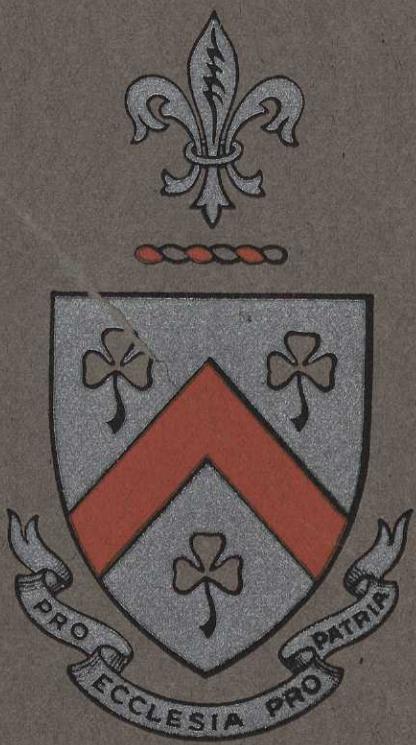


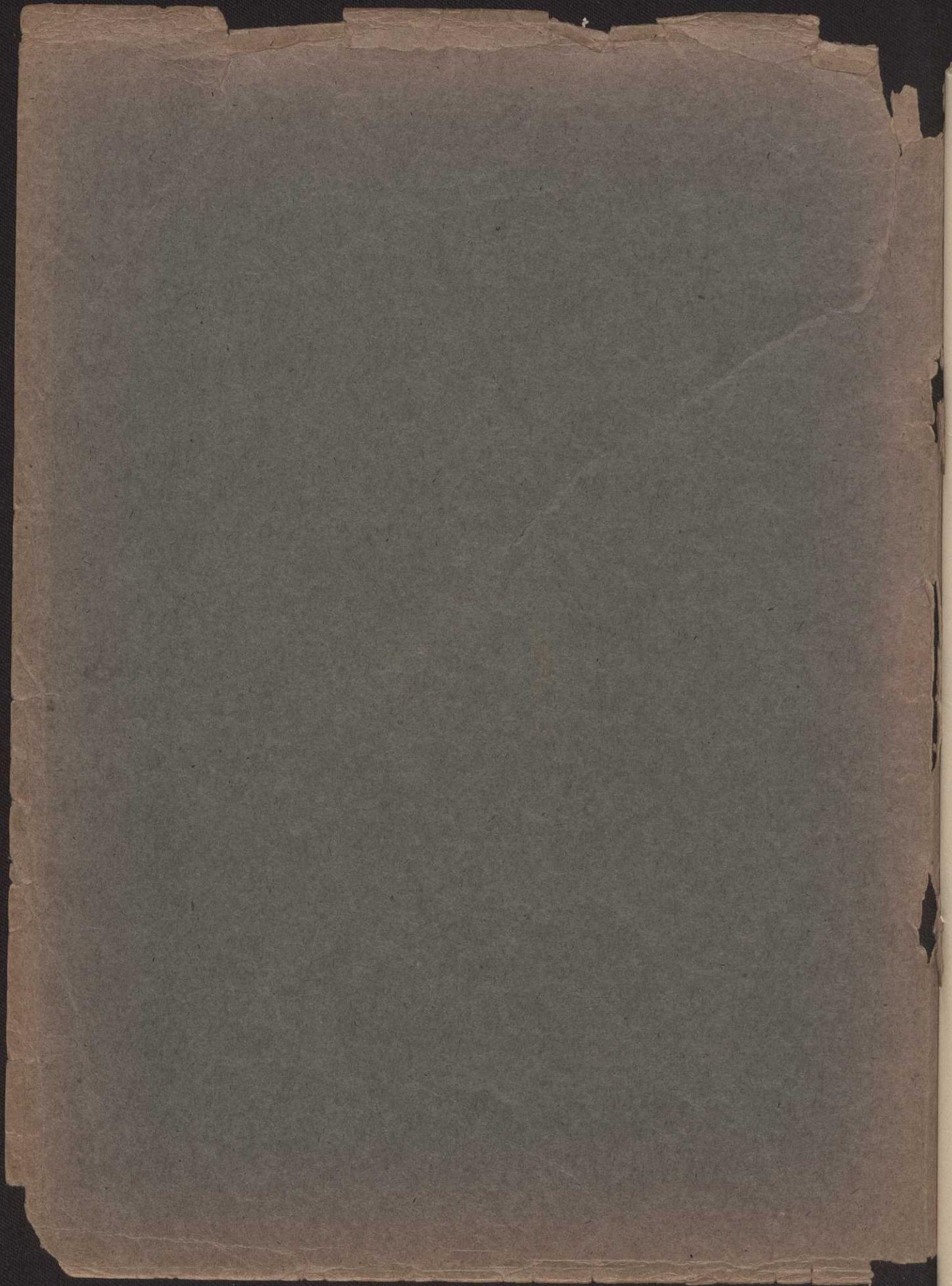
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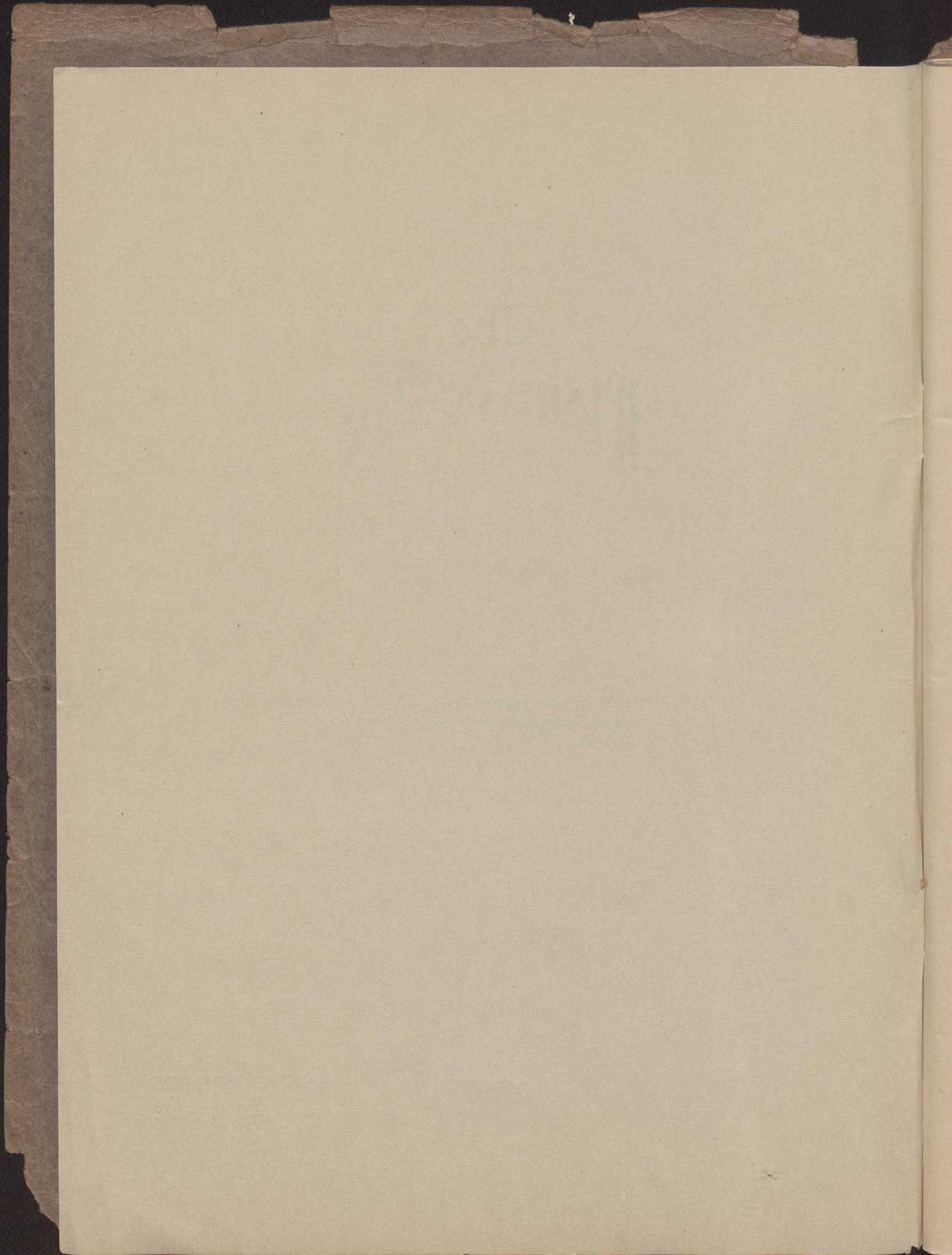


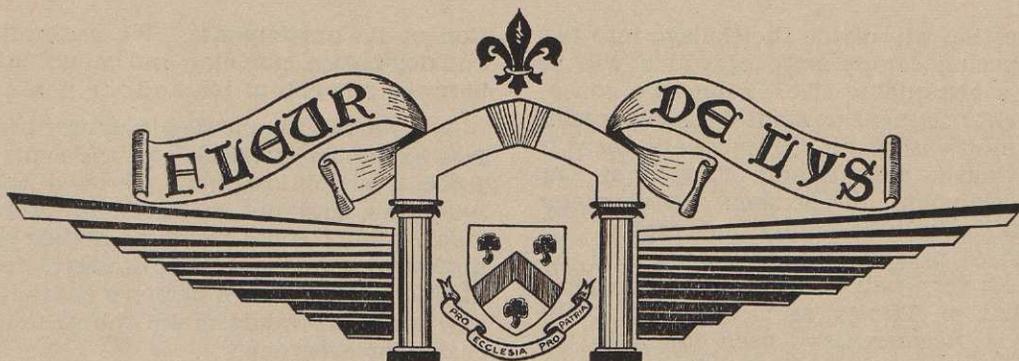
The Fleur-de-Lys

*"What's in it?" said the Queen.
"I haven't opened it yet," said the White
Rabbit.*

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TRINITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE





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Janet Clarke Hall Representative: Miss AILSA THOMPSON.

EDITORIAL

The art of enjoying oneself is the greatest art of all; success is so fundamental, so desirable, so tantalizingly within one's grasp, and yet withal so very difficult of attainment.

For there is a great deal more in leading a happy life than may be obvious at first glance. Much more than the simple satisfaction of one's instincts, and desires for recreation and entertainment; although even here it is often hard to distinguish the substance of enjoyment from its very unsatisfying shadow.

It is the attitude of mind which we must cultivate that is really important. We must acquire fatalism: not so much that we are drugged, but enough to soften some of the blows of life—for fatalism is very like alcohol. We must gain self-respect, without which we are miserable and characterless, useless to self and society alike. Finally, and most important of all, we must learn to be tolerant.

Man is obviously a social animal. Therefore there is no real escape from the consequent responsibilities devolving on every member of the species; the recluse is very nearly a psychopath, a self-confessed failure, a coward who is no good to anybody, including himself.

We have all of us to adapt ourselves to a very intricate environment. Everything we do will affect a greater or lesser number of other people, and we in turn shall continually be subjected to the effects of every action of theirs. Whether we like it or not, even, or rather, especially in the ideal state, we must, in one sense at least, be "cogs in the machine." We simply cannot act "naturally"—that is, unrestrainedly following our every impulse—without undermining general stability and consequently courting disaster.

It is a common-places to say that a College is a microcosm of society. And for that reason alone it is probably true. College is more than this, however. It is a very concentrated and closely-knit society wherein all actions and reactions are very highly magnified. This is why all those who make speeches at Auspicious College Occasions seem unanimous in their belief that it is the ideal training-ground for life; and that any academic gains a college student may make are of secondary importance only.

To come from the general to the particular, there is in Trinity extremely wide variation both in backgrounds and beliefs among the hundred-odd students in residence. Opinion on almost any

question will divide the College into two opposing camps, both of which will be of a reasonable size. From the consequent immense mental antagonisms housed within the College walls there is obviously considerable danger of the development of personal antagonisms which would be highly undesirable.

It is magnificent, therefore, and reflects very well on the tolerant, rational spirit of Trinity as a whole, that the ex-servicemen have been taken to the communal bosom with hardly a murmur from either side. Wiping out the mental barrier between two classes so different in age, experience and outlook, is no mean feat; and it has proved very difficult for other similar institutions. We can be justly proud of our achievement.

But we have by no means a clean sheet. Frenzied intolerance of other people and other classes is unfortunately as widespread in the highly intelligent body that comprises Trinity College as in the wide world beyond; and it is certainly no less conducive of bad temper. Time and again we shut our minds with our text-books; and too often does the conversation at the dinner-table, or over supper, betray the mental relaxa-

tion of its participants. We generalise and dogmatise, condemn and calumniate, between one cup of tea and the next.

And yet what could be pleasanter than free exchange of ideas — be the subject football or philosophy — provided they *are* ideas, and not emotions or prejudices? What could be worse if they are not? Quiet, rational thought and a clear distinction between a person's character and his views would make things much easier for everyone.

The circle of every man's acquaintance is wide enough to include an inexhaustible variety of characters and viewpoints. Every character has its good, its bad and, most important, its ridiculous points. On every topic, every conceivable shade of opinion can be held, and is held, by somebody. Even those two poor war-weary subjects, Religion and Politics, occasionally permit of a fresh idea. Here, then, are many roads to happiness. But do we take them? No. Carefully we choose to burden ourselves with major and minor hatreds; and deliberately we set aside the simple pleasures of the kaleidoscope.

Why can't we enjoy ourselves?

"Begin at the beginning," the King said, very gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

THE RETIRING WARDEN

There has already appeared in this magazine one tribute to the outstanding gentleman who recently retired from the Wardenship of this College. Dr. Behan possesses, however, a record of such achievement, and is so well-known to generations of Trinity men, that no apology need be offered for paying him a further tribute in these columns.

For over 40 years his record has been that of a leader in the academic world, a record attributable to his achievements, both academic and administrative, as well as his sterling personal qualities.

So far as academic achievements alone are concerned, the retiring Warden's name was almost a legend at both Melbourne and Oxford Universities. He came up to Trinity College at the beginning of this century, after a brilliant career at Caulfield Grammar School, and studied Arts and Law, winning first class honours in both faculties, and numerous scholarships and prizes, including the Wyselaskie Scholarship in Constitutional History and Political Economy, and the Supreme Court Law Prize in the final honours law examination. Elected in 1904 as the first Victorian Rhodes Scholar, he went up to Hertford College, Oxford, and there studied for the degrees of B.A. in Jurisprudence and Bachelor of Civil Law. One of his extraordinary achievements, according to the story current at Oxford in my day, was to obtain first-class honours and first place in both examinations, having sat for both at the same time, instead of (as is usual) in successive years. To do this he had, so the story goes, to do the last paper of one examination and the first paper of the other at the same time, spending half the time available on each. He also won the Vinerian and Eldon Law Scholarships, which are the blue ribands of the Law Schools of England, and was elected to an honorary scholarship at Hertford.

In 1909 he became Stowell Fellow in Civil Law at University College, Oxford,

and at various times was lecturer in Law at University, Lincoln, and Worcester Colleges. In my day at Oxford, 20 years later, he was still spoken of as one of the most brilliant law students who had been at that University within living memory.

During the First World War he served in the Ministries of Munitions and of Food until, in 1918, he returned to become Warden of Trinity in succession to the late Dr. Leeper.

For 28 years he guided the destinies of the College, finding time, also, to write a book on "Restrictive Covenants Affecting Land," for which the University of Melbourne awarded him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

When he came to the College he faced many difficulties, the most important of which were financial. Towards the close of the First World War the whole future of the College was in doubt; the problem of accommodating returned men soon became acute; and Trinity had to compete with other Colleges possessing very much greater endowments and buildings.

So well did the Warden tackle the enormous task of rehabilitating the College finances, that on his retirement, after labouring for nearly 30 years, he left it in a splendidly secure and prosperous condition. One cannot do better than quote (with some additional calculations) the statistical figures given by the College Council to the Diocesan Synods of Victoria in its Annual Report for 1944-45. These figures are:—

Accommodation in 1918—

College: 56 Students, 3 Tutors.

Accommodation in 1946—

College: 106 Students, 6 Tutors.

Accommodation in 1918—

Janet Clarke Hall: 14 Students, 1 Tutor.

Accommodation in 1946—

Janet Clarke Hall: 66 Students, 3 Tutors.

Non-Resident Students in 1920—33.

Non-Resident Students in 1945—120.

The last figures are indicative of the quality of the College tutorial system.

Endowments available in 1918 totalled	£25,680
Endowments available in 1946	£138,562
Together with the reversionary interest in	27,000
	<hr/> 165,562
	Difference
	£139,882
Expenditure on new buildings since 1918—	
For the College	£46,000
And reconditioning of building after two wars	17,000
	<hr/> £63,000
Expenditure on new buildings since 1918—	
For Janet Clarke Hall	£40,000
	<hr/> £103,000
The College Building Fund has still available	£3,000
Together with a definite promise of	6,000
	<hr/> £9,000
Total funds representing additional en- dowments, new buildings, recondition- ing and balance unspent	£251,882

As pointed out in the Council report, the figures are the more impressive when it is borne in mind that during the period in question there occurred two world wars and a world-wide depression. The Behan Building will stand as a permanent memorial to the retiring Warden's interest in the College, and to his tremendous influence in raising for it the means of perpetuating its already long and successful existence.

No one could have laboured more devotedly in the task of interesting the community in the endowment of Trinity. Dr. Behan, in his early years, spoke on platforms and in pulpits all over Victoria. He let no rank or title deter him from approaching any person who might be thought to have the interests of University College education at heart. Indeed, those of us who knew him during that time sometimes felt almost uncomfortable at the determination and assurance with which he proceeded to convince prospective benefactors of the merits of his cause. Yet his obvious sincerity and pride in Trinity gave to his approach the dignity of one who had a real message. He was no mere mendicant, but a great enthusiast for the collegiate system.

Nor was he less persistent and efficient in the administration of the business, proprietary, and educational affairs of the College, and in his relations with the College Council. His course there was often not smooth, but he was a past master in the gentle art of controlling meetings and majorities. When I became a member of the College Council myself, I realised the immense labour which the Warden, if the occasion required it, would put into the preparation of his case on an important issue. He had differences with the Council on matters of principle at times, and his opponents were wont to become impatient, and indeed exasperated, at what they considered his elaborate and even pedantic resistance to their views. Yet none doubted the sincerity of his convictions or the tenacity of his purpose. Over the years the score was in his favour, for he had the courage to be inflexible when necessary, and it took much courage in a man who was by nature reserved and shy.

Again, in political matters affecting the College or the University, or in the obtaining of Government support for legislative measures designed to help them, he had few equals. Premiers and Ministers meant nothing to him. His somewhat formidable figure, complete with frock coat and spats, his genuine concern for the mental state of those who doubted his propositions, no less than the threat (and sometimes the execution) of a whole series of visits in order to press his point, were calculated to make the stoutest politicians concede the necessity of what he wanted, whether it were an Act for the pooling of trust funds, the vesting of the College lands in the Trusts Corporation, or an exemption from the Stamps Act.

The same capacity for impressing important personages enabled him during the recent War, when the College was largely used for Service purposes, to negotiate with the Government an eminently satisfactory arrangement, entirely solving what might otherwise have been a serious financial problem

for the College, with its depleted numbers.

One matter in which he perceived long ago a real danger to the University residential Colleges was in relation to their status within the University. The growth of hostels, the pressure of large numbers of students, the increasing power of Government Departments in University finance, and in dispensing assistance to students, all threatened the independence and peculiar functions of institutions modelled on the lines of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Dr. Behan, nearly 15 years or more ago, set out to meet this danger. His plan was to increase the importance and standing of Trinity by the establishment of a strong tutorial body, and his proposals included the incorporation of the College, with a governing body comprising Warden and Fellows. The problem of combining these conceptions with the continuation of the close connection of Trinity with the Church, led at the time to the shelving of the matter. But with the recurrence of threats to the College system, the question has again come before the Council, and the proposals, though much modified, are again under consideration. Whatever ultimately is done, to Dr. Behan must be given the credit of being sufficiently far-seeing to anticipate the problem and initiate an attack upon it.

By many of his old students he will be greatly missed as a College figure. And in his handling of the students he was

much assisted, as he was in all his activities, by his charming and very gentlemanly wife.

The real test of his abilities is that not only did he leave Trinity a sound and well-established educational institution with an improved status in the community, but that over the years of his rule the College had a remarkable record of academic successes and turned out more than its due proportion of distinguished and successful citizens.

No record of his activities would be complete without reference to the fact that he has been since 1922 the Australian Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees and has also presided at almost every meeting of the Rhodes fraternity in Victoria. His careful supervision has had a great deal to do with the success of the Rhodes Selection System in Australia. Since his retirement from the College he has retained this secretaryship, and has just completed a strenuous tour of 8,000 miles around Australia on the business of the Rhodes Trust. At the age of 65 he has returned looking well and active.

He and Mrs. Behan go to live in well-deserved leisure at their mountain cottage at Olinda. They will take with them the admiration and gratitude of all those in whom there is real affection for Trinity College, and the warm personal friendship of the many who recognised in the sometimes unbending administrator the strong character of a man of purpose and principle.

—R.R.S.

THE PAST

(Being an Address given by the Retiring Warden in the Horsfall Chapel, 30/5/46)

When the Chaplain first suggested that I should address you to-night I reacted rather strongly. But on second thoughts I realised that I ought not to omit the duty and privilege of speaking to the whole College in a vein a little less light-hearted than that which I have been deliberately adopting during the last few days: I want, therefore, to give you some of my reflections about life in Trinity after an experience dating back now for well-nigh half a century. I shall be very brief and speak straight from my heart, quite simply, without any of that straining after effect which would be out of place on an occasion like this.

My first reflection revolves around a maxim current during the age of chivalry: "noblesse oblige."

As it happens I have more than once vainly suggested that medieval saying to preachers in this Chapel as a suitable subject for their discourse at our annual service in Commemoration of Benefactors. Vainly, because every one of them apparently felt either that it could not be interpreted in a manner which adapted it to our way of life in Trinity, or that it was exceedingly simple of me to associate this College with ideas based upon distinctions of rank or caste. Now it is perfectly obvious that in these democratic days it would be foolish to think here of any distinctions capable of setting the men and women of Trinity apart from the rest of the community other than brilliance of intellect or nobility of character. But I want to suggest to each and all of you that that is a distinction after which it is your bounden duty to strive. And the maxim, when adapted to modern conditions, affords good warrant for my suggestion: nowadays it is not rank but privilege which imparts responsibilities, and everyone, man or woman, who passes through this College, is an exceedingly privileged person. For a time he or she

has shared in a goodly heritage created here by the generosity of benefactors, strengthened and built up by those who have striven faithfully to discharge their duty as administrators of its affairs. I would like therefore to lay upon you an injunction that you rise to the responsibilities laid upon you by the privileges you enjoy; that you prove yourselves worthy of those privileges by becoming high-minded in the best sense—by making the most of yourselves as potential forces for the betterment of mankind, by cultivating sedulously the talents which the good God has committed to you—whether those talents number one or three or five. There have been men and women, former students of Trinity, who have discharged nobly their duty in this behalf. Among the men one thinks instantly of Richard Casey, Allen Leeper, Reginald Leeper, Augustus Uthwatt and Edmund Herring. When I mention these few by name I am not forgetting the many who, in one or other of two World Wars, made the final sacrifice nor am I unmindful of the fact that there is already a long line of Trinity men who have reached places of high honour and great responsibility in the Church. Among the women, Helen Sexton, Ada Lambert, Grace Maudsley and Susie Williams may be specially mentioned. One hopes that there may, in the years to come, be found among those present here to-night many worthy to be ranked with these great names.

My second reflection turns upon an almost universal human weakness: the vice of selfishness. I would like particularly to warn you against it, for it has been and is as prevalent here as it is in other places. This vice of selfishness is one of the most pathetic of human tragedies. It means that most men and women are so blind to the obvious truths of their own nature that they cannot realise how immediately and directly they defeat their own end and aim: the pursuit of true happiness, by supposing

that it is something they may monopolise for themselves. In a College like Trinity selfishness is especially disastrous and disruptive because it precludes the effective pursuit by all of that which should be the common aim: the welfare of the whole living organism and the promotion of its future growth.

Finally, there is a thought which to me is inevitably associated with this present phase in the term of my office as Warden. Throughout that term I have been a dreamer of dreams about the future of the College — dreams about its possible future greatness and of the service that it might consequently render to our country. Looking back now it is borne in upon me how few of those dreams have, in my time, been realised; and so, in passing, my recollection turns to the final utterance of one whose memory I must always hold in reverent gratitude: "so little done; so much to do." In this place there is in truth much still to do. Great material advances, great changes in matters of organisation and government are essen-

tial if those early dreams of mine are ever to come true. But the most essential thing of all is that you in this place should build up the highest possible standards, the finest possible traditions, and hand them on to those who come after. Material advantages may mean much; methods of government may mean more. But most precious among all possible assets of a University College are the traditions which it sets and the character which it imparts to its men and women. See you to it.

In keeping with the tenor of what I have been saying I would ask you to stand and join with me in spirit while I repeat the most beautiful of all the prayers in our Prayer Book:

The Collect for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things: Graft in our hearts the love of Thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE FUTURE

By the Warden

Next year will be the 75th anniversary of the foundation of Trinity College. On such an occasion opportunity might well be taken to enumerate the achievements of Trinity men and women, and to stress the remarkable contribution which the College has made to the life of the Commonwealth. But at this moment, as we stand uneasily at the threshold of a new age, it will be generally agreed that for a newcomer, reflection upon the glories of the past, though pleasant and inspiring, is of less importance than serious thought about the future.

During the past five months I have been struck — one might almost say bombarded — by constantly recurring references to "the weighty problems of

the future." This article is an attempt to show in some detail what seem to me to be the specific problems which we of Trinity will have to face, and to indicate what can be done to meet them.

Trinity College was founded, and has been maintained and developed, by Christian men who believed that education should be wide and deep, and that its aim should be far more than the mere attainment of a certain standard of technical proficiency in narrow, diverse lines of specialised knowledge. The only kind of education, indeed, which is really worthwhile is that which develops the individual's character and talents to the highest degree, and, at the same time, implants in him the desire and the

ability to use his gifts in the service of the community. Any large university can offer to its students a wide range of subjects, numbers of expert teachers and a wealth of equipment which is beyond the means of a college. But even great learning is of little worth unless it is accompanied by moral growth and by training in the supreme art of corporate living. This is the priceless gift which a college can offer and for lack of which men and nations are in danger of perishing to-day. During his life in college the individual gains experience in corporate responsibility; he may exercise executive authority; he learns how to adjust his views to those of others, and how to judge and assess the worth of his fellows; he benefits by association with other minds in other branches of learning; above all, he discovers that in college, as in the greater society, he is a member of an organic unity. These results are possible when young men are brought together in relatively small numbers under a common roof and at a common table. They are barely possible in a University of six thousand students, the majority of whose members appear to regard it as a place where, by virtue of sitting through, or receiving by post, a prescribed number of lectures and writing a series of examination papers, they may obtain a licence to take up a certain profession. The best way to overcome this fundamental difficulty would seem to be a system, such as that of Oxford or Cambridge, where the undergraduate while a member of a college is also able to make full use of the combined resources of the whole University.

This brings me to the first of the problems which confront Trinity and other residential colleges. It is the problem of accommodation. Not only ought there to be, but there actually is, a greater demand than ever before for admission to residence. The solution can be found only along two main lines of action. The first is to use existing accommodation to its fullest extent by placing a man in every room. Unfor-

tunately, most of the college rooms were not designed for this purpose, and I think that men who have lived in Trinity would agree that this would not be a desirable way out. The other line of action is to build. The Governing Body adopted, in 1920, a complete scheme for the re-organisation and extension of the College buildings. So far, for a variety of reasons, not a great deal of the plan has been fulfilled. In the eighteen months after the end of the war in 1919 some £60,000 in donations and endowments came to the College, but most of that amount had to be used to cover the cost of urgently needed renovations, and to bring Trinity at least to an equality with other colleges in respect of endowed scholarships. Now, however, we are in a position where bequests and donations made for the purpose of building can be used as soon as circumstances permit. It is intended, therefore, at the end of this year, to open an appeal for a War Memorial to take the form of a new section of the permanent plan similar to the Behan Building.

The second problem with which we have to deal is that of teaching methods, and in particular the relation of college tutorials to University teaching as a whole. This most important question has for some time been engaging the attention of many leading members of the University and the Heads of Colleges. I will, therefore, confine myself to two remarks on the subject. First, the time will come, if it has not already arrived, when, as a result of the extension of University tutorials, the Collegiate student will have so many classes to attend that he will have no time to read or think for himself, much less to stand and stare. Second, rather than see this happen, it would be better for the college to withdraw from the field of formal tutorials in subjects in which they are given at the University. It seems to me that the most valuable contribution which the college can make will be to complement the University tutorial system — which is of necessity directed to short-term, specialised ends — by pro-

viding opportunity within the College both for wider and more general education and for informal discussion of individual problems, while retaining tutorials in their present form in courses, such as Medicine, where they are necessary. If this function is to be fulfilled it is clearly essential that Trinity should continue to attract to its permanent teaching staff men of the highest ability. Equally clearly it will not be able to do so, unless it can offer emoluments and opportunities which are at least commensurate with those obtaining elsewhere. For this purpose additional endowments for fellowships to the total value of at least £100,000 will ultimately be needed.

Finally, though most of my readers would claim for it a very high priority, comes the question of cost of residence in college. There is no doubt that at present it is too high and needs to be reduced. It will be realised that the amount charged in fees depends mainly upon return from investments on the one hand, and outlay upon stipends, wages, materials and provisions on the other. The difference between these two items represents the cost which falls directly upon members of the college, and, in consequence, even small changes in either of them will be reflected in the scale of fees. Thus the endowment of scholarships and fellowships, or the provision of additional accommodation, which allows a spreading of the overhead, will result in a reduction of fees, or, at worst, will hold them steady. This

can be clearly seen if we examine the result of changes over the last 20 years. During that period the rate of return from investments fell sharply, from 6% to approximately 3%, while the cost to the College of labour, material and provisions rose by 64% and stipends went up 24%. Yet fees have increased by only 8%. This has been due almost entirely to a flow of bequests and donations which has more than doubled the total of invested capital and has made possible an increase of about 40% in the number of men in residence. Since one would hesitate to forecast favourable movements in interest rates or costs, it is apparent that we must rely upon a continuing flow of benefactions for any appreciable reduction of college charges.

To sum up. The College, like other organisms, must grow or decay. It cannot remain static. If it is to grow we must face the fact that the prime requirement is money—money to build, to retain a first-class teaching staff, to provide scholarships. A tremendous work has been accomplished by the two men who were chiefly responsible for the growth and development of the College during the first 75 years of its existence. A work as great remains to be done. Its successful conclusion depends largely upon whether now, as always in the past, there can be found among Churchmen in general, and among Trinity men in particular, persons of vision and generosity who are ready to give the financial support necessary to make the College secure for all time.

COLLEGE NOTES

STUDENTS' CLUB

"I didn't say there was nothing better," the King replied. "I said there was nothing like it."

President and Senior Student: A. J. Goble (3rd Term, 1945); B. C. Edwards (1st and 2nd Terms, 1946).

Hon. Secretary: G. C. Darby.

Hon. Treasurer: B. C. Edwards (3rd Term, 1945); W. F. Caplehorn (1st and 2nd Terms, 1946).

Indoor Representative: J. H. Wriedt.

Outdoor Representative: F. N. Bouvier (3rd Term, 1945); F. J. Meagher (1st and 2nd Terms, 1946).

Dominating all other events this year was, of course, the change of Wardens. This took place at the end of first term, when the usual end-of-term dinner became the occasion of great mourning and celebration.

Our best wishes and regards go with Dr. Behan and Mrs. Behan to Olinda, while we extend a very warm welcome to Mr. Cowan and his family. The transference of allegiance, though coloured by many mixed emotions, was easily accomplished; any fears for the future which might have been entertained were almost immediately dispelled; and Trinity under the new regime seems to be in just the right frame of mind for celebrating her 75th anniversary next year.

This year our accommodation has been increased by using the Leeper Building as housing for an extra six students. There are two double studies with separate bedrooms and two bed-sitting-rooms. They are unfurnished, but there is a reduction in charge for this, and it has given an outlet for the gratification of individual taste which has been seized upon. Altogether, the Leeperites now form a self-contained, opulent and distinctive body, giving quite a tone to the College.

This has been a year of changes in the resident tutorial staff. Messrs. Austin and Forss left at the end of last year; we have gained and lost Mr. Wardrop and have gained and retained Messrs. Gresford and Greenwood. To all these gentlemen we extend the appropriate "Hail's" and "Farewell's."

We have sustained a loss in Alan Cash's departure for Oxford as 1946 Rhodes Scholar. He left College just before the end of 2nd term, and was given a very hearty send-off at the end of term dinner when Mr. J. R. Sutcliffe, headmaster of Melbourne Grammar, Alan's old school, proposed the toast. We all wish him luck, and congratulate him on his engagement which was announced just before he left.

In the intercollegiate sporting events, while not exactly standing out a head and shoulders above the rest, we have nevertheless tasted the fruits of victory. The first VIII. rowed a glorious dead-heat with Ormond, while the second VIII. convincingly defeated their seconds.

There has been a considerable movement of the Club's moneys this year in aid of various deserving causes. The most important of these were the Warden's portrait and the provision of two en-tout-cas tennis courts, which should be ready for play at the beginning of next year. A successful arrangement has been reached with the newly-formed University Squash Club, whereby they rent the court during the lunch-hour period.

Altogether, considering the memorable events detailed below, it seems that academic success is all that is needed to complete an excellent year.

RUSDEN CLUB MEETINGS, 1946

On 28th April Major-General C. E. M. Lloyd, formerly Adjutant-General, spoke to the Rusden Club, his subject being,

"Science, Modern Warfare, and Europe to-day." He first spoke of the constructive work of science during the war. He particularly mentioned the great advances made in medical science, and gave some very interesting facts about the incidence of malaria. He pointed out, however, that the benefits of modern science were more than counteracted by the terrific destructive power that had been placed in the hands of man.

On 10th July Lt.-Col. H. S. F. J. Manekshaw, M.C., of Indian Army, addressed us, his subject being "India's Problems To-day." He had been sent to Australia by Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinlech to try to promote a better understanding between the two countries. He said that Indian politics were very complicated and dirty, and gave a brief account of the respective parts played by the Congress Party, the Moslem League, and the Native States. Much of the trouble in India was caused by the existence of Indian States; and Mahatma Ghandi, who was spiritual leader of the Congress Party, with his policy of non-violence, was the most valuable ally the British possessed. All parties were agreed that India must be independent, but educated Indians realised that India must ally herself to either U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., or Great Britain.

He pointed out that there was in India a dislike of Communist methods, and also a fear of being tied to the dollar market. Therefore, Great Britain was the most acceptable ally, and an independent India would desire to retain friendly connections with her, though as an equal.

Answering questions, he told us he was a Parsee. The religion of the Parsees was a survival of Zoroastrianism. Fire was worshipped as a symbol of God, but basically the religion was the same as Christianity.

On 18th September Mr. William Dargie, three times Archibald Prize winner, Australian official war artist, and head of the painting school at the National Gallery, spoke to us about "Art and Society." He told us what he thought the function of

painting should be. He said that painting was sometimes disruptive, and severely criticised those artists who painted without regard for truth and without thinking of the implications of their work. The artist's task was to paint what he really saw and not what he thought he saw.

COLLEGE BALL

The College Ball was held early in second term at Coconut Grove. Although only 240 attended — the cause of a slight financial loss — the evening was a great social success. This was evident from the convivial spirit and the mutual hissing exchanges between an overworked band and a floorful of applauding dancers. Credit is due to the secretaries, Mr. J. Wilbur Ham and Mr. A. H. Cash, for their capable organisation.

COLLEGE PLAY

On 16th July the Dramatic Societies of Trinity and J.C.H. presented the College Play, "Rookery Nook," aptly described on the programme as a farce in three acts. The show was considered quite a success, due in part to the histrionic talent displayed by those who participated, but due more particularly to two rather more earthy factors. Firstly, admission was free, and the audience was thereby encouraged not to expect too much; secondly, the players were known personally to the majority of the audience. Just as we are prone to laugh at the sight of a fellow-mortal slipping in the mud, so we will laugh at our friends disporting themselves upon the stage.

And we did laugh, too, despite the fact that the play is now rather dated, and smacks too much of the nineteen-twenties. A high-pitched girlish giggle coincided with the first joke from the stage, and this, as it were, set the ball rolling. After this helpful beginning, Mr. Ben Travers, the author, was responsible for the laughter. Although we noticed that some fifty per cent. of his jokes did not arouse any response from the audience, we will not blame them,

but point out that continuous cachination is apt to become tiring.

Special mention should be made of Miss Marli Russell, who achieved a convincing innocence as the "pyjama-girl," and Miss Betty Vroland, who submerged her own personality into the outrageous figure of the "daily woman."

Miss Pat ("I-feel-sick") Phillips gave the required effect.

Miss Barbara James, playing, we understand, her first female part, was successfully domineering to all and sundry—especially to her husband, played by Mr. Barry Marshall. Mr. Marshall obviously revelled in his part, and was, we felt, quite at home.

Messrs. Barker and Reid, as the Popkiss cousins, are to be congratulated upon their feats of memory, and realistic portrayal of two members of the class of "idle-rich." Misses Diane Duke and Lois Meathrel played their parts successfully, as did Messrs. Alley and Balmford.

In conclusion, we must place on record our debt of gratitude to Mr. Hugh Neville, who was responsible for the production. Mr. Neville exercised great patience at rehearsals, and it was largely due to his efforts that the evening was not the shambles that some feared—and some, perhaps, hoped.

ELLIOTT FOURS

After an unfortunate lapse last year, due to lack of essential equipment, the Elliott Fours were held again on 3rd September. The afternoon was an unqualified success.

As has been the custom in the past, the course was the long and arduous one stretching from Prince's Bridge to the boatshed. Since it was realised that very few of the College were really in training, ample refreshment was provided. But in spite of this a large number of crabs was caught, and some very tortuous courses followed. Dave Hawkins stroked the winning crew, and we would like to congratulate them on their hard-won victory.

The refreshments outlasted the races, and indeed, most of the gentlemen. For

this ideal state of affairs, as for the smooth and efficient running of the whole proceedings, we are indebted to Pat Maplestone and Bruce Nelson.

THE JUTTODIE

*"Everyone has won," said the Dodo,
"and all must have prizes."*

(To be read slowly, with a strong American accent.)

Of all the traditions associated the world over with the advent of spring, none is perhaps more ancient and picturesque than the annual performance by the tribe of Trintarians of the ceremony they call "Juttodie." From time immemorial it has been the custom of these people to assemble after their long hibernation, in the environs of their temple or Bahx, to observe this historic rite.

Young men who wish to gain adult status in the tribe are required to undergo a long and rigorous test. In groups of five or six they must make a hazardous journey over the wild terrain surrounding the Bahx. The course is exceedingly difficult and calls for great courage and daring. The contestants must at all costs avoid touching the sacred cows that graze in that area, or anything that belongs to them. In addition to overcoming the many natural and artificial obstacles of the course, the runners are obliged to carry great weights in their hands, and on this occasion some enter the arena burdened with as many as three heavy stones.

Certain elders of the tribe, distinguished by their colourful ceremonial attire, distribute alms after each race as a thanksgiving for the winner, and many of the wealthier tribesmen make large contributions to them for this purpose.

We say farewell to these remarkable people, with the local King, or Woden, attended by the Chief Priest, presenting the historic Juttodie flagon to the winner of the final contest.

(The winner of the Juttodie Cup referred to by Mr. Fitzpatrick was David J. Warner.—Ed.)

CHapel NOTES

The Chapel is one of the few places in College where one can be free from all worry and excitement—where one can temporarily withdraw from the continuous high-pressure of the undergraduate life. The Chapel represents, *inter alia*, peace and quiet—but this atmosphere of calm is essentially different from what one usually encounters in College—so that, in fact, one feels that the Chapel is a place apart from the rest of our everyday circumstances—a sanctuary in a feverishly busy materialistic world.

One may well ask, however, why it is that the Chapel has such an atmosphere? The answer, surely, is that it is the House of God, erected to His Glory, where God is especially present, and that it exists solely for the promotion and cultivation of the worship of God, a feeling which spontaneously rises in the hearts of all those who have experienced the love of God. To the Christian this withdrawal to the Chapel is not, as may be suggested, a form of escapism from the ordinary problems of life. To him the Chapel—free from worldly associations—is the place where he can most easily continue to draw closer to fellowship with God, through prayer and sacrament, and receive from Him the strength and inspiration to return to the world refreshed, to continue his life as a Christian, amid all the trials and difficulties that he encounters. This procedure is the solution to the seeming paradox that faces all Christians—of being in the world, but not of it.

Having recognised that the Chapel is the House of God, one naturally has a feeling of reverence and devotion when entering therein. This feeling reaches its highest peak during the celebration of the Holy Eucharist—Christ's own service—where one draws very close to God, through the medium of the wonderful sacrament of His Body and Blood. It is on this account that it is good to see that the real significance of this service is being realised more and more in College, and also, to report that all the

terminal corporate communions have been very well attended, and that a deep atmosphere of devotion has been apparent at each of them. It is primarily around these services that the spiritual life of the College revolves, and the more that this fact is appreciated the more will the Chapel really fulfil its part in the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth.

During the year sermons were delivered at the Sunday services by the Chaplain, Bishop McKie, the Rev. L. F. Whitfield and Dr. W. L. Carrington. We are also deeply indebted to Bishop McKie and the Revs. T. R. H. Clark, R. W. Dann and J. E. Holt for their assistance at the corporate communions.

On 8th September, in place of Matins, a special Service of Thanksgiving was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, to commemorate the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Foundation of Janet Clarke Hall. The lessons were read by the Warden and the Chaplain, and the preacher was the Very Rev. H. T. Langley (Dean of Melbourne). Earlier that day Holy Communion was celebrated in the Chapel, and special prayers offered for J.C.H.

This year also saw an alteration in the rule governing compulsory Chapel attendances, so that, with the introduction of Evensong on Tuesdays, one can include the two evening services in attaining the requisite three attendances. The result of this alteration has been a general increase in Chapel attendances.

The Choir, under the direction of Mr. Shaw, continued its activities, and rendered five anthems, including "This Joyful Eastertide" (Tradit.) and "Holy, Holy, Holy" (Tchaikovsky). The Choir also visited Christ Church, South Yarra, and St. John's, Croydon, on two Sunday evenings, and assisted in the services. It is hoped that the Choir will continue to develop next year, and so further beautify the worship in the Chapel.

Devotional addresses have been given to the Guild of the Sanctuary by Canon Maynard, and the Revs. A. E. Winter, L. F. Whitfield and W. B. Hunter. Ad-

dresses, dealing with aspects of parochial life, were given to the Theological Students of Trinity and Ridley Colleges by the Revs. H. C. Hollis, R. W. Dann, W. S. Milne, B. W. Beresford-Richard, R. H. B. Williams, Miss B. L. Glascodine, Mr. F. D. Cumbrae-Stewart, and the Chaplain.

Holy Matrimony

1946—

Mar. 20—James Morison Gardiner and Jenny Paschcove.

May 30—Kevin Charles Westfold and Alison Joan McKinley Kitchen.

Oct. 14—Alan Gordon and Heather Leech.

Holy Baptism

1946—

Aug. 10—Helen Jane Levinson.

Sept. 20—John David McConchie.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY

"It's really dreadful," she muttered to herself, "the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy."

President: The Warden (ex officio).

Vice-President: Mr. A. G. L. Shaw.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. J. G. Mackinolty, until his resignation in 2nd term, then Mr. R. L. Franklin.

Committee: Mr. B. C. Edwards, Mr. J. Graham, Mr. K. G. Madin.

Eleven meetings were held during the year: six Ordinary General Meetings; three Intercollege debates; a Special General Meeting with Janet Clarke Hall; and the Annual Meeting.

Awards to individual speakers were:

Mr. Franklin 6.875

Mr. Graham 6.85

Mr. Madin 6.32

Mr. Brown 6.14

The prizes were awarded thus:—

President's Medal for Oratory: Mr. Franklin.

Leeper Prize for Oratory: Mr. Graham.

Wigram Allen Essay Prize: Mr. Egerton.

At the end of first term the Society lost its old President, and welcomed the new Warden as President in his place. Dr. Behan had taken a great interest in the Society, and his comments had helped all those who spoke at its meetings. Mr. Cowan has carried on this practice, and all those who have attended the meetings will appreciate the aptness of his comments.

This year saw a revival of Intercollege debates. The Trinity teams lost to Ormond and Newman, but had a comforting win against Queen's. Another novel feature during the year was the meeting with Janet Clarke Hall. J.C.H. were sent a resolution passed at a meeting of the Society, which deprecated in forceful terms their refusal to debate with us. In reply, it was suggested that a team of representatives from J.C.H. should be interrogated by the committee of the Society to determine the reasons for their refusal. This was done at a meeting attended by a large crowd from both Colleges, and resulted in a most amusing evening. We hope that this may encourage J.C.H. to re-establish their Dialectic Society.

If a complaint could be made about the Society's activities this year, it would be the perennial one, that too little interest is taken in it by the College as a whole. It is perhaps inevitable that after the first couple of debates attendance should dwindle to the few who take a real interest in public speaking. But with a college of over a hundred members, it might well seem that there could be a bigger attendance at the later debates than the dozen or so of the faithful who cluster together in the middle of the common room to applaud one another's efforts.

Of course, many members of the College are taking up scholastic work again after a long interval, and some are finding the going hard. But there remains the danger that this University may become, in fact, as well as in name, a "Shop," where technical knowledge is sold in return for fees. The Dialectic Society can play an important part in

preventing this, and the training it gives in self-confidence, fluency, and logical thought is of genuine value. And apart from this we would maintain, in the face of the incredulity of those who do not attend, that the debates are really interesting and entertaining.

But on the whole, if we consider the

somewhat fluctuating record of the Society at this College, the year can be said to have been a comparatively good one. And it seems fair to hope that, with the more settled conditions which are likely to exist from now on, the Society may be vigorous and successful next year.

Academic Distinctions

"What made you so awfully clever!"

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, 1945

- A. M. White Scholarships.—W. R. L. Caldwell, J. G. Campbell, P. E. Wynter.
 Charles Hebden Scholarships.—R. L. Franklin, J. G. Mackinolty.
 Charles Hebden Bursary.—G. W. Lanchester.
 Elizabeth Hebden Scholarships.—E. V. Griffith, G. C. Wenzel.
 R. & L. Alcock Scholarship.—R. D. Browne, P. G. McMahon.
 Henry Berthon Scholarship.—K. J. A. Asche.
 Clarke Scholarship.—I. D. Campbell.
 Perry Scholarship.—W. F. Caplehorn.
 F. L. Armytage Scholarship.—N. D. Howard.
 Council's Scholarships.—A. H. Cash, E. S. Crawcour, S. G. Alley, J. H. Cranswick, B. D. Cuming, R. A. D. Egerton, W. S. C. Hare, G. O. Phillips, M. J. Scriven.
 Theological Studentships.—
 Cusack Russell: K. G. Madin.
 Combedown: D. B. Warner.
 Marley: W. A. Reid.
 Payne: B. V. Wicking.
 Henty: C. J. Coish.

JANET CLARKE HALL

- A. M. White Scholarships.—Judith E. Attiwill, Barbara L. Galley, Joan MacD. Melville.
 Annie Ruth Grice Scholarship.—Joan O. Eggleston.
 Mrs. L. L. Lewis Scholarship.—Marsali A. Rogers.
 F. C. Stanbridge Scholarship.—Anne M. Mitchell.
 Sara Stock Scholarships.—Lyndsay B. Mathieson, Anne E. Moore.
 Trinity Women's Jubilee Scholarship.—Mary B. Graham.
 F. H. Chambers Exhibition.—Miriell L. Balding.
 Council's Scholarships.—Jennifer J. Beveridge, Prudence M. Boyd, Valerie C. East, Patricia L. Phillips, June M. Stewart, Lorna M. Wallis.

UNIVERSITY AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS, 1945

- W. R. L. Caldwell—Exhibition, Political Institutions A; Half Share in Marion Boothby Exhibition, British History B.
 J. G. Campbell—Exhibition, Physics I.
 W. F. Caplehorn—Howard Smith Exhibition, Engineering I.
 Lyndsay B. Mathieson—Exhibition, Ancient History I.
 Joan M. Melville—Exhibition, Physiology and Biochemistry, Medical Course, Div. II.
 Anne M. Mitchell—Half Share in Francis J. Wright Exhibition, Economic Geography.
 Marsali Rogers—Baillieu Exhibition, French I.; Exhibition, German I.
 Donald M. Shilliday—Dwight's Prize, Education.
 Lillian D. White—Margaret Catto Scholarship in Zoology.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS

DEGREES CONFERRED

MASTER'S DEGREE

First Class Honours

- Patricia McBride—M.A. Degree, School of History.

BACHELOR'S DEGREE

First Class Honours

- F. S. J. Imray—Final Exam., School of Philosophy.

Second Class Honours

- J. A. Barker—Final Exam., School of Maths.
 F. C. Crowley—Final Exam., Schools of History and Philosophy.
 R. W. Dann—Final Exam., Schools of History and Philosophy.

CLASS LISTS

Annual Examinations — November, 1945, including Medical and Dental Examinations held during the year.

First Class Honours

W. R. L. Caldwell—British History B; Political Institutions A.
 J. G. Campbell—Physics I; Applied Mathematics.
 W. F. Caplehorn—Engineering I.
 B. D. Cuming—Chemistry I.A.
 Barbara L. Galley—English Language and Literature I; British History B.
 J. G. Mackinolty—Economics I.
 P. G. McMahon—General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology.
 R. E. Marks—English Language and Literature I.
 Joan M. Melville—Biochemistry, Div. II, M.B.B.S.; Physiology and Biochemistry.
 Anne M. Mitchell—Economic Geography.
 G. D. Phillips—Chemistry I.B.
 Marsali A. Rogers—French I; German I; Latin I.
 Donalda M. Shilliday—Education.

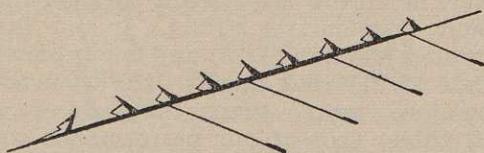
Second Class Honours

Elizabeth A. Baillieu—French II; German II.
 Muriel L. Balding—Botany I.; Zoology I.
 J. E. Banfield—Chemistry III.
 R. D. Barton—Economics I; Introduction to Legal Method.
 Joan C. Beavis—Geology III.
 Prudence M. Boyd—Public International Law.
 F. J. Bromilow—Engineering III.
 I. D. Campbell—Applied Maths.; Physics I.
 J. G. Campbell—Pure Maths I.
 B. D. Cuming—Physics I.

D. A. Denton—General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology.
 Diane B. Duke—English Language and Literature I.
 R. A. D. Egerton—General History I; Economic History II.
 Joan O. Eggleston—General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology.
 C. Gouloupoulos—Industrial Relations; Economic History I.
 Barbara L. Galley—French I.
 Mary B. Graham—Physiology, 2nd Year B.D.Sc.; Dental Embriology and Histology and Human and Comparative Dental Anatomy.
 E. V. Griffith—Strength and Elasticity of Materials.
 B. J. Hodgetts—General History I.
 Joyce F. Leigh—Latin I.
 J. G. Mackinolty—Economic Geography; British History A; Introduction to Legal Method.
 I. McDowell—Engineering I.
 C. W. McMahon—Physics (Medical Course).
 Lyndsay B. Mathieson—British History B; Ancient History I.
 Anne M. Mitchell—Economics I.
 P. F. Nelson—Chemistry III.
 D. M. O'Sullivan—Anatomy (inc. Histology).
 Patricia L. Phillips—Political Institutions A; Industrial Organisation.
 B. H. Reddrop—Philosophy I.
 A. W. Riordan—Introduction to Legal Method.
 Shirley Roberts—Zoology (Medical Course).
 R. R. Sanderson—Economic Geography; Accountancy I.
 Ailsa Thompson—English Language and Literature I; British History B.
 Lorna M. Wallis—Commercial Law I; Economics I; Economic Geography.
 J. A. Zwar—Botany I; Agricultural Geology; Chemistry I.B.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone. "Tell her something about the games, now."

SPORTS NOTES



Rowing

"Feather! Feather," the sheep cried again. "You'll be catching a crab directly."

This year, with the large influx of freshmen, there were many more oarsmen from whom to select a crew than there have been for some time. The crew finally chosen consisted of six freshers and two members of last year's eight.

Training was commenced early in first term under the capable direction of Colin Smith. This was only a temporary arrangement, as he was organising the extra-collegiate crew, and the duties of coach were soon taken over by John Forbes, a former Ormond man and University oar.

The crew were on the river five days a week, although this seemed rather excessive to certain of its members, and gave rise to some rather uneasy moments. Tranquillity was restored, however, by the tact of the coach and the "oxometry" of the stroke. The time put into training proved to be well-spent, for both races were hard.

The heat, rowed against Newman on Wednesday, 1st May, was not an exhibition of the best the crew could do, and we were rather lucky to be three feet ahead of Newman at the finish. The final against Ormond was a close race all the way. At the big bend we had a lead of half a length, which we held till the straight, when Ormond passed us. We drew level coming up the wall, and

after that it was anybody's race to the finishing line, finally resulting in a dead-heat. The judge's decision was backed by the magic-eye camera, when Alan Cash's photo-finish was developed some weeks later. We congratulate Ormond on their win the next day, by which they retained the John Laing Cup. The Trinity crew unfortunately lost a considerable amount of condition overnight, between the inter-college final and the extra-collegiate race.

The seconds did very well indeed under the enthusiastic coaching and stroking of Kevin Westfold, a former Trinity First VIII. Stroke, and Peter Freeman. In their heat they defeated Newman by four lengths, and in the final they won from Ormond by one and a half lengths.

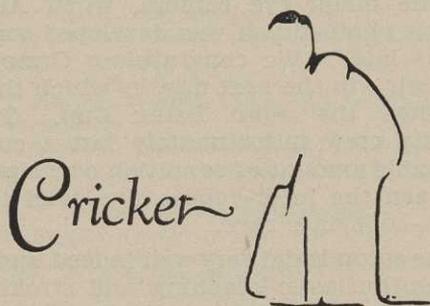
On the evening after the final a Sports Night was held in Hall, as is usual. However, the circumstances were anything but what we are accustomed to, and the College registered its approval of the day's events in a typical and spontaneous manner. A large number of speeches was made, the oratorical honours going to the two coxes. These added, if that were possible, to the general happiness. Following the time-honoured custom, a number of oarsmen later patronised the city's House of Vaudeville.

In conclusion, the College takes this opportunity of congratulating Bill Armstrong, Bruce Nelson and Michael Scriven on their inclusion in the University Boat, and their subsequent success in the University Boat Race.

Proudly we print the names of our crews:—

Firsts.—Bow, B. Cameron; 2, J. G. Perry; 3, B. N. Dobson; 4, K. B. Nelson; 5, W. L. H. Armstrong; 6, B. S. Inglis; 7, M. J. Scriven; Stroke, W. S. C. Hare; Cox, P. A. Maplestone; Coach, J. Forbes, Esq.

Seconds.—Bow, I. D. Campbell; 2, S. C. Johnston; 3, R. P. Dalziel; 4, P. Balmford; 5, W. R. Sherwin; 6, D. N. Hawkins; 7, J. E. Cranswick; Stroke, R. P. Freeman; Cox, K. J. S. Whight; Coach, K. C. Westfold, Esq.



*"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!"*

Trinity v. Ormond

Trinity, winning the toss, put Ormond in to bat on a wicket still damp from a heavy dew. The opening pair stayed together for half an hour, but then five wickets fell fairly quickly to Middleton and Mighell, the score being only 63. Ormond recovered, however, to reach 223. Anderson, Rogers and Ogle made good scores. Extras were 25.

Trinity lost a wicket in the first over, but Wenzel, Cash and Mighell brought the score to 80. The other College men apparently forgot how to bat, for only Taylor and Purnell reached double figures and the innings closed at 124—99 behind Ormond.

The Ormond second innings was even more disastrous for Trinity. Purnell and Mighell bowled accurately, but, aided by bad fielding, Ormond made 264. Anderson again batted well; Farmer and Holten scored freely. Extras were 22.

This left Trinity 363 to make. After two early wickets, Mighell and Alley brought the score to the eighties, but again little support came from the rest of the team. Hodgetts and Egerton

stayed together for some time, but could scarcely score. The last wicket fell at 172, leaving Ormond the victors outright by 191 runs.

Both on paper and on the field Ormond were much the better team, their batting being particularly strong. In our first innings MacNab (4/38) and in our second Ogle (5/21) took most of the wickets—possibly more than they deserved. Brightest spot of our performance was Mighell's 76. We were handicapped by the lack of a regular wicket-keeper; both Egerton and Cash aided in taking wickets, but chances were missed, and 47 extras, besides being expensive, was discouraging to the bowlers. For our unnecessarily bad batting and careless fielding there is no excuse.

Harry Mighell topped the College batting averages with 46; while Ron Purnell was our best bowler, taking 6 wickets for 75 runs.

ORMOND

First innings.

J. W. Anderson b Purnell	54
D. MacKay, c Wenzel b Middleton	11
K. M. Macdonald, c Purnell b Middleton	0
A. D. Farmer, c and b Mighell	5
T. Clarke, b Middleton	7
D. Holten, st Egerton b Mighell	2
B. MacNab, c Middleton b Chirside	26
W. Rogers, run out	32
D. Little, c Hodgetts b Purnell	1
B. Ogle, lbw b Chirside	36
D. Gaunt, not out	24
Extras	25
TOTAL	223

Bowling.—Middleton 3/65, Chirside 2/27, Purnell 2/39, Mighell 2/49, Bickley 0/18.

TRINITY

First innings.

B. J. Hodgetts, c Clarke b MacNab	0
G. C. Wenzel, b MacNab	34
A. H. Cash, b Holten	31
H. M. Mighell, c Clarke b Holten	16
S. G. Alley, c Rogers b MacNab	7
R. A. Bickley, c Little b MacNab	0
R. A. D. Egerton, c Ogle b Gaunt	1
J. H. D. Middleton, b Gaunt	0
J. N. Taylor, not out	12
R. D. Purnell, b MacKay	15
R. A. G. Chirnside, b Ogle	0
Extras	8
<hr/>	
TOTAL	124

Bowling.—MacNab 4/38, Holten 2/27, Gaunt 2/33, Ogle 1/4, MacKay 1/5, Rogers 0/9.

ORMOND

Second innings.

J. Anderson, c Cash b Mighell	40
D. MacKay, c Alley b Purnell	13
K. Macdonald, b Mighell	10
D. Farmer, c Cash b Chirnside	40
T. Clarke, lbw b Chirnside	5
D. Holten, c Wenzel b Purnell	75
B. MacNab, b Bickley	19
W. Rogers, st Cash b Alley	4
D. Little, b Purnell	25
B. Ogle, not out	6
D. Gaunt, hit wkt b Purnell	5
Extras	22
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TOTAL	264

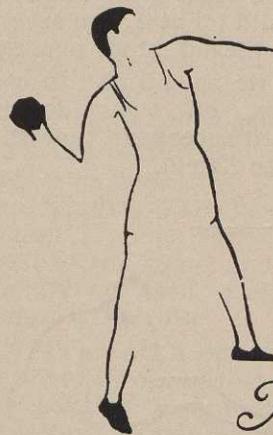
Bowling.—Purnell 4/36, Mighell 2/41, Chirnside 2/67, Alley 1/23, Bickley 1/46, Middleton 0/28.

TRINITY

Second innings.

J. N. Taylor, c Farmer b MacKay	14
G. C. Wenzel, b MacKay	3
A. H. Cash, c Clarke b MacKay	0
H. M. Mighell, c Farmer b Rogers	76
S. G. Alley, c Macdonald b Ogle	30
B. J. Hodgetts, lbw b Ogle	14
R. A. Bickley, b Ogle	0
R. A. D. Egerton, b Ogle	9
J. W. D. Middleton, not out	7
R. D. Purnell, c and b Ogle	0
R. A. G. Chirnside, b Clarke	4
Extras	6
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TOTAL	172

Bowling.—Ogle 5/21, MacKay 3/45, Rogers 1/12, Clarke 1/53, Holten 0/21, MacNab 0/34.



Athletics

"They began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over."

Captain: F. J. Meagher.
Vice-Captain: P. G. Barker.
Committee: A. H. Cash.

At the beginning of the year it appeared that Trinity might do better than usual in the Athletics, as there were some

good athletes among the freshmen, as well as last year's team.

This feeling of optimism increased when it was rumoured that some of the members of the College were actually training. This rumour, however, was soon dispelled.

Owing to injuries and illness, Trinity experienced great difficulty in entering a full team, and it was not until during the afternoon of the Athletics that we obtained the necessary number of competitors for each event.

The result of the contest was as expected, final scores being:—

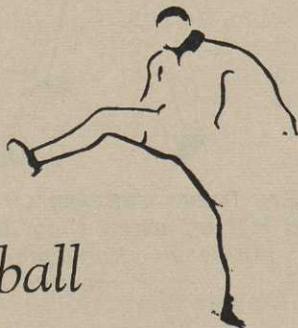
Ormond	79 pts.
Newman	39 pts.
Queen's	29 pts.
Trinity	24 pts.

By far our most outstanding performer was Alan Cash, who ran third in the 880 yards and second in the 440 yards.

Meagher and Fisher jumped very well, and were unlucky to be beaten.

The whole team, despite the effects of lack of training, did its best, and several of its members achieved minor placings.

In conclusion, we should like to congratulate Ormond on their decisive victory — the third successive time they have won the Cato Shield.



Football

"I think I can kick a little."

The Football Committee (John Meagher Captain, Alan Cash Vice-Capt., Stan Kurrle) viewed with expectant hearts the forty College members who

signified their intention of playing College Football for 1946. Practice matches were immediately arranged and the services of a coach sought. A 2nd XVIII. was formed under the able leadership of Bob. Houghton. A series of matches was played against various school teams, resulting in more defeats than wins for the team. Happenings during and after the match made the games enjoyable and it was rarely difficult to fill the team.

The 1st XVIII. played a series of matches against the other Colleges, Geelong Grammar, and Wesley. Lack of training together was evident in these matches and the general standard of football was rather poor. Wins against Queen's and Geelong Grammar were encouraging, but complacency was never allowed to settle because of easy wins by Ormond and Newman.

With three weeks of training left, Dr. Steward, an ex-Collegian, volunteered to coach the team. He very decently gave up afternoons to spend on the team in an attempt to develop the football sense that had been covered over by years of active service. Injuries rather depleted ranks for the practice matches, but it was hoped that all regular players would be fit for the "big match" against Queen's.

At the captain's pre-match supper party, straight talking from the coach and (probably) John Meagher's cheese and biscuits built up a wave of optimism for the morrow.

Conditions at the beginning of the match were excellent, and Queen's, appropriating *our* tactics, attacked immediately. Good position play, better kicking and superior speed stopped our rolling back of the attack. The team fought on against an offensive that grew rather than diminished in the last quarter. The final bell showed the score 14 goals 15 behinds to 6 goals 6 behinds, an easy win for Queen's.

Trinity's main weaknesses were paucity of team work and the poor condition of many of the players. The

injuries and University work interfered with training, the two failings above being the result.

Queen's played better football and so deserved the win. Sting was taken from defeat by the knowledge that every Trinity player fought back right up to the final bell.

Tennis



"I hit everything within reach," cried Tweedledum, "whether I can see it or not!"

This year the College drew Newman in the first round. We had high hopes of defeating them, and thus entering the final, but in the singles did not meet with the success we expected, Mighell being our only victor. By lunch-time we were trailing — three rubbers to one, and although we improved in the afternoon, managing to equalise the score in rubbers, we lost the contest by two sets. Queen's, after a particularly close tussle with Ormond in the first round, comfortably defeated Newman in the final. We congratulate them on their fine performance.

Results:—

Singles

Edwards lost to Brophy, 3-6, 1-6.
Mighell d. Cleary, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1.
Mann lost to Edey, 5-6, 6-4, 4-6.
Alley lost to Niall, 2-6, 1-6.

Doubles

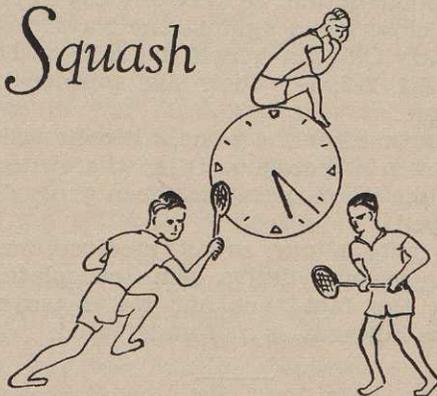
Edwards-Mighell d. Brophy-Edey, 2-6, 6-2, 6-0.
Edwards-Mighell d. Cleary-Niall, 6-4, 6-0.

Mann-Alley lost to Brophy-Edey, 1-6, 2-6.

Mann-Alley d. Cleary-Niall, 6-1, 5-6, 6-1.

Totals: Newman, 4 rubbers 11 sets.
Trinity, 4 rubbers 9 sets.

Squash



"At last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth and its great eyes half shut."

The Pennant Squash Competition, which lapsed early in 1941, has been revived this year and Trinity's pennant team has duly taken its place in C Grade, Section 1. This revival has added interest to the game, and led to a certain amount of keen competition on the ladder.

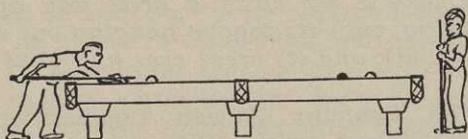
There are six teams in our section, and we have two rounds of five games each. The position in our club is somewhat different from that of other clubs. Their players, for the most part, finish work at 5 o'clock and have the rest of the evenings to themselves. They are thus consistently able to field a team of their best four players. This is impossible for us, and consequently our team has varied considerably. We have found that to keep a winning team in the field we need at least ten players of pennant standard, not only to fill the gaps left when any of our best four are unable to play, but also to provide essential match

practice. At present ten such players are not available, but there are signs that the standard of play is improving, and we have hopes for more success for Trinity's inevitable "next year."

This year, however, has been by no means devoid of success, as we have won three of the ten games we have played, and drawn in a fourth. One of our victories, it is true, was by default of an opponent, but we were unlucky in the very close game against the Naval and Military Club, in which the scores were 3-2, 3-2, 2-3, 1-3, their side winning by 1 game.

Supper after the game, with the visiting team as guests and the wherewithal to make it a success, has been generally enjoyed.

In spite of our, as yet, mediocre success, we may derive some consolation from the fact that our No. 1 player, Bruce Edwards, is still undefeated.



Billiards

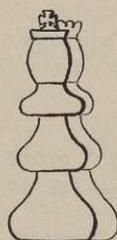
Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

At the beginning of the year the billiard table was much the worse for wear after a long period in which renovations could not be made. As well as the six pockets normally found on a table, there was a large number of craters dispersed over the surface. It was very disconcerting for a player to have to take a mashie to get the ball back on the green.

However, the table was repaired at the beginning of 2nd term, a new cloth and new cushions, as well as other equipment, being installed, and we are very thankful to be able to play all the shots with a billiard cue.

The Handicap attracted a large number of entries, among which were many freshmen, one of whom, Ron Bickley, even though handicapped quite heavily, won the competition.

The Championship has unfortunately not been completed; that is, up to the time of printing. In this competition, as well as the Handicap, freshmen figured prominently, and the general standard of play in College has been raised.



Bridge and Chess



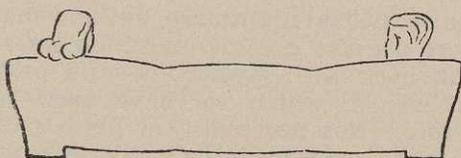
"Fan her head!" the Red Queen interrupted. "She'll be feverish after so much thinking!"

As we go to press the final result of the Zwing Competition is still undecided, but Mr. A. G. L. Shaw and R. A. D. Eger-ton seem likely to retain the Cup. However, the final, which is the only match still to be played, will probably be a close one, since their opponents, G. O. Phillips and W. F. Caplehorn, are both experienced players.

The entries this year were double those of 1945 and many new players competed. Contract has at last ousted Auction from the College tables, and is becoming increasingly popular. Indeed, certain gentlemen seem to give it pride of place over almost all other College activities.

More entries were received this year for the Chess handicap competition, which was finally won by C. W. McMahon, and we are encouraged to hope that next year a championship can be held. This would be of great assistance in the handicapping.

Altogether, the increase of interest shown in the Sports of Kings is very pleasing, and it is to be hoped that they will gain an even wider circle of adherents in the future.



Open Nights

"Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance."

Success, so sadly lacking in many other fields of sport, has here, we feel, been almost universal. Though there may have been a few individual disappointments, in the main the year has been an excellent one; this is no doubt in large part due to the increase in time available for training.

The customary Gentlemen v. Visitors matches were all well-attended. The play was always hard and exciting, and a number of studies staged some very close games. Conditions were usually excellent, and there is no record of any appeals against the light.

It is on occasions such as these, when the whole College is looking its very best, that we are proud to possess that decorative masterpiece, the biggest aspidistra in the world. And at these times there is a great deal to be learnt.

For instance, we have discovered why one of our freshmen is such a good rower; after all, most galley-slaves are. Again, it is heartening to find that our loss of a Zimmerman in 1944 has been amply made-up: we now appear to have several.

Finally, the award for the best, fairest and most consistent player must go to the Upper Clarke's lawyer who, though he has few nautical tendencies, seems to have found a wife in at least one port.

DREAMS

R. A. D. Egerton

(Being the winning entry for the Wigram Allan Essay Prize, 1946)

What else? For I was trying to think of a subject in the early hours of the morning, and my mind was persistently straying back to the very pleasant but, alas incomplete, dream from which some chance noise had disturbed me. Striving to recapture—but enough! Of that dream it would be indiscreet to tell.

Freud—of course no essay on dreams would be complete without mention of him—Freud has ruined dreams for many people. No longer does the only half-conscious brain inquiringly recall the tragic, or terrifying, or humorous, or curious, or happy, or incredible wanderings of his imagination. Remembering that he has dreamt he rushes into alert wakefulness. What will analysis of his dream tell him of his true character? What does this scene signify, or that? What would the dream have been had not his sub-conscious censor intervened? Was that really his ego trying to assert itself? And so forth.

Freud has done a monstrous disservice to mankind by making sensitive people worry about their dreams. If it were the over self-confident, he would have rendered a service, because they would soon lose their superiority complex. But it is not these. It is the inoffensive gentleman who worries; the person who tries, politely, to reach the bar in the public-house, and never quite succeeds. It is very wrong that the average harmless individual should have taken from him the one place from which he has a chance of bringing back memories of a little happiness.

I will not be bullied by Freud: I suppose because I am not a normal harmless individual. I am determined to go on enjoying my dreams as I have done. And dreams are so much more satisfying than the real world. There is indeed

the occasional nightmare, but how many more are the dreams on which we can look back with gratitude—and pride? Dreams in which we have been real heroes. Not necessarily a hero in the classical sense, meaning a gallant knight who rescues the fair damsel in distress—though these are the most pleasant—most pleasant for the bachelor, that is, possibly they are unnerving to the married man. Other heroes also are satisfactory: sporting heroes, strong character heroes, supermen, Mandrakes. In fact, the essential ingredient of the successful dream is that in it the dreamer does something, or refrains from doing something, for which he gains great honour and glory, if not a beautiful wife and ten thousand a year as well.

The really sensible person will not rest content with dreams which may elude him when he wakes; he will cultivate also the so-called day-dream. So-called because “day-dream” is a very insulting term for what is both a work of art and an intellectual creation. I said “the really sensible person,” and by the word “sensible” I do not just mean full of sense, but also full of sensibility. For it is not given to everyone to “day-dream”: he who would wish to do so must be possessed of two attributes, a strong imagination, and, yes, it must be confessed, an irrepressible Ego. Many have the latter qualification, but it is only those lucky few who can be certain that their imagination will not let them down at the critical moment in the dream, who will be happy, successful “day-dreamers.”

As the student of every other profession, so the potential “day-dreamer” must undergo a rigorous course of training. He must learn to abstract himself from his surroundings and suppose himself another person in another place at another time, and at a moment’s notice. Only when he is able, instantaneously, to

convince himself that he is Pope Alexander VI, Queen Victoria, or Rasputin, can he relax from training and practice; only then is he a fully competent "day-dreamer."

The effort and the preparation are well worthwhile. Afterwards, in the cold winter's afternoon, he can draw an armchair in front of the fire, light his pipe, leave the troubles of this world for the joys of a universe of his own devising.

I am told, though I cannot guarantee the truth of the statement myself, that some "day-dreamers" find the translation from world to world so easy that their competence in this direction becomes a positive menace to their work, that a mere stray thought is sufficient to divert their imagination elsewhere. As I say, I cannot vouch for this; indeed, I think it most unlikely, for would not such a person have to be not only extremely imaginative, capable of infinite fantastic creations, but also of inordinate laziness and weakness of character? Surely such talent and such vice could not lie together!

To those who do not know it, already the "serial" system of "day-dreaming" can be confidently recommended. It is a very simple matter: a certain time or times during the day are allotted for this relaxation, and, when in each session a crisis or problem arrives, the dreamer brings himself back to reality, having enjoyed some relaxation from the tribulations of the world and with the solving of some problem or overcoming of some crisis to anticipate. For naturally in the end everyone lives happily ever after, especially the dreamer. In these serials as well as in the single-instalment "day-dream," the great thing to beware is allowing them to last too long. This must not be confused with laziness or weakness of character and may be termed technical oversight.

The organised "day-dream" provides the hostess with the answer to the problem what to do with male guests after dinner. In the past, either she

dragooned them into playing some parlour game in which neither she nor they were really interested, or else everyone stood or sat round the fire glancing furtively at his watch and only waiting for the earliest moment at which he could excuse himself. In the future the hostess has merely to provide enough comfortable chairs, turn off any glaring lights, and her guests are happy for the evening. At least they should be if they are intelligent, imaginative guests who have had a good dinner.

There will certainly be they who scorn this idea, but they will be dull, brainless louts — if I may use the word — persons who, having neither soul nor brain, are of not the slightest import to members of a university college. Where indeed could a more suitable place than such a college be found, or gentlemen more fitted to the pursuit of "day-dreaming," than its inmates?

"Day-Dreamers" have so far been presumed to belong to the male sex; doubtless the weaker sex will desire to be initiated to this practice. It is a wish which should not be granted. It is a presumptuous wish, for they have by no means the capacity to appreciate such delights; it is a dangerous wish, because in their unsuccessful striving towards competence, they will — to paraphrase the Anglican Prayer Book — leave undone those things that they ought to have done. If it were possible, they should know nothing of the subject, for, so soon as they know that we can escape their clutches, they will not rest, but will be continually demanding to know whither we go, and we will have no privacy left. Apart from this general consideration, think of the particular dangers and embarrassments to which we would be liable if our mothers or sisters or other female encumbrances tried to wheedle — and remember, they wheedle very unscrupulously and effectively — tried to wheedle from us the subjects of our fantasies. This is not meant to suggest that our fantasies might have any what might be termed

erotic flavour — are we not gentlemen? — rather that our hopes or impossible plans might not coincide with their ideas of what is good for us. It is, however, the former point which is the more important: we men must have some method whereby we can withdraw from clutching womankind. We have few enough defences in this age; the "day-dream" is our last refuge. If we could only trust them not to molest us in our sanctuary we could admit we possessed one; but did we admit, they would be forever asking of it, and it would be a haven no more. Rather let them think we have no place whither we can flee, let them think they know our every movement. Then we, while seeming to be here, can be in our imagination far away.

The "day-dream" is not only a means of escape, it is also the highest form of constructive thought. Anyone, by logical principle or formula, can, if he is provided with sufficient facts, discover the answer to a problem. If, on the other hand, the problem contains too many unknowns to be solved by — let us say — a number of simultaneous equations, then he can only proceed, if at all, by trial and error experiment. Here the "day-dreamer" is at an inestimable advantage; he need not experiment, for he can retire to the stillness of another world and his imagination will so play on the known and unknown factors that the way to solve the problem, if not the very answer to it, will there be shown him. Imagination is the masculine, the superior, half of intuition.

Lest it be thought that this is just a personal view of the wonderful function which the "day-dream," the imagination — for the imagination is the medium through which the "day-dream" is acted — can perform for the enlightened, I shall quote two short paragraphs from Professor Jacob Buckhardt's "Reflections on History" in which he is writing of the necessary conditions for scholarship in a person: "We should avoid anything which exists simply as a 'pastime,' for time should be welcomed and turned to

account, and secondly, we should maintain an attitude of reserve towards the present-day devastation of the mind by newspapers and novels.

"We are only concerned here with such minds and hearts as cannot fall victim to common boredom, which can carry through a train of thought, and have imagination enough to be able to do without the concrete imaginings of others or, if they do turn to them, are not enslaved, but can keep their own integrity."

This last function of the day-dream is something akin to empathy, or entropy — I always get those two words mixed up; anyway, the day-dream is something akin to whichever of those two means thinking you are somebody else. So, being almost one of those two processes, its scientific validity is manifest. For the student the day-dream is in this connection very useful. He is saved reading endless books, carrying out countless experiments, since as soon as he has learnt the first principles of a subject he can, without the need of any material apparatus, discover the relations and reactions of any number or combination of factors or forces. By this method, too, the student can check the truth of any statement of text-book or lecturer. For instance, if in a history book it is written that B and C were the consequences of A, use of the day-dream will verify this statement. Sometimes this method shows the book to be wrong; that B and C had nothing to do with A, whose results were D and E. The reverse process, finding *not* the results of a factor but its causes, is slightly more difficult, because only the very advanced day-dreamer can put time in reverse. Occasionally, when it has been attempted by merely average exponents, the results have not seemed, to an impartial observer, exactly probable. However, if time does not have to be reversed, the day-dream is in the imagination of a competent dreamer almost infallible.

The day-dream then does not only provide the absolutely satisfying enter-

tainment, but is also the technique by which flawless examination answers can be produced. It is, in short, for the student who can attain it, as necessary for every minute of the day and for his

complete self-expression, as Johnson was for Boswell—I do not mean as Boswell was necessary for Johnson, which would be a pedestrian and utterly obvious statement.

WHOLLY SONNET

Lyke as doe waves in litel circles runne
 When Stones are dropped in Pooles; or lyke the Sunne
 Doth with his beams dispers the threads of Darke;
 Or as, with joyous peal the common Larke
 Rippeth through Aire and drowneth song in Skie;
 And lyke the mould of corpses: though we sigh
 At death our bodies soon doe turn to dust
 Nonentity the Premium for lyfes lust:—
 So now my Thoughts as this last term expires
 (My hearte not pregnant with Celestial fires)
 Doe lose themselves in 'cyclopedic void
 Man's Knowledge in Vacuity destroyed.
 My Braine is a blowne Egge: my future Store
 Of chickens never can be Addled more.

—Justfor Fonne.

The San Francisco World Charter and its Potential Effects Upon Australia

Con. Goulopoulos

(Being a resume of the winning entry for the Franc Carse Essay Prize, 1946)

On 25th April, 1945, delegates from fifty nations, including Australia, assembled at San Francisco "to prepare a Charter for a General International Organisation for the maintenance of peace and security." By 26th June the framing of the Charter had been completed, and on that day the representatives of all the United Nations signed the document they had produced, thereby committing their respective governments, but for ratification, to uphold the principles of the United Nations Charter. The Charter provided an international organisation, gave that organisation important functions and purposes, and placed certain obligations upon members. Subsequently to signing at San Francisco, the Commonwealth Government ratified the Charter. In so doing, our Government was fully aware of the obligations which it was accepting under the Charter, but, as Dr. Evatt put it, "the sum of these obligations, though very substantial, must be contrasted with the positive creation of international machinery aimed at enduring peace and expanding welfare for all the peoples of the world."

At San Francisco Australia contributed to an important extent to the success of the Conference and the shaping of the Charter. Firstly, the delegation took an active part in the work of committees and sub-committees on all the main issues, and secondly, it secured the adoption of most of its numerous and important proposals. Largely through the efforts of the Australian delegation, the powers of the General Assembly were extended and, with regard to the Security Council, our delegation secured acceptance by the Great Powers that a dispute might be brought before the Council for consideration and discussion. In brief, Australian policy at San Francisco had

regard both to the objective of world peace and to the special needs of Australia.

Every member has the general obligation to uphold the principles of the United Nations as set out in Article 2 of the Charter. These principles include an undertaking to settle all disputes by peaceful means, to refrain from the threat or use of force in international relations, and to give the Organisation every assistance in any action it takes in accordance with the present Charter. Any obligations which the Charter imposes must prevail over any other international obligations which may conflict.

The second, and chief, category of commitments (and expected benefits) lies in the sphere of security. The central organ of the proposed security system is the Security Council, which has the responsibility of composing disputes between nations, of dealing with threats to peace, and of quelling aggression should it break out. In the first place, the Security Council may decide what measures not involving the use of armed force are to be employed to give effect to its decisions, and it may call upon Australia, as upon other members, to apply such measures. In the second place, by ratifying the Charter, we have undertaken to make available to the Security Council, on its call and in accordance with a special agreement, assistance and facilities, including national air-force contingents, for use in the event of aggression. In the third place, with regard to trust territories, Australia is expressly permitted to make use of volunteer forces, facilities (for example, bases) and other assistance from the territory, not only for local purposes, but also in carrying out its obligations towards the Security Council.

Australia is now one of the six non-

permanent members of the Security Council and has the additional responsibility of directly applying military measures against an aggressor state. She will retain membership until 1948, but may expect to be frequently re-elected to the Council, for she has been an important contributor to international security and is in a strategically important geographical position.

In all the above respects, Australia is committed to contribute to the maintenance of international peace and security, which is the prime objective of the Organisation. The crucial question therefore is: what assurance does the Organisation give of freedom from war? what does Australia get in return? A comparison with the League of Nations Covenant would perhaps be instructive, and from this viewpoint several improvements are to be noted: firstly, the United Nations includes all the existing Great Powers, whereas the League began without either the United States or Russia; secondly, the Charter provides that the Security Council will have at its call forces and facilities, including contingents of national air-forces, for use against any would-be aggressor, whereas the League Covenant offered no similar assurances of armed force immediately available to stamp out proved aggression; thirdly, some stress is laid on the concept of security through welfare; and, finally, should aggression recur, there is the improvement that the Charter provisions relating to trusteeship allow of better defence arrangements by Australia.

Nevertheless, the United Nations system of Security has, from the Australian point of view, as indeed from the points of view of most members, several major defects. Force can never be employed against a Great Power, which can always exercise its individual veto. Clearly, therefore, as far as security is concerned, co-operation within the Organisation of the Great Powers is the decisive factor. Another weakness is that action by the Security Council must await the decision of a quasi-legislative process, which is

something like passing a law which will be retro-active. The third defect of the Organisation in this respect is that the Charter is too vague for the Asiatics. Australia, being the nearest white people to the Asiatics, would be among the first to suffer from any evil consequences which might follow.

What bearing, then, have the above considerations of United Nations security arrangements and their defects on Australia's problem of defence? Firstly, and generally speaking, Australia cannot plan for a permanent scheme for defence until regional zones have been allotted by international agreement. Secondly, Australia will have to make provision for armed forces required by the Security Council. Thirdly, it must be realised that the new system, functioning under the constitution, does not dispose of the need for national defence forces, and offers no absolute guarantee against armed conflicts and aggression, since if aggression threatens and a veto is applied by any power against preventive or enforcement action, then the victim of aggression cannot rely upon the Organisation but may fall back on regional arrangements, and ultimately upon its own defence forces and those of its allies. Fourthly, Australia would be wise to make regional defence arrangements, which are expressly permitted under the Charter.

Australia is of course a member of the General Assembly and has one vote, as all other Member States, whether large or small. Australia will have the right to discuss any question within the scope of the Charter; to participate in considering annual and special reports from the various councils; and to take part in the exercise of the General Assembly's function of electing non-permanent members of the Security Council and all members of the Economic and Social Council.

Australia, along with every other member, pledges itself "to take joint and separate action in co-operation with the Organisation" for the promotion of

"higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress and development." If these purposes are attended to conscientiously by all nations, then Australia stands to gain economically, for as the Australian economy is largely dependent on export markets, full employment in all the major countries would contribute to secure prosperity and stability within Australia by assuring us of a constantly high foreign demand for our products.

However, it must be recognised and admitted that Australia's desire to share in world economic planning is qualified in several important respects — namely, by her claims to increased development of her manufacturing industries, freedom to pursue policies which will alleviate the burden of external indebtedness, freedom to restrict movements of capital and to adjust the exchange rate, and freedom to decide on immigration policy. It was with these considerations in mind that the Australian delegation at San Francisco proposed, and finally had accepted, the inclusion of a specific provision that the only permissible intervention of the Organisation in matters of domestic jurisdiction shall be in the case of actual enforcement measures by the Security Council. In the result, therefore, the Charter fully protects Australia's own vital interest in freely determining for itself — without outside intervention — the composition of its own population.

With regard to the welfare provisions relating to dependent peoples: Australia, herself a colonial power, secured the acceptance at San Francisco of a general declaration of trusteeship and the specifying of the obligations of the Trustee as including (a) just treatment of the peoples concerned, (b) their protection against abuses, (c) the promotion of constructive measures of development, (d) encouragement of research, (e) full co-operation with other international bodies and, most important, (f) the transmission regularly to the United Nations of full statistical information

relating to economic, social and educational conditions of the native peoples. These provisions therefore constitute Australia's obligations under the Charter with regard to her colony of Papua, the Mandated Territory of New Guinea and the Mandated Territory of Nauru, which is held conjointly with the United Kingdom and New Zealand. The Papua-New Guinea Administration Act of 1945, which was framed by the Government largely with reference to the obligations it was assuming under the Charter, suggests that the Government is taking seriously its new responsibilities.

The Charter further provides that if it is decided by agreement between a Member State and the General Assembly to place a territory under the trusteeship system, the Member would assume the specific obligations as set out in Chapter XII of the Charter. Last August it was announced that in fulfilment of the policy adopted early this year, Australia would initiate at the next meeting of the United Nations negotiations for an agreement whereby New Guinea would come under the trusteeship system. The Prime Minister made it clear that Australia would ask for complete and exclusive control of the mandated areas, as well as the right to establish military, air and naval bases, as authorised by the United Nations Charter.

The fourth group of commitments which Australia has accepted under the Charter lies in the legal sphere. As a Member of the United Nations, Australia is *ipso facto* a party to the statute of the International Court of Justice, which is the principal judicial organ of the United Nations, and has undertaken to comply with the decisions of the Court in any case to which we are a party.

To conclude. By ratifying the United Nations Charter, the Commonwealth Government, along with every other Member State, has accepted certain obligations: generally to uphold the principles of the Charter; to carry out the decisions of the Security Council; to carry out the provisions relating to wel-



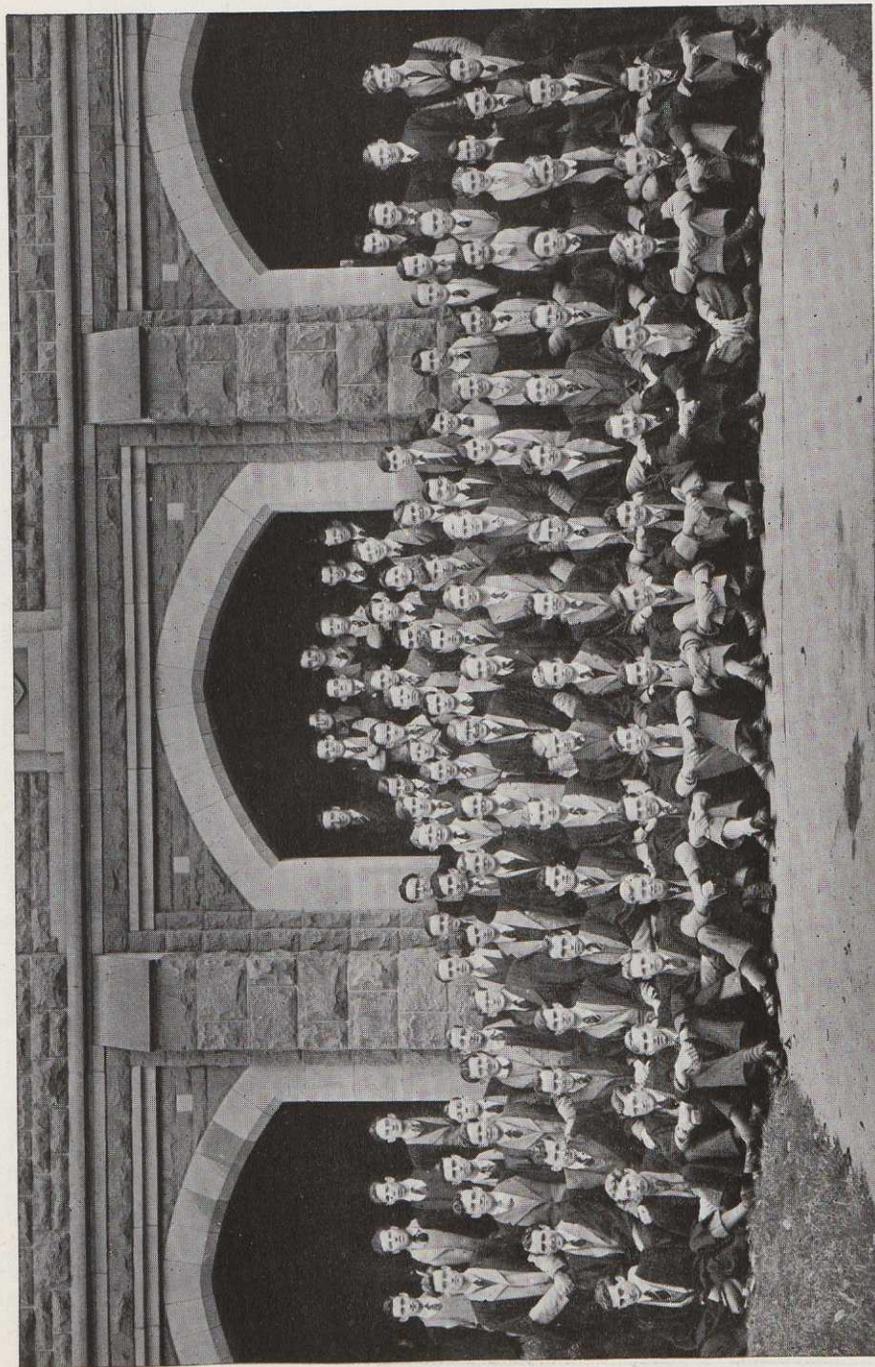
THE RETIRING WARDEN

(A reproduction of the portrait by James Quinn, R.A.)

Si Monumentum Requiritis . . .

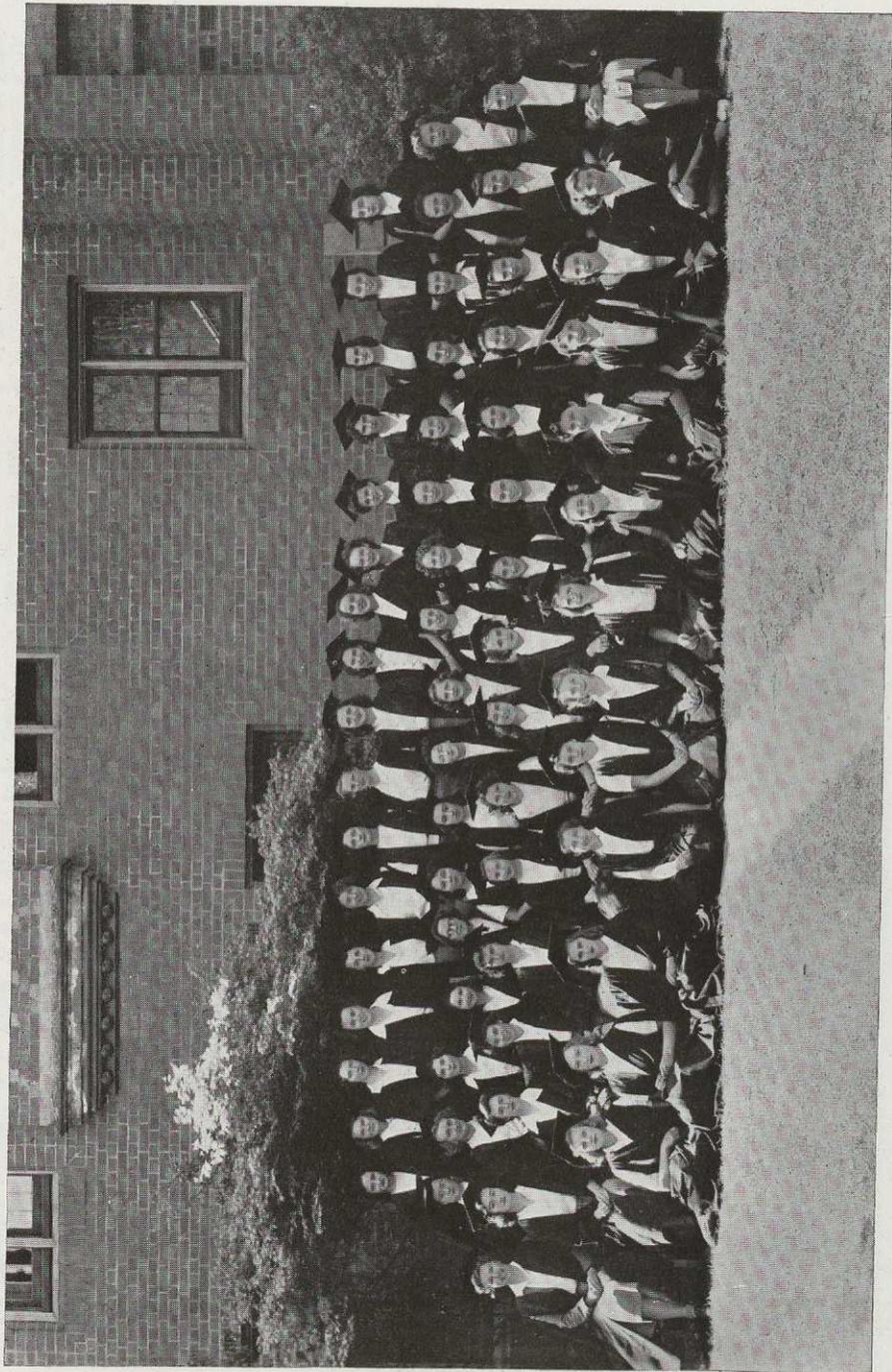


THE WARDEN
Postera Crescam Laude



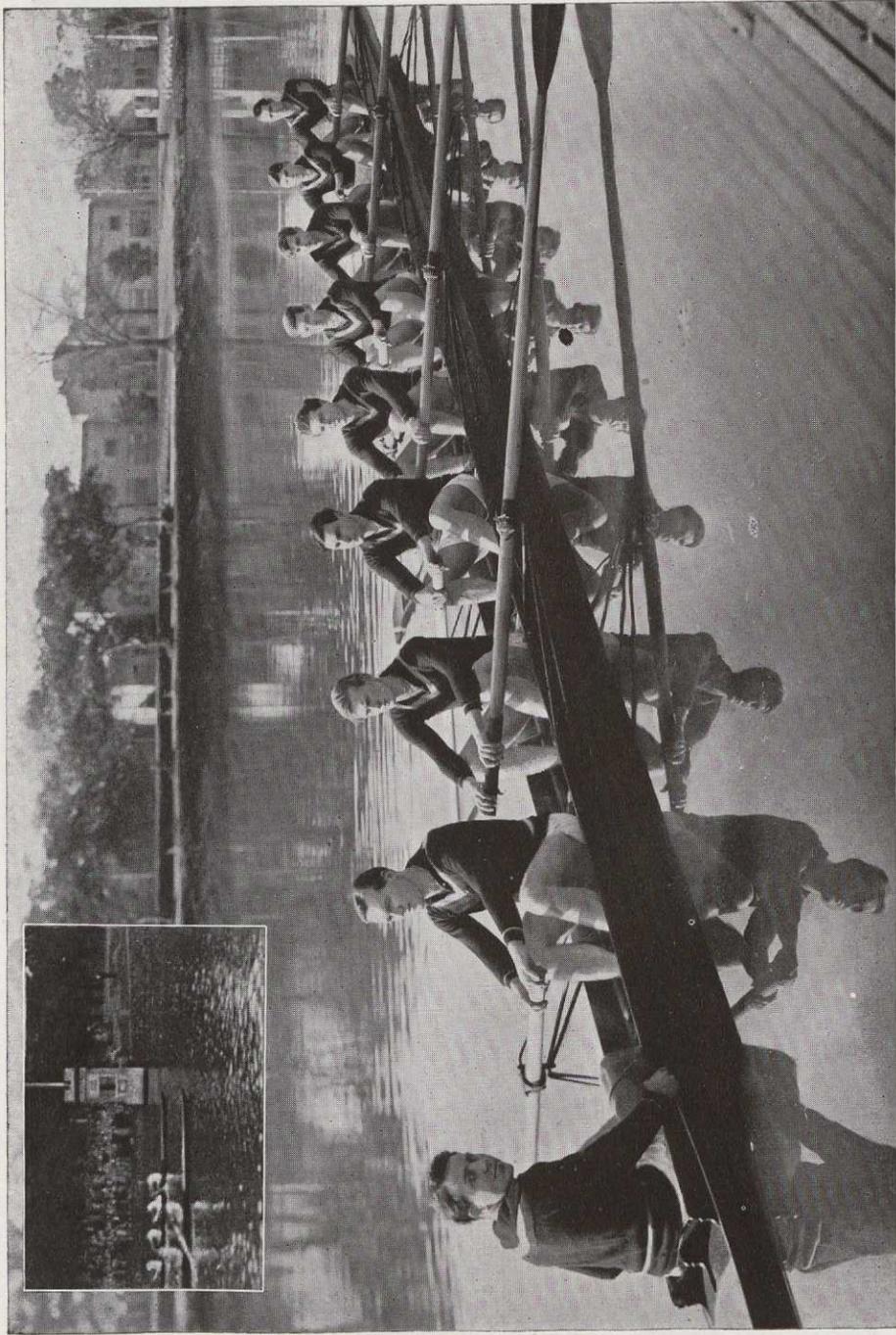
TRINITY COLLEGE, 1946

Back Row—G. A. Brown, M. W. Lettis, G. W. Lanchester, W. R. Atkinson, P. G. Barker, R. S. Houghton, J. D. Fisher, A. W. Riordan.
 5th Row—J. C. Eagle, W. L. H. Armstrong, A. C. L. Clark, P. E. Wynier, W. B. C. Mackie, B. H. Reddrop, G. E. Garratt, K. B. Nelson, R. L. Franklin, J. A. S. Brine, R. P. Dakziel, R. D. Barton, E. Garratt.
 4th Row—P. G. McIntosh, J. G. Mackinoltz, K. J. S. Whight, C. W. McMahon, B. J. Roberts, W. R. L. Caldwell, R. F. Jones, G. O. Phillips.
 3rd Row—K. J. A. Asche, M. Bannister, G. R. Hadfield, R. A. G. Chirnside, S. A. Kélfhley, B. S. Inglis, D. M. O'Sullivan, R. R. Sanderson, E. B. Collins, I. D. Campbell, R. Fowler, R. E. Marks, J. S. Grice, R. P. Freeman, J. H. Cranswick, C. J. Colish.
 2nd Row—S. C. Johnston, G. C. Wenzel, D. B. Warner, D. N. Hawkins, J. N. Mann, J. M. O'Sullivan, J. W. D. Middleton, H. M. Mighell, S. G. Alley, P. Balmford, M. J. Scriven, J. G. Perry, K. R. Elch, K. G. Madin, L. V. Lansell, R. A. Woolcott, T. G. Drought, A. Kane-White, R. C. T. Graham.
 Seated—B. Cameron, J. E. Cranswick, B. J. Hodgetts, R. D. Malcolmsen, E. V. Griffith, C. Gouloupoulos, R. A. D. Egerton, F. J. Meagher, G. C. Darby, B. C. Edwards, J. H. Wriedt, W. F. Caplehorn, W. S. C. Hare, J. Graham, P. A. Maplestone, P. G. McMahon, S. W. Kurrle.
 Front—W. A. Reid, P. V. C. Ryan, N. D. Howard, R. D. Browne, R. G. King, J. N. Taylor, A. A. Gilchrist, B. V. Wicking, R. T. Hannah, B. R. Dahlsen, S. C. Moss, W. D. Kaye, E. S. Crawcour, R. A. Blöckley, I. G. R. Davidson, B. R. Marshall.
 Absent—J. Wilbur-Hann, A. H. Cash, D. P. Gawler, G. G. Williams, W. R. Sherwin, J. K. Reeve, P. J. Downes, B. N. Dobson, R. D. Purnell, S. W. H. Fairbairn, C. R. Kelly, B. D. Cuming, A. Wittner.



JANET CLARKE HALL, 1946

Back Row.—Judith Nixon, Mirel Balding, June Stewart, Roberta Cain, Lella Butler, Anne Baillieu, Maril Russell, Angela Cross, Anne Troup, Elizabeth Ashbolt, Winifred Hawkins, Heather Cochran, Doreen Zimmer, Sylvia Frost, Jean Hogarth, Diana Ottoway, Mary Graham.
 Standing.—Shirley Roberts, Betty Vroiland, Hilda Fletcher, Pauline Stanbury, Ailsa Thomson, Betty Lancashire, Sally Rogers, Pat Phillips, Joyce Davies, Barbara French, Diane Duke, Barbara Galley, Clare Cornish, Joyce Francis, Lois Linton-Smith, Judith Skeat, Anne Shilliday.
 Seated.—Lindsay Mathieson, Anne Moore, Joan Beavis, Isobel Meredith, Daphne Trigg, Shirley Stockdale, Judith MacRae, Joan Eggleston, Prue Boyd, Ruth Graham, Lorna Wallis, Anne Mitchell, Valerie Elliot, Margaret Gooding, Joyce Leigh.
 Front Row.—Jane Beveridge, Judith Attiweli, Judy Stevenson, Allison Pickford, Christine, Ferguson, Mary Benjamin, Fay Ellis, Marie Wilson, Gwerneth Simms, Anne Blythe, Lois Meathrel, Valerie East.
 Absent.—Joy Young.



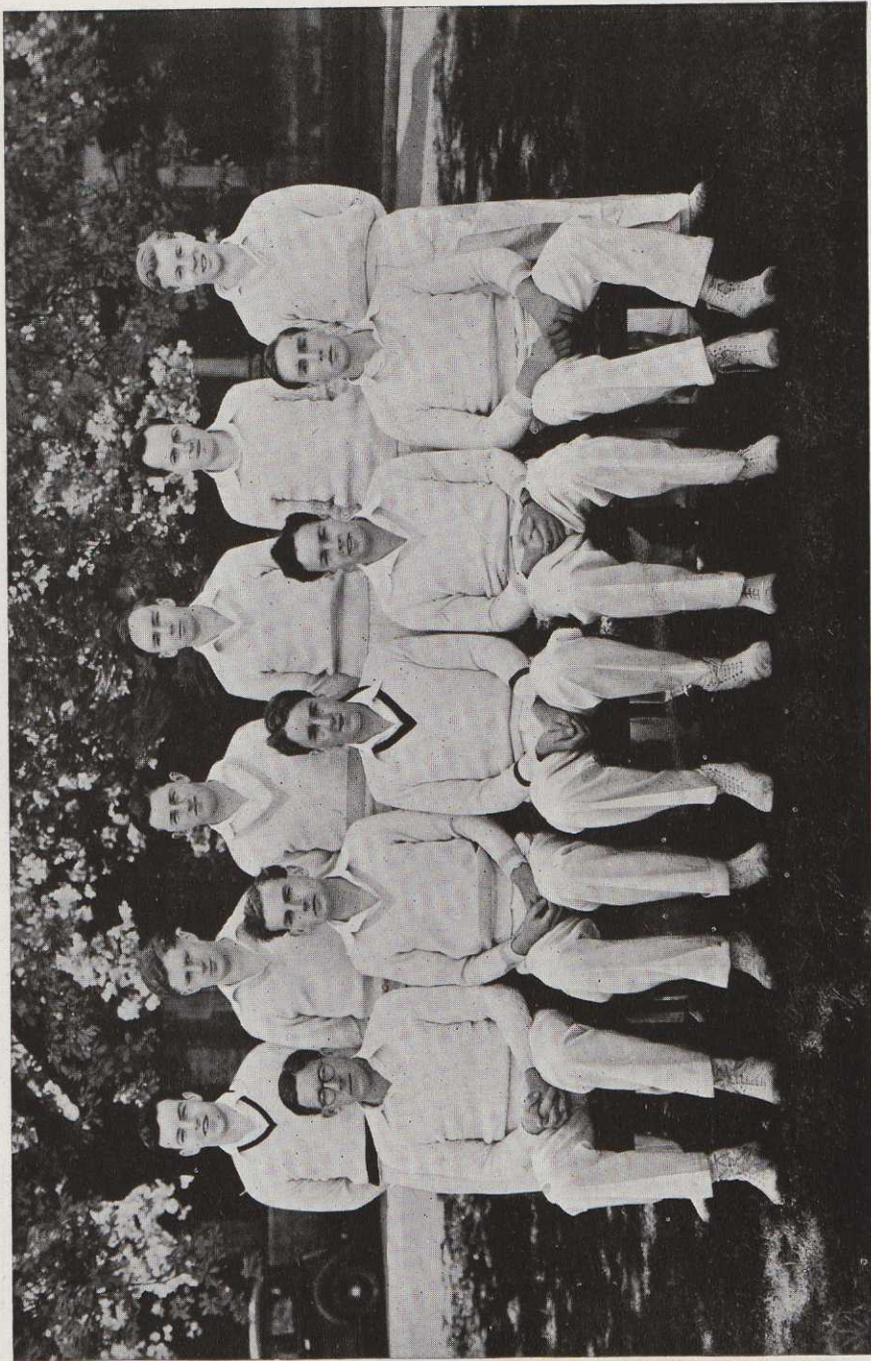
FIRST CREW, 1946

P. A. Maplestone (cox), W. S. C. Hare (stroke), M. J. Scriven (7), B. S. Inglis (6), W. L. H. Armstrong (5), K. B. Nelson (4), B. N. Dobson (3), J. G. Perry (2), B. Cameron (bow).
Inset.—The Finish: Trinity and Ormond, dead-heat.



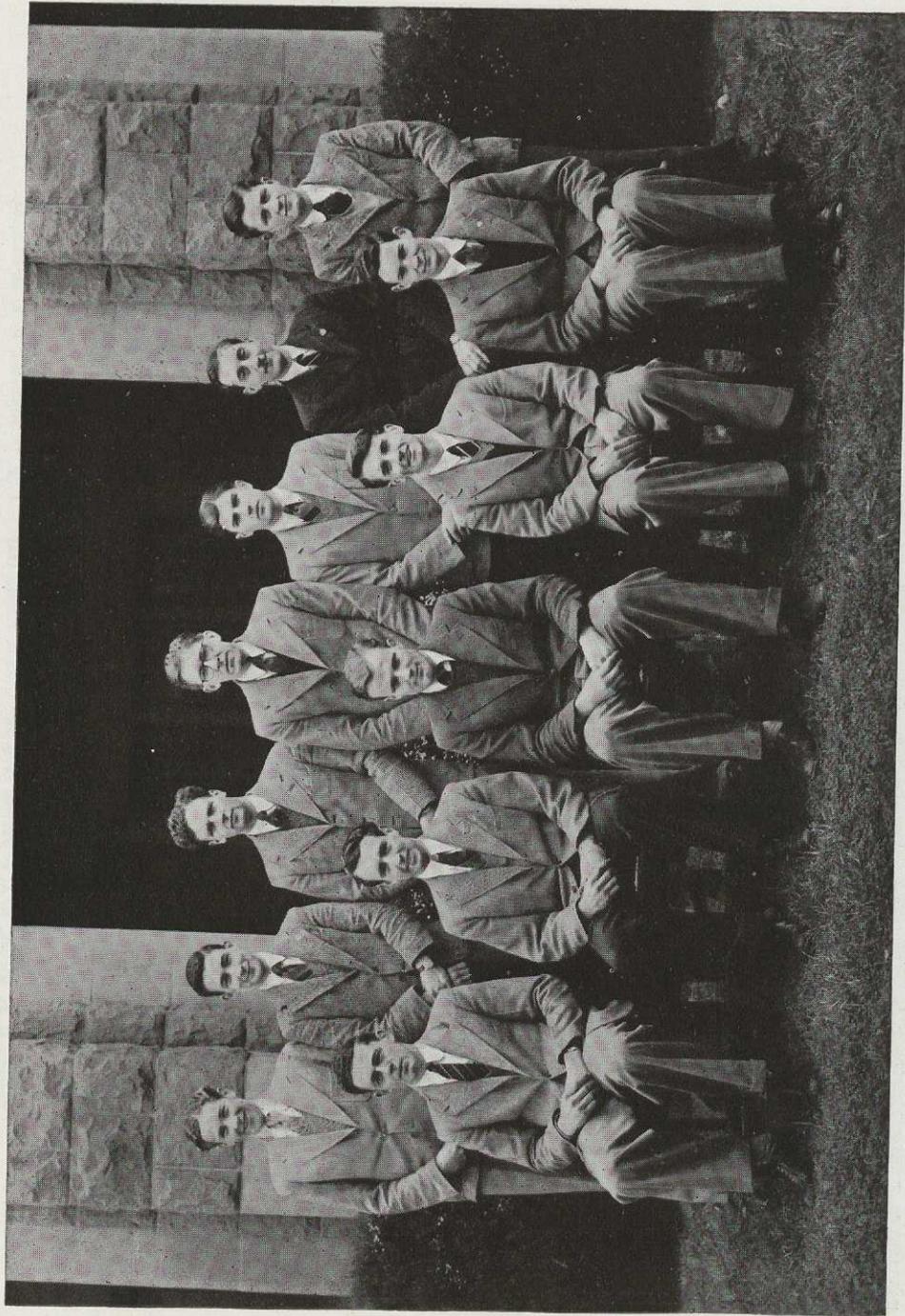
SECOND CREW (WINNERS), 1946

Standing.—I. D. Campbell, F. Balmford, S. C. Johnston, R. P. Dalziel.
Seated.—J. E. Cranswick, R. P. Freeman, D. N. Hawkins.
Cox.—K. J. S. Whight.
Absent.—W. R. Sherwin.



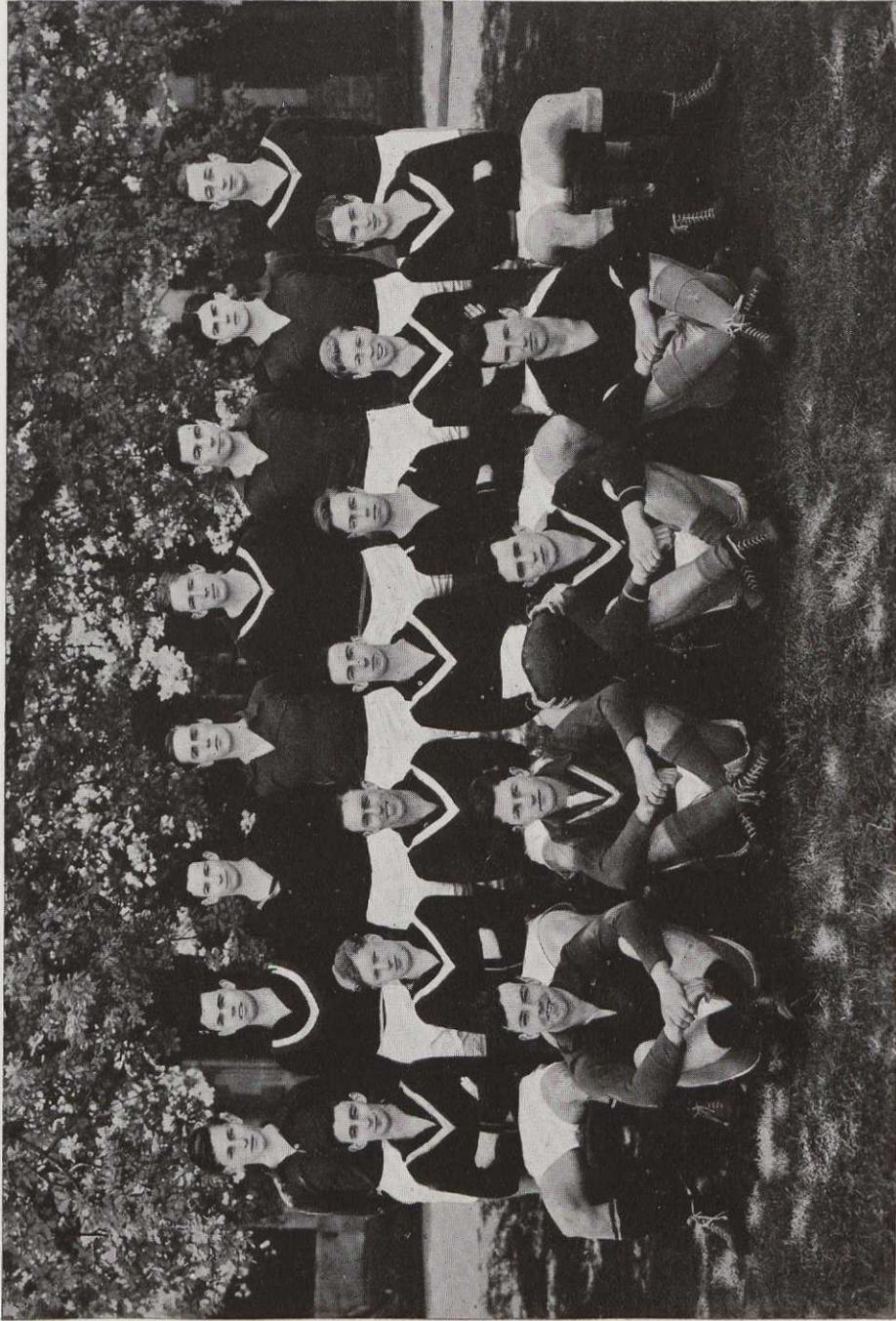
CRICKET TEAM, 1946

Standing.—G. C. Wenzel, R. A. Bickley, N. D. Howard, S. G. Alley, B. J. Hodgetts, J. N. Taylor.
Seated.—H. M. Mighell, R. A. D. Egerton (vice-capt.), R. D. Furnell (capt.), J. W. D. Middleton, R. A. G. Chirnside.



ATHLETICS TEAM, 1946

Standing.—R. A. Woolcott, J. C. Eagle, J. W. D. Middleton, H. M. Mighell, J. G. Perry, W. D. Kaye, N. D. Howard.
Seated.—M. W. Lettis, B. Cameron, F. J. Meagher (capt.), F. G. Barker (vice-capt.), J. D. Fisher.
Absent.—A. H. Cash, D. P. Gawler.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1946

Standing.—E. R. Dahlsen, B. J. Roberts, J. D. Fisher, R. A. G. Chirnside, H. M. Mighell, B. S. Inglis, J. G. Perry,
G. R. Hadfield.
Seated.—J. C. Eagle, R. A. Bickley, S. A. Keighley, S. W. Kurrle, R. S. Houghton, J. N. Taylor, R. A. Woolcott.
Front.—G. C. Wenzel, N. D. Howard, E. B. Collins, T. G. Drought.
Absent.—F. J. Meagher (capt.), A. H. Cash (vice-capt.).



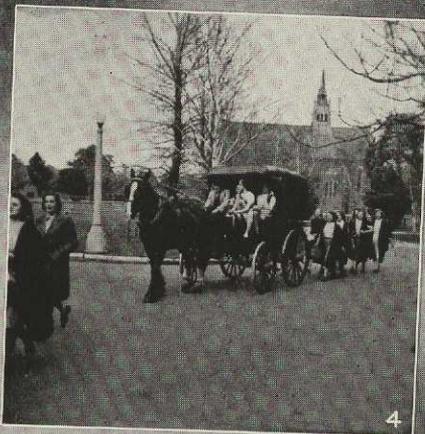
TENNIS TEAM, 1946

Left to Right.—S. G. Alley, H. M. Mighell, B. C. Edwards, J. N. Mann.



1. AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME.
2. "IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY . . ."
3. NON-RESIDENT TUTOR.

4. RESIDENT TUTOR.
5. THE CROWD ROARS.
6. SEE 2.



1. THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET HAREMIAHL.
2. IN TRINITY NEARLY EVERYONE GETS UP FOR BREAKFAST.
3. GET SET!

4. HANNIBALIAN INVASION.
5. ONE FOR THE RIVER.
6. AND ANOTHER.
7. OASIS.

fare, both general ones and others concerning dependent peoples; to comply with the decisions of the International Court of Justice in any case to which we are a party; and, as a matter of course, to share in bearing the expenses of the Organisation. By commencing to deal with most aspects of the matter in terms of obligations accepted by Australia, it has not been our aim to lay very great stress on this side of the question, and in every case we have proceeded to point out and analyse the advantages for Australia held out by the Charter. In fact what, with reference to membership of the United Nations, we have termed "obligations," would constitute, in an unorganised world, expenses of far greater dimensions, and would, at the same time, give far less assurance of freedom from war and would hold out no prospect of adequate international action to secure social justice and economic advancement. Fear of war, preparation for war, the cost of war—war which is fast becoming synonymous with life itself—this represents the greatest failure in men's relations with each other. Therefore any organisation whose purpose is to preserve peace is deserving of the membership of Australia, both for reasons of national advantage and for

our moral interest in preserving an orderly and civilised world.

We have found, however, that the United Nations system of security has defects even within itself, and that the greatest weakness of the United Nations Charter generally is far from sufficient emphasis on removing the causes of war. Although we realise that the present Charter represents a conscientious and successful effort to create the best world organisation which the realities will permit, yet we insist that a peace formula which is based on threat of military might is not a reliable one; that the preservation of peace is fundamentally a matter of education, cultural contact and understanding; that the peace must be founded, if it is not to fail, upon "the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind"; that peace reigns among men of goodwill. Let us hope that we, the people of Australia, do possess the spirit required for a worthy contribution to peace and international co-operation—but we are only one of many peoples. Nevertheless, let us, as a member people of the United Nations, reaffirm our resolution that, so far as in our power lies, the formation of the United Nations shall be the herald of universal everlasting peace and goodwill.

Architectural Fantasy

The architect was a weary man,
 He shrank from "scale," "elevation,"
 and "plan."
 He could not see: he could not think—
 In anguish he drank his Indian ink;
 Then, running his hands through his
 long black hair,
 He gave himself up to dark despair.

Chorus:

Houses and theatres and blocks of
 flats,
 Churches with belfries teeming with
 bats;
 An architect's life is hard and sad—
 It's a wonder to me that he doesn't
 go mad.

The hours passed, and he gave no sign
 That ever again he would rule a line,
 When all of a sudden he leapt from his
 chair
 And horrible caterwauls rent the air;
 Grumbling and mumbling he smote his
 breast
 And went to work like a man possessed.

Chorus: "Houses and theatres . . ." etc.

It was morning at last and the rooster's
 note
 Reached him dead with a razored throat.
 Police and reporters in numbers came,
 But none of them seems to remember his
 name.
 So though we regret it we cannot ac-
 knowledge
 The plan of the Chapel of Trinity
 College.

Chorus: "Houses and theatres . . ." etc.

—Christopher Wren.

The Academic Spring

The Spring returns, fulfilling poets'
 dreams
 Of budding fruits, when all the world it
 seems
 Must cover winter limbs in summer dress
 And lovers banish talk with sweet caress.
 But do these poets know the learned
 gown,
 The chalk-smear'd lecturer with ab-
 stract frown?
 For him the Spring means searching in
 old books
 To pick a choice supply of baited hooks.

The student lying on the sunlit lawn,
 With open book unseen and weary yawn,
 Dismisses all his cares with idle thought
 About the Summer's promise, fancy
 wrought.

The flux of time unites the work of all:
 The rows of tables in the Wilson Hall,
 The scratching silence and the ticking
 clocks
 While Newton from his painted window
 mocks.

The scene is changed; day long the pen-
 cil flies
 Till paper after paper fated lies.
 While in the sun the lads and lasses fling
 The careless banter and the songs of
 Spring.

—I.D.C.

TIME

"Time," somebody said, "flies."

I can never hear these words without experiencing a very strange and mixed reaction. The mental picture begins by being quite conventional—an old, old man, with beard, scythe and hour-glass. But almost immediately my image sprouts wings, and a hybrid something which is neither St. Peter nor the angel of death flaps its way into my consciousness. This vision is too disturbing to be anything but transitory, and usually dissolves into a more or less stable composite of clocks, chimes and people in a hurry. Dominating the whole scene, however, is the clock—always the clock, immense, ghostly, baleful.

Clocks and people are very closely linked in my life. The two concepts coalesced for all time when as a child I became acquainted with my first grandfather clock. Ever since then I have tended to think of timepieces and human beings in the same general terms—this one plain, that one polished, this one slow, that one just the opposite, and yonder the one that is always right.

My interest in these things has naturally led me to make a close observation of domestic mantelpieces and their owners. I find—not altogether as a surprise, perhaps—a new and in some ways disturbing significance in the old adage, "Time will tell"; I see the hands of a clock pointing to more than the passing hour—pointing, in fact, beyond the clock out into the room, at you, and me.

Consider, for example, the people who have their clocks fast. There are two kinds. The first are those who advance the minute hand a few degrees and then deliberately forget what they have done. They are thus always a little ahead of time and are rarely late for anything. The other kind is less fortunate. These are the people who are unable to relegate to the unconscious the memory of their interfering action. Whenever they

see the time they mentally subtract the number of minutes they intended having in reserve, and as a result they are late for everything.

What, then, we may ask, do they achieve by having the clock fast? This question has always puzzled investigators. Some claim that the explanation is a hedonistic one. These people, they say, are not so alert as they think. One half of the brain, it seems, momentarily does accept the time as indicated, and begins to organise a general state of alarm. However, it is met almost instantly by a flood of reassurance from the more knowing half, which *has* remembered, albeit a little late, that there's no need to worry after all. This creates in the people concerned a mild feeling of superiority as they think they have somehow put it over fate, or the universe, or the railways.

Such a state of affairs in the home, I find, invariably produces a profound mistrust of other people's clocks. Other people's property, of course, is usually beyond criticism. The visitor abounds in admiration for everything he sees and touches—this charming so and so, those delightful whatnots, and so tastefully arranged! But the clock! Here all graciousness vanishes, and expressions of incredulity, pain and shock appear in various degrees and combinations.

"That isn't the time, surely! I had no idea it was so late!"

And here the host, embarrassed, apologetic, owns to this blemish, this unforgivable imperfection in his hospitality, and hastens to assure his horrified guest that he is quite right, quite right, the silly clock is hours fast.

Electric clocks have tended to spoil all this. There is something ruthless, something inhuman about these silent, springless devices. In vain are they dressed up, disguised, and gilded, for somehow, in spite of their efficiency—nay, *because* of their efficiency, they do not evoke that spontaneous affection

which the world has bestowed upon their clockwork elders.

The explanation is, of course, quite simple. First, they have no tick, and what is a clock without that? Is there not something warm and comforting in the gentle tick of a well-oiled clock? Something friendly? But here let *gentle* be emphasised, for not all ticks are so.

Your loud, tinny tick, your cheap alarm clock tick, your tick that splits the air and splinters the eardrum, that tightens nerves and shatters concentration — these are ticks I have known and have not loved. But the soothing, gentle tick; the musical tick; the tick that never shouts at you, but hovers pleasantly just within the threshold of hearing — that is the tick I love.

How to explain this attachment I know not. Perhaps yonder vibrating wheel moves in hidden resonance with rhythm of the pulse. Or perhaps it is merely the stimulus for pleasant memories centred round a particular hearth — the same tick that you heard when on mother's knee, or later when someone was on yours; the tick that accompanied your breakfast, dinner and tea for so many years. The old clock has become a part of you.

But not so the electric clock! They are not things to cherish. Indeed, they are still objects of suspicion for many. In the absence of a reassuring tick people will peer for long seconds before they feel in any way certain that the clock is going at all, and even then they are vaguely dissatisfied. This feeling of distrust is greatly accentuated if the clock has been known to stop through a power failure.

Manufacturers have tried to regain the confidence of the public by fitting second hands, but psychologists say these are still greatly inferior to the tick of the mechanical clock because people so easily become irritated by the presence within their field of vision of something in continual motion. The manufacturers have spiritedly replied that it is no fault of theirs and that either the

clock or the field of vision should be moved. This was once thought to be unanswerable, but logicians now agree that it is a clever subterfuge which doesn't really solve anything. For, it is pointed out, by moving the clock in order to preserve one visual habit, namely that of *not looking at the clock* when you do not wish to, you are obliged to upset the routine of another equally well-established habit, namely, that of *looking at the clock* when you *do* wish to. Thus nothing at all is gained. I have not as yet heard of electric clocks with synthetic ticks, but this seems a possible solution of the problem.

In spite of these objections, however, it does seem as if electric clocks have come to stay. Even the humble "alarm" is on the way out, and over fires and places where they ring a new lord of the mantle is being enthroned.

Surely this is a desirable thing, you say. I cannot agree. For with this apparently innocent mutation has come a gradual change in man's attitude to Time. It has become increasingly obvious that the tickless clock and its electric contemporary, the radio, are ceasing to be our servants; are becoming, if they are not already, our masters. Mightier than the split atom is the split second, for we fear the one but we worship the other. In this age of time signals and synchronous motors we have made a god of Time and Time has made automatons of us. We have been caught up in the cogs of the most formidable of all machines — the Time machine, to become living extensions of its mechanism. We are the wooden cuckoos that jerk and bow and croak whenever an invisible lever tugs; and when our song and dance is over, we are shut ignominiously away in our little prison house of sleep for another dark and silent hour.

Is this the inevitable legacy of the machine, that we should become machines, too?

Man has sometimes tried to escape this bondage. The Wellsian Time Machine, for example, was not master but servant.

In it man, already ruler of three dimensions, was at last to conquer the fourth. No longer tied to the inexorable present he could span the centuries as he willed. He could leave behind the labouring orchestra of Time; discard forever the one-stringed fiddle that had been thrust into his bewildered hands at birth; forget the slow-ascending scale that Fate had scored for him to play; and mount with eager steps the conductor's rostrum itself. . . .

Well's vision ended in disillusion, and so must mine. For the man in the street would rather be safe than be an adventurer; rather a slave than a rebel. Yonder mantelpiece, with its flowers, ornaments, and candlesticks, has at last become the altar it long resembled, and

a thing of bakelite and brass is now an all-powerful deity.

But in spite of the pessimism of these conclusions, in spite of what seems overwhelming evidence of man's complete subjection and ruin, somehow I cannot believe that all is lost.

There are still a few, surely, who are not totally blind to the sorry condition of mankind; a few, surely, who have escaped the spell of those hypnotic hands? If not, our plight were desperate indeed. But those of us who are free must act to preserve that freedom. We must cry out with a loud voice against the tyranny of Time. We must never again bow down to that monster, the clock. Let us . . . let us . . . but there! My time is up . . . I wanted to say such a lot, too.

—G.A.B.

THE SERMON

The last verse of a hymn,
The opening chords.
The preacher kneels
On cushions — not boards.
Does he pray? or stare
Into space?

The last line!
He rises, gives the M.C. a look,
Takes up a book.
Up the steps, looks around,
Clears his throat, has a frown.
Amen! — his sign.

"In the name of —" I wonder.
People sit, shuffle, give attention.
Text! *"Blessed are the meek!"*
"I believe!" "Jesus . . . the weak!"
'Tis unimportant, convention,
If recalled 'tis a wonder.

It drones on, the old, old story.
Yes, old, there is nothing new.
"Show forth the life of Christ."
Which life? There are not a few.
Catholic, Protestant, Jew
Have each another story.

The life of Christ? What does he mean?
Yet the pews do not blink!
"The hungry sheep . . . not fed."
They are stolid enough;
Can they hear what he said?
God's Son should reign!

"And now to God the Father."
Heavens! He offers that!
This is God's witness!
The sheep have been fed!
This is the living bread!
They must die; but for the Father.

—C.J.C.

GADGETS

The other day I parted with an old friend. I could allow no sentiment in such a matter. He had served me faithfully for some time past, but now he was getting worn and old, and his hair was dropping out. So I cast him off without hesitation, and have bought a new toothbrush to take his place. But it seemed to me that he deserved more than just to be thrown aside so casually, and so I have been led to write this essay as his funeral oration, for I think that the humble and neglected toothbrush can serve as a good symbol of our modern civilisation.

Now the important thing about a toothbrush is that it is a gadget. And gadgets are very important things. By gadgets I mean all those devices and appliances which make life easier, or pleasanter, or more comfortable, and so under this beautifully vague heading we may group a great many things. Cars and aeroplanes are only gadgets to save our feet; factory machines are only gadgets to save our hands. All the "shoes and ships and ceiling wax" of this life can be put under this same heading, which includes most of the things we see about us, and use in daily life.

Not only is the toothbrush one of this goodly, if somewhat motley, company, but it is a very significant gadget, well worth thinking about. To begin with, look at it as an article of manufacture, for it is typical of our modern age. It shows well one of the most striking features of modern industry, the development of new materials and substitutes. Once, the bristles of a toothbrush used to be made of pig bristle; but in my toothbrush to-day — if I can afford one of the more expensive brands — they are made from some mysterious plastic. And even the handle is a queer, semi-transparent substance, which must be a substitute for whatever handles were made of before the substitute was invented. Truly, it shows well the ability of modern

science to make an artificial silk purse out of a sow's ear. Then again, it is typical of modern mass production. It is one of a million others, turned out by innumerable different people in charge of innumerable different machines, each doing one tiny action to complete the whole. What a chance there is here to expand this theme! To point out the advantages of cheapness and hygiene, and a uniformly high standard; or to deplore this same dull uniformity and bewail the replacement of the old craftsman's pride in his work by the dullness of modern industrial life. But it is a theme beyond my powers.

So let us pass on to what may be a more important question; why do we use toothbrushes at all? Well, one advertisement for a well-known brand of toothpaste urges us by using it to Prevent Dental Decay; and so would have us believe that the toothbrush is an instrument in the great science of preventive medicine. But this, I am told, is only partly true. The derided toothpick of an earlier and less productive era is just as efficient to ward off the evils of toothache. And if this were our sole concern, I for one would not pay half-a-crown for a toothbrush when matches, which I can whittle into presentable toothpicks, are sold at forty for a penny.

No, I felt the true reason for our use of toothbrushes is to be found in our self-respect or, if you will, in our vanity. We secretly long for those flashing white teeth which gleam at us from the advertisement hoardings. Or perhaps, if we are more gullible, we are beguiled by that slogan of a well-known brand of toothpaste which bids us see our dentist if we are unpopular; since otherwise, as it so so delicately says, Even Your Best Friends Won't Tell You. For we live in an age and in a country where people can afford to be fastidious; and even Love's Sweet Young Dream is apt to be blighted if an otherwise seductive smile displays a row of yellow fangs; or if every panting breath of the beloved sheds an

embarrassing aura in the immediate vicinity.

And, after all, in this, I suppose, we show our progress. Man cannot trifle with his strongest passions in this way until he has reached a high stage in his development. In more primitive societies men do not worry about such things; and a savage would have no use for a toothbrush even if he could produce one. And what is shown in this case by considering a toothbrush, applies generally to gadgets as a whole. As a habit, this repugnance or distaste for things which the savage does not dislike or cannot afford to reject—this fastidiousness, if you will—is dependent on our supply of gadgets. Man cannot begin to develop a civilisation till he is able to produce enough for his needs without a continuous day-long toil. There is no falser myth than the eighteenth century conception of the "noble savage"; it is far nearer the truth to point out that the life of uncivilised man is "poor, mean, nasty, brutish and short." To progress, he must first gain a breathing space in the struggle for existence, and he can only do this by inventing gadgets which will do his work for him more easily. Even when he has reached this stage, his development of what we call civilised habits, such as cleanliness, depend on his inventing further gadgets which make them possible. The importance of such devices was brought home with some force to certain members of this College recently when a coke shortage temporarily cut off their water supply. And they at least will appreciate that it is these little things we take so often for granted—the hot water and soap, the knives and forks, the razors and the toothbrushes—which make possible the pleasant routine of daily life.

But it is just at this point, I believe, that we need to beware of our gadgets. Life, as we live it, *may* be made possible only by a multitude of gadgets, some of which, like aeroplanes, we acclaim as magnificent achievements, and some of which, like toothbrushes, we take for

granted and ignore. Civilisation in any form may be dependent on such gadgets as make a leisured life, at least for a class, a possibility. But we still have to put the question: what place should gadgets occupy in our civilisation? And it seems to me that this question is not likely to lead to that satisfaction which follows from our pleasant habit of complacently admiring the ingenious gadgets we have produced.

Man has tended in recent years to believe that gadgets *are* civilisation. This was a natural, probably an inevitable mistake. In the first flush of our nineteenth century achievements, when man was finding out how to control his environment more than ever before, and was bringing comfort and luxury to an undreamt of number of people, he could hardly be blamed for making a fetish of gadgets, and forgetting the distinction between civilisation itself, and the things which make civilisation possible. Moreover, I think it is a belief which is decreasing to-day. It has been largely beaten out of us by two world wars within a quarter of a century, in which we turned our ingenuity towards making gadgets to facilitate the death and torture of other men. And it is difficult to-day to believe wholeheartedly that the best hope of future progress lies solely in a larger supply of better gadgets, provided more cheaply and distributed to more people.

But if such a pure materialism is slowly disappearing, and has few orthodox defenders to-day, it still has many unconscious converts. People do tend to measure the success of our civilisation by the number of gadgets we produce. They do still feel, for instance, that you cannot really say the Greeks were as civilised as we are, because they never discovered how to make cars or aeroplanes. And they are only tolerantly amused if it is suggested that we have never discovered how to make a building as beautiful as the Parthenon; and that if we compare the two achievements, it is not Greek civilisation which suffers by the comparison.

For, above all, the danger of thinking in terms of gadgets is that it becomes a habit, and an exceedingly subtle one, which penetrates our thinking even when we disavow it openly. There are many examples to be found to-day. We have fine and noble schemes for reorganising our economic system to remove inequalities, and bring about a fairer distribution of wealth. And some such scheme would seem to most of us to be just and necessary. But we overlook too often that such a scheme is only itself a gadget, designed to make smoother the production of gadgets, and to spread their use more evenly; and that, as with all gadgets, everything will ultimately depend on those who control it. Or again, we place great faith in our science, a faith often as implicit and absolute as earlier ages gave to religion; but we are finding that science, too, is but a gadget, and will not by itself solve our problems. And we have just created a most elaborate gadget, though apparently not an over-successful one, to banish war between nations. And in doing so we forget that it is no spell or charm to work for us while we sit back and admire it, but is only a gadget to make our task easier. Many people have yet to learn that wars will cease only when nations are prepared to pay more than lip-service to the ideals which make peace possible. Till that time, no gadget will be effec-

tive; and after that time, any will suffice.

There is no need to multiply examples. The habit of putting our trust in gadgets is widespread, and it can only lead to failure. For the two characteristics of a gadget are these: First, that it will not operate itself, and only gives added power, for good or evil, to its possessor; and secondly, it is only a means to an end. In our glorification of gadgets we have forgotten both these things, and see them as ends in themselves, imagining that we can sit back and watch them work out our salvation for us. Then, when our gadgets fail us, as gadgets always will, we are left bewildered, with no remedy but the devising of bigger and better gadgets to take their place. And so we drift on, not knowing where we go, and yet we wonder at the misery and disharmony in the world.

So I would end with a humble plea, that we should not take our gadgets too seriously. They alone make possible the life we lead, but we should not mistake them for civilisation itself. From my humble toothbrush to the mouth-filling words of Socialism, Science and Internationalism, they are but a means to an end. If we do not see what the end is, or, worse still, if we forget there is a further end to look for, then we shall find, as we have found to-day, that all our gadgets shall not save us from the consequences of our blindness.

—R.L.F.

THE UNTURNED STONE

Tragedy lies about us. Unthinkingly, cruelly, we blunder from day to day; and Pathos must needs be clothed by Romance, Glamour, or Sensation, if she is to gain even part of our attention for a few lugubrious moments. Confronted with her in her naked, unassuming, and all-too-common form, we turn heedlessly away — or, worse, gaze straight through her.

What pathos attaches, for instance, to the Unturned Stone! What a story echoes in its sad syllables! But how often do we pause to listen, to sympathise, to murmur a few words in consolation?

It is the old story of Ingratitude, the sin which, with its two sisters Intolerance and Avarice, is as old as mankind itself. Everywhere ingratitude abounds, but it is only the newspaper stories of penniless parents and broken-down cart-horses that touch our hearts. Let us think a little on the Unturned Stone, his intimate acquaintance, the Unexplored Avenue, and all the members of his race.

He is — we must face it — a cliché. But why not call him a member of the noble army of clichés? It costs us nothing, and would be, I know, deeply appreciated. For he is a martyr: a martyr to the cause of oratory and pleasant verbal intercourse.

His origin, I am afraid, is lost in his very good friend, the Mists of Antiquity. No one can trace his creator. But surely in this enlightened age no-one can hold this against him. Indeed, nowadays, especially in this and other young countries, much more weight, in judging someone, is being given to his own deeds, than to those of his progenitors. And here we have surely somebody who has made his own way in the world.

The reason for his outstanding success is obvious. When viewed in his context, what a strong and reassuring phrase he presents: "We shall leave no stone unturned in our endeavours . . ." The very words carry an echo of numberless fists striking numberless tables, and of inter-

minable appreciative clappings. Picturesque and compact, he is almost the ideal metaphor.

And so we can picture his history. From the moment when he was struck from the metal of some unknown but noble mind, as he caught and trapped his first listeners, through his early, uneasy and self-conscious plagiarisms, passing gradually into the less-troubled waters of his middle-age when he rolled more and more glibly off the tongue, giving a less intense but quieter and more satisfying enjoyment, down to his unexpected bitter and stormy old-age. What a career of fear-allaying, election-swaying, and foundation-laying has he to look back upon! What close relationships with all the famous names of history has he enjoyed! He has indeed come very near to greatness.

And now in this age of mass-production, he has reached the populace. In the autumn of his life, the time when most beings long for the pasture and rest, he has been thrust upon the mob. Now he is jostled, and tossed from ear to heedless ear like any slangy phrase. Demagogue after demagogue has prostituted him till he is but a shadow of his former self.

But there is worse than this. We are not satisfied that he is down, worn out, and reduced to almost complete senile incoherence and imbecility. We must, apparently, slander him on every possible occasion. The very word we have coined for his race is condemnatory. Etymologically we have created a caste of Untouchables; and now any speaker or writer will shrink at the very mention of the word "cliché."

There is, however, I believe, a movement among their numbers to accept their brand proudly — to become the Tobruk Rats of the dictionary. And I for one will champion their cause: I may even go so far as to predict a rise in their general status. For they are a great and powerful body.

It must not be thought that the obloquy they endure when detected means that they are in any respect a spent force. Very much the opposite obtains. Taken at their face value they still give all the pleasure, and wield all the emotional power they ever did; and this, I think, is very creditable, considering the scurvy treatment they have been accorded. It is only at the cry, "Cliché!" that the eyebrows are raised and the lips curled. Of course, this phenomenon of label-thinking is very common to us all in the many and varied forms of group intolerance that we see about us, and it is not surprising to find it rearing its ugly head in this connection.

The story is sad but universal. Oscar Wilde realised just how universal when he wrote: "Each man kills the thing he loves"; though I doubt if he had my friends the stone and his relations in mind at the time.

It is an unfortunate fact that in order to attain any degree of general approbation, an idea, design, expression, or what-you-will must be new rather than good. We are too prone to assess the virtues and pleasures of surprise more highly than those of nostalgia, security and proved worth. Too soon do we leave the heaven that "lies about us in our infancy." We have a lot to learn in the art of contentment from the child who is happier with his old and familiar story or doll, than with any of your up-

to-the-minute novelties, be they never so smart and expensive.

It is a temptation to pause here to speculate on the reasons for the attitude towards Time which comes with so-called maturity; that attitude which considers the temporal relations of anything so much more fundamental than the spatial; and the first time as being so very different from the thirty-first, or the last.

But we have already come too far from our chosen path, and further ramblings are impossible. Theoretical whys and wherefores are, after all, of only secondary importance compared with a sympathetic consideration of the actual facts of the case.

These facts I have tried to set out as well as I am able; and to lend eloquence to my pleadings I have not hesitated to enlist the services of a number of the race. The sensitive-minded will, I am sure, have noticed "the Less Troubled Waters," "the Spent Force," and "the Ugly Head" — to name only a few — and will have been suitably moved.

Sympathy, however, is not enough. Action is what is needed if we are to render to the Unturned Stone and all his goodly fellowship the honour they so richly deserve. And so, finally, I must urge you all to put your Heads Together and your Shoulders to the Wheel; let us remove every Blot from the Escutcheon of the Much-Maligned Cliché!

—C.W.M.

OF TEMPORARY WOODEN STRUCTURES

It is a very common practice for persons being conducted on a tour through a well-kept dwelling to be misled. The hostess tends to dwell long and lovingly on the living room, the view from the same, the fine upward sweep of the staircase and the modern plumbing appointments. But it is usually when one is being taken to the more domestic parts of the house that one is sharply

propelled past a closed door about which the guide, who is usually verbose, has nothing to say at all. It is always the curious, tactless guest who brightly asks what lurks within, even though it is quite obvious it is not for public gaze. This is an embarrassing moment. The hostess invariably tries to confuse the issue; and with a gay laugh and careless wave of the hand, she assures the now

horribly interested throned that that is where we keep all the . . . odds and ends . . . oh, I think *every* house has one, don't you? ha! ha! says she, a home wouldn't be a home without it, would it? (But she knows, poor dear, that the game is up and that the chamber of horrors, the one blot in the otherwise spotless Eden, is about to be revealed in all its terror.) This provokes, as of course it should, much merriment, indicating general relief to find in the midst of such perfection a sort of epitome of human frailty. The tactless one, true to form, is not easily put off and, boor and sadist that he is, whimsically insists that they should be given just a *little* look. So with a ghastly smile and sinking heart the guide opens the door for a split second, closes it, and bundles them off to gaze and marvel at the streamlined, all-electric laundry. But the damage is done. While their tongues feign ecstasy at the marvels of domestic science, their minds take time off to toy with the memory of the little scene so momentarily, so incongruously exposed. It would be irrelevant to describe that sight in detail—that confused impression of upturned prams, much-travelled trunks, impossible wedding presents, heavily-framed pictures of Great-Uncle Fred as a worshipful something or other in full array, and all disposed in that sort of disorder that only a young child knows how to create. And at night, as the doings of the day are re-lived in various homes, gone, we find, is the memory of the genuine cedar doors, of the sleek, surgical-looking washing machine, of the patent toaster that blew a whistle or rang a bell before bursting into flames . . . that door—that room . . . fascinating.

Let us suppose that during a tour of the College a visitor is led past the entrance into the Clarke Building. The visitor's eye, as he stands in the hall, travels rapidly up the glossy green walls, lingers momentarily on the naked electric light bulb, noting, if he be artistic, that strong, stark, nay almost primitive contrast between it and the rococo frip-

pery from which it hangs, leaps on to the stairs' landing, runs down the bannisters and comes to rest on a low door just underneath. It intrigues him. If it be late afternoon there is that hint of shaded walks beyond, leading perhaps to some sunken garden, to a mossy sundial, to some proud, caged peacock, to—but it is too late. The guide has detected the look and, fearing the consequences, has whirled him on to safety.

It is a disconcerting habit of essayists to announce a specific subject and then write about nothing in particular; we accept it, because we know it is one of the rules. The aim is to provide mental exercise for the readers. One has, however, a sneaking suspicion that some writers cheat and the general effect is to lead readers off into dreary realms of speculation, searching for the non-existent. This is not only dishonest, but unfair to the writers' craft. Written language has a primarily utilitarian *raison d'être*—to convey information, to edify and enlighten, and it is in that spirit that we beg to say something in favour of Temporary Wooden Structures. We do not intend to dwell on the most obvious features—their excellent acoustics, which leads to such reciprocal good humour between the hours of eight and nine a.m.—their amazing compactness which reduces convenience to a minimum—their ability to adapt themselves to the climate, becoming perfectly hot in summer and correspondingly cold in winter, *and* their stern resistance to all attempts to alter this state of affairs—all these are obvious attributes and need no dilution. But there is one feature, and to us the most important, constantly overlooked; and that is their durability. It is an unwritten law in the building trade that a Temporary Wooden Structure costing more than a thousand pounds is temporary in name only. And the carpenter, as he hammers home his nails, knows there is no real danger he will live to see his handiwork prostrate in the dust or being ignominiously removed piece by piece to a Wood and Coal Yard.

He knows this and hammers hard, contributing to the eternal. Yet through modesty, or indeed real humility, the place is called temporary; it is a creature of man and so remains finite. But most men, refusing to take the longer view, treat it as but a passing jest, a pale shadow of the infinity which is brick and stone, an excrescence to be tolerated, not revered. Thus handled is the vision of the truly great.

We could go on to say how Temporary Wooden Structures are non-inflammable, as though by a miracle; that they are impervious to brute force and hard words alike; that, like the lowly echinoderms, they replace lost limbs as though by natural growth. They are indestructible. They are with us to the end of Time, be they always by-passed.

—B.R.M.

THE HANGING OF THE WARDEN

On the last Sunday of first term placards announcing the glad tidings that justice was at long last to be meted out to the late Warden adorned the College drive. While the bell tolled the Fleur de Lys summoned the faithful to to the gallows' side: a gallows which had been starved for twenty-eight years.

A bloodthirsty crowd rapidly made its way into the dining-hall, to be confronted with a formidable array of celebrities on the dais surrounding the victim, who was suitably attired in "mourning" suit.

The ambiguity of the posters did not long deceive us. Mr. J. D. G. Medley, whom one of our daily papers was pleased to demote to the ignominious position of Registrar, opened the pro-

ceedings. Then after that famous interior decorator, James Quinn, had given us the benefit of his views on Rabelais, and other notorieties had said their piece, the gaitered one announced his intention of revealing the hung Warden to the expectant audience.

No sooner was this done than the drums beat out a terrific crescendo, the cymbals clashed, and the assembled multitude was privileged to hear that world-famous clarinet solo, "Why Was He Born So Beautiful," expertly rendered by the College Clown.

Apparently unmoved by anything they had seen or heard, the gathering ate and drank their fill, and the general opinion seemed to be that it had been a capital punishment.

—B.V.W.

HUNTING SONG

(With apologies)

<p>Any day now it may happen that a victim will be found, For I've got a little list—I've got a little list Of Trinity offenders who might well be underground And who never would be missed—who never would be missed. There's the irritating tutor who is ready, poised to pounce And demand for harmless habits sums of varying amounts— All raucous conversationalists who stir the stilly night— The unmentionable student who will always pot the white— And the man that loves his butter, and that simply won't desist— They'd none of them be missed—Oh, they'd none of them be missed.</p>	<p>There's the enviable monstrosity who puts us on the rack, The tobacco-capitalist—I've got him on the list, All people good at borrowing but weak at paying back, They never would be missed—they never would be missed. The bridge-player who is working and who will not make a four— And all those casual callers who neglect to close the door— The energetic squash-player with no idea of time— All students who climb stairways, and who clatter as they climb— And that all-too-common specimen, the seaweed specialist— They'd none of them be missed—Oh, they'd none of them be missed.</p>
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The man who with dexterity our even-
ings whiles away—
The keen telephonist—I don't think
he'd be missed;
And the axe-man who enjoys a change
of handle every day—
They never would be missed—they
never would be missed.
The waiter at the dinner who is chary
with the port—
The breakfast-milk consumer who makes
gentlemen go short—
The man that lives above you, who,
though pleasant in his way,
Delights to move his furniture at any
time of day—
And all Open-Night intruders, who on
entering insist,
I don't think they'd be missed—I'm
sure they'd not be missed.

—C.W.M.

BATH PLUGS

Leisure should be unpleasantly curtailed for us to enjoy it more fully in retrospect. It is as if we were basking in hot water; the end of our leisure leaves us again in the cold, hard, materialist world, like sitting in a cold, hard, materialist bath when the water has run out. Having been brought up in the highly intellectual atmosphere of the symbolist moderns, we shall cleverly say that the striking of the hour corresponds to the raising of the bath-plug; the chiming of the clock sends the beauties of leisure fleeing as swiftly as raising of the bath plug sends the water regurgitating grotesquely and in that particularly fascinating manner down the pipes (see Psalm 42 on "the noise of thy water-pipes").

Bath plugs may be considered first as the utilitarian agents of a materialist civilisation. Being in the process of being carefully moulded and methodised by the History School, we know better than to let such a statement pass without proceeding to a critical examination of the source material. Unfortunately, our ancients have left us little that can help us in our tracing the history of the bath plug; most of our evidence was allowed to slip unheeded down the drains of history, and we have only been able to find a few scanty sources. We are, however, fairly certain that the bath plug was unknown to the ancient Greek civilisation, whose representatives seem to have been more addicted to watching each other bathing in o'ershadowed lakes (see Virgil, or, if you prefer, see Venus). This practice shows, I believe, one of the fundamental differences between the Greek attitude of life and our own. We find it difficult to imagine a classical Greek soberly filling a bath, sitting in it, raising the plug and stepping out, all in the rather self-conscious security of a modern bathroom. No, the myrtles and the nymphs and the opportunities for artlessly pinching each other's garments from the banks were a

necessary accompaniment to the bathing of the Greeks. But here a difficulty crops up which we may venture to present in the form of a syllogism:

Things were revealed to Archimedes
in the bath

All baths have plugs

Therefore Archimedes must have
used a bath plug.

This, if we are not careful, may upset our thesis that the bath plug was unknown to the ancient Greeks. However, a more critical examination of the second premiss will, I think, prove it to be incorrect. Archimedes did not stop to worry about small details like plugs; and since the mind of Archimedes was alert to every detail, we may safely presume there was no plug.

After Archimedes' unfortunate disclosure of the plugless state of the Greek bath, we hear no more of the bath plug until an Act of Henry VIII. granting a monopoly to an experimental plugger, probably the first great English advocate of the bath plug, whose invention was imitated from designs brought over by the Flemish weavers, whom we can safely blame for practically anything in English history. Our next evidence comes from the memoirs of Robespierre, who tells us disgustedly of a striking appurtenance of the suite of Marie Antoinette — a bath plug, ornamented very vulgarly and nouveau-richly with naked naiads, and so adjusted that the flow of water passing through it produced decadent tunes as it departed. A more worthy mention of the bath plug was made in an appeal by Karl Marx in an address to the League of Health and Hygiene on the subject of the Great Unwashed: "Every man, rich and poor, has the power by nature to raise a bath plug; every man, rich and poor, should therefore have the opportunity of having a bath." After this inspiring remark we have been able to find little further reference to our subject; it is to be hoped that some more brilliant mind (see the

Trinity Dialectic Society) will be able to undertake further research into the growth and development of the British bath plug.

We now pass to the possibilities of the bath plug in modern poetry. The word itself has immense onomatopoeic value; the explosive consonants, when pronounced by a phonetics expert, produce a pumping sort of sound very appropriate to the stolid, smug and unemotional nature of the bath plug. Why its possibilities in modern poetry have not yet been exploited I cannot guess; it seems to be just of the right ilk for the moderns—"bath" has the sort of slightly crude and *risque* associations so dear to their hearts, and "plug" the mundane, earnestly materialist, down-to-earth-and-no-evasion sort of sound so much sought after. I cannot understand why its possibilities have not been sounded by our Eliot-aspiring Mr. Kellaway.

In our first paragraph we discussed the finality of the bath plug. We saw it as an instrument of interruption. We must now discuss its psychological influence; we must consider the place of the plug in the making of the self-confident man. We have known those who jerk up the plug with a sort of resolution and defiance, as if they were determining to show life that even if it had not smiled

on them they at least retained absolute control over their bath plugs. Thus, from becoming an instrument of active derision in the hands of the strong-minded leisure-breaker, the bath plug becomes the passive sufferer of the self-will of the life-slighted, self-confidence seeker—the man who by an assertive, savage bullying of his bath plug seeks to fill his thwarted cravings for larger domination.

Nothing is more catastrophic than the lack of a bath plug. One may have a bath shining white, subtly black, suggestively pink, ghastly green; one may have (though rarely here, we fear) gallons of water simply itching at the taps; but the whole principle of the bath, its whole theory and method, is held up until a bath plug is produced. This, I think, is a profoundly shattering thought. It is by realising such things that we begin to see the sway the plug holds. Nothing is more pitiful than to see a grown man thwarted by the missing bath plug. There is only one way of overcoming this danger, only one way of avoiding subservience to the plug; but it is a way which shuts out all the luxuriance of the bath and all the relaxation and comfort it can give you—it is the strictly materialist use of the shower.

—J.E.A.

Fugue Based on an Old Hym

O that my pen could borrow of the fire
That kindled once within the master's
mind
That mighty fugue, writ for the heavens'
quire,
On B, A, C, and H, his name, designed.
Then would I write a lyric fugal ode
Of soaring golden flights of poesy,
In rich majestic Miltonic mode,
Upon the letters J, C, V, and B.
But words are lacking in the mother
tongue,
To fitly frame my contrapuntal paeon;
All else remains unwritten and unsung
Save "Jubilate Cowan, Vale Behan!"

—G.A.B.

An Ex-Serviceman Looks at the College

If I were to write whimsically of this subject, I would find it difficult to write of some things which I think are not only of value to the ex-serviceman in College to-day, but pertinent to the role of the College in the community. This subject is not infrequently discussed, more by implication than in open forum, but always there is that interest to know what the ex-servicemen in residence are thinking. Now why should what he has to say be of interest? I pose the question purposely. For it puts him on the spot, more often than not. Is it because he is older? There are older men in College. Is it because he is more adult? But this is hard to define. Is it because he has "been places and seen things"? But many another is in the same position. Rather it is because he has been placed outside the normal channels of society for a period of years and has led a regimented, corporate life in one of the Services, and now on his discharge, society shrinks a little before the appearance of one stained with battle, and enquires and questions before she takes him back.

But if there is doubt on the part of society there are greater doubts in the mind of the ex-serviceman. Perhaps he was young when he left, but he is no longer young, the Services are being shrunk to a peace-time role, and he is being returned to the normal activities of the society which he left. That which was his life has now left him. His self-assurance is in jeopardy. He is fearful, and with timidity feels his way into his new surroundings and among strange people.

This is a sobering thought. "Rehabilitation" and "Reconstruction Training" are vague words, but this thought does give them content and value for at least one ex-serviceman.

This may be a truer interpretation of the mental attitude of the large number

of ex-servicemen who entered this College early this year, and also of their behaviour since. That Trinity has accepted us and we have accepted Trinity is an interesting fact. There are many similarities with the Services in the life of this College. It is masculine, it is adult, and has a corporate spirit — just as a regiment is of men, of men over eighteen years of age, and has a regimental spirit. These are advantages no doubt easing the change.

But the College has more to offer — a corporate way of life, allowing the maximum freedom for the individual consistent with a measure of authority. If this is to mean anything it is in the use made of this freedom, whether for study, for discussion, for sport or for informal social gatherings. This is not trite — it means something to those of us who have had for years to snatch these luxuries from a jealous authority.

It might be thought that the ex-servicemen would remain as a clique, formed on past memories and perpetuated into the future life of this College by an attitude of mind at variance with the rest of the College community. This could only happen in an unfriendly and unreceptive community — that it is not so is the measure of the greatest thing this College has made available to its ex-servicemen. It is the measure of that intangible humanity of this institution expressed through its members. If it were partisan in its sympathies there would be intellectual snobbery, if it were sectional in its social interests, there would be social snobbery — that this is not so, that its life is full and rich and human, and not out of touch with that of the nations is no better shown than by its easy reception of ex-servicemen from all ranks in the services and from all walks of life.

—K.G.M.

THE THING

It is a sceptical world we live in. In these days of universal half-education no one believes in anything any more. Even the myths propagated by governments and newspapers are not always given a decent credulity; and as for the myths of olden days, they are jokes, or just forgotten. Take Bunyips, for example. Ask the ordinary man what he thinks of Bunyips, and the reply will be: "Never heard of it, mate. What race did it run in?" Ask someone who has heard the word if he believes in Bunyips, and you will be met by a pitying smile.

Yet strange things happen sometimes, in the bush.

I was walking along a track near Darwin when first I saw It, though I had heard Its roaring for some time before I first glimpsed It through the trees. It had carved a wide straight path for Itself through the bush, crushing the undergrowth into the ground where its green was turning red as the dust settled. Around It was a shambles of young saplings and slim Pandanus palms and behind this barricade It worked—squat, thick-set, huge and strong. But it was what It was doing to the trees that fascinated me.

As I watched, It came to a tall young gum, perhaps a foot thick. It seemed to squat back and watch it malevolently, muttering in anticipation. Then the mutter swelled to a roar, and It charged. The crash rang away from tree to tree; the gum trembled and groaned, while its top waved pathetically high above, and a shower of leaves and twigs pattered down. Dissatisfied, the Thing gave

back, took a longer run, and charged again. The bark flew off where It hit the trunk; the top waved more violently; and a dead stick hurtled down amid the leaves, striking Its armoured back as It panted under the tree. It snorted back, absurdly like a monstrous horse, and squatted a safe distance away, considering what It had done. Then a third time It gathered Itself together, and roaring triumphantly It charged again. At the shock the tree bent over further than ever before, while the Thing, bellowing with rage, tore up the earth at its foot. Degree by degree the tree-top arched across the sky; the roots cracked and the earth above them quivered; then faster and faster the tree swept down till it struck with a crash that hid all other noises, and the red dust sprang up to cover its shame.

I had read of prehistoric monsters—no myth, these—which could have cropped the leaves from this tree as it stood. What were they compared with this Thing, which could push a tree over rather than turn from Its path? As I watched, It rumbled up to Its fallen enemy and began to nose it to one side, playfully it seemed, as a dog might nose a bone. So, It could play with a man, as a cruel man might play with a fly, plucking its wings and legs. So, It could have played with me. . . .

A glance at my watch showed the afternoon was drawing on, and I could stay no longer. As I hurried past, the man on the bulldozer raised a dusty arm, then swung his machine round towards the next tree.

—R.L.F.

Heard from a member of the Leeper
Aristocracy:

"Clarke's? What's Clarke's?"

VALETE, 1945

"I can't stand it any longer!"

E. Aberdeen—1942-45.
 J. E. Banfield—1943-45.
 J. A. Barker—1942-45.
 J. G. Bolton—1945.
 D. A. Bourne—1944-45.
 F. N. Bouvier—1942-45.
 F. J. Bromilow—1945.
 J. H. Brukner—1945.
 M. Burke—1944-45.
 J. D. Butchart—1944-45.
 M. L. Cassidy—1945.
 J. W. Chisholm—1940-45.
 R. D. Cooke—1944-45.
 E. A. Cooper—1944-45.
 F. K. Crowley—1943-45.
 R. W. Dann—1943-45.
 I. G. Falconer—1944-45.
 G. Farmer—1942-45.
 W. L. Frayne—1945.
 P. H. Gibson—1942-45.
 A. J. Goble—1943-45.
 B. J. Hall—1945.
 R. N. Hancock—1938-40, 1945.
 I. T. Harper—1945.
 P. L. Herry—1944-45.
 J. McL. Hunn—1945.
 F. S. J. Imray—1943-45.
 W. G. A. Jack—1943-45.
 R. M. Johnson—1944-45.
 R. A. Joske—1943-45.
 J. R. Kelaher—1941, 1943, 1945.
 W. G. Lewis—1944-45.
 W. M. McCarthy—1945.
 I. McDowell—1945.
 F. J. H. Moreton—1938-40, 1944-45.
 W. A. D. Morgan—1945.
 N. R. Morris—1945.
 P. F. Nelson—1943-45.
 D. C. Orange—1945.
 K. H. Provan—1944-45.
 W. S. Sewell—1945.
 G. C. Sexton—1945.
 M. J. Southey—1940-41, 1945.
 M. J. Strachan—1940-45.
 A. W. Venables—1941-45.
 G. A. Warner—1943-45.
 G. C. Watson—1945.
 H. A. Wriedt—1945.
 L. A. F. Young—1941-45.

SALVETE, 1946

*"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.
 "You must be," said the Cat, "or you
 wouldn't have come here."*

S. G. Alley—Law I.
 W. L. H. Armstrong—Med. I.
 K. J. A. Asche—Law I.
 P. Balmford—Law I.

SALVETE, 1946—(cont.)

M. Bannister—Eng. I.
 R. A. Bickley—Comm. III.
 R. D. Browne—Science I.
 B. Cameron—Law I.
 R. A. G. Chirnside—Ag. Sci.
 A. C. L. Clark—Med. I.
 E. S. Crawcour—Arts I.
 B. R. Dahlsen—Comm. I.
 R. P. Dalziel—Law I.
 I. G. R. Davidson—Med. II.
 B. N. Dobson—Law I.
 T. G. Drought—Arts I.
 J. C. Eagle—Ag. Sci. I.
 A. A. Gilchrist—Arts I.
 R. C. T. Graham—Eng. I.
 G. R. Hadfield—Med. I.
 R. T. Hannah—Comm. I.
 G. F. S. Harding—Arts I.
 D. N. Hawkins—Med. I.
 N. D. Howard—Arts I.
 B. S. Inglis—Science I.
 S. C. Johnston—Med. I.
 A. Kane White—Eng. I.
 W. D. Kaye—Eng. I.
 R. G. King—Arts I.
 L. V. Lansell—Eng. II.
 K. G. Madin—Arts III.
 J. N. Mann—Eng. II.
 B. R. Marshall—Arts I.
 J. W. D. Middleton—Med. I.
 H. M. Mighell—Law I.
 S. C. Moss—Arts I.
 J. M. O'Sullivan—Eng. II.
 J. G. Perry—Comm. I.
 J. K. Reeve—Arts I.
 W. A. Reid—Arts I.
 K. R. Rich—Comm. III.
 P. V. C. Ryan—Arts I.
 M. J. Scriven—Sci. I.
 H. L. Spiegel—Arts I.
 J. N. Taylor—Med. I.
 D. B. Warner—Comm. I.
 G. C. Wenzel—Arts II.
 B. V. Wicking—Arts I.
 A. Wittner—Med. I.
 R. A. Woolcott—Comm. I.
 P. E. Wynter—Sci. I.

SALVETE REDUCES

*"You don't know much," said the
 Duchess; "and that's a fact."*

A. H. Cash.
 J. H. Cranswick.
 R. L. Franklin.
 J. S. Grice.
 R. S. Houghton.
 S. A. Keighley.
 C. E. Kelly.
 P. G. McIntosh.
 W. B. C. Mackie.
 J. L. Wilbur Ham.

UNION NOTES

"You are old, Father William," the young man said.

THE UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

President, 1946-47: Dr. H. G. Furnell.
 Hon. Secretary: R. J. Hamer, 480 Bourke St., Melbourne.
 Committee: P. S. Lang, Bishop J. D. McKie, J. S. Bloomfield, Sir Edmund Herring, C. H. Keon-Cohen, F. Whitney King, H. M. L. Murray, J. H. B. Armstrong, H. G. Sutton, J. F. T. Grimwade, B. L. Murray, Dr. C. H. Fitts, W. H. Moule, M. Macpherson Smith, Dr. P. J. Parsons, Dr. J. B. Turner, Dr. C. N. Atkins, R. R. Sholl, R. L. Stock, F. D. Cumbrae-Stewart.

By Wednesday, 28th November, 1945, the Union had recovered sufficiently from its period of enforced hibernation during the war years to emerge into the light of its post-war future, preening itself (if such an expression is suitable to a creature which hibernates) and contemplating with mingled pride and apprehension its new young feathers (40 recent additions to the roll). To signify, Persephone-like, its return to life, it embarked on the activity to which it is most accustomed—a dinner.

Annual Dinner, 1945

This was held, as indicated, on 28th November, 1945, at the College, and was attended by 87 members. The Annual Meeting was held in the Common Room beforehand, and the business was put through quickly, painlessly and without the knowledge of the majority of those present, who were occupied in renewing old friendships over measures of a pale amber liquid.

Dr. H. G. Furnell was elected President and a proposed panel of 19 selected committee-men was appointed without a murmur of dissent. A balance-sheet was also presented, and in the absence of evidence to the contrary, the Secretary assumed that it had been accepted.

The Annual Dinner followed, and the Matron is to be congratulated on her triumph over restriction and shortage. The President made a characteristically short and pithy speech, but was easily defeated for the claim to Wit by the Senior Student. The Warden provided a long, carefully documented review of his wartime struggles against the Air Force, the local Council, the other College Heads, and incipient bankruptcy, surmounting the arithmetical hurdles with supreme aplomb. The other speakers, Messrs. L. C. Wilcher and J. S. Bloomfield, much encouraged, allowed their froth and bubble to flow on deep into the night.

There has since followed a spate of other functions by day and night, in which the Union has had a part.

Annual Dinner, 1946

The Committee, at one of its infrequent reunions, decided to return to the pre-war practice of holding the Annual Dinner in the winter, and further resolved unanimously that it be held at College if possible, mainly for reasons of sentiment and loyalty, and partly for the more mundane reason that few down-town hotels would be willing or able to cater satisfactorily for such a large assembly. The Dinner was held on Wednesday, 5th June, 1946, and the record attendance of 106 appeared to justify the Committee's decision.

Once again the Annual Meeting was held beforehand in the Common Room, and the business was completed with the minimum of interference, even to those standing nearby. The President was re-elected for a further year, and the Committee was re-appointed en bloc.

The Annual Dinner followed, the joint guests of honour being the retiring War-

den (Dr. J. C. V. Behan) and the new Warden (Mr. R. W. T. Cowan). R. R. Sholl spoke eloquently of Dr. Behan's great services to the College, to which the Warden gracefully replied. B. C. Meredith enlightened members as to certain aspects of the incoming Warden's immediate past, warned him of certain lions in his path, and on behalf of the Union welcomed him sincerely in his task. After Mr. Cowan had responded, the other speakers, Messrs. H. G. Sutton, J. N. Falkingham and J. S. N. Harris, felt free to indulge in such persiflage, reminiscence and mutual recrimination as befitted the spirit of the gathering.

The Council's Garden Party

On Saturday, 7th September, the College Council gave a Garden Party at the College to welcome Mr. Cowan as new Warden. It is understood that nearly 1,000 invitations were issued to friends and old students of the College and their wives, and to judge from the state of the Dining Hall at afternoon tea, a large proportion attended. The day was sunny and the function was clearly a success, though for some reason the great majority of the guests preferred the asphalt in front of the Lodge to the calm of the garden behind. It is probable that after all these ceremonies, numbering more than twelve, the new Warden will by now have managed to convince himself that he is indeed welcome.

Annual Golf Tournament

This was held on Monday, 9th September, at Yarra Yarra Links, and a small field of students and Unionists competed. Messrs. A. W. Hamer and J. B. Turner managed to carry off the Championship and Afternoon Handicap trophies respectively. It is to be hoped that next year a return to the size and scope of pre-war Golf Days can be arranged.

OBITUARY

Mr. Fergus Voss Smith died on 22nd September, 1946. He entered College at the turn of the century and studied contemporaneously with Dr. J. C. V. Behan. He graduated B.M.E., with final honours, in 1903. After leaving the University he accompanied Professor Gregory, as mineralogist, on an exploration of Central Australia. Later he became associated with the mining industry to become General Manager of B.H.P. Block 14 Co., and more recently, director of two other companies. Mr. Voss Smith was a Council Member of the Australasian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy from 1923, Vice-President in 1938 and 1939. For over 13 years he was on the Advisory Committee of the Broken Hill Technical College, and was a Member of the Faculty of Engineering at the Melbourne University since 1940. In all his activities he revealed himself a kindly man and a responsible citizen.

PERSONAL NOTES

BARON UTHWATT

Augustus Andrewes Uthwatt, who was a resident of Trinity from 1896 to 1900, is the first Victorian to be appointed a Lord of Appeal in England. After leaving Trinity he went to Balliol College, Oxford, and in 1904 became Vinerian Scholar, and a Bencher of Gray's Inn. During the first world war he was legal adviser to the Ministry of Food, and later became a leading counsel in the Chancery Division. Between 1939 and 1941 he was chairman of several important committees, and produced the well-known Uthwatt report on compensation for war damage and reconstruction. Appointed a Judge on the Chancery Bench in 1941, he has now been rapidly promoted direct to the House of Lords, which is in itself a mark of the esteem and confidence reposed in him. The "Law Times" of 19th January, 1946, tells how the new Baron Uthwatt was introduced as a Lord of Appeal by Lords Thankerton and Goddard:—

"Lord Jowitt, wearing a three-cornered hat over his full-bottomed wig, took his seat on the Woolsack towards which the traditional procession moved in single file from the bar of the House, first the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, next Sir Algar Howard, gorgeous in the tabard of the Garter King of Arms, and then the three lords in the scarlet and ermine of their rank. Lord Uthwatt, kneeling, presented his patent to the Lord Chancellor, who delivered it to the Clerk. The group then moved to the table, where the patent and writ of summons were read aloud by the Clerk, and the new lord repeated and subscribed the oath of allegiance. He and his sponsors then retired to the bench at the lower end of the House and the proceedings closed with a series of ceremonial bows. A blustering gale, shaking the windows of the chamber, added a dramatic quality to the solemnity of the ancient ritual."

Acting-Judge W. S. Sproule, who shared a study with him in College, writes:—

"Gus' Uthwatt and I entered Trinity on the same day, and we did our Arts and Law Courses together for the whole five years, so I think I may claim to have some knowledge of him.

"From the first to the last he shared fully in the life of the College, and in his last year was Senior Student. He was Call-Boy when Trinity put on Browning's 'Strafford' in his first year, and was in the Chorus in 'Alcestis,' the Greek play put on in 1899. He represented the College in tennis and also once, I fancy, in football in intercollegiate contests. He rowed for two or three years, but was too light to gain a seat in the College Eight. He was in the M.U.B.C. Maiden Fours' winning crew in 1898, and used to make the rowing trip at Easter with the College Eight from Geelong to Barwon Heads, when, in an eight and a four lent by Geelong Grammar School, the crew acquired the swing which gave them their victories in '98, '99, and 1900.

"He was prominent in the Dialectic Society and was a keen debater. He

loved an argument and was a hard man to confute, with his natural ability reinforced by his training in Logic.

"I recall that when I went down to Oxford to visit him at the end of 1901 he told me that amongst those whose lectures he attended were those legal giants, Sir Frederick Pollock and Sir William Anson; but he complained that they would not argue cases with him!

"It may comfort some to know that the new Lord of Appeal was the most shocking writer. I don't think that my memory is betraying me when I recall that some of his examiners made him attend them and read to them his answers!"

Incidentally, it may be of interest to note that, in his position in the Ministry of Food in the 1914-18 war, Baron Uthwatt came into contact with Dr. Behan, who was also on the staff of the Ministry. He saw the ex-Warden in a very unfamiliar light — that of a bad financial negotiator.

Dr. Behan was arranging the purchase of a large quantity of tea from a foreign power, and was preparing to pay for it at a wrong rate of exchange. This error, for which he was reprimanded by Baron Uthwatt, would have cost the British Government a quarter of a million pounds.

JOHN DAVID McKIE

Though he cannot hope to compete with the son of George III, who was consecrated as a Bishop at the age of six months, John David McKie has claims to being the youngest bishop in the Church of England to-day. Those who know him well find nothing remarkable in this fact. He comes from a family which has won distinction in many fields, and his career so far shows that he is not the least gifted of his line. He was educated at Melbourne Grammar School and, while resident in Trinity College, was able to cope with an Arts course and numerous social activities, and still find time to be President of the S.R.C.

In 1933 he left for Oxford as the Lucas Tooth Scholar for that year, and took up residence at New College and began work in the Oxford School of Divinity. He distinguished himself in 1935 by graduating B.A. with 1st Class honours and, so equipped, returned to Trinity College as Chaplain in 1936. He still held this position when war was declared in 1939, and almost at once he took up a military chaplaincy and left with the A.I.F. for the Middle East as a senior chaplain. After long and efficient service in the Middle East, he was sent to New Guinea and became Assistant Chaplain-General and served with further distinction until 1944, when he was called to the important incumbency of Christ Church, South Yarra. This new appointment necessitated his resigning from the chaplaincy of Trinity College, though he continued his connection with the College as a Theological lecturer. On 1st May, 1946, he was consecrated as a Bishop in the Church of God to enable him to take up the work of Co-adjutor Bishop of Melbourne, with the title of Bishop of Geelong. In this new work he is still able to continue as a Theological lecturer at Trinity.

His record speaks for itself on the scores of scholarship and administrative ability, but it can give no indication of his equally important gifts of social intercourse, sporting ability and good fellowship. Here his wide circle of acquaintances testify that the Bishop is a man of varied interests which range from music and literature to golf and cricket. In all of these spheres he can both win and retain the friendship and respect of his fellow-men.

The secret of his success is his conscientiousness and loyalty, and there are many who are confident that his new office has opened up for him further avenues of service and that his best work lies in the future. To this end they congratulate him, and give him their best wishes that he may continue as he has begun.

A. T. AUSTIN

"Non equidem invidio, miror magis."

Arthur Austin, College Chemistry Tutor since 1942, having been awarded a travelling scholarship, left at the end of last year for University College, London, to carry out research work under Professor Ingold. He graduated from Melbourne Technical College in 1938, took his B.Sc. in 1941 with first class honours in Chemistry, and his M.Sc. in 1942 again with first class honours.

While he was in College he made a name for himself as an excellent teacher, and as a man who had an interesting outlook on life. He himself succinctly outlined his philosophy in an article in "Science Review" — all scientists should have "a singleness of purpose, unfettered by racial prejudices . . . a corporate sense of brotherhood. This unification of men and ideals must ultimately help to give that lasting world peace for which we all desire."

In London he has done well. He has recently been awarded the Sir William Ramsay Memorial Fellowship, enabling him to continue his research. He writes of his London life with enthusiasm, asserting somewhat to the surprise of those who lack his wide experience, that "While Oxford and Cambridge have their own peculiar advantages — sporting facilities, greater traditions, ability to get to know small groups very well, there are many more things — better reference libraries, museums, a wider range of research workers — that only London can offer."

We hope that his studies in England will continue to be as enjoyable and successful as they now promise.

W. T. AGAR, who has been engaged on war service with the R.A.M.C. for over three years, has been appointed Senior Lecturer in Physiology.

P. B. ALCOCK, formerly College Classics tutor, who served in the R.A.A.F., and was a prisoner of war in Japanese

hands from 1942 to 1945, has been appointed Lecturer in Classics.

ROSS CAMERON has gone to England for post-graduate work.

"JACKIE" CHISHOLM has gone to King's College, London, to study Theology.

C. M. H. CLARK is now a Lecturer in History, having been transferred from the School of Political Science.

RUSSELL CLARK is now Vicar at Croydon.

D. H. COLEMAN is instructing the young at G.G.S.

W. F. CONNELL has been awarded the John and Eric Smyth Travelling Scholarship.

A. S. FERGUSON has gone to England to do post-graduate work.

G. H. GELLIE, now out of the R.A.A.F., has been appointed Lecturer in Classics.

BILL GRAHAM is now installed at St. George's College in the University of Western Australia, as Sub-Warden.

J. S. GUEST has won a scholarship to England to study for an F.R.C.S. in 1947.

BOB HANCOCK married Pamela Eddison and is now in the Department of External Affairs at Canberra.

W. K. HANCOCK, formerly Professor of History at Adelaide and Birmingham, has now been appointed Professor of Economic History at Oxford. He is, we believe, the first old Trinity student to attain a chair at Oxford.

D. M. HOCKING has been appointed Temporary Lecturer in Economics.

P. S. LANG is now Research Officer in the School of Agriculture. He is to undertake the organisation of a survey of the Wool Industry in the Western District.

G. W. LEEPER, Senior Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry, has been made Associate Professor.

R. B. LEWIS has become Vice-Master of St. Mark's College in the University of Adelaide.

G. B. ("Old Gilbert") McLEAN has gone to London to study for a Ph.D.

A. FORD McKERNAN is starting an engineering shop in his home-town of Euroa, and is experiencing the usual trouble about land, buildings and machine tools.

B. C. J. MEREDITH, O.B.E., has been elected to the University Council as representative of undergraduates. He is at present doing the Bachelor of Education course, but next year he will be off to Mildura, where he has been appointed Sub-Dean of Men.

JOHN MUNRO is now Curate at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and is studying for a Ph.D. at London.

R. A. SCUTT has been awarded one of the "Major Patrick Hore-Ruthven Memorial" Research Travelling Scholarships. He intends to carry out research in Chinese and Japanese at the University of London.

A. G. L. SHAW, at present Joint Acting-Dean of Trinity, has recently been transferred from the School of Economics to that of History, where he has been appointed Lecturer. His book, "The Economic Development of Australia," has now reached a Second Edition.

A. TAIT SMITH has swept off to England for Post-Graduate work.

JOAN and KEVIN ("Scottie") WEST-FOLD are now living at Mosman; he is in the Radio-Phisics department at Sydney University.

Nobody could fail to notice the slowness of these notes, apart from such University distinctions such as can be gleaned from the University Gazette. There is unfortunately no efficient news-hawk service in existence. The Hon. Sec. will be glad to receive news clippings, personal notes and letters from members for inclusion in next year's magazine.

● JANET CLARKE HALL ●

"I — I'm a little girl," said Alice rather doubtfully.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1946

Senior Student: Joan Eggleston.

Secretary: Prudence Boyd.

Treasurer: Judith MacRae.

Asst. Treasurer: Joy Young.

NOTES

When the year commenced a question of immediate interest to several people was the completion of "sundry and manifold changes." Workmen and their paraphernalia were in possession when everyone arrived and, although for most the only difference involved was a change of egress, for the future inhabitants there was an acute accommodation problem. Stretchers on the balcony, and a "study" in the lecture room solved the bed question, while a rearrangement of tables replacing the twelves of tradition solved that of board, and at the beginning of second term the manifolders took possession. The three new rooms are naturally of interest to all, so that the inhabitants now live a semi-public life of inspection. The alterations have also made available increased roof space, enabling the sunshine to be utilised for various functions. As well as these changes, the aspect of First Main has also undergone alterations, and a reading alcove, equipped with reading lamp, comfortable cushions, a table, and shelves of magazines, forms a tempting haven of rest for the work-weary.

Our freshers totalled twenty-four, and they displayed their remarkable talents in the performance of "The Stomach on the Mat," a play at once deeply symbolic and delightfully topical. The ballet, "The Ladies of Trinity," was especially appreciated, as was the song hit, "The Legion of the Lost." The whole play

showed that the freshers had not relied exclusively on the Green Book for their knowledge of J.C.H. At the Students' Club meeting which followed, awards were made to Judy Attiwell, the leading character; Val. East, the author; June Stewart, who gave a sympathetic portrayal of a well-known personality; and Betty Vroland, ballerina and ballet mistress. We would like, in passing, to congratulate Judy Attiwell for her further histrionic triumph in the title role of the M.U.D.C. production of Shaw's "St. Joan."

For the non-Spartan members of the community a pressing problem has been that of the daily bath. Coke shortage, intestinal troubles and the vagaries of Billy have all conspired against us, and finally, the bursting of the boiler sent many forth to seek "fresh baths and showers new." Not only our quest for cleanliness, but also for Godliness, has been somewhat hampered. On the evening of the Warden's birthday we went to attend Chapel but there was none. Our disappointment was somewhat assuaged the following day by the Chaplain's letter:—

"I was deeply touched last evening that, while the gentlemen were celebrating in boisterous fashion one of the breath-taking events of history, the ladies should have felt rather the call to prayer. I much regret that, like the rich, they were turned empty away.

"That their justifiable chagrin may be a little mollified, I propose holding this evening Singing Practice at 7.15 and Choir Practice at 7.30."

With Trinity we joined in bidding farewell to the Warden and Mrs. Behan, and on 21st May held a Valedictory Dinner at which Joan Eggleston, as Senior Student, presented Dr. Behan with etch-

ings, and expressed our best wishes to him. In replying, the Warden showed, by his anecdotes, that J.C.H. has retained its essential characteristics through the years.

At the beginning of second term the new Warden and Mrs. Cowan dined in College for the first time. Mrs. Cowan presented the domestic economy certificates to the freshers, all of whom passed their exemption tests, and the Warden spoke about the importance of these certificates. We drank a toast to the College and concluded by singing the J.C.H. song. At coffee afterwards we had an opportunity of meeting the Warden in a more informal atmosphere.

Owing to the manifold difficulties we have not been able to have many guests to dinner in the earlier part of the year. During the New Education Fellowship Conference Mlle. Chaton stayed in Hall, and the daughter of the High Commissioner for India, Miss Paranjypte, spent a week-end with us. We ourselves, along with Women's College, received an invitation from the men of Queen's College to dine in Hall, but as there was not room for our hosts as well, they dined at J.C.H. and Women's. The Master made us most welcome. He and Mr. Scott, in their speeches, both expressed regret that they had not known in time to make a corresponding change of High Tables.

In first term we were not able to hold a Common Room, but held instead an Open Night. This and the second term Common Room were both a great success. In third term we held an At Home to celebrate our sixtieth anniversary. This was possible through the generosity of the Council, and provided a fitting conclusion to Vaedictory Dinner.

During the year the Chaplain has taken a study circle on Sundays for members of J.C.H., and we should like to thank him for his continued interest. On 8th September the sixtieth anniversary was commemorated in a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Dean took as his text the verse from the Magnificat, "For He that is mighty

hath magnified me, and holy is His Name."

In second term we said a temporary farewell to Miss McBride, who has gone to America to pursue further studies. We were pleased to learn that her determination was rewarded by a berth on the "Mariposa." In her place we welcome Miss Kneebone.

This year J.C.H. personnel have again helped with Guide and Brownie activities at the Victorian Children's Aid Society. Alison Pickford has been occupied with Guide work each week, while Shirley Stockdale, Anne Troup and Joyce Leigh have acted as Brown and Tawny Owls for the Brownies. Joan Beavis and Isobel Meredith have supervised the making of dresses for summer, and we also knitted jumpers earlier in the year.

Altogether we have had a most eventful year for our sixtieth anniversary, and we wish to thank Miss Joske, the tutors, the domestic staff and the committee of the Students' Club, all of whom have contributed much to making the year the success it has been.

JANET CLARKE HALL SPORTS CLUB

*"I don't think they play at all fairly,"
Alice began.*

President: Miss Joske.

Hon. Sec. & Treas.: Miss S. Frost.

Committee: Misses L. Mathieson, A. Mitchell, L. Wallis, F. Ellis.

First term saw our freshers with great enthusiasm for sport, which has been maintained throughout the year, especially as the cessation of war has made it easier to obtain sporting equipment.

Early in the year we held a successful tennis tournament between J.C.H. residents and non-residents. This took the form of a garden party where non-residents and residents mixed freely. The weather supported us on this occasion as it also did several weeks later for an intercollegiate tennis tournament.

All five colleges participated in this function, and the Ormond ladies provided a very enjoyable afternoon tea.

Neither of the tennis matches was run on competitive lines, but it is hoped to reintroduce competition for the cup next year.

Much interest was shown in the cricket match, which was played on the Common between the intercollegiate women early in first term. The play excelled Lloyd's standard, as the participants had never indulged in this sport before. More interest was shown by non-residents, who were well to the fore in the match.

Greater interest has been shown in hockey this year, and several practices took place during the winter months. Unfortunately we are unable to field a regular team as the University claimed many of our members for University matches.

This year J.C.H. were corruptly awarded the Hockey Cup after Trinity had held it for three years.

The singles championship for the Tennis Shield was reintroduced during the latter half of third term, and it is hoped by many that it will promote the reintroduction of competitive sport in the College and intercollegiate matches in the future.

VERDON LIBRARY

"I shall sit here," he said, "on and off, for days and days."

President: Miss Joske.

Librarian: Miss D. Ottaway.

Committee: Mrs. Coppel, Miss Jennings, Miss I. Meredith, Miss A. Troup.

Although there has been an improvement in book supplies during the past year, the library has still had difficulty in obtaining many text-books.

In accordance with the Committee's policy, first priority for new books was given to the scientific and medical sections of the library. The historical, literary and geographical sections were also supplemented, making a total of nearly forty additions for the year.

We are again most grateful to Miss

Freda Bage for another generous donation of books. Also appreciated was the action of several former students in giving their caution money to the library fund.

Following a suggestion by Miss Joske, a reading alcove was built during the year at one end of the first floor in the main building. Housing light literature and magazines formerly kept in the library, the alcove provides a bright corner for those seeking relaxation from heavy reading. A grant from the Council has enabled subscriptions to be made to two extra periodicals.

We look forward to a time when a normal book market will allow us to keep all sections of the library adequately supplied.

JANET CLARKE HALL DRAMATIC CLUB

"I really must be getting home: the night air doesn't suit my throat."

President: Miss Joske.

Secretary: Miss B. Galley.

Committee: Miss M. Balding, Miss D. Duke.

This year there have been only six combined play readings with Trinity, although it is hoped to hold another before the end of third term. All the meetings have been well attended, particularly those in first term.

On 16th July Trinity and Janet Clarke Hall combined to put on "Rookery Nook," by Ben Travers. The play was performed in the Union Theatre, and we should like to thank all those who helped to make the standard of amusement so high, particularly Mr. Hugh D. Neville, the producer.

Later in the second term about forty-five members of the College attended the Queen's College production of "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Union Theatre.

During the year we experienced difficulty in obtaining copies of some of the plays which we wished to read, and for this reason had to abandon, at least temporarily, the idea of reading "Green

Pastures" and John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." The following plays were read: *The Young Idea* (Coward); *Man and Superman* (Shaw); *The Admirable Crichton* (Barrie); *Lady Windermere's Fan* (Wilde); *Ten-Minute Alibi* (Armstrong); *Windows* (Galsworthy).

Finally, we should like to thank Miss Joske for allowing us the use of her sitting-doom for meetings and for her unflinching help and interest through the year.

VALETE, 1945

- Jean Proud—1942-45 (Senior Student 1945).
 Mary Long—1941-45 (Secretary Students' Club 1945).
 Donald Shilliday—1942-45 (Treasurer Students' Club 1945).
 Mary Holder—1942-45.
 Philippa Carter—1942-45.
 Noreen Piper—1942-45.
 Nancy Hesketh—1943-45.
 Margaret Gilpin—1943-45.
 Honor Hebbard—1944-45.
 Janet Campbell—1943-45.
 Mildred Fitzpatrick—1943-45.
 Patricia Morrison—1943-45.
 Margaret Lawrence—1943-45.
 Patricia Atkins—1943-45.
 Suzanne Duigan—1943-45.
 Betty Henry—1944-45.
 Margaret Bruce—1944-45.
 Sheila Hedges—1945.
 Margarita Bosselmann—1945.
 Margaret Medcalfe—1945.

SALVETE, 1946

- Judith Attiwell—Arts I.
 Constance Beavis—Arts I.
 Mary Benjamin—Science II.
 Jane Beveridge—Science I.
 Anne Blythe—Arts I.
 Leila Butler—Arts II.
 Roberta Cain—Arts I.
 Joyce Davies—Arts III.
 Valerie East—Arts I.
 Fay Ellis—Phys. Ed. I.
 Christine Ferguson—Arts I.
 Hilda Fletcher—Arts III.
 Margaret Gooding—Arts I.
 Winifred Hawkins—Science II.
 Lois Linton-Smith—Science II.
 Lois Meathrel—Medicine II.
 Alison Pickford—Arts I.
 Anne Shilliday—Commerce I.
 Gwen Simms—Arts I.
 Judith Skeat—Medicine I.
 Judith Stevenson—Science I.
 June Stewart—Arts II.
 Betty Vroland—Law II.
 Marie Wilson—Science I.

MONOTONE

The sea is grey as evening comes
 Sad on grey sand
 The ripples sigh;
 Deep grey on grey
 The shadows form
 Vague, shifting;
 The clouds are high, pearly,
 But no star
 Pierces the grey;
 A tiny breeze,
 Grey too, and timid
 Sobs with the sea
 Shimmering the stillness
 Where grey mists rise.

—L.B.M.

INFATUATION-WITH-OWN-WORDS

One of the most irritating manifestations of the period of readjustment consequent upon an epoch of intensive and exhaustive mental research is a diminution of the powers of discernment, an uncontrollable impulse towards quadrisyllabic construction, and the utilisation of verbal exuberances. By such a term as mental research is implied that expenditure of energy upon the production of a thesis fulfilling certain specified quantitative conditions. Herein I am concerned with the definitions of the duration and intensity of the phenomenon of stylistic ecstasy, its influences and manifestations, its realities and utilities, its values and its disadvantages, its inspirations and developments, its peaks and profundities, its superficialities and its quintessence, its cosmic qualities and its limitations, its character and its functions, its perversions and its crises, its ideologies and its implications, its significance and its irrelevance, its ramifications and its basis. I believe that the heightening of descriptive technique may be completely explicable by an analysis of the character of these uninterpretable ideological emanations upon which one is encouraged to dissertate . . . *

(*Any resemblance between this prose and anything I have previously written is purely coincidental.) —P.L.P.

 PAST STUDENTS — JANET CLARKE HALL

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY

The Annual Open Day was held at Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday, 23rd March, when about 80 members of the Society and their friends played tennis, admired their own or other people's children, and renewed past friendships.

The guests of honour were the retiring Warden, Dr. J. C. V. Behan, and Mrs. Behan, to whom members thus had a chance of bidding farewell. Representatives of the Ormond, Queen's, Woman's and Newman past students' societies were also present.

Dr. Behan must have felt rather like Gulliver, for the 40 Lilliputians present played round his feet, except when more daring small boys scaled the scaffolding of the new building, or see-sawed precariously on shaky beams. The children had their tea, picnic fashion, in the courtyard, and their elders retired to the comparative warmth of the Dining Hall.

Despite the cool, grey day, the party was a pleasant affair, and one very young man remarked as he said goodbye: "I'll come to Janet Clarke when I'm grown up." On its being suggested that he might prefer Trinity, he remarked, "What's Trinity?" and walked away.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday 12th October. The President, Mrs. Donald Nairn, was in the chair. Before the business of the meeting began Miss Joske spoke of the great loss which the Society and the whole community had sustained in the recent death of Dr. Vera Scantlebury-Brown. A minute's silence was observed as a tribute to her memory.

The following office-bearers were elected for 1947: President, Dr. Dorothy Sinclair; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Nairn, Miss Mary Cameron; Secretary, Mrs. W. McCasker; Treasurer, Miss Rotha Bechevaise; and Committee, Miss Joske (ex officio), Mrs. Guy Bakewell, Miss Helen

Clark, Miss Kathleen Deasey, Miss Olive Wykes, Miss Kathleen Walker, Miss Patricia Lind. Miss Leeper's resignation from the position of the Society's representative on the National Council of Women, which she has held for many years, was accepted with regret. Mrs. John Farrant and Miss Lydia Eadie were elected to fill her place. The Annual Report and Balance Sheet was read and confirmed. It was proposed by Miss Joske and seconded by Miss Barnard that the constitution be published for distribution to students on leaving College to acquaint them with the activities of the Society and encourage them to join.

The Annual Dinner was held in the Dining Hall immediately after the meeting. Eighty-three, including the following guests were present: Mrs. R. W. Cowan, Mrs. T. A. a'Beckett, Miss Joske, Miss Traill, Miss Leeper, and Miss Prudence Boyd representing Senior Student of Janet Clarke Hall. Mrs. Nairn proposed the toast of the College, to which Miss Joske and Miss Boyd responded, giving accounts of the activities of the College on the academic and social sides respectively. Miss Mavis Taylor proposed the toast of Our Guests, to which Mrs. a'Beckett responded, giving an extremely interesting account of the life of women students in the early days of the "Trinity College Hostel." Mrs. a'Beckett also read an excerpt from a letter written in 1872 by the Chancellor of the University of Sydney to the Chancellor of the University of Melbourne, in which he roundly condemned as "odious" the growing desire of women for a University education, and declared that "there will soon be female scientists and female doctors, and all that will be lacking will be female women."

The toast of Absent Friends was proposed by Dr. Nancy Hayward, who gave an account of conditions in England from which she has recently returned.

She spoke of the gratitude expressed in letters from members of the Society living in England for the food parcels received from the Society last Christmas, and requested that further contributions be made to enable the Society to send food parcels to those members again this year. So far £15/3/- has been collected.

After dinner members of the Society were given an opportunity to see over the College and to see the frocks which the students had made for the children at the orphanage. Later they were entertained by Miss Jane Nevett at the piano and by Miss Elizabeth Blakiston, who sang several songs.

Notes

PHYLLIS ROSS has been granted a Carnegie Scholarship to study library work at the Sydney Public Library.

DOREEN LANGLEY was awarded a post-graduate scholarship in nutrition at the beginning of the year. She is studying at the Australian School of Anatomy and plans to prepare a thesis for her M.Sc. degree while in Canberra.

JOAN GARDNER recently left for Oxford where she will work with her uncle, Sir Howard Florey, at the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology. Her work will deal principally with investigations into new types of antibacterial substances.

BERYL PAUSACKER (nee Davies), who accompanied her husband to Oxford early this year, is also working at the Sir William Dunn Pathology School.

BRONNIE TRELOAR (nee Taylor) is also in Oxford. She is attached to St. Hilda's College, while studying for her B.Litt. degree.

Dr. and Mrs. HAROLD BLACKBURN (nee Marcia Jack) have been appointed by the Tasmania Public Health Department as medical officers for the Kingborough Municipality under the State free medical scheme. One will practice in the north of the municipality and the other in the south. They will occupy the

residence erected by the Government at Snug.

Dr. HELEN ROSSITER (nee Randall) has returned to England following her discharge from the Army. She is continuing her work in Oxford as anaesthetist at the Nuffield Department of Neurosurgery, and expects later to work at the Churchill Hospital, which is an extension of the Radcliffe Infirmary built by the Americans during the war.

FAY STEVENSON, who has been engaged in research in organic chemistry for the past eighteen months at the University of Glasgow, following the award to her of a Fellowship by the International Federation of University Women, has recently been awarded a further fellowship from the Finney Howell Foundation. This will enable her to carry out the work for a Ph.D. degree in Glasgow.

KATHLEEN BRUMLEY has been appointed Headmistress of Lowther Hall Girls' Grammar School, Essendon.

PATRICIA McBRIDE is at International House, University of California, and is studying for a Ph.D. degree in Geography. She travelled to America in the same ship as Dr. LESLEY WILLIAMS, who is now doing research on tuberculosis in Canada.

ELWYN MOREY intends staying a second year at the University of California.

Dr. HILDA RAYWARD has succeeded Miss Bailey as Principal of Ascham, Sydney. ELAINE BRUMLEY is in residence there.

MAVIS TAYLOR has been called to the Bar.

Dr. JEAN PROUD and Dr. HELEN TURNER are residents at Prince Henry's Hospital and Dr. LYNNE READ at the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Drs. BETH DOUGALL, NANCY McNEIL and CHARLOTTE ANDERSON are at the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, and Dr. BETTY WILMOT is at present at the Children's Hospital, Perth. Dr. MARY HOLDER is at the Perth Hospital.

Dr. MARY LONG and Dr. CECILY STATHAM are at the Launceston General Hospital.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Trinity Women's Society for 1945 a collection was taken up to enable food parcels to be sent to former members of Janet Clarke Hall and others particularly interested in the activities of the College, who were living in England.

Parcels were sent to the following:—

Mrs. Keith Guthrie (Adele Ogilvy); Mrs. John Franklin (Katharine Balmer); Mrs. H. W. Serpell (K. E. Friend); Miss N. B. Parsons; Mrs. C. B. Collins (Florence Towl); Miss Theo Sproule; Mrs. H. H. Woollard (Mary Howard); Mrs. L. Cockland (Adelaide Tucker); Mrs. Alfred Cianchi (Enid Hallenstein); Miss Bertha Hitchcock; Mrs. Patrick Maxwell (A. T. Leeper); Mrs. Charles Kellaway (Eileen Scantlebury); Miss Monica Kaspar; Mrs. Michael Thwaites (Honor Good); Dr. Elizabeth Robinson; Mrs. Alan Treloar (Bronnie Taylor); Mrs. R. Rossiter (Helen Randall); Miss Fay Stevenson; Mrs. K. H. Pausacker (Beryl Davies); Mrs. Spencer (Gertrude Burke); Miss Rose Kyle; Mrs. H. Morris (Elvie Carnegie); Mrs. F. W. Head; Lady Somers; Sir Christopher Furness.

We have received very interesting letters of acknowledgment from them.

ENGAGEMENTS

Margaret Goldsmith to Mr. Ernest Kaye.

Dorothy van Dae to Mr. Jim White.

Mary Long to Dr. John Lane.

Barbara Parkin to Mr. Alexander Morison.

Margaret Gilpin to Mr. Lloyd Jones.

Joan Mackney to Mr. Gordon Dare.

Margaret Bruce to Mr. Bill Sherwin.

Janet Scott Good to Mr. Mervyn Charles Brumley.

Winifred Burrage to Mr. Hugh Austin Eastman.

MARRIAGES

Patricia Warren to Mr. John Farrant.

Petera Campbell to Mr. Peter de Wolf.

Claire Fielding to Mr. D. B. Williams.

Margaret Champion de Crespigny to Mr. Cornelius in't Veld.

Margaret Alt to Mr. Gordon William Chinn.

Joan Kitchen to Mr. Kevin Westfold.

Helen Fowler to Mr. Robert Taylor.

Jenny Paschoeve to Dr. James Gardiner.

Kathleen Aberdeen to Mr. Colin Smith.

Jean Spring to Mr. William Tom.

Jean Hutchings to Mr. K. G. Plenderlith.

Vivienne Silcock to Mr. Ralph Neale.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Hallenstein (Philippa Plottel)—a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. Alan Wakefield (Mary Wheeler)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Wilmott (Joan Crouch)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Cameron (Elisabeth Pryde)—a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Morton (Merial Clark)—a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. John Agar (Mollie Wells)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Brian Waters (Mary Petherick)—a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson (Heather Morris)—a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baxter (Diana Armit)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Brown (Jean Glover)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nethercote (Joyce Leslie)—a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Callow (Verney South)—a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. Alex. White (Jean Packer)—a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. I. Meschan (Rachel Farrer)—a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Patrick (Alison Hamer) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alec. Gilliland (Margaret Bertie)—a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. George Swinburne (Enid Stobie)—a son.

DEATHS

We extend our sympathy to the relatives of the following:—

Miss Isobel Grace Harriett Weatherby.

Mrs. Drake-Brockman (Constance Andrews).

Mrs. Sengstock (Thesdna Copas).

IN MEMORIAM

Vera Scantlebury-Brown

With the death on 14th July of Dr. Vera Scantlebury-Brown the Commonwealth lost one of its greatest citizens and the Trinity Women's Society one of its best-loved members.

Vera Scantlebury, the first of her family to come here, entered into residence in 1908. She graduated M.B., B.S. in 1913, having been Senior Student of Trinity College Hostel (as Janet Clarke Hall then was called).

She was a Resident Medical Officer at the Melbourne Hospital in 1914, and in 1915 went to the Children's, staying on in 1916 as Senior Resident. She left for England in 1917 and was with R.A.M.C. during the war, and at its end was associated with Dr. Lewin, of Wimpole St., London, in the Children's Clinic.

When she returned to Melbourne in 1919 she became a resident medical officer at the Women's Hospital for a short time. Subsequently she was honorary physician at the Queen Victoria Hospital, an honorary anaesthetist at the Women's Hospital, a clinical assistant at the Children's Hospital, an honorary medical officer to the Victorian Baby Health Association, and medical officer to the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria and to the Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School.

In 1924 she took her M.D. degree, and then went to investigate child welfare in the U.S.A., Canada and New Zealand. This and a later visit resulted in recommendations which led to the formation of the Infant Welfare Division of the Public Health Department. She was appointed its first Director in 1925 and was still in office when she died. Her next report, "Children's Needs," persuaded the Government to allocate, for the benefit of pre-school children of the Commonwealth, the £100,000 Coronation Commemoration Grant, and in 1938 the Lady Gowrie Child Centres were established. Her work was recognised in that year by the award of the O.B.E. Since 1925 the result of her preventive work in schools, kindergartens and hospitals has been the halving of the infant death rate. In the last days of her illness she still was working further to improve Child Welfare.

On 28th September, 1926, Dr. Scantlebury married Edward Byam Brown, D.Sc. now Associate Professor, Electrical Engineering. After her marriage she added his surname to her professional name and was known as Dr. Vera Scantlebury-Brown. She and her husband shared both their domestic and professional interests. His help in the statistical work required for her publications and in assisting in the despatch of suitably equipped cars and trailers, for showing Baby Health Films in country districts was always most valuable, and enabled her to overcome what might have been otherwise insuperable difficulties in spreading modern ideas of health for children.

"Scantie" or "Scatter," as her contemporaries called her, was a personality so generous and kindly, so intelligent and yet simple, so interested in music, sport and living generally, so courageous in illness, or when threatened by difficulties, that her death, when life and work seemed incomplete, has caused grief to all who knew her. To her husband, son and daughter, her sisters and brother, we express our deep sympathy in a loss which we all share.

*"As wet as ever," said Alice, in a
melancholy tone.*

