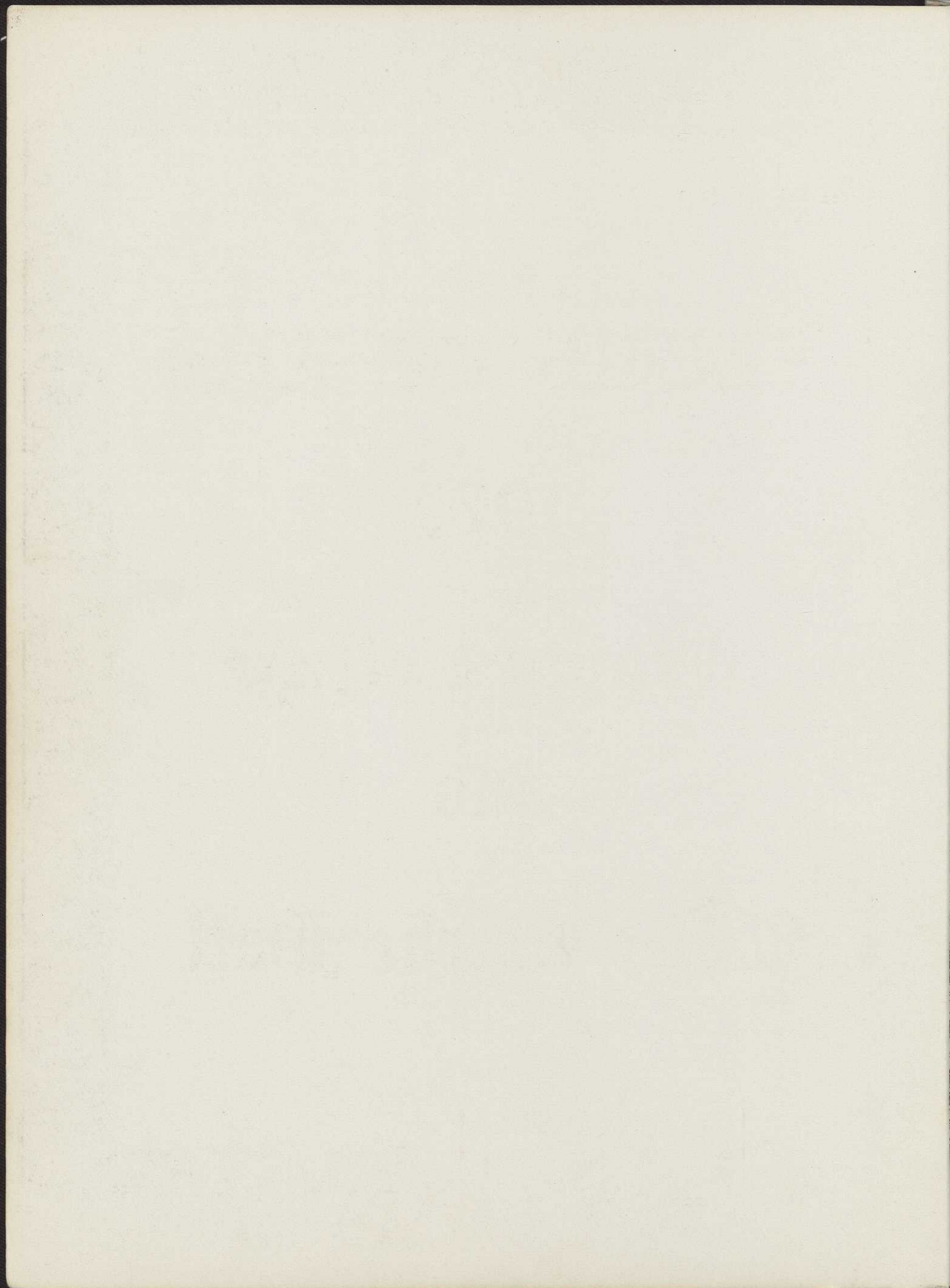


1970

1970

# FLETHAR DE LBS







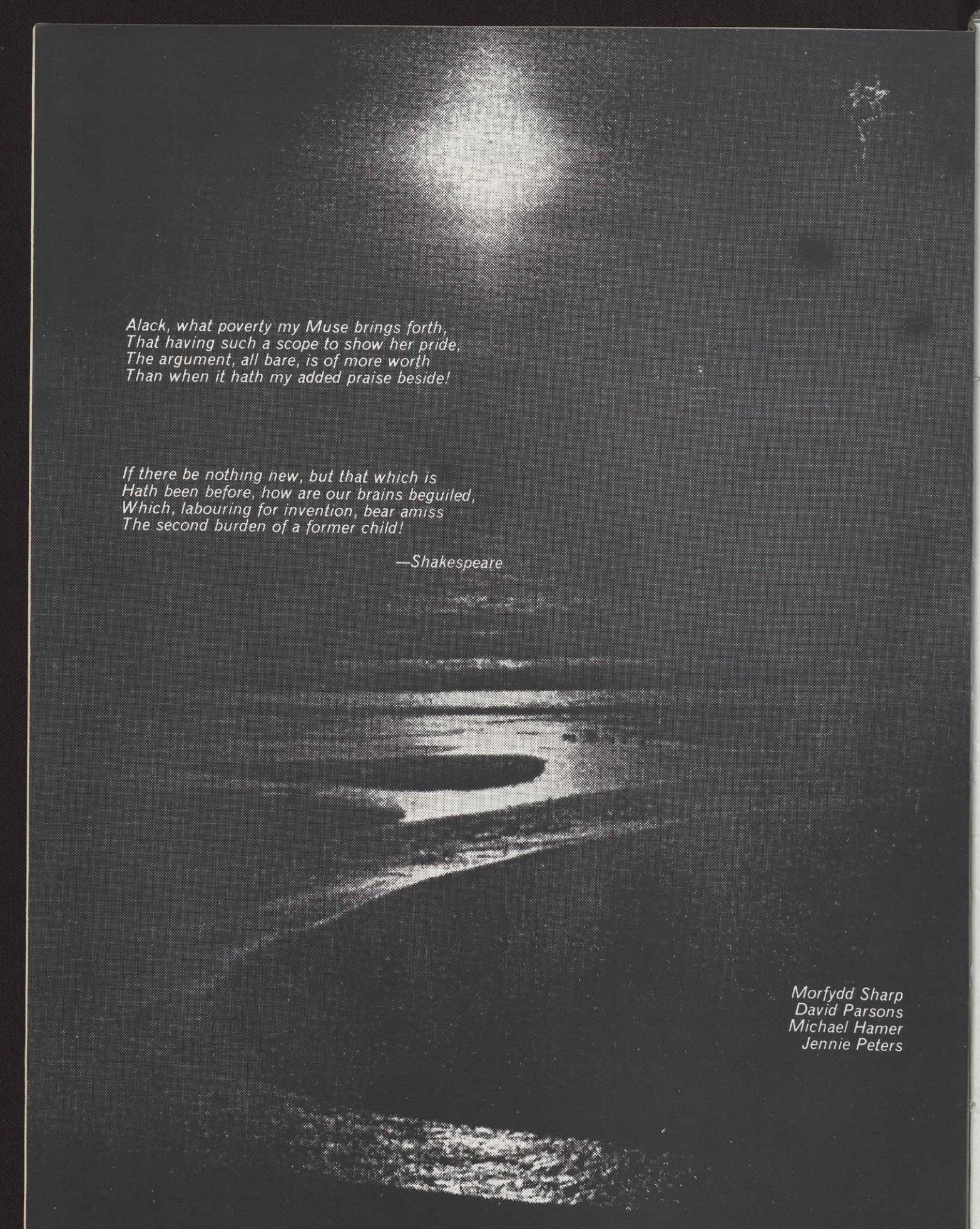
FLEUR DE LYS

1970

Trinity College

and

Janet Clarke Hall



*Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope to show her pride,  
The argument, all bare, is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside!*

*If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,  
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child!*

*—Shakespeare*

*Morfydd Sharp  
David Parsons  
Michael Hamer  
Jennie Peters*

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# B.R.M.

Dr. R. L. Sharwood

Much was written of Barry Marshall in the last issue of this magazine, on the occasion of his resignation as Chaplain in order to take up his new position as Principal of Pusey House, Oxford. It is with deep sorrow that we must now record his untimely death, in Oxford, only days before he was to have assumed office.

Dr. Marshall moved out of Trinity—his ancient Rover the “Queen Mary” packed to the roof—in December 1969. For the first five months of 1970 he lived in Sydney, at St. Paul’s College, and worked as an assistant priest at St. James’ Church, King Street. He entered into the life of the Sydney Church with all his usual enthusiasm, and greatly enjoyed himself. These months enabled him to spend a good deal of time with his father and step-mother, who live on a property near Windsor; indeed, it was his deep desire to see more of his family which led him to make the Sydney arrangement.

In May, he drove the “Queen Mary” down to Melbourne again, stayed with us for ten days while he supervised the despatch of his luggage and made his farewells, and sailed on the “Himalaya” on 21st May. He made no secret of the fact that he was not altogether happy about it all. Much though he loved Oxford and Pusey House, he knew that he was too profoundly Australian to want to make England his permanent home; he was frankly apprehensive; he hated to leave his family and friends. Yet, as ever, he became engrossed in the voyage and shipboard life, and sent off a stream of entertaining letters and postcards at every port of call: “We have the *whole* of Moonee Ponds on board, and I have re-christened the Everest Room, the Everidge Room. Norm and Edna are all around . . . The Don Luvaduk Quartet is quite superb and as soon as I hear the opening bars of Selections from My Fair Lady I’m in there like a *shot*, tapping away with the best of them, a can of V.B. by my side.” He arrived at Southampton late in June: “And so our Butlin’s Cruise of World-Wide Adventure and Mystic Treasure Hunt comes to an end. It looks like another beginning.”

Fr. Hugh Maycock, the retiring Principal, was still in residence in Pusey House. Dr. Marshall moved into a guest room for the time being, leaving most of his belongings in their crates. Now that he was actually in Oxford, he felt again the spell of the place and enthusiasm for what might be accomplished began to grow in him: “Well dear old Oxford is much the same—beautiful weather and the tail-end of Schools—the few harassed looking young men in sub-fuse bundling down the High to an Examination. It’s all pretty hairy and hippy but I don’t think it goes very deep, judging from the conversation one overhears. I have had some lovely re-discovery walks, and have found all the Trinitarians except David Cockayne who is in America . . . There are some exciting prospects here and I hope we can do something in what seems to be a pretty open field.” Visitors to Pusey noticed that a great Marshalric Spring Clean was already in progress: “He had spent much of his time since his arrival at Pusey”, wrote the Rev’d Albert McPherson, “trying to retrieve it of its Victorian gloom and could scarcely contain himself waiting for full play to let light and colour into the place. . . . Already in his inimitable way he had dashed here and there with his oilcan. Squeaks which some thought dated back to Pusey’s own time had miraculously disappeared. The Comper altar and canopy positively glistened after Barry had clambered all over it with warm soapy water. The eyes of the inmates were re-opened. He was so happy to be in Oxford again and so anxious to get to work.” The warm weather encouraged him to bring out his Bush Brother rig, and a report reached us of a group of dignified dons engaged in somewhat embarrassed conversation on the footpath with a Principal-elect in cotton khaki jacket, open shirt and shorts.

On Monday afternoon, 10th August, Dr. Marshall was standing on a short step-ladder replacing an electric light globe when he overbalanced and fell. He appeared to have been mildly concussed and shaken, and was taken to the Radcliffe Infirmary for observation. But in fact he had sustained most serious head injuries and after some hours he fell into a coma. Irreversible brain damage was diagnosed. News of his



condition was telegraphed to his parents and reached the College on Wednesday morning, 12th August; by that time all hope for his life had been given up.

We who were in College at that time (it was the first week of the Vacation) spent most of Wednesday trying to understand what had happened, advising his parents, and getting into touch with all those for whom the terrible news would be especially important. A telephone call to the Radcliffe Infirmary late in the afternoon confirmed the seriousness of the situation. We decided to celebrate the Holy Communion in the evening, as a service of intercession. Although arranged at very short notice, and notified only by telephone and by word of mouth, some 150 people attended. It was a most moving occasion. And as we came out of the service the news was brought to us that he had died.

It was the wish of his parents that his cremated remains should be returned to Australia for interment in the Chapel which he loved, and which had been for so many years at the centre of his life and work. As this could not take place for some little time, there was need for an earlier service of commemoration. Therefore, on Saturday, 15th August, at 11 a.m., a congregation of some four hundred filled the Chapel and an adjoining marquee attached to the south door to celebrate a Eucharist of Thanksgiving for his life and priesthood. The Archbishop of Melbourne (the Most Rev'd Dr. Frank Woods) presided, and others taking part were the Warden, the Chaplain, the President of the United Faculty of Theology (the Rev'd Principal G. T. Inglis of Queen's Theological Hall), the Rev'd Dr. M. M. Thomas (Stewart Lecturer in Divinity) and the Choir of the Canterbury Fellowship. The sermon was preached by the Venerable S. C. Moss, Archdeacon of Melbourne who had shared a Trinity study with Dr. Marshall as a fellow-student. A recording has been issued of this most memorable and inspiring service.

On Monday, 24th August, in the presence of another large congregation including members of his family, Dr. Marshall's ashes were interred in the floor of the Chapel, beneath the nave altar, during a short burial service. In due course a carved memorial stone will be set in the pavement to mark his grave.



At its meeting on 16th September, the College Council recorded the following minute of appreciation (drafted by Professor J. R. Poynter):—

Barry Russell Marshall first came to Trinity in 1946 as an A. M. White Scholar. Aged twenty-three, and one of that brilliant group of ex-service students which entered the College after the war, he had behind him three years as a wireless operator in the R.A.A.F., six years at Shore School, Sydney, a few months at St. John's Theological College, Morpeth, and a childhood spent largely in Central New South Wales. His impact on Trinity was great and immediate; his intellect, his wit, his humanity and his passionate sense of the worth of scholarship and of his vocation marked him out even in a College at that time rich in remarkable men. He took a First in History in 1948, returned to his theological studies at Morpeth in 1949, was ordained a priest in the following year and entered the Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd in 1951.

In outward form the two brief decades left to Barry Marshall after his ordination were divided between scholarship and pastoral work. Between 1952 and 1956 he was at Oxford as Lucas Tooth Scholar, and the thesis which gained him his D.Phil. is a remarkable historical study of education and religion in the nineteenth century which unfortunately remains unpublished. In 1956 he quit Christ Church for the bush, becoming priest in charge of the parish of Bourke in N.S.W. After five years of remarkably effective parish work in very demanding circumstances he returned to Trinity as Chaplain in 1961, and remained here nine years, serving also as Joint Acting Warden in 1964-65. In 1966-7 he took study leave, working at the Institut Catholique de Paris and in Oxford. At the end of 1969 he resigned from Trinity to become fourth Principal of Pusey House; on the eve of taking up that appointment he suffered a fatal accident, dying at Oxford on 12th August, 1970.

Whatever the appearance, there was in truth no dichotomy between Barry Marshall's twin careers of scholar and priest. Both were informed by a spirit remarkable in its deep and simple consistency. Formidable in debate, irrepressible in wit, his basic intellectual premise remained an unshakeable respect for truth, wherever (and however mysteriously) it might be discerned; his parallel respect for human personality, which made him so wise a mentor and so warm a friend, never shrank from a similar honesty in personal relationships. If theology mattered at all it was as important in Bourke as in Oxford, and a scholarly physicist in Melbourne was neither less nor more a man than an outback aboriginal. Marshall moved easily in many worlds, illuminating them with his own understanding. As chaplain of Trinity he lived intensely inside the College community; at the same time he broadened the small collegiate world with the breadth of his tireless and far-flung activities. The depth of his influence on this College, on the Church, and on the community at large is readily discernible, if incalculable in extent. So premature a death, when a great new opportunity was about to be grasped by that brisk and benign hand, is a loss to Oxford and to us all. For Barry Marshall's work at Trinity, the Council of the College records its respect and gratitude.

## THE MARSHALL MEMORIAL FUND

With the news of Dr. Marshall's death, a general wish quickly became apparent that an opportunity should be given to commemorate within the College his life and priesthood. Accordingly, early in September the Warden, the Dean and the Chaplain announced the establishment of the Marshall Memorial Fund.

It is proposed that the income from the fund should be applied to extend—

(1) the ministry and witness of the *College Chapel*, especially in its liturgical, pastoral and apologetic aspects. It is hoped to sponsor such activities as addresses, festivals and exhibitions and to enrich the Chapel furnishings with choice works of fine or applied art.

(2) the resources of the *College Library*, in both its theological and general sections, bearing in mind his own particular scholarly interests. (It is also contemplated, as a separate venture, that a memorial volume should be published containing appreciations of Dr. Marshall with selections from his writings.)

Contributions are being sought from former students, colleagues and friends.

## IN MEMORIAM

The following is the Sermon preached by the Rev'd Dr. M. M. Thomas at Dr. Marshall's Burial Service on 24th August. (The Sermon preached by the Venerable S. C. Moss at the Eucharist of Thanksgiving will be published in a memorial volume). "It is to the writings of St. Paul to which we naturally turn on such an occasion as this—for he above all other scriptural writers spoke to the Church of his own day, and to every generation of Christians since, of the theme of God's love for us men.

Thus in the 8th chapter of his letter to the Romans, he expands the theme of the **NEW AGE NOW INAUGURATED**—and he writes:—

"With God on our side—who can be against us? Since God did not spare his own son, but gave him up to benefit us all, we may be certain that after such a gift he will not refuse us anything that he can give . . .

Nothing therefore can come between us and the love of Christ—for Christ not only lived and died for us, but he rose again, and now stands at God's right hand to plead for us. Even if we are troubled or worried, or being persecuted, or lacking food and clothing, or being threatened, or even attacked . . .

For I am certain of this: neither death nor life, no angel, no prince, nothing that exists, or still to come, not any power of height, or depth, nor any created thing, can ever come between us and the love of God made visible in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The love of God made visible in Christ Jesus our Lord.

There is no doubt, I think, in the minds of any of us, who were either friends, students or colleagues of Barry, that this "making visible of the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord" was a central theme in his whole priesthood and life, if not the dominant one.

Few priests of the Australian Church have ever so disciplined their life that not only their utterances but also their actions could so body-forth this conviction.

Certainly his most sustained piece of academic work—his Oxford doctoral thesis—was concerned with the way in which liberalising theologies of the Anglican Church, since the time of Hooker, have tended to obscure the prime duty of the faithful disciple—to embody in his, or her, own life and thinking that love.

Certainly, too, his most dynamic and compelling work of scholarship—which set out so cogently his dominant priestly-pastoral concern—centred on the manner in which the ancient Church took seriously the means whereby that Church "made Christians", that is, enabled men and women to "put on Christ Jesus", and thus appropriate to themselves all the benefits of Christ's creative and redemptive love, as that love is embodied in the Church.

Those of us who heard those lectures on the theme of Christian Initiation here in Trinity College, just 12 months ago, will never harbour delusions about how his ideas about God's love, controlled by his sure knowledge of Christ's presence in his own life and the life of the congregation, made his own faith an attractive thing, and set the whole theme of Christian hope in a totally orthodox but unusual context.

Hope—to be done, and not just some passing fancy, or a series of wishful day-dreams—must be anchored in experience, in fact, in life.

We can only seriously hope, if we know who we are. We can only faithfully hope, if we know Him who is the source of our expectation. We can only lovingly hope, if we share in the life of Him who lived and died, and rose again for us.

For us, a faithful hope can only be spelled out through Him who is the source of our hope—Christ Jesus—who taught us that God is our Father, ever-loving, ever-creative and ever-sustaining.

For us, a serious hope comes from knowing that we live in Him who is the source of all life, and thus of every hope.

For us, a loving hope is derived from the knowledge that we share with Him—not only His opinions and teachings but also His sacrifice, His offering, and His resurrection life.

So Baptism becomes the embodiment of Christ's life and death and resurrection—whereby we become partakers in all that Christ was and is—we are thereby incorporated into His humanity, and thus the NEW AGE begins here and now, in Christ's humanity; and the hope of all men, for communion with God and through God with fellow men becomes manifest—not only in this life, but in what we call 'the next'. Not only in time, but in what St. John calls eternal life.

But, let me be honest with you, and more faithful to Barry's own thoughts on these matters. What I have been describing is certainly an aspect, maybe even the central theme of Christian hope. But I have been speaking about it in words, and trying to convey it all by ideas.

But it is not an idea—it is a fact. Anyone who in the past three years came to this altar will know that every Christian should be impatient with just those words, and ideas. Certainly Barry was—and we who worshipped with him here are.

From various backgrounds and denominations, many of us have learned to come here to share the glorious life-giving sacrament of the altar where in joyfulness and with a startling exuberance was shown forth all that love of God in Christ Jesus—where the knowledge we have, and the faith we share and the hope that is in us—all were embodied and excitingly expressed.

Christ's offer of forgiveness and His new life, Christ's love and sacrificial death, Christ's rising and commissioning—All this and more, shown forth, made visible, present and actual.

St. Augustine once wrote:

"We bear on our foreheads the sign of Christ, and we do not feel ashamed of this sign as long as we bear it in our hearts. His sign is humiliation. The Magi from the East recognised Him by a star; and this sign, given by the Lord, was heavenly and bright; but He has not willed that a

star should be His sign on the foreheads  
of His believers, but a cross."

(Tract. in Joann, Ev. 3.2)

Just so. A cross—the sign of death

—the sign of grief and  
mourning,

—of desolation and loneli-  
ness.

—of bitterness and darkness

But—just so—the cross—the sign of His  
rising to new life, the sign of God's eternal  
love and compassion, of God's care and  
God's future! All this and more.

And because we know these things to be  
true, in faith and hope and love, we make  
our own the words of the hymn of the  
ancient Eastern Orthodox Churches, to  
give expression both to our sense of deep  
loss and bereavement and to the certainty

of our hope in Christ Jesus.

"Give rest, O Christ, to thy servant  
with thy Saints: where sorrow and pain  
are no more; neither sighing, but life  
everlasting.

Thou only art immortal, the Creator and  
Maker of man: and we are mortal,  
formed of the earth, and unto the earth  
shall we return: for so thou didst ordain,  
when thou createdst us, saying, Dust  
thou art, and unto dust shall thou return.  
All we go down to the dust: and weeping  
o'er the grave, we make our song:  
alleluya, Alleluya, ALLELUYA."

In the Name of God. Amen."

M.M.T.

(The Rev'd Dr. M. M. Thomas,  
Stewart Lecturer in Divinity,  
Trinity College)



The Rev. Barry Marshall with the 1969 theological students.



# The Praise of Twining's Tea

Gentlemen, it is not without hestiation that I appear before you to speak in praise of Twining's Tea. Some of you have a knowledge of the subject that must make any praise of mine presumptuous. It was you, I gratefully acknowledge, who introduced me to that most delicious of all beverages and taught me to discriminate its many flavours. To you I owe my resolution to investigate its origins. "It is not right," the Second Book of Proverbs says, "to take the master's tea and sell it at his gate." Besides, Lord Curzon, that fount of etiquette, has declared that gentlemen never express their passions in public!; and far be it from me to dispute what he chose to deliver to his aides as he sat with a cup

This essay, by Alastair Roosmale, won first prize in the Wigram Allen competition.

of choicest Darjeeling in one hand and a buttered crumpet in the other in the rose garden of the Viceroy's Palace. But, as neither he nor Miss Nancy Mitford nor any other member of the aristocracy has vouchsafed a rule for foreigners and bourgeoisie, I trust that you will let me praise the most exclusive and delightful of all teas—Twining's Tea! Of course, you cannot stop me now with anything but a steaming cup of Earl Grey. When the Muse descends, who can resist her power? When the La Trobe swirls to the sea looking like Gunpowder Tea and milk, what dam or dyke can contain her?

Gentlemen, I confess that few things give me so much pleasure as the sight of a casket (I will not call it a tin) of Twining's Tea on a neatly laid trolley. A single casket fills me with joyful anticipation but the sight of two or more different caskets produces an almost uncontrollable trembling. I leave the College psychiatrist and my fellow theologs to dispute whether the cause of such agitation was my mother's trick of snatching away her breast from my

infant teeth or my gluttony. I think I have a saner explanation. I am so moved, gentlemen, because I anticipate in my host that exclusiveness and culture now (alas!) on the decline. For who but the most exclusive can discriminate so finely; and who can discriminate so finely but the most exclusive? Nevertheless, gentlemen, there have been occasions when my expectations have been dashed. There was the young lady whose casket of Jasmin Tea contained—Oh! unmentionable. Horrors! Tetley Teabags! They emerged like hideous wraiths from a sumptuous tomb. I was so shaken that I inadvertently drank the coffee she offered me in her concern. She was, I am convinced, quite without malice, but I decided then and there to remain a bachelor. High Church clergymen can do without vulgar wives! Worse still was the young man who lured me into his study with the promise of a cup of Twining's Early Grey and served me with Jackson's dreadful product of the same name. I knew I had been cheated even as I inhaled the steam. There is something so wishy-washy about Jackson's teas, something so parvenu, egalitarian even. Never buy Jackson's teas, gentlemen. There is between Twining's Teas and Jackson's the world of difference between Toorak and Traralgon, between Geelong Grammar and St. Pelagia the Harlot, Rum Jungle.

When I could decently take my leave, I fled to my room and locked the door. The world shut out, I lit two sticks of incense and then, most reverently, took down my favourite casket—Queen Mary. Awhile I pressed it to my lips. Then, falling on my knees, I besought Dharuma of Japan—he from whose eyelids the first tea-bushes sprang—to grant me an exceptional brew. My prayer was heard. But it took two cups of the exquisite liquor to calm me and a third to set me in my usual complacency. An hour later, a fourth cup empty, I began to tolerate those who take Jackson's tea; and it was not long before my benevolence would have flowed as far as those who swallow Tynee Tips. My joy burgeoned in prayer:

1. See "Lord Curzon: a Dutch Tribute" by Dirk Van Dixel der Rondvaart p. 262, also *ibid* for "Gentlemen never have soup at luncheon."

# Chapel Report

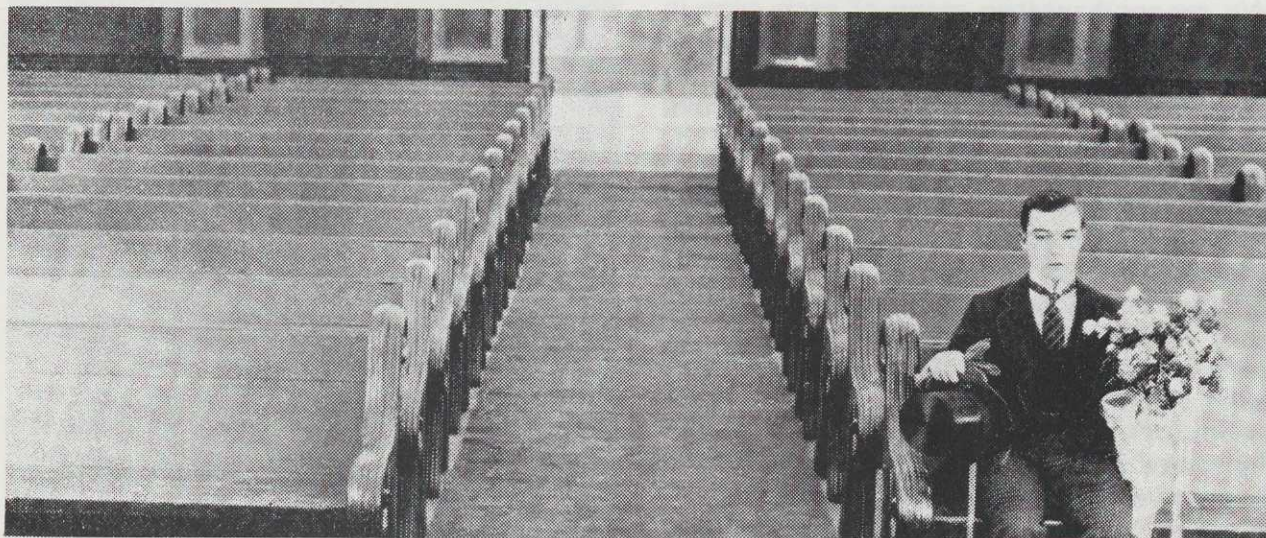
In spite of the intimidating proportions of the six 'art-nouveau' red-brick rocket ships that enclose the Trinity Chapel, there are still a merry band of Triner-J.C.H.-ers who can get together to find chapel life not quite as formidable as red-brick externals suggest. At its best Chapel-going and its related activities provide a framework for pondering and discussing the mystery, meaning and responsibilities of one's life. It is a framework that often raises questions. Why live, have fun, make friends, study, worship, or do anything at all? Does Christian faith offer insights, however tentative, that really make it all worthwhile? It is a framework that can force one to take seriously what is happening in the world. In the days before the May 8th Moratorium against the war in Vietnam, there was much discussion as to how Christians, individually or corporately, should express their concern for peace. However, individuals felt bound to act, ('the logs have all gone commo!'). The Chapel vestry sponsored a silent 'Vigil of Recollection' on the day with two services of Holy Communion on the theme of peace. The series of 'Tuesday Specials' in second term took up the slogan raised in this year's state elections: 'quality of life', with the idea of applying it to such issues as poverty in an affluent society, the renewal of the inner city, and ethics and social issues. By the time the series is finished, we will have heard a wide range of speakers, including the Warden of the Union, Glen Tomasetti and Dr. Jim Cairns.

As ever, the chapel Vestry devises and organizes. As a result of this year's annual meeting, a weekly envelope-giving scheme has been introduced to good effect. Freed from the usual parish burden of plant and stipend, our vestry is able to support the church in developing countries, and to give fairly widely as need arises. Our first donation for the year went to earthquake victims in Peru. The Vestry noted that some people were a bit confused about the variety and apparent freedom of posture in chapel worship, and a statement was prepared and duplicated to help clarify the matter. As we go to print, the Vestry is considering ways and means for Chapel-goers to get together for worship and discussion apart from Sundays at 8-15 a.m., perhaps over supper on a weekday evening.

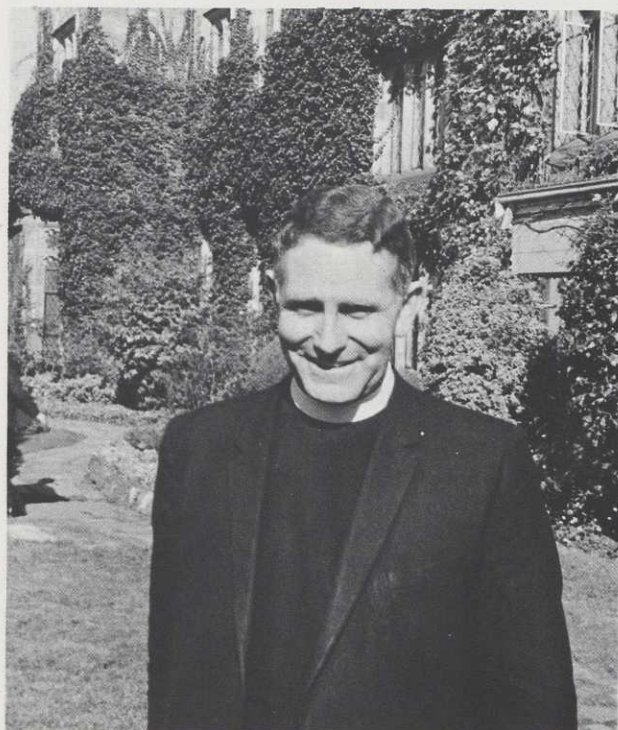
Our new chaplain, the Reverend James Grant, has settled in, as to the manner born, and the weekly news-sheet pours hot from the press, once JCH Newshound has made the cryptic submissions.

College music-makers may be interested to know that the French reed organ (the one under the bridge which was installed in the chapel in 1966, celebrated the centenary of its arrival in Australia this year. It belonged to Samuel Marsden's grandson, who bought it in London and shipped it out to the colonies when he became Bishop of Bathurst in 1870. It was acquired for St. John's Theological College, Morpeth, by a former chaplain of this College (T. M. Robinson), who prised it out of the then Bishop of Bathurst (Wylde). Apart from a mild Marshallian-Wynne restoration, it seems to sound more merry with age and its piping tones do much to brighten week-day services.

G. Tisdall



## THE NEW CHAPLAIN



The Reverend James Alexander Grant, B.A., B.D., Th.L., was appointed Chaplain of the College from 1st March, 1970.

Mr. Grant was born at Redcliffs, Victoria, and went to school in Scotland and Geelong. In 1950 he was enrolled as a non-resident member of Trinity and three years later took an honours B.A. degree in History at the University of Melbourne. He worked subsequently as a research assistant for Dr. Geoffrey Searle who was writing *The Melbourne Scene*.

In 1955-6 Mr. Grant was a temporary teacher with the Education Department. In 1957 he returned to Trinity to study for the Licentiate of Theology. During his course he was awarded the Hey Sharp Prize and the Stewart Prize in Theology. After a curacy at Murrumbena he worked in West Heidelberg and Broadmeadows for three years as a member and then, for a further three years, as the leader of the Diocesan Task Force.

Mr. Grant was appointed, in 1966, Personal and Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Melbourne, a position which he filled until February this year. During his Chaplaincy he found, somehow, time to complete the course for a Bachelor of Divinity degree.

## Winter Impressions

*Dark night whines cold.  
We mutter old  
worn-out whirls  
of words that weep  
for childhood sleep  
and long-lost girls.*

*An crow's coarse cry  
spins round then dies  
deep within  
the heart's dry chasm  
its jerking spasm  
and noiseless din.*

*The weary song  
of days long gone  
softly sits  
on window panes  
and sighing drains  
as soft as mist*

*Trees tear the wind  
and scream hate in  
quiet parks  
where old men stare  
and mumble prayers  
long after dark.*

*On sombre grass  
mad dogs weave past  
in frantic  
flight from the men  
who can't see them  
or their antics.*

*While on black trees  
the blackest leaves  
with the breath  
of mortal fear  
shriek. "No-one's here.  
And life is death".*

George Abrams

## Afternoon

*The lazy evening drifts by my room . . .  
Shimmer of cool dust, golden sunset,  
Garish clouds stretch, strain the smooth sky,  
Birds trill softly for night's coming.  
Dusty, smoky air slides past me,  
Pale blue sky reflects my thinking,  
Then breeze sweeps the colding dry leaves  
Into lakes, pink, browning, yellow.  
Shadows lengthen, hilltop houses  
Golden windows flash with coldness,  
Darkness grows inside my corners,  
Stares from alleys, chill and wary.  
Leaves of old brown toss, dance restless,  
Writhe in night wind's long swift fingerings.  
Sun's bright orange slips in gladness,  
Leaves me to the hungry night. . . .*

Bronwen Halls

# Theology at Trinity

Unlike the ancient universities of England and Scotland and unlike the modern University of London, the Incorporation Act of Melbourne University in 1853 made no provision for the study of theology. This was due more to a fear of sectarian wrangling than to deliberate anticlericalism. Thus it was necessary for the Anglican church in Melbourne to establish some institution for the teaching of theology to its future clergy. This was then one of the motives which prompted the foundation of Trinity. Moreover loyal Victorians were unwilling to see their future clergy exposed to the enervating atmospheres of the "Sydney seminary" (Moore College) and gave their voices if not their sovereigns in support of a collegiate institution that would number among its activities the training of the clergy.

Soon after the opening of the College Bishop Perry proceeded to England and it was left to the second Bishop of Melbourne, James Moorhouse, to establish the Trinity Theological Faculty. In 1878 the first Theological lecturers were appointed and funds to endow the first theological studentships were donated. In 1879 the first theological students A. V. Green and T. H. Armstrong (both later became Bishops) were enrolled and since then the college has continued to number theological students amongst its members.

The Trinity Theological School is unique in that it has always combined the function of supervising undergraduates in their university studies with the primary teaching of graduates. As well there has been a deliberate mixing of theological students with those reading in other disciplines. Speaking in 1870 Professor Wilson claimed, "nothing could be more wholesome than the education of clergy and laity together. The young men of the clerical profession would react on the laity with whom they were associated and produce a religious tone in them while the freedom of opinion and modes of thought which they meet with in their intercourse with their lay brethren would better prepare them for encountering the diverse opinions they would meet in their active ministry". For the clergy at least the Professor's hopes have been somewhat fulfilled.

But what of the more formal programme of ordination training? A 1969 report defined the objects of a theological college as follows: "To prepare men for the ordained ministry by forming them spiritually, training them theologically and imparting to them those basic teaching and pastoral skills which they will need in order to make an effective beginning in their ministerial lives". Quite obviously this description of the College's functioning is inappropriate for most students at Trinity. But for its theological students how effectively are these ideals implemented?

Spiritual formation at Trinity covers such activities as common prayer and worship in a daily round of services which include the eucharist, evening prayers and compline as well as the encouragement of one's individual life of prayer and

reflection. Theological training is well catered for in that all students pursue a formal curriculum of studies in Old and New Testament, biblical and historical theology, church history, liturgy, ethics and pastoral psychology. These studies are like any other university work in that students receive lectures in them, attend tutorials, write essays and sit examinations. Pastoral skills are being increasingly catered for in the course of the primary theological study but it is supplemented in what is termed post ordination training.

Inevitably in a place like Trinity much unsystematic training for ministry takes place in that one mixes with other students of all backgrounds and shades of opinion. In the theological faculty itself six universities are represented, with degrees ranging from arts-education to law and physics. This should lead to flexibility and a greater interdisciplinary understanding.

The same report quoted urged above all that theological colleges be sited as near as possible to a university and to theological colleges of other denominations. This latter requirement is of great importance in these days of ecumenical encounter. At Trinity we are particularly fortunate in the latter because we are part of the newly formed United Faculty of Theology which comprises the theological schools of Trinity, Ormond and Queens plus the Congregational College and the Jesuit Theological College. This development with its co-operation in teaching, library facilities and overall planning is a great step forward and brings Melbourne to the forefront of the Australian theological scene.

In regard to our "secular" university, proposals to establish a department of theological studies within the Faculty of Arts have not been successful so far. The university's "secular" charter is still being jealously guarded by some academics for a variety of reasons.

One of the problems which is common to many disciplines but which is particularly felt in theological studies is the relationship of theory to practice. Much criticism has been levelled at the curricula of theological colleges in recent years, with their hours devoted to Greek, church history and theology, on the basis that all this does not prepare a man for the practical ministry he is to take up. Certainly in recent years some effort has been made to counter this criticism by reducing the linguistic content of courses and also by introducing such subjects as Clinical Pastoral Education into curricula. This latter study is of a highly practical nature and it is the experience of those who have been involved in this sort of training that it tends to inform and enliven the more theoretical subjects. It would appear that the tension between the theoretical and practical is one that is not easily solved but even the awareness of the existence of that tension is a step in the right direction.

Andrew St. John





## Solitude

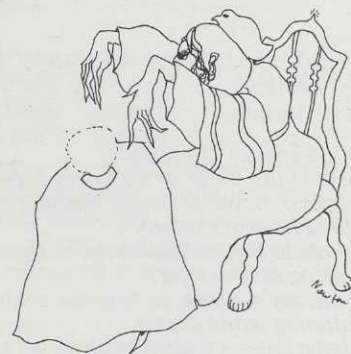
*In the silence of my room  
there is the noise of my heavy breathing.  
A sound, however small, feathering the dark  
with a human rhythm.  
A hole in the restless curtains leaves a moon-flake  
shaking on the floor;  
Yesterday's shoes,  
fluttering white papers,  
a letter from a distant relative, yet unanswered;  
My eyes see the walls,  
a slip of paper for last month's dentist,  
a lost friend's sketch of me . . .  
the plain smooth white of my loneliness.*

Bronwen Halls

This poem has been awarded  
the first prize in the Fleur de  
Lys poetry competition, judged  
by Chris Wallace-Crabbe.

# Women and the Occult

Lucy Lyons



It has recently been brought to my attention in trying to stir up some enthusiasm on the subject, how different are the reactions of men and women on the subject of the supernatural. The feminine tendency to be fascinated by the occult or anything smacking of the supernatural is particularly illuminating. The male reaction to a sug-

This Essay was awarded first prize in the Helen Knight Essay Award.

gestion of phenomena beyond his ken is usually scorn or scepticism, springing it seems, from a deep-seated reluctance to contemplate the existence of anything which does not add up to common experience. What is the reason for this reaction?

One could reply glibly—egotism; refusing to admit the existence of data which cannot immediately be grasped by the intellect, processed with reference to scientifically verified information, and neatly reduced to  $a+b=\sqrt{c}$ . A hang-over from the Scientific Revolution, many still expect the universe to conform to a logical pattern, which certainly does give one a sense of security. Hopefully, tomorrow will follow today in a way similar to yesterday, and the earthquake is a freak event upsetting the expected schedule. Yet it is equally tenable from another point of view, that chance is the norm, and bits of pattern the exception proving the rule. Reason and logic are so comfortable to hide behind! Man does possess reason, but he is also a mess of emotions which can sabotage

intellect. Men often choose to ignore this fact, where women study, cultivate, even wallow in the subjective and irrational. Newton had to be a man. Mrs. Newton would have climbed the tree to discover who had thrown the apple.

However, more important is a deep-rooted fear of the unknown in human nature. A man will admit it by refusing to think about disturbing elements; a woman will court horror with fascinated and compulsive curiosity. The more her hair stands on end, the more terror she craves. (Could there possibly be a link between the length and quantity of hair needing to be raised in horrific moments, and interest in the supernatural? Consider the new hairiness of both sexes today and the universal re-awakening of interest in the occult.)

Always alert to this masochistic delight, a woman will create terror where there is none, in an imagination prepared by the suspense of *Little Red Riding Hood*, the sweet hypersensitivity of *Anne of Green Gables*, and avid discussions about Mary Smith's grandmother who saw a ghost behind the woodshed. It is always Blondie who sits bolt upright in bed, prodding a work-wearied Dagwood into her intuition of "Burglars downstairs!" It is doubtful whether she would ever go and investigate, for although she is prepared to face this contingency while Dagwood is not—and after all it is possible that there may be someone downstairs—her moral fearlessness is defeated by physical timidity. It is Dagwood's duty to prove his manhood by allaying her fears. If he were not there, it is likely that her imagination would not

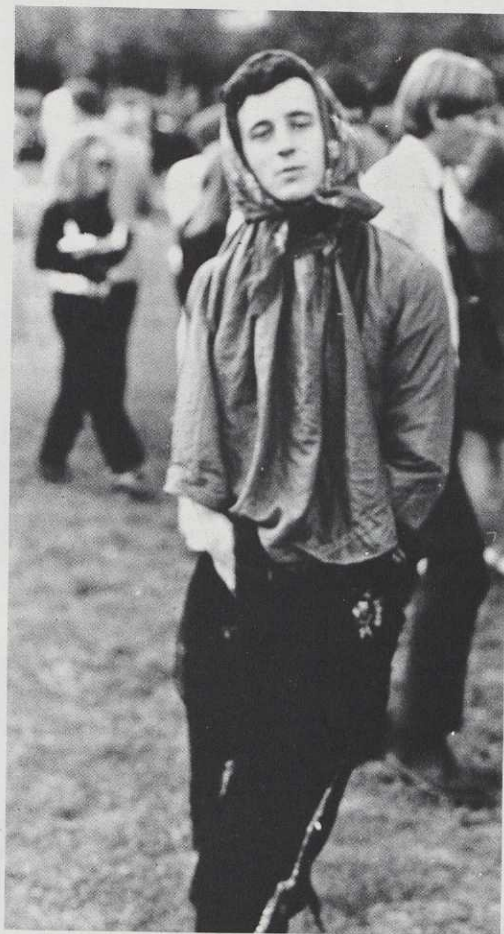
stop at burglars, but proceed to maniacs and carving-knives, or even phantom footsteps.

Why this fascination? Is it a streak of morbidity in the female psyche which, fully developed, leads to the weird beauty and obsession with the agony of love and death in Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights*? Catherine's ghost haunting Heathcliff for eight years after her death is one of the few powerful realities the book offers. Yet I think, rather than morbidity, it is a kind of realism which can make some women enjoy a walk in the Melbourne General Cemetery on a pleasant Saturday afternoon, while most men would look aghast at the proposition. A cemetery is not a gloomy place if one chooses to think of the richness and fulfilment of an absorption into the processes and cycle of Nature, where death and birth are interchangeable and inseparable. There is no Time here; only Eternity.

Because a woman lives, or likes to think she does, on a more intuitive level, tuned in to any vibrations from a non-human world, she is also closer to insanity. While one can cling to formulae and definitions, life and one's relations with the universe are intelligible and to a certain extent, controllable. But start trying to fit the pieces of a jig-saw together after one has perceived that they do not, nor have ever been intended to fit, and one can either view them with a disillusioned eye and write an absurdist drama about them, or, if one is a woman—laugh and go quietly mad. Witness the fate of Ophelia. Hamlet pretends to madness, and enjoys it so much he does not realize when he steps over the borderline, yet under all his stresses and anguish (including a traumatic confrontation with an armed ghost) he lapses into moments of penetrating lucidity. When Ophelia, under much less provocation, goes mad, she makes a thorough job of it, and draped in flowers, sings morbid ditties in restful incoherence. (Unless she happened to discover the strange property of poppies and only temporarily blew her mind.)

I believe that our notions of sanity and insanity are based on a rather shaky norm. It takes courage to make the step from comfortable sanity into the turbulent, unchartered, but perhaps more far-seeing world of the insane. We cannot prove

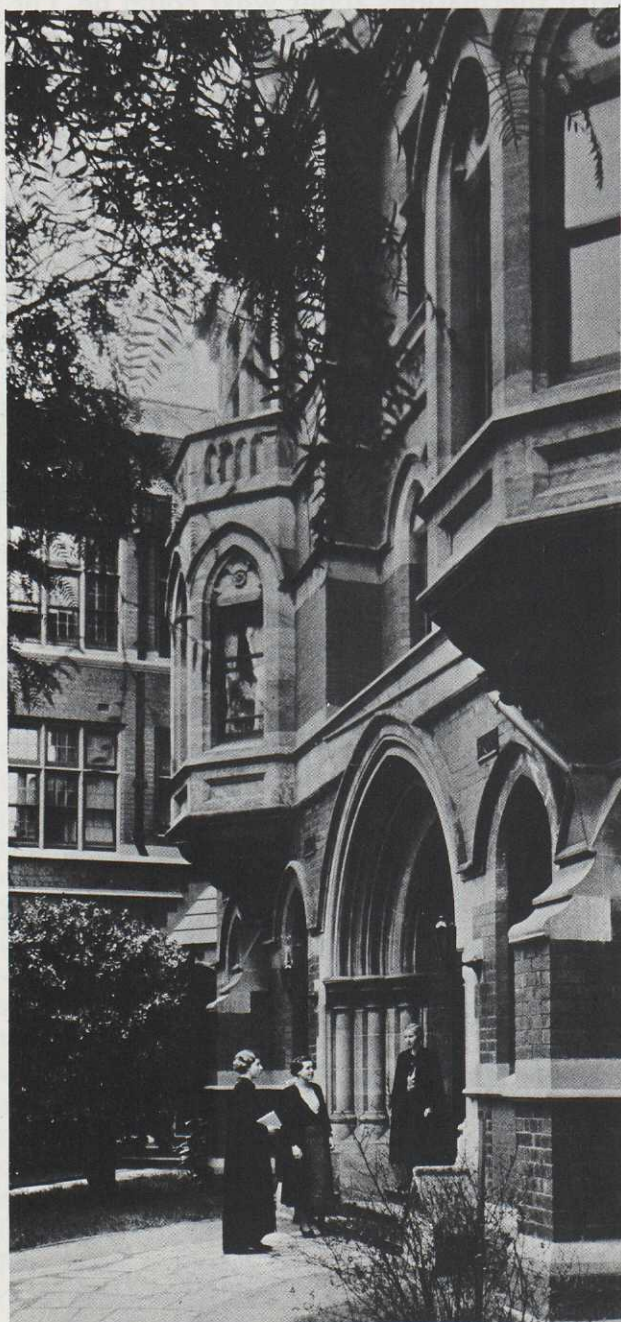
whether Reality exists in matter or goes beyond, but most women would be prepared, even eager, to admit the latter. It is not merely that they find the commonplaces of living insufficient, although a bored housewife might choose to embroider the holes in her husband's socks with a bit of fantasy-work, but an innate desire to get at the essence of things and not to accept appearances, an insatiable curiosity to find the interesting details underlying the obvious. A man is content to accept life as he finds it, use it fruitfully, and not trouble his full apprehension of the moment with speculations about what could be. Let his wife soak up tales of local hauntings and the skeleton in some friend's closet, read horror-stories, partake in midnight sallies on the cemetery, or float down the Yarra on a carpet of flowers. After all it is a **fact** that: "angular momentum is the product of the moment of inertia and the angular velocity."



~ Madame Fantasia ~

# On the Undesirability of Colleges

Alfred Milgrom



As a well-known opponent of the college system, I have been asked to put my views on paper and to allow my "irrational bias" against colleges to be destroyed by more informed persons. I am more than happy to do so, although I feel confident that I will retain my personal dislike of the college system at the end of the exercise.

The first point that I would like to get across is one of perspective. Too often criticisms of colleges and their functioning has been met by the answer: "If you don't like it, you don't have to live there. But you must respect the wishes of those who do want to".

In examining the college system, it is misleading to dim one's vision and view colleges as just one part of a vast and multi-phased student residential system provided by the University.

One must be realistic about things. Colleges are the sole providers of large-scale organised residential accommodation, and they are the only establishments recognised by the University.

To say that people who are unhappy with the system should go elsewhere is a denial of the situation: there is nowhere else to go. I propose to initially examine the college system in the perspective of the University and to draw attention to the inadequacies of this residential system when compared with the needs of the student population.

## **Colleges within the University**

Let us examine University statistics on numbers of students briefly. There are just over 14,000 students enrolled in the University, of which just over 10,000 are engaged in full-time courses.

The approximate distribution of full-time students is as follows:

living at home or with relatives 61%  
 living in colleges or halls of  
 residence (including Mt. Derrimut  
 & Werribee) 18%  
 others—i.e. living away from home 21%

The distribution of residences for the other 28% of students who are undertaking courses on a part-time basis is not as rosy. 27% are living at home or with relatives; 68% are living away from home, and an extra 5% somehow manage to sneak into colleges.—

On a university-wide basis, there are over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times the number of students in colleges who are living in "other" accommodation. No doubt a substantial proportion of the 7,000 students living at home would move out if suitable alternatives existed. The need for large-scale provision of accommodation cannot be overstressed. These views are repeated again and again in the numerous reports from the Student Counsellor and especially in his 1968 Housing Report. The recent resignation of the Student Housing Officer arose because of the complete impossibility of doing anything in that office.

In view of this, can colleges seriously close their eyes to the crisis about them?

The needs of students in seeking accommodation are not outrageous. Basically, I believe the following to be the major factors that should be satisfied by a University system of residences:

- a. to provide reasonable accommodation for those who require it.
- b. to be an economic possibility for the students who require this accommodation.
- c. to have some provision for meals
- d. to be reasonably close to the University.

I do not think that there is any disagreement with these requirements, and I think that most people would agree that the first two are about equal on top of the priority list. The other two requirements are necessary for a large-scale University system, but most people would agree that the priorities for these are of a lower order of magnitude than the first two.

There is also what I will term "desirables" for a residential system. These are factors which, if you already have all the "necessaries", may add to the overall benefit of the

University. They are not, however, essential to the University, and so if need be could and should be sacrificed in favour of obtaining the necessities.

The two main desirables are:

- a. a provision of tutorials and other curricular aids.
- b. to provide stimulation in the University.

I think that there is no need to elaborate here the type of accommodation that is presently forced on the 4900 students living away from home and not in colleges. These are outlined in the Student Counsellor's Housing Report, and while rat-infested basements are the exceptions, the overall standard is not high. It is also becoming an increasingly acute problem as more land is being taken up near the University, by the Housing Commission, by the Hospitals, by the University and others.

The present University-supported residential system (come and live under our rules in Colleges—or else try your luck in the Carlton/Parkville jungle; but don't even bother to talk to us if you're a part-time student) does not provide reasonable accommodation for those who seek it. Nor is it economically feasible for the majority of students.

In adding up the plusses and minuses of the college system, one is hardly enthused with great confidence.

Criterion	Colleges	Individual Units
<b>Necessaries:</b>		
1. reasonable accommodation for those that require it	N	Y
2. economic accommodation	N	Y
3. provision for meals	Y	Y
4. closeness to University	Y	Y
<b>Desirables:</b>		
5. curricular aids	Y	N
6. participation in Uni	?	?

It is much more heartening to think of the system of individual units. This system would consist of houses in Parkville and Carlton and multi-rise and low-rise units organised along similar lines. Flats of up to



five or six bed-sitting rooms with a kitchen and bathroom for each flat would form the basis of these newly-constructed residences

I will admit to differences in opinions that exist on what student housing should provide. Some people may argue in favour of a segregated student residential system restricted to full-time students.

Others may argue in favour of a residential system where each student is required to pay for all meals, whether these are eaten or not.

Again, some people may argue in favour of a system whereby the freedom of students is restricted through more rules and regulations than the laws of the land and the regulations of the University.

One would not expect many people to share all these views. One would certainly not expect a residential system which encompasses all three views to be the major, and up to date sole, residential system recognised and supported by the University.

It is not good enough for colleges to say that they provide what a select few may desire. It is the responsibility of the colleges as the major student housing centres to ensure that the needs of the student population at the University are being met.

What I am advocating in fact, is a major rethinking and reorganisation of colleges, so that they more fully satisfy the needs of the University.

### **Within colleges**

In this second, and less important, part of my article, I intend to deal with what I consider to be wrong with the colleges as they are now constituted.

As I do not feel that colleges should exist as they are now constituted at all, it is not very important to me to elaborate their flaws. However, this analysis sheds some light on the relationship of the colleges and

the rest of the University and may explain why the change which is so necessary may never come about.

There is no need for me to elaborate here on the juvenile attitudes so often encountered in the colleges, sometimes tending towards the deviant. It has been said far better elsewhere, and the particular nonsensities of Ormond College are well described by Bruce Hartnett in his article or Newtrino (Vol. 3, No. 2, 1970).

The more alarming aspects of college centre on the life which is guaranteed not to alter the set of moral values with which students come to University. A student shouldn't pass through University with his values and attitudes unaltered. Probably, much of this cocoon-like protection arises from the limited background of college students. If universities can be justifiably attacked as preserving middle- and upper-class values, how much more pertinent of the colleges! I have no figures available regarding the socio-economic background of college students, but I am prepared to bet that the proportion is even more alarming than that encountered in the University-wide surveys. I base this type of wide generalisation on a study of the faculty breakdown of colleges.

This material cannot be found in other references. The following figures are derived from a computer breakdown of student numbers by course, status, sex and term residence. Any person interested may obtain the full data from me: I shall present only the major trends here.

These figures do not deal with the students in halls of residence at Mt. Derrimut or at Werribee. I consider these two instances to be of sufficient exception not to be classed in the general category of "Colleges and Halls of residence".

**Table 2**

Breakdown of population at University

	Colleges & halls of residence	University
Full-time males	1082 (16.8%)	6429
Full-time females	539 (16.9%)	3186
Ag. Sci. & Vet. Sci. faculty	216	500
Part-time males & females	144	4017
		<hr/> 14,132

It is no good making rationalisations about the blatant prejudice of colleges with regard to status. It is immaterial whether this prejudice enters in the selection process, or not. The facts are that colleges are very strongly biased in favour of the status-associated faculties, and I would be very surprised if a socio-economic study did not show the colleges to be overwhelmingly a means of housing the upper social echelons of our society.

Small wonder that colleges have done so well from government grants in the past.

The most common rationalisation of the bias of colleges has usually been a statistical argument. It has been said that sampling techniques would predict that smaller faculties would, on the whole, be under-represented. Is this really consistent with a picture which shows more law students in colleges than commerce students, even

though the commerce school has over 25% more full-time male students?

The other usual rationalisation, to explain the over-representation of medical students, points to dubious special needs of professional faculties. Is this valid when less than half the expected proportion of dentistry students are in colleges?

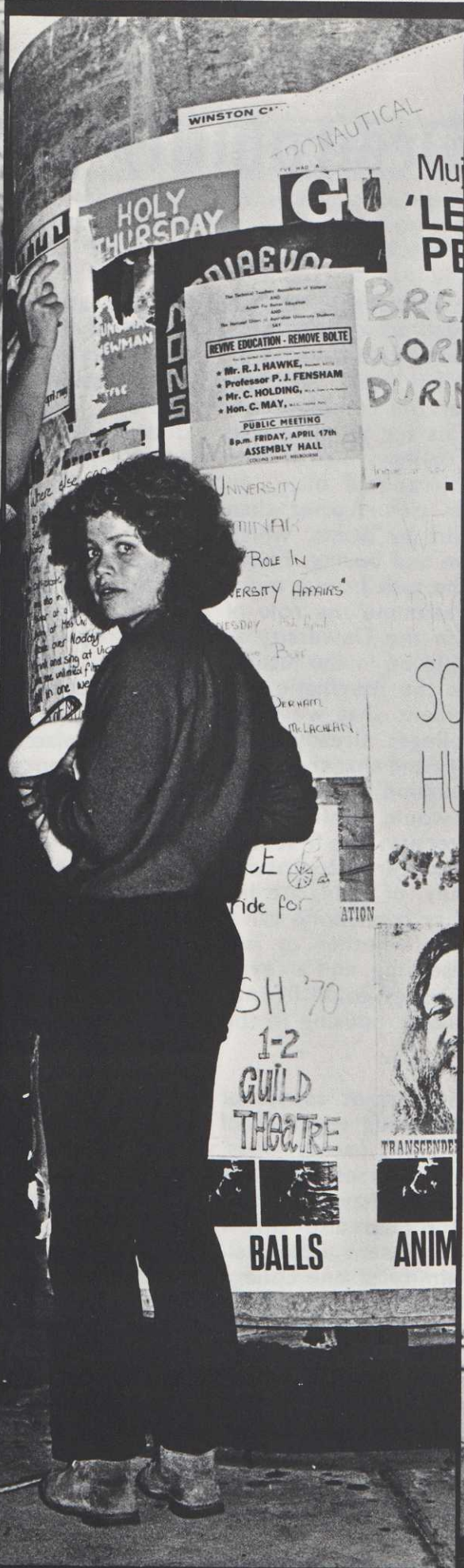
Is it at all possible to justify a status-seeking, morally-cocooning college system? Does it make sense to ask University students to be independent and not to accept anything as absolute during lectures and tutorials, and yet force them to wear gowns at dinner and to stand up when the "people from the head table" walk in?

In fact, I suppose it is being idealistic and naive to hope that the upper-class dominated colleges will seek internal reform so that the needs of the University may be satisfied.

**Table 3**

Breakdown of full-time male population at colleges and halls of residence according to faculty:

Faculty	No. in colleges & halls of res.	No. expected	Comments
Over-represented:			
Engineering	194	163 of 968	19% overrepresented
Medicine	185	159 of 943	16% overrepresented
Law	118	105 of 622	12% overrepresented
Intermediate:			
Science	258	240 of 1427	
Arts	100	101 of 603	
Under-represented:			
Commerce	111	132 of 783	16% underrepresented
Architecture	42	62 of 371	32% underrepresented
Applied Science	10	19 of 111	47% underrepresented
Dentistry	13	33 of 194	60% underrepresented



# On the Desirability of Colleges

Rob Stewart

My protagonist in this struggle, Alfred Milgrom, has never been a member of a University college. Then again, I have never attended University in any other capacity. Having thus made clear the complete unsuitability of both of us for an objective analysis of the role of colleges, I shall now proceed to let my "irrational bias", in favour of colleges, run riot. Rather than discuss his article point by point, which would be both negative and boring, I have decided to approach the task from a more positive position and examine the role of the collegiate system in the University as it is now and as it should be in the future.

My starting point is the pragmatic and perhaps obvious statement that we must recognise that the colleges already exist at Melbourne University and that therefore the context of the discussion is very different from that which would confront the planners of a new University. The first step must therefore be to discover just what the desirable features, if any, of collegiate life are: only when that has been done can a decision be made as to whether or not colleges are worth preserving, and an evaluation made as to how they could fit into an overall plan for student housing in the future.

## College life

To me, the most important aspect of collegiate life is the throwing together of students who have different backgrounds, who are doing different courses, who are in different years, and who have different interests. (Perhaps it should also throw together students of different sexes, although the close proximity of one college to another already fulfills that purpose to a more limited extent).

Too many students pass through University really knowing only those they went to school with, those in the same faculty, and those in the same year of their course. The knowledge, experience and stimulation gained from those who were educated elsewhere, who are doing another course

and who are further through their course, is one of the most important aspects of University life. In an age of increasing specialization any contact which, for example, a Science student has with a Law student, must be encouraged.

If the only form of student housing—apart from living at home—were "digs" then in my opinion, a high proportion of students would flat with others doing the same year of the same course or with whom they had gone to school, or possibly even both. I am dubious that any form of University sponsored "individual units", either in high-rise or low-rise flats, would differ greatly from "digs" in this respect. That is, unless the student's freedom to choose his own "flat mates" was unduly restricted.

The existence of a corporate identity is an important factor in drawing people out of their lethargy. In my opinion the critics of colleges often overlook the perhaps obvious fact that all members of the colleges are also *University* students. Whenever a group of college students are involved in any activity that is in fact a group of University students involved in that activity. Every college activity is also a University activity. Students who may otherwise be involved in very little extra-curricular activity are drawn into many such activities with other University students by the very collegiate nature of the place in which they live. Every college is, I would suggest, a University club and society with the important advantages of, firstly, being residential, and, secondly, covering a wide range of activities—a range much wider in fact than any other University club could aspire to. If it is possible for students to remain only slightly involved in extra-curricular activities when resident in a college, how much easier it must be for them to be so when living in "digs", or if they were resident in the "individual units" of a high-rise building.

It is also true, in my view, that a larger proportion of the members of colleges are

also involved in other clubs and University activity than is the case for the University population as a whole. This is the result of the proximity of the colleges to the campus itself and hence the extra time which is available for such involvement. Of course this would almost certainly be an advantage also enjoyed by students living in "digs" or in large scale non-collegiate housing situated close to the University. But those in a college have the added involvement in college activities.

I would therefore submit that:

1. because of the ability of the colleges to throw together students of different backgrounds, courses, years and interests, and,

2. because of the extra opportunity offered, and taken by many, for involvement in activities with other University students, and for that matter also with the lecturers, tutors, demonstrators, etc., who form the "High Tables" of the colleges, college students have, in fact, more opportunity for their moral values and attitudes to come into question than the student in "digs" or other forms of student housing. Whether or not this opportunity does in fact result in any change in those values and attitudes is another question. I would however agree that college life would better fulfil this aim (and I am here accepting without question that this is an important aim of University life) if the students in colleges were more representative of society as a whole.

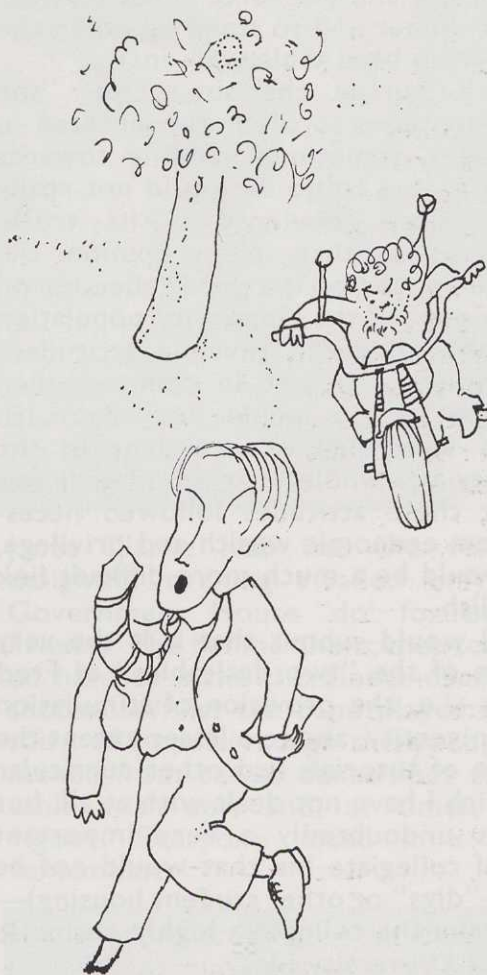
The criticism of colleges as being the home of the economically privileged students from a few major private schools does have some validity. It is however much less valid today than was the case in the past and on present trends it will continue to lose its validity. As Fred Milgrom stated the University as a whole does not escape similar criticism. The tables (two and three) which he uses to try to illustrate this point however would only be relevant if it could be assumed:

Firstly, that his classification of faculties into status-associated and non-status-associated faculties is an accurate one.

Secondly, that it is a meaningful one. It would only be meaningful if it could be shown that the "upper social echelons of our society" were more likely to choose to

do these "status-associated" courses and that, if they did, they were more likely to get into those faculties than students of other backgrounds.

None of these assumptions are, in my opinion, justifiable on the presented, or even the available, evidence. The example of Trinity College (assuming, of course, that it is any guide to the experience of the other colleges) in 1970 does more to justify this criticism of the colleges than any of his



figures. The percentage of students whose last school was either a high school or a technical school was 22%, whilst another 27% had attended sundry independent schools, with no more than 8 students coming from any one of those schools. Whilst these percentages by no means refute the criticism of the "privileged" colleges, the fact that they have been increasing at a fairly fast rate indicates that the criticism is no longer as justifiable as it once undoubtedly was.

I can only agree that there is a need for a continual re-examination of the colleges' rules in the light of the aims of the University and the changing nature of society. In fact this is occurring at the moment. Many College students and administrators are asking the very question. Fred Milgrom asks:—

"Does it make sense to ask University students to be independent and not to accept anything as absolute during lectures and tutorials, and yet force them to wear gowns at dinner and to stand up when the 'people from head table walk in?'"

I won't pursue the subject of "the juvenile attitudes so often encountered in the colleges, sometimes tending towards the deviant", as to do so would not really dissuade those convinced of its truth. Suffice it to say that, in my opinion, the collegiate population is a good reflection on a smaller scale of the University population as a whole. If such "juvenile attitudes" were thought to exist in colleges, then those who felt so would find that such attitudes were just as prevalent in the University as a whole, that is, unless it was felt that these attitudes followed necessarily from economic wealth and privilege, which would be a much more difficult link to establish.

Thus I would submit that it is the very existence of the "two desirables" of Fred Milgrom—i.e. the provision of stimulation in the University, and to a lesser extent the provision of tutorials and other curricular aids (which I have not dealt with at all, but which is undoubtedly a very important aspect of collegiate life that would not be found in "digs" or other student housing)—which make the colleges a highly desirable feature of University life.

#### **The Colleges' role in student housing**

All of this is not to say that I would not support "the major rethinking and re-organisation of colleges, so that they more fully satisfy the needs of the University" which Fred Milgrom advocates. The colleges undoubtedly have, as the sole providers of a residential system recognized and supported by the University. That is why I value all constructive criticism of the colleges—because it forces the colleges to carry out such an examination. Unfortunately, however, criticisms along the lines of "deviant

sexual attitudes", which tended to be the approach taken by comments in "Farrago" in 1969, can only give rise to a defensive attitude by the colleges to all criticisms of them.

I would also support as not only desirable but essential some form of University sponsored student housing similar to the multi-rise and low-rise units... (with) "flats of up to five or six bed-sitting rooms with a kitchen or bathroom for each flat". However these could and should co-exist with the colleges. If they were successful then this might well lead to the colleges themselves undergoing radical changes. But that is an imponderable which could not be answered until they were actually in operation. Once they were built the student would have the choice he lacks to a large extent at present. Because of the role which I believe colleges can play in University life I would hope that most students would elect to spend some time, at least, in a college.

Attempts must be made to make the colleges economically feasible for the majority of students. This should occur whether or not any alternative student housing scheme does in fact materialize. The question is not always one of economic feasibility as much as one of economic preference, such as the purchase of a car, or the desire for longer holidays rather than a year in a college. The solution must, I think, lie with the Commonwealth and State Governments. An obvious first step would be an increase in both the amount and the coverage of the Commonwealth Scholarship Living Allowance. This scheme, or even increased recurrent grants to the colleges, need not be incompatible with large scale capital grants for a student housing scheme or even with encouragement to private developers to provide the capital. But these are questions for a paper other than this one which has merely attempted to show that colleges are fulfilling an important role in the University at present. There is scope for improvement, but the role of colleges is so important that they should not be sacrificed to other student housing schemes but should be encouraged to exist side by side with such schemes.

# SOCIAL NOTES 1970

It was hectic and gay around College this year. A continual round of festivities kept us all in giggles for the first two terms.

Juttoddie was fantastic. Janet Clarke Hall blossomed in a flurry of autumn gear that stunned and won the heart of many a gentleman. Originality was at its height at this gala event when the entrants to the Miss J.C.H. Quest conquered the crowd by their audacity. Perched atop hansom cabs their daring was only surpassed by the variety of beauty arrayed before the ogling mass. The programme was full and varied. Betting on both Miss J.C.H. and Juttoddie was ferocious. Anne Skelley can only be congratulated on winning Miss J.C.H., considering her talented opposition and the inane questions posed by the compere, Rob Stewart. The test of virility was won by Bill Harbison who proved himself a man among men in a supreme effort of endurance. Who can forget his leap off second floor Cowan? The music throughout was delightful and supplied by the West Brunswick Municipal Brass Band. A barbecue and dance continued and concluded a terrific day enjoyed by all and everyone tripped wearily home to bed thinking what a good bloke Martin Haskett was for organising it all.

Janet Clarke Hall was the venue of a delightful evening rivalled only by the Government House 'do' for our Royal Friends. The behind-the-scenes-team worked hard to make the dinner-dance a great success. Whilst the band played its repertoire of popular songs the young couples moved from bar to dance-floor to dinner-table with zest and, at times, frenzied vigour. Everyone voted it a night to remember.





Portsea will be remembered by all as the beginning and the end of the Trike Race. This intended marathon of trike riding was instead a marathon of pure pleasure. Whilst the Trike, beloved by those few who saw it and the fewer who rode it, proved a dismal failure; the evening's party kicked-on till noon the next day in an orgy of sun and beer. The testimony of enjoyment was that no-one cared who won, what happened to the Trike or what happened to themselves. As the merry party-goers wended their way back to the Dear Old Col one and all gathered that it had been an event that should not be missed next year. A roaring camp fire, a place to sleep and strong fellowship were proved to be all that is necessary for a fantastic turn!



The cast party rewarded the tireless efforts of all those connected with the Colleges' play. The rustic environment provided a setting unsurpassed, and with a barbecue and groovy music the country air brought all those souls jaded by a hectic but successful season back to life. The night was not without incident when a frolic in the dark paddocks led the rams to mingle with the ewes. The bus, full of happy bodies, left at dawn. Thanks must be conveyed to those who braved the wool pens and the floor so as to be around to clear up the ravages incurred during the festivities.





Local man about town Eric Bellchambers, 'belcanto' to his many friends, used his enormous social prowess to turn on a wonderful function. The Concert provided an excellent night's entertainment for all, the highlight of which was the sparkling deviation of Fireball Newton and Jugband Johanson into a brutal rendition of some old favourites. White wine and Rose together with the other splendid performances brought irrepressible glee to the audience, noticeably the rear quarter of the Hall. Despite the raucous conditions, the talented group of performers displayed what a real depth of ability exists in the Colleges waiting to be brought out in the right conditions.

The split-second timing look was in vogue at the Snake Gully Reunion this year. The Moorvian decorations wittily portrayed anybody who was anybody. The couples gyrated and swayed to the swinging beat of the Action and the Mixtures. John Williamson and a tasty morsel did their own thing and amused the people in their own time as well as creating a break from 'tripping the light fantastic'. Dinner, during which an old time jazz band laid down a steady groove, fortified those lucky enough to be there for what proved to be a torrid night. The committee worked very hard and Jim Selkirk and John Callinan thoroughly deserved everyone's congratulations for a great time. The Ball finished up this year's social calendar in a whopping bang.

# Dialectic Society

On reading previous Dialectic Society Reports, for guidance rather than inspiration (as you will have observed if you bother to read the result), I discovered something interesting: it has all been said before. As always happens to me at the conclusion of some experience, I found that if I'd only read at the beginning what I now read, then . . . (Ah, who said we learn by experience?). For instance, I find Peter Seddon writing in 1966 that "Interest in debates as such is nil." He observes that he does not "think that a society where you have to drag members along serves any useful purpose." (How I remember him twisting my arm to debate!). Well, our two debates this year certainly don't contradict him. There was the Exhibition Debate (Oh dear . . .) and the Tutors' debate, which was good, although the wit that flowed then was heard by too few people. The tiny audiences lead one to agree with the Secretary who said, "I have . . . always felt that the Dialectic Society was a hopeless cause." Actually, the dots conceal a "not", but I have always wanted a chance to misquote like that, and couldn't resist. In a way the proper quote is even more pessimistic, but pessimism is not wholly justified. The next year, 1967, saw a resurgence of activity, catalysed by the mysterious LBJ society: perhaps the TCDS has cycles, in which case good luck 1971. Although to be fair there have been a couple of highly successful meetings this year. And indeed as the 1968 Secretary said (for he was fond of quotations incomprehensible to Mr. Callaway), "Benjakjna tidak segala sesuatu", or "quantity isn't everything". These quality occasions were an evening of papers and a poetry evening. The idea of poetry readings was first tried last year, and its success was continued this year. In addition to ladies and gentlemen reading their own and other verse, the evening was enlivened by the Dowland Society, who sang some delightful madrigals. The other occasion was the fruition of an idea mooted some time ago. It was called "an evening of papers", and four gentlemen presented essays. The topics were various: psychology, Christianity in history, film criticism and pacifism. Each paper was followed by a general discussion, and the meeting was enjoyed by all. The Society also sponsored, very hastily, a discussion of the first Vietnam Moratorium, (first Moratorium), which was interesting both in demonstrating how apathetic this College is politically, at least in comparison with Ormond, and in showing how few are the articulate supporters of the Government line; that the hisses and hecklers abound was evident on Moratorium Day itself. With the possible exception of the JCH debate, the Society's last activity for 1970 was the Wigram Allen Essay Competition, whose proceedings are documented elsewhere.

We can only regret that the TCDS has not done very much this year to combat the "unhealthy imbalance in College between communal intellectual pursuits and communal social and sporting activities" noted by a former Secretary. Perhaps it is true that "lack of interest (in intellectual pursuits) probably reflects the specialization inherent in academic courses", although I would attribute some of the decline to the changing nature of the College "gentlemen": I cannot help feeling that the students nowadays have and need a much more serious approach to their work, beer and birds. (Oh for the "joie de vivre" of the good old days!) Clearly it's time I retired, so with words of encouragement to any budding aesthetes and intellectuals who might still inhabit this College and want "to seek excellence unashamed", I shall do so. The Dialectic Society has created at times in the past, and we

must hope it will again in the future help "to re-create . . . that sense of a lively, coherent academic community which has largely disappeared from the University as a whole." This was my hope when I came up to College, which I have at times glimpsed, and which I hope some who read this will realize.

J. M. Gardiner.

**These verses constitute the Vice-President's traditional motion of censure and thanks to the Secretary of the Dialectic Society at the Annual General Meeting held in the J.C.R. on Wednesday 16th September 1970..**

*O brazen muse of oratory,  
From Macedon's high peak,  
Enfire my mind with memory  
And teach my lips to speak  
The wonders of the present age,  
The glories of the past,  
The shadow in the future  
By the Secretary cast.*

*Gone are the clash of weapons,  
The noise of drum and fife,  
The panoply of warfare  
And armament of strife;  
Fought were the battles verbal  
And lit'rary in vain—  
Culture's cohorts conquered,  
And anticulture slain.*

*Pacifist perceiving  
The waste of words and blood  
Spent and shed debating  
And slinging unslung mud;  
Scientist surveying  
The folly of the arts,  
Poetry, papers, readings  
And music sung in parts;*

*Intellect intending  
That truth should hold the sway,  
Damning, depreciating  
Persuasion's paltry play;  
Radical reviling  
Traditions stranglehold  
Upon this old Society  
Which chills the brave and bold—*

*The Secretary, elected  
By Demos' happy vote,  
The furies of Philistia  
With Parthian arrows smote;  
From Behan's mountain fastness  
The waves of war were stilled,  
And through the storms of action  
The voice of silence thrilled.*

*Fire is not fought with phosphorus  
Conflict contained by flames:  
Quietness, inaction,  
These were the aims of James.  
For this the Committee thanks him,  
The members their censure add:  
Praise ye the peace of Trinity  
Obtained by a Trinity lad.*

F.H.C.



SPORT

## ATHLETICS

Athletics: Wednesday 6th May; hell, too soon; Heats: Monday; hell, much too soon; Training: run hard, guts, try, lift legs; Selection: trials, scrapbarrel, toss up, guess; charge it later; Teams: only four, no heats, waste of effort, "I can't run", "I'm not fit", excuses excuses...; Shot Put: three men, heavier shot, further, further, de Crespigny, Harbison, Legoe, Legoe, de Crespigny, Harbison, again, muscles, sand; Tuesday: meeting, raspberry biscuits, coffee; Singlets: can't buy, borrow, no enough; Wednesday: rain, good, 11.30, postponed, phew; Training: settle down, guts, try, lift knees, sprint, and again, time trials; Tuesday: meeting, raspberry biscuits, coffee, Trike race, curfew; Singlets: swap, just enough; Wednesday: fine; 800 metres, Hancock 3rd, good; 100 metres, Minson, Commons, 4th, 5th, not good; high jump, low jump; Shot Put, Legoe, de Crespigny, 1st and 2nd, great; 200 metres, Minson, hamstrung, no warm-up—no Minson; 1500 metres, Tibballs, 3rd, happy; 400 metres no competitor; Long jump, Commons, Commons, 1st and 3rd; 4 x 100 metres relay, Commons' replace Minson; 4 x 800 metres relay, O'Connor fast, Gordon down, Tibballs tires, Hancock too far behind; Finished, Ormond win, close, R.L.S. presents shield, two Cowan Cup points.

—John Tibballs



### Athletics

**Back row:** R. Ch. de Crespigny, M. O'Connor, F. Ross, W. Park.

**Sitting:** A. Gordon, A. Legoe, J. Tibballs (Captain), J. Minson, A. Cunningham.

## TENNIS

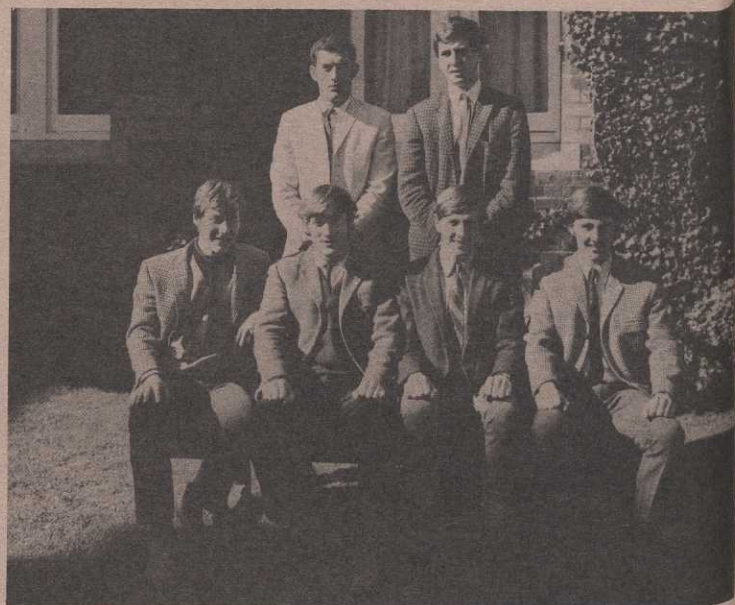
In the small hours of one morning early in First Term, several mysterious figures huddled around a table in a darkened Trinity room devising a diabolical plot to wrest the Intercollegiate Tennis Cup from Queens. The plan, as was later revealed to all, firstly proposed that many secretive practices be held in order to choose six players to represent Trinity. Finally a team of Graeme Fowler, Bruce Cottrill, Rob Ch. de Crespigny, Graham Bromwich, Graeme Bennett and Scott Fowler (captain) was announced.

As expected, the first round and semi-final were played and won against Ridley (5-0) and Whitley (5-1) respectively. Queens had played through to the final in the other half of the draw, so once again the giants of tennis were to meet in the final.

Phase Two of the plan now swung into action. It was hoped that the rarified atmosphere of the Trinity Courts and a large gallery of biased supporters would swing the vital games Trinity's way. Unfortunately some matches were played on the Queens and Ormond courts, so that after the singles the score was three rubbers all. After quick consultation, Trinity's doubles pairs were rearranged in the hope of the two necessary rubbers being won. The old pair of Scott Fowler and Graeme Fowler, playing at number one, managed to win. Alas, however, Bruce Cottrill and Rob Ch. de Crespigny, and also Graham Bromwich and Graeme Bennett were defeated, and Queens had won their second successive title.

The inevitable Phase Three of the plan followed without any trouble, as all players headed for the pub and with methodical madness the remaining night and following day were thoroughly obliterated.

Scott Fowler.



### Tennis

**Standing:** G. Fowler, R. Ch. de Crespigny.

**Front row:** G. Bennett, G. Bromwich, S. Fowler (Captain), B. Cottrill.

## FIRST EIGHTEEN

Last year's Football notes reported a 'rags to riches' season; this year was quite the reverse. Trinity's hopes were initially very high, and with good reason. The team appeared an even one with strength in most positions; yet things went wrong and for the first time in five years Trinity did not contest the final.

During the last week of First Term there was a Dinner for players and officials at the 'Mayfair'. The night was a great success and a good start to the season. Several practice matches were played, with mixed results, but training before the first college match was excellent and a strong performance against Ormond was anticipated.

The University Oval was very wet for this game, but Trinity used the dry ball to advantage in the early stages and opened up a lead which they were to hold all day. Best players in this fine twenty point win over the eventual premiers were Tony Heinz, Stuart McGregor, captain Rob McKay, and newcomer Frank Ross.

This was the high point of the season, but the victory was an expensive one. Unfortunately, Peter Godfrey, a key member of the side, had seriously cut his wrist early in the game and could not play again for the college. More bad news followed soon after when Phil Cohen had to relinquish the coaching position.

The next match was on an Albert Park ground against Whitley. Kicking with a huge wind in the first quarter, Whitley led by six goals at quarter time and Trinity was unable to make up this leeway. Despite the efforts of Heinz and Allan Rossitter this was a four goal loss, a most disappointing match.

Trinity performed better against their traditional rival, Newman, in the next game. Helped by the timely arrival of Chris Cordner into college, we led by a point at half-time. However, Newman drew ahead and eventually won by thirteen points. The best players were Rossitter, Cordner and Rob Springall.

The only hope of making the final now lay in defeating Queens by a large margin, and hoping for a Queens victory over Ormond the following week. This was not to be, though, because Queens defeated Trinity by twenty-seven points in the worst display by the First XVIII for many years. Cordner, Springall and Rob de Crespigny were among the very few to show out.

The lesson from this year is that, no matter how strong a college side may appear, a full-time coach is essential to plan tactics and inspire confidence in the players. The Football Team should fare much better next year.

Will Foster.

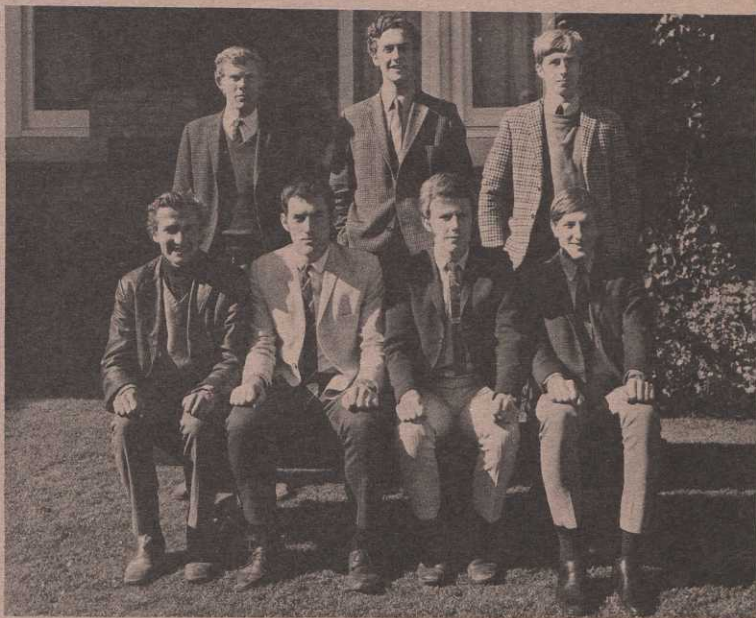


### First Eighteen

**Back row:** M. O'Connor, R. Ch. de Crespigny, C. Cordner, A. Kemp, B. Kaye, A. Legoe.

**Second row:** T. Cooke, F. Ross, J. Scott, J. Minson, D. Parsons, R. Stuckey, P. Nice, A. Rossitter.

**Front row:** A. Heinz, B. Forge, B. Cottrill, R. Mackay (Captain) S. McGregor, P. Godfrey.



### Golf

**Standing:** G. Nice, F. Price, P. Hyslop.

**Front:** S. Dodge, G. Fowler, H. Turnbull, S. Fowler.

## HOCKEY

Did we win?

Actually, no.

Maybe if our radical left, Peter Gason, had been on his trail bike, the mud would not have worried him so much. If mud-packs worked, every game would have been a beauty show. Still, it was quite a help in the semi-final against International House, for it cunningly disguised John Buckley and Stan Moss, who snuck through their defence to give us a narrow victory. Jack Tibballs also did his bit to end the Colombo Plan, by testing their umpires' knowledge of English swear-words. John Spark also turned in a good game, despite the fact that he had been springing about Melbourne till 4 a.m. that day.

The day of the final was up to standard for the season. It rained. The sun prevailed later and many T-R-I-N-I-T-Y's followed the team up and down the ground. Our backline veterans of three successive Ormond-Trinity finals (Angus Hamer and Andrew St. John) played their usual inspired game and did many long clearances and good saves. So, too, did Blacke Cheung, in goals; he was so caked in mud that Umpire Jeff (Horse and Cart) Hart could not tell his front from his back, and gave a flick for obstruction when Blacke was really facing their player. He stopped it.

Despite Ormond scoring six goals, we were assured from the sidelines that we had the moral victory. This was confirmed as Michael Hamer (V.C.) winded the Ormond captain, who then had just cause to wipe his glasses for the thirtieth time. Mike also managed a beautiful corner hit to leave the final score at 6-1.

It was a very determined side that let the Cups (beautifully polished by Ian McLeod) pass over the fence, and so we were satisfied, even if a little outclassed.



### Hockey

**Back row:** J. Tibballs, S. Jaques, A. Hamer, A. St. John, J. Spark, B. Cheung, P. Gason.

**Front row:** J. Buckley, M. Haskett (captain), M. Hamer, P. Moss.

## SECOND EIGHTEEN

Trinity College Second XVIII again appeared on the football field. After a tremendous morale-boosting opening game, most players thought that 1970 would be a boom year for the so-called gentlemen's team. Amidst pouring rain, hail and gale force winds the team had no trouble in defeating International House by 10 goals. Players who dominated in the adverse conditions were: Hugh Pearce, Geoff Scott, Peter Ross, Nigel Johnston, Paul Elliot, Stan Moss, Mike James and Chris Sargood.

Our second game against Ormond was a tough, hard fought battle which we eventually won by six points. Undoubtedly the stars of this match were the backline of Warwick Barton, Nigel Johnston, Hugh Pearce, Paul Elliot, Jim Kilpatrick and Eric Bellchambers. Alistair Armstrong and Phil Thomas also played well.

After being beaten narrowly by Ridley and Queens the team prepared solidly for the last game against our formidable opponents, Newman. Despite being strongly hit by injuries, under the leadership of Phil Thomas, the team managed to defeat Newman by 7 points. Scott Fowler, Jim Robinson, Graham Bent, Geoff Nice, Barry Gilbert, Phil Thomas and Alistair Armstrong were the best players in an even team.

Other consistent players were Stuart Moroney, Wayne Parke, John Walker, Mike O'Connor, Geoff Grantham, Ian Farran, Rob Stewart, Richard Trembath, Pete Rennie, John Gibson, Dave Slessar, Mike Rose and Terry Jenkins.



### Second Eighteen

**Back row:** W. Barton, G. Nice, B. Gilbert, R. Trembath, W. Park, M. James, I. Farran, P. Pearce, J. Robinson, P. Ross, G. Kilpatrick, N. Johnston.

**Front row:** P. Moss, A. Armstrong, P. Elliott, P. Thomas, T. Jenkins (Captain), G. Brent, E. Bellchambers, S. Moroney, J. Walker.

## CRICKET

After being sent in to bat by Ormond, Trinity's first four batsmen were quickly out for only 29 runs, but some stiff resistance by Cunningham, who made 44, and the other middle order batsmen saw Trinity recover to be all out for 136 off 37 overs. Ormond at 5 for 115, off 23 overs, looked to have the game won. But with the departure of Williamson a complete reversal saw the last 5 wickets fall for only 13 runs. This was due to the tight bowling of McRae, and Dodge who bowled unchanged for the figures of 16 overs, 6 wickets for 38 runs. Trinity won by 8 runs.

Newman won the toss and batted first. In the space of three balls Price had one opener brilliantly caught by McRae and caught and bowled Bowtell. With the brilliant run-out of the other opener by substitute Heinz, Newman were 3 for 17 and in trouble although Trinity only had 10 fieldmen. At lunch Newman were 6 for 70 but a partnership by later batsmen saw them make 129 of 33 overs. Price took 3 for 32 off 14 overs. Trinity made another dismal start and were 4 for 35 when rescued by a partnership of 50 runs by Price (22) and Bellchambers. At 5 for 96 Trinity had the game won, but with the dismissal of Bellchambers for a meritorious 48, the wickets tumbled and Trinity were 9 for 104. Moss, with a runner, and Dodge kept Newman out and with two overs to go Trinity needed 18 runs. 14 runs came off the next over and Trinity had won.

In the final Trinity put Ormond in, and on a perfect wicket they made 162 of 34 overs and 2 balls. Price took 3 for 54 and Dodge 3 for 48. Trinity were 3 for 9 off 7 overs. But McGregor (52) and Moss (32) retrieved the situation. With the dismissal of Moss 4 wickets fell for 9 runs and Trinity were 7 for 98 and in trouble. With 64 runs to score off 6.2 overs, de Crespigny, aided by Dodge and McRae, set out the task. When McRae was run out for 14 after taking some fantastic singles, Trinity had to score 7 runs off 4 balls to win. Two balls were not scored off and de Crespigny hit the third for 2. Needing a six to win, de Crespigny faced Ormond's fast bowler Green. It was a mighty swipe and for a moment looked like clearing the fence but alas he was caught chest-high on the fence for a well-made 36 and Ormond had won by 4 runs.

—Eric Bellchambers

## SWIMMING

Swimming was again evasive,  
But we didn't get a placif  
we did I would arraign the fact.  
But I won't 'cos it would go  
above your head and drown ewe,  
and the rest of the wethers which  
were also wet.

Actually we did get a few places,  
in the forms and statutes respectively  
of P. Nice, M. James, D. Parsons, and  
other respectively numerous respective people;  
but on the whole, and all in all, we lost  
rather unfortunately. No feathers were  
ruffled cos they were wet, and the time  
was past in the felicitous company  
of many agoged people staring vociferously.

subtly yours,  
ananomalous body.



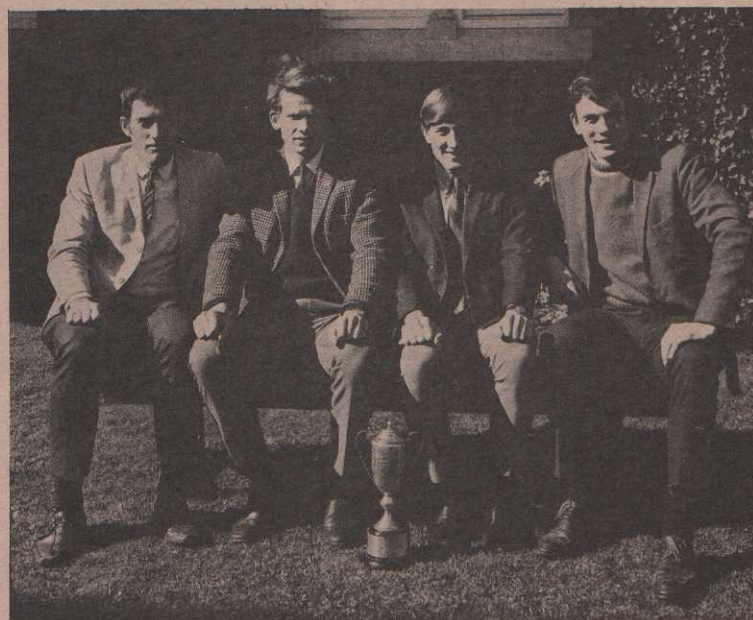
### Cricket

**Back row:** G. Bennett, S. McGregor, M. O'Connor, R. Ch. de Crespigny, P. Moss, J. McRae.

**Front row:** F. Price, B. Kaye, E. Bellchambers (Captain), T. Cunningham.

## SQUASH

Trinity won the squash this year for the first time since last year. Their dominance of this sport nearly came to a sudden end, however, in the final against Ormond. With a team which lacked the brilliance of those of the last two years, we just hung on to win 3-2. The deciding match between Stuart McGregor and Ian Unsworth went to McGregor in five sets 9-2, 4-9, 10-9, 9-10, 10-9.



### Squash

G. Fowler, A. Minson (Captain), S. Fowler, S. McGregor.  
**Absent:** P. Harrison.

## ROWING

*"And he feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity, winning each heart and delighting each eye".*

*The Waterman Charles Dibdin.*

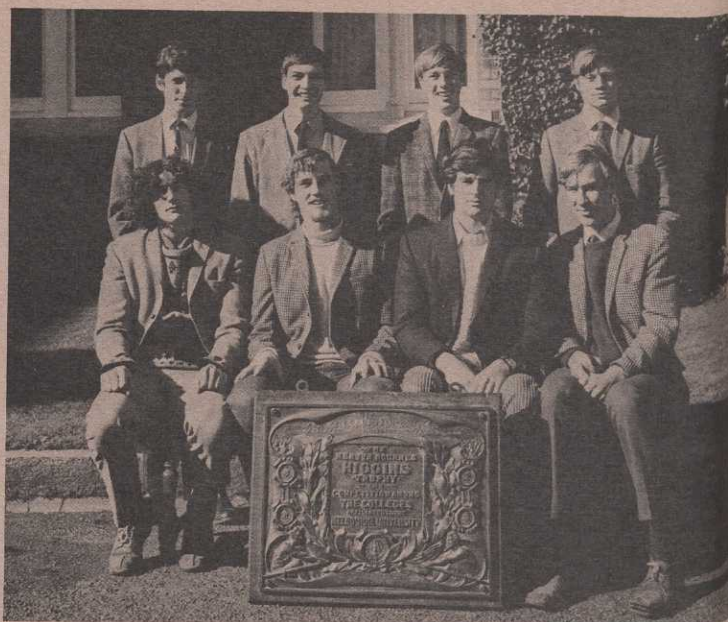
The college rowing season was only three weeks long this year. This left little time to get settled into the routine. Trinity again had two representatives competing in interstate rowing: Brian Clarke was rowing for the Victorian Lightweight Four for the second year running and hence was unable to row for us; whilst 'fresher' Bill Harbison was rowing for his homestate, South Australia, at the weekends and with us during the week. Along with Bill there were four other regular oarsmen which helped to create a useful nucleus for the crew.

Bill Stokes was again coaching the crew and slowly brought it to its peak performance at 'Shums'. Before this, Trinity confirmed last year's win at the Scotch-Mercantile Regatta in the Open Eights by again winning against opposition which included Public Schools' first crews. At 'Shums', we drew Newman in the heat and comfortably disposed of them. In the final against old rivals Ormond, we managed a five lengths win to retain the Mervyn Bournes Higgins Trophy. Unfortunately the traditional 'Shums' celebrations did not provide the preparation required for the race against the Extra-Collegiate Eights which they won by a canvas to retain the John Lang Cup.

The second eight took some time to emerge on the river. Eventually a crew of eight consisting of oarsmen, novices and de Crespigny took to the water. For a week argument raged about the best combination until they finally decided, and under the watchful eye of Mark Stephens a crew began to take shape. For many their first race was in the Novice Eights at the Scotch Mercantile Regatta where, unfortunately, the Scotch College fifth eight defeated them in the heat. At 'Shums' they won their heat against Newman and went on into the final to lose to Ormond by one and a half lengths.

This year's rowing season was most enjoyable and the crews' thanks must be conveyed to Bill Stokes and Mark Stephens for the time they put into coaching their respective crews.

—Ian Farran



### First Eight

**Back row:** R. Stewart, P. Vickery, T. Chattam, D. Bainbridge.  
**Front row:** R. Benson, W. Harbison, D. Slessar, I. Farran (Captain).  
**Absent:** M. Hamer.



### Second Eight

**Back row:** P. H. Pearce, R. Colvin, T. Patrick (assistant coach), M. James, E. Ogden.  
**Sitting:** D. Parsons, R. Ch. de Crespigny, A. Kemp, J. Spark, Cox: P. Hyslop.  
**Absent:** M. Stevens (coach).



## Swimming

**Back row:** Judith Ross, Robyn Vines, Wendy Hayes, Rose Bain, Gillian Canapini.

**Front row:** Jan Bitcon, Jane Drewett, Susan Wilcox.



## Hockey

**Back row:** Laurie Patrick, Glenda Mitchell, Prue Hill, Judith Ross, Margaret Armstrong, Ann Lewis, Diana Jane Rouse, Ann Morton, Rose Bain.

**Front row:** Fiona Shaw, Lorene Day, Jan Bitcon, Jane Drewett, Sally Kirkwood, Gillian Canapini, Marilyn Hulett.



## Tennis

**Back row:** Fiona Shaw, Ann Lewis, Robyn Vines, Laurie Patrick, Elizabeth Friday, Kathryn Norman.

**Front row:** Marilyn Hulett, Vicki Stephens, Jane Drewett, Jennifer Ross, Jan Bitcon.

# AMAZONIAN ANTICS

At the beginning of this year the Ladies of the Hall plunged into a blaze of glory with a breath-taking win in the rowing and a lung-bursting effort in the swimming.

The mighty rowing crew had the fastest rating for years and following a good row in the heat, fought out the finish on the final with St. Mary's. After great drama, the result was a draw.

For the first time in memory, J.C.H. won the Swimming Sports, with vocal support from around the pool. Our condolences to Trinity. Hope all worries were dissolved in the big splash at the conclusion, when more spectators were in the pool than out.

The excitement of our C.R.D. that night was too much for the athletic ones amongst us, and we finished closer to fourth than first place.

Two consecutive weekly mud-baths did much for the fitness of the hockey team. Extensive training during the final week brought the players to a peak of strength in time for our game against St. Mary's, resulting in a win to us.

Basketball, Table-tennis, Golf and Squash were hotly contested by our representatives, but our day of glory had passed, and victory was not achieved.

A final word in the world of sport—Football.

Results: J.C.H. defeated Trinity 9-6.

Goals: D. Slessor, G. Canapini, J. Webb, S. Fleming.

Best: J. Webb, C. Kneen, S. Fleming, L. Patrick and Randolph J. Turner.

Sports Secretary JCH



## Athletics

**Back row:** Prue Hill, Kathryn Norman, Robyn Vines.

**Front row:** Jennifer Webb, Ann Morton, Sandra Fleming.

# Tulligny Cup

The following doggerel was written by Miranda Jelbart and Anne Skelley, last year's winners, on the occasion of the Tulligny Scavenger Hunt which was held the first Saturday of Third Term. This year's winners were Kathy Norman and Judith Ross.

The oracle of J.C. Hall did say  
 Prepare to don your thinking caps today,  
 For your Tulligny hunt your time is Sealed,  
 You may not rest till fifteen chimes are pealed.  
 You must beware of Tweedy-looking fellows;  
 A field of sodden oddly-dewed bulls bellows:  
 Bring forth a page about Pope Gregory VII,  
 Then walking-stick reversed from mixed eleven.  
 A leeping Jimmy may grant you his pardon,  
 A tool-less Jimmy threatens from the garden.  
 Night climber seized by hippocratic vulture,  
 And Ludwig skipped a beat on eve of culture.  
 No choristers give alms or Hope to belch,  
 Acute dicover-ess proudly lauds the Welsh.  
 A little bird entwined in molasses;  
 What gingham-gay decked stenographic classes!  
 What Price the keeper of a pachyderm?  
 Much more than the agenda for third term.  
 The celebrated Dr. K. performs his feats on any day;  
 A white Benz sports goes far away on the'elixir of Corio Bay.  
 Umbrella'd figure of a walking damper  
 A parsley sage with perfumed sprays did pamper.  
 If plastic bins ferment there's trouble brewing  
 obscene complaints cause controversial suing.  
 You could remove a cardboard box in toto,  
 Or find an old and prim scholastic photo.  
 A Scottish duck and bureaucratic bell,  
 Catch 22 politically will tell.  
 Lebanese-in-the basket is right Royal;  
 A citrus fruit inedible but loyal.  
 A meter man (without a gold bikini),  
 And Joseph would have eyed the deanly greenly.  
 How many plants grow in the warden's folly?  
 Perchance you'll find it. Bring a sprig of holly.  
 The gold-rush stockade rises up again.  
 You must have proof before you stake your claim.  
 Seek out French monkey with a permanent wave  
 Who checked the ribald comments that THEY gave.  
 A tiny pond near home and close to roses,  
 Not least but last of all these cryptic posers.



# Reclassifying the Classics

Alison Finlay

"Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving" as Coleridge so truly wrote. In penning this impressive opening I cannot restrain a slight pang of regret that Shakespeare did not say it first; for that would have given my quotation an *eclat* which Coleridge, though a highly venerated author who features regularly in the Matric. Lit. syllabus, simply cannot achieve.

I could have delved even further into the past and unearthed a few musty mediaeval couplets which would have inspired great respect for my erudition, although many might have remained in some doubt as to what I was talking about. For we are slaves to a tradition of respect and even reverence for anything which has survived a century or two, irrespective of its merit or whether we actually like it; and if it is smothered in dust and picturesquely over-grown with mildew, so much the better. Small modern houses, where space is at a premium, are often filled with any battered, useless and clumsy junk that will fit through the door, provided it is fifty or a hundred years old. In the same way any household with the least pretension to culture devotes a shelf or two to the Classics; either majestic, leather-bound, silverfish-infested volumes handed on from generation to generation, or more recent acquisitions jauntily done up in paper covers. In either case they are probably conscientiously dusted more often than they are read; and when they are read, are they enjoyed?

Some of them are, and deservedly. I do not wish to attack all the literary effort of the past, but merely the indiscriminate praise of all works traditionally labelled "classics" on the assumption that they are all of equal merit. In reality, of course, this arbitrary classification includes both works of great genius and works of no genius or even interest whatsoever, whose repu-

tation seems to be based solely on their age and the sheer weight of critical approval which has supported them over the years. The resulting confusion in the minds of the public, following with misplaced confidence the steps of the critics, is deplorable, certainly; laughable, perhaps. But apart from the great injustice done to works of real value, the effects can be seriously harmful.

Unfortunately my time is not unlimited; otherwise I would now plunge gleefully into a welter of my own classroom reminiscences and long-nursed literary grievances. Let me just take as an example *Jane Eyre*, traditionally a favourite choice, in girls' schools at least, as an introduction to the English Classic. But think back on your own reading of *Jane Eyre*—if in fact you ever managed to wade through it—and discounting the fact that it was written more than a hundred years ago, is extremely long and an acknowledged classic, can you honestly say that it is more than a boring account of the improbable fulfilment of the sickly daydreams of a priggish schoolgirl? No wonder the boys won't stomach it. But for a century it has been hailed as a classic and even enjoyed by some. It is my theory that this enjoyment arises mainly from a sensation of astonished relief at the discovery that the large volume approached with so much trepidation was in reality little more profound than the *Women's Weekly*.

This approach to literature is not only obviously barren but also un-healthy. *Jane Eyre* is really nothing more than an extended daydream, and the reader who enjoys it at this level is indulging in escapism as much as if he (or more probably she) were drinking in the novels of Ian Fleming, or to quote a more comparable genre, Georgette Heyer. Harmless in moderation, no doubt; but *Jane Eyre* masquerades as a classic. Thus escapism is lent respectability and the

reader can flaunt her sentimentality, sanctioned by a century of totally uncritical critical writing.

So much for the reader who accepts *Jane Eyre*. Among the school children going through the mill of English Literature, there are some discerning and independent enough to loathe her from the start. If they persevere stubbornly, they are the potential saviours of our literature; but there is a dangerous probability that, disillusioned by early glimpses of what is holy in our culture, they will take up Pure Maths or Biology instead. Thus works such as *Jane Eyre*—and she is by no means the only offender—are poor ambassadors of English literature and may be seriously deceptive.

Much of our classical literature is of course great and beautiful—and this is the root of the problem, this hopeless confusion of the great and the mediocre. But this term has become so rigid that once a work has been canonised as a classic it is difficult to judge it dispassionately. For some reason we lose all sense of proportion and are inclined to be excessive in our praise of even the greatest literature. A striking example is the passion for idolising Shakespeare which overtook England in the eighteenth century. His plays were admired with much enthusiasm and little discernment, to such an extent that a rather amateurish young forger, William Henry Ireland, was able to deceive many eminent critics by concocting an allegedly original version of *King Lear* and a newly “discovered” Shakespearean play—both of them excruciatingly bad.

The full story of the Ireland forgeries is incredible to modern ears; but still the figures of classical literature, and particularly Shakespeare, tend to dominate the literary scene to the extent of stifling modern talent. Here again our perspectives have become blurred. We have a ready-made justification for going to a Shakespearean production rather than a modern play, for Shakespeare was a great dramatist and poet; but is this our only motive? Isn't our choice partly because we know ourselves to be secure—that we will see a good play that has stood the test of four centuries, which will bring no surprises and will not strike near enough to modern

problems to unsettle us? In fact, aren't we a little like the middle-aged housewife who buries herself in *Jane Eyre* because it makes her forget that she is a middle-aged housewife, meanwhile secure in the conviction that she is absorbing culture?

Our reverence for the classics is based on two false assumptions; that a book which has survived for a century or so must be good, and that the critics who have praised it must be right. Critics are not infallible and we are not obliged to agree with them, and the longer we continue to acquiesce meekly in the praise of dull books, the more support we are adding to the pretensions of the classics.

But does it matter? Why shouldn't the housewife read *Jane Eyre* under the hair-dryer, and the shelves full of leather-clad white elephants continue to impress the eye and bore the enquiring mind to tears? Yes, it does matter; for in praising the unworthy we are robbing the deserving. As the bewildered reader lays down *Ivanhoe* or *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and turns with a sigh of relief to *The Scientific American* he is denying himself the stimulation of acquaintanceship with Jane Austen, Shakespeare and Shaw. And it may be at the same moment that a frustrated young author, despairing of ever breaking away from the tyranny of the classics, lays down his pen and becomes a dustman or a barman or—Heaven forbid!—a critic.

We must make an effort to polish our spectacles and wipe the accumulated dust of centuries from our leather-bound idols. The classics are in urgent need of reclassification, so that we may do justice both to really great authors of the past and to our modern authors. This must be done dispassionately and above all without the prejudice which assumes that what was written centuries ago is better than modern writing in spite of the intellectual and social development that has taken place. For in the words of an eminent writer: “The classics are only primitive literature. They belong to the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine.” I have no idea to which eminent writer I owe that judgement: but it is in the Dictionary of Quotations, and so it must be true.



## *Snipe*

*South from Siberia fly  
snipe like darts in the wind:  
the transit of sentient things  
under a darkening sky.*

*over . . .*

*and a-quiver with shot  
one snaps in flight  
to the dark lake  
held in a tight  
forest grip  
and night.*

*Alastair Roosmale*

*And come now my little child  
accept me as your own.  
It is a loss we both have borne  
you and I; and flown*

*In our crazy delights  
away to a foreign dale;  
and there in ecstasy and measured hate  
to live for a hated tale:*

*then get it back—  
return in triumphant parade  
as those who conquered what they had lost  
and life they found, remade.*

*And as we watched each tiny gesture,  
Cringing faces in dark wood pews,  
Next to where that child did lie.  
Breathed they then and began to cry . . .  
—and so he's lost.*

*Robert Johanson*

*The ladies of 1886  
Of decorum profound  
With their skirts to the ground,  
Would surely have frowned  
In surprise  
At Miss One nine six four  
With her shorts and bare knees  
With no hat in the breeze,  
But so keen for degrees  
And so wise.*

## Recollections...

It must be difficult for a student now to realize how different J.C.H. was in 1909. Dinner was formal, even when, in my first year, there were only eight students. We wore our gowns to it and dressed in suitable raiment. Afterwards we repaired upstairs to the dreary, lofty, common-room, where Mrs. Archer, or in her absence the Senior Student, read prayers. Afterwards songs from the newly published Australian Students' Song Book might be sung around the common-room piano. In our rooms we studied or read and then had supper together until the gas was turned out at 11 p.m. The student who had no lamp or candle was thus forced to go to bed in the dark. If she had forgotten to turn off the gas in her room when it went off at the meter, next morning she woke to a smelly room, as the meter was turned on again early next day. Baths were often cold because the gas bath heater played many tricks, and of course could not be turned on after 11 p.m. without gas.

The common-room was originally intended as a gymnasium, but it was said that the floor was not strong enough for that. It was two floors in height, walls dull pink, windows set too high to see out of, but possums could come in. There were a piano, a couple of bookcases housing the nucleus of the Verdon Library, a table with on it "The Queen" and the daily paper. We were not allowed to take the Sydney Bulletin!

But are the young women in College today so different from their predecessors? There have, of course, been many changes in College rules since 1886, when records indicate that they were rather restricting. By 1909, when I became a student, I do not remember that they hampered us greatly. We went to prayers as a matter of course and were punctual at dinner; we did not go unchaperoned to men's College studies; we wore gowns to University and College lectures; we went with other women students to Trinity and Ormond dances in a waggonette, and wore gloves and had programmes. If we wanted to have afternoon tea with a man student we did so at the University. We read plays at Trinity in Dr. Leeper's study and, among ourselves in the Hostel, discussed all manner of things. Trinity serenaded us sometimes, and sometimes invited us to listen to their debates. Gradually the relation between men and women students became more natural. By 1920, "At Home" days might be held, and men and women entertained in their studies on specially appointed days. That year permission to play tennis on Sundays was granted.

In 1923 the Warden gave permission for dances to be held in the men's Common Room on Saturday nights and the J.C.H. Committee agreed to allow its students to join in. Students, however, were still dissatisfied and asked to be allowed to go to private dances as well as University ones. They also urged that they should be allowed to return with their parties from dances instead of only in the company of other J.C.H. students. All this seems now very old-fashioned, and these rules were even then hard to put into effect. When I went back as Principal in 1928 most of these rather archaic regulations no longer existed. Students were, of course, expected—as they still are—to apply for leave and to return to College by the time agreed on, and not to ask for leave so often that their work would suffer. I found that young people needed much sleep if they were to study satisfactorily and tried to get them to have their lights out by 11.00 p.m. In all ways students now have much more freedom; in their hours of work, in choice of outings and in entertaining their friends. This freedom must make life harder for some, to whom the saying "no" is difficult. . . .

These reminiscences were extracted from the booklet "Recollections of Janet Clarke Hall" (1964) by Miss Enid Joske, whose association with the college dated from 1909-1952.



# Reflections...

Father Grant

There are (or were) many families, communities and institutions into which a former member returning after a decade or a generation's absence, could settle with a minimum of fuss or friction. Habits and ideas, whether good or bad, and whether valued for their intrinsic worth or merely on account of the natural laziness and timidity of most of us, display considerable capacity to survive within a community. The moderate conservative with some sense of history may be deluded when he discounts the shrill protestations of today's radicals that their revolution will prove invincible and incorruptible. But even if Chairman Mao's China presents a subversive spectacle, Trinity, 1970 style, ought still to reassure him.

Or that is my impression on returning after an absence of twelve years. Despite the faces being more numerous, the hair longer, the shirts brighter, despite the eclipse or transformation of some traditional occasions, conventions, and regulations, today's college exhibits no essential discontinuity with that I knew and enjoyed in the fifties. Yet, inevitably, there are differences. Thus speaking very tentatively and very generally, today's students seem to this observer to work harder, to spend more freely, and to undertake more responsibility than their predecessors.

They work harder. The clinical efficiency of the V.U.S.E.B. computer ordains that fewer eccentrics and rare characters enter college, while that of the University ensures that without a modicum of work, their stay, if too sweet, will also be brief. Pressure for entry seems to cast its shadow far back into the schools, inhibiting the development of off-course activities and focussing energies upon academic performance alone. Small wonder then, that having reached University some students feel, justifiably or no, that the priority of academic work prevents them taking up the "electives" that college life offers.

They spend more freely. A fair index of student prosperity would seem to be the unsatisfied demand for places in a car park

that already accommodates the cars of half the student body. Another might be the range of student holiday excursions—sun, snow and Expo'. Whatever the source of their prosperity—Studentship, Cadetship, or Stock Exchange—and however loud the protestations of poverty, most college students today have open to them a wider range of options for leisure and interests than ever before motorized mobility and fears for quality—even the contrast of television programmes—erode participation in on-the-spot entertainments.

They undertake more responsibility. "Conformity", "Self-sufficiency", "protracted Adolescence"—these figure largely in the picture that most critics draw of the college community. This was never the whole picture but frequent references to "college spirit" could easily mislead. Today sheer numbers prevent any possibility of two hundred and five minds thinking as one; increased involvement in University and community affairs; an average stay of less than three years; and preparations for marriage by final-year students are the signs and the agency of change. Perhaps the best criterion of the maturity of a community is the amount of freedom that its members can tolerate and the amount of responsibility they are prepared to accept. This may mean that not all members of the college will participate in any given activity, even that a particular student may not participate in any. But this is our situation, and we should be slow to decry such actions as irresponsible.

So much for impressions; closer and continued acquaintance may require them to be revised but may also confirm them.



"Your reality is a mere transitory and fleeting illusion, taking this form today and that tomorrow, according to the conditions, according to your will, your sentiment, which in turn are controlled by an intellect that shows them to you today in one manner and tomorrow . . . who knows how? Illusions of reality, represented in this fatuous comedy of life that never ends, nor ever can end."

(*Six Characters in Search of an Author*)

Behind Luigi Pirandello's revolutionary revenge on the Italian Romantic theatre, there lies an irritable and intellectualized pessimism, a fundamental disgust with and retreat from ordinary life. His reversal of romantic cliché and his constant concern with the problem of illusion and "reality" result in a theatricality which is at once gripping and sharply limited in its significance. The experience of *Henry IV* in a theatre is undoubtedly very exciting, but it is hard to see, when we have cut through Pirandello's obvious intellectual apparatus and have taken a long hard look at Henry himself, what exactly is at stake. Henry's claim that his delusion is a more real experience than that of the lives around him simply goes undramatized in the play (it rests on assertion) and ultimately deprives the play of the moving, tragic force for which it so obviously strives. There is finally no conflict between Henry and Belcredi and the Marchioness because Pirandello's representation of the latter pair is not only perfunctory (what do they do after the first act?) but because the 'outside world' is expressed in the very limited "romantic" conventions from which he was trying to escape (enter di Nolli,

carrying Convictions followed by Frightened Ingenue). *Henry IV* is a very brilliant theatrical charade, but it isn't a tragedy; and to use the word "theatrical" is to expose the limitations of the play. It sets up an absorbing pattern of experience, but one to which we succumb only as we watch and then querulously. The play's intellectuality, its reliance upon "ideas" about illusion and reality (in *Life* this time, not in the Theatre as in *Six Characters*) seem to give the play a philosophical seriousness which is quite unjustified. At the end of *Henry IV*, despite the vitality and range of the central character, we realize less the burden of loss for Henry than the surprise that Henry is forced to continue in his madness. We are not moved by Henry's loss of "life" as we are moved by the loss of those illusioned characters in Chekov, because so little outside Henry is seen; his passion explodes into a void, and not the one Pirandello had in mind. We are in the hands of a brilliant manipulator of theatrical experience and of an artist of limited perception. Yet *Henry IV* and *Six Characters* are amongst the finer twentieth century plays, and the Trinity-JCH production gave full reign to its excitement. This was (at least) the finest college production since "The Hostage" and the demands it made upon the producer and central actor were indeed staggering. It is rewarding therefore to commend the production for the sheer intelligence and sensitivity with which it was carried out and to record one of those peculiarly satisfying performances that (by its nature) student theatre rarely gives us. We want, if anything, to argue with Pirandello and not with Rodney Fisher and

Alastair Roosmale, Rodney Fisher's direction was concise, swift and sharp, coping well with the basic problems the play presents. The manipulation of the exposition (which in the text is lumpy and lacking in inevitability: why should it be *Henry IV* that the central character chooses to impersonate; if *Henry IV* focuses Pirandello's concerns, why the extraordinary time spent in *explanation*?) was done with as little fuss as possible, and the play had an overall sense of movement and impulse. We knew that Rodney Fisher had a strong and satisfying *conception* of the play and that he did not rely on piece-meal improvisation (only the silver-clad, sylph-like attendants were fussy, momentarily distracting from the texture of the play). The director seemed to see (very wisely) the play as a drama of an individual psyche and not as an exploration of social "reality", and the sets reflected this; they were bare, yet mobile, visually interesting in their arrangements (particularly in the scene between *Henry IV* and his servants, where the grouping beautifully suggested an attempt on Henry's part to achieve some kind of communal warmth). The grouping of the players on the stage (so disastrously lacking in last year's *The Cherry Orchard* where everything depends on the breaking up and re-grouping of the characters) gave a type of fluidity to what could have been static (again the four servants were used very well here as was the doctor). The lighting too was excellent (Henry isolated in darkness, the doctor pontificating in the light of his Reason); there was an overall visual sense of the play. Despite Pirandello's attack on producers in *Six Characters*, he found a very sensitive ally in Rodney Fisher.

But more importantly it is the producer's activity with the actors which we have to judge, and here Rodney Fisher showed his strength, even if Pirandello showed some of *their* weaknesses. The enormously difficult central role was taken by Alistaire Roosmale and he gave the best student performance I have seen at the University. He caught exactly the terrifying, demonic quality of Henry in his lightning changes of mood; flashes of sharp lucidity instantly became pedantic raving, cries of pain became possessed giggles (consider the scene where Henry turns on Belcredi/Peter

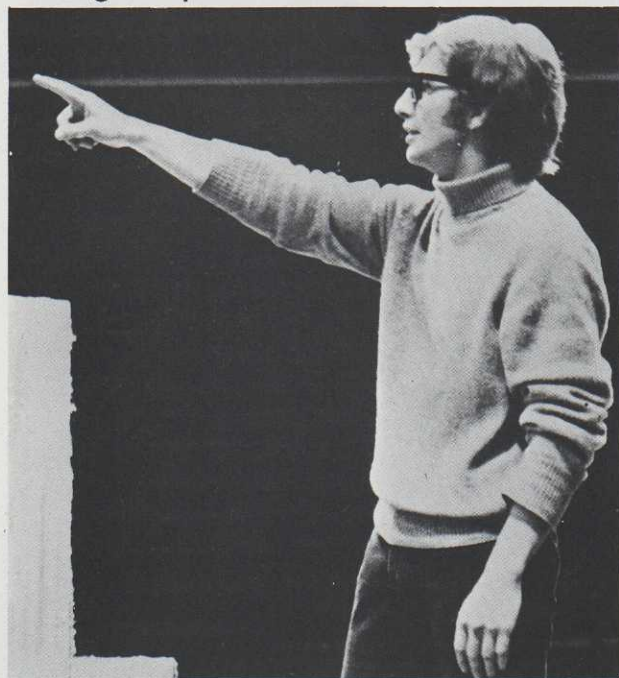


Alastair Roosmale, awarded the Melbourne Theatre Company prize.

Damiani). This performance was marked by its extraordinary control and range, both in physical gesture (lost in despair or prancing in glee) and vocal inflection. It was interesting to note the different emphases in interpretation on the two performances I saw; the first stressed Henry's wildness and savagery, the second was slower in tempo and more concerned with Henry's need of his illusion. The first was a performance of wit and clarity; the second was slightly more passionate and luxuriant. The play burnt alive at its centre for this Henry was not an intellectual "idea" but a strong, vital, frustrated and dangerous man.

Francis Price and Jeltje Fanoy coped well initially with their characters, until Pirandello's interest in them simply dried up, leaving us with the uncomfortable feeling that here were two characters in search of another play. Jeltje Fanoy gave an adequate approximation of a sophisticated European noble-woman with confidence and control, although I thought her physical gesturing at times was over-stressed. Nevertheless, this was a very fine attempt to deal with a difficult part. Francis Price had a real physical ease and well caught the easy second-rateness and hollow charm of Belcredi; and made him interesting foil, as far as possible, to Henry IV.

George Abrams gave a sensitive and intelligent performance as Dr. Genoni,



although I thought he lacked some vocal characterization. His tone was too uncertain for us to be fully convinced that he represented some body of wisdom which we were supposed to sharply scrutinize through Henry's eyes.

Robert Johanson had strong presence and emotional delicacy as Landolph, but I found his performance a trifle self-conscious. The role of Landolph may not give scope to the type of intelligent sincerity Robert Johanson showed last year in *The Cherry Orchard*, but it is a warm and spontaneous sincerity; we were a shade too aware of the "mechanics" behind it. Robert Johanson's "opening up" and "closing down", expressing concern, were a little mannered. However these are minor quibbles; the performance as a whole was solid and impressive. Landolph and the other three servants (David Parsons, Michael Hamer and Christopher Lovell) and the priest (Robert Colvin) well suggested their corporate differences and gave considerable substance to their roles as crucial and intermediary characters in the play. (The costuming of the servants, incidentally, as in the rest of the play, was quite excellent).

Miranda Jelbart and Paul Elliott struggled under parts that barely made themselves felt in dramatic terms. (People who wish to argue that *Henry IV* is a great, as against good, play should note the total lack of animating force in these characters. Obviously these characters should represent some kind of fruitful possibility, because they are differentiated from the Marchioness and Belcredi in certain ways; they are young and uncynical. Yet these roles haven't even the strength of caricature). Paul Elliott as di Nolli, in his outburst about his mother, was excellent—a fine, competent, unassuming performance. Miranda Jelbart was only uneven in an incoherent role. A more substantial part would be a better test of her abilities.

The quality of a production seems to set its own critical pitch; because *Henry IV* was so well done, one is bound to ask sharp questions about it, nag at it, in fact. To disagree, here and there, every so often, is high praise indeed, and *Henry IV* sets a very high standard for the productions of following years.

G. L. PIKE

# College Concert



The concert this year was preceded by a magnificent buffet dinner which put all present in very good mood for the feast of vocal and instrumental music which succeeded it. On first sight the programme had a certain sameness to those of previous years, but in actual fact it revealed a refreshing increase of native talent.

Keyboard music again held a major portion of the programme with performances on both piano and harpsichord by Dr. Thompson, on piano by Miss Rusden and on harpsichord by Ian Hardy. Dr. Thompson opened the programme with a rather mild Schubert *Impromptu* for piano succeeded by a Bach prelude and fugue on the harpsichord. As was fitting for this Beethoven bi-centenary year, Miss Rusden played Beethoven's *F major Sonata*, Opus 72 which apparently was one of Beethoven's favourites. This was greeted with the same enthusiasm as that with which it was played. Later in the programme Ian Hardy, the College organist, gave an excellent performance of the brilliant *Concerto Italien* of J. S. Bach upon the harpsichord.

Other instrumental items included two delightful pieces for classical guitar played by Julia Wales; the well-known but pleasant *Fantasia on Greensleeves* of Vaughan Williams, played on the violin by Alison Finlay accompanied by Frank Birch; and a most pleasing performance by Sydney Boydell (recorder) and Ian Hardy (harpsichord) of a *Sonata* by Daniel Purcell (brother to Henry) and a *Prelude* by Corelli. The combination of recorder and harpsichord produced most satisfying results. A quartet comprising Alison Finlay (violin), Edward Ogden (violin), Russell Raggatt (cello) and Dr. Thompson (harpsichord) gave a somewhat hesitant performance of a Corelli sonata marred perhaps by a rather dominant harpsichord continuo. However it was good to see three new faces in this quartet and one hopes for greater success from them in future years.

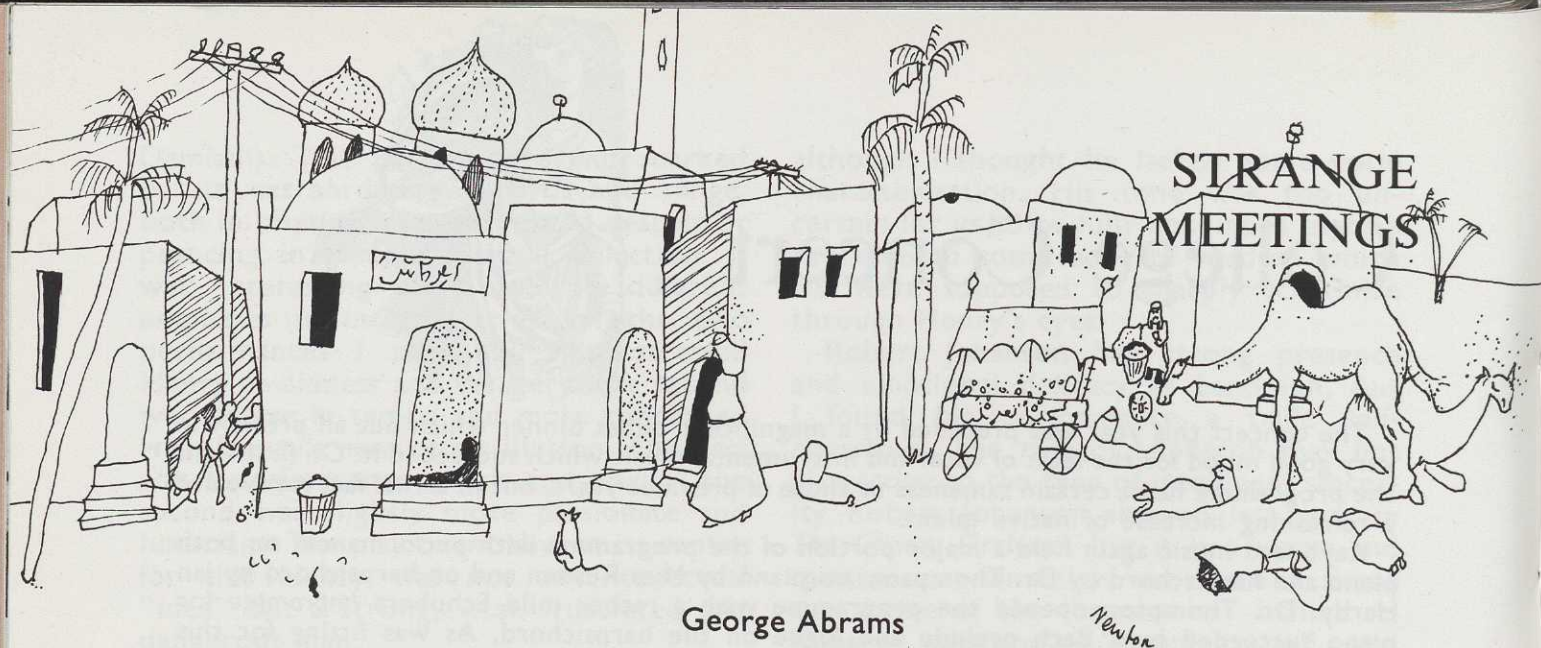
There was a great variety of vocal numbers which were mainly in a lighter vein but nevertheless they were some of the most popular items of the evening. The Dowland Society, under Sydney Boydell, sang a quite demanding bracket of madrigals which were well received. Unfortunately, with the demise of the Chapel Choir this year, this was the only choral item in the programme. Perhaps the most popular item of the evening was the three songs presented by a folk group consisting of Anne Skelley and Judy Ross with Tim Hancock and Danny Silver on guitars. Their performance revealed both hard practice and enthusiasm, which delighted the audience. A heavily sedated Eric Bellchambers, who was the principal organizer of the evening, nobly sang his programmed items despite the onset of influenza. He was sympathetically accompanied by Frank Birch.

The two lighter additions to the programme were both of high standard and great fun. Rob. Johanson sang a blues and a rock number to Bill Newton's amazing and a highly amusing accompaniment on the guitar. Miranda Jelbart and Jan Bitcon gave an excellent performance in best Flanders and Swann style of Swann's own *Misalliance* which must have tickled the very roots of the manifold creepers of Traill and Leeper.

Overall the concert was of good standard and the audience, which was at times rather over-hearty in its appreciation, appeared to enjoy the evening. Congratulations are certainly due to Miss Skelley and Messrs. Bellchambers and Silver for fashioning the occasion.

Andrew St. John





Mecca, like the rest of Arabia, slept at midday. Camels swayed in a mist of heat; shops turned their backs to the world and slept; buzzing flies were the solitary, monotonous possessors of limpid streets.

However across one such blistering noon-time silence a shock of crashing metal suddenly cascaded. Silence drifted uneasily back over the town. The drivers by their camels had stirred but then they turned over, snorted and straggled back to their dreams. Bored children watched mice in dark, breathless corners and wondered why the world went to sleep when the day was brightest.

How could a damn garbage lid make so much noise, grumbled M as he began to piece through the festering and definitely palpitating pile of muck. No, he did not expect to find anything new. But what else was there to occupy oneself with? Anyway he was hungry.

Half way down the bin a sudden squall of anger overtook him. Revulsion united with impatience and erupted in some hidden passage of his heart. He was sick to death of picking through inane cigarette packets, cheerily adorned with their gushing females, great sights of the world or females gushing before the great sights of the world.

Damn them all.

And he didn't even smoke.

He rose from his half-bent position and after streaking the sweat on his forehead with his less grimy hand, siezed a coca-cola tin and hurled it at a nearby wall which seemed to be leering at him in a decidedly more arrogant fashion than the others. The moment passed. Futility gently settled

her long claws into their former position. He bent to his task once more.

He reached the bottom. A rancid banana and five sodden dog biscuits was all he had to show for his mushy efforts. With nothing less than resignation he turned his back on the victorious bin and sauntered towards his favourite spot—an oak tree on the edge of the city.

He walked through the silent town but the silent town did not know him. He came to the undefined borders of the town. And after the organized squalor of the centre it was a relief for him—this place where everything was out of place, which belonged neither to man nor to the desert, a place which was uncouth, awkward and slightly embarrassed by its own existence. He waddled to his tree and sat down with a burp.

He ate the banana first because he never could resist delicacies. This, he knew was a mistake and he realized the full enormity of it only when he took the dog biscuits out of his pocket. They had begun to steam and now looked like five angry sausages. He ate them mournfully. When he was on the third biscuit he began to think.

He thought about his life; his dog-biscuit life; his banana life; his sexual life. Of course his wife was a good woman even if she was fifteen years older than he. But when she was not trying to be patient with him, trying to understand him trying to smile or else chucking things at him in exasperation she was making him feel obliged to do something. Obligated to be something when he was nothing. Nothing not by his own

choice. Yes obliged. All the time obliged. And obligated. But obligated to what? He did not know, he did not think about it and he certainly did not care. It was this not caring which worried him. But why? He was as incapable of working as he was of performing miracles. But why nothing here in this dump? Why emptiness?

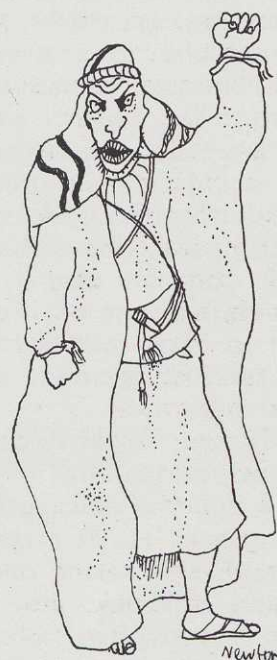
Fat little eyes rolling with incredulous mirth under oozing skin, walls laughing too, streets, faces. Memories of a little boy stealing a cape from the market. Child memories, adolescent memories, not many but enough. Flabby brains behind rolling skin. No room for anything else there. Unscaleable caverns between the rocking mounds of stone, not only for him, for others too, but for him more because it became something physical. No contest for miracles. You a prophet! but. . .

No there would be nothing here, could be nothing here. It was a very real problem and not just his worry.

At the last general meeting of the associated prophets and mystics union of Arabia there had been a nasty flare-up over it. A wild ginger dervish, who looked singularly like a cactus plant, had threatened to go out on strike unless his demands were met. He wanted a union subsidy for all mystics while they were staying at home. The cactus explained, at great length, that even the most commonplace wonders had eluded him when he visited his family last. On the first Saturday back he had decided to give a matinee, walking on coals and a few other trivia. His feet were still in bandages. Besides everyone else went out, the carpet weavers went out, the camel trains were always going out. Why shouldn't the prophets go out? It would certainly show the slumbering populace—no more threats of lightning from heaven, no more stories about whales, no more Sunday sack-cloth and ashes, no more wailing and gnashing of teeth. The people couldn't stand it. They'd see soon enough.

After some minutes he began alternately to blur and focus his eyes. The world became hazy then pounded back: life expanded then contracted and he shared in the eternal movement of the universe. He blurred; focussed; blurred; focussed; blurred. . . and that was how he saw the mountain.

It was just a slender thread of light on the lip of the desert. It was a frozen flame holding up the sky. He created and destroyed it a hundred times until at last he became annoyed with it. He would bring the mountain here Come here mountain, quietly this first time. He wasn't even disturbed when nothing happened. He said it again, then again, then again. The words come here mountain became a plea, a chant, a war. M bellowed. He stared at the mountain and started walking. And thus he began—not to prove anything, not to make a point. He just wanted to beat the mountain at its own game.



Days, nights, heat, more heat, sometimes a little less heat, darkness, cold. He continued to live out the endless, mindless repetition of the sand and the sky until he met a man in hiking shorts. At first it was a busy little finger of dust, which did not go away, which persisted. The finger became larger and larger till it materialized into a large smile and said "Hi". "Peace" replied the prophet. "Lets keep politics out of it. The grin introduced itself as Sam Onsheim—my friends call me Drill. Drill then explained his life for that was easy. The distance of one step makes all the difference. He was here to make contact, such a lovely warm word. And his teeth glowed white. He spoke freely. He spoke alone.

Dead Cow was his mother and Thelma was his wife. His children had not come. But I have a photograph. Would you stand beneath that palm tree because I would like to have a picture of a genuine native to take home to my little cuties, to my little Maisie and Maggot. He had married Thelma, plain Thelma, in a burst of juvenile enthusiasm. And of course because of the offer. With each ring the couple got five hundred tons of washing powder—for the many, many filthy babies which were just around the corner sitting in a car and gurgling.

So they dived into matrimonial bliss and five hundred tons of washing powder. The delivery was made in bulk because babies are such demanding creatures.

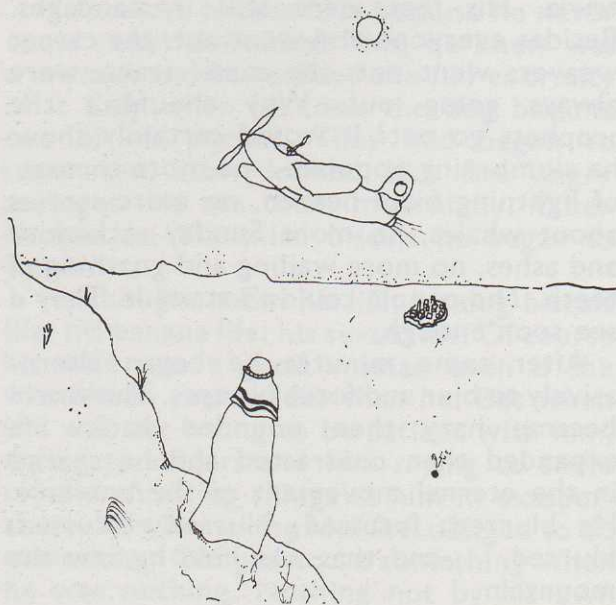
I am not a preacher, he continued, but an ecclesiastically biassed social-worker. And the organization for which I work doesn't make much. It's called the United Ecumenical Cosy Co-ordinating Committee and we are affiliated with the Universal Marriage Guidance Company. May I shake your hand? Thank you. He had received the "call" in the water cows of a Fun Park. He was in the Fun Park that day because he had seen a terrible accident and needed relief, comforting.

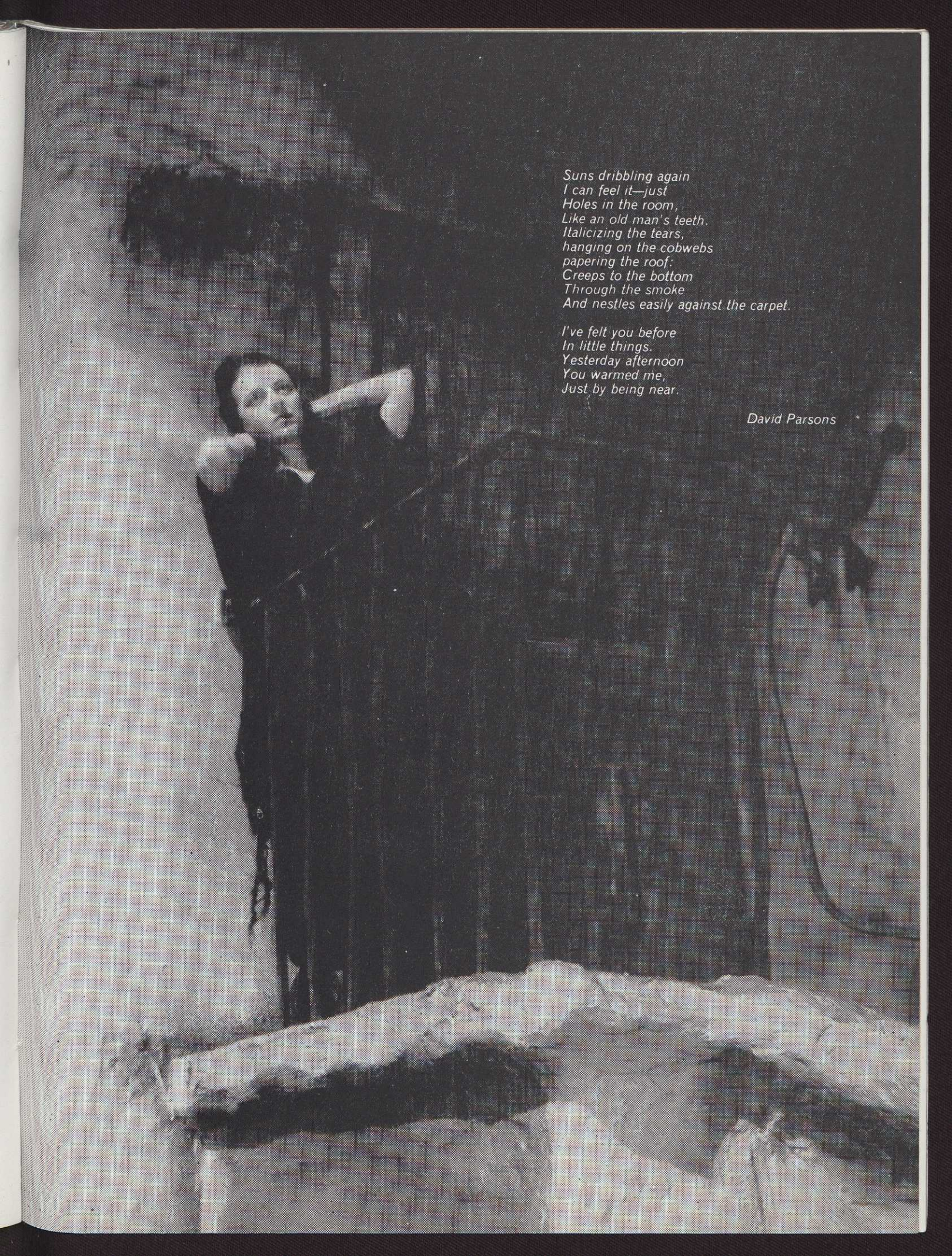
In the water cows Drill had contemplated the barrenness of his life in advertising. And then he got the call. Just like some people get malaria. He left the cows and walked through the Palace of Fun where grown-ups and children enjoy themselves for different reasons. That obscene place, that place of spiritual masturbation. Thus we grope after the symbol but the symbol is not the thing. It can never be the thing. Toffee apples and fairy floss. Well I've said it all now and I musn't keep the little woman, Thelma you know, waiting in that stuffy hotel. He smiled as if he expected an answer, agreement or at least complicity but his sparkling eyes expected no answer. Years ago the possibility of one had gone screaming down dark corridors, never to be summoned again, never to return. He shook the prophet's hand and blurted away purposefully into the desert. And even there he was as related as ever. God that man could relate! At last he disappeared into the sands who received him with loving merciless arms.

M. sighed. After this encounter he turned

and began to walk once more. But he had long forgotten where he was going and why.

Many more days and nights. His mind was a void until he realized, one day, that he had been climbing and was now on the mountain; high on the mountain; so far up that he was close to the snow. He saw it melting at its tatty edges and go groping blindly down to the desert. He turned, contemplated the expanse before his eyes and knew that somewhere in that vastness time had disappeared. But a sound smashed through those silent thoughts, a wild, happy sound. A flash of light flinted in the burning blue. The mighty jet approached with antic joy. At the wheel a goggled figure rocked for time undone. Old Thelma, tired of waiting, had seized the plane from the airport of the town of the stuffy hotel and was leaving for the sea. She smiled and waved and told the whimpering captain to shut up or he'd get it. She buzzed the mountain and rose in searing arcs of light. Silver bird of dawn. Silver bird of hope. Thelma waved once more then hurled into the distance after the many dreams of fluttering white which are all, all untapped. A mighty silence descended. The prophet contemplated once more. He looked for his town which he felt to be a point on the lip of the desert—there. He looked at the fragile immensity of the golden sands and the pattern of the sky in a tree and said something softly to himself, for himself. He said "The mountain has come to me."





*Suns dribbling again  
I can feel it—just  
Holes in the room,  
Like an old man's teeth.  
Italicizing the tears,  
hanging on the cobwebs  
papering the roof:  
Creeps to the bottom  
Through the smoke  
And nestles easily against the carpet.*

*I've felt you before  
In little things.  
Yesterday afternoon  
You warmed me,  
Just by being near.*

David Parsons

# Union of the Fleur de Lys

**President:** M. McPherson Smith  
**Hon. Secretary:** H. M. Graham  
**Committee:** Sir Clive Fitts, Prof. J. R. Poynter, Drs. C. E. G. Beveridge, A. J. Buzzard, E. A. C. Farran, M. R. Jones, W. W. Lempriere, A. T. Mitchell and Messrs. J. H. B. Armstrong, P. Balmford, W. B. Capp, N. M. Carlyon, W. D. T. Cowan, J. A. Court, R. P. Gorton, C. Keon-Cohen, W. W. King, F. F. Knight, R. L. Stock, R. K. Todd and R. K. Tronson.

## Annual Meeting and Dinner

The 1970 Annual General Meeting of the Union was held in the Junior Common Room on 5th June. The business of the meeting was transacted with the usual expedition and Mr. M. M. Smith was duly elected to the Presidency in succession to Mr. Colin Keon-Cohen. Mr. R. K. Tronson, Senior Student in 1968-69, was the only new committee-man.

The Dinner followed the Annual Meeting and although numbers were unfortunately down somewhat (in contradistinction to, but hopefully, not in consequence of a small rise in the cost of the function), an excellent evening ensued. In particular, those present were treated by the College's new Catering Manager to a bill of fare which was a change from that enjoyed in previous years and was an object of real admiration and pleasure.

The new President proposed the toast to the College and the Warden responded. The Warden made particular reference to the retirement of Mr. Sydney Wynne and reported that since his retirement he had been seriously ill. The members present expressed their appreciation of the remarkable services rendered by Mr. Wynne and offered their best wishes for his speedy recovery. Mr. Alistair Minson, the Treasurer of the T.C.A.C., reported in most entertaining fashion on the sporting and other non-academic doings in the College during the year. Mr. J. D. Merralls, recently Dean of the College, then proposed the toast to the Union and Prof. J. R. Poynter, another ex-Dean, responded.

Expressions of admiration, gratitude and, indeed, wonderment at the services rendered by Mr. Sydney Wynne to the College and the Union and, most importantly, to individual members of both have been written and uttered in large and well deserved measure in recent months. It seems proper that in this space the Union should permanently record its own appreciation of his work. The length of his service, the variety of his skills and the vigour and energy with which he performed his multitudinous tasks were quite astonishing and undoubtedly represented a major contribution to the progress and well-being of the College over the many years of his association with it. The Union expressed its appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Wynne and wishes him health and happiness in his retirement.

As mentioned above, the attendance at the Dinner was rather smaller than one might have hoped. Sadly, this seems to be a continuing trend as does the fall in the numbers of valedicttees joining the Union. The reasons for this are obviously many and varied and this is not the place to endeavour to canvass them. It might, however, be worthwhile making some sort of attempt to state, or re-state, what the Union seeks to be and what it seeks to achieve; all too often one has real difficulty in giving a worthwhile answer to a valedicttee's quite natural questioning of these things.

First, foremost and always, the Union exists for those men who, however outdated such sentiments may now be,

had and retain a real affection for the College. For those to whom the College is little more than a boarding house, conveniently close to the University and providing some tutorial and other assistance in their University studies, the Union is a pointless anachronism. Similarly, the Union would hardly seem attractive to those who, in the name of the dreary business of "student protest", seek to denigrate and, indeed, destroy any institution or idea which their forbears valued.

However, for the men who found and, one hopes, continue to find something extra and worthwhile from their College days—a camaraderie and an opportunity for special benefits and enjoyment unavailable to non-residents—the Union does or should have something to offer. In essence, it provides for its members a continuing link with their college days and a continuing bond with other College men; it aims to do this informally and unpretentiously and its members do not seek or need anything more than this. It chooses as its means of achieving this end the holding of an annual dinner at the College. There might well be suggestions (which would always be welcome) for some alternative or additional means of fostering the Union's objectives and well-being but the vital thing is to maintain ties with an institution and a period of one's life which are remembered with affection and with people who have had the same experiences and share the same sentiment. Such a goal is considered by the Union to be worthwhile.

## NOTES

A. I. Clunies Ross was appointed to the Chair of Economics in the University of Papua and New Guinea at the beginning of the Year. He had been a Senior Lecturer in the Department since 1967.

Dr. A. J. Pittard has become a Professor of Microbiology in the University in succession to the late Professor S. D. Rubbo.

P. A. V. Roff has taken up the position of headmaster of Scotch College, Adelaide. He has been on the teaching staff at Melbourne Grammar School since his return to Australia from Oxford.

The Rev. S. C. Moss is Archdeacon of Melbourne in succession to Archbishop Sambell. In his position he has become a member of the College Council.

P. R. W. Barbour is the Director-General of the Australian Security Intelligence Organization.

Dr. J. McL. Emmerson visited the College during the English summer vacation. For some years he has been a Fellow of New College, Oxford. He brought news of Dr. A. J. Prentice who is engaged in physics research at Oxford.

Dr. Prentice is a former Scholar of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851. Another former scholar of the College, G. A. Heath, was elected to a Scholarship this year.

Dr. D. J. H. Cockayne has been appointed to a Research Lectureship at Christ Church, Oxford.

Mr. C. W. McMahon, formerly economic adviser to the Bank of England, is now one of its twelve Directors.

W. D. T. Cowan left for the Harvard School of Business Administration in July as a Harkness Fellow. He has been working as a systems engineer in the Australian Post Office and for the last two and a half years has been a resident tutor in engineering in the College.

Dr. M. M. Wilson won a special race in honour of the visit of H.M. The Queen at Launceston in April. Dr. Wilson has been raising poll Herefords and Thoroughbred racehorses at East Devonport since his departure from University duties at the end of 1962.



## OBITUARY

The Union records with regret the death of the following former members of the College.

Heaton Carr Clark (1909)  
 Alan Frankland Jolley (1909)  
 Gerald Vincent Doyle (1914)  
 Harold William Harbison (1919)  
 Russell Hallel Keon-Cohen (1920)  
 Aneice Samuel Saleeba (1920)  
 Valdemar Carl Drying (1921)  
 Alexander Dittrich Duncan (1930)  
 John James Dale (1936)  
 Allan Spowers (1912)  
 Charles Frederic Belcher (1894)  
 Robert Rutherford Morell (1969)  
 Keith Philip Henry Lawrence (1919)  
 Benjamin Chicheley Janner Meredith (1939)  
 Barry Russell Marshall (1946)

We were delighted to have Dr. Holman as Guest Speaker at the Annual Dinner.

We also congratulate Miss Doreen Langley and Professor Kramer on being elected to the Senate of the University of Sydney.

We were honoured to have Mesdames Hallenstein and Alley in their official capacities as President and Secretary present at the recent conference of National Council of Women in Bangkok.

It was with deep regret that the Society learnt of the death of the Reverend Dr. Barry Marshall. Another sad loss to the Society was the death of Mrs. E. G. Coppel (Marjorie Service), who has been a member for the Janet Clarke Hall Council for many years and always had a great interest in the College.

## Janet Clarke Hall Society incorporating Trinity Women's Society

### Committee 1970-71

**President:** Mrs. J. S. Grice  
**Vice-Presidents:** Mrs. G. Trinca  
 Mrs. F. Derham (ex officio)  
**Hon. Secretary:** Mrs. M. Letts  
**Council:** Mrs. A. Hurley, Mrs. S. Alley, Mrs. A. Brokenshire, Mrs. L. Morgan, Mrs. P. Milne, Mrs. H. J. E. Pearson, Mrs. A. Smithers.

**Co-opted member:** Miss G. Haigh

**Rep. to College**

**Council:** Mrs. A. Asche

A successful symposium on Education was held at the College in October 1969 and attracted wide interest. Approximately 90 guests attended, and the proceeds were \$152.50. Another symposium on the subject "Aspects of High Density Living, with special reference to Inner-Suburban Melbourne" is planned for Thursday, 8th October, 1970. This is to be chaired by Dr. Jean Battersby.

A theatre party of 57 members and friends on 1st May, 1970 dined in College with the students and then attended the College Play "Henry IV" by Pirandello. Guests enjoyed the highly successful production of the play.

A jumble sale was held on 4th June, 1970 realising a profit of \$340.00. The Appeals Account reached \$799.18 from functions and this enabled the Society to hand \$700.00 to the College Council.

**Honours and Awards.** We congratulate Dr. Mollie Holman who has recently been awarded Monash University's first non-honorary Doctorate of Science and has also been elected a Fellow of the Australian Academy. After completing a B.Sc. at Melbourne, majoring in Physics, Dr. Holman did her Master's Degree in Physiology. She was awarded a Melbourne Travelling Scholarship and studied at Oxford University obtaining a D.Phil. in Pharmacology.

## The New Crest



*Know Ye therefore that we assign unto Janet Clarke Hall the Arms following that is to say —Argent on a Chevron Gules between in chief to Trefoils slipped Vert: in base an Antique Lamp inflamed proper an open Book proper bound and classed Or And for the Crest On a Wreath of the Colours A Mount Vert between two branches of Wattle flowered proper a Fleur de lys Argent charged with a Trefoil slipped Vert as the same are in the margin hereof more plainly depicted to be born and used forever hereafter by Janet Clarke Hall on Seals or otherwise according to the Laws of Arms . . .*



## Senior Common Room

Four of our number went out of residence during the long vacation. Mr. I. R. Hancock had been appointed senior lecturer in African history at the Australian National University and he took up his new position at the beginning of the academic year. He has not completely severed his connexion with residential life, as he also has become Vice-Warden of Bruce Hall. Mr. J. S. Holden left us to fulfil a long-standing ambition to become the director of the University Field Station at Mount Derrimut. Our former treasurer Dr. H. J. Downing is pursuing his work in serology in South Africa and the United Kingdom.

Mr. J. L. C. Chipman succeeded Dr. Downing as treasurer and he took little time to convince the tight-pocketed that he confined resignation and detachment to his professional sphere as a philosopher.

The Rev. J. A. Grant returned to the College as chaplain. We believe that "The Trinity Scene" may join "The Melbourne Scene" amongst his published works in the College's centenary year. We were grieved by the death of our former colleague Dr. Marshall at the end of second term. He belonged to the Common Room for nine years. Its corporate life was most important to him and he contributed to it as to all other parts of College life with enthusiasm and wisdom and without reserve. Many of its members drew from him guidance, inspiration and support. For them his untimely death was specially poignant.

The other newcomers to the S.C.R. at the beginning of term were Mr. P. C. Rees and Mr. H. S. S. Prasad. So retiring was Mr. Rees that we were still asking who he was when we learned in second term that he was no longer amongst us. Mr. Prasad, an engineer on loan to this country from the Indian Railways, is the first person to have joined the Senior Common Room from International House. There have been movements before in the other direction. We are indebted to him for the introduction to High Table menu, if not as was expected of hot curry, of warm crisp toast.

During first term we were delighted to hear that our electrical engineer colleague Mr. W. D. T. Cowan had been awarded a Harkness Fellowship and thus would be able to continue his studies in the systematic organization of business at the School of Business Administration at Harvard. The S.C.R. played its part in place and person in a long round of farewells to Mr. Cowan. In his departure we were pleased to welcome as a tutor in engineering Mr. C. L. Wharton, a former resident student of the College, who specializes in the study of stress and strain.

At the end of second term Mr. J. P. Warren left Australia to engage in post-doctoral research in organic chemistry at the Californian Institute of Technology. Our peripatetic mathematician Dr. B. W. Thompson arrived on the west coast of the United States at about the same time to deliver a paper at Berkeley at an international congress on numerical methods in fluid dynamics. Thence he travelled to London via Boston to deliver papers at University College and to take delivery of a harpsichord to replace one destroyed in transit to Australia two years ago. He stayed in Delhi on his way back long enough to give a lecture there too.

Several of our number joined with members of the student body under the baton of Mr. S. G. Boydell as the Dowland Society to sing madrigals at the college concert. Our other collective activity was to meet in a series of colloquia upon divers subjects of literary and scientific interest. For instigating and organizing these we have to thank our treasurer and Mr. A. W. Gunther.

As always our social arrangements were in the indefatigable hands of the Senior Tutor, Dr. A. J. Buzzard.  
—J.D.M.

## T.C.A.C. REPORT 1969-1970

Senior Student:	Mr. R. J. Stewart
Secretary:	Mr. A. R. St. John
Treasurer:	Mr. A. D. Minson
Indoor Representative:	Mr. J. E. Tibbals
Outdoor Representative:	Mr. S. C. Fowler
General Representative:	Mr. M. I. Haskett
Dean:	The Rev'd R. W. Gregory

In looking back over a year in College certain events immediately spring to mind. The great events of 1969-70 would certainly include the rowing victory and the "new look" Juttoddie. But the 1970 May Moratorium was perhaps the most remarkable event of the year in the effect it had on this normally conservative institution. Who could forget the intense discussions and vigorous debates which took place in the Dining Hall and Common Room, the Eucharist for Peace in the College Chapel or the serving of soup to wearied marchers after the event?

On the whole it was a year without major crises, a year which was superficially smooth running and happy despite the occasional lapse in food standards and the lack of hot water. It was certainly a year in which several longstanding ways of the College were finally swept aside. Overnight the distinction between male and female visitors disappeared and was replaced by a comprehensive rule stating that all visitors must be out by midnight seven nights a week. Furthermore after a trial run on Sundays, women may now dine in Hall from Friday evening through the weekend.

It was a year which commenced with a general meeting (September, 1969) which must nearly have reached record length (5½ hours). It was the best attended, most lively

meeting for a long time. The new Committee decided in its generosity before the meeting to supply port all round during the meeting. As a result as the evening wore on the meeting became more relaxed and more vocal and the cares of the morrow were forgotten. The meeting began responsibly by setting up a sub-committee to investigate the scope and quality of College tutorials. A general report was in fact circulated in early 1970 as well as confidential reports being given to individual tutors. This meeting voiced its disapproval of that longtime standard in the College social life, the Common Room Dance, and called upon the Committee to investigate new modes of corporate social life. By the time the meeting reached general business it was fairly obvious that a solid rump of the meeting were prepared to go on all night. Motion followed motion from the floor in an increasingly tense and noisy atmosphere, interspersed with motions of adjournment by more sober gentlemen which were successively defeated. Needless to say many gentlemen left the meeting for bed despite protests from their more long-winded brethren. In a rapidly declining atmosphere, as the clock ticked towards 1 a.m., the Senior Student, who was chairing the proceedings, made a Unilateral Declaration of Adjournment to which hardly an objection was raised.

After this noisy baptism the new Committee set to work and soon made a number of important decisions. As a result of the retiring Committee's recommendations a T.C.A.C. subscription increase was agreed upon and after some negotiation was proclaimed. Above all this solved the T.C.A.C.'s financial problems for at least the next few years. The second major policy decision the Committee made concerned "Juttoddie Week", i.e. the last week in the second term university vacation. It had been becoming increasingly obvious over the past few years that this institution was no longer viable due to numerous forces militating against its success. The general growth in academic pressure in particular had been detracting from the week's basically social conception for some time. Thus it had been becoming clear that if gentlemen were to be given a free week in College in one of the vacations that its purpose should really be academic and not social. The Committee agreed to this in principle and as a result gentlemen may now choose to stay in College for a week in either term vacation. However in so doing the Committee had to decide what to do with the events that traditionally took place in "Juttoddie Week", i.e. Juttoddie itself, Golf Day and College Photos. It should be noted that "Elliott Fours" lapsed some years ago due to lack of a suitable venue and boats. It was agreed that Golf Day and the Photos should be held in the last week of second term. However it was decided to give Juttoddie a complete renovation and bring it forward in the calendar to a Sunday in April. Much thought was put into Juttoddie 1970 by the committee and particularly by the General Representative, Martin Haskett. For those who attended on Sunday, 12th April it was a memorable day described elsewhere in this magazine. The occasion cost the T.C.A.C. a good deal but the committee felt that it was better to have one really good social event than a number of second rate ones.

Another change in the social round was the introduction of mixed dinners with some of the women's colleges. In first term two were held, one with J.C.H. and one with Women's. The obvious effect of the first dinner in Trinity was that High Table was first to leave! The response to the first term dinners in particular would seem to guarantee their regular inclusion in the annual round.

The new Committee decided that the car was tending to dominate life in Trinity far too much so it decided to tighten up on access to the College grounds and car parking in general. The decision to close the College gate every night including weekends was not well received at

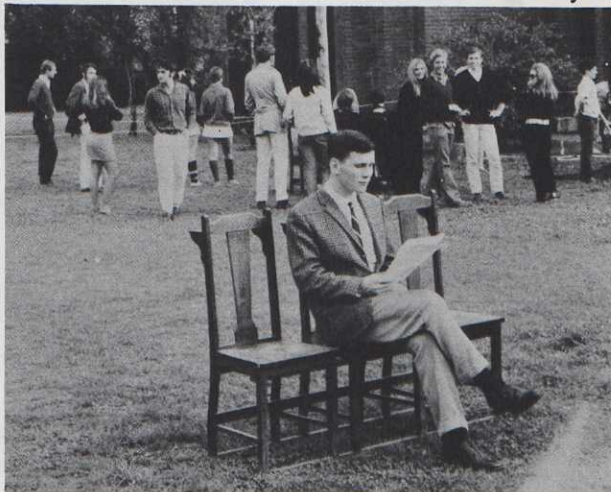
first but in time it was realized that the College was much quieter and less cluttered with parked cars than previously. The Dean, who would put any M.C.C. parking officer to shame for his thoroughness, has kept parking in general under strict control. The paving of the car park at the rear of Clarke's was almost completed in the long vacation and a new parking plan worked out by an architecture student which now means that those with rights to park have a neatly delineated and numbered allotment. However it should be noted that the charge for parking was trebled this year.

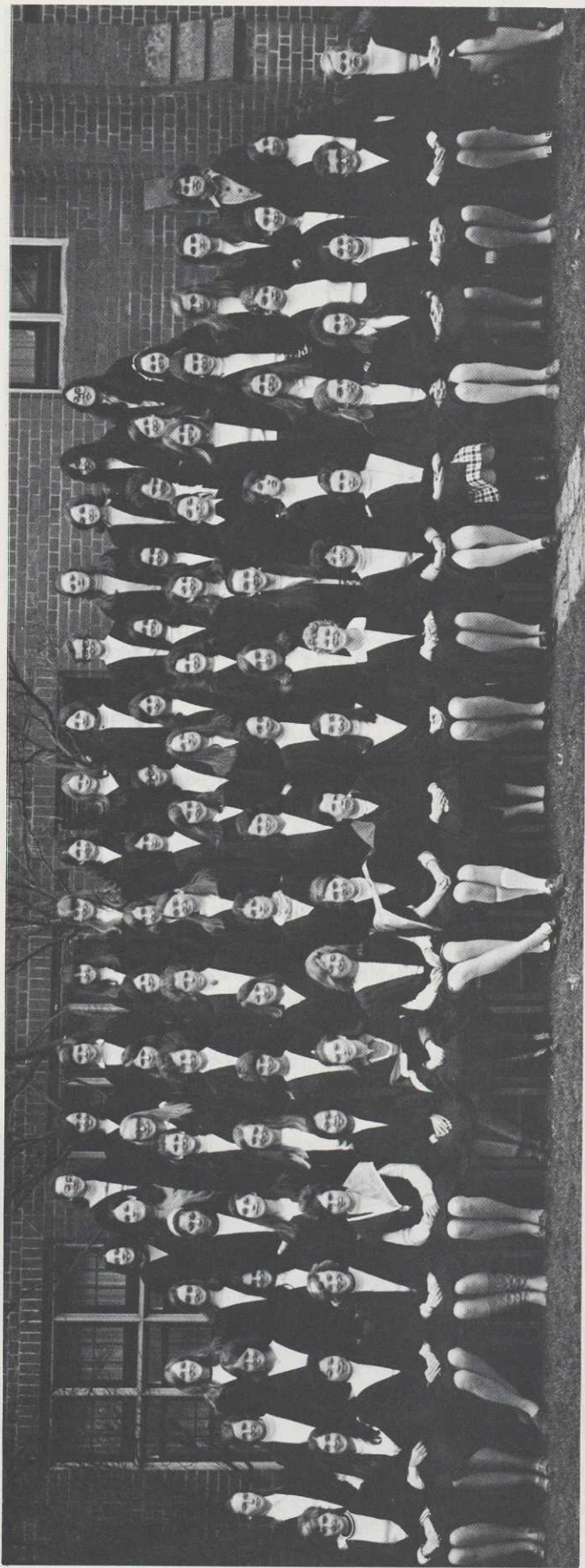
The Committee spent vast sums on lavish improvements to the Club facilities which included ten comfortable armchairs for the television viewers, the re-covering of the billiard table and the repainting of the squash court. However the committee was not so generous towards clean shoes, since one of its first acts was to abolish the provision of brushes and polish in each building. A College Appeal was run in third term 1969 from which nigh on \$500 was raised for St. Mary's Children's Mission in Alice Springs.

The last General Meeting for the current Committee was as memorable as its first but for different reasons. As a result of the present financial crisis of the College, which had been clearly outlined to the Junior Common Room by the Warden, a number of motions appeared on the agenda which embodied the first inklings in these hallowed walls of some of the concepts of the student power movement. The tone of the meeting was serious and the standard of debate particularly high and the real issues soon became clear. Firstly there was a strong feeling that the College Council and the Executive and Finance Committee were unrepresentative bodies and that student participation in both would be to the good; and, secondly, that communication between the administration and the student body and suprisingly, between the T.C.A.C. Committee and the student body, was lacking. The two motions concerning student representation on the College's governing bodies were passed, and are at present being considered. The Committee was most concerned at the apparent lack of communication between it and the student body and at its next meeting agreed to publish a precis of its minutes after each meeting.

The Committee as a group was efficient and cohesive. Each member carried out his task as he was required. This commendable state of affairs only reflected the constant oversight and capability of Robert Steward, the Senior Student, who coped with every situation with great coolness and sensitivity. Throughout the year there was a noticeable lack of tension between the Committee and the Dean and Warden which again reflects well on the individuals involved.

A. R. St. John





### JANET CLARKE HALL 1970

**Back Row:** Ann Nevill, Helen Sharp, Sally Jaques, Julie Prescott, Marilyn Hulett, Helen Bell, Margaret Armstrong, Marion Spiller, Helen Marks, Brenda Grabsch, Lorraine Jones, Paula Bun, Helen Lew Ton.

**Fourth Row:** Diana Scambler, Vanessa Landale, Lorene Day, Julia Wales, Jennifer Peters, Maree Randall, Celia Kneen, Kwee Tin Goh, Barbara Wearne, Jennifer Webb, Karen Pitt, Fiona Shaw, Alison Finlay, Jennifer Frieze.

**Third Row:** Lynette Slattery, Judith Manley, Gillian Canapini, Dianne Taylor, Elaine Murray, Susan Wilcox, Laurie Patrick, Ann Lewis, Suzanne Kirkwood, Jennifer Ross, Elizabeth Jones, Ann Cowling, Anne Skelley, Sally Stewart, Prue Hill, Judith Ross, Sally Kirkwood.

**Second Row:** Diana Jane Rouse, Ann Morton, Alison Tom, Susan McElhinney, Lucy Lyons, Robyn Vines, Elizabeth Friday, Glenda Mitchell, Elizabeth Young, Ronia Reid, Bronwen Coulstock, Vicki Martin, Miranda Jelbart, Wendy Hayes, Jeltje Fanoy, Kathryn Norman Pam Kaye, Carol Belot.

**Front Row:** Janet Cuthbertson, Diane Cameron, Lian Chiam, Dianne McDonald, Jane Drewett, Miss C. Mahavera, Miss G. Haigh, Miss R. von Trepp, Miss P. Whyte, Dr. E. Eden, Annita Brown, Sandra Fleming, Pippa Parkinson, Morfydd Sharp, Elizabeth Saunders, Gail Littlejohn, Sue Aitken, Vicki Stephens, Jan Bitcon.

**Absent:** Dr. Y. Aitken, Miss P. Grant, Mrs. M. Patrick, Mr. J. Patrick, Miss A. Smythe, Rose Bain, Sharon Bell, Mary Buchanan, Janet Campbell, Alison Condon, Sue Graham, Bronwyn Halls, Shurlee Hatley, Jennifer Hay, Stephanie Jackson, Janice Kidman, Elizabeth Lade, Margaret Lowing, Mary Lush, Janet McCallum, Barbara Stephens, Nancy Stockdale, Dianne Symons, Gillian Willett, Keryn Williams.

# J.C.H. COMMITTEE REPORT

Senior Student: Gaye Dunlop  
Annita Brown  
Secretary: Sandra Fleming  
Treasurer: Pippa Parkinson  
Librarian: Elizabeth Saunders  
Home Secretary: Morfydd Sharp

The most dynamic (though some said devastating), architectural doctoring which the college received this year, greeted ladies on their return in March—this was of course the great Scantlebury Facelift, possibly designed to enhance the northerly view from Upper Clarke following the removal of the fence between Trinity and J.C.H. The removal of the aforesaid fence may indeed be cited as a symbol of that anti-inhibitory, anti-isolationist current which seems to be manifesting itself more and more around the College.

The completion of the Manifold flats for tutors (which incidentally involved considerable alteration to the scene of the legendary Manifold maid murder) paved the way for the most challenging innovation of the year—a male resident!! (Ladies gazed disbelievingly at the room list). However Mr. Jim Patrick, whose prowess with things electrical was a welcome boon to the College community has proved an extremely placid rather than disruptive force in J.C.H.—even to the extent of refusing to represent the Hall in the Mr. University Contest—a function which could alternatively have been fulfilled by the ever-ready, ever-congenial Mr. Jack Sainty, “the soul of discretion”.

On a more serious level, it is true to say that despite the ever increasing encroachment of university life upon College life, a sense of community is still maintained in the College. This is instanced by the fact that relations between students and the administration are still very important. In addition to the continued informal communication with the Principal, this year full voting student representation on the College Council was attained. This has meant that the opinions and ideas of the student body could be presented to the Council. Also the Student Club meetings and the work of the Student Club Committee contribute to the maintenance of a definite community spirit within the place.

The social scene was no less impressive this year than in past years. The prestigious pinnacle of our calendar, the first term C.R.D. was indeed a whopping success. Possibly the most memorable occasion of the year however was the Blackwood Dinner, at which the guest of honour, Miss Enid Joske, who may in fact be said to embody all that is best in the history and nature of Janet Clarke Hall, entertained us with sparkling reminiscences from her time here as student and as Principal. She has indeed been aptly named the “Grand Old Lady of the Hall”.

The Essay Prize Dinner and the reading of a record number of essays was another enjoyable occasion. Topics ranged from war to roses from Tennyson to Utopia Felix. Our distinguished panel of judges comprised Professor Downing, Mother Joan (Principal of St. Mary's) and Mr. James McCaughey (lecturer in Classics). The winning essay was that by Miss Lucy Lyons concerning Women and the Occult. The ladies of the Hall were greatly flattered when called upon to play a greater part in this year's Juttoddie. A bevy of assorted lovelies graced the catwalk to parade in the Miss Trinity-J.C.H. Contest. Miss Anne Skelley, the successful entrant did a wonderful job being named Miss W.U.S.

Two successful exchange dinners were held with Trinity as well as a football encounter on the Bulpaddock. There was certainly added zest in the Trinity team when the J.C.H. ladies appeared in Newman football jumpers. Maybe this reflects the widening range of intercollegiate

activities this year. With the formation of an Inter-collegiate Council more college activities have been co-ordinated, and a very successful intercollegiate dinner was held in second term.

The year has also seen changes with regard to the place of freshers in college. Certainly the universal scape-goat type of fresher passed away years ago, but now all the periods of probation for freshers before privileges acquired have been abolished. The notorious Bell-Book-and Candle Initiation Ceremony has now been abolished, although the fresher's exam is to be re-instated and the appearance of those thirty resplendently-red-and-white marching girls at Juttoddie this year has set a precedent for some similar type of fresher performance each year.

Finally, the Ladies of the Hall wish to record their deep sorrow at the death of Dr. Barry Marshall, a friend much loved by all who knew him here.



## Images in Ice

Only a late sun  
—a caught gleam from the edge of winter,  
and the frigid trees  
—too dark to fear entwined isolation,  
and I  
slowly perpetuated in frozen motion  
listen  
to the wind's reverberation  
through empty, soulless wastes.  
The lash of hair on blind eyes  
cracking open in the late night,  
reddening  
against the street poles.  
Cold footsteps forget  
as the sky fades.

A sudden flame  
springs whitened.  
Forgive me  
for the wastelands that I turned to you  
—now an icy star  
laser-like sears the black branch,  
for the soundless cries  
which wondering, I shredded with my finger-nails.  
I knew not  
what I did; the wind and I;  
like the winter trees  
Being and Not—confused and interlaced.

Let the last sun shine again.  
Not this  
chill white night,  
torn strangely from the raw side  
of bleeding day;  
not this fear,  
the fear that you will never know  
that  
forgive is a twisted leaf  
on wire barbed and petrified.

Lucy Lyons

This poem has been awarded  
the third prize in the Fleur de  
Lys poetry competition.

### *Rocks*

*A slimy, all-engulfing flow of words  
is streaming down a helpless plain  
which only had small rocks in its defence.*

*I pick one up  
and throw it in with all my might  
to form my circles without end,  
each aiming to devour itself  
in trying to combine with all.*

*Jeltje Fanoy*

### *Monotone*

*Sown at night  
Between walls of purple mist  
And gossamer threads thrown by lights  
Autumn came softly to the city  
One night it fell with the rain.  
It draped everything with a lacquer veil;  
It crystallized muddy puddles lying on the asphalt;  
It bled the fires ashes white,  
And painted post boxes red.*

*Mounds of garbage secreted their warmth in the gutters,  
And the stray dogs  
Buried their noses deep within ubiquitous fleshy parts..  
Wind drained the road:  
Drawing eyes to leaden skies,  
A tenuous link.  
Disturbing autumn's reflection in the laundry tubs,  
Winter came to the city,  
It came with the wind, later that night  
And no one saw the colours  
Only the inside of their eyelids.*

*David Parsons*

This poem has been awarded  
the second prize in the Fleur  
de Lys poetry competition.

On 29th April, 1970, Mr. Sydney Wynne was brought into a meeting of the College Council and there received the formal thanks of the President (the Most Reverend Frank Woods, Archbishop of Melbourne) for his fifty years of service to the College. \* The Warden read the following citation:—

The Minute Book of the College Council informs us that on 3rd March, 1920 "it was resolved that Mr. S. Wynne be appointed a permanent employee of the College at £5 per week to keep the property of the Council in thorough order, and to be responsible for all repairs (other than paper-hanging and sanitary plumbing) that may be found necessary". In early March of 1970, after half a century of unbroken service, Mr. S. Wynne slipped quietly away, without any ceremony, into what we must presumably, describe as his retirement (although in his case the idea of retirement seems most unimaginable).

His connection with the College exceeds the fifty years of his employment, for his father was here before him, and as a small boy—a very small boy, let us hasten to say—Mr. Wynne knew the College in the halcyon days before the First World War. His experience, then, spans all phases of the College's history save for its very beginnings. All four Wardens have been personally known to him, and he has served under three of them.

He first worked for the College as an assistant to his father. His permanent employment, we have noted, began in 1920. Somewhat later he received the impressive title of Overseer, and as the years went by his authority in certain areas of College life grew to awesome proportions. Not for nothing was the story told of the innocent freshman who enquired of this commanding if casually attired figure where he could find the Warden; "I'm the bloody Warden", said Mr. Wynne, "what do you want?"

The two Wynnes, father and son, built the buildings we know as the Vatican and the Summer-house, with stone acquired somehow or other from Newman College and St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Sydney Wynne himself later built the men's domestic block, the Deanery, various extensions and other minor works, and gave close and invaluable attention to all other building undertaken during his period of service.

## SYD WYNNE

In 1950, when the College found itself unable to recruit a new Matron, Mr. Wynne took on the whole responsibility for house and catering in addition to his other duties. This very remarkable appointment was a measure of the Council's confidence in him, and he demonstrated over the following years that it was not misplaced.

In his relations with both domestic staff and students, Mr. Wynne was paternal in the best old-fashioned sense of that word—firm, indeed tough, tough and rough when occasion called for it, but always unfailingly kind. Many and many a student, over the generations—yes, and Tutors and College officers as well—knew his helping hand, his plain speaking, his sensible advice; many a member of the domestic staff was patiently nursed by him, both figuratively and literally, through physical or mental illness and other troubles.

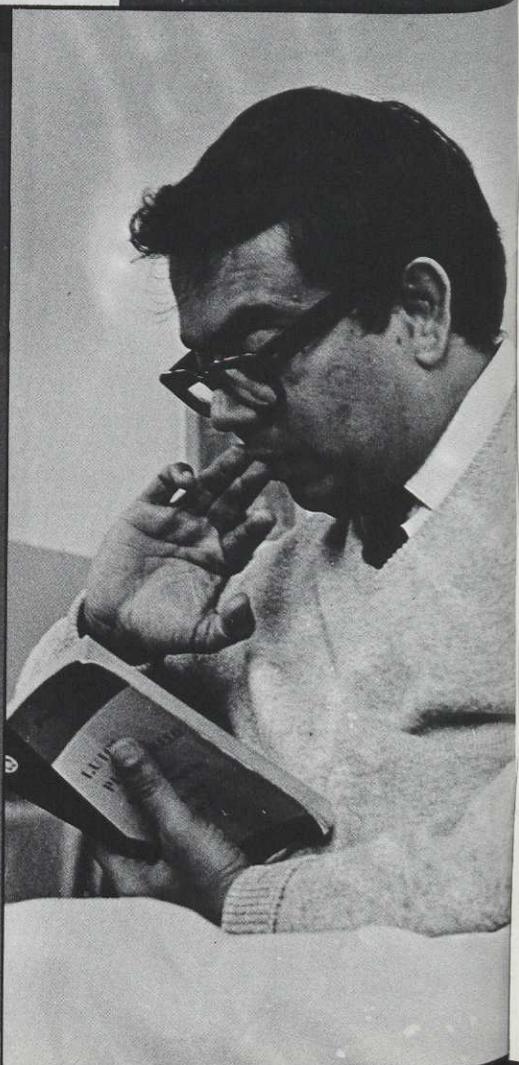
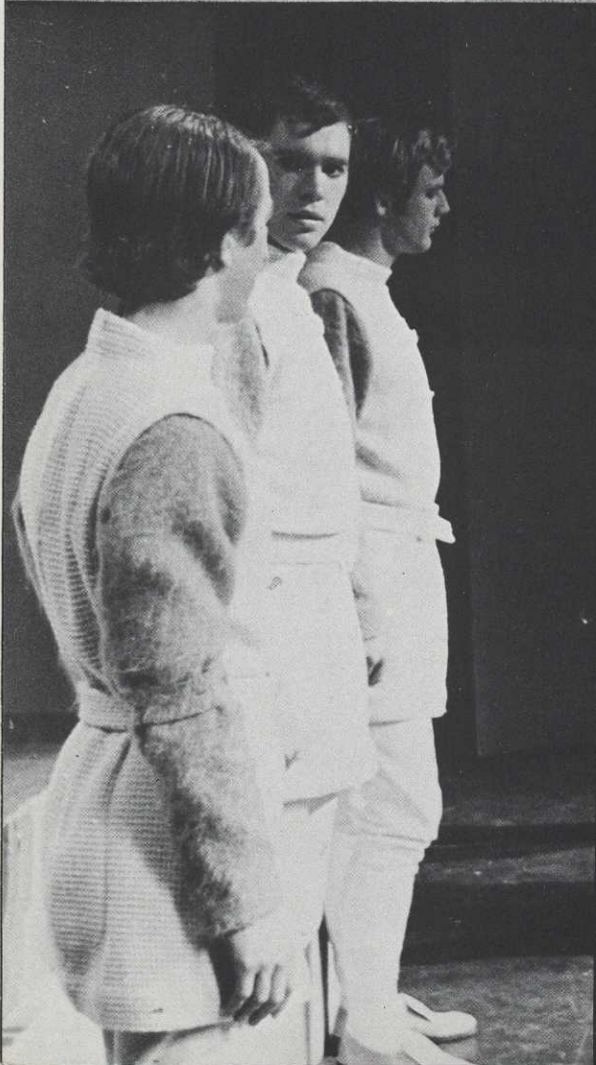
In his last years with us, Mr. Wynne seemed to embody in his own person the whole tradition of the place. He knew more about the College than all the rest of us, and what he did not know he was always cheerfully prepared to make up. Overseer, oracle, father-figure, he filled every horizon and stole every scene. It was almost impossible to believe that he could leave us, or that we could get on without him. Yet the day came, and the effort has had to be made.

And so, Mr. President, with pride, with affection, and in the knowledge that an era has been brought to an end, I present to you Sydney Arthur Wynne, to receive the formal thanks of this Council for his unique services to the College, and through the College to the University and the community.

\*Note: With his usual modesty, Mr. Wynne has been reluctant to attend a more public occasion when he might be thanked for his manifold services to the College and his friends.

### Syd Wynne Scholarship

The College Council has approved the institution of a Syd Wynne Scholarship to be awarded for the first time in 1971. Many members of the Union have contributed to this: the fund is still open.





## Ivy in Australia - a Fragment

Martha sighed and contemplated the stupidity of most of mankind.

"I can't imagine how those not liking music live."

Her brother glanced up. "Why do you say that? Music isn't everything".

"Music is everything. It is consolation."

"Consolation for what?"

"For life," she replied succinctly.

"Really Martha, you are becoming impossible. 'For life.' What a ridiculous thing to say. Who wants consolation for life? One only wants a holiday from it now and then."

At that moment he felt he represented the triumph of the middle way.

"That, Robert, is precisely what I mean. Music is a holiday and a consolation. It begins in silence and ends there. Life on the other hand has the nasty habit of chattering in all the wrong places. How much better music is than life!"

And she could rely on her brother's perversity. Robert said, "I dislike confessing that music quite bores me. To me a Beethoven quartet is like a hot desert—very long and sandy and one dies of thirst before reaching the end. And Bach!" He shuddered at the range of the human mind.

Martha became almost heavily rhapsodic. "The purity of Bach. It is so satisfactory. The Suites for 'cello—how clear and silvered and refreshing—like a mountain stream!"

"Like a mountain stream.' Come Martha, you will have to do better than that."

"I see nothing inappropriate in a babbling brook. It's cool and always reminds me of childish summer holidays. And really, Robert, you must refrain from this nasty jeering. It doesn't suit you. Or rather it does, which is worse."

"My dear sister, you allow me absolutely no freedom of existence, so how can I treat you with full seriousness. Like Victorian novels, you are one of life's moral policemen. Irony is my consolation."

"I dislike irony," she said, "because it has everything both ways. Life, on the other hand, never gives in more ways than one."

"You make the process sound like a soup-kitchen or an annual benevolent fund," said Robert with an agreeable air of deflation.

"You may sneer as much as you like because you want it and yet you don't. I want it but I think I should be rewarded for wanting it. Rewarded with consolation. Life really isn't very pleasant." Robert saw the Dark Gods gather in her brow so he broke off a piece of his own philosophy. "No, it isn't very pleasant, but then it's not really bad."

"Not bad all the time perhaps", Martha ungraciously conceded. "I have my 'cello."

"That, dear Martha, is no consolation for me. I regard it as a burden imposed upon me for the simple reason that we share the same house. God may be dead, but the devil isn't."

Blandly ignoring her brother's theological speculations, Martha replied, "That in turn, my dear brother, is the necessary pain you incur when you insist on not earning your own living. This isn't England you know and don't you forget."

"That thought, I admit, hadn't occurred to me. I suppose it isn't England. But should we

change to suit the environment? I doubt it. We should have as little to do with it as possible."

Martha realised that here she could indulge her deep philosophical vein.

"But surely" she said loftily, "that limits our significance."

"Significance!" Robert bit into it and felt blood between his teeth. "Higher education has certainly meant your downfall."

But Martha was not to be done into crudities. She decided momentarily to plunge into an irony, and felt thrilled at the extension of her human powers.

"That sounded almost sincere. Why, Robert, this is a victory. It's almost as though we had changed places, like characters in an improving novel. Nevertheless," she said, modulating to a tone of Miltonic earnestness, "I've always had a nasty feeling that somehow, here, we are outmoded. We know certain things, but in what seems to be a place of general ignorance, that does not count at all."

"That is strong social criticism, indeed. Australia a place of general ignorance! The thought astounds me."

"Perhaps you have not noticed it, but then I doubt that you could, Philistinism is rife. I always have the feeling that I am 19th century and that everyone else has declined and fallen into these later years. That is why I am basically conservative."

"Please" cried her brother in anguish, "please no politics! I cannot bear politics."

"There is little, it appears, that you *can* bear, dear Robert, so I will not burden you further. I shall retire to my room and play the second Brahms sonata. I have a recording of the piano part."

"Science allies with Art," her brother bleakly exclaimed. "Is there no rest in the world?" But Martha was determined to have the last word. "You are, at least, also 19th century. Indeed you are more archaic than I am. Perhaps that means you will survive longer."

"Probably" said her brother.

As the 'cello dragged itself up and down an erratic melodic line, Robert who was congenially stupid and occupationally irrelevant, meditated upon Time. As the 'cello sunk into a passage of demi-semiquavers and shuddered as it hit C-sharp, Robert meditated upon Time. Time Present and Time Past, but never Time Future, for that would expose both his fatuity and his infinite capacity for endurance. Martha would disappear long before he did, for such were the penalties of philosophical seriousness. She would never last because she believed, even if it were only in music. Martha had a mind and therefore an eternal grievance against the world, whereas Robert rarely diluted his experience with thought. If he could only be a pearl sewn on Time's flowing ribbon, he would be content. Nevertheless even Brahms can be exhausted and Martha soon returned with his body in her hands.

"Your sonata is in better shape" Robert said hopelessly, to placate her probable loss.

"Thank you, Robert," Martha replied. "Your compliments are all the better as they are so few."

"I trust I can see merit where it reposes" said Robert, carefully aiming at an empty grandeur.

"Merit never reposes. It is an active force," she said and almost drew fire from him.

"Merit is merit. It permits no further definition."

"My dear brother, your vacuousness positively irritates at times. Merit must be active. It is striving against odds. In my own case it was striving against my own ignorance and lack of discipline." Martha, as was her wont, sought refuge also in truisms.

"At times" replied her brother blithely, "I thought you were striving against Brahms, but I'm sure you finally reached amicable agreement."

"Merit" said Martha definitively, "is something you are doomed never to discover. You are not active. You are supine. Your life is a mother-of-pearl shell. You never penetrate outside it."

"I have a fair idea" said Robert judiciously. "I do not want to penetrate to the outside world. Australia is too rough and wild. I want only rest and quiet."

"We only know rest through toil," said Martha in earnest approximation of George Eliot. "I am beginning to realize the extent of your ignorance."

"I pretend to no world view, I must confess. But you forget that I too have a modest vocation as you would call it. You forget that I too write."

"Indeed I do not" said Martha, combining truth and the pleasant desire to cruelly criticize. "How could I forget that you are the only essayist in the Commonwealth writing on English gardens for 'Country Life'?"

"Sarcasm hardly meets the situation. I admit that my writing here in Australia is an anomaly, but why should I worry about it? Stranger and less rewarding things have happened. You surely admit that these are not the best of times, and that now we are here, we must stay. And as you so scrupulously point out, though I do not earn my own living, I do help us *live*."

Martha was almost drawn to his vision of the life struggle. "Last year was not propitious and I believe next will be worse. But," she hastened to point out, "you are aware of it only through me."

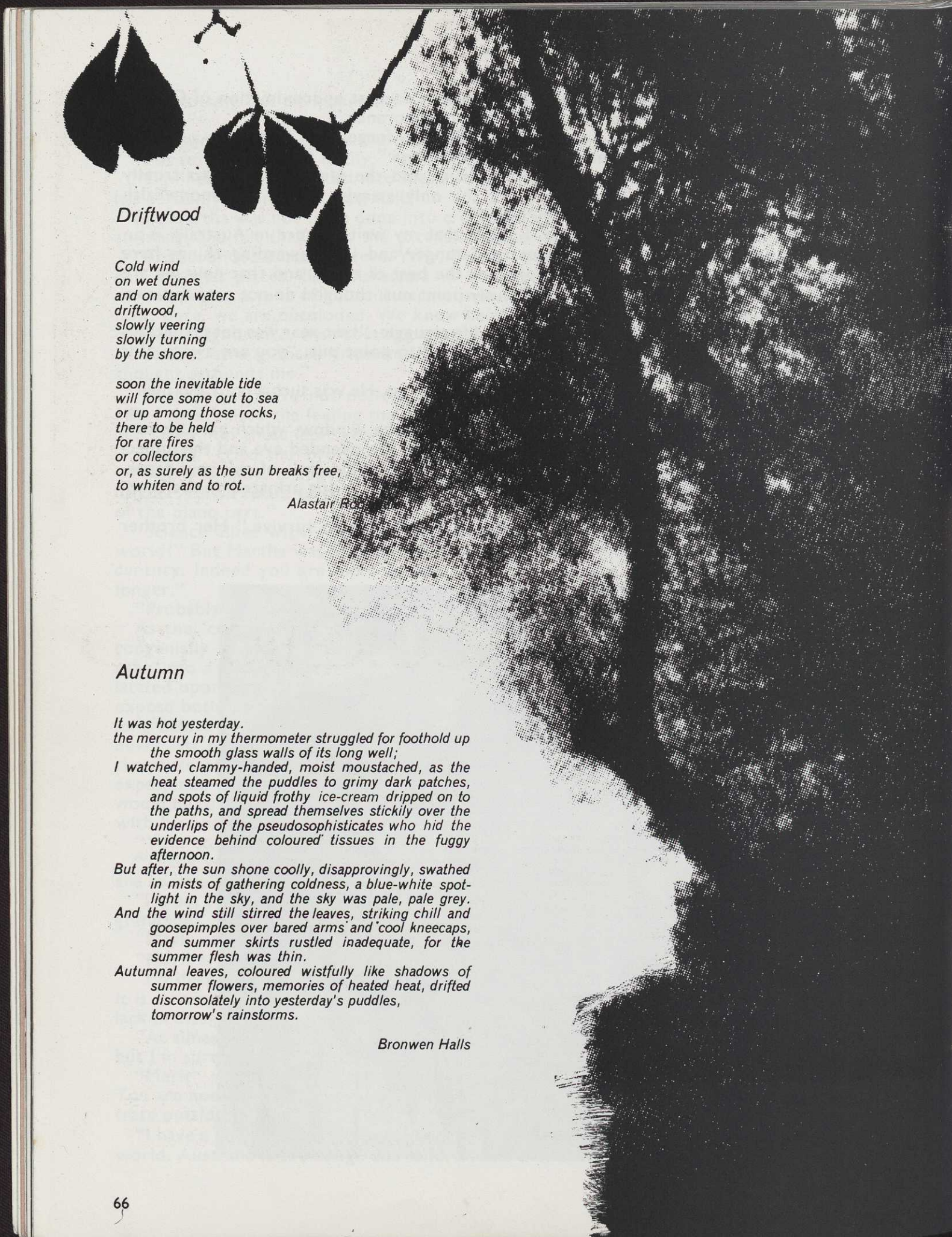
"I'm certain Brahms is the cause of your unpleasantness. He was such a *nasty* old man."

"He never suffered fools gladly," Martha replied.

But her brother, as if in reply, merely drew her to the window, which gave on to a suburban aspect of Sarsparilla. Gum trees still spoke to the offended eye and the impeccable vulgarity of brick-veneer presented itself with a stolid lack of self-confidence. Children scampered on the footpath and sang obscene songs. A dog urinated on the lamp-post which divided their view of Ruby Parade.

"Sometimes" said Martha heavily, "I really don't think I *can* survive." Her brother smiled. "Possibly," he said.





## Driftwood

*Cold wind  
on wet dunes  
and on dark waters  
driftwood,  
slowly veering  
slowly turning  
by the shore.*

*soon the inevitable tide  
will force some out to sea  
or up among those rocks,  
there to be held  
for rare fires  
or collectors  
or, as surely as the sun breaks free,  
to whiten and to rot.*

*Alastair Robertson*

## Autumn

*It was hot yesterday.  
the mercury in my thermometer struggled for foothold up  
the smooth glass walls of its long well;  
I watched, clammy-handed, moist moustached, as the  
heat steamed the puddles to grimy dark patches,  
and spots of liquid frothy ice-cream dripped on to  
the paths, and spread themselves stickily over the  
underlips of the pseudosophisticates who hid the  
evidence behind coloured tissues in the fuggy  
afternoon.*

*But after, the sun shone coolly, disapprovingly, swathed  
in mists of gathering coldness, a blue-white spot-  
light in the sky, and the sky was pale, pale grey.  
And the wind still stirred the leaves, striking chill and  
goosepimples over bared arms and cool kneecaps,  
and summer skirts rustled inadequate, for the  
summer flesh was thin.*

*Autumnal leaves, coloured wistfully like shadows of  
summer flowers, memories of heated heat, drifted  
disconsolately into yesterday's puddles,  
tomorrow's rainstorms.*

*Bronwen Halls*



# SCHOLASTIC SCOREBOARD

## SALVETE

JANET CLARKE HALL

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## TRINITY COLLEGE

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## VALETE—DECEMBER 1969

JANET CLARKE HALL

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## TRINITY COLLEGE

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## JANET CLARKE HALL

### FIRST CLASS HONOURS

A. Brown	Surgery
A. Cowling	Dental Prosthetics
L. Day	Theory of Statistics
	French I
	German I
L. Donnelly	Chief Practice IV
	Harmony Counter Part IV
	Art of Teaching
	Elementary Accountancy
S. Donnelly	Middle English
	Early English Lyric
	Poetry and Prose
J. Earls	Advanced Constitutional Law
	Legal Persons
S. Fleming	Medieval French Language
F. Frew	Pathology
B. Forster	Legal Persons
L. Gillett	Honours History G
K. T. Goh	Technical Essay
	Professional Practice
S. Graham	Physics I (Agriculture Course)
	Biology I (Agriculture Course)
	Agricultural Geology
G. Haigh	School of History (Final Year)
S. Hamer	Honours History G
	English Literature III
S. Hatley	Honours History F
W. Haves	Physics (Veterinary Course)
M. Hulett	General Microbiology
M. Jelbart	English I (Honours)
	Epistemology, Logic and Method
	Formal Logic
C. Kneen	Agriculture II
	Agricultural Economy II

## JANET CLARKE HALL

### SECOND CLASS HONOURS

M. Lewis	Psychology IIIA (Honours)
M. Lush	Agriculture II
	Agricultural Botany II
J. McCallum	Biochemistry I (Agriculture Course)
D. McDonald	Chemistry IA
	English I (Honours)
J. Miers	British History (Honours)
	Elementary Old Norse
	Middle English
	12th and 20th Century Novels
	Poetry and Prose
J. Peters	English Literature II
M. Randall	Veterinary Biochemistry
J. Roddick	Aesthetics
	Greek Philosophy
D. Scambler	Psychology IIA
	Psychology IIB
M. Sharp	Honours History A
	Honours History D
A. Skelley	English I (Honours)
	British History (Honours)
M. Spiller	Psychology I
N. Stockdale	Physics IA
D. Symons	Biology
D. Taylor	European History A
A. Tom	Pure Mathematics II
K. Williams	Bacteriology
	Biochemistry II
	Virology
M. Abbot	Honours History
	Theory and Method of History
K. Bell	Applied Mathematics I
	Chemistry IB
	Physics IA
M. Capell	English I (Honours)
J. Fanoy	German I
	Dutch I
L. Gillett	British History (Honours)
K. T. Goh	Building Science IV
S. Graham	Chemistry I (Agriculture Course)
S. Hatley	Social History
S. Kirkwood	Chemistry IB
A. Kupa	Applied Pharmacology
	Pathology
	Microbiology

M. Lewis	Psychology IIB
M. Lush	Agricultural Chemistry
J. Peters	English Language II
D. Symons	Chemistry IB
A. Tom	Chemistry IIA
G. Willett	Chemistry IA
K. Bell	Pure Mathematics I
E. Blackburn	School of Biochemistry (Final Year)
E. Gray	Physics (Veterinary Course)
	Biology (Veterinary Course)
J. Glass	Theory of Computation II
V. Hamilton	Translation Greek III
	Translation Latin III
	History of Syntax
C. Hopping	School of History (Final Year)
L. Laurence	School of Economics (Final Year)
V. Santer	Virology
A. Thwaites	Building Science V

## TRINITY COLLEGE

### FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1969

L. Curran	Property Conveyance
R. Fincher	Geography I (Honours)
	British History (Honours)
	Psychology I
E. Gray	Chemistry (Veterinary Course)
D. Grice	Physics (Veterinary Course)
	Biology (Veterinary Course)
V. Hamilton	Text Comparative Philosophies
J. Henderson	Chemistry (Medicine Course)
	Physics
	Biology
R. Lenan	English Language II
	Chinese II
J. McCalman	Honours History C
	Honours History E
S. McPhee	Psychology IIB
R. Pillar	Agriculture II
	Agricultural Chemistry
	Agricultural Botany II
	Contract
K. Pitt	Biology
J. Ross	Bacteriology
V. Santer	Biology II
	Latin III
K. Small	Honours History B
A. Thwaites	Building Construction V
	Professional Practice C
	Building Economy I
P. Westbrook	Modern Government A
H. Roddis	Principles of Education
R. Kelly	Method of Teaching
	Statistical Method
	Economics C
	Economic History
	Economics B
C. J. Abell	Dynamics of Machines II
	Applied Thermodynamics II
	Fluid Mechanics I
P. T. Ackland	Design III
	Measured Drawing
G. S. Baldwin	Chemistry IIB
	Biochemistry II
	Physics II
I. D. Bishop	Commercial Law I
R. T. Blamey	Physics I
D. J. Brumley	Pure Mathematics II
R. K. Y. Chan	Applied Mathematics II
	Theory of Computation I
C. J. Commons	Chemistry IIA
G. A. Crebbin	Chemistry IB
	Engineering Mathematics I
M. J. Crossley	Chemistry IIIA
C. D. Corder	Epistemology, Logic & Methodology
	English Literature II
J. D. Davies	Honours History F
	Honours History G
	Chemistry IB
D. A. Emstie	Final Honours History
D. P. B. Fitzpatrick	Chemistry IIC
J. A. Fleming	Metallurgy IA
	Surgery
H. C. McA. Foster	Theory of Statistics II
W. F. Foster	Physics IV
J. M. Gardiner	Geography III
T. G. Glanville	Economic History B
I. R. Gowrie-Smith	Final Division I (Commerce)
A. H. Green	Chemistry IB

M. D. Hamer  
Pure Mathematics I  
Chemistry IA  
Physics IA  
Biology I  
Applied Mathematics I  
Mechanics of Solids I  
Economics III  
Economic History B  
Final Division I (Commerce)  
Securities and Creditors Rights  
Physics I  
Physics I  
Surgery  
Medicine  
Obstetrics and Gynaecology  
Jurisprudence  
Constitutional Law  
Equity  
Chemistry IIIA  
Anatomy IIA  
Physiology and Biochemistry  
Civil Engineering II  
Design III  
Building Construction III  
Professional Practice  
Physics IA  
Physics I  
Physics IIIA  
Applied Thermodynamics II  
Dynamics of Machines II  
Engineering Design II  
Fluid Mechanics I  
Mechanics of Solids II  
Physics I  
Chemistry IIC  
Physics I  
Chemistry I  
Pure Mathematics III  
Chemistry IA  
Physics I  
Engineering I  
Pure Mathematics I  
Applied Mathematics I  
Accountancy I  
Statistical Method  
Applied Thermodynamics I  
Dynamics of Machines I  
Mechanics of Solids I  
Physics IV  
Civil Engineering II  
Mechanical Engineering (final)  
Chemistry IV  
Chemistry IIIA  
Medical Science (final examination)

D. P. M. Hawker  
R. D. Hocking  
A. W. Hodgart  
J. R. Harry  
N. A. W. Ingram  
S. H. Korman  
M. R. Luxton  
R. C. Macaw  
I. D. Macleod  
M. Nathar  
R. M. Niall  
D. J. Oppenheim  
J. M. Pearce  
P. H. P. Pearce  
I. E. Penrose  
G. E. Pleasance  
M. H. Rose  
A. C. Rossiter  
D. McR. Russell  
I. G. Seddon  
D. R. Stevenson  
R. J. Stewart  
R. J. Trembath  
J. E. Tibbals  
S. D. Trinca  
C. L. Wharton  
P. L. Weickhardt  
D. E. Yates  
A. W. Boyd

## TRINITY COLLEGE SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1969

C. J. Arup  
C. J. Abell  
W. L. Abbott  
L. F. Bartlett  
D. J. M. Bainbridge  
W. G. Barton  
R. C. Bassett  
R. J. Bastiaan  
R. S. Benson  
D. J. Brumley  
B. C. Clarke  
R. G. A. Clarke  
T. J. Colebatch  
G. A. Crebbin  
J. A. Connors  
A. L. Cunningham  
N. J. Collins  
G. G. Durbridge  
P. D. Elliott  
Political Sociology  
Engineering Design II  
Engineering Mathematics IIIA  
System Theory I  
Equity  
Chemistry IB  
Physics I  
Chemistry I  
Biology I  
Administrative Law  
Equity  
Physics I  
Physics I  
Biology I  
Physics I  
Biology I  
Animal Husbandry  
Legal Persons  
Taxation  
Final Examination in Law  
English Literature III  
Indian Studies III  
Physics IA  
Introduction to Legal Method  
Pathology  
Microbiology  
Applied Pharmacology  
Physics IA  
Pure Mathematics I  
Applied Mathematics I  
History and Philosophy of Science I  
Torts

D. A. Emslie  
I. G. Farran  
G. R. Fleming  
J. A. Fleming  
M. Forwood  
H. C. McA. Foster  
W. F. Foster  
S. C. Fowler  
D. P. Garrett  
J. A. Gibson  
T. G. Glanville  
G. R. Grantham  
A. H. Green  
A. W. F. Hamer  
R. W. Harper  
J. R. Harry  
J. W. Heath  
A. W. Heinz  
J. D. Higgs  
E. P. Hobson  
R. D. Hocking  
A. D. Holmes  
R. T. Howard  
B. Howman  
A. K. Horwood  
N. A. W. Ingram  
M. J. James  
D. W. P. Hay  
N. D. Johnston  
A. M. Kemp  
P. J. Kennon  
I. A. C. Kilbey  
S. H. Korman  
C. C. Kneen  
M. I. Lees  
C. J. Lovell  
R. C. Macaw  
R. C. MacKay  
D. G. McDonald  
P. S. Moss  
G. D. Munn  
P. J. Nice  
D. A. North  
R. H. Noble  
L. M. Nuttall  
D. C. O'Byrne  
R. G. Olsen  
D. A. Parsons  
J. F. Patrick  
J. M. Pearce  
P. H. P. Pearce  
I. E. Penrose  
G. L. Pike  
A. J. Robertson  
J. M. Rositis  
A. G. Rossiter  
M. H. Rose  
T. J. Russell  
P. H. Siede  
D. Silver  
J. C. Sharp  
D. W. Slessar  
I. G. Seddon  
P. S. Smith  
J. D. Sneddon  
M. A. Stephens  
R. J. Stewart  
P. W. Stawell  
C. R. Stockdale  
P. A. Swain  
Applied Mathematics I  
Chemistry I  
Electronics II  
Chemical Engineering I  
Criminal Law  
Medicine  
Obstetrics and Gynaecology  
Pure Mathematics III  
Pathology  
Final Commerce  
Modern Government A  
Honours History E  
Property  
Pure Mathematics I  
Geology I  
Anatomy  
Physiology and Biochemistry  
Surgery  
Legal Persons  
Taxation  
Final Examination in Law  
Zoology III  
Physics I  
Applied Thermodynamics I  
Dynamics of Machines I  
Advanced Constitutional Law  
Legal Persons  
Mathematical Economics  
Surgery  
Chemistry IB  
Engineering Mathematics I  
Chemistry I  
Chemistry I  
Chemistry I  
Pure Mathematics I  
Chemistry IB  
Modern Government A  
Economics II  
Statistical Method  
Applied Thermodynamics I  
Chemistry IIC  
Jurisprudence  
Equity  
Mercantile Law  
Chemistry IA  
Biology I  
Chemistry I  
Physics I  
Engineering I  
Physics I  
Criminal Law  
Evidence  
Administrative Law  
Philosophy IB  
European History A  
Legal Persons  
Biology I  
Physics I  
Physics I  
Civil Engineering II  
Modern Government A  
Applied Thermodynamics I  
Dynamics of Machines  
Mechanics of Solids  
Applied Mathematics I  
Physics IB  
Criminal Law  
Constitutional History  
Electronics II  
Chemistry IB  
Chemistry I  
Biology I  
Pure Mathematics III  
Final Honours English  
Modern Government B  
Music A  
Geology II  
Chemistry I  
Biochemistry and Physiology  
Statistical Method  
Physics I & Biology I  
Introduction to Legal Method  
Economic Geography I  
Applied Mathematics III  
Civil Engineering II  
Zoology IIIA  
European History A  
Economics B  
Economic History A  
Criminal Law  
Agriculture II  
Botany II  
Introduction to Legal Method  
Psychology I

J. H. Telfer  
 C. P. H. Thomas  
 R. N. Thomas  
 H. H. Turnbull  
 R. N. Vickery  
 J. H. Walker  
 G. T. Whipp  
 P. G. Willocks

Legal Persons  
 Final Examination in Law  
 Geography II  
 Final Honours French and Latin  
 Dynamics of Machines I  
 Mechanics of Solids  
 Engineering Mathematics II  
 Contract  
 Property  
 Physics I  
 Engineering Mathematics I  
 Chemistry I  
 Chemistry IIB  
 Physiology & Biochemistry  
 Legal History

## JANET CLARKE HALL EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES

Mary Lush  
 Agriculture Part II—Law Somner Prize  
 Elizabeth C. Newton  
 Conservative Dentistry—Final Year B.D.Sc.—Frances Gray Prize  
 Dental Science—Ernest Joske Memorial Prize  
 Dental Science—Fifth Year (shared)  
 Jennifer Marie Peters  
 Eng. Lang. Part II and Eng. Lit. Part II—Alexander Sutherland Prize  
 Carolyn Mary Hopping  
 History—Final Examination, Arts—Dwight Final Examination Prize (shared)  
 Margaret Kiddle Prize—Essay (shared)  
 Ann Kupa  
 Microbiology and Epidemiology (Div. III, M.B., B.S.)—Ramsay Prize  
 Katherine Jackson  
 Hillier Prize  
 Elizabeth Blackburn  
 Wyeslaskie Scholarship in Natural Sciences

## TRINITY COLLEGE UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES, 1969

Christopher J. Abell  
 Applied Thermodynamics II—Dixon Scholarship  
 Graham S. Baldwin  
 Biochemistry II—Dunlop Rubber Company Exhibition  
 Richard K. Y. Chan  
 Applied Mathematics II—Dixon Scholarship  
 Christopher J. Commons  
 Chemistry (Second Year)—Shell Exhibition  
 William D. T. Cowan  
 Economics C 3—Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibition  
 Christopher D. Corder  
 Ancient History—Rosemary Merlo Prize  
 Maxwell J. Crossley  
 Chemistry—James Cuming Memorial Scholarship  
 John D. Davies  
 Australian History—Gyles Turner Prize  
 David P. B. Fitzpatrick  
 History—Dwight Final Examination Prize (shared)  
 History—Margaret Kiddle Prize—Essay (shared)  
 James A. Fleming  
 Chemical Engineering I—Esso Australia Prize  
 Michael D. Hamer  
 Applied Mathematics I—Dixon Scholarship  
 Chemistry IA—Dwight's Prize (shared)  
 Pure Mathematics I—John MacFarland Exhibition  
 Alan W. Hodgart  
 Economic History B—Katharine Woodruff Memorial Exhibition  
 Michael R. Luxton  
 Medicine—Division IV, M.B., B.S.—Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship  
 Medicine—Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship  
 Clinical Gynaecology—Hubert Sydney Jacobs Prize  
 Neo-Natal Paediatrics—Kate Campbell Prize  
 Psychiatry—John Adey Prize  
 Surgery—Division IV, M.B., B.S.—Beaney Scholarship (shared)  
 Surgery—Robert Gartly Healy Scholarship (shared)  
 Muhamed Nathar  
 Anatomy Exhibition (Division IIA)  
 Ian D. Macleod  
 Chemistry—Union Carbide Australia Limited Prize (shared)

Robert M. Niall  
 Civil Engineering—Final Honours Examination Argus Scholarship  
 Civil Engineering—Institute of Engineers (Australia) Prize  
 David J. Oppenheim  
 Architecture—third year—Nell Norris Scholarship  
 Ian G. Seddon  
 Applied Mathematics III—Dixon Scholarship  
 Pure Mathematics III—Dixon Scholarship  
 Duncan R. Stevenson  
 Engineering I—H.B. Howard Smith Exhibition  
 Robert J. Stewart  
 Accountancy I—Australian Society of Accountants Exhibition  
 Statistical Method—Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibition  
 Richard J. Trembath  
 Applied Thermodynamics I and Dynamics of Machines I—Esso Australia Prize  
 Philip L. Weickhardt  
 Chemistry—Dixon Research Scholarship  
 David E. Yates  
 Chemistry IIIA—Dixon Scholarship (shared)

## DEGREES CONFERRED 1969-70 TRINITY COLLEGE

BACHELOR OF ARTS  
 William Severn Clarke B.Sc.  
 Richard John Gilmour-Smith B.Sc.  
 Michael Conrad Irvine Salvaris  
 John Harold Telfer  
 Roger Thomas Sharr

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS  
 David Patrick Brian Fitzpatrick  
 Peter Balshaw McPhee  
 Richard Nutter Thomas

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE  
 William Dean Trafford Cowan B.E.  
 Richard Errington Gaylard LL.B.  
 Rodney Lester Charles Hoad  
 Anthony Harrie Ashmore Pyman LL.B.

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE WITH HONOURS  
 Phillip Ean Cohen  
 David Peter Garrott

BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING  
 Robert James Mackie  
 Robert Hewett Noble  
 Robert Mansfield Niall  
 Hew Gardner Richards  
 Peter Selby Smith  
 Donald John Walker  
 Christopher Lynne Wharton  
 Simon David Trinca  
 Alan James Higgs

BACHELOR OF LAWS  
 Ian John Gude  
 Andrew Frank Guy  
 Paul William Haskett  
 Russell Rupert Hammond  
 Richard James MacKenzie  
 Gregory David Munn  
 Michael Conrad Irvine Salvaris B.A.

BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HONOURS  
 John Richard Harry  
 Edward Paul Hobson  
 Anthony Harrie Ashmore Pyman  
 Gordon Raymond Ritter  
 John Harold Telfer B.A.

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE & BACHELOR OF SURGERY  
 Hamish Cromie McArthur Foster B.Sc.  
 Richard Wayman Harper  
 Thomas Hasker  
 Anthony David Holmes  
 Michael Randle Luxton  
 Robert John MacGregor B.Sc.  
 Ian Charles Mitchell

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE  
 William Severn Clarke  
 Michael Robert Gibbons

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS  
 James Morison Gardiner  
 James Finlay Patrick  
 John Earl Tibballs  
 Philip Leonard Weickhardt

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE  
Anthony Owen a Beckett  
Richard Matheson Molesworth

DIPLOMA IN SOCIAL STUDIES  
Peter John Hollingworth B.A.

MASTER OF ARTS  
Garry Richard Davey B.A.  
Alfred William Smith B.Com., Dip.Ed.

MASTER OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE  
James Allen Beck B.E.

MASTER OF SCIENCE  
Raymond Keith Watson B.Sc.

MASTER OF DENTAL SCIENCE  
Geoffrey John Pullen B.D.Sc.

MASTER OF MUSIC  
Graham Barry Hair B.Mus.

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY  
Richard Charles Oppenheim B.Sc.

## JANET CLARKE HALL

SENIOR COMMON ROOM  
Miss Y. Aitken: Doctorate of Agricultural Science  
Miss C. McDowell: Master of Science (Physics)

BACHELOR OF ARTS  
Jane Drewett  
Lorraine Emslie  
Ann Heazlewood  
Joanne Heinz  
Katriona MacLeod  
Faye Stuckey  
Margarethe Wainwright  
Felicity Williams  
Julie Sheffield  
Jill Barton  
Jennifer Hooks

BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS  
Carolyn Hopping  
Georgina Haigh

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE  
Bronwyn Birrell  
Louise Langford  
Mary Lahore

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS  
Elizabeth Blackburn  
Diedre Goldsmith  
Meredith Kefford

BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE  
Joanna Cowan  
Valerie Major  
Robyn Pillar

BACHELOR OF MUSIC  
Judith Kennett  
Jennifer Whimpey  
Leona Donnelly

BACHELOR OF LAWS  
Judith Earls  
Barbara Forster  
Katherine Derham

BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY  
Katherine Jackson  
Robyn Mason  
Margaret Pascoe

BACHELOR OF COMMERCE  
Heather Stuchberry  
Jane Laurence

BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE  
Ann Thwaites

DIPLOMA OF EDUCATION  
Meg Cowling  
Judith Kennett  
Nicola King

## THEOLOGICAL STUDENTSHIPS

RUPERTSWOOD  
UPTON-EVERIST  
MARLEY  
BISHOP'S  
KEW  
GREEN  
MOOREHOUSE  
COMBEDOWN

G. M. Tisdall  
A. R. St. John  
A. W. Curnow  
P. R. Thompson  
D. Van Dissel  
B. W. Shaw  
A. G. Roosemale-Cocq  
E. C. Byford

## COUNCIL'S NON-RESIDENT'S EXHIBITIONS

C. D. Cordner; T. G. Glanville; I. R. Gowrie-Smith; R. D. Hocking; R. C. Macaw; J. M. N. Nathar; D. McR. Russell; S. R. Shelmerdine.

## COUNCIL'S GRADUATE SCHOLARS

J. M. Gardiner; P. L. Weickhardt; J. E. Tibballs

## TRINITY MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS

F. L. ARMYTAGE SCHOLARS  
E. J. D. Ogden; P. H. P. Pearce

A. M. WHITE SCHOLARS  
G. S. Baldwin; J. A. Fleming; R. J. Stewart; I. D. Macleod.

CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL SCHOLARS  
M. D. Hamer; D. R. Stevenson.  
R. & L. ALCOCK SCHOLARS  
R. K. Y. Chan; R. J. Trembath.

HENRY BERTHAN SCHOLAR  
G. E. Pleasance

CLARKE SCHOLAR  
A. W. Hodgart

PERRY SCHOLAR  
J. D. Davies  
SIMON FRAZER (THE YOUNGER) SCHOLAR  
C. J. Abell

GRICE SCHOLAR  
M. J. Crossley.

C. J. Commons; G. A. Crebbin; A. W. F. Hamer; A. L. Cunningham.

## COUNCIL MAJOR SCHOLARS

CHARLES HEBDEN MEMORIAL BURSARY  
M. I. Haskett

## TRINITY MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS

ELIZABETH HEBDEN SCHOLAR  
C. P. H. Thomas

## COUNCIL MINOR SCHOLARS

A. D. C. Fisher; A. Gordon, N. J. Collins; N. A. W. Ingram; W. F. Foster; I. E. Penrose;  
A. G. Rossiter.

## cabbage happiness

in between  
the prussian blue light and the soup fog night  
a worm train  
pumping wheels in fury  
locking steel to sun-splashed rails  
riding slashed wind  
creaks like a cliff  
smashed by persecuted waves  
whilst things

forever happen  
and  
never exist.

in answer  
the leavened flat earth slides like a yellow rose  
from the marin's costume and grenade  
writing on pumpkin in braille  
the white peril in ships  
from white hall to washington  
opens windows

on aborigines  
on asians  
on acid

inside the wind  
tossed and baked in its course  
spinning  
a tumbleweed around the earth  
a magpie mottled like the moon  
bends in flight  
swoops like oil  
breaks its glide

and stops  
on a wire  
to brake the world in two

in all in all  
towed by shifting shoreline and air-filled west flies  
convicts and squatters  
in fear and hope brought their  
prisons  
quartermasters  
sheep

to explore the eucalyptus  
chained to blood soil of the sun

in our minds now  
everything is on trial  
for we know/sense that life itself is at stake  
that things will be changed  
the pilots of an alternative existence  
flying with their own wings  
the shoemakers of new sandals  
making words that speak  
the potters of future jars  
crocheting ice winds into sounds

like winter geese  
a being not yet become a bird  
not yet spun

Stephen Sheinmerdine

With great decisiveness, we let the articles received determine the theme. Articles criticising colleges from outside, and supporting them from within began to shape it. With more unrest in colleges—and a general dying of old-style college spirit, an examination of reasons and changes seemed to be appropriate. We have tried to keep personal opinion out of it—we neither support nor condone the articles herein—nor do we suppose that very much has been said in them—space and the spectrum of opinion prevent that. We have tried to keep the magazine as a record of the year as well, which we believe it should be. Due note has been given to sporting achievements, and scholastic success, but we are saddened by the general lack of interest in the arts—poetry reading, debating. We have had no trouble in filling the magazine, but it would appear that any auxillary literary magazine would have trouble justifying its existence.

Much seems to have been contributed by too few. Thanks must go to: Chris Lovell, Geoffrey Rex, Stan Moss, Sandra Fleming, Rob Johanson, Marion Spiller, Lorraine Jones, Elaine Murray, Miranda Jelbart, the Dean, the Chaplain and Robert Clemente for his helpful advice.

Also we give special thanks to Anne Skelley for her help in lay-out, and Jan Bitcon in typing and Bill Newton for his sketches.

This magazine was type-set and printed by Ennis & Willis, Highett, and is classified as a periodical, classification B, registered for transmission by post.

## cabbage happiness

in between  
the prussian blue light and the soup fog night  
a worm train  
pumping wheels in fury  
locking steel to sun-splashed rails  
riding slashed wind  
creaks like a cliff  
smashed by persecuted waves  
whist things

forever happen  
and  
never exist.

in answer  
the leavened flat earth slides like a yellow rose  
from the marin's costume and granade  
writing on pumpkin in braille  
the white peril in ships  
from white hall to washington  
opens windows

on aborigines  
on asians  
on acid

inside the wind  
tossed and baked in its course  
spinning  
a tumbleweed around the earth  
a magpie mottled like the moon  
bends in flight  
swoops like oil  
breaks its glide

and stops  
on a wire  
to brake the world in two

in all in all  
towed by shifting shoreline and air-filled west flies  
convicts and squatters  
in fear and hope brought their

prisons  
quartermasters  
sheep  
to explore the eucalyptus  
chained to blood soil of the sun

in our minds now  
everything is on trial  
for we know/sense that life itself is at stake  
that things will be changed  
the pilots of an alternative existence  
flying with their own wings  
the shoemakers of new sandals  
making words that speak  
the potters of future jars  
crocheting ice winds into sounds

like winter geese  
a being not yet become a bird  
not yet spun

Stephen Sheinerman



## TRINITY COLLEGE

### Back Row: L to R

A. Rossitter, P. Siede, P. Vickery, J. Murray, G. Mariager, D. Moroney, W. Reddington, C. Freeman, C. Kelley, S. W. Wilson, B. Cheung, J. Connors, A. Lang, P. Gason, B. Howman, D. Parsons, F. Price, H. Pearce, C. Laycock, R. Benson, A. Heinz, P. Godfrey, I. Farran, R. Howard, D. Bainbridge, C. Kneen, J. Scott, D. Slessar, R. Deans, W. Gardiner.

### 2nd Back Row: L to R

D. Emslie, M. Rose, T. Blamey, C. Wriedt, J. Walker, A. Armstrong, F. Birch, W. Gibb, B. Gilbert, D. Stevenson, P. Nice, P. Cashman, A. Gordon, P. Rodeck, R. Chan, G. Tisdall, W. Barton, M. O'Connor, J. Gibson, F. Ross, J. Callinan, P. Ross, A. Kemp, M. James, R. de Crespigny, C. Cordner, J. Spark.

### Standing

C. Sargood, T. Hancock, G. Kilpatrick, D. Forster, A. Legoe, M. Hamer, R. Springall, N. Collins, S. Moroney, A. Hodgart, D. North, G. Crebbin, T. Johansson, P. Elliot, R. Rex, W. Park, J. Long, E. Byford, J. Murray, W. Newton, J. Bourne, G. Rex, R. N. Johanson, G. Bennett, M. Robb, A. Curnow, T. Patrick, D. Moore, C. Lovell, D. McDonald, J. Harper, R. Colvin, E. Bellchambers, P. Ross, N. Johnston, R. Trembath, B. Kaye, F. Fair, A. Hamer, S. McGregor, R. Anderson, D. Silver.

### Seated

L. Miller, G. Pleasance, N. Mathews, G. Whipp, H. Turnbull, B. Shaw, P. Thompson, J. Gardiner, G. Pike, P. Weickhardt, J. Tibballs, A. St. John, R. Stewart, A. Minson, M. Haskett, S. Fowler, N. Ingram, G. Bromwich, J. Minson, R. Mackay, B. Cottrill, I. Penrose, R. Stockdale, T. Cook, J. Hambly, P. Cheeseman, T. Jenkins.

### Front Row (squatting)

G. Nice, W. Foster, J. Robinson, W. Sykes, P. Thomas, S. Rosenthal, G. Grantham, A. Cunningham, A. Roosemale-Cocq, R. Raggatt, T. Kuhle, C. Noble, S. Jaques, R. Ingpen, A. Frazer, G. Abrams, J. Blain, C. Sampford, P. Hyslop, T. Chattam, J. McRae, D. Middleton, D. Whipp, W. Harbison, N. Walls, R. Anderson, D. van Dissell, E. Ogden, P. Solly, J. Bright, L. Myers, S. Dodge, G. Brent, J. Hutchings, D. Fiddler, J. Buckley.

### Absent

C. Abell, D. Alsop, G. Baldwin, D. Barkley, N. Benson, T. Block, D. Brumley, B. Clarke, R. Clemente, S. Collins, C. Commons, M. Crossley, J. Davies, G. Durbridge, D. Evans, J. Fleming, B. Forge, G. Fowler, I. Gray, I. Hardy, D. Hawker, G. Henderson, A. Horwood, P. Johnson, R. Kirby, K. Lowe, I. McLeod, G. Mola, G. Olsen, P. Rennie, J. Selkirk, R. Stuckey, J. Tobin, S. Viravaidya, R. Vines, S. V. Wilson, C. Wood.

