,000 was needed.
- b. There was no endowment for the Teaching Staff, of whom at that date, 9 out of 11 received salaries of £50 a year or less. To enable the College to pay adequate stipends a new endowment of at least £25,000 was wanted.
- c. Even for a College of about 45 resident students the provision for Scholarships was insufficient. To put Trinity on a footing of equality with its neighbours, it was necessary to obtain at least another £25,000.
- d. The Warden finally pointed out that, if the foregoing needs were satisfied, it would become necessary within the next few years to contemplate an extension of the College buildings. For this purpose, as he went on to indicate, an indefinite sum, certainly not less than £40,000, would be necessary.

Successive efforts to raise these moneys were made during the years which followed. The result may be briefly summarised:—

- a. For the Renovation Fund the full £10,000 was subscribed within a few months.

- b. The Fund for the endowment of the Teaching Staff now stands at £33,500.
- c. The Scholarship Fund has been increased by £23,000.
- d. At various stages contributions have been made to the College Building Funds, amounting in all to over £40,000. (Note.—This figure does not include gifts to the Janet Clarke Hall Building Fund, which, during the same period, amounted to more than £30,000.)

The Renovation Fund was expended before the end of 1919. The College Building Funds have, by recent building operations, been practically exhausted.

2. At the beginning of the period under review, the administration of the several Scholarship endowments was vested in this, that or the other group of individual trustees originally appointed by the founder of the Scholarship or chosen by the Governing Body to fill vacancies arising by death or resignation. Under such conditions the management was naturally somewhat haphazard. As a first step towards its improvement the College Council was, in 1923, incorporated by registration under the Companies Act under the name of the Trinity College (Melbourne) Trusts Corporation. To this private "Trusts" Corporation the majority of the endowments in existence before 1923 have now been transferred by the trustees in whom they were previously vested. It has also been appointed trustee of every endowment which has been established since its creation. The policy which it stands for has been justified in the event. During the 15 years of its existence, by adding to capital and investing small surpluses of

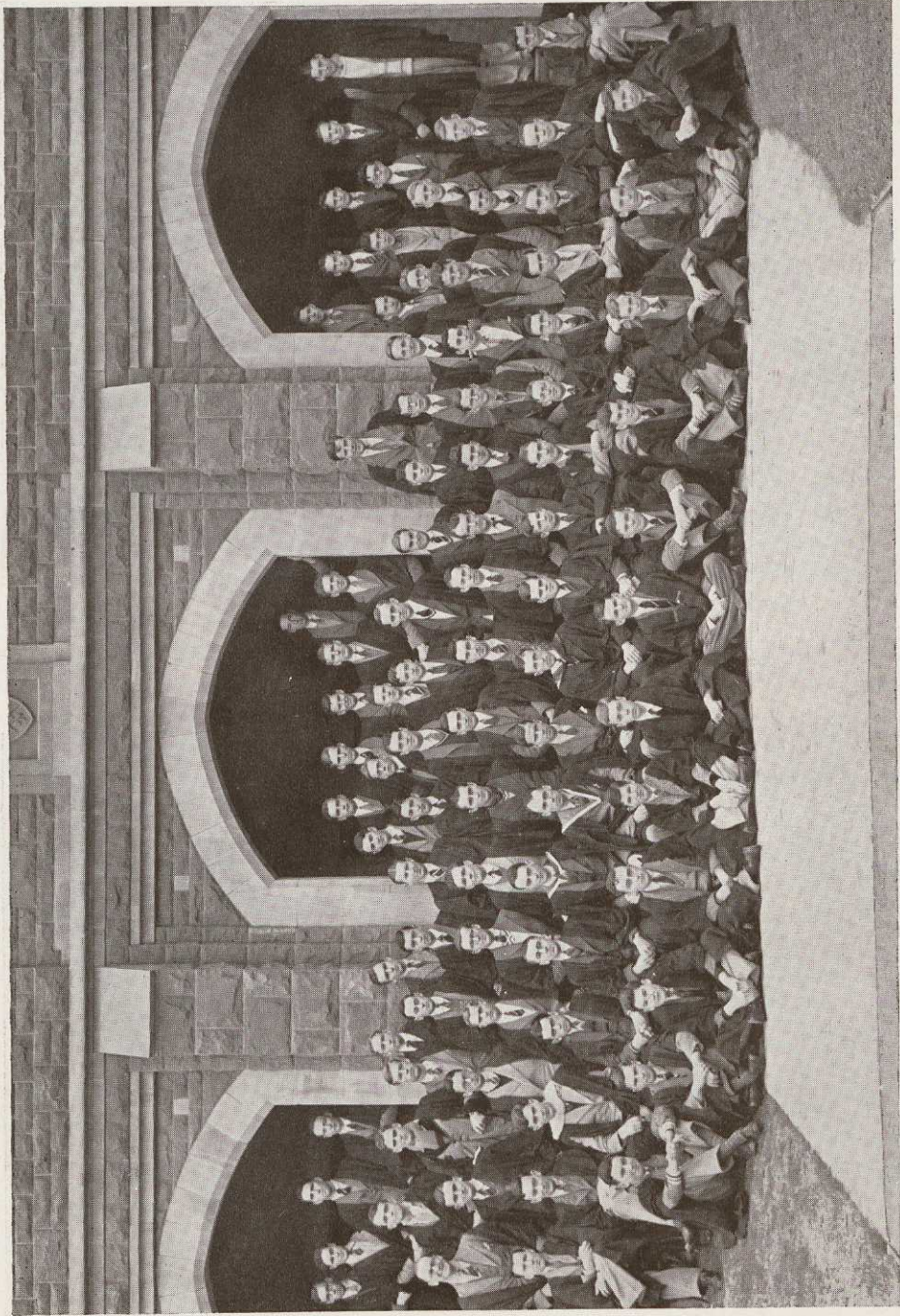
current income which from time to time became available, the total of the various Scholarship and Prize Funds has been increased by no less a sum than £15,000. This result has been achieved without curtailing the emoluments properly payable under the terms of the several deeds of trust to Scholars and Prizemen. Despite the decrease in the income of the several funds due to recent reductions in the rate of interest, the strengthening of the capital position effected by the conservative policy pursued during the whole period under review has enabled the College still to maintain, at their full value, the emoluments of the majority of the Scholars and Prizemen. In some cases those emoluments have actually been increased, and in the very few cases where reduction has become necessary it is comparatively insignificant. But for this fact during the lean years the shortage in numbers must have reached disastrous proportions.

The management of the affairs of the Corporation is vested in a Board upon which the financial and legal ability of the Council is very fully represented.

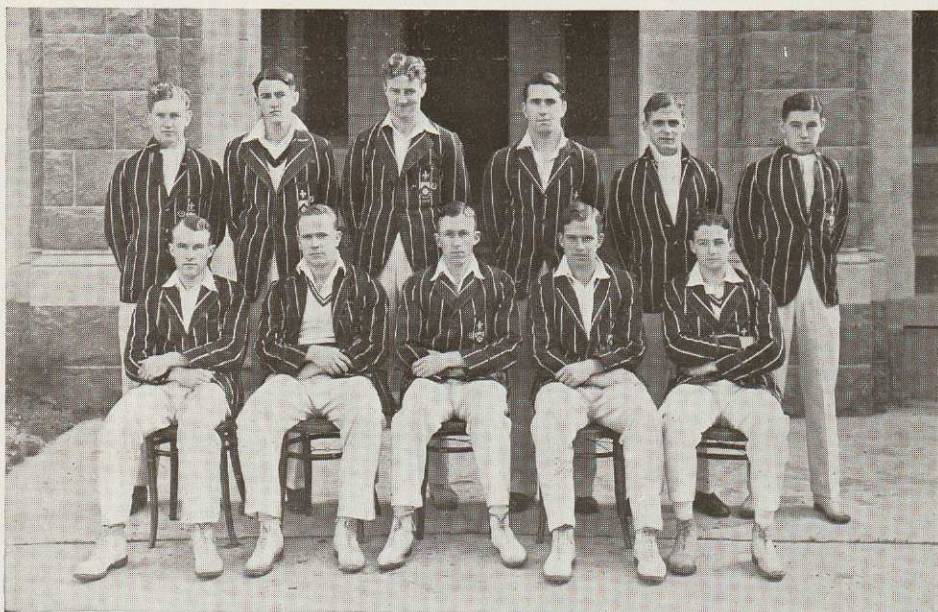
3. A further increase in the capital resources of the College is now urgently needed. Failing such an increase, the position of Trinity must soon become static; this would, in fact, mean an ultimate set-back.

- a. The first and most imperative need is an increase in the endowments available for Scholarships and for payment of the salaries of members of the Teaching Staff.

Scholarships: Owing to the rise, over the last 20 years, of the number of men in residence from an average of 45 to rather more than

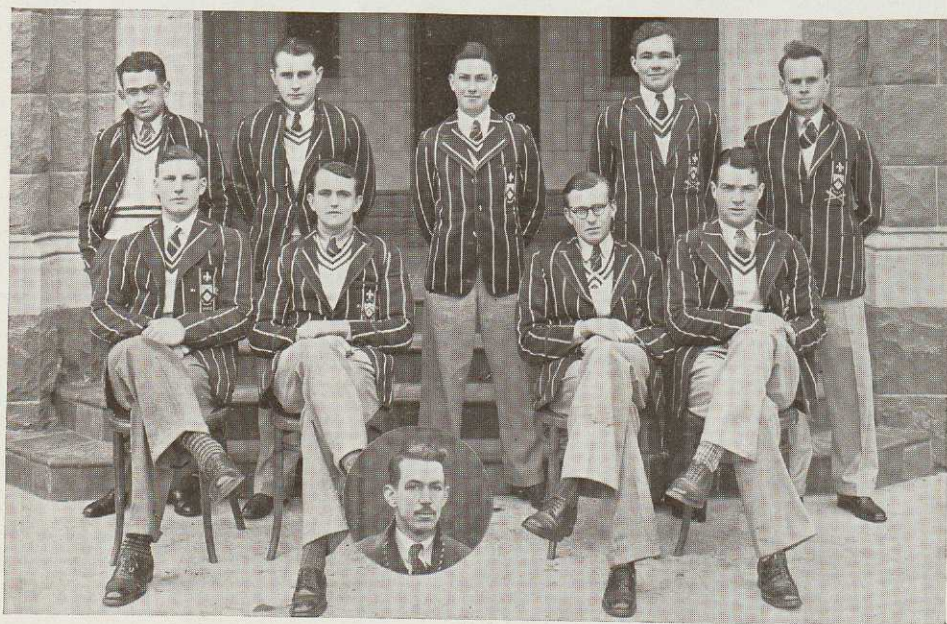


THE COLLEGE, 1936



CRICKET XI., 1936

Standing (left to right)—A. W. Hamer; J. M. McCracken; K. W. G. Mason; H. A. Thomas;
S. J. Leach; R. J. Hamer.
Seated—C. M. H. Clark; H. D. Steward; T. R. H. Clark; F. R. H. Macdonald; L. B. Witts.



THE CREW, 1936

Standing—T. B. C. Patrick (2), 11.6; F. T. A. Foster (4), 11.10; H. S. Moroney (cox), 8.7;
A. N. Fraser (3), 11.10; D. C. Jackson (bow), 10.6.
Seated—J. S. Guest (5), 13.4; D. R. M. Cameron (str.), 12.0; R. E. Stephens (7), 11.10;
I. C. C. Galbraith (6), 12.1.
Inset—R. H. Keon-Cohen, Esq. (Coach).

90, though the Scholarship Fund has, during the same period, been greatly augmented, it is still quite inadequate. The successful administration by the Trusts Corporation of the several endowment funds has served merely to maintain Scholarships, despite the fall of interest rates, at substantially the same value as prevailed before the depression. The fact is that at no stage has the provision for endowed Scholarships been adequate to the needs of the College. In order to maintain the high academic reputation of Trinity, it has at all times been necessary to provide unendowed or "Council's" Scholarships, which because, in effect, they assume the form of a remission of fees, constitute a definite burden upon current administration. During the years of depression this burden has been steadily increasing until, for 1936, it amounts to no less a sum than £500. A further capital endowment of at least £12,000 is necessary to relieve the position and so make it possible to restore certain services which have been curtailed during the depression period in order to enlarge the provision for "Council's" Scholarships.

Tutorial Stipends: Owing mainly to the decrease in interest rates, but in part also to the withdrawal

of various temporary grants, the endowment income available for tutorial stipends has fallen from £2,500 to £1,500. A further capital endowment of at least £10,000 is urgently wanted for this purpose.

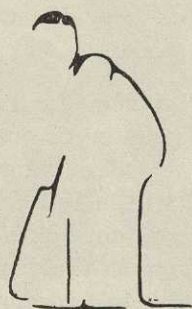
- b. Building Funds: Despite the completion of the new building, the wooden wing erected in 1920 is still in full commission. So far as present indications go, no slackening in the demand for admission is likely to occur during the next few years. The replacement of the wooden wing by the completion of a further instalment of the permanent Building Scheme is really vital to the future welfare of the College; it cannot be expected to cost less than £30,000.

A further need is the erection of a new building to accommodate the Leeper Library, which, at present, is most inconveniently housed in two unsuitable rooms on the ground floor of the Warden's Lodge. Provision for the Library is made in the permanent Building Scheme just mentioned. It is associated with a set of lecture-rooms which also represent an imperative need of the College. The estimated cost of this block is £10,000.

September, 1936.

SPORTS NOTES

Cricket



It is perhaps consoling to find excuses for our failure in the intercollegiate match, but they do not explain it. We were well beaten by a keen side. During the long vacation our practice matches were characterised by keenness and enjoyment, qualities which are quite pronounced in College cricket, which did not cease immediately after the intercollegiate match for the second eleven, enlivened by the enthusiasm of the Dean and the Chaplain, continued to play matches on Wednesday afternoons. This was quite a pleasing feature of the cricket this year, and provided enjoyment for those who participated.

The team chosen to represent the College against Queen's was as follows: T. R. H. Clark (captain), H. D. Steward (vice-captain), F. R. H. MacDonald, C. M. H. Clark, A. W. Hamer, R. J. Hamer, J. S. Leach, K. W. G. Mason, J. M. McCracken, H. A. Thomas, L. B. Witts, and 12th man, I. D. Mackinnon.

T. R. H. Clark won the toss for the third time in succession, and decided to bat on a good wicket. Witts and A. Hamer opened the innings to the bowling of Mason-Cox and McCutcheon. They gave the side quite a good start—A.

Hamer making some very crisp off shots. This was followed by a disastrous collapse till lunch time, except for a very solid 40 made by C. M. H. Clark. At lunch the position was desperate, with six wickets down for less than a hundred runs on a good wicket. After lunch, T. R. H. Clark relieved the situation somewhat by a very steady partnership with McCracken, who, playing his first College game, showed a calm temperament invaluable in these matches. The side was all out for 181.

Queen's in their first innings made 246, the most outstanding efforts being those of McCutcheon 60, and Metcalfe 51. The bowling honours were divided between Witts, Steward and McCracken, who all bowled well.

On the second day rain intervened, but at 5 o'clock Witts and Hamer went in and gave the side a really good chance of victory, by adding 59 before Witts was caught behind off Hyett. Play was delayed on the third and last day because of rain. The College was all out for 145. R. Hamer made a valuable 23.

Queen's were set the task of making 80 to win on a bad wicket, which meant that the finish of the match was really very exciting. Eventually they won with three wickets in hand. MacDonald bowled very well—he took 4 for 26. He was accurate, and turned the ball very sharply on a tricky wicket.

Our congratulations are due to Hyett, who took 11 wickets in all and bowled very well throughout the match. We

must also congratulate Queen's on their victory, and specially mention the fine sporting spirit that was shown throughout the match.

The Scores were:—

TRINITY COLLEGE

First Innings

A. W. Hamer, c McCutcheon, b Hyett.....	35
Witts, b McCutcheon	15
Leach, lbw, b McCutcheon	0
C. M. H. Clark, c Thorpe, b Hyett	40
MacDonald, b Hyett	2
Steward, b Hyett	10
T. R. H. Clark, st Thorpe, b Thompson	46
McCracken, run out	19
R. Hamer, lbw, b Mason-Cox	6
Thomas, not out	1
Mason, lbw, b Mason-Cox	0
Sundries	7
<hr/>	
Total	181

Bowling.—Mason-Cox 2 for 40; McCutcheon 2 for 43; Hyett 4 for 43; Metcalfe 0 for 38; Holmes 0 for 4; Thompson 1 for 6.

QUEEN'S

First Innings

Hyett, run out	19
Hurburgh, c Clark, b Witts	5
McCutcheon, c Mason, b Witts	60
Mason-Cox, c Clark, b Steward	4
Thompson, run out	19
Thorpe, lbw, b Steward	9
Harcourt, c Clark, b McCracken	5
Metcalfe, b McCracken	51
Leslie, c Thomas, b McCracken	29
Curtis, c and b MacDonald	23
Holmes, not out	2
Sundries	20
<hr/>	
Total	246

Bowling.—Mason 0 for 36; Witts 2 for 66; McCracken 3 for 95; Steward 2 for 27; MacDonald 1 for 2.

TRINITY

Second Innings

A. W. Hamer, run out	40
Witts, c Thorpe, b Hyett	20
Leach, lbw, b Hyett	5
C. M. H. Clark, run out	4
MacDonald, b Hyett	1
Steward, run out	8
T. R. H. Clark, b Hyett	1
R. Hamer, c Metcalfe, b Hyett	23
McCracken, c Thompson, b Hyett	16
Thomas, c Harcourt, b Hyett	16
Mason, not out	6
Sundries	5
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Total	145

Bowling.—Mason-Cox 0 for 37; McCutcheon 0 for 54; Hyett 7 for 49.

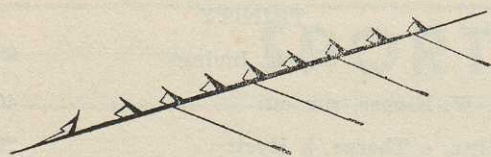
QUEEN'S

Second Innings

Curtis, c Hamer, b Witts	2
Hyett, c Mason, b Steward	11
McCutcheon, c Hamer, b MacDonald	18
Thompson, b MacDonald	12
Mason-Cox, c Witts, b MacDonald	7
Thorpe, not out	7
Leslie, run out	1
Metcalfe, c Clark, b MacDonald	5
Hurburgh, not out	1
Sundries	17
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Total, 7 wickets for	81

Bowling.—Steward 1 for 19; Witts 1 for 19; MacDonald 4 for 26.

Result: Queen's won by 3 wickets.



Rowing

At the beginning of the year our position seemed fairly sound since no less than seven of last year's crew were found to be available. Unfortunately D. C. Fleming, who had graduated from last year's second VIII., acting on medical advice, was forced to give up his seat, and the crew as ultimately selected were together only in the last week or two of their training.

Mr. Russell Keon-Cohen was again in charge of the crew, which, as finally seated, was as follows:—

	st.	lb.
D. C. Jackson (bow)	10	8
T. B. C. Patrick (2)	11	4
A. N. Fraser (3)	11	12
F. T. A. Foster (4)	12	0
J. S. Guest (5)	13	4
I. C. C. Galbraith (6)	12	6
R. F. Stephens (7)	12	8
D. R. M. Cameron (str.) ..	12	2
H. S. Moroney (cox)	8	0

The heat against Ormond was rowed in driving rain, with almost a flood stream running. At the start Ormond, in the north centre station, soon had a lead of a third of a length from Trinity in the north, and this they maintained as far as Anderson-street bridge. At the big bend they were somewhat less than two lengths in front, but at the Henley staging Trinity challenged, and managed to decrease their lead slightly. Ormond,

however, crossed the line one and a quarter lengths in front.

In the final Ormond proved victorious against Queen's after a splendid race. We congratulate Ormond in turning out such a remarkably fine crew.

The second VIII., coached by Mr. P. J. Parsons, developed into a crew distinctly above the average, and hopes ran high that we should at last wrest the Norton trophy from Ormond.

The crew was seated:—

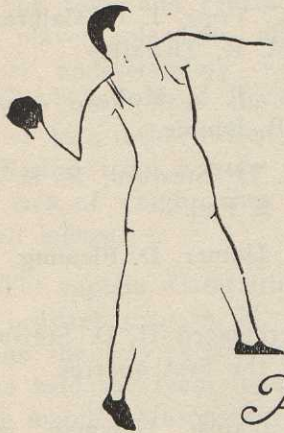
	st.	lb.
D. Rutter (bow)	10	0
H. C. Pope (2)	10	2
L. N. Carroll (3)	11	2
R. N. Clark (4)	11	4
J. S. Elder (5)	11	2
G. Armstrong (6)	11	0
R. H. Deasey (7)	11	9
P. J. Robinson (str.) ..	10	6
P. J. Parsons (cox)	10	3

After some delay, the crews got off, Ormond soon taking a lead of about a quarter of a length, which they had increased to almost a length at the beginning of the Henley staging. At this stage Trinity went up, but were still half a length behind at the finish.

We congratulate Ormond on their victory.

D. R. M. Cameron, A. N. Fraser, D. C. Fleming, and H. S. Moroney are to be congratulated in gaining seats at stroke, 7, bow and cox respectively, in the Inter- varsity boat.

In conclusion, might we re-echo the appeal of the rowing notes of 1931? "This is Ormond's third successive victory. Wake up Trinity." Let us awake in 1937, as did the Trinity crew of 1932.



Athletics

"Every man that striveth for the mastery," said the great Apostle, "is temperate in all things"; and since we were again unsuccessful in our designs upon the Cato Shield, we may further remember that such a trophy is a corruptible crown at best. All the same, we mean to make a strenuous effort towards winning it next year; and with renewed hope; for 1936 has been something of an *Annus Mirabilis* in Trinity athletics, at least when compared with recent years. We gained a very creditable third place in the competition, carrying off two first places, a second, a third, two fourths, and two fifths; but most gratifying of all was the general enthusiasm shown by members of the team and the training list, which was the largest for years. The useful work done by enthusiasts who did not get into the team should not pass unnoticed; their help during training was inestimable. Particularly valuable was the work of Jim Lewis, captain of the team, whose energy was boundless. Though himself conscious of the flight of the "*anni fugaces*," he threw all his enthusiasm into the train-

ing of the team, and brought to an honourable close long years of honourable service to Trinity College athletics. Thanks are also due to Chester Wilmot, John Agar, and others who helped with the training.

The sports were held under ideal conditions, and we congratulate Ormond on regaining the Shield from Newman by $73\frac{1}{2}$ points to $52\frac{1}{2}$. Trinity was third with 32, and Queen's fourth (13). Brosnan, of Newman, is also to be congratulated on his excellent wins in the 880 and 440, and his third in the mile.

M. R. Thwaites was the best performer for Trinity, gaining first place in the 100 and 220. P. N. Thwaites' second in the high jump, and Voumard's third in the 880 were also excellent efforts, while Mason demonstrated his versatility by representing the College in four events, and gaining two fourth places. Colman also was fourth in the hurdles, and Galbraith and Molloy obtained useful places in the 440 and mile respectively, the latter thus confounding the critics who murmured about old age and failing powers. Altogether the results were most encouraging, and with practically the whole team returning next year we expect to improve our performance indefinitely. This year the thorough training was as much the cause as the effect of the renewed enthusiasm, which seems to confirm the honoured platitude that a thing which is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

M. R. Thwaites is to be congratulated in winning the Old Boys' Trophy for the third year in succession, and on being included in the University Athletic Team.



Football

Our football this year has been most encouraging despite our defeat in the intercollegiate match against Newman. It is quite apparent that the College is building up a very strong combination that will be hard to defeat. We are proud to note that the number of our members playing in University football teams is five, as compared to two of the previous year. In football, experience is a great factor, therefore it should be the aim of every member or prospective member of the Trinity College football team to gain a part of this experience by playing with his University team in their amateur competition.

The Dean was a very enthusiastic coach and a very good critic; his efforts in trying to instil a system into a team that was, at the beginning of the season, one of individual effort, were quite fruitful, as shown in our inter-collegiate match. With men capable of filling one or two key positions on the forward line, his work will be most apparent. We appreciate his enthusiasm and help very much.

The team was placed as follows:—

Backs: H. A. Thomas, K. W. Mason,
D. R. Leslie.

Half-backs: T. R. H. Clark, L. P.
Witts, S. J. Leach.

Centres: H. C. Pope, I. C. Galbraith
(captain), M. R. Thwaites.

Half-forwards: T. S. Moffat, L. Carroll,
A. P. B. Bennie.

Forwards: H. D. Steward, F. R. H.
MacDonald, S. Fell.

Followers: A. Hamer, D. Fleming, D.
C. Pope.

R. J. Hamer replaced H. D. Steward
(injured) in the first quarter.

The match against Newman was played on Wednesday, July 15th.

To face a team that has been unbeaten for years, and which contains a number of experienced players of class, is not an encouraging start. However, the Trinity team entered into the play from the beginning with a confidence and determination that did them great credit. Newman were not allowed to gain any superiority in respect of weight, but having a little extra pace were able to open out the game, and play in the style to which they are so well suited. Each side had men who marked well, but the Trinity men found themselves very largely dependent on spoiling tactics, which gave greater scope to the small men, of which we had the larger number.

In the earlier part of the match the play was fairly even, and it was most unfortunate that Steward's leg injury prevented him from continuing. When the ball came down forward, lack of steadiness and cohesion prevented full scoring advantage from being taken. The consequence was a further lack of confidence in that part of the field which did not allow the players to show their real ability.

The back and centre lines, however, all played splendidly, and, with a little more understanding with the flanks, would have kept the Newman score down to a rather lower total. Although suffering from a very severe handicap in lack of weight, they performed very well indeed.

The captain, Galbraith, played against a brilliant man in M. Ryan, but was none the less successful in the centre, and held the team together throughout the match. Mason thoroughly deserved to be awarded the cup for the most improved player, and, at full-back, was a difficult obstacle for the Newman forwards to surmount. L. Carroll, although at one stage suffering from a painful kick on the knee, showed considerable promise with determined play at centre half-forward. Witts, Leslie and Fleming were also repeatedly under notice.

Scores:—

Trinity—3 goals 4 behinds (22 pts.).

Newman—19 goals, 14 behinds (128 pts.).

THE SECOND EIGHTEEN

Five years ago the Second Eighteen broke through to score their first premiership. But at what cost? Many of them were never to play again, others were signed up by Senior Team, to become Mere Footballers. New blood was needed, and the team's scouts went out all over the country, and new men were induced to don the guernsey, including former devotees of Rugby and other similar degenerate pastimes. Quietly and confidently, the building-up process went on, until finally, with this year, the **Five Year Plan** came to fruition.

A Prominent Country Star was obtained to coach the side, and critics soon observed the splendid manner in which he imparted to the recruits that characteristic Dash and Determination which wins matches. We refer to H. D. Steward, the Blue Demon from Eaglehawk.

Enthusiasm and energy earned Bob McMullin the honours of leadership, and his deputy was Fielder Foster. The Team was scientifically selected, with no place for sentiment, and even the emergencies were Good Men.

The knock-out match was played against Newman. The Swanston Street Speedsters turned on a classy style of play, and early in the piece showed signs of being a formidable combination. But the Boys in Green played Superior System, and showed greater evenness, running out winners after retaining control for most of the latter part of the game.

When at last the day for the Final against Ormond arrived, it was seen that an air of confidence hung over the camp.

From the bell, Trinity were fighting like Demons. The former Howse Pottist, the Dean, initiated many winning moves, being particularly well supported on one flank by that Seasoned Veteran, Jimmy Lewis, whose feet twinkled to many a tricky twist and turn. The rucks were perhaps not so heavy as their opponents, but combined well, and were noticeable for Skilful Shepherding and Solid Battling throughout. Ross Cameron, from the Pivot, turned in all three directions: left, right, and over the top. The Chaplain refused, for the afternoon, to Love his Neighbour, and shadowed his man with success, being a

valuable factor in defence. Gus Guest was one of the best, and when he decided to run through, showers of Ormond players scattered abroad on either side. The play on the forward line was well worthy of attention, for Trinity forward lines have not been famous, and the leather was piloted between the uprights with great accuracy.

Highlights in the game were not lacking, but we may have space to mention one. At a critical stage in the final term, Foster, in the thick of the thumps, was in the play on the forward line. The College was in the lead, but not by much, and certainly not by enough to win. The ball came into Fielder's arms,

and with Instinctive Intuition he turned towards the goal, the ball clasped close to his bosom. With a howl, Five Opponents leapt upon him and bore him down; but with Superhuman tenacity and endurance he retained possession and, from the resulting free, raised both flags and Clinched the Victory.

At a subsequent function, Jimmy Lewis received with appropriate ceremonial the Howse Pot as a fitting reward for his efforts.

Scores:—

Trinity—8 goals 12 behinds.

Ormond—6 goals 5 behinds.



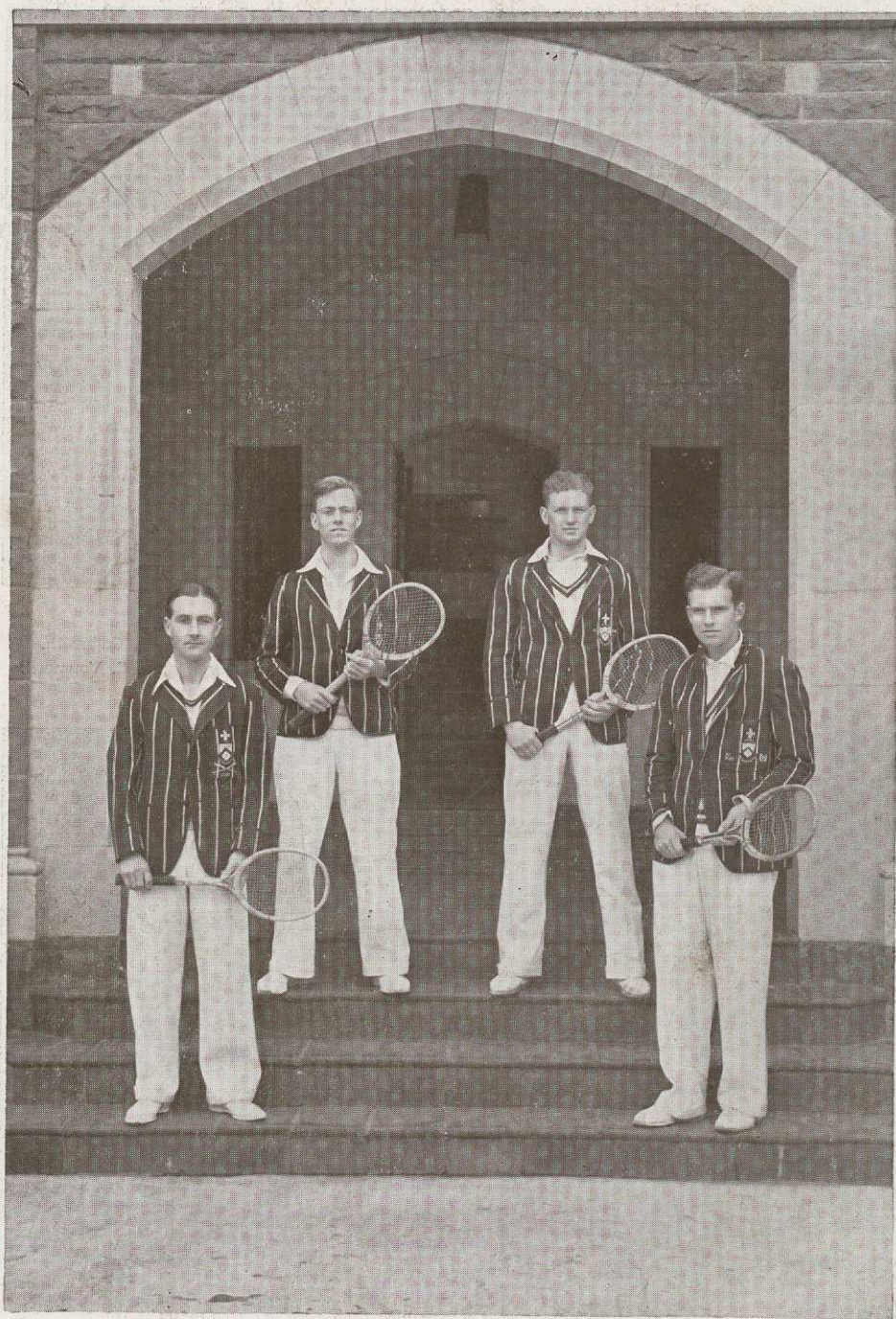
ATHLETIC TEAM, 1936

Standing—D. C. Pope; N. N. Buckley; J. S. Guest; I. J. Dale; M. C. Brumley; I. C. Galbraith.
 Seated—D. H. Colman; P. N. Thwaites, N. G. Molloy; J. E. Lewis; M. R. Thwaites; L. C. Voumard;
 K. W. G. Mason.



FIRST XVIII., 1936

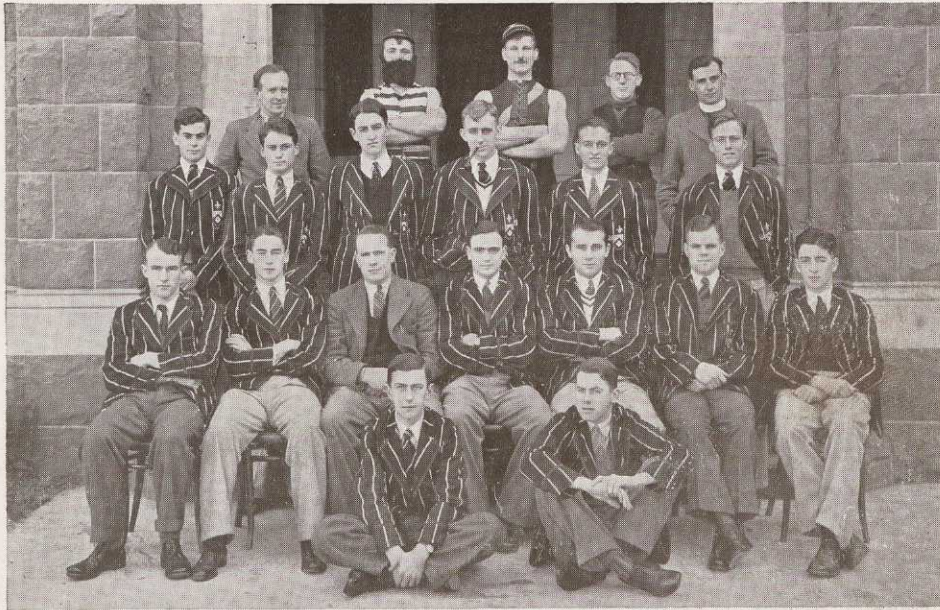
Standing—R. J. Hamer; S. F. Fell; A. W. Hamer; K. W. G. Mason; H. A. Thomas; L. W. Carroll;
 D. W. Fleming; S. J. Leach.
 Seated—H. C. Pope; H. D. Steward; F. R. H. Macdonald; I. C. Galbraith; T. R. H. Clark;
 M. R. Thwaites; L. B. Witts.
 Front—T. S. Moffat; D. C. Pope; A. P. B. Bennie.



TENNIS FOUR, 1935

M. C. Brumley
P. J. Parsons

A. W. Hamer
F. R. H. Macdonald



2nd XVIII., 1936 (PREMIERS)

Back—L. C. Wilcher; D. R. M. Cameron; J. S. Guest; J. D. McKie.

Standing—A. W. Rodwell; I. J. Dale; J. M. McCracken; W. F. Connel; L. A. C. Harris;
M. C. Brumley.

Seated—C. M. H. Clark; W. T. C. Banks; H. D. Steward; R. N. McMullin; F. T. A. Foster;
J. E. Lewis; F. M. Robinson.

Front—H. F. H. Selleck; P. N. Thwaites.



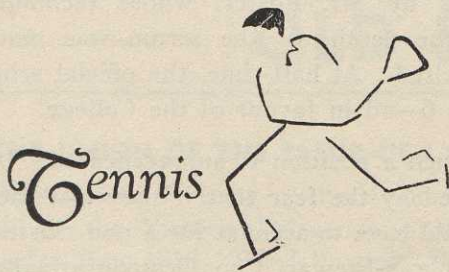
HOCKEY TEAM, 1936.



FIT FOR THE LEAGUE

JUTTODDIE

DEPT. OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION



This year we greatly missed our captain of last year, Douglas Stephens. He played in the intercollegiate team for five years, and had represented the University.

Selecting a team was no easy task, considering the evenness of many of the younger players, but after challenge matches in the first term and early part of the second, the team was selected as follows: Parsons, P. J.; Brumley, M. C.; Hamer, A. W.; Macdonald, F. R. H.

Practice matches were played against both Queen's and Newman, but each time play was stopped by rain. However, it was clear that there was very little difference between the three Colleges, and it was our bad luck to meet such a strong and balanced team as Ormond in the first round.

We played Ormond on the University courts, and struck the same blustry weather as last year. The results of the singles matches were little short of disastrous, the scores being:—

Yule d. Parsons, 6—0, 6—2.

Young d. Brumley, 3—6, 9—7, 6—4.

Dennis d. Hamer, 6—4, 6—1.

Sleeman d. Macdonald, 6—3, 6—1.

Brumley deserves to be congratulated on his fine performance against Young, but just failed to win.

At lunch time rain set in, and so the doubles were postponed until the next day, being played on the Queen's courts, since Queen's and Newman were playing on the University courts.

Our team played better than in the Singles, Hamer and Parsons taking a set from Yule and Sleeman in the first match. The results of the doubles were:—

Yule and Sleeman d. Hamer and Parsons, 6—4, 4—6, 6—2; d.

Brumley and Macdonald, 6—2, 6—3.

Young and Dennis d. Hamer and Parsons, 6—4, 6—4; d. Brumley and Macdonald, 6—3, 6—3.

We owe our thanks to Dr. Fitts for his coaching and advice, and with the added stimulus of this year's defeat, we are determined to return the cup to the position it occupied for so many years when he captained the team.

MEAN MEN

Women Defeated

Playing away from home the Trinity men were so unchivalrous as not to give the game to the girls this year in the Great Hockey Event of the year. With a team including the Army, the Navy and the Church, old veterans and new blood, the Hall team was roundly beaten by three goals to two, and sent home band and all. The Trumpeter broke two sticks, and Witts was in danger of losing everything but his wits. The Army left off its helmet, and the President his usual charm and courtesy. He developed a one track mind and insisted on being wherever the ball was. Slasher Wilcher did some good work all over the ground, and caused a shortage of tempers, sticking plaster and iodine at the Hall. The cry still echoes there—"Get the Dean."

Later three enthusiasts of each team ended up having their own little game in the Bulpaddock.

We can understand the significance of the trophy for the best player being the Cumbrae-Stewart tooth. Pity it is not teeth.

Even the Freshers staged a militaristic demonstration as a protest against the conduct of the game.

RUGBY

Fired by the promise of incredible quantities of liquid refreshment, the Rugby team turned out, twenty minutes late, for the annual match against Ormond. After waiting for a further half-hour for our opponents, the match started punctually. And what a Homeric struggle it proved to be! Mr. Leach (an Australian Blue) early opened our account with a lovely collar-bone, and followed this in quick succession with two ears and a nose. Rallying for a moment, our opponents were driven

back by Mr. Foster, whose technique in the depths of the scrum was much admired. At half-time, the official score was 6—nil in favour of the College.

Such a position is unprecedented. Inspired by the fear that if they lost they would have to account for a non-existent Cumbrae-Stewart Cup, Ormond attacked fiercely on the resumption of hostilities. The College was handicapped at this stage by the fact that Mr. Lewis had lost his false teeth, which considerably affected his style of play. They were later recovered in the possession of one of our opponents. Foul play is suspected. In spite of the gallant efforts of Messrs. (sic.) Fraser, Mason, Smith-White, Evans, et. al., Ormond managed to gain the upper hand, and ran out winners by 14—6. The living survivors adjourned to a nearby coffee stall, where, to the accompaniment of rousing cheers, the time-honoured toasts were drunk in buttermilk. The spectators also had a pleasant time.

OLD STUDENTS

THE UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

The Annual Meeting of the Union was held at the Victoria Palace on Friday, the 1st May, 1936. The following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Dr. Robert Fowler.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. F. Blois Lawton and Mr. E. F. Herring, K.C.

Committee: Drs. H. F. Maudsley, H. Furnell, Rex Sweetnam, Mark Gardner, C. H. Fitts, E. Field, S. O. Cowen, Messrs. J. S. Bloomfield, R. R. Sholl, H. Sutton, C. H. Keon-Cohen, H. A. Wimpole, J. H. B. Armstrong, W. F. King, J. F. T. Grimwade, J. B. Turner, R. L. Stock and M. R. Ham.

Hon. Secretary: W. H. Moule.

The Balance Sheet for 1935-36 was confirmed.

The usual dinner was held at the Victoria Palace immediately after the meeting, at which there was an attendance of 70 (the largest number for many years), including the Warden, the Senior Student, and representative members of the Student Body.

The Hon. Secretary would like to remind members who have not paid their subscriptions for this year, 1936-37, that payment may be made to him as follows:—

Annual Subscription, 7/6.

One or more years' subscriptions 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

The space for these items has been curtailed in order to provide for the more important matter contained in the Warden's Memorandum and the President's letter which appear in this issue. The response to the appeal has so far been satisfactory, but it is felt there are still many members who have up to date overlooked sending in their donations. Up to date donations have been received from the following members:—Dr. Robert Fowler, Dr. G. C. Scantlebury, Dr. G. E. Cole, Dr. E. R. Cordner, Dr. J. A. H. Sherwin, Dr. E. A. Mackay, Hon. W. L. R. Clarke, Rev C. G. Bright Parker, and Messrs. F. F. Knight, L. F. Miller, W. T. Agar, B. Griffiths, W. H. Moule, G. F. Matthews, T. T. Hollway, E. F. Herring, R. A. Must, R. L. Stock, J. F. T. Grimwade, R. F. Ritchie, E. V. Mitchell and John Carse.

JANET CLARKE HALL

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1936

President: Miss H. Jones.
 Acting President: Miss L. Williams.
 Secretary: Miss M. Henderson.
 Treasurer: Miss B. Stenhouse.
 Verdon Librarian: Miss M. Rylah.
 Fiction Librarian: Miss A. Dane.
 Auditor: Miss H. Lawson, B.A.

Verdon Library Committee

Miss M. Rylah
 Miss E. Ainslie
 Miss B. Oldmeadow
 Miss C. Anderson

Debating Club

President: Mrs. Emmerson.
 Secretary: Miss P. Crozier.
 Committee: Miss J. Dixon, Miss M. Cameron.

Tennis Club

President: Miss E. Joske.
 Secretary and Treasurer: Miss K. Brumley.
 Committee: Miss H. Botterill, Miss R. Farrer, Miss M. Cameron, Miss B. McAlister.
 Dance Secretaries: Miss L. Vincent, Miss N. Simpson.

NOTES

"The endless cycle of idea and action,
 Endless invention, endless experiment."
 —T. S. Eliot.

From one year to another the activities of a women's college vary little, but this year, to the inevitably recurring dances, debates and stunt nights we must add the Jubilee Celebrations.

There are fifty-six students in the Hall, and also Miss Tennent, whom we are glad to have with us again. We are also glad to welcome back Miss Law, who, after studying in England, has returned as tutor in biological chemistry.

During third term last year we had Mrs. Boyce-Gibson staying with us, and while the British Medical Association Conference was in progress Miss D. M. E. Ellis was also with us for a short time.

1935 ended with record Examination results for Janet Clarke Hall, and we should like especially to congratulate two of the students: Mary Lormer, who won an Entrance Scholarship to Girton, Cambridge; and Helen McCulloch, who was awarded the General Roe Scholarship.

At the Graduates' luncheon this year a record number of guests was again present.

On Stunt Night Janet Clarke Hall won the prize of a fine woodcut by Miss E. Syme for the most original stunt. The stunt was directed by Barbara Stenhouse, and our thanks are due to her and to the authors for the amount of work and worry they expended on it.

In the Intercollegiate tennis match the Mollison Cup, which we have held ever since it was presented, was lost to Ormond. At the tennis dinner the captains of the other teams were entertained.

During second term Lesly Williams has been carrying on the duties of Senior Student in the place of Heather Jones, who has had to return to Tasmania owing to illness.

The enthusiasm for hockey still persists this year, and at the annual match against Queen's on 11th July, Janet Clarke Hall won by three goals to one.

The usual social entertainments have been as successful as ever. The Dining Room Dance in first term was most enjoyable.

Sweets were again sold at the Trinity play, and our thanks are due to Mrs. Behan and other friends of the College

who so kindly donated sweets and money. We also congratulate Dr. Mary Heseltine and Helen McCulloch most heartily on their excellent acting.

The annual At Home was held this year at 9 Darling Street, on 4th August. Since that was the first evening of the University debates against Washington University, we were fortunate in having Mr. Botzer and Mr. Ito as unexpected but very welcome guests during the latter part of the evening. The secretaries, Miss Leslie Vincent and Miss Norma Simpson, worked particularly hard to make the Jubilee Ball a successful one, and judging from the way in which the guests enjoyed themselves, their time and energy was in no way wasted.

Our social service this year has again taken the form of knitting, and sweaters for the returned soldiers at Caulfield have been made. Catherine Baker, Vivienne Silcock and Anna Dane have charge of the Guide company and Brownie pack.

The Leeper bequest of £80, to be spent on "works of permanent literary interest" for the library, has been almost expended on books for the Verdon Library. A gift of books from Dr. Lode-wyckx was also much appreciated.

Several distinguished guests have dined with us this year, including Archbishop and Mrs. Head, some of the University Professors and their wives, and the Warden and Mrs. Behan.

The more important activities of the Hall, as has already been stated, must be included in the account of the Jubilee Celebrations, and in order that they may be written, this summary must now conclude.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Archer

The death of Mrs. Lucy G. E. Archer occurred on 31st January of this year. Mrs. Archer, who was the daughter of the late Judge Gaunt, was appointed as Principal of Janet Clarke Hall, or Trinity College Hostel as it was then called,

in 1905; and for the next thirteen years she carried out her duties in that position. She saw the vital need for adequate accommodation at the University for women students under one roof, and lost no opportunity of urging the authorities to remedy this need. Although no definite steps were taken in this direction until after her resignation, yet it is largely due to her foresight and enthusiasm that women students to-day enjoy so many privileges. With deep sorrow, therefore, and a thankful remembrance of what she has done, we record her passing.

JUBILEE NOTES

This year Janet Clarke Hall celebrates its Golden Jubilee. The history of the past fifty years is well known to every student of the Hall who has had to pass the Freshers' Examination, and to all those who have read the newspaper accounts of the Jubilee Celebrations. Since 1888, when it was decided that the temporary hostel should be made a permanent institution, and a piece of ground "next to the present Tradesmen's Avenue" was set apart for the buildings, it has grown and flourished. Four students, under Mr. Thomas Smith, were the foundation members of the Hall; to-day there are fifty-six students in residence to celebrate the Jubilee.

The first event in the celebrations was the Reception, held at Janet Clarke Hall on 18th April. It was intended originally that this should be a garden party, but owing to wet weather it was decided to hold it indoors. Guests were received by the Bishop of Bendigo, the Warden and Mrs. Behan, Mrs. J. J. McMahan, chairman of the Janet Clarke Hall Committee, and Miss Joske. Many of the guests were past students, and they spent a pleasant afternoon chatting, and inspected the new buildings both in Janet Clarke Hall and in Trinity.

Two months later, on 14th June, a special thanksgiving service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, at which the Governor

and Lady Huntingfield were present. The Archbishop preached the occasional sermon, and the lessons were read by the Warden and Bishop Green.

The Annual "At Home" for past students had special significance this year, when Lady Huntingfield was unofficially present. As usual, a tennis tournament and bridge party were arranged, and, despite the weather, which again proved inclement, it was a most successful and enjoyable afternoon.

SALVETE

Margaret Bertie—1st year Diatetics, 2nd year Science.

Peggy Burston—1st year Agricultural Science.

Helen Clarke—1st year Arts.

Dorothy Crozier—1st year Arts.

Vera Dow—1st year Commerce.

Vera Drummond—1st year Science.

Letty Garrett—1st year Arts.

Marcia Jack—1st year Medicine.

Jean Kennedy—1st year Science.

Diana Landale—1st year Veterinary Science.

Molly Marsden—1st year Science.

Mary Nash—1st year Medicine.

Phillipa Plottel—1st year Arts.

Margaret Smail—1st year Massage.

Edythe Thompson—1st year Law.

Sue Whirldon—1st year Medicine.

VALETE

Ruth Williams—in College, 1932-1935; President 1935.

Kathleen Blackwood—in College, 1933-1935; Secretary, 1935.

Yvonne Aitkin—in College, 1930-1931, and 1934-35; Tennis Team, 1931.

Honor Good—in College, 1933-1935.

Monica Kaspar—in College, 1933-1935.

Alice Deasey—in College, 1933-1935.

Betty Robinson—in College, 1934-1935.

Marie Gardner—in College, 1934-1935.

Beth McAlister—in College, 1935; Tennis Team, 1935.

Marjorie Findlay—in College, 1935.

Eder Lindsey—in College, 1935.

Rhoda Gatenby—in College, 1935.

Margot Ardlie—in College, 1935.

Mary Lormer—in College, 1935.

DEBATING CLUB

President: Mrs. K. Emmerson.

Secretary: Phyllis Crozier.

Committee: Janet Dixon, Mary Cameron.

Early this year, the Committee decided to revise the constitution of the Debating Club, and accordingly at the annual general meeting of the Students' Club the old constitution was repealed and a new one ratified.

On 1st April the first meeting was held in the Common Room, and the subject, "That the Influence of America is Pernicious," was debated. A. Dane and H. McCulloch spoke for the affirmative and were opposed by M. Henderson and B. Stenhouse. There was a lively discussion from the floor, and after the leaders had summed up a vote was taken. The negative side won.

Several supper debates have been held this year; informal procedure makes them very popular, and they are usually well attended.

A Fresher Night was held in first term. M. Jack, P. Plottel, V. Drummond and M. Marsden debated the proposition "That College Life is a Narrowing Influence."

On 14th July the club held an Impromptu Night, and various members delivered themselves of varying sentiments on a variety of subjects.

TRINITY WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB NOTES

President—Miss E. Joske.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer—Miss K. L. Brumley.

Committee—Misses Botterill, Cameron, Farrer and McAlister.

The remaking of the tennis court during the long vacation has proved a great success, and both play and interest in the Tennis Club have benefited accordingly.

The activities of the club have centred, as usual, in the Intercollegiate Tennis, practice for which began early in the term. The team finally selected was as follows:—Misses Farrer (Captain), Cameron, Drummond and Burston. After defeating Newman in the first round, we were defeated by Ormond in the final, after a brilliant display of tennis on both sides. We congratulate Ormond on their victory.

Miss Joske again gave us a much-appreciated tennis dinner, at which the captains of all the teams were our guests. We regret that, owing to illness, Miss Mollison was not able to be present.

The Singles Championship for 1935 was decided early in the year, and we congratulate the winner—Miss Rachel Farrer.

In conclusion we would like to thank Miss Joske for her constant help and interest in the club and its activities.

The scores for the Intercollegiate matches were as follow:—

Trinity v. Newman

Singles.

- R. Farrer defeated S. Thornton, 6—2, 6—0.
 V. Drummond lost to M. Watson, 6—4, 6—2.
 M. Cameron defeated J. Hennessey, 6—2, 6—0.
 P. Burston defeated B. Brown, 6—2, 6—4.

Doubles.

- R. Farrer and V. Drummond defeated S. Thornton and J. Hennessey, 6—4, 6—4.
 M. Cameron and P. Burston defeated M. Watson and B. Brown, 6—4, 6—2.
 R. Farrer and V. Drummond defeated M. Watson and B. Brown, 6—2, 4—6, 6—1.
 M. Cameron and P. Burston defeated S. Thornton and J. Hennessey, 6—5, 6—2.
 Total—Trinity, 7 rubbers 14 sets;
 Newman, 1 rubber 3 sets.

Trinity v. Ormond

Singles.

- R. Farrer lost to M. Wilson, 6—1, 6—0.
 V. Drummond lost to H. Balfour, 6—4, 6—2.
 M. Cameron lost to F. Balfour, 6—4, 6—2.
 P. Burston lost to A. McCallam, 5—6, 6—2, 6—0.

Doubles.

- R. Farrer and V. Drummond lost to M. Wilson and F. Balfour, 6—2, 6—1.
 M. Cameron and P. Burston defeated Wilson and Balfour, 6—4, 6—4.
 R. Farrer and V. Drummond lost to F. Balfour and McCallam, 6—3, 5—6, 7—5.
 M. Cameron and P. Burston lost to Wilson and McCallam, 6—4, 6—4.
 Total—Trinity 1 rubber; Ormond 7 rubbers.

A BOOK TO READ

- The Master Builder—J.C.V.B.
 The Water Babies—A.C.C.
 Laburnum Grove—L.C.W.
 The New Despotism—J.E.L.
 Democracy at the Crossroads—R.H.D.
 The Constant Nymph—J.D.
 The Invisible Eater—T.M.
 No Escape—F.F.T.
 Recordings by P.W.A. and B.L.M.
 The Leader of the Band with J.M. McM. and F.T.A.F.
 One Thousand and One Recipes—R.H.D. and J.S.G.
 Bureaucracy Triumphant—M.R.T.
 A Revue of Greek Statuary—S.J.L. and D.R.M.C.

Stop Press

- Juttoddie Steeplechase, Handicap Event.
 Winner: Soss Searls.
 "A few carefully selected and well-chosen trees."
 "Awfully difficult. . . ."
 "F 1477, please." S.J.L?
 "The élon vital of Bergson. . . ."
 "It seems to me that . . ."

Wigram Allen Essay

Vanity

J. M. McMillan.

Even if we have never been able to fathom what the Preacher meant when he said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," still, we cannot doubt that there is a considerable amount of truth in the remark. The difficulty is that vanity in itself is an elusive quality, and is not at all easy of definition. The word can be used in a broad or in a narrow sense, and when translated by synonyms may cover a very wide range of meaning, especially as it is possible to regard it as either a bad or a good quality. For, at times, not only do people try to condone it, but even to give it high commendation.

When you hear the word spoken, the first impression you get is of a strutting peacock. Your mind dwells on this idea for a few moments, and then gradually widens its perception so as to include those occasional human beings, who, in their manners, somewhat resemble peacocks. Then you think of a beautiful, brainless lady gazing entranced at the spectacle in the mirror, which she is seeing by no means for the first time. Nor does vanity stop there, and bit by bit, as you follow up your ideas, the prospect widens, and you wonder in the end why you had failed to realise what a comprehensive conception it is.

At last you are drawn to the conclusion that vanity is a driving force, something which is a powerful influence in the lives of men and nations, working its way into every part of life, ranking, in the moral sphere, almost equally to the physical elements of appetite, thirst, self-defence, greed and lust.

Good people regard vanity as one of the deadliest of sins, but it is absurd to look on all forms of vanity in that light. If a little bit of it were a disqualification from entry to Heaven, the

Other Place would very soon gain a complete monopoly of immigration. In actual fact, vanity is one of those qualities inborn in all of us, such that it develops as we let or else control it, and everything depends on the way in which we treat it.

All men are born with a capacity for hunger, for immorality, for appreciation of music, or for artistic expression. But that does not mean that those qualities cannot be developed, checked, or left idle. Everything in this world can be turned to some good purpose, and not least is this true of vanity. It is certainly possible to point to scriptural condemnation of it in any form whatever, but a wide faith can easily lead to the belief that there is potential good in all things, and in all men. We have not yet so far progressed in science and philosophy as to be able to see the good in everything, but that is no reason why we should not realise, among other things, that vanity is given us to make what good we can out of it.

Although no one can be expected to show pleasure when he is described as vain, on the other hand there is often used as a word of flattery the expression that a man is ambitious. For ambition is said to consist in the desire of man to get somewhere, to be something in the world, to do something that will remain and for which he will be remembered. Yet ambition itself, when you look at it, is really only a synonym for vanity. Every man has his own ambition in greater or less degree, and although it is given to only a few to succeed, it must be apparent that, whether for a good purpose or a bad, self-satisfaction is the ultimate aim.

The man whose ambition it is to be a ruler is urged on by his desire to be feared or respected, to feel that other people have to bow to his will. There are those whose ambition is merely to make a lot of money. To be sure, for them are the physical pleasures and comforts which only money can procure;



JANET CLARKE HALL, 1936



WOMEN'S TENNIS, 1936

Standing (left to right)—Miss Peggy Burston; Miss Mary Cameron.
Seated (left to right)—Miss Rachel Farrar; Miss Vera Drummond.

but they are also able to ride about in luxurious cars, to dress finely, and to live in impressive mansions, so as to be the envy of their less fortunate fellows. And they can indulge their vanity, too, by presenting large sums of money in public benefaction, as well as by posing as patrons and protectors of the arts. Nor can we omit to touch upon those whose lives are devoted to good works which they may do in public or in secret. It is only a bitter cynic who will begrudge them praise for their lives of self-renunciation and even privation. Their reward is yet to come, and will be theirs at a time when it will be of greater value to them than it would be now. All the same, we can impute to them a form of vanity, a vanity which has in it nothing but good, and which fills them with a great longing for the pleasure that comes to those who have made others happy.

A man who is devoid of vanity will never rise above the rabble, because he has no incentive. For he will be content with earning a living that will suffice to keep him supplied with shelter, food and clothing. He will not even bother to be respectable, because what does that imply but that his neighbours will, at least, not think badly of him? He may have ability well above the ordinary, he may have a start in life sufficient to place him among the leisured class, but for the community he is not even an efficient cog in the machine. He is a cipher, no efforts of his own are forthcoming to make him worth remembering. But even then we must not let ourselves be led into the belief that every drone is devoid of vanity, because there are many who delight in being able to boast that they get along well enough without having to bother. After all, they are at least entitled to be realised as able to look after themselves, and they are shrewd enough to get just as much as they need to keep their heads above water.

Although the vanity of one who wastes his potential ability may draw abuse from all sides, it is not nearly so vicious

as the vanity of personal appearance, in one of its forms, in any case. For the vanity of personal appearance can fall under two heads. The vicious variety is that of delight in qualities bestowed by nature, and nature alone. No man, or rather, in this case more especially no woman, can claim credit for those things which constitute her great advantages in life, when they consist in all those physical attributes which poets rave about, which make their fellow-women envious, and which even the most unimaginative man looks upon with emotions he cannot control. Efforts at flattery seem to have much greater success when their subject-matter is the beauty of the person in question than when it applies to wit, skill at the arts, house-keeping ability, and those other qualities which put some women above others, and for which they might genuinely claim credit.

The form of vanity of personal appearance which we can in some circumstances condone is the pride in being well turned-out. Good dressing is not always a matter of wealth. To be dressed in good taste is within the reach of most people, according to their station in life, and is a means of gaining a lead on one's fellows in the race of life. One is looked upon as taking an interest in oneself, a factor which counts a great deal, when, in competition, other things are equal.

There is a desire in everyone to gain some sort of prominence in his own way, so people are not slow to look out for something to do which others have not done, or cannot do. In this way, people let their characters and personalities become exaggerated in the direction in which they most strongly lean, nor do they mind being regarded as eccentric, when it results in bringing them more strongly into the limelight. The village idiot is not such a fool as he seems, and looks after himself a good deal better than many of his more steady-headed neighbours. It is this same manifestation of vanity which causes people to

spend fortunes on postage stamps to stick in their albums, to shoot elephants, to push their friends up mountains in wheelbarrows. The more ridiculous and futile the accomplishment, the greater the fame it will acquire. But the better side of this comes to light when people begin to break records, not for pole-sitting or marathon dancing, but for genuine athletic contests, when they strive towards the greatest perfection of physical accomplishment, and a victory in the Olympic Games is a fitting reward for the pride an athlete takes in his prowess. And, the world over, the winning or losing of any sporting contest or trial of skill is of import to the vanity of each and every competitor.

Among the people most accused of excess of vanity are actors. Yet the professional actor is really no more blameworthy on this score than anyone else. He is a more sensitive being, with a keen perception of the feeling of an audience. Applause means success in the livelihood he has chosen for himself; when that ceases to come for him, he is cast out, for he is no longer of any use to his employer. So the more he listens for applause, the more it comes to mean to him. Therefore he must strut and preen himself. He must keep himself always in the public eye, either by letting himself be seen on every possible occasion, or by shutting himself up and weaving about himself a mystery. That, then, is why actors and actresses become such unnatural folk. That is one of the reasons why they marry and divorce with such startling rapidity, particularly in places such as Hollywood, where competition amongst the stars is so terrific that naturally unbalanced temperaments, coming in contact with nothing but equally eccentric personalities, become tensed to breaking-point.

But there are others who must always strut and preen themselves under the public eye, this time without justification in a distressingly overwhelming majority of cases. They are the race of politicians. Shame upon those who say

that politicians are such for what they can get out of it! Vanity is the motive power! The privilege of drinking at the most select bar in the country is one sought after with feverish eagerness by hordes of dull nobodies every few years as election-time comes around once more, for it means that they are great men, the leaders of the people, the little tin gods with gold passes. The amusing thing is that at election times you can often see two kinds of vanity in conflict in the one person. There is the greater and stronger vanity, urging him on, inspiring him with words of resonance and redundance, granting him the power to show the electorate his greatness, which only now bursts upon their perception to the full. And face to face with that is the true vanity of self-respect, cut to the quick when he has to befriend those whom a few weeks before he had regarded as his enemies, or at least as not worth a passing nod, when he has to be a good fellow and drink with a gang of slaughtermen, and when—bitterest pill of all—he has to fondle and embrace the youngest of a family of eleven, to show his sympathy with the labouring classes. But once he has been elected, he need bother about them no more, for by the time another election comes around he will have another clear month or two of preparation over again. The vanity of dignity has triumphed over the merely ephemeral vanity of self-respect, and to subdue the latter for a few moments was well worth the trouble.

There is vanity in the professional pugilist, in the pearly king of the costermongers, in the poet, in the skilled surgeon, in the president of the small-town football club, in the judge who delights in delivering long dissentient judgments, in the cleric preaching his most celebrated sermon on "Blessed are the meek."

You cannot say that vanity is good when you think of all the idle thoughts it arouses in men's minds. You cannot

approve of the flabby politician, urged on by his ambition, displacing and relegating to impotence and oblivion the man whose real heart is in the job he wants to undertake for the general good, the man who, if he but had the chance, would be the real statesman of the age, but who, for the failure to blow his own trumpet and tell of what he has done and will do, has no chance to prove himself. The vanity that leads to folly is not rare in this world. Self-reliance that becomes self-sufficiency is no cure for the evils of our civilisation.

But yet you cannot say that vanity is bad. For ambition and self-respect are two of the most powerful of all influences for solidity and progress. The incentive to become something is strong to produce men of value to the community, more especially because ambition and competition are forces which combine to make every man worth consideration bring forth what is best in him.

And so not only may we believe that the vanity of good is lasting, and that the vanity of evil will be wiped out by its own agency, but we may also believe that men will grow wiser and more enlightened, and press forward to a fuller appreciation of the faculties with which they have been endowed.

Resume of the Franc Carse Essay

Ethics as the New Religion

G. H. Williams

Religion is not ethics, and ethics is not religion. This is the thesis that I shall attempt to defend, and show incidentally that the substitution of ethics for religion is false, and rests on a misconception of the realms of both.

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's biographers said that Stevenson regarded Christianity as a "sublime ethical formula." It is this view which I intend to criticise, and show that Christianity is more than this.

In connection with the relation of morality and religion, a psychological analysis of the religious sentiment and the instinct for morality will show us that, although interrelated, they are distinct.

McDougall attempts to analyse the religious sentiment into various constituent instincts, as fear, gratitude, wonder, etc., but most people would agree that the effort is unsuccessful. Wm. James seems to be nearer the truth when he says, "Like love, like wrath, like hope, ambition, jealousy, like every other instinctive eagerness and impulse, it adds to life an enchantment which is not rationally or logically deducible from anything else If religion is to mean anything definite for us, it seems to me that we ought to take it as meaning this added dimension of emotion, this enthusiastic temper of espousal, in regions where morality strictly so called can only bow the head and acquiesce." ("Varieties of Religious Experience," p. 48.)

Religion is undoubtedly unique, but the human personality is a whole. Hence the approach to religion can be, and has been, made through many different channels, e.g., through the phenomena of nature—the native who postulates a God to explain the thunderstorm; through the pursuit of truth, through art (c.f. R. H. Bensen's *Confessions of a Convert*, I., par. 4, p. 23), or through morality.

That the connection between morality and religion is not a necessary one may be seen from the fact that one may exist without the other. Religious people may be definitely immoral as is the case with Dostoevsky's character in "The Idiot," who prays "God forgive me, for Christ's sake" as he cuts his victim's throat. To call such people hypocrites is unjust, and merely assumes that morality is essential to religion.

But, even apart from such psychological proofs, it can be seen that ethics is unsuited to the task of usurping

the position of religion. Ethics is primarily social, being concerned with the relations of man to man. But religion is something which transcends such relationships and unites men to a higher order of things. Religion is the inspiration and fulfilment of ethics. It enlarges the conception of life, and in so doing it enhances its moral motive. "If ethics are regarded as the earthly science of life, then religion is the moral astronomy of it." (N. Smythe, "Christian Ethics," p. 23.)

It is true that while religion and morality are distinct, they are none the less closely connected. Historically, we usually find some religion and some morality co-existent and co-operative among men. They are so far dependent that no religion can survive if its gods are immoral. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of ancient Greece. In Israel, so closely were they knit that it is extremely hard to decide which was the dominating influence. It would be foolish, however, to say that the one is derived from the other or incapable of existing without it.

Each has life in itself. Each possesses its own sphere. Each is clothed with its own authority. Religion, while it must bring its whole conception of the world and idea of God to the test of the life of each succeeding age, is in itself more than morality, and will refuse to be entirely reduced to strict ethical terms. Religion represents a personal relationship—man's sonship to God's fatherhood; and the trust and obedience which religion enjoins, are personal and vital relations which cannot be comprehended under any impersonal sovereignty of law or right.

Indeed, although thus relatively independent, religion and morality are complementary aspects of life. In the perfect life they would be so synthesised that there is no hard and fast distinction between them.

Christ has shown us the place of ethics in religion. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Here we have the "first and great commandment" giving us the peculiarly religious factor, whilst the second shows us that religion not merely transcends morality—it includes and interprets it.

TO KARLOTTA

The smoke in sinuous indolence
Climbs from her cigarette,
And hides nonchalant in her gold hair,
Or flows a grey stream on the floor,
As though a roué's heart lay bleeding
there.

Hysteria cannot rouse death's ennui,
Nor the ice hand of fear.
Even you, bold and cruel, must fail—
For I have strangled you, my dear.

F. F. T.

"Stand on the highest pavement of the
stair."—T. S. Eliot.

Stand on the highest pavement of the
stair,
Looking downwards, tenderness in your
eyes.
Let the sun gild your shining hair,
Lighting a shimmering halo of the skies.
Here against the building's greying
stone.

Let me keep a picture of you, so—
On the bannister lightly rest your hand,
Your body slightly turned as if to go.
A moment—and I'll be gone as you have
planned,
But hold it now—a memory for me
alone.

J. D.

THE CASE OF THE STARTLED LADIES**No. 5 of the Walnut McDillon Series**

By Philgar Wallenheim.

(The Quince of Story-tellers)

Streaking through the gloom of a winter's evening, a dynamic figure was making its way along Sydney-road. Walnut McDillon, the master-sleuth, hero of many a sensational capture, was on the job. His passions roused, on calling at the Carlton Football Ground, he had hurried to gain inspiration from his friend Miss Sands, and punching the nearby bundy-clock, was now returning Collegewards, his spectacles gleaming like motor headlamps.

Dimming his spectacles to allow a stranger to pass, he recognised his spiritual mentor, the Rev. John McBach, and perceived immediately that he was perturbed.

"Awfully difficult," muttered the Rev. McBach.

"Not at all, my dear sir," replied McDillon at once, "the Bathroom Case will soon be solved."

"How did you know I ——?"

"A mere trifle," broke in Walnut. "The small fleck of shaving soap in your left ear shows that you were so perturbed to be in that ill-fated bathroom, that you left it with all haste, but without removing all your shaving-soap."

"Incredible!" said the Chaplain admiringly, and, breaking into a handy trot, he accompanied McDillon to the pile of assorted edifices whence they had come.

It was no wonder that the Rev. McBach was perturbed. For events in the previous few days had been unprecedented in the history of the College. A few fragments of information had leaked out, but not the body of the story. But now we know what came to pass.

The Electrical Burster was at work at the controls of his short-wave giant, reaching out into the ether for its trea-

tures. "Ah!" he cried exultantly at last, "the Folies Bergeres!" But the switch was not on! Whence then came these cries? A contraband wireless? Impossible! His emotions tensed to breaking point, he perceived that the sounds of Bacchanalian revelry proceeded from the nearby bathrooms. Incensed at this insult to the Behan Building, forgetting all else, he rushed headlong towards the dreadful place. His hand was on the very door-knob, when——

"Stop! Enter at peril of your life!" came a voice in calm cultured tones. The Dashing Doctor spun on his heels like a flash, but the mysterious stranger was nowhere to be seen.

Realising the untenability of his position if he ventured further, he darted out, and, in a flash, leaping from the piazza to a branch of the oak, was catapulted by its recoil through the Museum windows into the lap of its startled proprietor. His story told, the two rushed hand in hand back towards Behan's, prepared for anything. It was well that they were, for, passing the oak—Bang! then bang! bang! crack! and in an instant a myriad crackers were about them, bursting, fizzling and cracking in their eyes, ears and everywhere. But their attackers lay in ambush behind the langourous kine, and the only sign of life was a lawn-mower strolling idly towards the Chapel.

Valuable time had been wasted, and what was their disappointment when two young women, fully dressed, emerged to meet them in the doorway. But all that they got from the bashful visitors was that a Handsome Stranger had invited them to use his bathroom. "He was so charming," said one, "we couldn't resist."

Realising their impotence to establish the identity of the Handsome Stranger, they hastened to the Upper Bishop's study of Walnut McDillon. He sized up the situation in a flash, and was at work almost before they had told their tale.

Who was the Handsome Stranger? Had we a lady-killer in our midst, a dashing masher devoid of principle? Or was it merely a gentlemanly gesture to two fair damsels in distress, made by one too shy to receive thanks when his good deed was done? Or was the Mysterious Stranger with the cultured voice an unknown hero who despatched the monster who had lured the maidens to their doom, and who had then stood by to protect them from intruders?

Walnut McDillon knew, but bided his time to pounce.

That, then, was the baffling mystery which perturbed the College. Undismayed by the enormous difficulties of proof which appeared to confront him, the Master Mind, neatly disguising himself as a tram conductor, made his way silently under the western windows of the Behan Building.

Nor was the evening altogether silent, for, as he strained his senses through the gloom, the super-sensitive ears of McDillon detected faint strains of singing. And it was an old song he had heard in his youth. The last line ended with the words: "They can't catch me." "Can't they?" smiled McDillon to himself, "wait and see!" For it was a voice with calm, cultured tones, a voice he had heard before.

"Diseasey!" he muttered to himself.

Moving with swift precision, McDillon had soon gathered on the piazza the entire tutorial staff except the Classical tutor, who knew the advantages of his bedroom as an observation post.

"Listen!" commanded McDillon.

And once more the song throbbled through the stillness. Yet even as they listened, the voice drew nearer. Hushed in breathless expectation, they watched the handle of the door as it turned and opened.

"Seize him!" rapped out the sleuth.

With a panther-like spring Mr. White-Smith-Bill was upon him and, with the assistance of Dr. Gilette, had him trussed up in a trice! It was Diseasey!

McDillon smiled his enigmatic smile.

The fury pent up for many months in the tutors' breasts found its outlet for the first time. Until now, Diseasey had always been one jump ahead of them. But he was in their power at last! With a howl they were upon him.

A mashie-niblick hurtled through the air. The Electrical Burster, his fingers already tight on their victim's throat, was knocked unconscious, and, as he fell, he kicked Dr. Starts over the balustrade, where he hung suspended in an ash tree for five hours, like a bee in a bonnet.

"Stop!" cried the Senior Student, "what has he done?"

Abashed, the tutors stood silent. For what had Diseasey done? There was nothing in the rules about females in bathrooms.

"Gimme oath, he's as innocent as a flock of fish. Didn't the voice come from outside the bathroom?"

"Oh," said Mr. Melbourne, "I'm not accusing him of impropriety."

"He's an innocent babe unborn," said the S.S.

"I think that's true," the Rev. McBach ventured to interpose.

"What exactly is it that's true?" asked Mr. Smith-Bill-White.

"That it's all a lot of drip," rapped the proprietor of No. 1, Tin Alley.

"Don't you think we might perhaps" but Dr. Gilette was interrupted by a shout from above:

"Hey there, you chaps! Go to bed like good coves, will you?"

"Oh, well, good neight."

NO PLACE LONELIER . . .

You see? There! Parting the shadows
 with a moon-white shoulder—
 Then gone—into the dark—this silent
 folk,
 Held from speech by their close enemy,
 Conversing by signs, and blackened
 hands
 Are difficult to see. That glow, you say?
 Ah, that is where a finger rested once.
 God's.
 But sometimes when the moon is at the
 full,
 And all the dogs are yelping;
 When the scavengers are on the prowl,
 And the guns are freshly cleaned—
 Then, then, my friend you will hear
 The cries of this silent people, stepping
 through the trees.
 You will see them fall, hear them choke,
 See them dragged and driven through
 the scrub
 To the judgment they have feared.
 There in the carnivorous light you will
 know
 Fear on a twisted face,
 Despair in a broken tooth;
 And in that closely-woven light the
 finger mark
 Glows proud, lifting itself to God,
 Then in that court is challenge sung:
 It has been decreed through the Al-
 mighty Passion of God,
 That we shall endure all things without
 plea,
 Give all things without word,
 For ours was a primeval sin.
 But you shall know us coming to mend
 The broken wall, and repair the torn ivy.
 You shall see us in a simple crown,
 Peace under our feet, and our hands
 white again.
 Not we ourselves shall rule in that day,
 But the children whom we, the un-
 fathered,
 Have not begotten: They shall inherit
 the land,
 And victory shall be upon their heads
 And in their hands, and they shall know
 defeat no more—"
 Then down, down through the throat,
 Limb away from limb,

And the memory of dark hair, if it were
 dark,
 And of fear in a few features.

R.W.

I.

There was no beauty left in any face,
 Nor sweet sound sounding in any voice.
 You took away his eyes, and he was left
 as blind
 During your absence, knowing only the
 shadows of things,
 The twitch of flesh under his fugitive
 thumb,
 And the memory of your distant sil-
 houette
 Turning to say good-night. Then blind
 again, blind.
 How will he live, and move about, now
 that you have gone
 Never to return.

II.

Finally she talked him round—
 He promised he would marry her.
 The next morning they found her in her
 room,
 And her room full of gas. It was the
 milkman found her there.
 The spinster on the floor below moved
 out within a day,
 And all the others gossiped over tea.
 A headline in the daily press,
 A write-up in the week-end rags,
 An inquest to herself was all she got.

III.

All the hours he gave to you as pearls
 Into the damp grooves of your lined
 hand—
 You held them for a moment, as once
 you caught his throat
 Within the crook of your bent wrist, and
 slept.
 Slowly, with glazed eyes you let them
 roll
 Between your fingers, let them fall
 On to the carpet underneath your feet.
 You turn to say good-bye—enthusias-
 tically and with relief.
 The hand that held the pearls is stretched
 Across your mouth and curls between
 your teeth.
 The housemaid has a lucky find next
 day—
 R.W.

THE EVENING AIR

The evening air is calm and soft to-
 night,
 And storm clouds pile magnificent around
 the sun.
 See, there, behind the darkling shadowed
 trees—
 There will be rain before the night is
 through,
 Much-needed rain for crop and beast and
 man.

But the evening will be fine. Come
 Attis,
 Let us walk there on the ridge among
 the trees.
 It is a lovely grove, our grove, my dear.
 Pines that whisper secrets to you:
 Listen:
 Trees are strange, mysterious, friendly
 things.
 Ah! the sun has gone at last, and the
 clouds,
 Unlit by any dying splendour, spell a
 menace
 Come, the light is fading fast. Let us
 return.

Six o'clock of a winter's night
 On a lonely road in a failing light,
 And fear behind the trees.
 And ever following on behind,
 Through darkling pines an icy wind
 Wailed like the surging seas.

The only sign of life the gleams
 Of nervous quivering faint gold beams
 From the lamps of a roaring car.
 As the throttle struck the floor-board's
 check
 The landscape swayed like a storm ship's
 deck
 In the gold light flung afar.

On and on into the storm clouds
 black
 Stretches the road as it stretches
 back,
 And all along it—trees.

Hours and hours since the pale
 gold light
 Of the city should have sprung to
 sight.
 But instead there's only trees
 And a Presence behind the trees,
 Oh God! Oh Montreal.

J.D.

VERSE

Just now I turned to find you:
 Quickly turned.
 To catch the spirit you before it fled.
 The candle-flame, low-flickering as it
 burned,
 Leapt frightened, at the movement of
 my head,
 And suddenly burned blue,
 As if one dead
 Had silently passed by;
 And it was you:
 Your passing form which made the
 candle dip—
 You with a grey smile shining in your
 eye,
 And that half-quiver lurking on your lip.
 M.W.

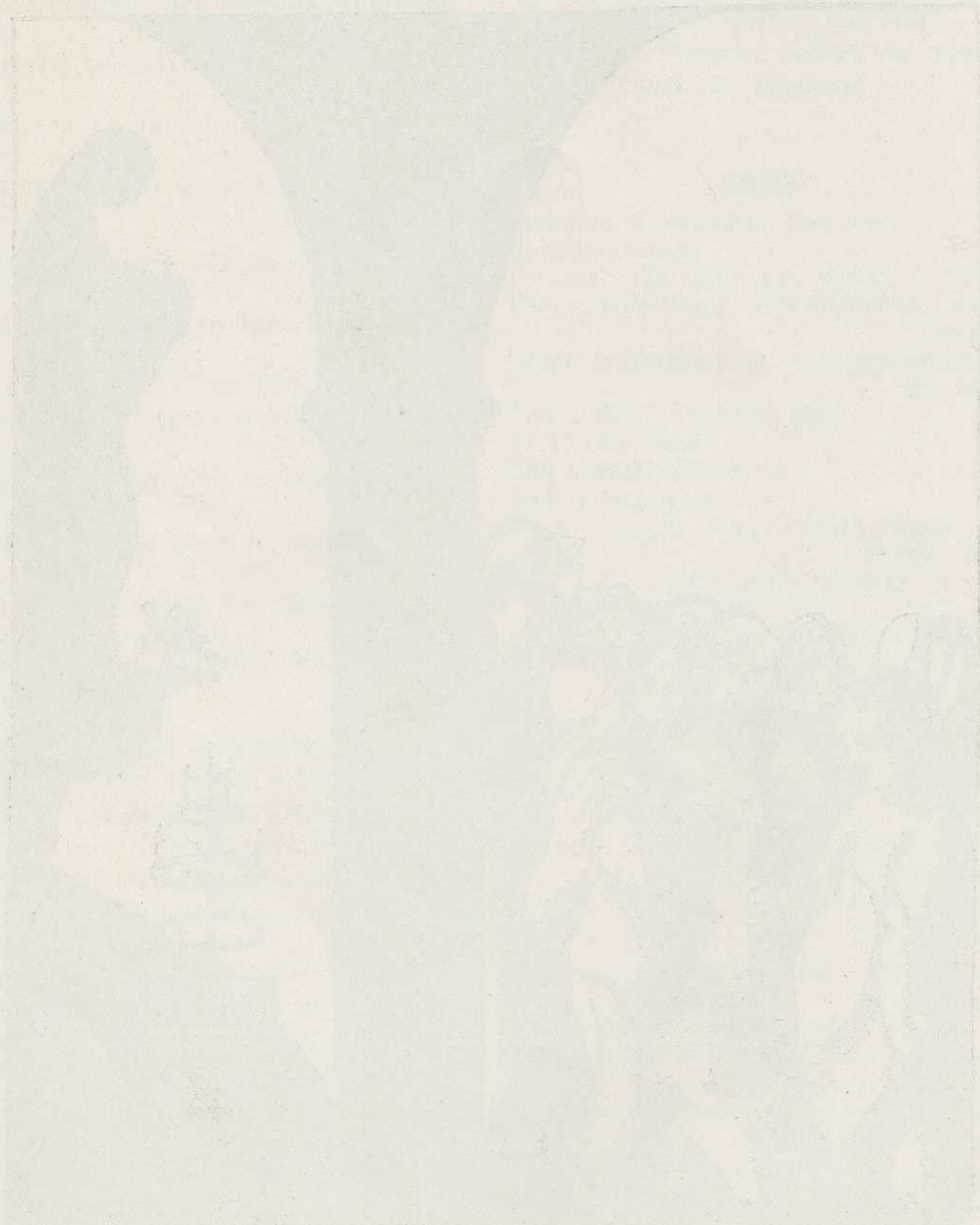
What is the mask which falls across
 your face,
 Making you like another, what swift
 change
 Distorts these lips, eyes, brow, and in
 their place
 Leaves something unfamiliar, sharp and
 strange?

Perchance it is no mask; perchance I
 know
 Only a dream of you, itself a shade
 Which smoothes your features, moulds
 your lips to show
 A smile not yours, a sweetness that
 must fade.

And suddenly I wake and find you fled,
 And some strange soul leaps mocking in
 your eyes,
 Tears at your lips, flings back the words
 you said,
 And all I took for you within you dies.
 M.W.



M. W.



MODERN VERSE

We promised a vague "something" for the magazine. Verse was the obvious thing: What else is the editor interested in? It was also the safest. Who can take objection to pointless meanderings? And modern poetry would be the most acceptable—besides it would be the easiest, because—

1. It makes no demands of rhyme or rhythm.
2. It need have no sense, and the more incoherent the better.
3. Plagiarization is a virtue.

This is how we began; first a quotation as title from a Russian to prove we were intellectuals—

"My Sun! My Spring!"

Then a foreign quotation as a sub-heading. (This is quite indispensable)—

"Farai chansoneta nueva."

(Guillaume IX.)

But what on earth next! Luckily a dog began to scratch the lawn at this moment—

"Not as with the dog dead and buried,
Dead, perhaps, but not buried."

So far, so good, no modern poem can afford to omit death, and the dog is tremendously symbolic. We fled to Eliot, and added:

"Deceive the dog—he's friend to men
And with his tail he'll dig it up again."

Then a personal allusion, of course, introducing a new element into the original theme—

"I was dead—and buried. That mongrel
Rescued me. Yes, I was happy dead."

No modern poet can afford to be happy alive—his sales and fan-mail would cease. Something on weeping was indicated. This kept us going a long time:

"Is it

The stench of decay, or the scent of
growth

Turning our feet? Away, away
From the tears we have yielded—
They had no victory in them.

Hard and dark they were in flow,
Moved not by the nightingale shriv-
ing the night,

Nor by the stream in the day silence,
Nor lovers' fingers on a wet black
branch."

Being really stumped, we could only repeat our title,

"My Sun! My Spring!"

Then continued (with the help of Ezra Pound)—

"I wonder why the wind, even the
wind, doth seem

To mock me now—

O Dieu, purifiez nos coeurs!

E tuttoque iu fosse a la campagna
di molti"

Back again to an impasse. Time to round off with a manifesto—

"No! I am no corpse. Dead body I
was.

Rising from this killing, eyes

Ungyved, I live, my knowledge

Freed, in unsorrowing freedom from
the weight

Of the long libation I have poured;

In this damp hole we dug with our
bodies

In the dying swamp. Kennels."

And a final quotation:

"Mihi pergamena deest."

We hear that it is likely to appear in the next "Countertide."

WAX CANDLES

"Four wax candles in a darkened room."

—Eliot.

The stage has four stories. On each, O'Brien's sitting room is reproduced. It is lighted by one lamp in the corner. The walls are hung in Egyptian tapestries in light green. The light gives a hint of bowls of flowers and candlesticks.

The first floor represents the reactions of the physical elements of the room—furnishings and bodies—represented by flashes of soft light which suffuses all.

On the second floor the visual action takes place. The light here is clearest of all.

On the third floor the light is less clear, the characters are reproduced and speak their unspoken ruminations. Charne and Baxter only speak on this floor.

The fourth floor is devoted to the psychic conflicts generated by the characters.

The dialogue in brackets is spoken on the third floor, the rest on the second.

Characters—

Edward O'Brien.

James Hume.

Tom Baxter.

Newton Charne.

Curtain rises on O'Brien reading Pirandello's Henry IV. on second and third floor. First floor is always empty of people, but is flooded by a pale green light. On top floor a canary hangs from ceiling in a cage.

O.B.: [Weighed down, get out of this stuffy place, old women. I could scream. Can't they see with their inane chatter. Like brick walls. Jean hates me. Hate myself sometimes. Cigarette, fag, Canossa. Nero burnt Rome—kiss of peace—incestuous Christians.]

Knock. Come in.

Enter Hume. (a red light mingles with green on first floor.)

Hume: Are the idealists right? (A waif enters top story.) Nothing exists but self-conscious ideas. (Sits down complacently.) [Wish they didn't. Why do I read? I must. (Cardinal Newman enters top story and stares out the window sadly at the sunset as though at the door of St. Paul's.) The ice will break soon.]

O.B.: Shut up. Don't start that again. Have a cigarette.

[Money doesn't matter, doesn't it? Funny little fool.]

You're afraid.

H.: **You're** afraid.

O.B.: We all are afraid. Hear it not Duncan, it is the knell that summons thee to Heaven or to hell. (He rushes to the window. On top floor Newman starts, moves away, and the bird in the cage tries to burst out.) Was Macbeth mad? I think he was, so was Hamlet.

H.: [I shall be mad. Hovering on this precipice. If this woollen blanket only came further up.] (Ponderously). I don't know. I know nothing.

Knock.

O.B.: Come in. Enter Baxter.

Baxter: Can I sit down? (Sits.)

(This speech continues till curtain on third story simultaneously with other conversation.)

(On top floor Liszt has appeared. He sits at piano trying to recapture an air that is lost.)

(On first floor a dark green light mingles; the result is strident.)

B.: [H'm. Not final. Hume thinks I'm disintegrating. I may; but not yet. If only Edward would understand. He

would if he could. Could if he would. Rot. Why draw the curtains? Will open. (Goes to window. On top floor Liszt leaves piano, goes also to window, sees Newman. Both look out, but see different scenes. Look uncomprehendingly at each other and part. Newman to the dull consoling mumbled murmured whisper of the mass in the early dawn, Liszt to the Protestant cemetery at Rome, looking for his lost air.)

(At this stage Charne has entered. A Black ray has entered first floor until the colours have merged to a strange purple. A cripple in a chair enters first floor with warts upon his face. He drives round and round the room in the chair, the vibrations of which make the bird cage swing like a pendulum.)

Baxter, seeing Charne, returns to chair after a wan greeting.

Baxter continues. [Afraid to dive like the rest. All of them the same, with their bridge, their—I just popped them in the oven, my dear, they are rather nice, aren't they? What's the matter with Hume? Thought. Edward, I could shake you, like a hysterical chorus girl. No, no, no! Despicable. Swinish. Oh, where is beauty. It's useless trying. I don't, can't, and fear to know.] (The top floor has become misty with a vague resemblance to a stadium.)

If Shakespeare could write sonnets, why should I write tripe. Can't paint, play, love, nothing, nothing (hiding behind his cigarette smoke), nothing, O God! Always, always on the surface. This clown's boy!

Charne simultaneously with Baxter. [Edward is Plato, James Aristotle. Plato thought the essence of life was spirit. Calm spirit is—the logos. He thought that a man was once bisexual, and that in his beauty he made Jove envious. And Jove said, Let us cut man in twain. And each man had remained in the mind of the One, whole from the beginning, but was realised on earth in two halves

—as genesis, "male and female made he them"—and he spendeth, man spendeth his life searching vainly for that other lost part, which when found—Macaulay would not have expressed it thus—and reunited, brought to earth again, the divine peace for them at least. But this union can only be spiritual—matter is our charnel house—in physical union man grovels like a beast, but this peace, this is eternal—true—and Bentham said in 1769 that happiness was the greatest good of the greatest number, and Mr. Pitt was accused in the House of Commons. (Even to myself a mask of polite easiness only the scabbard—I know the steel is there I will not see it yet.) of breaking windows with guineas. O that cold finger—cold as the earth that overshadows points and says—You never shall. The Russians knew—they too hated, loved and feared the earth. Oh well—

O'B.: If you fear, you cannot live. Life should be an ecstatic clutching. We are dominated too much by thought. We forget our bodies. It is through them we see the meanings of things.

H.: Have things a meaning? Omitting the all-inclusive mind of God, have the senses any real relation to reality? I admit I am dominated by the past. Its thoughts cling to me and prevent my increasing its dominion by further action which pushes the dominion of the past further into the future.

O'B.: The future and the past are lost in the brilliant present. Make the present brilliant [and forget the past].

H.: [I cannot, the past clings too close.] My present and the past are one. Take your Henry IV., he was dominated by the past. He became it.

O'B.: And so became mad.

H.: ["Let me not be mad, sweet heaven, not mad."]

O'B.: You're all swamped by your libraries. They should be interesting pastimes to fill in the moments between the present. A kiss is more significant than a dictionary.

(While they are talking a pale yellow light is flickering on the first floor, and the purple is being resolved into its constituent colours of red, light and dark green. The top floor is revolving so that the floor has become the ceiling, and the occupants are resolved into a heaving sea, studded with whirlpools.)

H.: Philosophy and poetry show that kisses are not real. What can be real?

O'B.: [I cast no pearls to-night. I am selfish.] Dinner is real. It is time for dinner. You all will have dinner with me, I suppose.

H.: [Break, Break, Break on thy cold grey stones, O sea!]

Curtain.

Peter Bennie.

SLEEPING OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS

The host of hills encamped around,
The sleepless army of the stars,
And no clock striking, nor dog barking,
While hours pass.

Low liquid trill of bird to bird,
Sleepers' breathing, and long sigh—
But no lamp winking, nor fire flickering
In earth or sky.

Bush noises stir, but silence brims;
Into this pool few pebbles fall—
And the earth tilting, and the sphere
turning

Over it all.

So still that (God forgive me) seem
Of little weight the wrongs men do,
That men are dying and women weeping
The world through;

That earth's a fester, full of ills,
Peopled by a poisoned race;
That wars are waging, and my love
sleeping
In a far place.

M.R.T.

ON A GOLD CRUCIFIX

Christ, Lord, gold arms stretched on a
golden beam,
And from Thy head aflame; let not my
sight

Which jostles earthly things

Soar to Thy height

On its rough wings,

Lest, over-bold it seem

Touch-soiled, and mine own guilty
thought should deem

The deed a sin. But let it stay its flight
And feel through wing-close eyelids Thy
warm light,

Soft as the nimbus round a candle gleam.
Light—Lord, if this were all, and that
bright lead

Drooped on the lifeless shoulder ever
more,

And Thou wert dead, Lord, all this gold
were dead

As six dead lights at some shrine shat-
tered door.

THE SECRET PATH

Ah, know you not the secret path
Through the small copse where
cuckoos sing,
Where primrose candles light the way
Towards the altar of the spring?

Did you not walk it long ago
With happy heart and care-free eyes,
Until spring's bluebell altar cloth
Dazzled your soul with deep surprise?

There at the secret path's blue end,
Where spring and youth and joy be-
long—

Did you not stand in awe and joy
And listen to the cuckoo's song?

O secret path that once you knew;
O bluebells fair; O copse a-flower;
Where are they now, that happy heart,
That secret path, that April hour.

A. D.

PLATITUDES

"Stolen Fruits Taste Sweetest"

Do they? Consider. A boy robs an orchard. His whole nervous system is overstrained by the process. What is he to do with his spoils? He dare not take them home and there enjoy them in comparative security. Too many questions would be asked, and a thrashing would ensue. He must not appear with his booty in public. Again, his theft might be detected. He could share them with others—but here the selfishness which prompted his action again asserts itself. Finally, in desperation he settles down in some obscure haunt. His captures must be eaten quickly—he may yet have to account for his time and produce an alibi. But he has so many apples, and should he hide the residue which he cannot eat, someone may steal them from his hiding-place. And so he has to gobble up as many as he can in as short a time as possible. By so doing, he has no chance to enjoy the flavour, to ruminate over the exquisite deliciousness of the fruit—and all he achieves is indigestion, or a stomach ache, and if he be a normal, healthy boy—a guilty conscience, and the appalling memory of an overcrowded half-hour.

Who will say that stolen fruits taste sweetest?

Now supposing the same boy survives the apple incident, grows up, and in due course falls in love. Alas, his love is unrequited. He may occasionally touch her hand, her arm. But there is no response from his beloved. And these stolen contacts have no sweetness, no delight in them. And should he kiss her—what has he then? Nothing; except a slapped and burning cheek, and the remorse of: "What a brute I was!" Far from tasting sweet, these stolen fruits have brought such an agony of mind as can only be relieved by service to King and Country on some lonely outpost of Empire.

Who really thinks that stolen fruits taste sweetest?

"Where There's a Will There's a Way."

Now supposing that our hero, after surmounting the fruit obstacle to his moral and physical progress, avoids falling in love and decides on an academic career. During adolescence he has been indoctrinated with the nineteenth century shibboleth of "Where there's a will there's a way." He comes to the University, and by sheer will power works his way through forms and official slips. Determined to succeed, he works all day and most of the night. Consequently, he has a nervous breakdown, and goes into involuntary retirement. During the following weeks he is suspected of praying to himself all day. Investigation proves that he is only murmuring to himself "Where there's a will there's a way."

He recovers, and returns to the University, still determined to succeed. He decides "to take things easier this year." And so he lies in bed every morning till eleven, goes to the pictures twice a week, and attends all the University dances. This time he sits for his examinations—and fails. "Where there's a will there's a way," he says, and retreats into commercial activity, leaving the academic heights to those who have not only a will, but also a way—a way which comes by no belated effort of will.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

During our hero's not so triumphal progress through halls of scholarship, this was a piece of advice hurled at him from all quarters. In his last week cram it was never out of his thoughts. But for its insistence in his brain he might have been able to concentrate, and perhaps sneak a pass. Even while doing his papers all he could remember was: "A stitch, a stitch, a stitch!" Until finally he scrawled it across one paper and stalked out with a brain like a broken-down knitting machine.

"But who wants to save nine?" he said when he later recovered his balance. "I enjoyed dropping one stitch, and would gladly have thrown away the whole sock." Who hasn't enjoyed the process?

And all our hero achieved from this piece of advice was—a complete mental blockage.

“Do It Now.”

Printed neatly in black, with two red capitals, on a buff-coloured background, this hangs over his desk in the city. Marvellous advice; it would have saved his academic career—provided he had done the right things.

That was how the trouble began. Often he wished to telephone his friends—the 'phone was underneath the buff-coloured adage. What simpler thing to do than accept the advice, **and** ring up—now. And so he did—all day, every day. Until finally he was threatened with retirement. That rather shook his faith in his motto, and so he filled in the “o’s” with red ink. Quite a pleasant occupation, and the result was certainly gratifying.

Often he felt like a cup of tea—“Do It Now” beckoned at him. He did—every hour, and was reprimanded. He felt like exercise—“Do It Now” called at him. He walked, and was nearly fired for spending an afternoon in the gardens. And so it went on—“Do It Now”; but unfortunately it was never work he wanted to do. Finally, the manager himself stopped to read it while giving our hero an impromptu address on business methods. “Do It Now” was the command He did—and our hero left his little desk, his swing chair, his files, and was once more free in the world. One thing he did not leave—the buff-coloured card: “Do It Now”—printed neatly in black, with two red capitals, and the “o’s” filled in with red ink.

He took that with him, and walking to Princes Bridge, obeyed it for the last time, and ceremoniously dropped it—not into the river as he intended, but into a derelict house-boat, whose owner tacked it above his kitchen stove.

LADY DAY

We thought to greet thee first, with
 thine own flowers—
 Low at thy feet to twine
 Lilies and marigolds and maiden-hair,
 But dawn, unsaddled, crept in first, and
 there
 Her votive candle burned before thy
 shrine.
 M.W.

OUT OF DISORDER . . .

Because we may destroy and not create,
 Because we may create and in doing de-
 stroy,
 Yours is the guidance we ask,
 Without which we will not act,
 With which we cannot act
 In this great danger endangering,
 And yet we do not wish to send for You;
 We know that you will come,
 Might come unasked,
 Were this great danger endangering.

We know that we may hear and not
 listen;
 We know that we may hear and also
 listen;
 And in terror of that
 Withhold from this.

Three sorcerers came from the rising
 ground
 Of the sun. From light they returned to
 gloom
 Along another path, never to retrieve
 The old past, the unpresent past,
 For they, seeing, had perceived.

We close our eyes, lest in seeing
 We should not perceive,
 In this great danger endangering.
 Afraid to utter and not speak,
 Afraid to utter and also speak,
 Lest the speech rebel, and conquering
 Migrate us there in the old kingdom,
 Where only the prophets went.
 Dumbness, blindness, deafness—
 These we ask lest we should
 Betray the gift, or not betraying
 Be consumed.

R. W.

FULFILMENT

"War is the highest expression of the nation's life."—General Ludendorff.

Come, my love, this happy morn
Through our country yet unborn—
Children of a barbarous race,
Unbaptised in Battle's grace.
Come, my love, and let us see
Our resplendent destiny.
For the Day, the Day will come,
Not with banner, not with drum,
But with psalm the barrage sings
And the drone of Death on wings.
We shall wake. This land and air
War shall walk, as elsewhere.
We shall wake—O glorious Day—
And be a nation, even as they.
Like ash and oak yon wattle clumps
Shall be smashed and smoking stumps
When, as there, these hills and dells
Are pocked and pitted by the shells.
Yonder spur shall shed its trees
And sprout instead with batteries;
And lovers, walking out o' nights,
Miss the moon for Verey lights.
Flown the bird and felled the tree
Terror-stricken then shall flee
The lizard and the kangaroo
When the tanks come crashing through.
Silent bush and whispering grass
Into smoke and ash shall pass;
Hill and plain of herd and flock
Scarred to naked earth and rock;
Yonder gullies where the mist
Lingers yet in wreath and twist
Yellow gas shall eddy down
On the valley and the town.
On the town! The day is done
When to men who bore alone
Battle's brunt, alone there came
Battle's glory, grace and fame.
Think, love, perhaps by yonder wall
My glorious fate it is to fall,
And here where now your fingers rest
Shall home the bullet to my breast,
Or higher maybe—Do but move
Your hand up—why, what ails you,
love?

Ah, rather think—By war alone
We make this heritage our own;
That when these fields are ash and flame

Australia will have made her name;
That when these rivers run with blood
We shall attain our nationhood.

M.R.T.

TWO LOVERS

I.

Heart, let us acknowledge love's de-
cease
And lay it reverently to rest.
It will not need of monument—
It is its own remembrance of itself.
But when I feel you may forget
The urgent strength, the calm creative-
ness
Love brought to us, I shall remind you
And across the space, we may a moment
Smile again, realising love is done
And reverently laid to rest.

II.

Do not think I blame you, love;
Mine only is the shame.
You loved triumphantly,
And loving thought that that was all
That was, or need to be.
From you there issued not
The calm assurance to creation;
That only was your fault;
I do not blame you love,
Mine only is the shame
That I should go elsewhere.

R.W.

INTROSPECTION

On the night of the King's Jubilee,
Before the lighting of the bonfires,
A cloud prolonged itself in fine rhythm
Before the new moon.
I thought of the subjective Christ,
Wondering should I, should I ever
Thus extend my soul before the King.
Through the first smoke looking
I knew never to be the white cloud
In fine rhythm prolonged—
No more than rubbish smoke
Rumpled from recognition of music
Into the craterous belch of my life.

R. W.

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