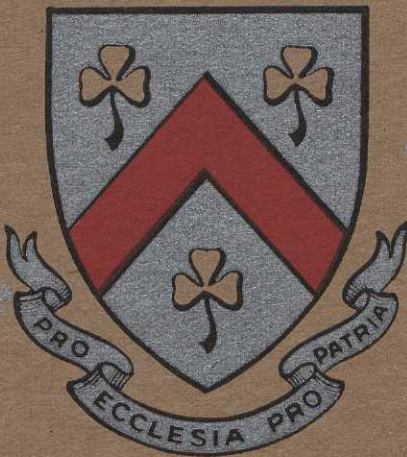


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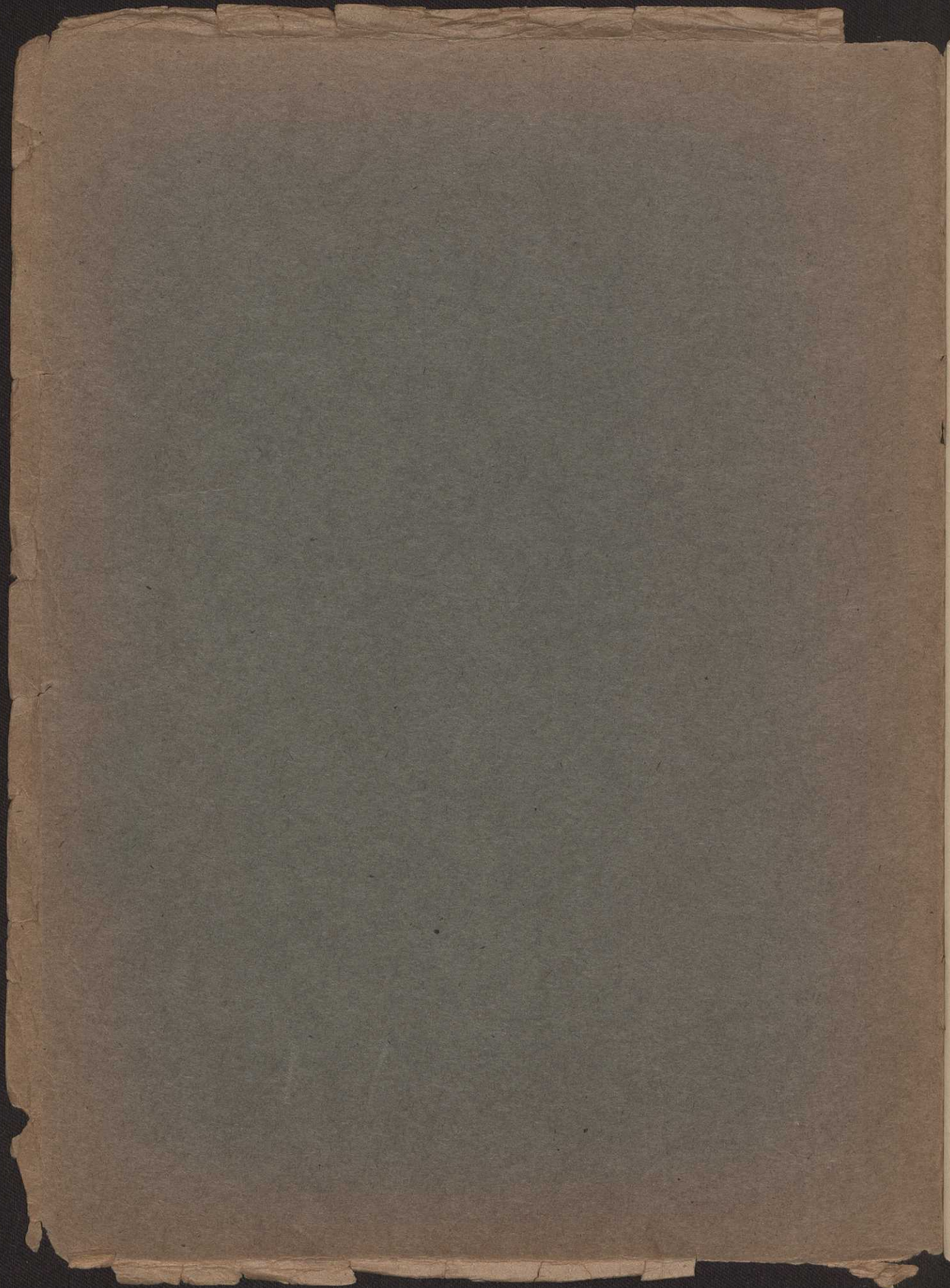
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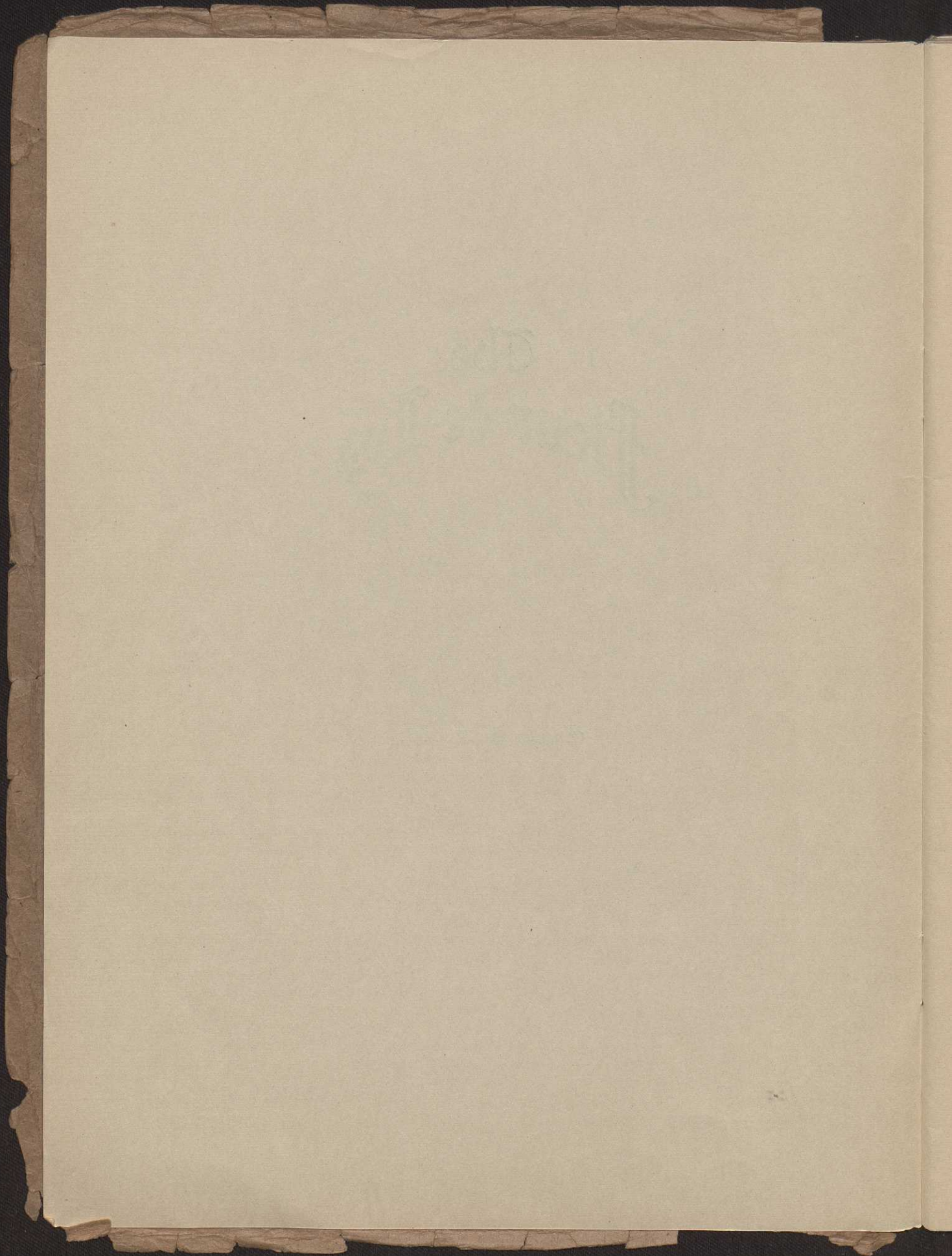


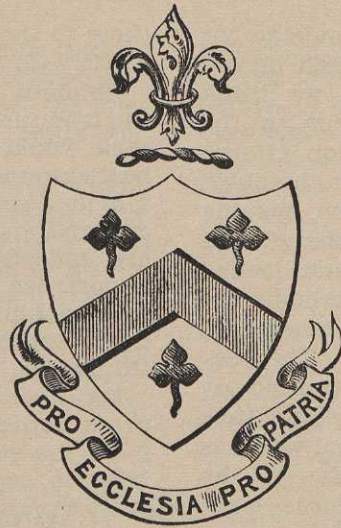
The
Fleur-de-Lys

Consider the lily

Vol. V., No. 47
December, 1947

TRINITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE





Editorial

... and now we can pause and put away our books, fold up our glasses, doff our gowns: the year is spent. If we have the inclination we can, as we sit in the sunlight, think over the past and ask ourselves what does a seventy-fifth anniversary mean to the College society of 1947? Should it, in fact, mean anything? Somewhere along the line there has been coming to the editors an uneasy feeling that somehow they will have to "take stock," and this, of course, would mean a statistical, biographical and architectural survey stretching back into the past, involving much research and, for the readers, a lot of stuff most people know already. Would this be proper? Proper, perhaps, but undesirable. Editors, poor harassed creatures that they are, have some security in their chairs, and though the world may mock and spit and make mouths upon them, they have their little say and then sink back like everything else into the past, remembered by some and forgotten by most. And, being quite aware of this, they are prepared to endure the odium of the

moment. "Stocktaking," it will be seen, is not to be part of this preliminary procedure, for under that overworked metaphor lurks a judgment bench . . . and the oak is in full bloom. What we mostly know of College is our own accumulated experience of two or three years and, as we think, we recall the near past with some degree of vividness — our time which has been spent, part in the interpretation of the rules and tradition of the College and part in our own individual pursuits. To this experience seventy-five years of past history must in some way contribute: in ways not immediately obvious — the buildings themselves tell a tale: Leeper, Bishops', Clarke's, their corridors and staircases haunted by the whiskers and the watch chain. And passing over temporary imperfections we see towering above the trees the majesty of Behan, serene and isolated, in a semi-detached sort of way, from the architectural tumult zig-zagging off towards the playing fields in a confusion of chimney-pots.

Such things as these and more we accept in our daily round, but as we settle

down in the ordinary world outside the gates and look at the scattered photographs on the mantelpiece, we think back . . . incidents occur to the mind — a memorable occasion after a boat race, a few really good shambles, people as you remember them, playing bowls, speeding down to the Chapel with the hour striking, or as a name called under the oak; *these* things become the property of the future and landmarks in the memories of the past. They become more tenacious if one consciously tries to cast them out or pretend they mean nothing to the individual who has his own life to live. They outlast all the facts and figures you produce: leave

those to the Quiz Kid minds who love to baffle with such barren things.

Opinions seem to differ widely as to the true function of a College Magazine: some would have the Editorial a polemic battleground of politics, sociology or religion; some would have us snipe at conventional morality. These questions are indeed subjects of contemporary importance — but that there should be no breathing-space, that this portentous flood should be unmitigated, is unthinkable.

For such reasons we have tried to prune formality: we have tried to leave it as the work of individuals: we have tried to capture and hold in print at least the shadow of potential memories.

OF MILK AND MORALS

“Never touch the stuff!”

This, I fear, epitomises an element in this College, an insidious, phrase-fearing element, which insists in contradicting established authority in silent deed. Shrouded in what they assert is commonsense, it is hard to make them objects of ridicule. If this treachery stopped short at refusing to drink milk, then perhaps we might preserve some of our ancient and well-proven ideas. This will not be. To actually refuse to use an umbrella, or even a less pretentious raincoat, in the rain, completes the syndrome.

“Why is plus infinity the same as minus infinity?”

And this, just when we wish to explain how the goodies really do exceed the baddies, and although some goodies are destroyed when you boil up the very bad baddies, there are still stacks and stacks of inanimate goodies, properly called goodness.

“Well, isn’t plus nought the same as minus nought, and how the heck do you avoid catching cold in the rain?”

“I don’t drink milk, but about this infinity. . . .”

It is typical of these irresponsible sub-intellects that they maintain their orientation by moving ever more rapidly in decreasing circles and thinking that thereby they are attaching themselves to some infinite space.

“. . . if you went far enough you would return to where you started, wouldn’t you?”

Damn infinity! You can steer a pretty straight course on this earth, but I am just a little puzzled concerning jeering references to lemonade in lieu of milk. Perhaps it goes to show that other symptoms of the mental rot are not so well concealed as we thought. The old-fashioned cannonball went true enough without having these little buzzing gyrostats trying to align them on some more devilish mission with atomic war-heads.

“Sorry, but you can’t generalise further than is justified by physical circumstance. Do you really think the baddies would single you out as fit for germicidal consumption?”

"Well, of course, I was only told by the very best medical authorities that milk is dangerous. That is not the vital factor, however. You only think you like the stuff."

See what I mean? Believe this and he will convince you that you subconsciously disbelieve in anything he wants you to disbelieve. Silly it is indeed when he magnaminously admits no knowledge of

the space he tends to align himself on.

"I'm perfectly happy under such delusions. Thinking about one divided by nought will drive you to milk, anyway. You, too, will be driven to sanity eventually."

Is that over-optimism?

A concerted effort for more meditation on milk should clear up the matter.

—Nirvana.

WHAT I DID IN MY HOLIDAYS

A work of art is like a glass of water. In the latter case the original shower of rain does not change fundamentally in nature; but to reach the polished limpidity and poise of the finished article it must be submitted to a long process of catching, confining, directing and tap-turning. So it is with Art.

First there must be Inspiration: a Divine Shower. Or rather, I should say, this used to be the conception of the first stage. Nowadays, of course, with Science pushing back the frontiers of knowledge all over the place, we know—or are told — that the creative urge comes not as a benison from without, but rather as a sublimation from within. Art is, as it were, but a rearing of Sex's Ugly Head made beautiful; and we must go back to the animal passions of the subconscious — or to the composition of the thunder-clouds in our analogy — to find the ultimate source of the artistic impulse.

However, to the untrained eye, Inspiration will suffice as an elemental motive-force. But obviously, Inspiration is not enough. A force cannot exist *in vacuo*. It must, for example, have direction; and Art is divided into classes and sub-classes — graphic, verbal and tonal; orchestral or chamber music, prose or poetry, and so on; altogether a well-graduated system of dams, aqueducts, and pipes of varying bore.

On the one hand this channelling of the means of expression may be thought to impose limitations on the artist. Keats or Baudelaire would, we feel, have given anything to create in a medium expressing sights, sounds, scents and tastes at the same time. Joyce, with some measure of success, tries to break from the tyranny of prose into the realm of music. But, on the whole, being built as we are, these divisions and categories are *sine qua non* for the translation of the artist's feelings into the plain man's terms. And being absolute constitutional necessities for both creator and receptor, they can hardly be regarded as limitations.

But there are limitations in art. These of course do not necessarily imply bonds, cages to confine Winged Phoenixes (I suppose that is the plural of Phoenix). The only real limitations on the artist are those he imposes on himself.

These are of two kinds, and correspond perhaps to the shape of the glass and the nature of the tap and water. First there is Form: the sonnet to the poet, the essay to the author. Here there are chains indeed — fixed length, rhyme-scheme, metre, fixed attitude and type of writing — but the chains are usually of one's own forging and the results can be highly desirable.

Discipline promotes good work — you will remember that the little How-to-

Study booklets frown fairly unanimously on the Armchair-Scholar and the Reader-in-Bed. There is a resultant concentration of the energies with, say, a fixed rhyme-scheme, and, if the artist is successful, a kind of aesthetic tightness and neatness which possesses very great charm.

I might point out here that my own position is an exception to what I have just been saying. In this present case the pipe was moulded — to revert to my original simile — by Mr. Wigram Allen — or was it Messrs. Wigram and Allen in conference? And it is a pipe through which I myself had no desire to flow. Repeatedly I assured the Secretary that the Epic was the only literary form I felt competent to tackle—I canvassed eagerly but in vain for an evening of minstrelsy. He was politely interested—"some time next year, perhaps" — but he stood firm on his demands for a conventional essay. This is the result of his powers of eloquence and moral suasion — though I doubt whether he will be quite satisfied, even now.

But I digress; I digress very badly indeed.

The second type of self-imposed limitation is in respect to subject-matter. And it is surprising just how closely some artists do confine themselves. One would not think off-hand, perhaps, that there was anything particularly gripping or stirring in the adventures of Orpheus, for example, or Faust. Yet the list of their ardent biographers is long and distinguished. And there is much to be said for their point of view. The practice of treating anew a well-worn subject gives the reader plenty of scope for wistful nostalgia for his first acquaintance with it; further, he has no need to read the last part first to get full enjoyment; he can concentrate entirely on the style, the artistry, the individuality of the author.

And so I am writing about What I Did in My Holidays: a subject, I dare suggest, as old as the Essay itself; a subject which has been given an infinity of treatments by an infinity of writers; a

subject, finally, without having tackled which, any man who styles himself an essayist must surely be guilty of the most unpardonable presumption. I might have chosen, of course, "The Autobiography of a Penny," or "Monday Mornings" — and I very nearly did: they are both of them close to my heart.

But there are added reasons for my selection which tipped the scale. And of these the most important is its moral value. "Holidays" are, by definition—my definition — "times of recreation, times when one is not engaged in whatever pursuit one is pleased to call work." Therefore, they are times of sloth—they bristle with snares for the unwary soul, they are fundamentally unproductive; necessary they may be with the present feeble constitution of our bodies and minds — but necessary evils they certainly are. However, their undesirable effects must be mitigated considerably by this means of converting them to good moral disciplinary ends. The small boy who, during the school vacation, fritters away God's good days—and, after all, we each of us have but few—we know not how few — on a sheep-farm, has still some chance of grace if he has to remember it afterwards and carefully write it down in grammatical sentences and words spelt as society spells them. Perhaps it may even be possible, after a period of conditioning, to temper the frivolity at its height, by means of the spectre of the essay to come. It may be that a sensitive lad will force himself to take conscious heed of the form his careless amusement takes. Perhaps—or is this too much to hope for? — he may learn to take a notebook down to the beach. The benefits to his memory, concentration and general scholastic outlook are too obvious and numerous to mention.

Thus for the schoolboy the What-I-Did-in-My-Holidays topic must constitute the highest peak in that best of all school tasks — essay-writing. And who will deny the essay, or the "composition," as it is called to deceive the young, its proud position? Who will

dispute its value? What though it demand a reflectiveness, a contemplative turn of mind rarely seen in a schoolboy? We shall make him reflect and contemplate — he will be the better for it. What though the essay be a form of prose-writing, demand for success perhaps more maturity of mind than any other? We shall mature him, and the quicker the better — is not that what schools are for? What though he might want to tell simple and clumsy stories? Heavens! he gets enough of them given to him in the comic-papers and on the wireless.

No. Once a youth can get 15 marks out of 30 for a dissertation on Alarm-Clocks, or Whether Parliamentary Debates Should be Broadcast, he is, I feel, an adult; he is able to take his place in the community with his head held high. Royally — disdainfully — he can Leave School.

And here, finally, we reach my real motive in writing. Alarming intimate, as an essayist and Rambler should be, I shall let you into the secrets of my soul. If my head is held high, it is held too high — by virtue of that subterfuge of the subconscious known as Over-Compensation. Deep down within me stirs the realisation that I Left School under false pretences; that actually — nightmare thought! — I should by rights still be there. Not only did I not write about What I Did in My Holidays often enough — and a really educated man should, I feel, be able to look back on at least half a dozen such works — more, I actually cannot remember having written on it at all. I find it difficult to account for this: sometimes, no doubt, I prolonged my vacations by means of the well-known Contagious or Infectious Diseases device; sometimes, perhaps, a weak-spirited, vacillatory master would give an alternative subject, and I, being none too strong-minded myself, would shirk the issue; sometimes, though I like to think this position was rare, I

may have simply defaulted through sheer mental paralysis. Be these suggested explanations of my extraordinary position as they may, the fact remains that to the best of my knowledge I had not till now tried my strength in this fundamental field.

What makes my situation worse is that last year I actually entered for this same Wigram Allen Essay competition, thereby implying, I suppose, that I considered myself in the light of an amateur essayist. My incredible presumption can still bring a blush to my cheeks; it is as if one who had never fallen from a horse were to call himself a rider; or one who had never been seasick a sailor.

And so, belatedly, sheepishly, like a grown man being baptised, I have written on What I Did in My Holidays. Now there may, I realise, be some pedestrian soul who, with but thinly veiled irritation, will exclaim at this point, "But what *did* you do in your holidays? We have waited in vain for the koalas on Philip Island, the tea-picnic at Warrandyte, the Drive in the Hills, and the Trip in the Ferry. We deserve to be told all." He feels frustrated and defrauded, and I for one have great sympathy for him. In fact, so deeply do I feel for him that I shall answer him twice.

First, I think it is generally conceded that any real correlation between title and subject-matter on the part of an essayist is to be regarded as quite gratuitous — perhaps sometimes even fortuitous. On these grounds, I feel I could justly maintain my secrecy.

But as a second answer, I shall tell him. I defined holidays as periods when one was not engaged in one's regular work; and in the title as usually given I think that by "holidays" is universally understood "last" or "most recent holidays." Then my last holidays were Sunday afternoon and this afternoon. And it was then that I wrote this.

—C. W. M.

College Notes

THE ASSOCIATED CLUBS

President and Senior Student: B. C. Edwards.

Hon. Secretary: J. Graham.

Hon. Treasurer: B. D. Cuming.

Indoor Representative: C. J. Coish.

Outdoor Representative: S. W. Kurrle.

This is the year of our celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the College, but, for all that, the year has been quiet, and well-informed circles assure us that the Temporary Wooden Structure still stands the test of time. The serenity of the Behan building was shaken once more when the beginning of the year saw us with ten extra gentlemen who, by a judicious policy of room-sharing, have somehow been accommodated.

Our congratulations and best wishes go to Mr. A. G. L. Shaw on his appointment to the august office of Dean. The anomalies of the past are at last resolved.

Our congratulations also to the Warden and Mrs. Cowan on the birth of a daughter, Joanna.

The tutorial staff has had an addition and a subtraction: Mr. Egerton is now an ornament to High Table, and in his capacity as a Resident Tutor we offer our salutations. Mr. Watson, however, earlier in the year, slipped unobtrusively into the American way of life by taking up a Fellowship in the University of North Carolina: we reluctantly say farewell. We heartily congratulate Mr. Honeycombe on his being awarded an Imperial Chemical Industries Fellowship at the University of Cambridge; we wish him a safe journey and every success overseas.

Our congratulations (for the third time) to the following gentlemen on the occasion of their engagement, and it is a goodly crop: Messrs. Honeycombe, Egerton, Edwards, Coish, J. G. Campbell, Middleton, J. Kelly and P. G. McMahan.

News comes through of three ex-Trinitarians who have taken the final

plunge and who, in the words of the Mudgee Guardian, are bound in the silken fetters of wedlock. Our best wishes for future happiness go to Alan Cash, 1946 Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, Bill Kaye and Brian Dobson.

In the sporting field we have fought our usual Dunkirks, and the various episodes are, we imagine, written up by our ace reporters on the spot. The new tennis courts have proved a very sound investment and tend to be an unfailing draw for nameless foreigners to whom their reputation seems to have spread.

A blow for the cause of culture has been struck by the fitting up of the Music Room with curtains, carpets, sumptuous chairs, a pick-up and a modest collection of Good Records. This has necessitated a reorganisation of the Library, since Room B has become the new Centre.

The College took an active part in the University Carnival for the Food for Britain Appeal: we hope we are not guilty of invidious distinction if we commend Col. Coish and the gentlemen of Upper Bishops' in particular for their work. Our congratulations go also to Jim Perry and his manager, Wal. Caplehorn, for their well-deserved success in the Bobby Sox Idol Competition. A report of the spectacular progress through the City is included elsewhere in this issue.

Tradition reeled and tottered in the best style when the wireless rule was relaxed at the beginning of the year. Radios appeared from nowhere.

A further act of iconoclasm was the reduction of the area of the Bulpaddock and the construction of the Purity Path cutting off the corner from Behan to Bishops'. This was solemnly opened, aspersed, and dedicated in the presence of a large company of Church and State. . . . (S. Wynne: Architect, etc.)

Thanks to the work of the Committee, Swot Vac was completely occupied with social events of one sort or another. The Annual Hockey Match, with the annual result, was again played between the

Gentlemen and the Ladies. The Juttodie took the field on a sticky wicket and we congratulate Bill Sewell for romping home with all flags flying to collect the Coveted Trophy.

And now, with the oak in full bloom, we commend the College and ourselves to the future. We look back with justifiable pride on the good things of past; may the next quarter-century be a period of substantial achievement.

COLLEGE "AT HOME"

This year the Associated Clubs decided their wealth was sufficient to hold an "At Home" late in second term. Unfortunately, the "powers that be" announced that a "closed night" would strangely coincide with the date of this function.

However, undaunted by the threat of heavy fines, the majority of the College courageously decided to entertain on that evening. Spurred on by an enthusiastic orchestra, a crowd of over three hundred eventually found themselves literally fighting for floor space at Coconut Grove. It is little wonder that some were forced to retire at regular intervals to the comparative seclusion of their tables.

Perhaps unwisely, the Senior Student chose to announce his engagement during the day. The College showed its appreciation by doing full justice to the occasion and Mr. B. Edwards in particular.

Apart from one who left early and was heard to mutter "O tempora! O mores!" everyone appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly at the time, although the breakfast attendance in Hall the following morning was, to say the least, poor.

Later, another coincidence occurred when it was found that the fines levied left the Associated Clubs in a slightly better position than before!

The organisers of this occasion were Messrs. P. V. Ryan and G. R. Hadfield.

FOOD FOR BRITAIN

Diversion in Collins Street

I was sitting in a Mont Albert tram when it happened. I was going out to visit Aunt Ursula, and while I was thinking what I should say to her there was a distinct disturbance in Collins St. The tram pulled up with a grind of brakes and much impatient ringing of the bell; most of us fell off the seats into a confused heap in the centre of the tram. A general rush to the windows diverted attention from our various physical distresses to a most extraordinary spectacle coming down the street. There was a small car darting in and among the traffic, and then a walking bellringer followed a strange collection of young men variously attired. The central figure was seated in a large billycart dressed in period costume, and as it drew nearer I thought to myself: "Such a nice young man to be mixed up with all those hooligans": but then he took his cap off to me and I pulled my head in. "The University Food for Britain Carnival, sport," said one of the marchers to a policeman on the corner, and I felt so sorry for him having to put up with such indignity. Policemen do have to put up with so much nowadays, and it was a wonder that they did not think this was going a wee bit far. They were probably all young Communists, anyway. . . .

Carnival

Underneath this vague charitable title lurks much activity. Who would have thought this sober establishment would lay aside its tawny tomes and doff the tattered gown to engage in a whirl of Carnival, Razzledazzle and other organised Whoopee? Sister establishments in Wyoming, perhaps, but what happened to lure the Gentry to the Yarra Bank, toil to manufacture ingenious games of chance (I'm sorry to say), indulge in brazen daylight robbery of fellow Students and a cautious general public, sweat great drops of water in the bicycle race game, and then stagger off happily with ill-gotten gains to the central counting tent?

My tour of the University Carnival was a financial flop. Sore beset by two persistent gents with a small tin plate into which I was expected to toss coins ("even money," *they* said) I took refuge in the quiet games section where I guessed (wrongly) the number of peas or something in a bottle, turned down raffle-syrens, and failed to ring a single coin on the table. At the fantastic push bike tin horse apparatus I found the entire forces of Science, Law, Engineering, Liberal Arts, *and* the Church (I blush to say) combining to deceive me.

Came the night and came those who only come out at night. The quiet games sections prevailed and what you didn't lose on nail-driving you lost on a little fishing device which "only needed a steady hand. . . ."

I walked home, tired but happy.

RUSDEN CLUB

On 18th May a former Trinity student came back to the College at the invitation of the Rusden Club.

Mr. Michael Thwaites, a Victorian Rhodes Scholar, was admirably equipped to give us his "Impressions of Britain in War and Peace." His wartime service in the Royal Navy, and the time he subsequently spent at Oxford completing his course, gave him an excellent opportunity to observe the different phases in Britain's struggle.

He preferred not to deliver any formal lecture, but rather to give a general picture of his life and experience during his absence overseas. His underlying theme, however, was that good "team-work" was largely responsible for Britain's share in the Allied victory. He thought that only this same spirit of co-operation would enable Britain to surmount her present difficulties in an aftermath in many ways grimmer than the war itself.

On 6th August Sir Thomas Rutherford, who, before Mr. R. G. Casey, assumed that office was Acting Governor of Bengal, and later Governor of Bihar, addressed the Rusden Club. His subject was "India — the Great Surrender."

He dealt in detail with the Indian temperament, and the bearing it would have on the future of India. Although predicting that, upon the British withdrawal, a certain amount of communal rioting would ensue, he held high hopes of an eventual settlement of India's civil strife.

On 15th October the final talk for the year was delivered to the Club by Professor J. T. Burke. The title of his delightful and informative talk was, "Impressions of Art," and the main points in it were emphasised by the use of lantern slides.

THE PLAY

On the 27th and 28th June the Dramatic Societies of Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall presented the year's College Play, "Sheppey," by Somerset Maugham. The producer was Mr. Alan Money.

For the first time for several years we reverted to the old practice of running the play for more than one night. It was felt to be hardly fair that the cast should give so much time and energy for the sake of only one public performance. Further, this year admission was charged for. Our intentions were to aid the College Building Fund. But two rather disappointing houses, an alarming multiplicative tendency on the part of various expenses, and the gentle persistence of the Taxation Department, completely nullified our efforts; as a result, the Fund is at present battling on without us as best it can.

"Sheppey" was chosen as a stepping stone on the Trinity Dramatic Society's rise to higher things. It was considered

to be a reasonably thoughtful and competent play — well out of the Ben Travers class, but not beyond the capabilities of the histrionic talent of Trinity and J.C.H. Actually, it was not a particularly good choice and was, as it turned out, dwarfed by its actors, who, however, ensured that a pleasant evening was had by all.

Steve Alley in the name-part was outstanding. His was a very difficult role and an absolutely crucial one. The play stood or fell with him; and it stood.

Lois Meathrel was excellent as the young lady of the streets, and achieved the transformation into Death very creditably indeed. It is a pity that the possibility of unfortunate implications might prevent her from gaining all the praise she deserves.

Betty Vroland and Josephine Thompson were extraordinarily convincing as mother and daughter; their character portrayal was almost faultless.

Judy Leask gave a polished and entertaining performance of the pseudo-sophisticated manicurist, Miss Grange, and contributed much to the audience's enjoyment of the barber's shop. Bill Atkinson's monosyllables were another highlight of the scene.

Barry Marshall showed his versatility and general dramatic ability in playing a sneak-thief with as much adeptness and aplomb as he did a submerged husband last year. Peter Barker did well in his usual role of the conventional hero, acquitting himself very creditably in the difficulties of Passion which pursue him relentlessly year after year.

Finally, a particular mention should be made of the stage manager, Mal. Letts, and his two hard-working assistants, Oscar Asche and Max Bannister. Producing not merely one, but two fully-fledged barber's chairs which went up and down and round and round in quite the approved manner was their most spectacular coup. But there was a great deal to be done besides this, and they did it all very well.

GOLF DAY

9th September, 1947, was a day when all the heavens shouted "Fore" (apologies to P. G. Wodehouse), and on that day the Warden, the Dean, one tutor and eight students of Trinity College and four gentlemen of the Union of the Fleur de Lys hied themselves to Kingston Heath Golf Club to participate in the College Golf Day.

What amazing golf was played that day! Seldom on a recognised golf course have so many shots been played by so few. The weather was perfect, the golf played was, we fear, rather imperfect; but all who played voted the day to be the most enjoyable one in the whole of Swot Vac. Fortunately, no casualties were reported as a result of the operations, although as 6 o'clock (bar closing time) approached, and Mr. Crawcour and Mr. Sewell still failed to appear, grave doubts were expressed as to their safety, and a search party was organised for their relief. However, they eventually appeared just in time to play the nineteenth hole, and all was well. The College championship and the afternoon handicap round were won by Mr. S. T. Philpott, of the Union of the Fleur de Lys, while the morning handicap round was won by Mr. T. H. Cook, also a Fleur de Lys man.

Next year we look forward to another great golf day, and it is to be hoped that more College gentlemen will avail themselves of the opportunity of playing next time. If you've ever held a golf stick and can obtain some sticks and some balls, have a go next year. You won't have a better day in the Swot Vac.

ELLIOT FOURS

It is becoming commonplace to describe the Elliot Fours as an unqualified success: either it cannot be held, as in 1945, or it is, *ipso facto*, a success. Let it only be said that this year the event was conducted on a scale worthy of the College anniversary in all respects. Not only were there sufficient entrants to man 12 crews (in addition to the various

spectators who attended the function), but moreover some 36 gallons of training oil of the finest local variety were dispensed during the afternoon. It was a long time, therefore, despite Mr Maplestone's almost desperate appeals, before the competitors in the first heat pronounced themselves ready and willing to depart. Even so, the first heat was over before many gentlemen were aware that it was nearer than the somewhat hazy future.

Not content with this success, Mr. Maplestone insisted on running other races during the course of the afternoon, despite the frequent demurrers* of the competitors. The uninitiated observer might have been inclined to wonder what the delay could be, but as the afternoon wore on the cause became increasingly obvious. Even after the races were over — and Mr. John Hawkins' crew had proved its superiority — gentlemen seemed to have difficulty in tearing themselves away from the boat-sheds.

Both the races themselves and the more important business of the afternoon were organised with tact and efficiency by Pat Maplestone and Bruce Nelson, who not only manoeuvred the gentlemen into and out of the boats without serious mishap, but also gauged the College thirst to perfection. Perfect weather prevailed all the afternoon and the song and dance rendered by Jim Christie outside the boatsheds afforded an element of comic relief. The average rate of consumption never flagged and the final quarter was completed in a burst of astonishing speed. We feel that no better indication of the all-round success of the afternoon can be quoted than the exceptional number of absentees from Hall that evening. Notable among those absent was the Senior Student, who was last sighted heading westward from the Cathedral corner and remained lost for three days. The cox of the winning crew was later found in the oatcrop.

* (Legal) Exception taken to opponent's point as irrelevant.

A LETTER TO AN EDITOR

Dear Sirs,

I think you ought to know what goes on in this city, hoping you will give it publicity in your esteemed columns.

Oh, we must hurry, hurry, if this is to be stopt!

Only a few days ago I was attending a Public Ceremony at which our dear Bishop (so I thought) was opening a new roadway (oh, it's a scandal). What with Red Deans, Bishops' Books, we all have to look to see the Communists don't get no hold, but my Discovery is that it is not the Communists, for all they have Secret Meetings, but them as work from within to pollute the true Church are to be watched. For right before my eyes appeared the Bishop, held up, in a manner of speaking, by two Notorious Ministers in this district and Certain other people likewise assisting the Disgraceful Show. Among them was a weird woman in Black, a foreign gentleman, whom someone tells me is an Arkmandrike, a Scotchman, and a poor little boy looking most unhappy with a smoke bomb. The only Sober note was struck by a County Court Judge and a "Minister" of some Free Church who is now a Marked Man in our Lodge circles.

How long must this be Tolerated? Oh, we must hurry if this Monster in our midst is to be slain. The Fires for them as turn not are prepared already.

Yours in haste. . . .

STOP PRESS!

We should like to thank the Chaplain for his term of office as Joint Acting Dean when, in addition to his priestly functions, he assured us certain privy comforts. But especially do we congratulate him on his engagement to Miss Joan Thoren: keen Reunionists will rejoice to hear that the Chapel and the Vatican at last are one.

PLAINSONG RECITAL

On 7th May Leonard Fullard gave a lecture in the Chapel on "Plainsong and Speech-Rhythm Psalms." Vocal illustrations were given by a quartet under the lecturer's direction.

Mr. Fullard spoke of the great need in the Church to-day of higher standards of music and musically-conscious clergy. The Church was a singing Church, and for over 1,000 years Plainsong was her "musical expression," evolving through the medium of Psalms, Office Hymns and Masses.

Many of the tunes owed their origin to some monastic festival or special occasion. In this way the hymn tune "Fortunatus" was composed in the year 569. It later passed into the Church as the Office Hymn for Passion Sunday, and has been in use for 1,400 years.

Merbecke came just at the end of the Plainsong period and provided the much-needed music for the newly-translated English Liturgy. Broad simplicity was its keynote, in contrast with the more picturesque and expressive qualities of earlier music, such as the Missa de Angelis.

The lecture concluded with an account of the development of psalm singing. In recent years "Speech-Rhythm" systems had effected reforms in the Anglican Chant, and plainsong had been revived with marked success.

The quartet gave sensitive expression to the beauty of the chants chosen to illustrate the lecture. You could hear a fuse blow.

CHAPEL NOTES

What can the Chapel mean to the average member of the College? . . . and having read that, the normal thing would be to go on to read the next report. But before you take this step, there are just one or two things to say: a few statements of the obvious tend to put people at their ease, and if we say that there is something transitory about us

all we all feel we are on our home ground. This can go on: one can safely say that this is reflected amply in the College round — people come, people go, courses change, and habits of living alter as the time rolls on. This is not exceptional: it is the same everywhere. For those who do not look for anything more stable than the fulfilment of the immediate need and the forgetfulness of the past, this can have little significance. But there are times, moments of black despair — the distilled essence of mornings after — when we pause with a sudden awareness of a void, and see the future merely as a vast unpredictable, and the past strewn with the results of momentary desires and selfish occupations. Most of us do this — and most of us are in the same boat. The only difference is some care and some don't.

Through all this are a number of people who, in various ways and to varying degrees, have surrendered at least part of themselves to God, Whom we can know more fully through the revelation of Jesus Christ; and no trite words, these — but ones of acceptance among many. How does this knowledge work out in the lives of such people? There are changes in their lives, admittedly, there are convictions which urge to sacrifices above the level of mere idealism, there is a line of contact with the wisdom that is God's . . . but, most significantly, they claim also to know a solidarity which is no mere storm-weather port: and it is the continuity of this the Visible Church provides. This is the unchanging element, the offering of prayer, praise and thanksgiving that goes on four times a day despite what goes on outside. It *provides*: it doesn't cudgel.

It provides intelligible instruction for those who want to know, it provides the means of grace for those who wish to advance in the spiritual life, it provides the opportunity for regular private prayer, and in the Daily Offices provides for the corporate worship of the community. And each of these acts is caught up into the flow of the worship of the whole state of Christ's Church: it ceases

to be individual effort, depending, as it otherwise would, on the whim and application of the moment. There is a sense of unity which widens as one grows into it: it embraces the tradition of worship and sacrifice, it sets forth the end, which finds its culmination in heaven, and everyone has a *right* to know what it is before they reject it. The starting points vary, one supposes, from person to person, but appreciation of the end and its means start somewhere around the question, "What think ye of Christ?"

During the year sermons were delivered at the Sunday services by the Chaplain, the Bishop of Geelong, the Bishop of Riverina, Bishop Fortescue Ash, Bishop G. H. Cranswick, the Reverends J. S. Cowland and F. L. Oliver. We are also grateful to the Bishop of Geelong, the Reverends G. L. Morphet, K. L. McConchie, and W. R. Potter for their assistance in the Sanctuary at Corporate Communion.

On 17th June the special Service of Thanksgiving was held in St. Paul's Cathedral to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the foundation of the College: the lessons were read by Dr. J. C. V. Behan and the Warden and the preacher was the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Melbourne. The Holy Eucharist was celebrated earlier in the day in the College Chapel and special prayers were offered.

The Choir, though numerically weaker this year, continues its activities under the direction of the Dean. During Swot Vac the Choir visited St. Paul's, Gisborne, and assisted in the service.

Devotional addresses have been given to the Guild of the Sanctuary by Bishop Murray and the Reverends J. A. G. Houston (Bishop-elect of Rockhampton), A. T. Roberts, D. A. Garnsey, Michael Clarke, and Douglas Blake.

Addresses to the theological students of Trinity and Ridley Colleges, being aspects of the general theme, "Evangelism," were given by Dean Langley,

the Venerable Archdeacon R. H. B. Williams, the Reverends W. S. Milne, F. L. Oliver, E. Franklin Cooper, Geoffrey Sambell, Leo Ball, Mrs. E. Bright Parker, Mr. E. C. Rigby, and Pastor A. Sundelin, of the Swedish Church.

On 16th October the theological students of Trinity attended a one-day Retreat at St. Paul's, Caulfield, conducted by the Reverend J. S. Drought.

Holy Baptism

1946—

Dec. 13—Mary Elizabeth Taylor.

14—Elfwyn June Kimpton.

1947—

July 14—Joanna Cowan.

Holy Matrimony

1946—

Dec. 6—Ernest Allan Kaye and Olive Margaret Goldsmith.

1947—

Feb. 22—Donald Michell and Gwenda Olive Horsley.

Apr. 11—Edward Alexander Cook and Victoria Gladys Sayer.

The Reverend Eric Loveday

One of the most interesting of the visitors to Trinity College in the past few years was Eric Stephen Loveday, the Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He dined in Hall on Monday, 7th July, and later addressed members of the College in the Common Room. His rich Welsh voice, his vivid personality and the freshness of his approach to religion captured the interest of his audience and held it throughout two hours.

He told us of his own experiences during the London blitz, and of the religious reactions of the people of England to the strain of those years. The challenge to the Church which these reactions present is fairly obvious, and Eric Loveday's great contribution to the religious thought of the age lies in the field of teaching technique. His ideas on this subject were illustrated to us, rather

than explicitly discussed. He had not only the diction of the poet, but also the imagination and love of beauty and truth. The combination of these gifts, freely spiced with humour and wit, enabled him to take his listeners to the heart of Christianity and impress them with their relevance. How deeply he had impressed the College was shown in the discussion which followed his address and in the comments made upon it for some time afterwards.

The unexpected death of this distinguished visitor occurred only two nights later, and it touched many in College as though it were a personal bereavement. The College was represented at the funeral service in St. Paul's Cathedral, at which a large congregation paid tribute to a man of outstanding gifts, and gave thanks that, if only for a little while, Australia had had the opportunity of knowing him. To know Eric Loveday was to be moved by him to a more real discipleship to the Master Whom he himself served so humbly and so vigorously.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY

Office-Bearers

President: The Warden (ex-officio).

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

Secretary: Mr. Franklin.

Committee Members: Messrs. Brown, Graham and McMahon.

The awards to individual speakers were:—

Mr. Marshall	8.375
Mr. Franklin	8.125
Mr. McKay	8.0
Mr. Brown, Mr. Graham	7.5

Prizewinners were:—

President's Medal for Oratory:

Mr. Marshall.

Leeper Prize for Oratory:

Mr. Franklin.

Wigram Allen Essay Prize:

Mr. Marshall.

This has not been a particularly active or successful year for the Society. Inter-collegiate debates, which were revived with some difficulty last year, were again abandoned this year, chiefly owing to lack of interest among the other Colleges. Only two external debates, against Newman and Brighton Grammar, were held; the College lost each of these by a fairly narrow margin.

Nor have the internal activities of the Society been particularly successful. Seven General Meetings were held (one more than last year), but only twenty-four members of the College spoke at them (six less than last year), and the average attendance of fifteen per meeting was lower than during the war years, when the College was much smaller. As usual, the first few debates were quite well attended, but numbers soon dwindled until only a small group of "regulars," with perhaps one or two "outsiders" would come to a meeting.

In the circumstances it was not surprising that there was not much careful preparation for the debates by the speakers; it is — or it doubtless would have been — discouraging to deliver a carefully documented and prepared speech to an audience of seven or eight. But this again reacts on attendances in a sort of vicious circle; for the more that people find the debates to be only amusing, rather than interesting or informative, the less inclined they are to attend.

The trouble is, of course, that with the increasing pressure of work at the University, there is just not the time to put as much work into debating as used to be possible. The University and other debating societies are finding that they have the same trouble. Indeed, by comparison with them, the Trinity society is a very active one for its membership. But it still seems that it is not playing as important a part in College life as it could and ought to play, and that many people would find that if they would decide to make time to speak at its meetings, the training would be useful to them after they leave this College.

VALETE, 1946

R. A. Bickley—1946.
 B. Cameron—1946.
 A. H. Cash—1941, 1946.
 R. A. G. Chirnside—1946.
 G. C. Darby—1940-41, 1945-46.
 I. G. R. Davidson—1946.
 B. N. Dobson—1946.
 P. J. Downes—1945-46.
 R. A. D. Egerton—1944-46.
 D. P. Gawler—1945-46.
 A. A. Gilchrist—1946.
 G. S. F. Harding—1946.
 W. S. C. Hare—1942-46.
 N. D. Howard—1946.
 W. D. Kaye—1946.
 P. G. McIntosh—1941, 1946.
 J. G. Mackinolty—1945-46.
 K. G. Madin—1946.
 R. D. Malcolmson—1944-46.
 R. D. Purnell—1941, 1945-46.
 J. K. Reeve—1946.
 K. R. Rich—1946.
 W. R. Sherwin—1945-46.
 H. L. Speagle—1946.
 B. V. Wicking—1946.
 J. L. Wilbur Ham—1939-41, 1946.
 G. G. Williams—1945-46.

SALVETE, 1947

R. L. Bockholt—Law I.
 R. A. Bradley—Arts I.
 R. G. Brown—Arts & Soc. Studies I.
 G. Burrige—Arts I.
 B. F. Campbell—Law I.
 D. G. Evans—Science I.
 R. H. Gardner—Arts I.
 S. J. Goddard—Med. III.
 P. G. Harris—Law I.
 J. R. Hawkins—Science I.
 D. F. Hebbard—Science I.
 K. R. Hodgson—Arts I.
 J. M. Howard—Law I.
 R. J. W. Howard—Arts I.
 J. W. Kelly—Ag. Sci. I.
 A. C. Kingsbury—Med. II.
 E. M. McConchie—Arts I.
 K. J. McKay—Arts III.
 I. H. McKenzie—Med. III.
 J. A. C. Mackie—Arts I.
 D. J. Mackinnon—Science I.
 I. O. Maroske—Science I.
 M. H. Moore—Eng. II.
 W. I. A. Morrison—Arts I.
 R. T. Potter—Arts I.
 J. L. Reeve—Arts I.
 R. H. Robertson—Law I.
 J. L. Rouse—Science I.
 G. Seddon—Arts III.
 D. W. Smith—Commerce II.
 H. A. Warner-Bishop—Th.L. I.
 J. Weber—Science I.

SENIORS RETURNING

W. S. Sewell—Med. II.
 J. A. Zwar—Ag. Science III.

THE COBWEB

Twelve midnight and all is well:
 A day gone in flight,
 A life's short spell,
 Mind's eyes meet
 and fleeting fly
 Spun in spiders' webs
 Twixt thees and thys;
 Thees and thys we've met to-day
 Each an orbit in the sky
 Each with common thread is drawn
 Touching each temporarily borne;
 Stretching far in tangled past,
 Turning, threading orbits fast;
 Mind developing in space
 A needlework of finest lace.

Yet there are ropes from steadfast
 thought
 From the trials and travails wrought
 Flowing from the sap of souls
 Telling of good deeds untold;
 These the cables hold the web—
 These the strength of lives now dead—
 Open arms and willing take
 Strains of all conflicting faiths.
 Who holds the cables in the sky
 Preserves the structure for mind's eye—
 Gives the key to its design
 Shows the way along its lines?
 Who lets the spiders spin their thread
 Is none but He who casts the web.

—B.C.E.

SEPTEMBER SOLILOQUY

"April is the cruellest month," so T. S. Eliot would have us believe. One of the really great consolations of my University career was the discovery that one does not have to agree with one's superiors in the field of literary criticism. Modernism, of course, has its place, as it endeavours, so we are told, to reclothe human experience to meet the needs of our own day and generation, but even T. S. Eliot, scion of the twentieth century though he may be, cannot convince me that spring is cruel. My contemporaries who have this year been captivated by "Enlightenment," tell me that I am an Escapist, a Romantic, tripping off (if size ten shoes are capable of tripping) into the land of fancy with every darting sunbeam to the region which some dazzling soul has called "the Celtic twilight."

I intend my theme to be Spring, so let us return to the subject. Spring has been regarded all down the ages as the time of rebirth, and now that the oak has begun to blossom, now that the "time of the singing of the birds has come," there is much outward evidence or rebirth in our College, or should I rather say, our section thereof. I can only discuss two aspects of the havoc that spring has wrought in our midst. Both are equally important, both are equally puzzling to an observer like myself. Why has silence descended upon our fair paradise commonly but vulgarly called "The Wing"? Why have tense looks? Closely-knit brows and pre-occupied faces suddenly mystified me.

I listen in vain for the stentorian tones of our bass baritone. I miss his song nightly pour'd to the listening earth at, shall we say, 2.30 a.m. It was always a good lesson for me to hear him, as I invariably thought of St. Paul's words, "Charity suffereth long and is kind."

I hear a new, unfamiliar terminology in our midst. There is much talk about a mythical animal called "a swot"; phrases such as "I haven't a clue"; "eight hours to-day"; are on all lips (with, of course, the exception of the writer).

I hear queer and alarming sounds echoing in the corridor. I quote as examples some which seem to be more eagerly discussed — "divided line"; "On ne badine pas avec l'amour"; strange and mystic rhymes:

An hendy hap ichabbe yhent:
Ichot from heven it is me sent;
From alle wymmen mi love is lent,
And light on Alysoun.

By my open window I muse. Why has Silence established his sovereign shrine in our midst? But far, far beyond my understanding is the renaissance of the spirit — the realisation of the deeper things of life. To illustrate my meaning: Not far distant from the cell of a theolog. a voice, somewhat akin to the simile of the fountain in Tennyson's "Morte d' Arthur," constantly declaims what seems, as far as I can gather, a cry for mercy, "I'm a sinner," or else there is offered the wondrously comforting advice that "It will all be different when the workers get in."

The devotees of "the myth" have become quieter, more intense, more earnest.

I ask myself, "Why?"

Who will give us back our happy, care-free world? Who will come and deliver us, pluck us away from—

"burning, burning, burning, burning,
O Lord, Thou pluckest me out,
O Lord, Thou pluckest
burning.

—K.R.H.

ACADEMIC DISTINCTIONS

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, 1947

- A. M. White Scholarships.—D. F. Hebbard, K. J. McKay, P. E. Wynter.
 Charles Hebden Scholarships.—D. G. Evans, R. L. Franklin.
 Charles Hebden Bursary.—R. H. Gardner.
 Elizabeth Hebden Scholarships.—I. D. Campbell, E. V. Griffith.
 R. and L. Alcock Scholarships.—W. R. L. Caldwell, B. D. Cuming.
 Henry Berthon Scholarship.—P. Balmford.
 Clarke Scholarship.—C. Gouloupoulos.
 Perry Scholarship.—S. G. Alley.
 F. L. Armytage Scholarship.—E. M. McConchie.
 Council's Scholarships.—R. D. Browne, J. G. Campbell, E. S. Crawcour, J. Graham, J. R. Hawkins, G. W. Lanchester, J. A. C. Mackie, R. R. Sanderson, J. A. Zwar.
 Theological Studentships.—
 Cusack Russell: R. A. Bradley.
 Kew: J. L. Reeve.
 Florinda Anderson: G. Burrigide.
 Rupertswood: K. R. Hodgson.

JANET CLARKE HALL

- A. M. White Scholarships.—Judith E. Attiwill, Valerie C. East, Barbara G. Moore.
 Annie Ruth Grice Scholarship.—Anne M. Mitchell.
 Mrs. L. L. Lewis Scholarship.—Marsali A. Rogers.
 F. C. Stanbridge Scholarship.—Lyndsay B. Mathieson.
 Sara Stock Scholarships.—Barbara L. Galley, June M. Stewart.
 Trinity Women's Jubilee Scholarship.—Diane B. Duke.
 F. H. Chambers Exhibition.—Alice O. Hoy.
 Albert Guy Miller Scholarship.—Ruth W. Benn.
 Council's Scholarships.—Judith G. Leask, S. Meredith Lloyd, Mary B. Graham, Joan MacD. Melville, Lorna M. Wallis, Marie D. Wilson, Joyce E. Young.

UNIVERSITY EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS

- Mary E. Benjamin.—Physiology and Biochemistry I.
 W. C. Boake.—Medical Course, Div. III.
 Valerie C. East.—John Sanderson Exhibition, English Language and Literature I.
 I. S. Epstein.—Jamieson Prize, Clinical Medicine, Clinical Obstetrics.
 J. Graham.—W. M. McPherson Exhibition, Hydraulic Engineering I.
 E. V. Griffith.—Surveying II.
 A. D. Hurley.—Dixon Research Scholarship, Mathematics.
 F. G. Kellaway.—Edward Stevens Exhibition, English Language and Literature II; Alex. Sutherland Prize, English Language and Literature II.
 W. B. C. Mackie.—Agricultural Botany I.
 F. Milne.—German I.
 Anne M. Mitchell.—Economic History I.
 K. G. McKay.—Douglas Howard Exhibition, Greek II; Douglas Howard Exhibition, Latin II.

- Marsali A. Rogers.—Mrs. William Smith Exhibition, French I; German II.
 Anthea M. Royston.—Dutch II.
 J. G. Sproule.—Geology II.
 Lorna M. Wallis.—J. F. W. Payne Exhibition, Botany I.
 Mary D. Wilson.—Georgina Sweet Exhibition, Zoology I.
 P. E. Wynter.—John McFarland Exhibition, Pure Maths. I; Dwight's Prize, Physics I; Dwight's Prize, Chemistry IA; Applied Maths. I.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS DEGREES CONFERRED

MASTER'S DEGREE

First Class Honours

- Honor C. Crowley.—M.Sc., School of Chemistry.
 Vera Hanly.—M.Sc., Biochemistry.
 G. Wykes.—M.Sc., Botany.

BACHELOR'S DEGREE

First Class Honours

- Phyllis Oates.—School of Philosophy.
 Elizabeth Rosenblum.—School of English.

Second Class Honours

- Elizabeth A. Baillieu.—B.A., School of Modern Languages.
 R. A. D. Egerton.—B.A., School of History and Economics.

Third Class Honours

- B. J. Hodgetts.—B.A., School of History and Philosophy.

Pass

- J. Beavis.—Science.
 R. A. Bickley.—Commerce.
 Prudence Boyd.—Laws.
 Philippa Carter.—Medicine.
 Angela Cross.—Arts.
 S. Duigan.—Science.
 Hilda Fletcher.—Arts.
 M. Fitzpatrick.—Science.
 Gwen Fong.—Medicine.
 Patricia Hallam.—Arts.
 W. Hawkins.—Science.
 P. Hewitt.—Science.
 S. W. Kurrle.—Arts.
 H. M. Lawrence.—Science.
 J. MacRae.—Science.
 Winifred Meredith.—Arts.
 Marilyn Millar.—Commerce.
 Everil Murray.—Arts.
 A. Moore.—Science.
 W. Diana Ottaway.—Music.
 P. Purcell.—Science.
 Gwendoline Scott.—Arts.
 W. Williams.—Science.

Diploma of Education

- Margaret Kiddle.
 Donalda Shilliday.

CLASS LISTS

Annual Examinations — November, 1946, including Medical and Dental Examinations held during the year.

First Class Honours

S. G. Alley.—British History A.
 Judith E. Attiwill.—British History B; English Language and Literature I.
 P. Balmford.—British History A.
 Constance M. Beavis.—English Language and Literature I.
 W. R. L. Caldwell.—General History I; Political Institutions B.
 J. H. Cranswick.—General History I.
 B. D. Cuming.—Physics II.
 Diane B. Duke.—English Language II.
 Valerie C. East.—English Language and Literature I; British History B.
 R. L. Franklin.—Economic History I; Modern History.
 Barbara L. Galley.—General History I.
 C. Gouloupoulos.—Economic History II.
 E. V. Griffiths.—Surveying II.
 G. W. Lanchester.—General History I.
 K. G. McKay.—Greek II; Latin II.
 R. E. Marks.—English Language II.
 B. R. Marshall.—British History B.
 Anne M. Mitchell.—Economic History I; Zoology I.
 Marsali A. Rogers.—French Language and Literature; French II; German II.
 Anthea M. Royston.—Dutch II.
 R. R. Sanderson.—Accountancy IIB.
 Alma A. Shilliday.—Economic Geography; Political Institutions A.
 June M. Stewart.—French Language and Literature; French II.
 A. W. Venables.—Surgery.
 Lorna M. Wallis.—Botany I.
 P. E. Wynter.—Physics I; Applied Mathematics I; Chemistry IA; Pure Mathematics I.
 J. A. Zwar.—Agricultural Entomology I.

Second Class Honours

K. J. A. Asche.—British History A; Philosophy I; Introduction to Legal Method.
 S. G. Alley.—Introduction to Legal Method.
 P. Balmford.—Political Institutions A.
 R. D. Barton.—Law of Wrongs.
 Constance M. Beavis.—Political Institutions A.
 Mary E. Benjamin.—Physiology and Biochemistry I.
 R. A. Bickley.—Economic History I.
 Anne Blythe.—French I.
 R. D. Browne.—Physics I; Pure Mathematics I.
 I. D. Campbell.—Pure Mathematics II.

J. G. Campbell.—Applied Mathematics II; Physics II; Pure Mathematics II.
 W. F. Caplehorn.—Physics II.
 E. S. Crawcour.—Ancient History I; British History B.
 B. D. Cuming.—Chemistry II.
 Pamela Dickinson.—Chemistry IB.
 Diane B. Duke.—English II.
 Valerie C. East.—Ancient History I.
 Stephanie M. Elliott.—Industrial Organisation.
 J. D. Fisher.—Surveying I.
 Barbara L. Galley.—English II.
 G. E. Garratt.—Biochemistry I. (Medical Course, Div. II).
 D. P. Gawler.—Architecture II.
 A. A. Gilchrist.—Psychology I.
 C. Gouloupoulos.—History of Economic Theory.
 J. Graham.—Electrical Engineering I; Properties of Metals I.
 Mary B. Graham.—Bacteriology I; Conservative Dental Surgery.
 J. S. Grice.—Applied Mathematics II; Pure Mathematics II.
 R. S. Houghton.—Latin II.
 J. M. Hunn.—Chemistry IB.
 A. J. Hunt.—Political Institutions A.
 Frances J. Leigh.—Latin II.
 Judith M. McRae.—Botany III.
 W. B. C. Mackie.—Agricultural Botany I.
 K. G. Madin.—Political Institutions B; International Relations.
 R. D. Malcolmson.—Theoretical Physics.
 J. N. Mann.—Chemistry IA (Engineering); Mechanical Engineering.
 B. R. Marshall.—Philosophy I.
 R. E. Marks.—English Literature II.
 Lyndsey B. Mathieson.—General History I.
 Anne M. Mitchell.—Industrial Organisation.
 S. C. Moss.—Ancient History I.
 Anne E. Moore.—Biochemistry II.
 M. H. Moore.—Applied Mathematics I.
 Patricia L. Phillips.—Political Institutions B.
 Anthea M. Royston.—German II.
 P. V. C. Ryan.—Political Institutions A.
 Marjorie K. Scott.—English Literature II.
 M. J. Scriven.—Pure Mathematics II.
 June M. Stewart.—English Literature II.
 Ailsa G. Thomson.—Philosophy I; English Literature II; General History I.
 A. W. Venables.—Medicine.
 Lorna M. Wallis.—Commercial Law II; Industrial Organisation.
 D. B. Warner.—Economic Geography.
 G. C. Wenzel.—Latin II.
 Doreen Zimmer.—Bacteriology I.
 J. A. Zwar.—Agriculture I.

FIRST CATCH YOUR FLY

I make haste at the outset to assure my readers that it is no intention of mine to sully the tradition of the irreproachable Mrs. Beeton with the recipe for such a gastronomical delicacy as jugged fly. My title is the Alpha and Omega of my work, for it is designed to reawaken in Man a spirit of adventure, regrettably sapped by modern society, and to revive a noble science which has waned before the advent of atomic bombs and DDT — the science of fly-catching.

It is almost inevitable that I now endeavour to justify such an apparently distasteful subject. Flies are never associated with that old world charm and dignity which beetles, centipedes and even spiders enjoy in the fantastic compilations of those who try to attract the youthful reader. Flies are just not photogenic and seldom rise to stardom in the epics of the kindergarten. But if it appears an arduous task to justify the fly's existence, and, further, its glorification, it is a comparatively simple affair to plead for its extinction. None can doubt that the fly has played a fatal role in history. I have no doubt that when the Bey of Algiers smote the French Consul in the face with a flyswot in 1830, an incident which produced a crisis in international politics, it was nothing more than a lamentable miscalculation in his efforts to end the existence of one of our diabolical studies — the fly. And I use the word "diabolical" in no loose sense. We must remember that the Philistine "Beelzebub," whom we recognise as Prince of the Devils, is literally "The Lord of Flies." Once this is admitted, we can understand that the fly has played an insidious role in the world since its foundation. It is nothing more nor less than Sin Incarnate.

Having now established a theological motive for the extinction of our subject, we must consider whether the science of fly-catching itself is of sufficient catholicity to warrant its revival. That is, has it had a wide appeal over a wide period

or was it the passing whim of a particular class or sect? There is every justification for the practice in history. We find the Eleans and Arcadians in Ancient Greece worshipping a god of Fly-Catching, while the gods Zeus and Hercules were honoured with the title of "Averter of Flies." In Rome, the noble art became the sport of kings, when Nero brought it to a height of subtle refinement, as a course of instruction preparatory to the catching of Christians. Domitian, however, popularised the sport, and I feel it worthwhile to quote Suetonius' words on that emperor's activity:

"He used to seek seclusion for some hours each day doing nothing else but catching flies and stabbing them with a finely-pointed writing-style. And so, when someone asked was there anyone inside with Caesar, Vibius Crispus wittily remarked: 'Not even a fly.'"

In Scotland we may draw inference as to its existence in the half-historical, half-legendary picture painted by historians of Robert Bruce and the Spider. The historical basis is probably that the Scot was depriving the arachnid of its hard-won sustenance, until the poor creature was forced to spin in the mouth of the cave to keep its prey from the skilful hands of Bruce.

As with so much of our cultural heritage, the Dark Ages saw the complete neglect of any serious study of the science. And this for several reasons. Such was the pestilence that there were too many flies for a devotee of the art to feel that he was really accomplishing anything. Moreover, such was the corruption of the age that mechanised warfare replaced manual labour even in this sphere. Without any sense of shame or decency, the enervated public resorted to flyswats and flysprays. The work of the master-craftsman became a lost art.

I feel, therefore, that we should not tear ourselves from such a glorious past. The time has come for a Renaissance of the art, even if somewhat belated. It is

a genuine tragedy when such a pursuit is allowed to pass into disuse, developing, as it does, such a valuable co-ordination of mind and body, and training the individual in split-second decisions.

That I am not alone in my aspirations is proven by a suggestion of the Committee on page 177 of the Suggestion Book. In answer to a violent condemnation of the disturbing number of flies in Hall, that body considered that a Special Curatorship seemed the only solution. When persons of such gravity and dignity realise that insufficient thought is being given to this very serious subject, I told high hopes for the future of my enterprise.

This plea for an intellectual reawakening is not intended to be a comprehensive manual of fly-catching. But in the hope of furthering its appeal among my sceptical readers, I feel I must give, in some form, a prospectus of the art and its possibilities.

Now the first question of the amateur will be what sort of fly is he to catch. I would advise all but the most advanced students to concentrate their efforts on the common housefly, since the more enticing varieties have undeniable tendencies to ooze. Those who are sufficiently ambitious to wish to master fancy shots after very little experience could profitably turn their attention to butterflies or dragonflies or the more exotic and tropical members of the order.

When the student has decided upon the variety of his victim, he must govern all his actions by an established psychological principle. Nor need the term "psychological" instil any fear in my readers nor scandalise any well-educated flies who light upon this essay. I am by no means inferring that the fly is possessed of an *Œdipus* complex or polymorphous perverse tendencies, or anything so complicated. The fly is simply temperamental even to the point of neurosis. Proof is not hard to find. It buzzes furiously to cover an innate self-consciousness, the realisation that it is socially unacceptable. It spends

long hours staring fixedly into mirrors, trying to find a cause for man's natural antipathy, and it is no uncommon sight to find a poor dejected creature shedding a silent tear into a bowl of sugar, an outcast in a world which knows no sweetness.

This, then, must be weighed carefully from two aspects: What is to be the effect of the fly on the pursuer in his efforts to capture it, and what is the effect of the student on the victim in its efforts to evade capture? The former aspect can only be studied in relation to the individual. If you feel your strength ebbing, leave the chase to one with a hardier constitution. The pursuit of a terrified but extremely agile fly across ceilings imposes quite a strain on the physical frame. Alpine boots and stocks have been used with some degree of success, but their exponents have assured me that flies are, in the long run, better equipped for such mural activity. Therefore, keep both feet firmly on the ground.

The latter aspect, the effect of the student on the fly, is important, and can be summed up in one ethical proposition: Temper success with justice. That is, catch the fly with the least possible mental agony on both sides. Here I must deprecate strongly the use of such artificial implements as fly-swats. At best, a well-played stroke destroys the fly's natural symmetry, while, at worst, a near-miss can so unnerve the creature and wreck its sense of balance that it is completely useless for further sport. Moreover, nothing can be more distressing to one's aesthetic appreciation than to see a fly gyrating furiously under the intoxicating influence of fly-spray. Constant use will either give the fly a disastrous craving for the liquid or will produce a race of mentally-unbalanced flies. Let us preserve some ethical standards. Such a calamitous state of affairs would surely be an indication that our world is on the doorstep of the Second Millenium.

Criticism of the art comes from three sources. Firstly, the Modernists feel

that it is mere pandering to tradition. They fail to realise that, with the fair sex, in their present advanced state of emancipation, it is virtually the only remaining sphere in which Man can exercise his natural superiority. Secondly there are the Enlightened Ones, who consider fly-catching an amiable and harmless diversion of the mentally-unbalanced, drawing no line of demarcation whatsoever. I would indignantly remind them that, unlike those of our half-witted associates, our flies do at least exist. Thirdly we face the opposition of those humanitarians who view the fly as a divine institution and consider any man-made slaughter of its numbers will upset the balance of nature, resulting, after some forty generations, in an enormous plague of bullants, white cockatoos or similar anomalies. I make haste to reassure my critics with the information that when casualties are tallied up on both sides, I expect the flies to come out of the fray victorious by quite a considerable margin. So much

for my critics, heartless sadists who do not realise that the fly's temperament is the product of their own intolerance.

Man, then, must rectify this misuse of God's gifts and see his own purpose inextricably interwoven with that of the fly. Without this form of relaxation, life becomes meaningless. Man stagnates; the fly dies, despondent, neglected, dissatisfied. Christianity for two thousand years has been turning the sluggard's eyes to ants in quest of wisdom. Rather should we, with our deeper insight into the elevated existence of the fly, dismiss our antiquarian conceptions and recognise that the fly, like Woman, has its function in the home — both unspectacular and capricious perhaps, but designed to stimulate Man's spirit of enterprise and adventure, and restore system to a chaotic structure. In the case of both Woman and the Fly, once capture has been effected, further action is entirely a matter for personal deliberation.

—K. J. McK.

How long will ye imagine mischief against every man? . . .

—Ps. LXII, 3.

Janet Clarke Hall

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1947

Senior Student: Joy Young.
Secretary: Elizabeth Ashbolt.
Treasurer: Marsali Rogers.
Asst. Treasurer: Barbara Galley.

NOTES

This year began well with the re-painting of the waiting-room, rendering the "Morgue" a cheerful place for J.C.H. and privileged outsiders.

About two dozen freshers made their debut through the Tradesmen's Entrance, Miss Meredith Lloyd and Miss Judith Leask being particularly dramatic. The freshers have indeed been an exceptional group. Their interest in sport is astonishing. Their part in the anti-Trinity match — lost in the most honourable fashion — was most praiseworthy. All these freshers were rewarded Certificates for Proficiency in Domestic Economy (presented by Mrs. R. G. Casey).

As the Manifold Wing has been completed (see "Fleur de Lys," 1946), we have had many distinguished guests to dinner in Hall — Acting Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Paton, Archbishop and Mrs. Booth, Professor and Mrs. Lewis, Professor Crawford, Professor Burke, Professor and Mrs. Maxwell, Professor and Mrs. Samuels, Professor and Mrs. Oeser, Bishop Murray, Miss Roper, Miss Archdale, Miss Wilcox, the Warden, the Chaplain, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Stuckey, Miss Traill, Mrs. Casey, Miss Strom, Mrs. Scantlebury, Mrs. Myer, Mrs. Minchen, Mrs. Walter, Dr. Chattaway, Mrs. Wickens and Mrs. Coppel. Mrs. Chian and her daughter, from Malaya, stayed with us for a few weeks, and three rhododendrons were planted in the garden to mark their visit.

Janet Clarke Hall, themselves, went to Government House in a fleet of taxis, to take tea with Lady Dugan. They much admired the ballroom there, although their own termly Common-room dances, held in the Dining Hall as usual, achieved their objects satisfactorily.

Miss Traill has very generously lent to J.C.H. a large collection of pictures, many of them her own work. Some of these have been hung in public places, the rest have been borrowed by students for their studies. We have also been given a portrait of the late Miss E. M. Traill, which is now on a wall of Traill Wing, facing the College she knew as a student.

J.C.H. is also grateful for the presentations of a piano and a ping-pong set to the College. Both these gifts are very popular in the Lecture Room.

We wish all the best to Miss Kneebone, now Mrs. Scrivenor, who has left us for Darwin; and welcome Dr. Nancy Hayward and Miss Jean Hamilton as resident tutors.

Besides their ordinary studies, J.C.H. also finds time to contribute sixpence a week each for Food for Britain or World Student Relief. Miss June Smith assists the Guide company at the Home, and others take the children of the Home out for walks on Wednesday afternoons. There will be a party for these children in Third Term, at which they will wear the dresses made for them by members of the Hall. (Thirty-one dresses were made this year.)

Many from J.C.H. assist weekly or fortnightly at the centres of St. Mary's in Fitzroy and North Melbourne.

Yet once more, O ye laurels. For twenty years Miss Joske has been Principal of Janet Clarke Hall, and we, the twentieth collection under her, desire at this time to congratulate and to express our appreciation of all that she has done for the College, and of all the care and trouble she has taken for us, and on account of us. It is an appreciation which always exists, even when it is, in our uncouth fashion, unexpressed.

SOCIAL SNIPPETS

By Nelly Knowall

Met charming, dark-haired Ratti Ybrid-Yahoo in town to-day. She tells me that she is perfectly certain to hook

handsome, thick-skinned Horatio Hobledehoy this summer, as she has an attractive new ensemble featuring the stunning new colour of the season, Popcorn Purple. Have heard from a quite reliable source that Ratti and Horatio have been Seen Together at the opening of the Duck Breeder's Show and other important social affairs.

Dropped in at the Hoodoo Night Club last night where Nanette Nortti was celebrating her 12th birthday. The charming young hostess was chatting with Moppi Paloppi and Garroti Carbonado when I arrived. She was looking most attractive in Shell-Shock Scarlet, with a simple knot of arum lilies in her hair. Mrs. Nortti was wearing an attractive creation of figleaf and brown paper decorated with safety pins.

Believe it was a surprise for all present when Tinni Sammone announced her engagement to Pete Samarkand, prize pugilist. No one was more surprised than Pete. The young couple are to be married secretly on Saturday next, but Tinni has requested a quiet wedding and limited the number of guests to 200.

JANET CLARKE HALL DRAMATIC CLUB

President: Miss E. Joske.

Secretary: Miss J. Attiwill.

Committee: Miss J. Stewart, Miss B. Vroland, Miss J. Thompson.

Attendance at meetings of the Janet Clarke Hall Dramatic Club has this year been irregular. In first term the disinterestedness of the ladies and the shyness (presumably) of the gentlemen led to small audiences. For second term, however, audiences became so large that several meetings were held in the Common Room, instead of, as in time-honoured fashion, in Miss Joske's sitting-room. The committee would suggest that the irregularity of attendance is explicable by certain counter-attractions. When the club was founded, there were few plays at the Union Theatre, and little opportunity of seeing the high

standard of drama we now expect there; now the plays there are numerous and well-attended. Also, there is another potent attraction offering for Sunday night; Trinity has opened its doors, and many seem to prefer to go there rather than to meet in Miss Joske's sitting-room. Services at Queen's also claim a large share of attention; many of our denizens this year prefer the Church to drama. It may be wiser to make our meetings fewer and therefore more attractive.

The first play-readings held this year were orthodox enough: Euripides' "Alcestis," Milne's "To have the Honour," and Shaw's "Arms and the Man." The Committee felt, however, that plays should be chosen with an eye to variety and also to opening new fields of drama. Following this momentous decision, we broached Ibsen ("The Wild Duck"), but found the translation difficult, and the play therefore rather failing in its effect.

With our fifth play-reading, we felt ourselves at the pitch of our success. A large gathering attended the reading of Hart and Kaufman's famous comedy, "The Man Who Came to Dinner." The reading of the play was excellent, Miss Meathrel as Lorraine Sheldon and Mr. Caldwell as Sheridan Whiteside especially deserving congratulation.

On 20th July we accepted the kind invitation of the Trinity Dramatic Club to attend a meeting held in the Trinity Common Room. At this meeting another field of drama was opened — this time modern American verse tragedy, the play chosen being Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." The evening in Trinity was most enjoyable, and, we hope, deserving of repetition.

For the last play-reading of second term we reverted rather to type, reading Shaw's "Pygmalion." Here Mr. Caldwell was again invaluable. It was generally felt, however, that Shaw's plays have by now rather dated; things that shocked in 1912 now no longer shock even the ladies of Janet Clarke Hall.

The Committee would like to congratulate the girls who took part in the

Trinity Play on their very fine performances. Finally, we would like to thank Miss Joske for her never-failing suggestions, help and interest.

THE VERDON LIBRARY

President: Miss Joske.

Librarian: Miss J. Beavis.

Committee: Mrs. Coppel, Miss Jennings, Miss Cornish, Miss Bendle.

This year we have added 140 books to our collection. This was made possible by the bequest from Miss E. M. Traill of a large number of books, and by the gifts of many friends. We are very grateful to these donors. As well, books have been more readily available from the bookshops and we were able to comply with the requests for more mathematical and scientific books when we were making the selections for this year.

At the beginning of the year, Mr. Garrett, from the Public Library, was asked to inspect our cataloguing system and, after reading his report on it, the Library Committee decided to have the books recatalogued. The Janet Clarke Hall Committee authorised a grant of £80 to cover the cost of the work, which has continued throughout the year. Under the new system the books we have can be used to the best advantage; an essential feature with a library such as ours.

We wish to thank the past students who have given their caution money to the Verdon Library funds, and hope that the present students will continue to take such an interest in their library.

JANET CLARKE HALL SPORTS CLUB

Early this year representatives met and arranged dates for the inter-collegiate matches, and this marked the return of competitive tennis for the first time since before the war. The matches were played on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and after the exhausting exercise was finished for the day, the teams were entertained by Miss Joske at a very welcome afternoon tea. Each team played every other, making ten matches in all. The result were as follow:—

J.C.H. d. Ormond, 6 rubbers to 0.

J.C.H. d. St. Mary's Hall, 6 rubbers to 0.

J.C.H. d. Women's College, 6 rubbers to 0.

J.C.H. d. Queen's, 5 rubbers to 1.

St. Mary's Hall d. Ormond, 6 rubbers to 0.

St. Mary's Hall d. Queen's, 5 rubbers to 1.

St. Mary's Hall d. Women's College, 4 rubbers to 2.

Queen's d. Women's College, 3 rubbers all, 48 games to 46.

Queen's d. Ormond, 3 rubbers all, 7 sets to 6.

Women's College d. Ormond, 6 rubbers to 0.

After the final matches had been played, the teams met at Janet Clarke Hall for the presentation of the cup by Mrs. Johnson.

Here endyth our tale, but as for us, ever may we pleyen!

PAST STUDENTS—JANET CLARKE HALL

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY

President: Dr. Dorothy Sinclair.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. D. Nairn, Miss M. Cameron.

Secretary: Mrs. W. McCasker.

Treasurer: Miss R. Bechevaise.

Committee: Miss E. Joske (ex-officio), Mrs. G. Bakewell, Miss H. Clark, Miss K. Deasey, Miss O. Wykes, Miss K. Walker, Miss P. Lind.

OPEN DAY.—The Annual Open Day was held at Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday, 15th March. About 85 members and their friends were present, and among the guests were the wives of the masters of Colleges and representatives of the Past Students' Associations of the other colleges. A tennis tournament was held in conjunction with the Open Day and was won by Miss Kathleen Walker and Miss Olive Wykes. The day was exceptionally fine, and while the more energetic played tennis, the majority spent the afternoon in the courtyard and garden renewing old acquaintances and recalling days when Janet Clarke Hall played a very large part in their lives. A number of guests brought their children with them, and a children's picnic tea was held in the courtyard.

FOOD PARCELS.—Following the suggestion made by Dr. Nancy Hayward at the Annual Dinner, 1946, that Christmas food parcels be again sent to Trinity women living in England, the sum of £15/7/9 was collected and parcels were sent to the following: Mrs. K. Guthrie, Mrs. J. Franklin, Mrs. H. W. Serpell, Miss N. Parsons, Miss Theo. Sproule, Mrs. H. Woollard, Mrs. L. Cockland, Mrs. A. Cianchi, Miss B. Hitchcock, Mrs. P. Maxwell, Mrs. C. Kellaway, Miss M. Kasper, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. A. Treloar, Mrs. R. Rossiter, Miss F. Stephenson, Mrs. F. W. Head, Sir Christopher Furness, Mrs. Spencer, Miss R. Kyle, Mrs. K. Pavsacker, Lady Somers, Miss B. Soper, Miss Joan Gardiner.

Notes

KATHLEEN BADGER is doing a library course at McGill University, Montreal. She has made several visits to the States and in March visited New York on a tour of famous libraries and museums.

Dr. KATHLEEN TAYLOR (nee Blackwood), who was recently married in Australia, has returned with her husband, the Rev. Philip Taylor, to the C.M.S. Hospital, Kerman, Iran.

DOREEN LANGLEY left in March for New Guinea on a Nutritional Survey under the Commonwealth Department of Health.

PATRICIA McBRIDE is at International House, University of California, completing her Ph.D. in Economic Geography. **ELWYN MOREY** is working for her Ph.D. at the same University. She and Pat have made some extensive trips together through the western States.

ELIZABETH WOODYATT who, since her discharge from the A.W.A.S. has been attached to the Department of Post-War Reconstruction, left for England in the "Orion" early this year to take up a post on the teaching staff of a school at Broadstairs, in Kent.

BRONNIE TRELOAR (nee Taylor) is still in Oxford, and went to Ghent in March as Melbourne representative to a Congress of Dutch-speaking students.

HILDA FLETCHER is now Secretary to Professor Burke, the newly-appointed Professor of Fine Arts.

DONALDA SHILLIDAY is teaching at Portland, and **BARBARA MONSELL-BUTLER** is on the staff of MacRobertson Girls' High School.

LYN BILLINGS (nee Thomas) is living in Oxford, where her husband is doing post-graduate work.

PAT PERKINS and **PEGGY HYETT** both left for London in the "Rangitiki" early this year. Pat is studying physiotherapy at St. Thomas' Hospital. Peggy, after several weeks in London, has gone to Geneva on the staff of Dr. Coombes,

leader of the Australian Delegation to the Trade and Employment Conference. A series of articles on her travels have recently been published in "The Geelong Advertiser."

KATHERINE FRANKLIN (nee Balmer) writes from Oxford: "Some of those who were at Janet Clarke Hall in my time might be interested to hear that AURA FORSTER has arrived. She stayed with me for a while, and is now doing a post-graduate course at St. Thomas' Hospital. She was awarded a scholarship — the Barbara Mortimer Thomas Bursary."

JOCELYN GROWSE and JOY DICKSON are now out of the Army and are both doing physiotherapy, Jocelyn at the Queen Victoria and Austin Hospitals, Joy at the Melbourne.

MARGOT NEFF (nee Ardlie), whose home is now in America, recently paid a short visit to Melbourne with her family.

MARGARET KAYE (nee Goldsmith) left for England in February of this year. Her husband has accepted a post in Newcastle and they expect to remain there for several years.

BRENDA OLDMEADOW is a physiotherapist at Heidelberg Hospital.

MARY WHITEHEAD is working with the Department of Labour and National Service in Melbourne.

VALERIE HAWKINS, who is lecturing in Metallurgy at Sheffield University, recently spent a holiday in Prague. She then planned to spend some time in Scotland.

DEBORAH NEWTON is doing her Hons. B.A. at Oxford.

Past Students of Janet Clarke Hall are well represented at the new University branch at Mildura. LILLIAN WHITE and MARGERIE ASHLY are demonstrating in Zoology, ANNE MOORE and PAMELA PURCELL in Chemistry, and MARGARET LESTER is a lecturer in Mathematics.

JOAN HARDY has been granted leave of absence from the Children's Hospital to become one of the three physiotherapists who will accompany infant welfare sisters on their caravan circuits in the

country. This will inaugurate a new development in a plan to extend assistance to paralysed children living in the country. Dr. BARBARA MEREDITH (nee Cameron), Director of Maternal and Child Welfare in the Department of Health, has been one of those instrumental in developing this scheme.

Dr. SUE WHEILDON is doing post-graduate work in England.

Dr. NANCY HAYWARD, who is lecturer in Bacteriology at Melbourne University, is in residence at Janet Clarke Hall.

ENGAGEMENTS

Rotha Bechevaise to Mr. Herbert Leopold.

Jill Dickinson to Mr. Reginald Veitch.

Joan Melville to Mr. K. W. Fraser.

Marli Russell to Mr. John Middleton.

Noni Sampson to Mr. G. C. McDonald.

Donalda Shilliday to Mr. James Crofts.
Helen Turner to Lieut. James Willis, R.A.N.

Joan Wright to Mr. Bruce Edwards.

Betty Vroland to Mr. Field Rickards.

Judith Attiwill to Mr. Ansell Egerton.

HOLY MATRIMONY

Kathleen Blackwood to the Rev. Philip Taylor.

Prudence Boyd to Mr. Kenneth Myer.

Margaret Bruce to Mr. William Sherwin.

Leila Buxton to Capt. Arnold Anderson.

Wendy Fanning to Mr. Ken. Kennett.

Margaret Goldsmith to Mr. Ernest Kaye.

Nan Green to Mr. Maxwell Rodd.

Patience Grice to Dr. Stewart Derham.

Lois Growse to Mr. L. Burnett.

Evelyn Illidge to Mr. Alan Wright.

Sylvia James to Mr. J. K. Aitken.

Iris Leber to Mr. Michael Basil.

Mary Long to Dr. John Lane.

Joan Mackney to Mr. Gordon Dare.

Gaynor Mitchell to Mr. Tom Barrett.

Iris Nicolades to Mr. Donald Gunner.

Jean Proud to Dr. William Sloss.

Isla Murphy to Mr. H. R. Wimpole.

BIRTHS

To the Rev. and Mrs. Bennett (Molly Bloore) — a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. Ian Chenoweth (Ruth Farrer) — a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. John Cloke (Patricia Flight) — a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. R. Y. Galbraith (Betty Robinson) — a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Gardiner (Jenny Paschoeve) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Hamilton (Mitta Balmer) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Harland (Margaret Cowling) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius int'Veld (Margaret de Crespigny) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Keays (Helen Lawson) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. McKeand (Joan McMahon) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Plenderleith (Jean Hutchings) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Prentice (Mildred Barnard) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. Taylor (Helen Fowler) — a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. T. V. Walpole (Marjorie Felstead) — a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. John Lane (Mary Long) — a daughter.

DEATHS

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. J. R. Callow (Verney South) on the loss of her husband, to Heather Brown on the loss of her father, and to Mr. Olaf Kelly and his family on the loss of his wife (Hilda Le Soeuf).

IN MEMORIAM**Elsie Margaret Traill**

The death on 9th December, 1946, after a short illness, of Miss Elsie Margaret Traill, has broken a friendship and union with the College of more than half a century. Her many friends at Janet Clarke Hall and Trinity not only feel sore grief at her passing, but are thankful that they were able to enjoy her help, wisdom, and generosity for so long.

Miss Traill was the thirty-fifth woman on the Trinity roll and came into residence in the Janet Clarke building in February, 1895. She read English and Logic, obtaining in 1896 first class honours in both, and the Exhibition in Logic. She held a resident scholarship from 1896 to 1898. In her final year she was Senior Student and also a member of the victorious College tennis team.

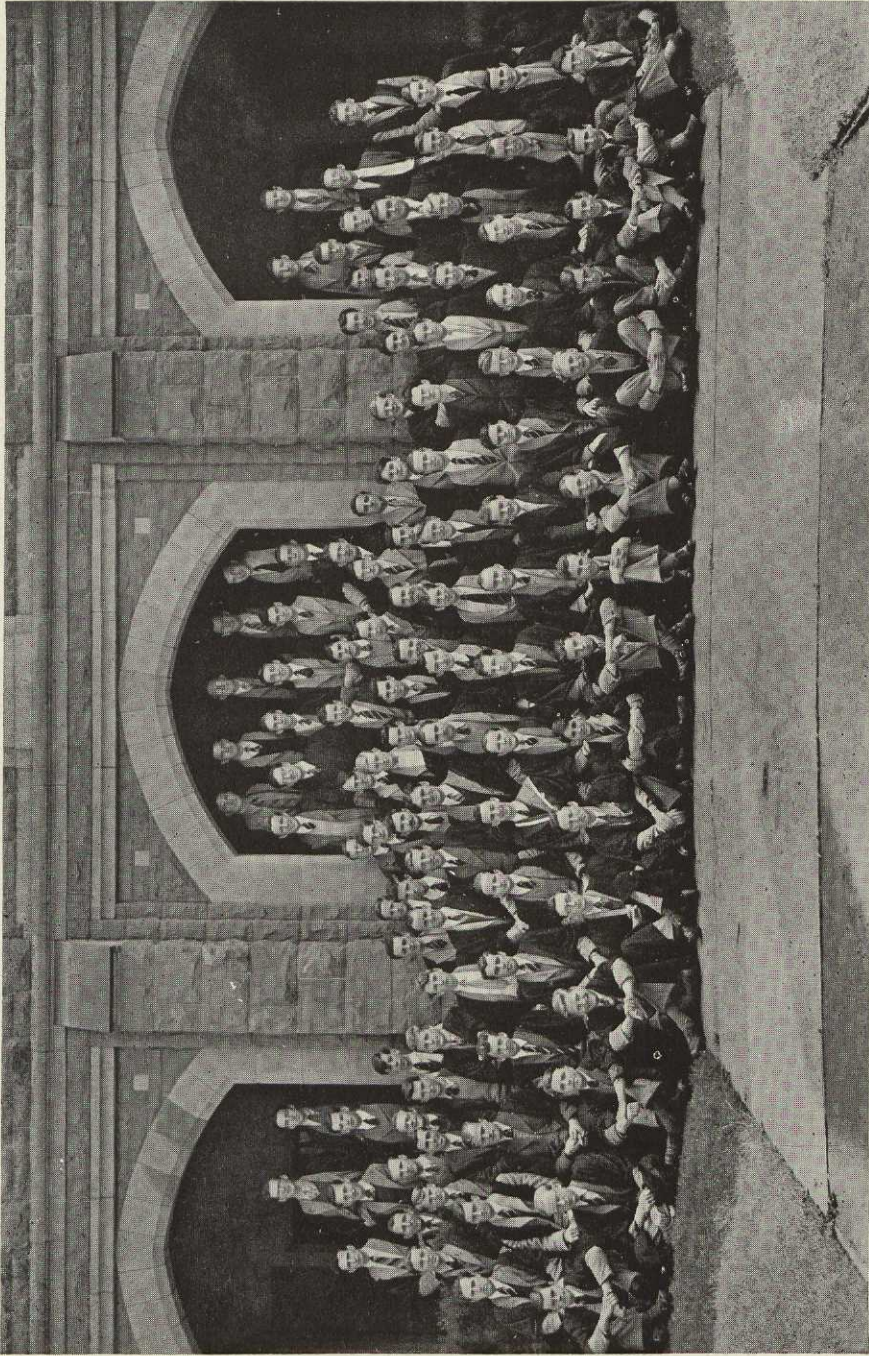
On her return from overseas she took a keen interest in the recently-formed Trinity Women's Society, of which she was twice President.

In 1919 she joined the Committee of Janet Clarke Hall. She became its President in 1929 and, with one or two brief intervals, she continued a member the rest of her life. From 1929-1931 and from 1942-1946 she was also a member of the Trinity College Council.

She was always generous in giving to improve the Hall, donated and carved the fine blackwood bookcase in the Common Room, and gave money for re-making the tennis court and for many other purposes. In 1929 her splendid offer to give £5,000 for additions to the building, provided that the money was used quickly so that more students could be housed on the main site, resulted in the erection in 1930 of what has since been known as the E. M. Traill Wing.

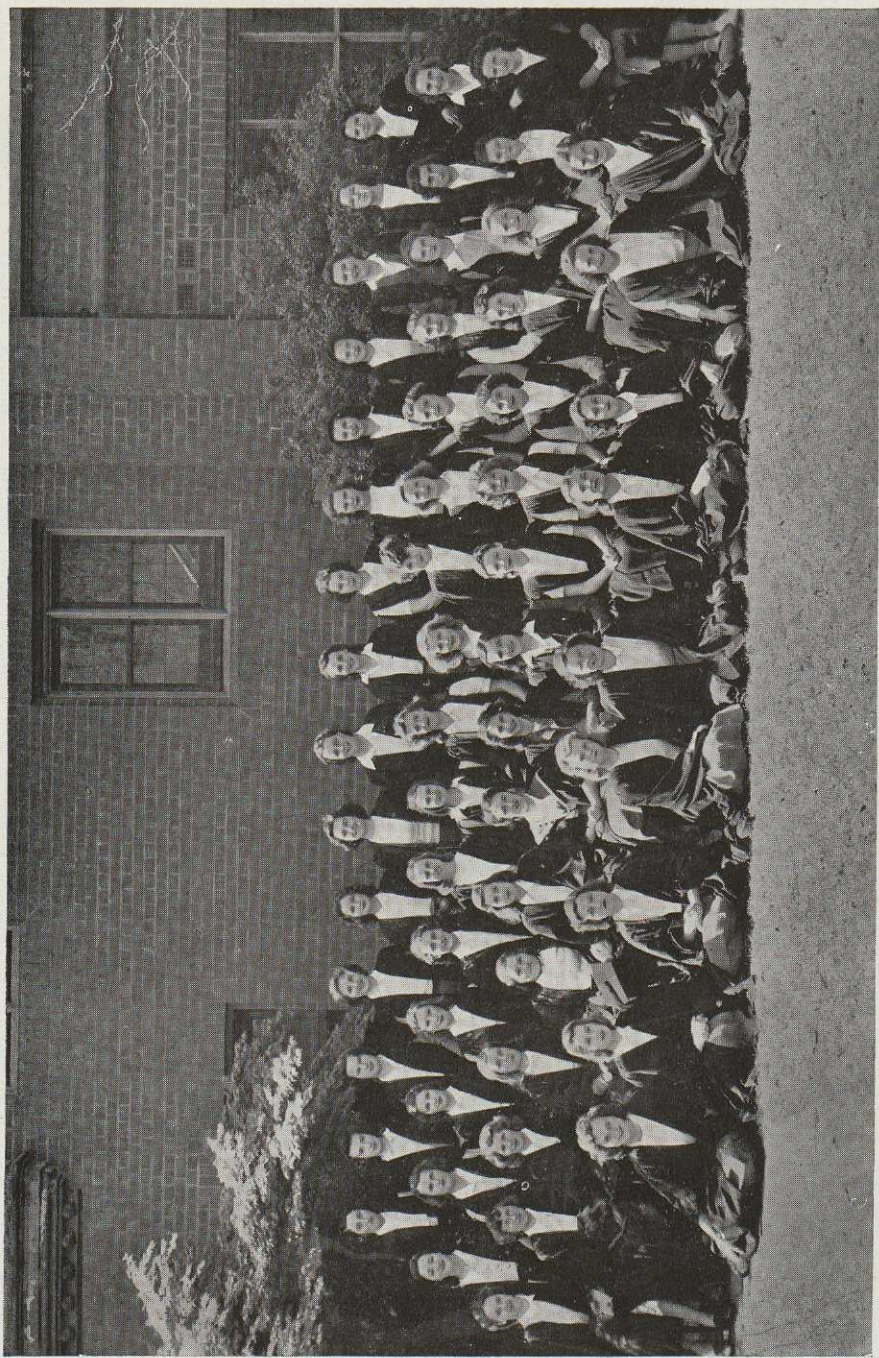
On 15th September, 1930, when for the first time all fifty students lived on the same site in the main building and the E. M. Traill Wings, Miss Traill was guest of honour at a special dinner to mark the occasion. Her last visit to the Hall was on 12th October, 1946, when she was present as guest of honour at the Sixtieth Anniversary dinner given by the Trinity Women's Society.

She was a woman of wide interests. Her devotion to the Church was lifelong, and she obtained help and comfort from its ministrations. She was an indefatigable worker for the Red Cross and was on its Homes' and Hospitals' Committee. She helped to found the Red Cross Handicrafts Shop in Regent Place soon after the 1914-1918 war. One of four original members, she was in charge



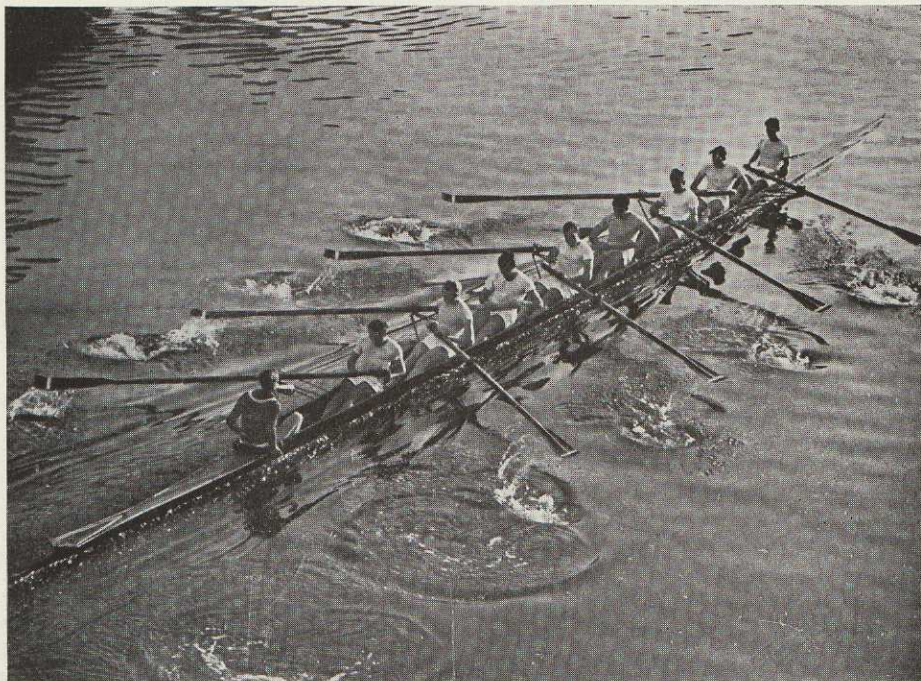
TRINITY COLLEGE, 1947

First Row—P. Balmford, K. J. A. Asche, H. M. Mighell, B. S. Ingalls, A. Wittner. *Second Row*—C. W. McMahon, R. C. T. Graham, R. T. Pettier, S. J. Goddard, R. D. Browne, M. Bannister, J. N. Mann, J. A. Zwar, K. B. Nelson, R. L. Bockholt. *Third Row*—E. B. Collins, B. R. Dahlsen, R. T. Hannah, D. N. Hawkins, S. W. H. Fairbairn, D. B. Warner, J. G. Perry, R. D. Barton, S. C. Johnston, G. Seddon, E. Garratt. *Fourth Row (from pillar)*—K. J. S. Wright, P. E. Wynter, M. J. Scriven, B. J. Roberts, J. H. Cranswick, G. W. Lanchester, R. P. Dalziel, J. S. Grice, J. G. Campbell, W. I. A. Morrison. *Fifth Row*—J. M. Howard, I. Maroske, K. R. Hodgson, A. C. L. Clarke, M. W. Lettis, R. Fowler, A. Kane-White, J. D. Fisher, G. C. Wenzel, S. A. Keighley, W. A. Reid, W. R. L. Caldwell, J. M. O'Sullivan, S. C. Moss, G. R. Hadfield, P. G. Harris. *Sixth Row*—K. J. McKay, D. G. Evans, H. A. Warner-Bishop, T. G. Drought, M. H. Moore, P. V. C. Ryan, B. H. Reddrop, G. A. Brown, W. F. Caplehorn. *W. S. Sewell, R. E. Marks, R. R. Sanderson, R. F. Jones, R. S. Houghton, J. A. S. Brine, R. A. Woolcott, R. G. Kings, J. N. Taylor, G. Burtidge, I. H. McKenzie, Seated*—I. D. Campbell, W. B. C. Mackie, F. J. Meagher, J. E. Cranswick, E. V. Griffith, R. P. Freeman, S. W. Kurlie, J. Graham, B. C. Edwards, C. J. Coish, B. D. Cumming, C. Gouloupoulos, J. H. Wriedt, S. G. Alley, R. L. Franklin, C. R. Kelly, B. R. Marshall. *In front*—J. Weber, R. H. Robertson, D. J. Mackinnon, A. Kingsbury, J. L. Rouse, J. R. Hawkins, D. F. Hebbard, E. M. McConchie, R. G. Brown, R. H. Gardner, J. L. Reeve, J. A. C. Mackie, R. J. W. Howard, B. F. Campbell, D. W. Smith. *Absent*—P. A. Maplestone, F. G. Barker, W. R. Atkinson, G. E. Garratt, D. M. O'Sullivan, G. O. Phillips, A. W. Riordan, L. V. Lansell, W. L. H. Armstrong, E. S. Crawcour, J. W. D. Middleton, R. A. Bradley, J. W. Kelly, B. J. Hodgetts.



JANET CLARKE HALL, 1947

Back Row.—Ruth Graham, Stephanie Elliott, Valerie Bendie, Alison Pickford, Anne Mitchell, Lorna Wallis, Roberta Cain, Leila Butler, June Stewart, Anne Shilliday, Margaret Gooding, Judith Skeat, Lyndsay Mathieson, Ailsa Thomson, Valerie East. Standing.—Marie Wilson, Fay Ellis, Judy Stevenson, Betty Vroland, Miriel Balding, Mary Eggleston, Lois Linton-Smith, Betty Edwards, Paula Brisbane, Meredith Lloyd, Jill Massy-Greene, Peg Webb-Ware, Cornish, Joan Beavis, Elizabeth Ashbolt, Joy Young, Barbara Galley, Diane Duke, Betty Lancashire, Dorothy Leaper, Ruth Benn, Josephine Thompson, Olive Hay. Front Row.—Margaret Daniel, Judith Leask, Merry Cook, Audrey McMahon, Mary Grace Asche, Felicity Nuttall, Lesley James, Barbara Daley, Diana Mitchell. Absent.—Marsali Rogers, Lois Meathrell, Gwen Simms, Barbara Moore, Christine Ferguson, Pauline Stanbury, Shirley Roberts, Mary Graham, Anne Blythe.



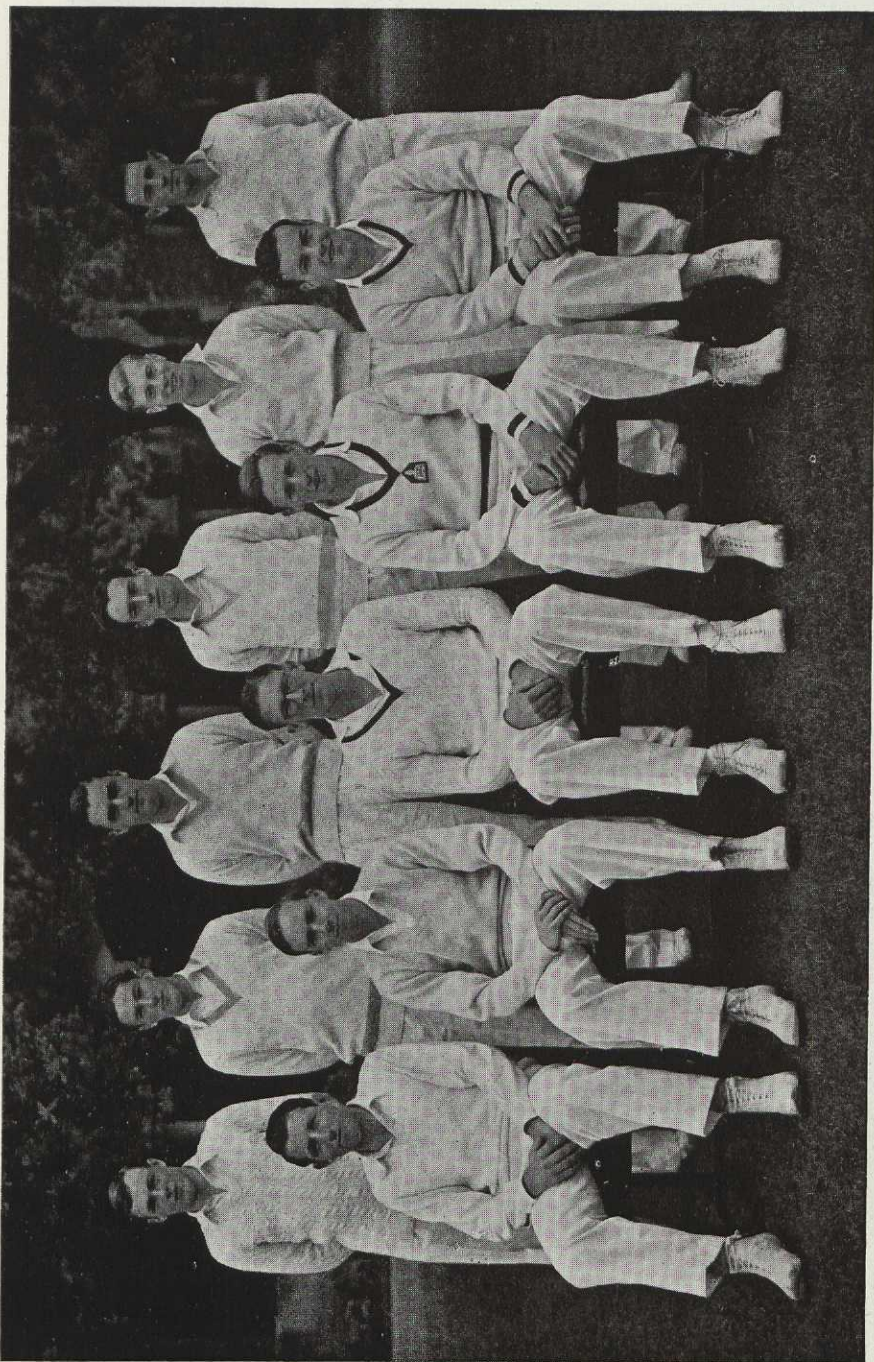
FIRST VIII, 1947

S. C. Johnston (bow), J. G. Perry, J. Kelly, B. Inglis, D. N. Hawkins, K. B. Nelson, M. J. Scriven,
P. A. Maplestone (stroke), K. R. Whight (cox).



SECOND VIII, 1947

*Standing (L. to R.).—*I. D. Campbell, J. A. Asche, R. Fowler, R. P. Dalziel,
R. E. Cranswick, R. P. Freeman (stroke), J. R. Hawkins
*Sitting (L. to R.).—*D. B. Warner, J. N. Taylor (cox).



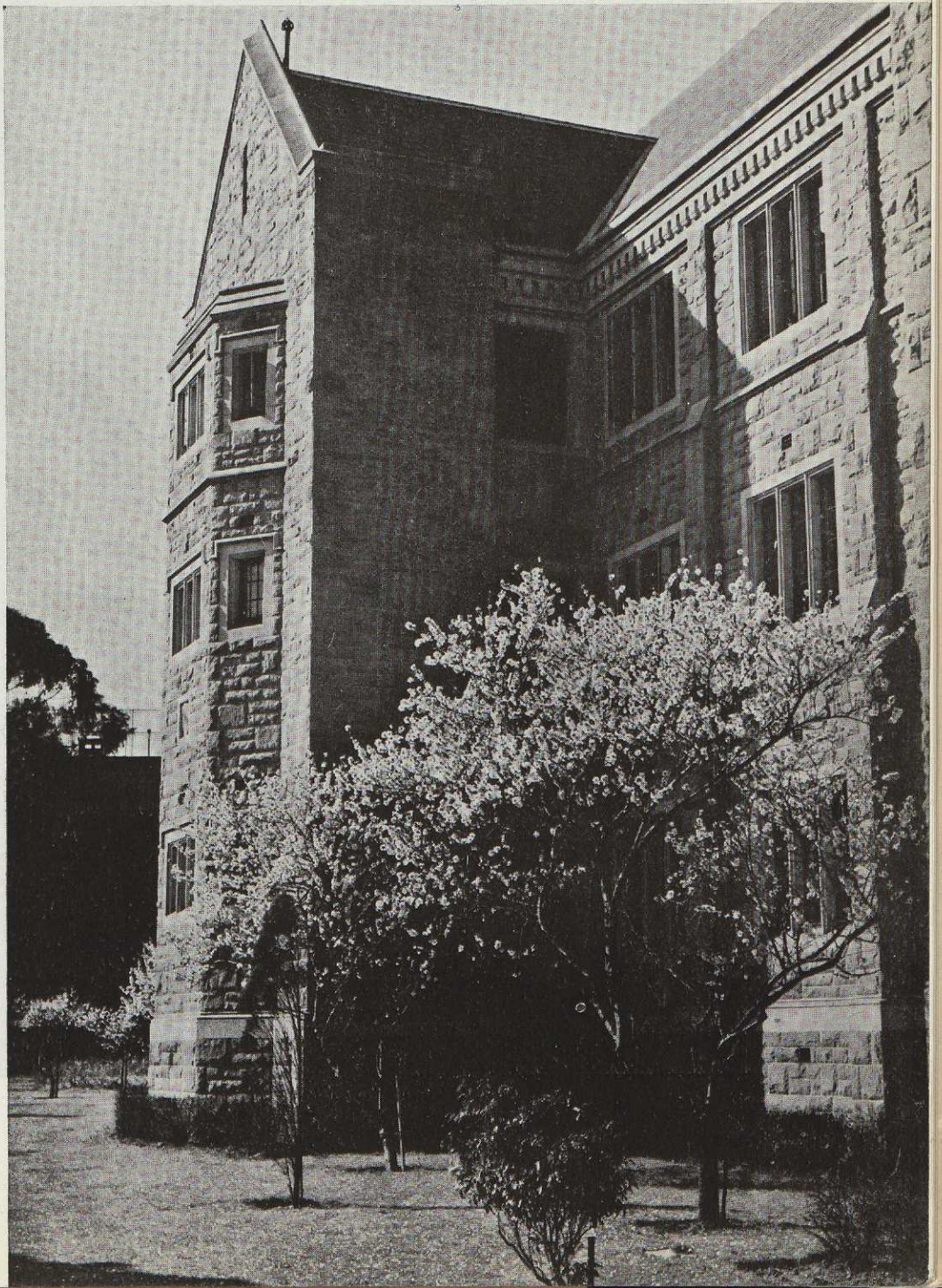
FIRST XI, 1947

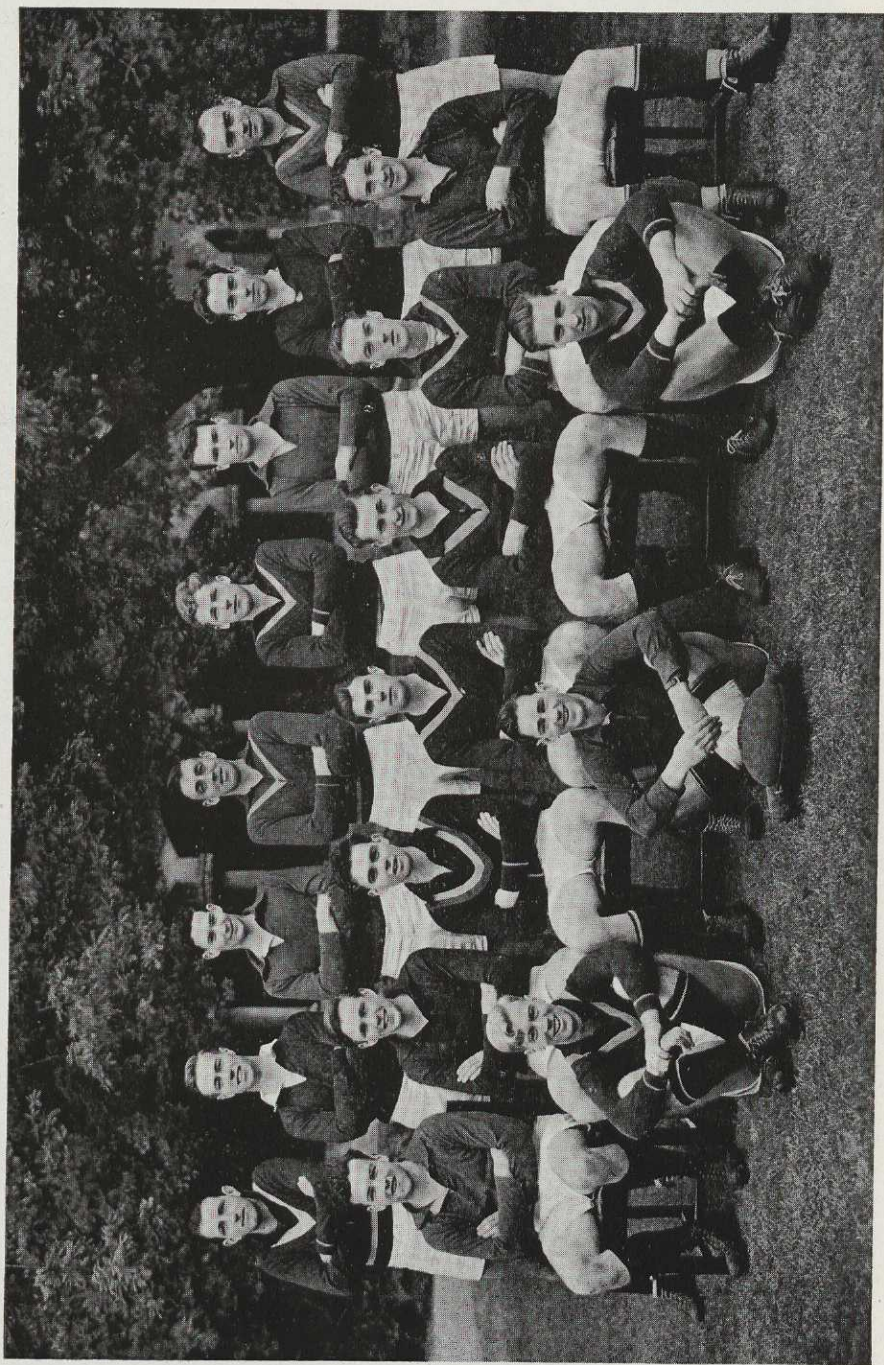
Standing (L. to R.).—R. H. Gardner, R. A. Woolcott, P. G. Harris, R. C. T. Graham, J. N. Taylor, R. J. W. Howard.
Sitting (L. to R.).—J. M. Howard, S. G. Alley (vice-capt.), H. M. Mighell (capt.), R. T. Potier, G. C. Wenzel.
Absent.—E. B. Collins.



As it was in the beginning . . .

... is now, and ever shall be.





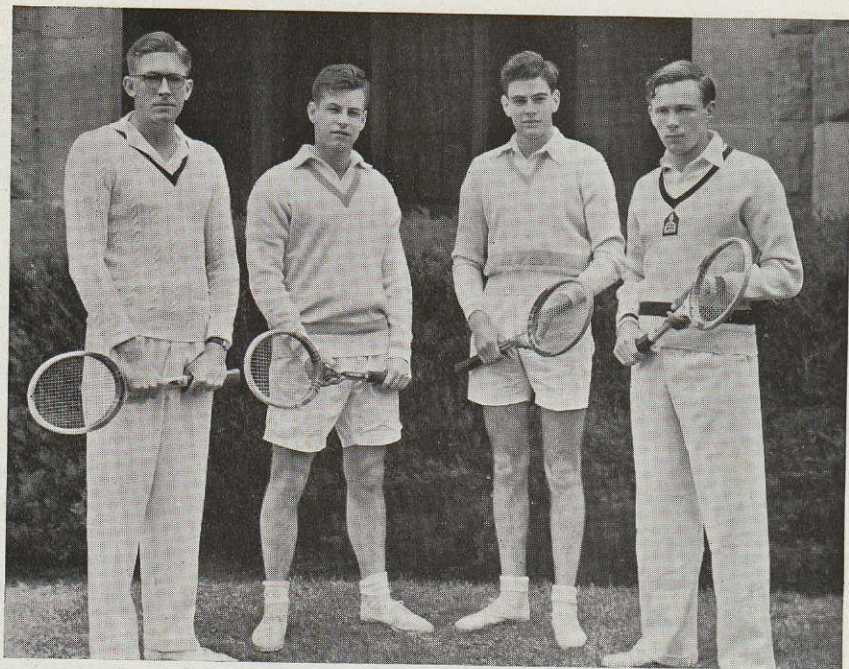
FIRST VIII, 1947

Standing (L. to R.)—J. M. Howard, R. S. Houghton, J. D. Fisher, M. Bannister, M. H. Moore, T. G. Drought, R. C. T. Graham, C. J. Colish.
 Sitting (on chairs, L. to R.)—G. C. Wenzel, R. T. Potter, B. J. Roberts (vice-capt.), J. G. Perry (capt.), B. R. Dahlsen, W. I. A. Morrison, R. A. Woolcott.
 Sitting (on ground, L. to R.)—J. N. Taylor, R. J. W. Howard, B. F. Campbell. Absent.—F. J. Meagher, E. B. Collins.



ATHLETIC TEAM, 1947

Standing (L. to R.)—R. J. W. Howard, B. H. Reddrop, D. B. Warner, M. H. Moore, J. M. Howard.
Sitting (L. to R.)—R. A. Woolcott, R. F. Jones, M. W. Lettis (capt.), F. J. Meagner, G. W. Lancaster.
Absent.—F. B. Barker (Vice-capt.).



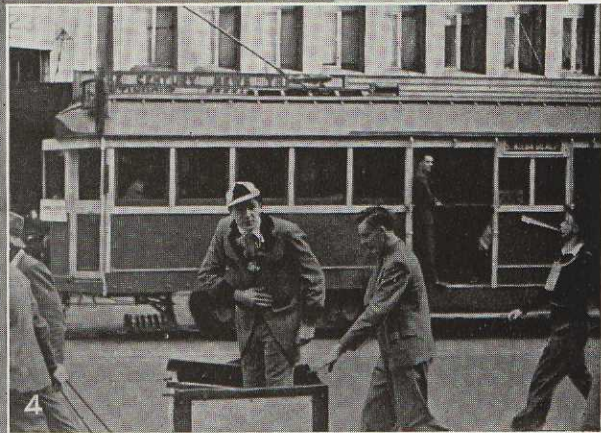
TENNIS IV, 1947

H. M. Mighell, B. C. Edwards (capt.), J. N. Mann, R. T. Potter.

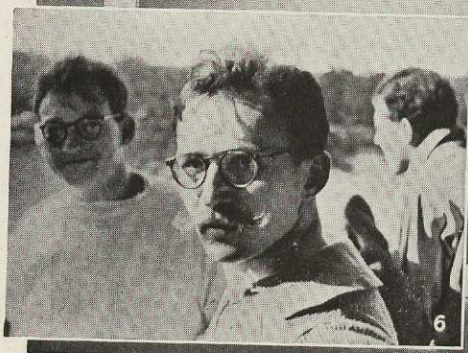


JANET CLARKE HALL TENNIS TEAM (WINNERS), 1947

Left to Right.—June Smith, Lesley James, Miriel Balding, Barbara Daley.



1. Goodly fellowship of prophets. 2. Noble Army of Martyrs. 3. Idyll, 1910. 4. Idol, 1947.
5. Horse and friend. 6. Total ruin.



1. Never touch it. 2. Ask not how. 3. Combined Ops. 4. Dr. B —, I presume.
5. Pull the other one. 6. Man and wife. 7. Gratitude.

from 1922 until her death. From 1915 she was Honorary Secretary of the Newspaper and Magazine Committee of the Victoria League, and was warmly interested in this branch of the League's work.

Her gifts of generous friendship, her loyalty to her ideals and to her friends, her delightful sense of humour, her very shyness which she hid sometimes under a brusqueness of manner, and her wisdom and considered judgment, made her a woman whose life enriched her friends in particular, and the community as a whole. Letters from past students of every generation show how they share in the loss suffered by her relatives, to whom we extend deep sympathy.

Dorothy Irene Wilkinson

The tragic death on 18th September of Dorothy Irene Wilkinson, in a motor bus accident, has profoundly shocked and grieved her many friends. She had retired only the previous May after being Headmistress of the Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School since 1921 and was looking forward to her years of leisure. A crowded memorial service in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, testified to the esteem and affection with which she was regarded, and to the fine work she had so long performed.

Her school days were spent in England, but at 18 she joined her family in Launceston and taught in her father's school there. She came to the Melbourne University in 1909 and was a non-resident student of the College in 1909 and 1910, when she joined the staff of the Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School. She took her B.A. degree in 1914 and her M.A. in 1918. In 1914 she founded the Launceston Church of England Girls' Grammar School, and from there was appointed to Sydney.

To her relatives we express our sincere sympathy in their loss.

Leila Baillie Tulloh

Leila Baillie Tulloh, whose recent untimely death was such a shock and grief to all who knew her, was a woman of fine

character, and I am proud to pay tribute to one who was to me a much-admired and a much-valued friend.

Leila entered Janet Clarke Hall in 1928, and remained there as a student for a period of six years, studying subjects of Science and Architecture. Her scholastic career was one of steady application. She graduated B.Sc. in 1933 and subsequently obtained the Diploma of Education in 1935. She taught for several years at Lowther Hall, and during the war did scientific work for the Department of Munitions. Later she became a librarian.

During her years in College she took part in all Social Club activities, and held the position of Secretary in 1931. Her quiet, rather dry sense of humour was a constant source of delight to her immediate circle of friends. The Tulligny Cup, presented by her and Nancy de Crespigny, for annual competition among women resident students, keeps her memory green. She took the lead in some very fine work in the Girl Guide Movement in the industrial suburbs surrounding the University. Many of us will remember "Tull" clad in her Guide uniform, returning from her regular weekly excursion with her local Brownies. She had a real love and genuine understanding of children, and some of her truest friends in later years had been members of her Brownie pack of University days. It was in this social work that some of her finest characteristics became evident. Behind this lay her religion, which had its roots in her serious, enquiring mind, and which had been fostered during her school days by the Sisters of St. Michael's Girls' School, to whom she often affectionately referred.

All who knew Leila Tulloh admired her. Those who were privileged to be numbered amongst her friends will always remember her as one whose high moral sense, true religion, real friendship and unceasing devotion to the service of others have made her one of the most worthy daughters of Trinity.

—D.M.S.

“CAT?”

The small boy lay on the lawn under the jacaranda tree. He lay on his stomach, and looked closely down into the shadow-mottled stillness of the grass. He lay there a long time, quite still, and watched the moving things in the grass. He watched, in particular, a small red ant, which climbed urgently up and down the long blades, now inverted for descent, now standing at the top of a blade and waving antennae for orientation. As he watched, the relative magnitude of the ant world impressed itself upon him, and he identified himself with the ant, hurrying urgently in a certain direction in this immense, long-bladed forest.

He reached out, and gently picked up the ant, held it in his hand, and looked at it. It lay quite still. He put it down in the grass again, and it began to climb fully as urgently in the opposite direction. It passed deeply into the lawn. There was a sudden sense of movement in the darkness. The boy could just see the spider in the shadow, gaunt mechanical legs about his ant. His mind felt the horror of spider-death in the darkness, and struggled with the ant against it. The ant struggled once, then again, then was quiet, waiting for death.

The boy shuddered over on to his back, and looked up at the reality of sky through the tree. Blue of sky matching blue of flowers, but deeper. And blue-green of leaves, fish-ribbed along the axial greyness of twigs passing down to brown branches, and mottled solidity of the trunk. As he watched the sky, and stretched in the warmth of the sun, some instinct said, "Another!" He turned his head. A small grey kitten was stalking across the lawn to him. The kitten sat down some distance from him, with its head on its paws, and watched him.

"Cat," said the boy. He put out a hand, towards the cat, but did not touch it, knowing the custom in these things. He let his hand lie on the lawn in front of the kitten. They were still for a while, and then the kitten batted at his hand with a soft paw. Having received permission, he boy reached over and picked up the kitten, and put it on his lap.

As he was stroking the soft fur, hot on the back from the sun, and cool beneath, the gate slammed, and the boy from next door came across the lawn. This boy could not speak yet, although much older. His parents were cousins, and disappointed. He stood looking down at the small boy and the kitten. His face showed nothing. Not surprise, pleasure, displeasure, or any other feeling. He just looked at them. The small boy felt suddenly afraid, and held the kitten closer, protectively. As he did this, the bigger boy reached out and grabbed at the kitten. He caught it by the body, and dragged it away, clawing back at the small boy. It twisted and scratched in his hands, and he held it away from him. Still it struggled and scratched, and he shook it, shook it by the body, and then by the head, shook it harder, until it hung inert, four legs stiffly extended, and gums showing grotesquely. He held it for a while, and then put it down on the lawn. He laughed, not knowing what it meant that the kitten was so still. He watched the kitten for some time, then suddenly turned, and ran across the lawn, and out the gate. Only when the gate slammed did the boy lose his stiff-limbed horror. He reached out a hand, and touched the kitten. The fur was, in parts, still warm from the sun. Beneath the fur its limbs were very stiff. "Cat?" said the boy.

—P.B.

ELEPHANTS

B. R. Marshall

(Being the winning entry for the Wigram Allen Essay Prize, 1947)

We start in the Belgian Congo, because there in the far north-east is the only elephant farm in Africa. They call it Gangala-na-Bodio, and it is a place well-known the length of the River Dungu. From a world of wheels and electricity with what pleasure do we turn: close the window, put out the light, shut off the scenes of human activity, and as we sit and watch the coals grow dim, we tear off the bonds of humdrum thinking and drift away. . . . Our daily world recedes as in a ship of our imagining we drift down the Dungu River — the great savannahs stretch away on every side, while in the greasy, nameless trees that line the river the cousins of the mousey denizens of Royal Park whoop and yatter at us as we go. But these are not our goal, nor are the grotesque birds like animated millinery in the tree-tops; for we have come to gaze upon and worship at the shrine of the great Pachyderm, the enormous, gentle, African elephant, friend of man and friend of other elephants, to pay that esoteric respect true devotees alone understand. And as our vessel rounds the corner we see them: their keepers watchful on the banks, their charges sporting in the shallows, recumbent in six feet of water — playful islands of flesh in the muddy Dungu. And as our craft's nose cuts into the soft mud of the shore, what a welcome for weary pilgrims! And then the weaving of prehensile proboscises, and, always delightfully unexpected, we appreciate their all but jovial wit as half of the River Dungu rains down upon us and sinks our frail craft. Knee-deep in the liquid chocolate of the bank, bespattered with mud and drenched through, we pay lowly homage with praise and thanksgiving.

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All this is, of course, in strictest confidence. Very few people realise that year by year members of a small fervent

sect disguise themselves as big game hunters, get duly visa-ed, and set out with the determined glint and armament of professional animal-shooters. Their destination is an obscure port on the western coast of Africa. Once ashore and out of the town they fling away their weapons (noting where they fall) and extinguish the murderous aspect of the eye; and as transformed men strike out for the River Dungu . . . for the sacred settlement of Gangala-na-Bodio.

If this were all that happened and the climax of the trek was the mere adoration liturgically described in the first paragraph, then we could *all* be indulgent. If all "elephants" meant was a dozen or so devoted souls taking their life into their hands to visit the depths of the Belgian Congo, then the impact of elephants upon the world would be negligible. Discerning people could well afford to sit back and be complacent in comfort. But away with phantasy, put on the light and come with me and let us ruthlessly unearth a hidden tragic story of the opportunism of man. Elephants are brought to light, dragged with bloodied claws from the jungle fastness, gazed on, gaped on; woven into the texture of the language. With great verbal dexterity and satanic capacity for image painting, the gross world has seized these hapless, amiable beasts, victims of vulgarity, and made them tools of its cruel design.

Men of perception stand helpless before it as before the Black Death, and have no function save to bury the dead hopes of a waning world.

It all begins quite early: from the moment the life of the baby ceases to be a booming, buzzing confusion and objects loom up in its restricted view there is always, quite apart from such trifles as rattles, beads and bone rings, an elephant. Ah, but not a faithful representation of the noblest of beasts, but always some cruel parody, seizing

upon the most delightful elephantine characteristics and making cruel sport in the worst possible taste: the kindly little eyes are made pig-like and cunning, the expressive trunk is replaced by a preposterous snout, the quadruple columns, stripped of their classic majesty, are mere figures of pink flannel fun. From the Great Unknown outside the cot comes this pathetic effigy, to be given some ridiculous name, and to end its days, a battered trophy of early dental prowess: but why worry? *Its* job is done: the poison is already circulating.

The next stage is reached as the child grows up and the world widens daily; this can be called the Ebony Elephant Period, and is a vital link in the chain of progress. The ordinary middle-class house usually has the equipment on the mantelpiece, so no real expense is incurred. These ebony reproductions are almost invariably bought by the family on the one and only never-to-be-forgotten trip to England, via Colombo: but they have the virtue at least of being true to form, and in their prominent position on the shelf possess visual rather than tactile value, although for very progressive parents the latter may also be true. The big test comes when the little child becomes aware of these objects and, looking up with wondrous eyes, lisps sweetly to the admiring throng: "Efferplump," and the world, with justifiable pride, smiles broadly on the little pet.

It would be wrong, of course, to suppose that this remark were merely instinctive: for this is by no means the case. Two very concrete factors have laid the foundation for that important feat of observation: firstly, the cradle memory; but secondly, and more important, the literary tradition: This consists firstly of the "Illustrated Adventures of Bonzo." Bonzo was a large, bland-featured dog with a peculiar undervaluation of the worth of elephants. He is chiefly remembered by children, I need hardly remind you, for the demoralising remark he passes to no one in particular during a visit to the Zoo: having bought

a bag of buns for the elephants he relents his good works and says: "Buns is too good for elephants. I'll give 'em the bag." Which he did, with disastrous results. The creator of Bonzo will have much for which to answer.

The second example of this insidious propaganda is the work of the incredibly whimsical Mr. A. A. Milne, a marked man among all true elephant lovers, who more than any other person has done most to prostitute the name of Elephant.

But still the important step is yet to be taken: the world has to proceed in capping off its fiendish work in seeing to it religiously that there is no child but is Elephant-ridden from the bassinette. And then it comes — all at once: the trip to the Zoo. Trips to the Zoo with children can sometimes be very disappointing. When one is expecting complete and abandoned amazement as each new creature is displayed, one is far more often obliged to cope with stoical acceptance on the part of the child. Nothing can be more annoying to parents. But the depths of stoicism would indeed be plumbed if the child, when confronted with the majesty and towering grandeur of the African Elephant, retained an attitude of quiet disdain and chased butterflies instead. Wise parents of the world see to it that the Elephant is the *piece-de-resistance* of the afternoon and carefully arrange that the long walk through the avenues of hostile, expectatory and odorous animals terminates strategically at the Elephant's den. This has to be skilfully done, and, if possible, the Elephant should be standing magnificent and alone in the broad daylight and not, as so often happens, skulking in its lair, to be coaxed out by fair words. The effect is almost invariably terrific. In a twinkling of an eye there pours into the conscious child-mind all the past experiences of Elephants there ever were — the great confused cavalcade of Heffalumps, Bonzos, A. A. Milnes, indistinct memories of pink flannel, clearer ones of ebony suddenly finds perspective — for this is The Elephant, the long-awaited, standing massively in the sun-

light with one myopic eye staring bleakly at the crowd peering through the bars. The child is rightly transported: and all the enthusiasm which was hoped to be kindled by the sight of less spectacular creatures overflows in one ebullient stream.

Thus, under the shape of chance, the worldly parent plays in modern society his historic function in order that children's minds remain permanently in the state of this pathetic undevelopment. Grafted there is the dull misunderstanding of the nature and property of the Elephant which may well linger among the dying thoughts of great men — once the passage from the flannel horror to the Colossus of the Zoo is complete. The keynote is massiveness, size, and elevation; acreage, tons and hundredweights: it must be good because it's big: and to all this monstrous heresy the Elephant, in the State of Nature, or mildly cultivated on the River Dungu, is an unwitting partner. Dragged from the calm of the savannah, parodied, reduced and placed in the hands of sucklings, captured and imprisoned in cages for the vulgar to gaze upon: this is the raw material of the world's new canons of judgment: this is the supposed relation between the Real and the transitory.

It cannot be said where this plan originated. Yet all recorded history shows evidence of its presence while the world to-day is crumbling beneath its weight — so much so, that the need for the deplorable fiction of the Elephant will soon cease to exist. Only traces of it will linger on, as they are now firmly established in our idiom, to aid the student in the years to come: the Elephant of idiom, now that it can be safely dispensed with, becomes a figure of fun. Unsuccessful ventures are termed White Elephants: everything from the City of Canberra to the Amphitheatre of the Order of the Star of the East (which earned its title of ridicule by the failure of the Lord to return to earth on schedule via Balmoral, N.S.W.) has been dubbed with this improper name. Or

again to show the depths of contempt to which Mankind can drag its dearest idols, having used them as most powerful agents in a battle for power, consider the doubtful propriety of using the Elephant, tinted pink, to describe demonic visitations experienced in the height of drunken delirium.

Some things now become clear. Why does the world in general give unqualified support to the Pyramids of Gizeh, those masterpieces of monumental ostentation? They have not even the merit of invention but are just what a not over-intelligent of three would do if given a lot of rocks to play with: yet round their base the sweating tourists swarm, aspiring even to the pinnacle, gullible to the last. Why does the world approve of St. Peter's Rome, and pay good coin to stand and stare, when for all they know the ultimate may be in their front garden? What gives the citizen of Sydney that air of pride, that fine sense of proprietorship, as he beholds the massive bridge straddling the waterway? Not its structural beauty—great reinforced toast rack that it is. What makes man pledge his whole existence to the mercy of the State for it to do with it as it pleases, even to its own destruction? What prompts man, who normally declines to kill, to *murder* for a cause? What is This Thing? . . . Ah, its size! its vast proportion, every worthy thing a great Leviathan, dwelling, tomb and bridge, Church and State. Great they are, enormous to behold. Away with fictitious beauties of the diatom! Away with the spectrum of the morning dew. Bring on Reality. Ours is a brave new world with everything O.S. . . .

. . . There is a river in the Belgian Congo called Dungu: and around the forty-ninth bend from the falls of Umgori stands the settlement of Ganga-na-Bodio — a pretty place, and in the Dungu River sport the elephants; and year by year a small devout band of pilgrims come to pay homage in the chocolate mud and imagine they are being original.

THE COLLEGE BALL

I rang my dearest Betty, the girl with
golden hair,
And said, "My sweet, I love you more
and more."

"The College Ball approaches. Now
you'll of course be there,
The brightest jewel upon the polished
floor."

She said she'd be delighted and that
she'd love to come,
But she was very sorry she couldn't
leave her Mum.

I rang my lovely Peggy, who makes old
eyebrows rise,
And said without her love I'd fade
away.

"The Ball is very near us. The hand of
Time unties
The cord that holds the joys of that fair
day."

She said, "I'm very sorry, but Time's left
hand makes tight
The cord his right hand loosens. I'm
going out that night."

I rang my sweetest Margaret, refined
and very tall,
And said how much I valued her
esteem.

Could I presume to ask her to grace
the College Ball,
A function fit for ladies it would
seem.

She said, "How really charming, to
think I'd like to go,
But I'm just awfully sorry, I'll be away,
you know."

I rang my dear, plain Gertrude, whose
future's hard to tell,
Whose beauty's like a rose of faded hue.
I said, with hesitation, "At dancing you
excel,

The College Ball is just the place for
you."

She said, "Now that's delightful. I hoped
that's what you'd say,
I'll spend the nights all sleepless, until
that happy day."

—Dick.

TRENDS IN AUSTRALIAN FOREIGN
POLICY IN THE PACIFIC

R. Marks

(Being a resume of the winning entry for the Franc Carse Essay Prize, 1947)

The Pacific order of the future depends, besides a wartime comradeship, upon three closely related factors: The first is the settlement of a just peace in relation to Japan and the firm carrying out of all the terms of that peace. The second matter, closely related to the first, is the establishment of a Pacific security zone within the general world system of security. And thirdly, there must be a positive policy of maintaining and improving the living standards of all

Pacific peoples. It is on the second of these points that I wish to concentrate.

Increasingly in recent years there have been issues on which the Australian Government has had specific views on policy, but the importance of maintaining Imperial unity on such matters has always been emphasised. Thus, in 1938, when diplomatic legations were established in countries outside the British Commonwealth, it was stressed that although they were not to be merely

an appendage to the British Embassy, the appointments were not to be regarded as breaking away from Britain. Before World War II, Australia did indeed commonly follow the British lead; but her attitude was also grounded on fundamental considerations of her own defence. Although Australia did make fuller provision for her own "local defence" than other Dominions, her security in the long run rested on the maintenance of British sea power. An alternative policy of concentration on a mechanised land-defence system, including a strong air force, was discarded after the general elections of 1937. Atomic warfare, however, has upset much of Australia's foreign policy concerning defence. Australia is to participate actively in rocket research, but there is little agreement between those who consider security in pre-war terms of an exclusive Imperial system, those who extend the conception to a Pacific region, and those who state that the problem can only be settled on a world basis.

"Whether we like it or not," states one writer, "the United States has, and is likely to have for the next twenty years, the greatest power in the Pacific." It is probably true to say that our future security does depend upon America, and both Australia and New Zealand regard continual co-operation and comradeship, not only with the United Kingdom, but also with the United States, as basic to Pacific peace. The alternative is to rely upon and contribute to a world system of collective security, through the United Nations Organisations, and this avenue is being explored by Australia. We find Dr. Evatt describing U.N.O. as "the best available instrument both for avoiding a third world war and also for establishing an international order which should and can assure to mankind security against poverty, unemployment, ignorance, famine, and disease."

The war awakened Australians to the fact of their responsibilities, and their rights are those of a key Pacific nation, and now that the war has ended there

is a strong belief that her record in fighting entitles Australia to a proper role in the framing of the peace, not only in the Pacific, but also in Europe. Thus Australia is rapidly becoming the leader of a move for independence of thought and action for the smaller countries.

It was Australia, for example, who argued that policies of maintaining high levels of employment should be the fundamental basis of all international economic planning, so that in the Charter of the United Nations there is a clear obligation to promote full employment — an aspect of international planning which after the last war was wholly ignored. Some cases can be found, however, which do appear in the light of an over-assertion of nationalism, and Mr. Menzies has put it nicely when he said: "Now you know it was said once, with what foundation I do not know, that we were a light-hearted and humorous people, but we don't show much humour and sense of proportion when we sign an agreement with New Zealand (the Anzac Pact) in which we say to the great Pacific powers: 'You will come to no agreement whatever as regards the disposal of any Pacific islands unless we concur.'"

This raises the whole question as to whether Australia can have an independent foreign policy. It is clear that Australian power is limited and that our policy has been framed in accordance with our capacity to make good our obligations under our commitments. And Australia's freedom of action can only be seriously enlarged if we are able to achieve an internationally regulated world in which power is no longer the chief determinant of the relationships between States: a world in which the smaller nations will have an opportunity to prove Dr. Evatt's words, "that the great powers do not have a monopoly of good intentions, of wisdom, or of experience."

One important question as regards foreign policy in Australia is the place of the political parties. In general, I think we can say that all significant

parties approve the island strategy, give support to the principle of immigration exclusion or "White Australia," and to the maintenance of our connection with Britain. They believe, too, in extending support to the United Nations Organisation, and in establishing friendly relationships with America. In other words, they are agreed on the fundamentals.

The Opposition has claimed that the policy of the Government is in danger of accepting obligations beyond its power to fulfil, and that Dr. Evatt's methods give the impression of lack of unity with Britain. But it is significant that at the last elections foreign policy did not become a dominant issue. Partly this is due to the Australian people's absorption in domestic affairs, but also because there is no basic divergence between the parties. They are all in favour of the policy followed by Australia, which might be described as "taking out an insurance." It takes two main forms — additional Imperial solidarity, at any rate with relation to defence, and the fostering of close and friendly relations with U.S.A. A good example of this "insurance" policy can be found in Mr. Chifley's report to the House of Representatives on the Imperial Conference, June, 1946.

We must remember that external policy is finally conditioned by emotional and intellectual attitudes towards the people of other countries. The problem, therefore, of the world's progress in international co-operation, is not only one of administrative machinery and of vision in high places, but demands public education to fit the common man for his

new and terrifying responsibilities. It is for this purpose that the Commonwealth Council of the Australian Institute of International Affairs launched its journal — The Australian Outlook.

Thus, despite certain mistakes, we can say that Australia is shedding her parochial attitude and that there has been a very real advance from the point of view of responsibility, if by "responsibility" we mean a willingness to pay the cost and share in the formulation of policy. Perhaps it is also true to say that the standing of Australia in Pacific and international affairs has never been as high as it is to-day. This is brought out by W. L. Morton in an article on Canada's Far Eastern Policy, in which he writes: "Canadians suffer from a curious diffidence in politics, both domestic and foreign, a characteristic which is making them increasingly envious of the outspoken representatives of Australia."

A LUNATIC LYRIC

Said Og
To Gog
"I am a frog."

"Prithee, friend, I hardly think
That you are quite consistent
Last Tuesday week you claimed to be
The Ghengis Khan's assistant."

"Not so. A life of toil demands
A little relaxation;
Which I achieve through temporary
Transubstantiation.

OCTOBER DOGGEREL

There's that fever in the air,
 That tickle in the nose,
 That running of the eye—
 Come, let's pick the first pink
 rose—
 For it's Spring, sweet Spring!
 And the blossom is all bursting out
 round Behan, so they tell me,
 And some larks are waxing lyrical
 round Leeper, so they say,
 There's gay carolling in Clarke's and
 birds round Bishop's, if you listen,
 For it's Spring — thank goodness Sum-
 mer's on the way!

It's the time of queerest illnesses and
 ailments:
 You're heavy-eyed, red-nosed and out
 of sorts;
 Your head aches, your throat is sore,
 you're restless;
 You vainly try to curb your flickering
 thoughts.
 You *hear* about the crocuses and lamb-
 kins,
 But there's Plato, Sallust, Hugo to be
 read:
 And underneath a certain budding oak
 tree,
 The sprite of Spring is lying strangled—
 dead.

But—
 That fever's in the air,
 That tickle's in the nose,
 Just used my last handkerchief,
 Someone's picked the first pink
 rose.
 Now it's Spring, sweet Spring.
 Yet the blossom is still bursting out
 round Behan, so they tell me,
 Leeper larks are writing lyrics — I really
 wouldn't know—
 There'd be carolling in Clarke's and
 birds round Bishops', if I listened,
 For it's Spring — oh, help! I wish that
 Spring would go!

The Union of the Fleur-de-Lys

Office-Bearers, 1947-48

President: Dr. J. C. V. Behan
Committee: Bishop J. D. McKie, Sir Edmund Herring, Drs. C. H. Fitts, J. B. Turner, C. N. Atkins, Messrs. J. S. Bloomfield, F. D. Cumbrae-Stewart, C. H. Keon-Cohen, M. M. Smith, R. L. Stock, H. G. Sutton, F. F. Knight, R. R. Sholl, J. F. T. Grimwade, B. L. Murray, W. F. King, W. H. Moule, J. H. B. Armstrong, H. M. L. Murray.
Hon. Secretary: R. J. Hamer.

Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner was held in the Trinity College Dining Hall on Wednesday, 4th June, 1947. It was attended by 82 members. The incoming President Dr. Behan, proposed the toast to which he has himself so often responded—"The College." The Warden and the Senior Student replied, reviewing the achievements of the past year and the promise of the future — in particular, the new wing which it is hoped to build as a War Memorial. Dr. Mark Gardner wittily proposed the toast of "The Union," to which Mr. M. R. Thwaites responded with some vignettes of war-time and post-war Britain.

Before the Dinner, the Annual General Meeting was held in the Common Room, and amid the usual chaos the above office-bearers for 1947-48 were elected, the Minutes confirmed, and the Annual Balance Sheet presented and adopted.

College Golf Tournament

The Annual College Golf Tournament was held at Kingston Heath on Tuesday, 9th September. Only a few members of the Union took part, but managed a clean sweep, F. H. Cook winning the Morning Handicap, and S. T. Philpott the Afternoon Handicap and the Championship.

Members of the Union were also invited to the College Play and the College

Ball. It is the Committee's policy to encourage and take part in College activities wherever practicable, and to keep alive the common traditions of succeeding generations of Trinity men.

PERSONAL

DONALD MACK is again with the Federated Malay States Railways at Kuala Lumpur.

JIM GUEST and TAIT SMITH are doing post-graduate courses in London.

FRED ROBINSON is now with the legal firm of Russell, Kennedy and Cook.

BRIAN NIXON has joined Whitney King in his legal firm.

PAUL RADFORD is headmaster of The Hutchins School at Hobart, and RUSSELL KEON-COHEN is on the staff and is a tower of strength.

R. G. CASEY was elected Federal President of the Liberal Party of Australia in August.

DR. H. F. MAUDSLEY was elected President of the Royal Melbourne Golf Club this year.

Two old Trinity men were invited to the Board of Control Dinner in Melbourne given to the English Cricket Team last season: ED. WANKLYN, President of the New Zealand Cricket Association, and C. N. ATKINS, President of the Tasmanian Cricket Association.

R. R. SHOLL, who has now finished after two years his work in the Forty-Hours Case, has been appointed a King's Counsel.

The former "Red Dean," LEWIS WILCHER, was appointed in February to be Principal of the Gordon Memorial College in Khartoum.

A number of former Trinity men have been appointed to academic positions this year. At Melbourne, most distinguished is GEOFFREY LEEPER, raised to the rank of Associate-Professor of Agricultural Chemistry. Others are MICHAEL THWAITES, back from England to be lecturer in English, and BOB GILBERT, lecturer in the Law of Contract; ANSELL EGERTON and

FINLAY PATRICK are University tutors in Economics and Commercial Law respectively, and on the administrative side, JIM BUTCHART is Assistant Registrar at Sydney and BILL MEREDITH at Mildura.

E. K. LESLIE, formerly Rector of Alice Springs in the Diocese of Carpentaria, has been appointed Vice-Warden of St. John's College, Morpeth, N.S.W.

T. R. H. CLARK was inducted as Vicar of Christ Church, Brunswick, on 29th October, 1947.

H. T. LANGLEY has retired from the position of Dean of Melbourne, and has been succeeded by ROSCOE WILSON. The assistant to the new Dean is H. W. NUNN, who also wrote "A Short History of the Church of England in Victoria" in connection with the Centenary of the Diocese.

S. L. BUCKLEY has retired from the Headmastership of Ivanhoe Grammar School, which he has held since 1919.

The Right Reverend C. H. MURRAY, Bishop of Riverina, gave two lunch-hour addresses in the Union Theatre and otherwise assisted in the Mission to the University.

We record with regret the following deaths of old Trinity men: A. F. STANLEY DOBSON, Dr. A. T. LANGLEY, Dr. STEWART OSBURN COWEN, Dr. S. F. McDONALD and FRANCIS CRAWFORD MARTIN. We also report the death of E. I. ROBSON, formerly a Sub-Warden of the College and first Headmaster of Sydney Church of England Grammar School.

We extend our deepest sympathy to their relatives.

OBITUARY

Sidney Fancourt McDonald

On 8th September this year, at 6 a.m. I received from Brisbane, from McDonald's wife, the following sad telegram: "Mac died early this morning." I had been in daily communication with him from Hobart while his strength

lasted. We saw last year that he was far from well — and gradually, a life ended, spent unsparingly for his work as he would have it end, in harness — working for his beloved children patients of Brisbane, the Repatriation Hospital, and the Air Force. His body told the old tale of overwork — high blood pressure, heart failure, uraemia. And so comes another break in the happy group that lived in Upper Bishops from 1905 onwards: Dya-son, Penfold, Fleming, Brennan, Williams, McDonald, Mayo, Finnis, Atkins, Bailey, Arthur South, and Moorhouse.

But of all the old group I think the best-known was the well beloved "Sunny Jim." He received this lifelong nickname because at a University Commem. march through Melbourne he appeared in the well-known costume:—

"High o'er the fence leapt Sunny Jim,
Force was the food that nourished
him."

And from that day onwards it became his name all over Australia even to strangers. He was a distinguished physician, a whimsical character, loyal, well-read, particularly in his beloved Robert Louis Stevenson.

He served in the R.A.M.C. in France in World War I, studied in England, lived his life in Brisbane, whence he came to enter Trinity. In company with him and his wife I visited the College a few months ago: future visits will not seem the same.

In one of the last talks I had with him over the phone from Hobart to his bedside he said how rich he had been with friends, and what a joy it was to have his beloved wife beside him. To her we extend our sincere sympathy.

And so we say farewell to one of Trinity's best sons. Upper Bishops will not ring with his voice again.

—C. N. ATKINS.

NOTES FROM DR. BEHAN

The latest news of MILLER VINE comes from Athens where he is serving as Chief of the U.N. World Health Organisation Mission in Greece. During

the war Miller was Health Officer at Great Grimsby in Lincolnshire. When the power of Hitler was broken, his first job was with the international health organisation in Belgium. His wife (Gwynneth Archdall of J.C.H.) and daughter came out to Sydney in 1940. They returned to England by air some time ago.

"BILL" CONNELL is in London fulfilling the terms of his John and Eric Smyth Travelling Scholarship in Education Research, to which has recently been added a grant under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme. His tenure of the John and Eric Smyth Travelling Scholarship has been renewed for a second year to enable him to complete a special study of English Education during the latter half of the nineteenth century. With this he is combining courses in Economics and Philosophy at the University of London. Among Trinity men whom he has met in London were D. R. LESLIE and D. W. FLEMING.

EU JIN SEOW, after returning home to Singapore at the end of the war, left for England and was last heard of from London. He plans to take a medical course at either Oxford or Cambridge, but finds the exceptional conditions created by post-war congestion at both Universities a serious obstacle to the realisation of his ambition.

JOHN GIBSON has spent a considerable time at Heidelberg recovering from

the severe breakdown which followed his inhuman treatment at the hands of the Japanese. Happily he has made good progress and is now casting around for some government employment which will give him scope for the exercise of his exceptional linguistic gifts.

Here is a good story illustrative of the ready wit of the late John Forster, who died in the middle of last year shortly after resigning office as Archdeacon of Armidale. It seems that John had occasion to complain to the local Town Clerk of the latter's failure to dispose of the corpse of a goat which was lying outside his garden. On the telephone he suggested that as the body of the deceased animal lay on public land it was the duty of the local authorities to provide for its removal. The Town Clerk facetiously remarked, "Oh, Mr. Archdeacon, I should have thought that burials came within your jurisdiction." Like a flash came the retort — "That is so, but it is my invariable practice to consult the relatives first."

OUR NEW PREMIER

We congratulate Tom Hollway on being the second Old Trinity man to become Premier of Victoria. He is well-known as the part-donor of the Harroway Cup, a former trophy for handicap tennis in College. Whether as defender of liberty or pillar of reaction, we wish him well.

CHAIRS

Chairs, I hear you say. We're in for a talk about chairs. And somewhere in the labyrinthine recesses of each listening mind a little door begins to shut—quietly, politely, but oh, so surely. For chairs, we all know, are such ordinary things, such dull mental bedfellows for those lively, sophisticated recollections of yesterday — or was it the day before? Or those pleasant, wishful anticipations of to-morrow and to-morrow's things to come. Chairs? I hear you say. No, not to-day, thank you.

But stay! Can it be that you have misjudged the chair — that you are actually ignorant of its true importance, its real significance? Is it for you just a piece of furniture — useful, necessary, perhaps even decorative; but for all that, a dead thing in your life? If so, your world is a limited world and you are missing one of its richest experiences. For the chair is very much more than a machine for sitting, very much more than any artefact. Far from being a mere means to other ends, however superior or exalted these might seem to be, the chair is a thing to be contemplated and studied in itself. In itself it possesses all the subtlety, the complexity and the marks of individuality that we have learned to recognise and appreciate in human make-up.

Consider your chair. Is it not one of your most intimate friends? It has been your constant help and companion throughout your sedentary life — at meals, at work, asleep, awake, drunk or sober, it has always been where you needed it most. It has backed you up and supported you in many an adventure on paper. Without it you could not be what you are. With it you can be a king if you wish, for thrones are chairs, under the gilt.

The chair has never had fair treatment in this world. History ignores it, art hides it, and furniture removalists deform it. With philosophers, it has no status at all. For over two thousand years, succeeding generations of disputing sages have solemnly debated

whether the chair can be said even to exist, let alone be discussed. And to this day it has led a precarious existence in academic circles, never being quite certain whether it ought or ought not to be, and sometimes, indeed, trying desperately to be both.

It hasn't always been the chair, of course. Plato, we remember, distrusted his bed. No bed could claim to be real, he declared, unless it was laid up in heaven. Now we know very little about the Grecian bed, except that it was probably a couch. This might have helped to confuse Plato.

Since then, many unsuspecting objects have fallen under the sceptic's doubt. Tables, trees, grass — even mountains — but always the core of his suspicion has been centred in the chair. If only he could be sure of that, everything else would follow.

The writings of these worried people are full of the subject. No matter how innocently their discourse begins, no matter how formal, how abstract, they are inevitably involved, as if by some sinister compulsion, in the problem of the chair. Take any philosophic work you like, you will always arrive, sooner or later, at this topic.

They always avoid chairs at the start. I emphasise this in case you are tempted to challenge my assertion. Very many of you will certainly have read the introductions to quite a number of these learned works — it is always the introductions that are thumb-marked. But dare you deny my claim that the chair is introduced *sooner or later*? I think not.

They always avoid chairs, I say, at the start. But you can see them coming. Somewhere in the chapter you know you will find them. You know that just over the page, or the next few pages, the *word* is waiting, ready to signal to an army of its fellows ensconced in the succeeding paragraphs; and lo, a little later, without even pausing in your reading, you become aware of hordes of chairish words looming up ahead of you.

When this happens, you are trapped, and you know it. For those chair-bestrewn pages exert a fascination which few can avoid. Before you are even scantily prepared for the encounter, you are swept into the very midst of a seething sea of chair-charged syllogisms. And when you finally emerge, wearied and dispirited by so much logical buffeting, the chair is gone, utterly and forever.

What was once a solid, dependable, enduring object has been completely dematerialised, and you are left sitting on heaven knows what. The chair you thought you knew so well you are now compelled to recognise, by sheer force of argument, as an illusion. It is really a pile of shivering, unpredictable electrons; or it is a shadowy, unimaginable something spelt in Greek, with only the flimsiest working arrangement to continue functioning in its present chair-like appearance. Whatever it is, *it is no longer a chair*, and that is that.

The question might never have been settled but for the psychologists. These disturbing folk, looking round for something to do, have become very interested in what other people, including philosophers, say.

Nowadays, as a result, he who casts dialectical bread upon the waters is liable to find it after many days, disconcertingly washed up on his own shores, with critical little labels attached thereto.

Thus, just as A's authoritarian philosophy is clearly seen to be the result of childhood repressions, B's pessimistic views a symptom of gastric trouble, C's mysticism a matter of glandular secretions, so the perpetual insistence of people on the unreality of the chair is but another proof of their unconscious hate for the things they love.

And now, having disposed for all time of disputes about the existence of the chair, we may proceed with our original plan, and begin to contemplate it.

Let us first, remembering the respect due to age wherever it occurs, contemplate briefly the Old Chair.

Old chairs present rather a problem. These honoured veterans, too rickety, too creaky to be of further use in home or office, come to many sad and undignified ends — the refuse heap, the wood merchant and the auction room, to name but a few. In the past, of course, the University Colleges have been able to take in most of the outcasts. But now that saturation point seems to have been reached in these quarters, no fresh vacancies will occur for many years to come. Indeed, as a result of rather brutal rejuvenating processes with pieces of wire, it is now certain that many of the oldest of these chairs will survive the century.

But consideration of this problem must await another occasion. For we must now turn our thoughts to the chair we have all the time been secretly admiring from afar off.

Here, comfort and dignity, luxury and beauty all combine to present what must surely be acknowledged the Perfect Chair — the chair we return to again and again; the chair we set up in a special place, so unique is its function.

To this place we came when burdened. Here we put off the old man, and if we feel like it, our coats as well. On this seat all are equal, for all are one in purpose. I refer, of course, to the barber's chair.

It is hard to define, for it is an inseparable part of its environment. The mirrors, the brushes, the combs; that marvel of modern science, the sterilizer (containing no visible sterilizing agents), the bottles and the accessories — all of these are part of the thing we know as the Barber's Chair. Try and separate any one of them from your conception of the chair, and what is left? A mere abstraction, having no real counterpart in the world of facts. The barber's chair is, in truth, the centre of a little universe of pleasant hairy associations, all of which contribute in some way to its essence. Without them we should not call it a barber's chair. They are part of it.

At this point I begin to realise the inadequacy of my medium, for what pen can do justice to this noble thing? I think of the great ones, the inspired *literati*, to whom the task rightly belongs. I think of my own spiritless lines.

I feel, somehow, that only a poet could present a true picture of this supreme experience — the experience of being in, and part of, the barber's chair. So, then, to conclude, may I reverently paraphrase those immortal lines of Pope in an attempt to convey some little

measure of my overflowing thoughts on the subject:—

And now, unveiled, the Poll it stands
display'd,
Its ebon Hairs in mass disorder laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nimble Gent
deflowers
The head uncover'd, with Electric
pow'rs.
A heady image in the glass appears,
To that he bends, to that he guides
his shears. . . .

—G.A.B.

I DREAM

I dream
Of gums,
Leaves tingling with drops of gold
As the sun strikes through.

I dream
Of windless plains,
The grass burnt brown then white,
Shimmering in the heat.

I dream
Of blackened stumps,
No leaves, no twigs; bare arms
Charred by the fire.

I dream
Of snow,
That hurts with its whiteness:
And the crunch underfoot.

—R.S.H.

BREAKFAST IN BED

Whatever inspiration may have reached me in writing this is due to a well-known lay, chanted as a sort of holy incantation wherever English is spoken:—

"It's nice to get up in the morning,
But it's nicer to stay in bed."

If there is a person who has not felt the truth of that plaintive song deep within him — especially when it is time to get up — then to him I have nothing to say. But for other, normal human beings, who desire only to have more time in bed and to extend this blessing

to others, a solemn warning is needed. The principles of our creed are being challenged. The uncouth legion of early risers is about us, bidding us be up with the sun. It is time that their specious arguments were challenged.

The first point they bring forward is one which would, if successful, turn our forthright doctrine into a merely relative truth. It is all a matter, they say, of the stage of wakefulness at which you have arrived. In the case of a fresh spring morning (to put their case at its strongest) bed may still seem pleasant

while you are in it. But when you are outside, awake to the still freshness of the morning, the people who have stayed in bed seem merely lazy. It all depends on whether you view the matter from the inside of bed, looking out, or from the outside, looking in.

The fallacy is, I hope, sufficiently obvious. It is not necessary to point out that this argument, plausible and even seductive on a warm summer morning, is fantastic in the depths of winter. It is well, no doubt, to remind them in passing that the enjoyment of a sunny morning is a mental activity, which can with practice be achieved while *under* the bedclothes, without any sacrifice of material comfort. But the real refutation is simply to point out that ex hypothesi man wakes up in bed; that by common consent the sensation of lying in bed is pleasant; while the act of arising entails discomfort. Thus the superior wisdom of staying in bed is established.

There are other arguments, however. The baser of our opponents descend to those of pure expediency: one can work better in the morning; one will miss appointments if one stays in bed too long. Such attempts at pure bribery will not for one moment influence a confirmed late riser, who would rather fail in his exams, lose his job through being late for work, and miss every appointment, than be coerced into giving up such a deep-felt principle as this.

But another and more plausible argument exists. Like all reformers who can find no logical reason for their attempts to make others uncomfortable, they bring forward what they call moral considerations. It is noticeable, they say, that those who habitually go to bed and rise at late hours show a sense of embarrassment or even guilt in discussing the matter with early risers. Take the case of a husband who goes out one night to a party of his friends, saying his his wife, "Don't wait up for me, dear." The party is a cheery one; reminiscences and mild jokes are exchanged; the lemonade circulates freely.

Coming home on the all-night tram, the husband is feeling buoyant and friendly (a natural result of the good company and good lemonade). He has reached the stage where he wants to cheer up everyone he meets. On the all-nighter he takes the trouble to sit next to a prim-looking clergyman, just so that he can enliven the poor man's ride by telling him what the bishop *really* said to the actress. Now, when he finally hiccoughs goodnight to his new-found friend, and sets off to walk the last stage home, would it not appear natural that he would want to wake up his wife, so as to tell her about the party and make her happy, too? And yet, this is rarely, if ever, the case. On the contrary, his shoes are removed on the front door step; the latch key, when at last it condescends to fit into the lock, is turned as gently as possible; and even the lights are not switched on as he negotiates the intricate business of getting into bed.

Why is this so? Obviously, it is said, for no other reason than that the man has a sense of guilt because he is late in going to bed. And this is only an extreme case of a general principle. Suppose the subject crops up in conversation, it will nearly always be found that the late riser is on the defensive. "I never get up before eleven," he begins, with a fine attempt at bravado. "I set my alarm for seven every morning," is the smug reply — "and I *always* get up when it rings!" There is no denying it, the reply is crushing, and the moral victory complete. In spite of a skilful retreat, covered by smoke-screen mutterings of "sheer barbarism" and "rank absurdity," the late riser retires discomfited, with an uneasy feeling that perhaps he really ought to get up early after all. This feeling is the strongest argument of our opponents, and its causes must be analysed.

How can we explain its existence? It is absurd to talk merely of wasting time by staying in bed. There is an equal waste in going to bed early at night. The clue is to be found in the fact that throughout the whole history of the

world there has never been enough of anything to go round. Always there has been a struggle to grab what is available; and so the disadvantages of late rising can be summed up in one tragic if colloquial phrase: Missing out.

He has always missed out, the late riser! Everything has been done just before he gets there. And since the primary and most essential struggle of man is to satisfy his hunger, it has always been over food that the struggle has shown itself most poignantly. Other things a man may sacrifice to that extra hour in bed, but not this. The most confirmed later riser must eat. See him through history a pitiable figure. The cave man finds that the quarry has already been killed and eaten, and so must satisfy himself with the chewed bones. His modern brother finds the boiled eggs both hard and cold, while what is left of the toast would be better adapted to the soling of shoes. It is this, working through countless ages, which has implanted in the human mind the delusion that it is somehow praiseworthy to arise early, and builds up the bulwark of prejudice against him who extols the virtues of bed in the morning. And still to-day this cruel pressure of circumstances forces many against their will to arise at ungodly hours. It is the early bird, men realise, sadly or gloatingly, but none the less with certainty — it is the early bird which catches the worm.

And yet, a solution has been found. Some unknown genius has seen the one solution. If it is impractical to convey the sleeper to the source of the food, then the food must be brought to the sleeper. This is the answer to the problem—Breakfast in Bed!

Imagine the effects on our community as the principle is gradually recognised. Think of the scenes when 50 years hence the Arbitration Court grants the Ten O'Clock Rising Day. True, the Chamber of Manufacturers will mutter that the country can't afford it; the self-made

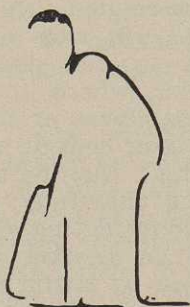
men will write letters to the paper explaining that in *their* young days people got up at nine o'clock every morning, and were none the worse for it; the fearful will look across the Pacific in alarm to our neighbour, Communist Ecuador, where, it is well-known, the hapless slaves of the State are routed from their beds at half-past eight every morning. But the union leaders will be smiling cheerfully; the politicians will be congratulating the people and themselves on another victory for peaceful progress by lawful means; and all over the country the humble workers will sigh contentedly as they turn over for their extra snooze. Best of all, it will deal the death blow to those who would maintain the moral virtues of early rising, and even the more conservatives of the two major parties (whatever it may call itself then) will recognise in principle the desirability of breakfast in bed.

But such advances do not come of their own accord. There is still much fighting to be done. Applied science must remove the present obvious objection, that if a family is to have breakfast in bed, one member at least must get up to prepare it. But though difficulties and prejudices remain, the way ahead is clear, and it is our task to forward the cause. As we look back in history, we see Man slowly advancing in the conquest of his environment. More and more he has been able to mould it to his desires, and now the ultimate triumph is in sight. The time is coming when the alarm clock will join the rack and thumbscrew in our museums as the relics of a barbarous age, and the ignominy of early rising and frenzied toil will be abolished. At present this is the privilege of the few; it must become the unchallenged right of all. We are still only in the dawn of Man's great day. Let us make sure that he spends the morning in bed.

—R.L.F.

Sports Notes

Cricketer



We were disappointed in losing the cricket this year. We had a team with more talent than usual, particularly on the batting side. There was, too, plenty of keenness at the nets, some players coming back a week early to practice at the new nets in the bullpaddock. By the time we took the field against Newman the odds were slightly in our favour.

Newman won the toss and went in to bat. Their first innings was very shaky, Murphy alone holding the side together with a solid 66 of a total of 171. Dick Potter took the bowling honours with 4 for 46 from 16 overs.

We took the field confidently, but our first innings was disastrous; 109 runs was all we could muster. Our captain, Hal. Mighell, took the top score of 34.

However, Newman's second innings left us still hopeful. We kept their total down to 149, mainly with good bowling by John Howard, who took 4 for 31.

We went in for our second innings on the afternoon of the second day, needing 212 runs to win. The first seven wickets fell for 40 runs and our chances looked very slim. However, John Howard and Ritchie Gardiner settled down in a very fine stand and lifted the score to 103 before stumps were drawn. Rain fell overnight and left the wicket sticky. However the stand continued until Ritchie Gardiner was dismissed for 34. The partnership had been worth 113 runs. John Howard was caught behind for 90, with the score at 163. No more runs were added, and the innings closed

with Newman the winners by 48 runs. The Newman captain, Nagle, must be congratulated for his figures of 8 for 64 in the second innings.

NEWMAN

First Innings

Phelan, c J. Howard b Potter	11
Dillon, b Potter	10
Niall, c R. Howard b Graham	19
Nagle, c Potter b Harris	3
Murphy, c Mighell b Potter	66
Donovan, hit wicket, b Alley	22
Thompson, c Woolcott b Graham	20
McCarthy, b J. Howard	5
Reid, c Woolcott b Potter	0
O'Hara, b J. Howard	3
Jones, not out	4
Extras	8
Total	171

Bowling.—Potter 4/46, J. Howard 2/25, Harris 1/12, Graham 2/39, Alley 1/30, Mighell 0/11, Wenzel 0/1.

TRINITY

First Innings

Wenzel, b Murphy	12
Taylor, b Nagle	6
Alley, b Nagle	2
J. Howard, lbw b Nagle	0
R. Howard, b Reid	18
Potter, c Murphy b Reid	17
Mighell, b Murphy	34
Harris, run out	3
Gardiner, b Reid	0
Graham, not out	6
Extras	6
Total	109

Bowling.—Nagle 3/40, Murphy 2/43, Reid 4/21.

NEWMAN

Second Innings

Phelan, lbw b Wenzel	11
Dillon, c Graham b Mighell	21
Niall, b Wenzel	0
Nagle, lbw b Wenzel	7
Murphy, stpd. Woolcott b Graham	46
Donovan, run out	19
Thompson, lbw b J. Howard	31
O'Hara, b J. Howard	4
Reid, c Woolcott b J. Howard	5
McCarthy, not out	0
Jones, b J. Howard	0
Extras	5
Total	149

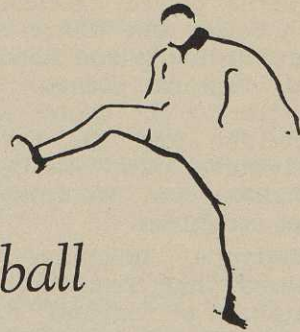
Bowling.—Potter 0/15, J. Howard 4/31, Wenzel 3/30, Mighell 1/30, Harris 0/19, Graham 1/19.

TRINITY

Second Innings

Wenzel, b Murphy	3
Taylor, c McCarthy b Nagle	2
R. Howard, c Phelan b Nagle	0
Harris, c Dillon b Nagle	5
Alley, b Nagle	17
Potter, c Jones b Nagle	5
J. Howard, stumped Jones b Nagle	90
Mighell, c McCarthy b Nagle	0
Gardiner, c Jones b Murphy	34
Graham, not out	0
Woolcott, c Murphy, b Nagle	0
Extras	7
Total	103

Bowling.—Nagle 8/64, Murphy 2/69, Reid 0/23.



Football

Captain: J. G. Perry.
 Vice-Captain: B. J. Roberts.
 Committee: F. J. Meagher.

This year the intercollegiate matches were arranged on a new system, with each team playing the other three colleges.

Well before the end of second term Fred Perry had his charges playing regular practice matches and it seemed that this year's team would be rather better than usual. Practice matches were arranged with Queen's and Newman Colleges, Wesley, and Swinburne Technical College, so that hopes were high with the approach of the first match against Ormond.

We were lucky to secure the services of such an outstanding footballer and enthusiastic coach as Dr. Ian Galbraith, who consented to coach the team. The time and energy he expended were deeply appreciated. We would also like to congratulate Newman College on completing the season undefeated: their close victory over Ormond in the final match was the outstanding game of the season.

Trinity's performance this year augurs well for the future. We were badly defeated by Ormond, suffered a narrow defeat at the hands of Newman, and finished with a creditable win over Queen's. Our main difficulty was a shortage of big men for the ruck, although John Meagher shone in that division. This handicap weakened the team throughout, especially in the last quarter of the Newman match, when sheer weight prevailed against us. The

forwards played excellently at times, with Potter and Wenzel showing occasional brilliance and Roberts an intelligent forward pocket. Dahlsen was effective in the centre against strong opposition and the backs proved a determined crew with Perry, Morrison, Houghton and Woolcott perhaps the most consistent.

Everyone, including the members, realised that Trinity's team was not comprised of "natural" footballers, and it was this fact that made its performance so creditable. Every man did his best and a number of the "average" footballers rose to the occasion splendidly. This year our team was respected: next year it may be feared and continue to a season of victories.

TRINITY v. ORMOND

Good first quarter, but Ormond led by half-time. Third quarter was all Ormond, and repeated attacks by Trinity in the final quarter of no avail. Not a good start for the season.

Scores: Ormond 15-16 d. Trinity 9-5.

Trinity — Goals: Potter 4, Roberts 2, Bannister, Taylor, Dahlsen. Best: Meagher, Potter, Dahlsen, Moore.

TRINITY v. NEWMAN

David and Goliath — almost. Newman had one victory already over Queen's. Trinity led early and still led at half-time. Trinity terrific — Newman non-plussed. Three-quarter-time, Trinity leading by 8 points — relax, gentle reader, relax! Superior weight told in the final term: Newman won by several goals, despite magnificent effort from Trinity.

Scores: Newman 10-18 d. Trinity 8-8.

Trinity — Goals: Potter 5, Roberts 2, Taylor. Best: Meagher, Wenzel, Potter, Perry.

TRINITY v. QUEEN'S

Trinity again led early, but 11 points down by lemon time. Glorious third quarter by Trinity. Final term, Queen's recapture lead — Trinity comes back for more — goal by Potter on the bell.

Scores: Trinity 7-12 d. Queen's 7-9.

Trinity — Goals: Potter 3, Roberts 2, Taylor, Wenzel. Best: Wenzel, Meagher, Potter, Dahlsen.

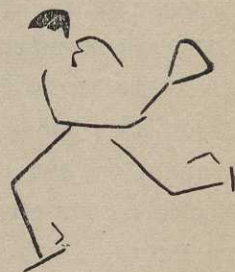
(No prizes offered for guessing who wrote these notes.—Ed.)

TEAM "AT HOME"

After the season had finished, the team were "At Home" to some of their fairer supporters in that "Sanctum Sanctorum," commonly known as the Leeper Building. This match was played with great enthusiasm, gusto and determination. The forwards were forward and the backs were not backward and some interesting duels were seen all over the ground. Loose man play, operated smoothly by the opposition, caused slight confusion at times, but the central umpire had the game well under control. After close voting, Meagher and Perry were awarded the Brownlow Meddle for the worst and foulest afield, followed closely by Dahlsen on points. Letts, Collins and Roberts will appear before the Tribunal for hacking in the ruck. Dahlsen played a great game, but was penalised continually in the last quarter for throwing.

All things considered, a fitting termination to the season.

Tennis



With the completion of two new en-tout-cas courts at the beginning of this year, tennis has achieved a popularity in the College almost rivalling squash.

For the intercollegiate competition, Trinity was able to enter a strong team, but succumbed to Queen's the eventual winners, in the first round by three sets. At lunch-time we were in a strong position, having won three of the four singles. After lunch Queen's made a gallant recovery in which Lapthorne played a big part with clever, fighting tennis. It was a hard-fought struggle throughout and Queen's deserved their win.

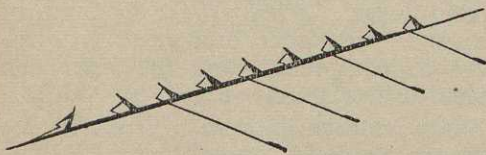
Results:—

Singles

Edwards lost to Lapthorne, 1-6, 0-6.
Potter d. Fox, 5-6, 6-0, 6-3.
Mighell d. N. S. Bond, 4-6, 6-2, 6-0.
Mann d. Wong, 3-6, 6-0, 6-4.

Doubles

Edwards-Potter lost to Lapthorne-Bond, 4-6, 3-6.
Edwards-Potter d. Fox-Wong, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.
Mighell-Mann lost to Fox-Wong, 3-6, 6-2, 3-6.
Mighell-Mann lost to Lapthorne-Bond, 0-6, 5-6.
Queen's: 4 matches, 12 sets.
Trinity: 4 matches, 9 sets.



Rowing

The crew this year contained five members of last year's 1st VIII, the only important change being that one of them was facing a different way: Pat Maplestone, cox in 1946, was stroke this year.

We were very fortunate in having John Forbes with us again, and in his capable hands the crew took promising form. Several long rows formed part of our training, the Saturday trips to Essendon being notable for the magnitude of the thirst they produced and the number of rests that we didn't have on the way.

A minor alteration in the homely face of the Yarra this year was the introduction of speedboats for the use of some Public School coaches. A general move is being made to follow this innovation with either (a) the introduction of lifebelts for oarsmen, probably to be run in connection with a Lifebelts for Oarsmen week and a Buy a Button for Beer for Boaters appeal, or (b) the introduction by the V.R.A. of a regulation prohibiting the use of speedboats.

The second VIII, ably coached by Jack Darby, an old College oar, again produced that brilliant form which is rapidly becoming a tradition with Trinity seconds. They overwhelmed the opposition to win the final by that margin so pleasant for the many in the shums and so unpleasant for the few in the boat, a canvas.

The 1st VIII's heat against Queen's was a hard race in which we held a slight lead from start to finish and only wished the two had been about a mile nearer to each other. But in the final, against Ormond again, our lead, although a more substantial one, was shortening from the second bridge, and petered out at the big bend. The next half-mile was a gruelling battle, with Ormond gradually increasing their lead, and, despite a powerful sprint from the College, they won by a length and a half. The following day they defeated the Extras for the John Laing Cup.

The crew were required to perform in a less energetic manner at the Sports Night, and the usual touching speeches were made, increasing in popularity as they diminished in length.

Bruce Nelson, Captain of Boats, and Michael Scriven were again in the University crew; apparently it takes three

Trinity men in the crew to win, as this year they were beaten by Sydney.

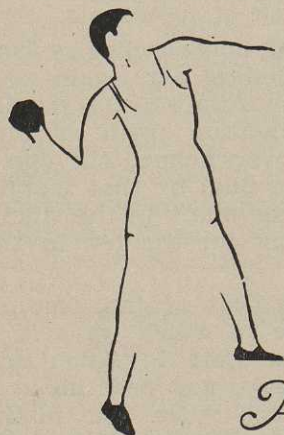
The crews were as follow:—

FIRSTS

Bow, S. C. Johnston; 2, J. G. Perry; 3, J. A. Kelly; 4, B. S. Inglis; 5, D. N. Hawkins; 6, K. B. Nelson; 7, M. J. Scriven; Stroke, P. A. Maplestone; Cox, K. J. S. Whight; Coach, J. Forbes, Esq.

SECONDS

Bow, I. D. Campbell; 2, R. P. Dalziel; 3, D. B. Warner; 4, R. Fowler; 5, K. J. A. Asche; 6, J. R. Hawkins; 7, J. E. Cranswick; Stroke, R. P. Freeman; Cox, J. A. Taylor; Coach, J. F. G. Darby.



Athletics

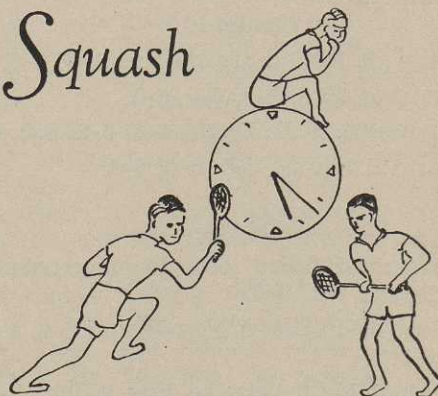
The standard of College Athletics was much higher than usual, as, after a grim struggle, we just managed to defeat Queen's for third place. We should like to congratulate Ormond for taking first place in every event.

Notable amongst the fine athletic figures on the arena was that Prince of the Boulevards, John Meagher, who scored five points in field games by taking a second position. Bob Howard was always to the fore from the moment the 880 pack was unleashed, and was unlucky only to fill second position. Michael Moore shone with a combined cycling-cum-hurdling obstacle race, filling third place in the hurdling part of

the race. At the end of the mile, John Howard was heard to groan, "Where's my bier?" In this event Ralph Jones was more successful and, along with Messrs. Reddrop and Lanchester, deserves credit for great diligence in training.

Finally, those hoary old perennials, Letts and Barker, provided the comic relief of the afternoon with a spirited rendition of "Underneath the Fallen Arches."

Squash

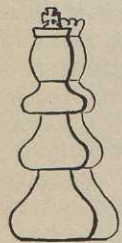


During the year a Melbourne University Squash Club was formed and it was decided that the College court should be hired to them for two hours per day at lunch-time, since the court was seldom used then by members of the College. As a result of this added income, or rather expected income, as some trouble was experienced in collecting the money, the squash fees were lowered during second term. However, on account of excessive breakages and necessary repairs to equipment, the fee has been raised to its original value.

Again Trinity entered a team in the Pennant Squash Competition, and finally finished very low on the C grade ladder. But it is hoped that our "odd" win and the fact that we were only narrowly defeated on a number of occasions, may allow us to retain our place in the C grade competition next year, and not be ignominiously relegated to D grade. Both Bruce Edwards, who was again our star player, and Mr. Shaw are to be congratulated on their willingness

to play so regularly. As last year, the curators often found it difficult to find a team willing to play away, but as a result of Sandringham's overwhelming hospitality, less trouble is to be expected in that direction next year. Such additional squash facilities as the team discovered in the Port Melbourne dock area are said to be ample recompense for the trouble of playing squash.

Judging from court bookings, squash is as popular as ever in Trinity, and even has its adherents from the "Hall." There were many entrants for both the Squash Championship and the Handicap, and the curators have been fighting a splendid but hopeless battle to see that some of the matches are actually played.



Bridge and Chess



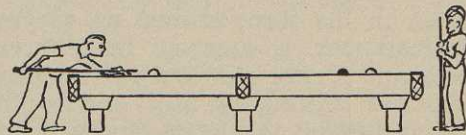
As befits an institution such as Trinity, the pastimes of pure intellect have not been neglected. Daily devotees of chess may be seen substituting this game of skill for their post-prandial slumbers and no less than 22 entered the chess competition, which, at the time of writing, is in its semi-final stage.

Bridge has been the more popular evening pastime. The Zwing trophy, competed for by 10 pairs, was won — as is indeed fitting — by two old campaigners, the Warden and the Dean. Mr. Philips was a member of a winning team in the Lithgow duplicate bridge competition in the city.

Besides these contests, friendly rubbers have been numerous, tempters, from the highly-placed trophy winners to the humblest freshmen, to indulge in "just a quick rubber," instead of work, have been frequently casting their bait before

the unwary, discussions anent the rival merits of "Black-wood," the "culbertson-ask," "4-5 N.T." and even Pachobo have bewildered the non-player; but, so far, even if no conclusion has been reached, no breach of the peace has been noted and two satisfactory conclusions may be recorded. This is a sport at which Trinity has not yet been defeated in an inter-collegiate contest, and at which the tutorial staff is more able than at cricket to hold its own against undergraduate personnel.

[We regret to announce that the Chess competition has had to be abandoned.]



Billiards

The billiard room has ensnared an unusually high proportion of freshers this year from whom one might otherwise have expected great academic honours. It is perhaps significant in these pragmatic days that our discerning young intelligentsia are realising the importance of training in **useful** things. What better introduction to business can one have than a golf handicap of ten, a good overhead smash, a sound knowledge of poker probabilities, and a straight pot? Above all the pot.

Unfortunately for this theory, the billiards champion of the year is an aspiring doctor, Mr. Atkinson, whom we congratulate on his resounding victory over Mr. J. N. Taylor in the final.

Sports Nights

For one reason or another most people would prefer not to recollect details of these occasions, but would rather look on them philosophically as Trinitarians of old must have done. We have had

ups and downs in various sports, yet traditionally we have held to the downward trend. Thus, not being puffed up, nor sitting in Hall in shining armour eating off golden plate, we have rather taken the harder and humbler course of reminiscing along the same old strain.

With coffee of black despair, we have risen to toast King and Country and passed on to the deprecations of the particular night. With the usual hullabaloo, different speakers have risen in the smoky atmosphere and, like Satan in "Paradise Lost," have explained to the assembled Host the cause of their sorry plight.

Each in his turn, primed by varying circumstances, is received in different mood, and, being elevated to full view, his praise is sung by all. And so the Rowing, Cricket, Athletics, Football and Tennis teams have made their debut.

The Rowing Night, as always tempered by the amber fluid and exciting views of the river course, was accepted by all as the most outstanding, for our heroes were only pipped on the post by Ormond in the final heat. On all other nights except the Tennis, the College has been spurred on by similar experiences and has been given recompense by neither coming last nor least, but by being third above Queen's.

Finally, the Old College has been proclaimed the best of all, and the gentlemen have disbanded,

"And wandering each his several way
Pursues as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed where he may
likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts."

—B.C.E.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

"Social life" — that all-embracing virtue for which the older generation so often extols the merit of College life—remains, as always, the highest plane

of College achievement. Ceremonial dinners, sports nights, open nights and even the humble Friday nights invariably bring to light fresh talent as well as the solid performances of old hands. Despite an early backwardness in some spheres of activity, freshmen have entered spiritedly into the less formal, unofficial fields and have even compared particularly well with the seniors in the art of coursing, of which notable performances are now being recorded for the benefit of posterity. A few pioneers have laid the foundations of what may well become a permanent institution in Trinity life, and although "The Book" has as yet recorded only a few graduations, it is hoped that more complete documentation of future performances will be made available to the curator.

An innovation into Swot Vac was an additional C.R.D. which maintained the high standard of enthusiasm so noticeable at these functions throughout the year. George Tack and his boys laboured on undauntedly in the hope that sometimes, after much ringing of the bell, a few dancers would actually find their way down to avail themselves of the facilities provided for this occupation. Not least of George's accomplishments were his skilful renditions of "God Save the King," followed by a delightful bedtime story: unfortunately, many of our more retiring students were unable to attend these pleasant finales.

The September Swot Vac was suitably shamblised by a Rugby match, the Juttodie, Elliot Fours and a golf day, all of which created some effective thirsts. The tradition of magnanimity in defeat serves well to gather the College together after sporting functions: it is no unusual sight to come across a large proportion of the College steadily overcoming their low spirits and seeking inspiration for greater things in the future. No phase of College education is more important than this.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE

In 1853
 The State in a decree
 Allotted to the Churches land
 On which the Colleges now stand.
 And here, from '72,
 The Dear Old College grew,
 With students, tutors, and a Keeper—
 Dr. Alexander Leeper.

Came then a noble train
 Of men whose works remain
 To praise them — Clarke, the Builder
 Behan,
 Chaplains, Deans (an acting Dehan).
 Yet all of these grow dim,
 Are small compared with him
 Whose name will never never fade—
 Great Wooden and the Wing he made.

Fleur-de-Lys came out—
 Wordily, no doubt;
 But then, as everybody knows,
 People like to be verbose.
 To-day, our meaning we
 Convey more pithily.
 (But language is not wholly fillable
 Of course, without the polysyllable.)

To morning prayers a throng
 Of yawning came year long—
 (But numbers nowadays of course fall,
 With evening housefuls in the Horsfall).
 Now, daily in the Chapel,
 Unscaly voices grapple
 With the latest hymnal (slightly Godi-
 fied),
 And the intricacies of Matins (modified).

But stale is history,
 The tale that is to be
 Will match your Leepers and your
 Behans—
 Come, ye faithful Fleur-de-Lys-ans,
 Cheque-filling benefactors,
 (Pound-shilling-penny factors),
 That yon, where only cows have trod,
 May one day be the Cowan Quad.

—G. A. B.

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Barry Marshall, assisted by Sydney Craticour,
James Mackie and Valerie East for members of
Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall, past and
present . . .

“ . . . and if ther be any thing that displease
hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the
defaute of myn unconninge, and not to my wil . . . ”

