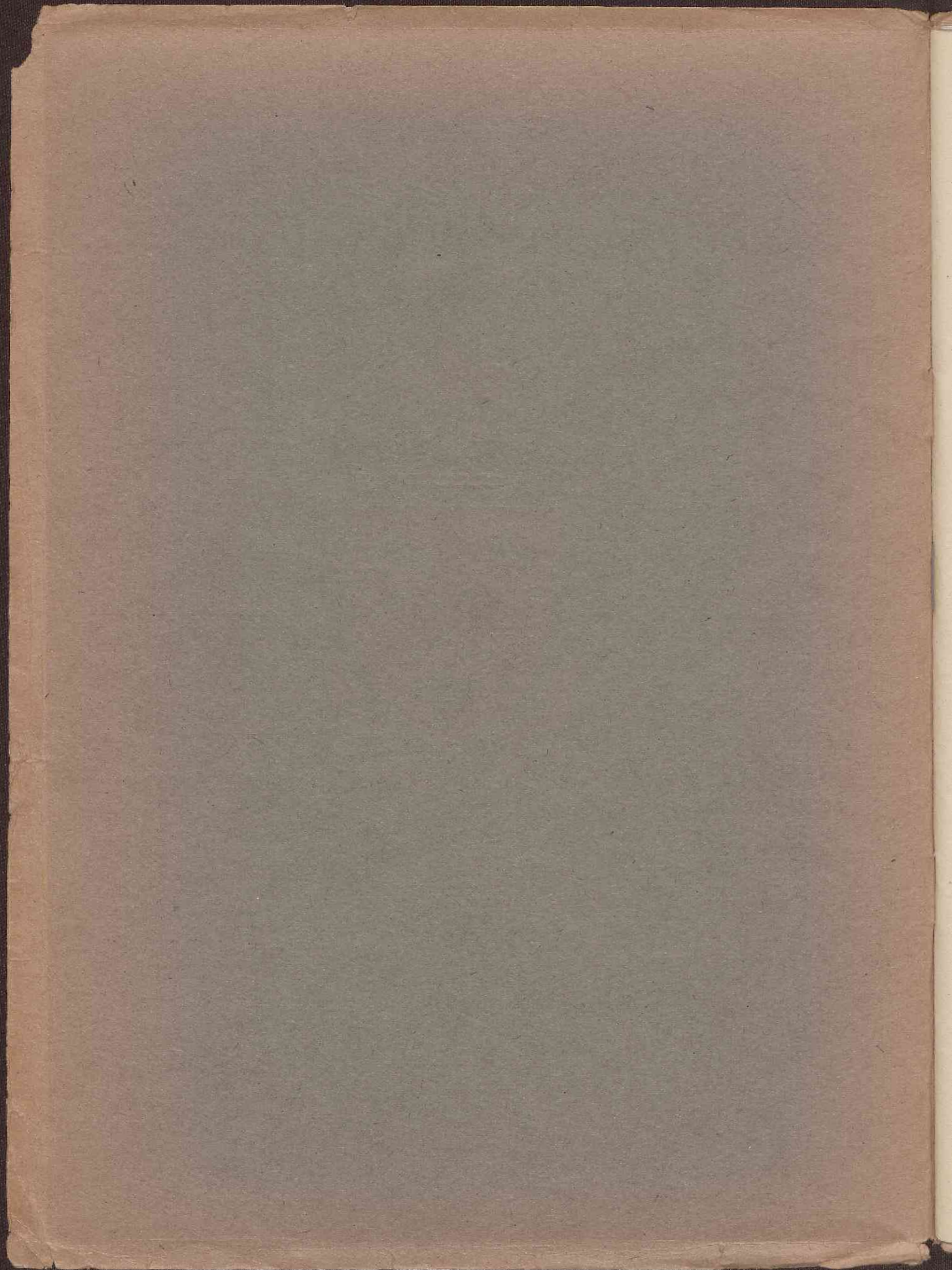


Registered at the G.P.O., Melbourne
for transmission by post as a periodical

December, 1949



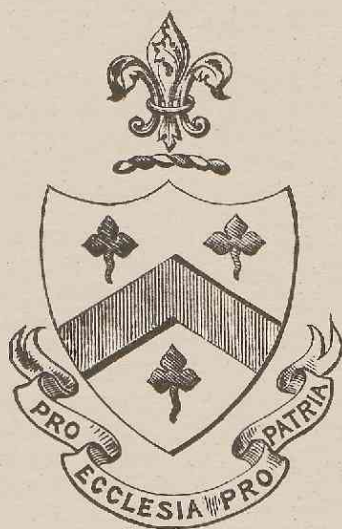
The Fleur-de-Lys

Print everything they write, so they'll believe they're immortal.

Vol. V., No. 49
December, 1949

TRINITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE

Wholly set up and printed in Melbourne by . . .
Arbuckle Waddell Pty. Ltd., for the Editor
John Pognier, assisted by Andrew Grimwade, Denis
O'Brien and Penelope Nuttall for members of Trinity
College and Janet Clarke Hall, past and present.



Editorial

A gadget, I might say, infinitely nobler than any other I can think of at the moment.

Anyone who likes to compare *Fleur-de-Lys* of forty years ago with the magazine of recent years will have to admit that all things that are of men change, even in University Colleges. The editors who wrote earnestly on "The Need for Developing a Sense of Responsibility in College Curators," in the days when the oak was little more than a shrub, would perhaps be somewhat surprised by both magazine and oak today. It is not merely that both have changed in stature — that we have today's quite bulky volume in place of the pocket book midget of the past. We have changed somewhat in outlook, too. It may well be claimed that the difference revealed in what the magazine prints and refrains from printing is a difference between what the College thought and did then and what we think and do now.

Of course, it may not be true that our fathers were, in fact, more sedate and earnest than we seem to be. It may be merely that they succeeded in preserv-

ing that impression. But one cannot help feeling that we, too, could appear more sedate if we tried — in fact we seem to care much less about the impression we do give. And that is a real difference.

For one thing, we may well be accused of caring less for the externals of tradition, though not perhaps for its more important aspects. It could even be claimed that we care more for traditional detail in our amusements than in more serious matters. While we insist that the Hockey cup must never leave Trinity, and that the crews for the Elliott Fours must always include a majority of men who know nothing about rowing, we seem, on the whole, glad that the Prelector's Address is a thing of the past, and would not be eager to re-introduce it.

Indeed, this tendency is seen most clearly in the Dialectic Society, that institution of famous memory and rather desperate present. It is true that in matters of procedure we cling to the formal pomp (not to say pompous

formality) of the past; but as far as the content of the debates is concerned we are most notable for the lengths we will go in avoiding serious topics, and in preventing the discussion becoming too earnest. To suggest to-day that all Wigram Allen Essay entries should be weighty dissertations on lofty themes would be rather like proposing that the Elliott Fours be rowed over a mile and a half.

All this is doubtless connected with the marked decline in our general power to translate Famous Passages of English Prose into eloquent Latin and Greek. It may be related, too, to the tendency of our university courses to become more and more restricted to the technicalities of our particular subjects. This sort of criticism of the modern university is something of a commonplace to-day. Universities are continually being charged with neglecting the general education of their students — with producing specialists rather than men who are at least capable of carrying on a reasonably intelligent conversation on most matters of public importance. There may be a great deal of truth in the charge — at any rate, there is no doubt that this sort of deterioration is a very real danger — but we must not let this sort of criticism get out of hand. Having admitted that we may not be the classical scholars our fathers were, there is no need to conclude that we are all intellectual bores, simply because our time-table may not include so-called "cultural" subjects. Interest in

general affairs, music, literature and art is more often born outside the classroom than in it, and as far as these matters go we have advanced rather than declined.

Having admitted, too, that we tend to abandon some of the extremes of tradition and to distrust excessive earnestness, we must deny that we are always shallow and eager to be flippant about things which should be regarded seriously. It might well be argued that tradition and corporate spirit are most healthy when they are least talked about, and rely least on externals. And the fact that we are unwilling to discuss matters of serious import whether at the Dialectic Society or in the less formal atmosphere of the supper party, does not mean that we are ignorant of them or disdain them as irrelevant. Perhaps the truth is that we think some subjects to be so serious that we prefer not to say inane things about them. Here, even our much maligned technical education may be valuable to us. So many matters which in the past were regarded as fair game for all (conversationally speaking) have become so obviously matters for the specialist that we are to be commended rather than blamed if we refuse to rush in where even experts tread hesitantly.

One must not exaggerate changes that are superficial, rather than profound. Even the oak looked vastly different forty years ago, but it is the same tree.

The College

Speak up, are you hungry, or what?

ASSOCIATED CLUBS.

Chairman: Mr. A. G. L. Shaw.

Senior Student: R. T. Potter.

Secretary: P. Balmford.

Treasurer: G. Cooke.

Indoor Representative:

R. J. W. Howard.

Outdoor Representative:

M. Bannister.

If there is one thing that has been emphasised over and over again in this column, and in speeches on convivial occasions in the Common Room or in Hall, and on informal occasions around the College, it is this: Sport is not everything, and anyway, there's always next year.

But this year the wheel has completed its circle, and our post-war sporting enthusiasm has entered into its reward. We won the Cricket. We won the Tennis. We won the Second Eights; and our First Eight was in the Final. We won the Pennant Squash, and we won the Rugby match against Ormond.

Some people won themselves Women. Messrs. P. Balmford, Goddard, Hatherly, Houghton, Kennison, Moss, Reddrop and Rymer all became engaged, as did Messrs. Barton and Grice among last year's valedictees. Messrs. Alley, Atkinson, Edwards, Egerton, Mighell, Smith and Ryan took the second hurdle, and we understand that two at least are hovering on the brink of the third.

We got some new tutors, too. Dr. M. M. Wilson, M.A., M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., came from Downing College, Cambridge, and the London Hospital. Mr. I. D. Campbell, B.A., B.Sc., rose from the ranks. Mr. R. R. Sanderson, B.Comm., another Trinity man, was appointed part-time tutor in Accountancy.

Dr. Wilson brought with him some Bees and a Bitch. The bees live in the

Warden's garden, but we haven't seen any results yet. We are waiting for results from the bitch, too. Curtsey, however, is well known, not only for performing such useful functions as fetching her master's newspaper, but also for being often an uninvited, but never an unwelcome, guest at supper parties and sherry parties.

Yes, that's right — sherry parties. With the approval of the College, the Council decided this year to repeal Prohibition. In making the announcement, the Warden remarked that he had come from a wet College ("I'll say!") and hoped that the experiment here would be equally successful.

We had two other connections with St. Mark's, Adelaide, this year. Our First Crew stayed there at Easter (and won), and their football team came here in the May vacation (and won). Snowy Taylor won the women this time.

Another great success was the College Play: "Farrago" has already warned Queen's that they must look to their laurels, if they wish to retain their reputation of being the best theatre group in the University. We had good houses on each of three nights, which is something of a record.

Some other records came from Sir John Behan, who presented them to the grateful Music Society on an official visit towards the end of first term.

We've got some new gates and a new fence, too. Under the eagle eye of S. Wynne, Supervising Architect, new gates of stone have been set up at the old site, and a further gate has been put in opposite the Chapel — "so that people getting married can go straight in and out." The old fence has been pulled down, and is being replaced with a low retaining wall of concrete, the top of which is to be level with lawns yet to be planted.

And now for the women we lost. This year, an all-male staff has been employed in Hall and in the buildings. However, at the beginning of third term, the staff was reduced, and we now have to make our own beds and clean out our own bedrooms. No one particularly approves of this latter change, but most seem to prefer it to the further increase in fees which would otherwise have taken place. All this has inevitably thrown greater burdens on Mr. Wynne, and we are very grateful to him for all that he has done.

THE CHAPLAIN.

Among this year's valedictes is the Rev. J. N. Falkingham, who is leaving us to take up parish work. He was a student member of the College from 1936 to 1940, and has been Chaplain since 1944. Since he carried off the Warden's Secretary at the end of 1947, he has been living in one of the outer suburbs, and we have much admired his fortitude in travelling to and fro, particularly in the early dawn to attend morning Chapel. We are very sorry to lose him, and wish him every success.

CHAPEL NOTES.

A church or chapel has, among its many expressive aspects, two which may be said to belong to it by virtue of its very existence as a sacred edifice. A church is at once a sign and a symbol. Trinity's Chapel is first of all a sign to a secular university and to a largely secular tram-borne Melbourne that here, outwardly and visibly, at any rate, is a worshipping community. The spires and upward-sweeping structural lines point uncompromisingly heavenwards, witnesses and signs that in this place and at this time there is to be found the recognition of a God higher than self, a spiritual reality that transcends the temporal and material, the imperfect and mortal.

The Chapel expresses its second function, the symbolic, as soon as we enter its doors. Outside, it points to eternity,

to the reality and fact of God; inside, it focusses attention at once on a symbol that tells of eternity brought for all time into the here and now — the altar and its cross.

A sign becomes a symbol when, in its form, it reproduces an essential feature of the fact it represents. Besides providing eye and ear with a sense-signal to look and listen, it directs mind and spirit to a reality behind the symbol. In this way cross and altar function as the focal point of the Chapel. They portray simply, yet with a powerful directness, two historic truths — the truth expressed in the life, death and resurrection of our Blessed Lord, and the truth that is an extension of the first — His continued Presence in His Church and Sacraments.

So far we have stood, as it were, at the door of the Chapel. But at the altar itself symbol in its turn becomes a stepping stone to a higher meaning. Symbol is translated into Sacrament: bread and wine into the sacramental Body and Blood of Christ, there "given, taken, and eaten."

In the life and worship of the College the Chapel stands, then, for all these things. We respond to its witness according to the degree of our apprehension thereof. The Chapel may be to some no more than a "God-box," a sign of "a sort of Something somewhere." To others it may mean much more, as a symbol expressive of Christian principles; but only as the sacramental medium of a Life is the Chapel fully to be understood and valued. That is why it exists.

During the year sermons were delivered at the Sunday Services by Dr. A. M. Beech (1948), the Rev. Russell Clark (Remembrance Day, 1948), the Bishop of Wangaratta (Benefactors' Service, 1948).

In 1949: the Rev. L. J. Bakewell, of Central Tanganyika; the Rev. Denis Taylor, Mr. A. G. L. Shaw, the Bishop

of Geelong, and the Chaplain. Assistance at the College Corporate Communion was given by the Rev. F. S. J. Imray, W. R. Potter, J. Warner-Bishop, R. W. Dann, and T. R. H. Clark.

The choir continues its activities, under the direction of the Dean. On Sunday, 9th October, the Choir visited the Church of the Holy Spirit, Belgrave, assisting at Evensong by singing Purcell's "Rejoice in the Lord" and Stanford's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in B flat.

On 19th June, there took place in the Chapel the ceremonial handing back of the Colours of the Melbourne University Regiment, in the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir Edmund Herring), and representatives of the Army and the University. Lieutenant-Colonel P. Rhoden, Commanding the M.U.R., received the Colours from the Chaplain.

Devotional addresses were given to the Guild of the Sanctuary by the Rev. A. T. Roberts, T. R. H. Clark, W. H. Graham, and F. S. J. Imray.

Pastoral addresses to the Theological students of Trinity and Ridley Colleges were given by the Chaplain, the Rev. N. A. Tolhurst, W. G. A. Green, D. Taylor,

R. W. Dann, Miss M. Blackwood, Mr. J. Wills, and Mrs. K. Bright-Parker.

On 24th September the Theological students of Trinity attended a one-day Retreat at St. James', East St. Kilda, conducted by the Rev. W. G. A. Green, to whom and to whose parishioners we are grateful for the hospitality afforded us.

Holy Baptism:

1949—

Mar. 30—William Robertson Parsons.
July 9—Sandra Francis Cole.
Aug. 29—Richard John Stawell.

Holy Matrimony:

1948—

Dec. 13—Douglas William Smith and
Judith Lucy Skeat.

1949—

Mar. 25—Robert Reginald Sanderson
and Mary Ruth Spring.
Mar. 31—Raymond Milton Johnson
and Sylvonia Richmond.
May 7—William Edwin Donnelly
and Margaret Gilpin.
Oct. 12—Anthony Graham Fisher
and Isobel Mary Holder.

Burial:

Aug. 5—Maxwell Bannister.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt understand hereafter."

—John 13: 7.

(Being the substance of the Chaplain's address at the Burial Service of Maxwell Bannister, 5th August.)

These were our Lord's words of comfort and encouragement to His disciples on the eve of His crucifixion. To them, these events must have appeared to be utterly inexplicable. In their Master they had recognised One who knew the whole truth as it was in God, and who was to smash the power of evil. Then, surely, the Crucifixion of such an One could only be interpreted as His complete failure, and a resounding victory of Evil over Good? But they only

thought like that because, being set in the midst of the tragic events, they were unable to see through to the Resurrection — a new event which altered the whole perspective. In its light the Crucifixion was seen to be, at the most, a check to the Divine purpose, but by no means a defeat. Indeed, through it the full power of God was made clear, for this apparent disaster was made the ground work of a most resounding victory. It was nothing short of the truth that Christ offered to His disciples when, on the eve of their testing He told them "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt understand hereafter."

And so it is for us also, in these present circumstances. Death is not a topic usually to be associated with a College of young men and women, but the events of the past few days have shown that it is one that we cannot avoid altogether. It has now been brought before us in a sudden and harsh manner, and not unnaturally we seek to recoil from it. But we must face it, and we should face it squarely. This event is a disaster. To call it by any other name is mere sentimentality. It is not the will of God that a young life, richly endowed and so endearing to those who knew it, should be interrupted in this way before it had reached its full bloom. This thing is evil, and every part of the Christian Faith brands it as such. The real consolation that the Christian Faith brings is the assurance that such a happening as this is not a disaster from which there is no recovery. In no way does it represent a defeat of God's Purpose. God is not so easily diverted from His course by human interference: He still holds the upper hand, and His good purpose for this life will still be accomplished. Indeed, the very cause of our grief will minister to the completeness of God's victory. To speak so is not mere wishful

thinking. The death and resurrection of Jesus Christ stand in history as a pledge to us of its truth. To-day our understanding is numbed by our sense of loss, and our perspective is awry. We need the comfort which Jesus held out to His disciples in the words "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

It is this sure consolation of the Christian Faith that I commend to us all, and most especially to those nearest to him, whose sense of loss we all so fully share. We who lived with him know that this College is much the richer for his presence in it, and his memory will not easily pass from our minds. But in his passing we can, if we will, go deeper, and catch a glimpse into the very heart of things. To the eye of faith that glimpse reveals a glorious truth. Love is at the heart of things; true power lies not with evil, but with God, and man is the heir, not of death, but of life eternal. What God does now we may not fully know; but we shall understand hereafter. Confident in this faith, we commend our brother and all who mourn into the hands of a faithful Creator, and even in our grief we find place for rejoicing.

MAX BANNISTER.

Max Bannister died on 4th August, as the result of a motor accident. Max was a final year mining engineer, and had been in Trinity since the middle of 1946. This year he was vice-captain of football and a member of the Committee of the Associated Clubs. As well as taking one of the main parts in the College play, he was largely responsible for its organisation.

Max always hoped that he would not be one of those people who put in a year or two at Trinity and whose presence is never noticed. In fact, his keen interest in College activities and his friendliness to all of us made him one of the best known and most popular members of Trinity. For that reason we will not soon forget him.

COLLEGE PLAY.

It's so simple, it's fantastic.

Above all, this year, we enjoyed ourselves. "The Time of Your Life" is a good play — perhaps a very good one — and, almost to a man, we were captivated. Of course, it is too sentimental for the sophisticated, and too unmitigatedly moral for the cynics. But most of us like a lump in the throat, and all of us like to laugh — so that there was no doubt of its success.

Provided, that is, that it reached us roughly as Saroyan intended it should. And, in point of fact, we can very well claim that this is what happened. To start with, we were lucky enough to have Joy Youlden as producer again, and the general implications of that happy fact are too well known to elaborate. But it must be remembered that Saroyan is a particular, and, we might almost say, all-devouring passion with Miss Youlden, so that in this case, in our unanimous opinion, she excelled even herself. Very much the same can be said of the magnificent Mr. Connor — though, of course, that would not be saying nearly enough.

But there was more to come. Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the whole performance was the high and even standard of the cast. Saroyan is no easy man to act: there is no drama in the ordinary sense — and no characterisation usually so-called. Badly done, "The Time of Your Life" would be slow and sugary; a puppets' melodrama. But it is to the credit of the cast (and especially of the producer) that it was none of these things.

Despite the lack of action and slightness of plot, we were never bored or worried by the moralisings. And the character difficulties were brilliantly overcome. All the players appeared — exactly as they were meant to appear — as enchanting and lively toys: masquerading, admittedly, as real and ordinary people by means of the emotions embodied in and engendered by them: but so coloured and distilled

as to bear only the most delicate relationship to Real Life.

The acting in the main roles was undoubtedly extremely good. But while we have seen in a number of Union productions acting that was comparable — sometimes, though rarely, acting that was better — we have *never* (and that is a well-weighed word) seen an entire cast so incredibly even. There simply was not a single weakness. This would be creditable enough in any amateur production, but for a College performance, when the numbers to be drawn on are so strictly limited, and limited, moreover, in a manner completely unrelated to dramatic ability — it is little short of miraculous.

This extraordinary evenness makes it an invidious matter to mention anyone by name. Greatly daring, we have singled out Judith Leask and Glen Tomasetti, Max Bannister, Keith Hatherly, and Peter Barker for special honours. But we have limited that privilege to so few, only because if the list were any further extended there would be no way of stopping it. We refer you to the programme.

Finally, there were the non-playing members of the production. For most of these our thanks will have to be silent, because their name is very definitely legion. Bill Bockholt, however, must be mentioned for his fine business-managership. And lastly, of course, there was the publicity department headed by Bob Dalziel. The very good houses we had on all three nights were the inevitable result of his perfected technique in the organisation of personnel.

The following took part in the performance:

Elizabeth Creswell, Yvonne Gallagher, Jill Kemelfield, Judith Leask, Diana Mitchell, Joanna Pyper, Elizabeth Sinclair, Josephine Thompson and Glen Tomasetti.

Peter Balmford, Max Bannister, Peter Barker, Trevor Barker, Graham Cooke, Andrew Grimwade, Keith Hatherly, Bob Howard, Donald Johnston, Charles

Kilduff, Mal Letts, Jamie Mackie, Christopher McMahon, Peter Murton, Denis O'Brien, Jack Poutsma, John Poynter, Ian Warner, Jules Weber.

Invaluable assistance backstage was given by Judy Barbour, Audrey McMahon, Pat Travers, John Balmford, Peter Barbour, Bill Bockholt and Robert Dalziel.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

Beautiful, bright, intelligent idiocy.

Office-Bearers:

President: The Warden (ex officio).

Vice-President: The Dean.

Secretary: Mr. G. A. Brown.

Committee Members: Messrs. R. G. Brown, Reid, Poynter.

The awards to individual speakers were:

Mr. G. Brown	7.88
Mr. Poynter	7.19
Mr. Moss	6.97
Mr. Reid	6.69
Mr. Evans	6.25

In accordance with the Constitution of the Society, the following awards were made:—

President's Medal for Oratory:

Mr. G. Brown.

Leeper Prize for Oratory:

Mr. Poynter.

Wigram Allen Essay Prize:

Mr. Moss.

During the year six Ordinary General Meetings have been held, and, in addition, a debate against Queen's College. This last debate was lost.

The general activities of the Society show no appreciable increase, pro rata, in attendances or speeches, over the last two years. Six meetings this year produced a total attendance of 123, and 58 speeches. This compares with five ordinary meetings, a total attendance of 85 and 51 speeches in 1948; and seven ordinary meetings, an attendance of 120, and 63 speeches in 1947.

History was made on 20th July, when, after a lapse of seven years, the Society engaged in debate with J.C.H. This was

the best attended meeting of the year, the rest for some reason failing to attract so many. However, some of the talent revealed in the Freshers' Debate continued to enliven meetings throughout the year.

The question that always arises in these reports is: What is happening to Debating? It is tempting to look back to the days when the dialectical activities of the Society were not only of a now unheard of College-wide interest, but of community-wide interest as well. Surely we are an evolving cultus. Not everything in the pattern of things dialectic comes from the past. Perhaps the time has come for a new approach to some aspects of the art, such as form and method.

Why does the voluble autocrat of the breakfast table or the philosopher of the supper-party shrink from the mere mention of debating? Why are the tireless voices that boom in every other college activity absent in this one? A rhetorical question indeed. But the answer may lie in a serious attempt to introduce ways and means of encouraging this kind of speaker in the dialectic art. Perhaps the fireside chair might occasionally replace the speaker's stand, a pipe and glass the prepared speech.

But even without such drastic innovations, the Society can depend on its solid core of active members to see to it that the coming year is one of continued growth and success. Hope and freshmen spring eternal.

GOLF DAY.

It's honest and ambitious . . .

As usual, the College Golf Day was held this year at the Royal Melbourne course (affiliated with the Trinity College Golf Club). The weather was perfect, and the organiser succeeded in getting every competitor to the course in time to be off the first tee by ten o'clock.

Ron Galbraith won the morning round — he played the long game, and was particularly "cagy" around and in

and out of the bunkers. The afternoon event went to John MacKinnon, who turned on some powerful golf to return a card of 104. Peter Johansen won the competition as far as the whole day was concerned. These three are to be congratulated.

Prominent among the competitors were "Slicer" Lang, "Hooker" Howard, and "Down the Fairway" Kilduff. There was some doubt as to whether "Slicer" Lang and his party would complete the morning round in time for lunch — or dinner for that matter — but finally a cloud of dust (*terra non taurine*), muttered exclamations of disgust and the arrival of four sad little white balls near the pin of the eighteenth hole relieved our anxiety.

Lunch was very pleasant. Most of the gentlemen at least attempted the afternoon round, though not all completed it, despite individual determined efforts to reach the nineteenth hole by the legal and longest route. After a sojourn there the company climbed into all available cars to go home. Nineteen gentlemen were seen to converge on Eric Jowett's bus and disappear. It was rumoured that he still had room for another half a regiment. Our thanks for a very pleasant day go to the Dean for arranging for our use of the course, to Don MacKinnon for his efficient organisation, and to the gentlemen who were good enough to provide transport.

RUSDEN CLUB.

*You sure can philosoph — philos —
Boy you sure can talk.*

Dr. Clunies-Ross.

At the first of the two meetings of the Rusden Club this year. Dr. Clunies-Ross, Director of C.S.I.R.O., gave us a thoroughly interesting and informative talk on "Scientific Research in Australia."

After pointing out that the aim of the C.S.I.R.O. is to deal with problems of peace-time development and not with

questions of national security, he outlined the work being done on various aspects of our primary industries in Australia. Research on topics such as soil conservation and blowflies in sheep may be less sensational than developments in atomic energy, but it plays a very real part in improving the efficiency of Australian industries, raising output, and helping to solve some of the problems which face primary industries all over the world to-day. We were very fortunate indeed to be able to hear a first-hand account of the work which C.S.I.R.O. is doing in this direction.

Professor Boyce Gibson.

On 5th September, Professor Boyce Gibson addressed the second meeting of the Rusden Club for the year on the topic "English Universities To-day." Beginning with a brief general survey of British universities, the Professor went on to describe aspects of post-war Oxford and Cambridge, as he had seen them in his recent visit. As in Australian universities, over-crowding and the difficulties of providing adequate staff for a greatly increased student population are problems which English universities have to face to-day.

The Professor pointed out that Oxford and Cambridge deprive other universities of the best of the arts students, thus causing specialisation in technical facilities in universities such as Birmingham. Finally, he told us of the respect paid to universities and to graduates in England, and of the part played by university men in raising the standard of the British public service. The whole address was most entertaining, as well as informative; and we were fortunate indeed to hear comparisons of conditions in English and Australian Universities from one who has such a thorough knowledge of both.

MUSIC NOTES.

This year there were several important additions to the musical feast which the Music Room offers to

members of the college. We are grateful to Sir John Behan, who presented us with recordings of Beethoven's Third Symphony, Violin Concerto, and G Major Piano Concerto, "as a memento of happy hours spent in the company of those who like music." From our club funds we bought Schumann's Dichterliebe, the Bruch G Minor Violin Concerto, and the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto.

College tickets for the A.B.C. subscription concerts have once again proved popular. Nevertheless, the quite extraordinary demand for tickets for the Schwarzkopf concert may not be a reliable indication of College interest in Mahler and Mozart.

THE JUTTODIE.

Charming Style in Lee-Enfields.

Our fashion reporter at the Swot Vac meeting at Bulpaddock this year saw some smart new styles and chic adaptations of old ones. Chief Steward Cooke chose a dainty new neckline with nothing between the collar and the waistband, and the very latest flowered pedal pushers. Novel accessories included a charming little Lee-Enfield rifle which he also used to start the races, and quite the neatest alarm clock seen this season. Robert Dalziel (Esq.) favoured a checked (or College) morning suit, richly embroidered with badges and the appropriate scholastic ties. Mr. Scriven was more daring in a pair of new water, wind and fireproof trousers; but on the other hand, the styles worn by the runners were strictly academic. Medical student John Shepherd won the final division of this, the most gruelling steeplechase in the world. Mr. Dalziel also won.

LEEPER LIBRARY.

Didn't you speak of reading a book?

This year there have been a number of valuable additions to the library by way of gifts and memorials.

Trinity was among the recipients of the Victorian Government's Olympic

Games Books presented by the Premier at Parliament House, on 13th April.

More recently the Engineering and Science textbooks of the late Max Bannister were given to the library by his father.

A legacy from the late Dr. H. N. M. Puckle, former member of the College, has been applied as a permanent endowment. Books have also been added from the existing endowments of the Leeper, Moule, Bage, Murray, and Palmer funds.

During the year, many useful additions to the Theological section have been made, through gifts of books from the libraries of the Rev. Josiah Tyssen, and the Rev. G. A. Kitchen, both former members of the College.

ELLIOTT FOURS.

I remember sitting on the roof of a two-storey house floating North-West.

Once again the Fours were held in a small room at the back of the boat-house, though we were told that the river was quite near. The races themselves were soon disposed of. In general they were indescribable; while the gentleman who stopped in the middle of the race to reverse his seat was unforgettable. The winning crew — Messrs. J. Balmford, Johansen, O'Brien, Morton and Court — were more notable for immoderate sobriety than for skill or experience with an oar. The winning cox had the satisfaction of seeing the gentlemen who threw him in the river follow after him.

Meanwhile, more cultural activities were under way in the boat shed. Apart from numerous vocal items rendered solo and in chorus, or solo and chorus together, there were interesting dissertations on topics varying from "Authoritarianism in Colleges" from Mr. McMahon, to a commentary on the book of Daniel from Mr. Lang. We hear that the Committee of Un-Ecclesiastical Activities are interested. Proceedings were interrupted by a brief battle

between Mr. Perry, two men and Mr. Howard. The only other notable occurrence was the disappearance down-

stream of a sinking tub bearing five men and a large notice saying "Botanic Gardens."

SALVETE, 1949

Well, what can you do, and how good are you?

ADLER, G. F. — Medicine II.
 BACKWELL, I. E. — Medicine II.
 BARKER, T. L. — Engineering II.
 BARRETT, M. R. M. — Medicine II.
 BEARD, R. C. — Engineering II.
 BISHOP, R. E. — Engineering IV.
 BURT, D. J. — Arts I.
 BUTTERS, R. L. — Arts I.
 COOK, W. J. — Science II.
 CORRY, F. — Medicine II.
 COURT, J. A. — Commerce I.
 CUMING, L. G. — Law II.
 FAULKNER, R. S. — Medicine II.
 GALBRAITH, R. B. C. — Dentistry II.
 GILL, B. N. — Medicine II.
 GRAY, P. — Engineering II.
 GRIMWADE, A. S. — Science I.
 HALE, G. S. — Medicine II.
 HARDY, D. W. — Theology I.
 HAYES, L. S. — Medicine II.
 JOHANSEN, P. M. — Dentistry II.
 JOHNSON, H. R. — Science II.
 JOLLEY, J. B. — Medicine II (1948).
 JOWETT, E. A. D. — Agricultural Science I.
 LANG, J. H. S. — Arts I.
 McDONAGH, J. F. — Engineering II.
 MACKINNON, J. K. — Agricultural Science I.
 MATHER, W. B. — Medicine II (1948).
 MEYER, R. J. — Science III.
 MILLS, G. S. — Dentistry II.
 MORRIS, P. — Engineering III.
 MORTON, D. L. — Medicine II.
 MURTON, P. M. — Engineering II.
 OSBORNE, P. T. — Law I.
 RADFORD, T. E. — Arts II.
 ROSS-EDWARDS, P. — Law I.
 SCHLEIGER, S. G. — Engineering II.
 SHEPHERD, J. H. S. — Medicine II (1948).
 THIES, H. H. — Engineering II.
 THOMSON, K. N. — Arts II.
 WARNER, I. H. — Science II.
 WILLIAMS, R. C. W. — Medicine II.

SALVETE REDUCES.

FISHER, J. D. — Engineering IV.
 HATHERLY, K. H. — Arts III.

VALETE, 1948.

They're going somewhere. I don't know where, but they're going.

ASCHE, K. J. A.
 BARKER, P. G.
 BARTON, R. D.
 BURRIDGE, G.
 CAMPBELL, I. D.
 CRANSWICK, J. E.
 CRAWCOUR, E. S.
 DAHLSSEN, B. R.
 DROUGHT, T. G.
 EAGLE, J. C.
 EDWARDS, B. C.
 FOWLER, R.
 FRANKLIN, R. L.
 FREEMAN, R. P.
 GARRATT, G. E.
 GRICE, J. S.
 GRICE, W. R.
 HARRIS, P. G.
 INGLIS, B. S.
 JOLLEY, J. B.
 JONES, R. F.
 KANE-WHITE, A.
 KING, R. G.
 KNIGHT, H. M.
 LANCHESTER, G. W.
 LANSELL, L. V.
 MANN, J. N.
 MAPLESTONE, P. A.
 MARSHALL, B. R.
 MAROSKE, I. O.
 MEAGHER, F. J.
 MIGHELL, H. M.
 MOORE, M. H.
 MORRISON, W. I. A.
 O'SULLIVAN, D. M.
 O'SULLIVAN, J. M.
 RYAN, P. V. C.
 SEWELL, W. S.
 SMITH, D. W.
 STERLING, I. R. B.
 WOOLCOTT, R. A.
 WRIEDT, J. H.
 ZWAR, J. A.

RAIN AND RULE

A report of a lecture.

You cannot, of course, see the title that I have just announced. So you may be pardoned for misunderstanding me. "Rain and Rule" does not refer to anything Mr. Gladstone might have said to the Queen in '82. Indeed, cabbages, not kings, would be nearer the mark, for I speak of the rain that comes in little round drops, not big round palaces.

But now you frown. For your first surmise was at least logical. Kingly reign and kingly rule are quite a sensible pair of ideas, but wet *rainy* rain — you can't talk about that and then in the same breath mention "rule." You might just as well say "Art and Elephants" or "Cheese and Tschaikowsky." Rain, it just happens. Rule means government, order, control.

Exactly.

It all began, I suppose, ages ago, but for most of us the first warning came quite suddenly, about the middle of the last war. There we were, going about our business, doing our bit, hoarding our coupons, shielding our eyes from occasional atom blasts, and all the time a disaster was being fathered in our own back gardens. Rain and Rule now embraced, under the watchful eye of Science, and the result, received by a mildly surprised but quite unsuspecting public, was Controlled Weather. Man said: "Let there be rain," and there it was, buckets of it.

The press baptised this damp child of the twentieth century with the usual two paragraphs, and then turned to the more important business of winning the war for us. So Rainmaking was promptly forgotten by the public at large. But

not by all the public. Not by the P.O.M. Society. Not by me. I am the founder of P.O.M. We call it POM for short.

The POM Society exists, as you will have readily guessed, to encourage the great art of Punctuated Ornamental Monologue. May I repeat that: Punctuated Ornamental Monologue. This, we hold, is simply good conversation, speech at its best, and nothing, surely, could be more desirable than that. But first a little about the Society.

Unfortunately, POM is not well known in this country as yet, but constant efforts are being made to attract wider attention. Each day, the other member of the Society and myself give public addresses on the subject — this is one — preceded usually by a ceremonial chanting of our uplifting motto: "POM tiddley OM POM, POM POM!" The last POM POM is always sung by my colleague. It is really most effective people run across the street to hear us most effective. But, of course, we have to omit the whole thing when there is only one of us.

Conversation, I was saying, is an art. As Humpty-Dumpty observed, it's a question of who is to be master, that's all. Let us amplify this a little, the Egg and I.

First, there is the kind of conversation that can only be called Capitalistic. The speaker talks all the time, even answers his own questions. He is, in fact, a conversational cartel and a bore to boot. True capitalist, he dispenses with you as soon as his interest drops. You and I, being intelligent people, know this for the Fascist talk it is.

But equally abhorrent to all lovers of POM is the so-called Democratic conversation. This is a peculiarly modern social habit, and owes its origin, I find, to two seemingly distinct and unrelated causes. They are (a) a false view of freedom of speech; (b) conversation lollies.

Now, it would be an absorbing study, and a pleasure, for my part, to trace for you the really close relationship that exists between these two principles — one might go on for hours about the global significance of glucose, or the cultural trends in allday suckers. However, my purpose here is otherwise. I must stick to my subject. Put POM first, I keep reminding myself.

But this Democratic conversation! It is a sad misnomer. You take two monologues, split them up into polite little instalments, and deliver them in alternate spasms. This passes for good dialogue in all walks of life, from Collingwood to Canberra. In any train, tram, or public place examples abound. Let one suffice: Elsie, dear girl, has just sighted Liz, in Bourke Street. This is what we hear:

Elsie: *"My dear, I simply must tell you about a perfectly ravishing hat —"*

Liz: *"My poor feet! I've been walking all day."*

Elsie: *"I saw it in that little arcade shop. You know the one. What's it called —"*

Liz: *"Well! Did you see the wicked look he gave us —"*

That we shall never know, for we have heard enough, unless, of course, we were the owner of the wicked look

No, conversation, I repeat, is an art, and POM alone is truly artistic. But it is only to be expected that it is difficult to master, in a society which gives no encouragement to this sort of thing. There are few indeed who succeed. To observe POM in practice we are limited to the beginning and the end of the artistic scale, as it were. We must move

among those who are without the habits and repressions of the, alas, democratic adult mind. So it is to the nursery and the Old Men's Home that we must hie for further evidence.

With what ease the piping child, for instance, grips and controls his audience, especially if it is fond aunt or doting uncle. Here, with a finesse that is at once the ambition and envy of the masters, is an artist expressing himself creatively. His medium is alive — the gaping slave on the other end of the leg he straddles, or knowingly avoids. No matter that aunty's response to his prattle is never very intelligent or inspired. No matter that a moronic "diddums now" is best that the owner of the leg can think of. The great thing is that the child is learning the art of true conversation. He is there to express himself: his audience is there to provide the punctuation. The child knows it, of course, and they don't. But that is also part of the art.

Less instructive perhaps is our other example, the octogenarian. Certainly he grips his audience, but in this case physically, with bony hand clutching victim's shrinking shoulder. Coleridge, with fine discernment, tells of the ancient mariner who "stoppeth one of three." The other two presumably saw what was coming and fled.

But essentially the principle is the same. Once contact has been established, the unwilling listener usually defers to age, and becomes the other end of a conversation, that is, the punctuation. "Diddums now" becomes "Well, well!" or "What a good memory you have, Grandpapa!"

This is imperfect POM, I admit. It wheezes, it falters; worse, it reminisces. But still, it is POM. In those cracked, wavering tones, deep down, is a primal aesthetic urge expressing itself. The inhibitions of the younger man no longer impede the creative flow. It rolls out and over you. You are only the dots and commas to something much

bigger, much finer. Punctuated Ornamental Monologue has you in its sway.

Don't let them control the weather. The rain, you see, is so important. Weather is the sole remaining topic in this modern age which is indulged in for its own sake. It is the ideal artistic conversational medium. If that goes, POM goes, the Society goes. But consider, on the other hand, the unlimited possibilities of such a conversation as this:

Lovely weather we're having.
Yes, beautiful.

Not to be compared with last year, of course.

No, of course.

I well remember that Summer. I was having an operation. Did I ever tell you about my operation?

POM.

I beg your pardon?

POM.

You see? Perfect punctuation. Don't let them control the weather, please.

POM.

—G.A.B.

ACADEMIC DISTINCTIONS

Son, you're a genius.

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, 1949.

- A. M. White Scholarships. — P. R. W. Barbour, R. H. Gardner, J. A. C. Mackie, C. W. McMahon, J. R. Poynter, P. E. Wynter.
Charles Hebdon Scholarships.—G. S. Hale, B. N. Gill.
Charles Hebdon Bursary.—D. G. Evans.
R. and L. Alcock Scholarships.—D. F. Hebbard, S. C. Moss.
Henry Berthon Scholarship.—D. O'Brien.
Clarke Scholarship.—G. F. Adler.
Perry Scholarship.—S. J. Goddard.
Alexander C. Thompson Scholarship.—P. M. Murton.
F. L. Armytage Scholarship.—A. E. Ringwood.
Simon Fraser (The Younger) Scholarship.—I. C. Everist.
Bath Memorial Scholarship.—K. N. Thomson.
J. H. Sutton Scholarship.—R. H. Gardner.
Council's Scholarships.—I. H. Warner, R. C. Beard, W. A. Coppel, F. Corry, R. I. Howey, H. R. Johnson, D. L. Morton, J. G. Perry, J. L. Rouse, H. H. Thies.

JANET CLARKE HALL.

- Annie Ruth Grice Scholarship.—Judith G. Leask.
Mrs. L. L. Lewis Scholarship.—Elizabeth L. Probst.
F. C. Stanbridge Scholarship.—Glenys A. Tomasetti.
Sara Stock Scholarships.—Elizabeth A. Evans, Margaret Webb Ware.
Trinity Women's Jubilee Scholarship.—Barbara G. Moore.
F. H. Chambers Exhibition.—Crawford E. Mollison.
Council's Scholarships. — Judith E. Carmichael, Yvonne J. Gallagher, Mhorabelle S. de Kretser, Mary E. Walpole, Lynley C. Weller.

UNIVERSITY EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS.

- B. I. Aldrich. — Howard Smith Exhibition in Engineering I (aeq.).
Judith E. Attiwill.—Dwight's Prize in History (aeq.); R. G. Wilson Scholarship in History (aeq.).
P. R. W. Barbour.—German II (aeq.).
R. H. Gardner. — Comparative Philology (aeq.); Douglas Howard Exhibition in Greek II; Douglas Howard Exhibition in Latin II.
D. F. Hebbard.—Dixson Scholarship in Physics II (aeq.).
Judith G. Leask.—Mrs. William Smith Exhibition in French II (aeq.).
Beverly T. Perry.—Physiology and Biochemistry, I.
J. R. Poynter.—Ancient History I; Marian Boothby Exhibition in British History B; John Sanderson Exhibition in English Language and Literature I.
W. A. Racinger.—Metallurgy Scholarship.
A. E. Ringwood. — "The Argus" Exhibition in Geology I.
Alma A. Shilliday.—Francis J. Wright Exhibition in Money and Banking.
R. G. Tanner.—R. G. Wilson Scholarship in Classical Philology.
Heather C. Wakefield.—Dwight's Prize in English Language and Literature.
Mary E. Walpole.—Georgina Sweet Exhibition in Zoology I.
P. E. Wynter.—Dixson Research Scholarship in Mathematics.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION
RESULTS

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Master's Degree

R. W. T. Cowan, B.A. (Adel.), B.A., B. Litt. (Oxon.),
M.A. (Causa Honoris).
Lorna V. Sisely.—M.Sc.
Marsall A. Rogers.—M.A.
Winifred N. Hawkins.—M.Sc.
Suzanne L. Dulgan.—M.Sc.
Judith M. MacRae.—M.Sc.
K. S. Rowan.—M.Sc.

Bachelor's Degree

Degrees with Honours in Arts

First Class Honours

Judith E. Attiwill.—History.
L. L. Bachous.—French.
B. R. Marshall.—History.
S. C. Moss.—History.
R. G. Tanner.—Classics.
Heather C. Wakefield.—English.
P. E. Wynter.—Maths.

Second Class Honours

H. C. D'E. Barraclough.—French and German.
E. S. Crawcour.—History.
Margaret C. Game.—History.
Bettine R. Kauffmann.—English.
M. J. Scriven.—Maths.
H. L. Speagle.—Classical Philology.

Third Class Honours

Frances J. Leigh.—English and German.
W. A. Reid.—History.

Degree with Honours in Commerce

Second Class

H. M. Knight.

Other Degrees:

R. D. Barton.—LL.B.
Valerie M. Bendle.—Dip.Ed.
Mary E. Benjamin.—B.Sc.
Roberta M. A. Cain.—B.A.
I. D. Campbell.—B.Sc.
J. G. Campbell.—B.Sc.
Janet M. Campbell.—B.D.Sc.
B. R. Dahlsen.—B.Comm.
Christine C. Ferguson.—B.A.
R. L. Franklin.—LL.B.
R. K. Fullagar.—LL.B.
Margaret J. Gooding.—B.A.
J. S. Grice.—B.Sc.
A. C. Hurley.—B.Sc.
B. S. Inglis.—B.Sc.
R. G. King.—B.A.
S. A. Keighley.—B.Sc.
L. V. Lansell.—B.Civ.Eng.
Joy V. Levinson.—B.A.
J. N. Mann.—B.Civ.Eng.
R. E. Marks.—Dip.Ed.
J. M. O'Sullivan.—B.Civ.Eng.

J. G. Perry.—B.Comm.
Alison M. Pickford.—B.A.
Betty E. Rickards.—LL.B.
W. G. Shmith.—LL.B.
Gwenneth L. Simms.—B.A.
Alma A. Shilliday.—B.Comm.
G. C. Wenzel.—Dip.Ed.
R. A. Woolcott.—B.A.
J. A. Zwar.—B.Ag.Sc.

CLASS LISTS — 1948.

First Class Honours

B. I. Aldrich.—Engineering I.
P. R. W. Barbour.—Latin II; German I.
J. G. Campbell.—Physics III; Theoretical Physics.
Lorna Freedman.—German I.
Yvonne J. Gallagher.—French I.
R. H. Gardner.—Latin II; Greek II; Comparative
Philology.
S. J. Goddard.—Bacteriology and Pathology.
D. F. Hebbard.—Physics II.
K. R. Hodgson.—English Language II.
R. I. Howey.—Chemistry IA.
D. J. Kent.—First Study I (Plano).
Judith G. Leask.—French II.
J. A. C. Mackie.—General History I; General His-
tory II.
C. W. McMahon.—English Literature II; General
History II.
Barbara G. Moore.—French II; German II.
Beverly Perry.—Bacteriology I; Physiology and Bio-
chemistry I.
J. R. Poynter.—British History B; Ancient History I;
English Language and Literature I.
A. E. Ringwood.—Geology I.
J. L. Rouse.—Pure Maths. II.
Alma A. Shilliday.—Accountancy IIA; Money and
Banking.
Mary Walpole.—Zoology.

Second Class Honours

B. I. Aldrich.—Chemistry IA; Physics I.
K. J. A. Asche.—Constitutional Law I.
M. Bannister.—Mining I.
Joan Battersby.—Economic Geography.
Mary E. Benjamin.—Bacteriology II.
R. J. Beveridge.—British History B; Political Science
A.
I. D. Campbell.—Physics III; Theoretical Physics.
Heather Campbell.—Physics II.
Marjory R. Collard.—English Literature II; General
History I.
H. B. Connell.—General History I; Political Institu-
tions A.
Merryn Cook.—Latin II.
W. A. Coppel.—Applied Maths. I; Pure Maths. I.
I. G. Cuming.—British History A.
Barbara Daley.—Commercial Law I; Economics of
Industry; Economic History I.
Margaret Daniel.—General History II.
W. F. Du Ve.—General History I; General History II.
D. G. Evans.—Chemistry II.
Elizabeth A. Evans.—Bacteriology and Pathology.
I. C. Everist.—Engineering Design I.
Lorna Freedman.—French I.

- Honore C. Galley.—British History B; English Language and Literature I.
 Mary B. Graham.—Oral Surgery and Pathology.
 E. M. Gunneson.—Applied Maths II; Pure Maths II.
 H. M. Hadley.—Anatomy.
 Joan Handley.—British History B.
 R. T. Hannah.—Public Finance.
 J. R. Hawkins.—Applied Maths II; Pure Maths II.
 D. F. Hebbard.—Pure Maths II.
 R. I. Howey.—Applied Maths I.
 Barbara M. Hurley.—British History B; Philosophy I.
 D. W. Johnston.—British History B.
 E. A. S. Jowett.—Geology II.
 D. E. Kennedy.—British History B; English Language and Literature I.
 C. F. Kilduff.—British History B.
 M. S. de Kretser.—British History B; English Language and Literature I.
 Judith G. Leask.—English Literature II.
 E. M. McConchie.—General History I; Greek II.
 Janet Maling.—English Language and Literature I.
 Nancy Merrigan.—British History B; English Language and Literature I.
 Patricia C. Miller.—Applied Maths II; Pure Maths II.
 Diana Mitchell.—Economic History I.
 D. O'Brien.—Anatomy.
 J. G. Perry.—History of Economic Thought; Money and Banking.
 Elizabeth Probst.—British History B; English Language and Literature I.
 J. L. Rouse.—Applied Maths II.
 Alma A. Shilliday.—Accountancy IIB; Statistical Method.
 D. W. Smith.—Public Finance.
 A. W. Stringer.—British History B.
 Gladys Tinworth.—English Literature II.
 Glenys A. Tomasetti.—English Literature II; General History II.
 Patricia Travers.—English Language and Literature I.
 Dorothy Tugen.—German I; French I.
 J. A. Zwar.—Agriculture III; Agricultural Biochemistry.

Heard under the oak—

Visitor: Could you tell me where Alan Shaw is, please?

Freshman: Alan Shaw? . . . er . . Is he a fresher?

PHILOSOPHER'S SONG

Philosophers, we hear you say,
 Are surely out of place
 In a *pot-pourri*
 Like Fleur-de-Lys—
 They prefer the journals of Philosophy.
 Our purpose here is to convey
 That this is not the case,
 So please prepare
 To stand and stare
 While we start letting down our hair.

Chorus:

We're the Phil. 1 Brigade,
 We like to think we think,
 Argument is our trade,
 Analysis our meat and drink.
 We'll gladly refute
 Your theories, we're so acute,
 Our wit can shine like Wittgenstein—
 Would you like a tute?

Philosophers, we hear you cry,
 Are other-worldly folk,
 Who will not fit
 In the least little bit
 With Fleur-de-Lys' more lively wit.
 Well all we say is let us try,
 For we can tell a joke
 Which is just as rude
 And dark blue hued
 As that of any Med. or Science stude.

Chorus:

We're the Phil. 1 Brigade,
 Etc.

A Philosopher, we hear you hiss,
 A passion never has,
 The love of Wisdom
 Clogs his system,
 The facts of life—he's always missed 'em.
 We'll not allow one word of this,
 The truth is that whereas
 Your lover's Nemesis
 Kicks him off the premises,
 We kick premises, from Marx to -er
 - Genesis.

Chorus:

We're the Phil. 1 Brigade,
 Etc.

Philosophers, you ladies sigh,
 Are always so Platonic,
 If they'd leave for an hour
 Their ivory tower,
 You'd show them more than a bee on a
 flower.
 But such assumptions we deny,
 We're really quite demonic
 When we're alone —
 And we'd like it known
 You can get us all on the telephone.

Chorus:

We're the Phil. 1 Brigade,
 Etc.

—G.A.B.

Janet Clarke Hall

No foundation. All the way along the line.

Office-Bearers:

Senior Student: Judith Leask.

Secretary: Gwen Simms.

Treasurer: Dorothy Leaper.

This year the heavy footfalls of a record number of students — seventy in all — fell softly on to thick, rich carpets, a new and welcome addition to the Hall. At least one-third of these students were freshers, and we extend a cordial welcome to them. We are also pleased to have with us Dr. Lyn. Reid, a former student of the College; and Dr. Helen Knight, a distinguished graduate from both Cambridge and London Universities. Our first formal dinner of the year was held in her honour, and this was followed by a social evening enabling Dr. Knight to meet members of the English and Philosophy schools. Dr. Knight has taken over the position of College English tutor which Miss Jennings has held so successfully for nearly twenty-five years, but which she regretfully relinquished owing to pressure of work at the University.

A notable event in the lives of the freshers was the presentation of cooking certificates, a welcome symbol of domestic proficiency. Mrs. Prescott, who presented the certificates, and Mrs. Cowan were our guests of honour. The freshers now feel able to cope with whatever comes.

The Children's Aid Society have again expressed appreciation of our yearly experiments in sewing and knitting, and many thanks are due to the prompters of these good works. The College also wishes to thank Ann Douglas, Margot Bailey and Marilyn Riley, who have worked so hard to form a Brownie Club at the Home.

Our other main charitable work for the year was the sponsoring of Miss J.C.H. for the University World Student

Relief Fund. As the campaign drew to a close we made a final effort to raise money for our candidate. A Dutch auction was held with the assistance of the gallants of Trinity. As a result of the complicated system of betting, several people won themselves such useful little things as tickets to the Comedy, silk stockings, free dinners and golf sets. We are glad to say that our candidate raised a worthy contribution to the general fund. Students have again contributed each week to Food for Britain Parcels, and an average of six parcels a month have been sent to St. Anne's College and Oxford. Once again part of the money collected was sent to the Women of the University Fund so that parcels might be sent to Miss Law, a former tutor of the College.

Owing to the generosity of Mr. H. P. Mackenzie, we were able to add £50 worth of books to the Verdon Library, and his donation of £200 enables the Francis Hordern Chamber Scholarship to be raised to its pre-war value of £25.

Once again the College is grateful for all the work Miss Joske has done for us, and for the vital interest and care she takes, not only in our College, but also in our personal activities. We can only hope that our results will be worthy of her attentions.

JANET CLARKE HALL SPORTS CLUB.

That amazon of small proportions!

President: Miss Joske.

Hon. Secretary: Miss B. Daly.

Committee: Miss B. Hurley, Miss P. Rogers, Miss J. Maling.

The inter-collegiate women's tennis competition was held during first term, and Janet Clarke Hall retained the cup after an interesting final against St. Mary's Hall. Members of all college teams were invited to St. Mary's Hall for afternoon tea. Our team included

Barbara Daley, Mary Johnson, Janet Maling and Peg. Webb Ware.

In the last week of second term a basketball match was arranged with St. Mary's Hall, and in this we gracefully acknowledged defeat by one goal. We entertained members of St. Mary's team at afternoon tea, and later conducted them on a tour of the College. We hope that informal matches such as this will become an annual feature.

The swot vac hockey match against Trinity once more gave scope for originality on all sides, and proved an excellent guide to future golfing prowess.

The college tennis championship has yet to be played. We would like to congratulate last year's winner, Miss June Smith.

This year Janet Clarke Hall has been well represented in University teams. Gwenneth Vaughan and Barbara Hurley played "A" Grade and Inter-varsity Hockey, while Gwenneth Vaughan was also a member of the University Women's Athletes Team, and Inter-varsity champion for 100 yards and 75 yards sprints. Penelope Nuttall was a member of the Inter-varsity Swimming Team, while she and Nancy Field played "A" Grade and Inter-varsity Basketball.

JANET CLARKE HALL DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Club has spent many pleasant evenings in Miss Joske's sitting room this year, and the plays read have certainly not lacked variety. Those attending have been, on the whole, most enthusiastic, the interest shown by freshers being particularly gratifying.

As usual, we began the year with a Shaw — "Arms and the Man" — one of his earlier, and, it was suggested after the reading, least attractive plays. In a search for something different, we turned next week to the less subtle humour of Hart and Kaufman's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and the evening was spent in considerable merriment. Our next meeting was also

a great success, as we at last obtained enough copies of Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures" — thanks to a certain modest Trinity gentleman.

The last reading for the term was held soon after the Trinity College production of William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life," and Miss Joske took the opportunity to congratulate the cast. The excellence of the play has already proved a popular theme in the daily press, so we need only add our whole-hearted congratulations for a very fine performance. At this, our fourth meeting, James Bridie's "Lancelot" was read, with rather disappointing results. The only point which we enjoyed was the long Latin grace rendered beautifully by a Trinity classicist.

With high ambitions we began second term with a continental play — Anton Chekhov's "The Seagull." Although the reading was at times excellent, atmosphere was sadly lacking, and many of the more subtle points of the play escaped us. Next, Douglas Stewart's "Ned Kelly" was attacked lustily by the men, and the evening proved most entertaining.

A number of J.C.H. ladies accepted an invitation to a reading of Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" in the Trinity common room. The play read extremely well, the supper was delicious, and the atmosphere delightful.

At our next meeting "King Lear" was read quite successfully, in spite of the fact that one unfortunate young man had to carry on a whole scene alone — the victim exchanging conversation with himself most admirably in three different voices. During Swot Vac a small group read J. B. Priestley's "They Came to a City."

Our greatest difficulty this year has been in finding sufficient copies of interesting plays — a factor which always limits the field from which we are free to choose. It is therefore gratifying that we have been able to read a wide variety of plays without too much reading-over-shoulders and hurriedly handing books from one to another.

TOMBS AND TOMBSTONES

S. C. MOSS.

(The Wigram Allen Prize Essay)

*"My father is gone wild in his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections."*

—King Henry the Fourth—Part II.

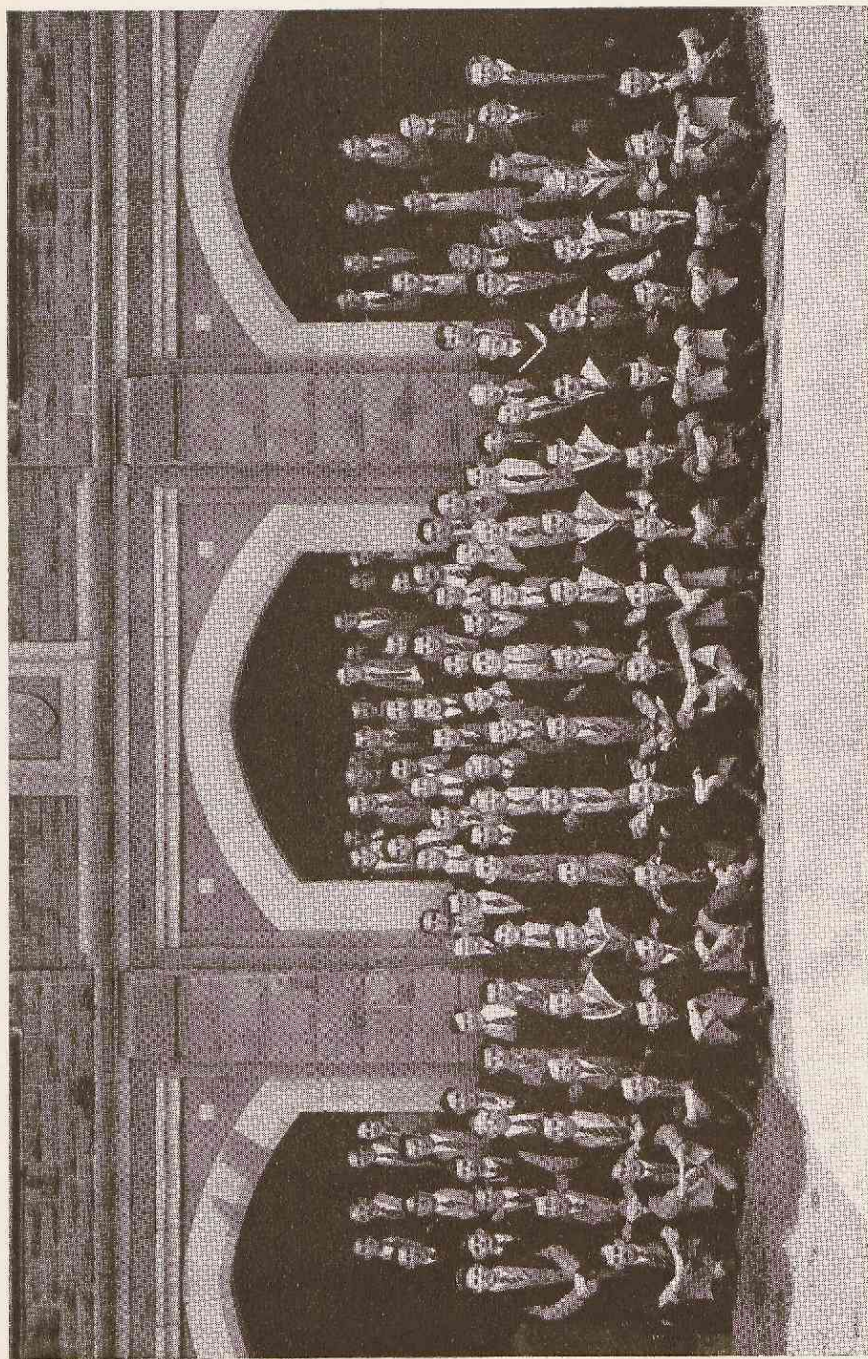
What associations come to your mind at the mention of the words tomb and tombstone? Are yours of an academic flavour . . . of scrutinizing antiquarians with pinc-nez, clad in faded reflections of last century's fashions . . . so otherworldly, so irrelevant you might say! Or are you numbered amongst those would-be connoisseurs who delight to refer to certain sepulchral monuments as "that jug and towel arrangement" . . . who cast scorn on glassed-in flowers, pointed fingers, shiny marble and iron railings? Or perhaps you have no associations at all, and regard the cemetery and its contents as completely dead and unrelated to present life — except for an odd humorous tombstone epigram which in childhood once evoked a weak bemused gurgle.

Now if this is all that tombs and tombstones mean to you, then you have in store a great revelation of hope. Far from being symbols of dead, past things, tombs and tombstones speak to us, in the measured tones of History herself, of that knowledge which is the very key to the future of mankind. For in an age in which freedom of enterprise, free choice, free taste and free air have already, or else are rapidly disappearing, and, on the other hand, red tape, controls and restrictions are rising fast to choke us, it is to the tomb, tombstone and the cemetery that we must turn for the inspiration of a glorious freedom yet unborn, and, more important still, a scientific assurance that this unparalleled freedom lies at the core of man's inner nature.

Whenever individual man has had the choice to determine his memorial to posterity — not in war cemeteries which are, of course, a by-product of bureaucratic tyranny — he has boldly declared

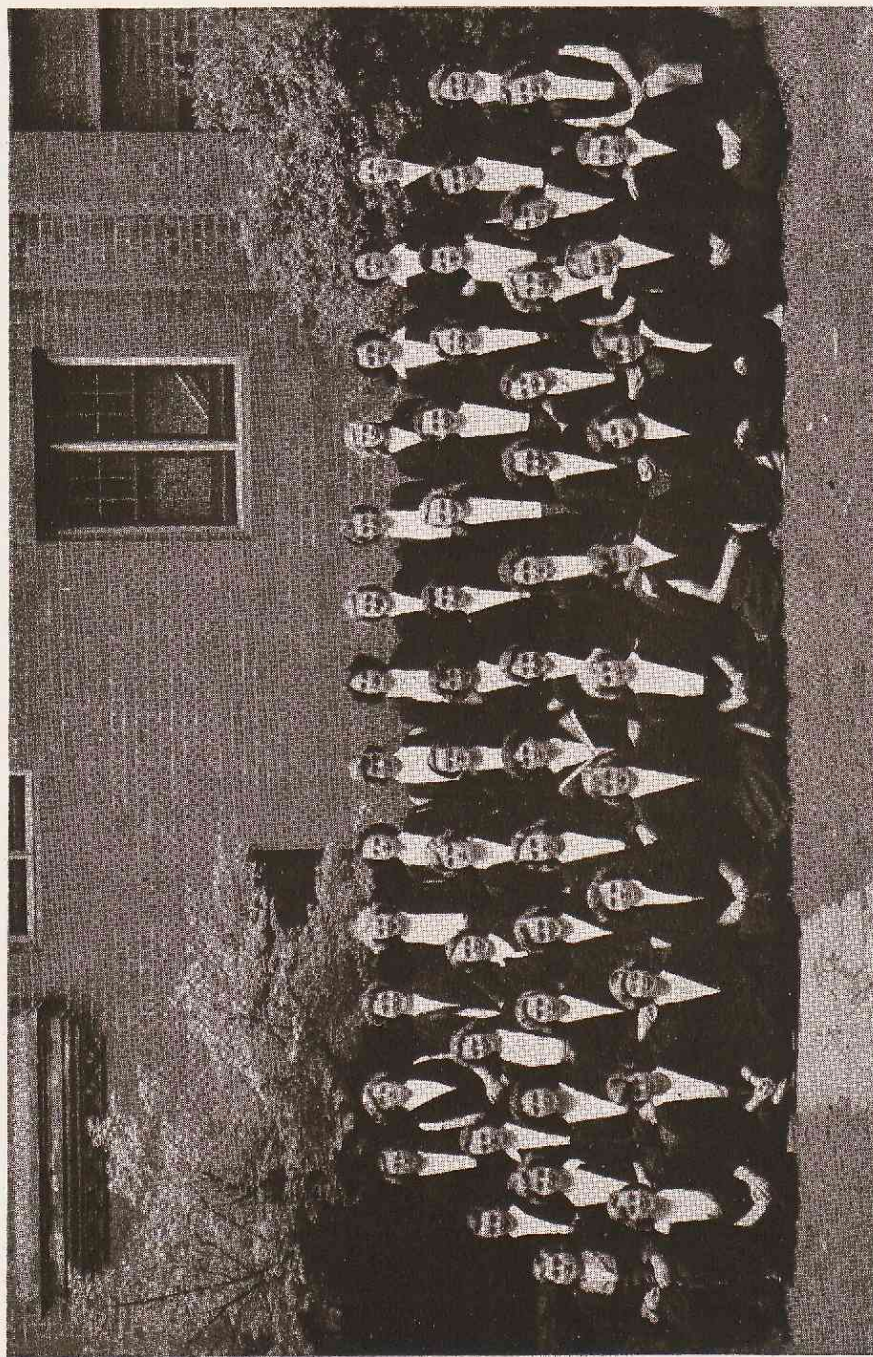
particular principles of freedom — freedom of choice, design, colour, size, shape, ornament and wording. This is the ethos of tombs and tombstones, known among the esoteric by its technical name — "inferential psychosis." This name was applied to the philosophic basis of tomb and tombstone study by its discoverer, Carlos Hic-Jacet (often abbreviated to simply Jacet) a Scotch Bolivian who, incidentally, has resided for some years in this land and has recently returned from the third world conference of Tumulists, more commonly referred to as the Third Interment. In formulating the philosophy of Tumulism Jacet has been greatly assisted by his co-frere, Mr. Frederick Stone-Angels, who, as a master monumental craftsman, has helped his chief chip away many problems of Tumulism.

To gain a proper understanding of Tumulism it is necessary to sketch briefly Jacet's life. J. R. Sarcophagus in his monumental book, "Slabs and Selections from the life and letters of Carlos Hic-Jacet," proves by sound inferential evidence that on his paternal side, Jacet's forebears can be traced back to the Aztec empire of Central Mexico. In this connection, Sarcophagus refers to a family tradition that an early Jacet actually placed the coping memorial stone on the great pyramid of "Am-i-In," and the story well deserves further examination. Jacet's mother was a fair, ruddy Scotch lass, the third daughter of a Mr. Deeurthem, a renowned sexton of St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh. I say renowned because of the anonymous poem which, when it appeared in the Edinburgh "Review" of 1892, created quite a storm in sexton circles. The last four lines set the tenor of the whole work:



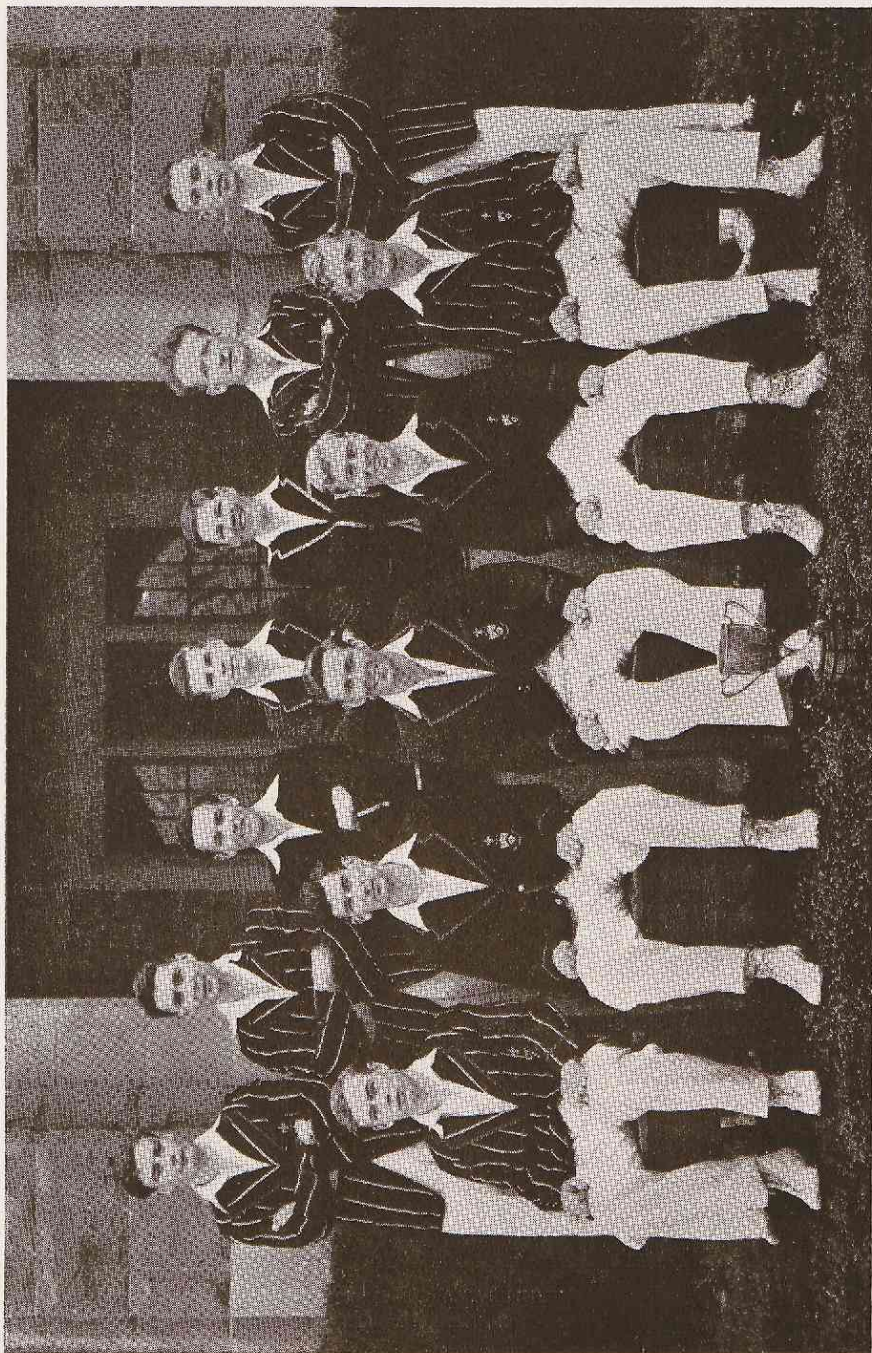
TRINITY COLLEGE, 1949

Back Row—J. F. McDonagh, I. E. Radford, R. C. W. Williams, A. E. Ringwood, M. Thwaites, J. D. Fisher, J. H. Learmouth, D. I. Morton, D. N. Hawkins, W. R. Arkinson, J. V. Ryner, G. O. Phillips, R. B. C. Galbraith, L. G. Cumming, I. S. Hayes, I. C. Everist, P. R. W. Barbour, K. N. Thomson, B. C. O'Sullivan, R. H. Gardner, Second Row—R. E. Bishop, D. W. Hardy, P. Morris, J. N. Hunn, G. S. Hale, A. C. Kingsbury, I. E. G. Sloan, J. W. Carré Riddell, R. L. Beckholt, J. A. C. Mackie, W. A. Coppel, Third Row—R. P. Dalziel, D. J. Mackinnon, R. D. Browne, D. W. Johnston, D. B. Warner, J. A. Poutsma, D. O'Brien, F. G. Cox, J. Weber, K. H. Hatherly, R. C. T. Graham, J. R. Hawkins, E. A. S. Jowett, E. A. D. Jowett, Fourth Row—B. N. Gill, G. S. Mills, P. M. Morton, A. S. Grimwade, D. G. Evans, S. C. Johnston, J. C. H. Morris, J. N. Taylor, S. J. Gaddard, R. T. Haunath, J. L. Rouse, R. L. Hovey, R. H. Robertson, Fifth Row—H. R. Johnson, P. M. Johansen, R. J. Meyer, E. M. McConchie, R. A. Bradley, D. F. Hebbard, P. Ross-Edwards, T. L. Barker, B. F. Campbell, J. D. Balford, I. R. Poynter, J. I. Reeve, A. C. L. Clark, R. C. Beard, K. R. Hodgson, C. E. Slign, C. F. Kilduff, G. B. Lucas, I. H. Warner, P. Gray, Seated—G. R. Hadfield, K. B. Nelson, C. W. McMahon, G. A. Brown, R. F. Marks, R. J. W. Howard (indoor representative), P. Balford (Secretary), R. T. Potter (Senior Student), G. Cooke (Treasurer), E. B. Collins, R. S. Houghton, P. E. Wyner, J. G. Perry, S. C. Moss, W. A. Reid, M. J. Scriven, In Front—S. J. H. Shepherd, W. B. Mathier, P. H. Wilson, M. R. M. Barrett, I. E. Backwell, R. S. Faulkner, F. C. Corry, W. I. Cook, G. F. Adler, D. J. Burt, J. H. S. Lang, P. T. Osborne, H. H. Thies, J. A. Court, J. K. Mackinnon, R. L. Butters, Absent—W. L. H. Armstrong, R. G. Brown, R. A. Kenison, D. J. Kent, M. W. Letts, I. H. McKenzie, B. H. Reddrop, S. G. Schleiger, A. W. Stringer.



JANET CLARKE HALL, 1949

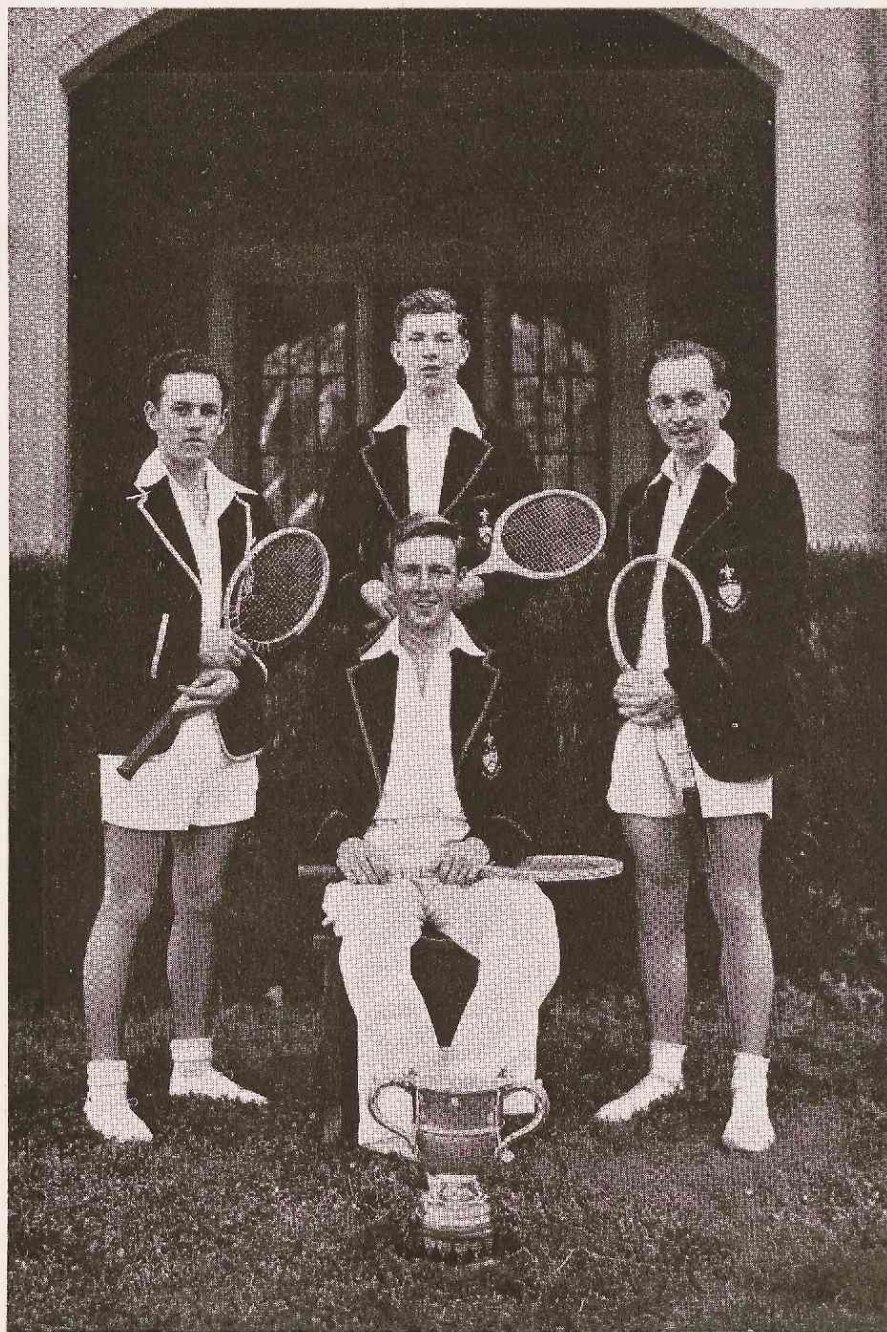
Back Row—P. Miller, P. Travers, E. Probst, P. Nuttall, P. Austin, B. Hurley, J. Barbour, J. Handley, E. Edwards, V. Guyart, M. Webb Ware, M. R. Cook, R. McGregor. *Second Row*—M. Wing, M. Lewis, K. Hinrichsen, L. Murfit, M. Johnson, B. Moore, M. Cook, J. Kenclfield, Y. Gallagher, J. Taplin, M. de Kretser, E. Sinclair, H. Peden, E. Walpole. *Sitting*—H. Bowring, C. Brown, G. Vaughan, J. Keighley, P. Bumpstead, N. Field, G. Simms, J. Leask, D. Leaper, M. Daniel, G. Tomasetti, D. Sutherland, K. Maxwell, J. Thompson. *Front Row*—M. Riley, M. Bailie, L. Weller, F. Mollison, M. Dettmann, E. Creswell, J. Rau, B. Pickford, J. Macdonald, A. Hallows, E. Dow. *Absent*—B. Daley, A. Douglas, A. Evans, L. Garrett, J. Levinson, A. McMahon, J. Maling, D. Mitchell, F. Nuttall, A. Pickford, J. Pyper, P. Rogers, I. Shaw, P. Stanbury, K. Taylor



FIRST XI, 1949

(Winners of the Kennedy Cup for Inter-Collegiate Cricket)

Standing.—L. G. Cumming, G. S. Hale, R. S. Faulkner, J. A. Court, D. J. Burt, R. J. Meyer, D. L. Morton.
Seated.—R. H. Gardner, P. R. W. Barbour (Vice-Captain), R. T. Potter (Captain), J. N. Taylor, T. L. Barker

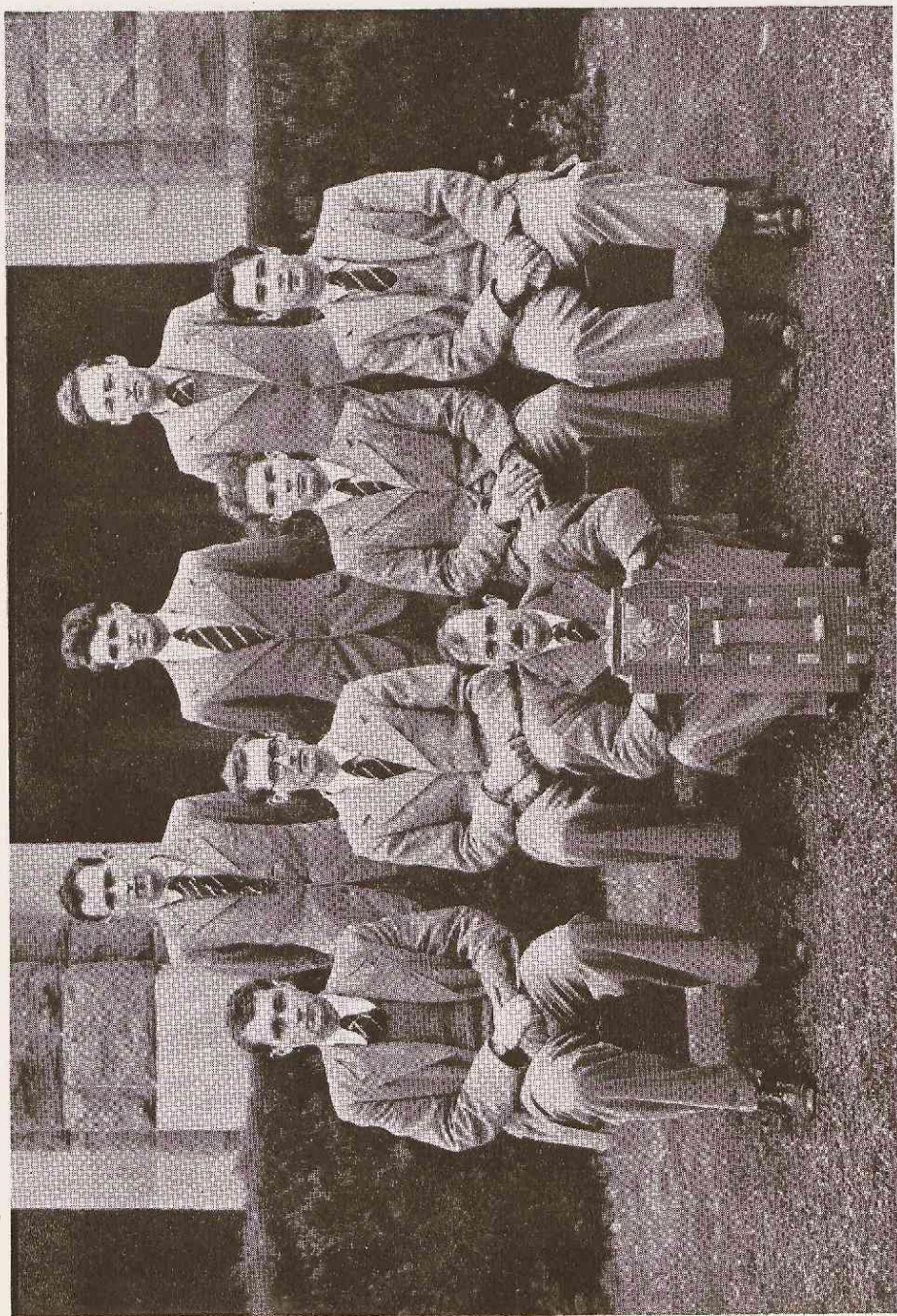


TENNIS TEAM, 1949

(Winners of the G. E. Mackay Trophy)

Standing.—R. S. Faulkner, G. S. Mills, T. E. Radford (Vice-Captain)

Seated.—R. T. Potter (Captain).



SECOND VIII, 1949

(Winners of the Norton Shield)

Standing—J. H. Learmonth (2), W. B. Mather (5), J. R. Hawkins (4).

Sitting—L. E. G. Sloan (6), S. C. Johnston (Stroke), H. R. Johnson (7), F. Cox (3), S. R. H. Shepherd (Cox).

Absent.—J. D. Fisher (Bow).



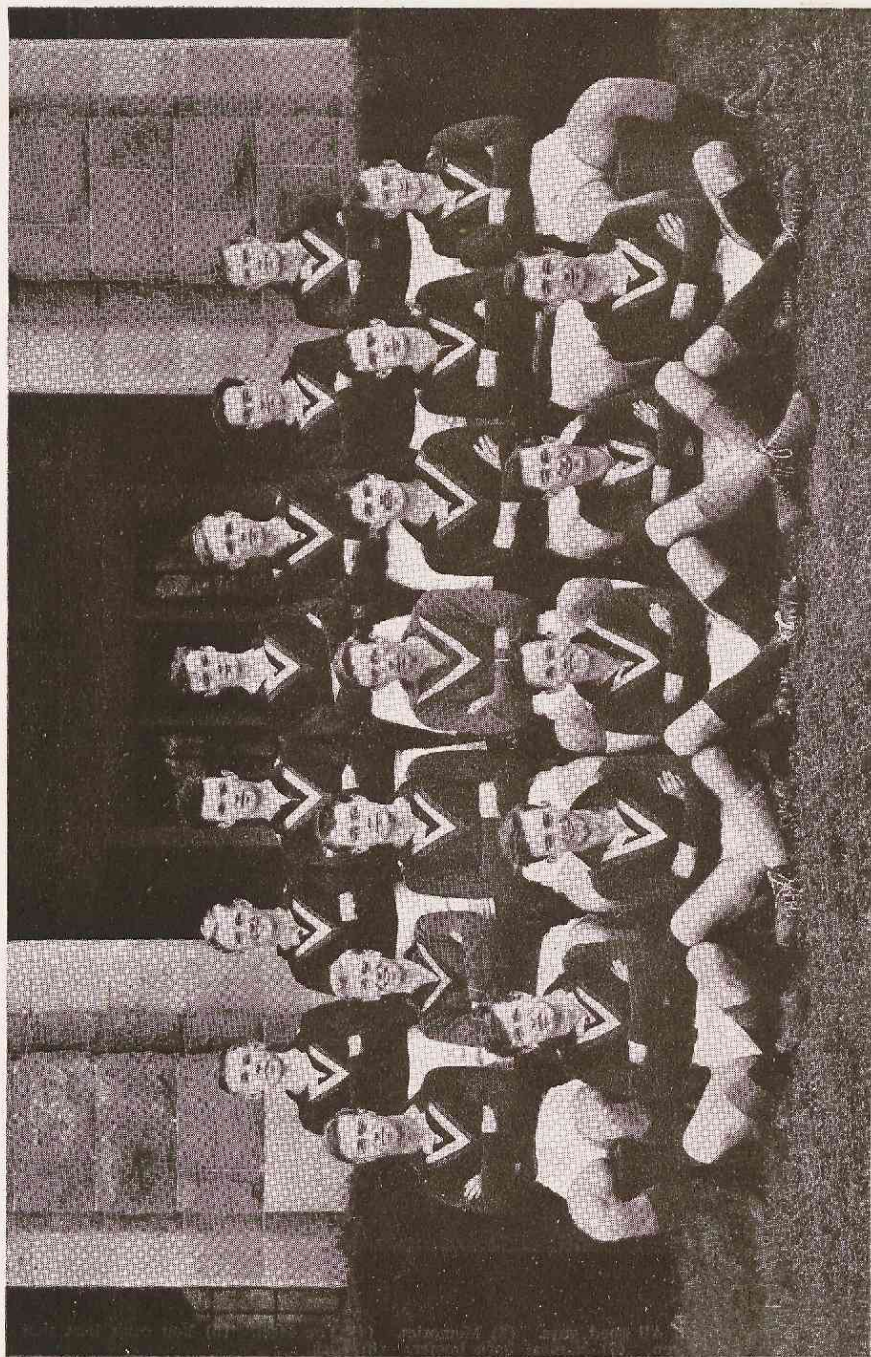
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

Photo: Jan Hanna.



Photo: Ian Hanna.

- (1) Just an Old Trapper. (2) All good guys. (3) Memories. (4) The Heel. (5) You can't beat that machine. (6) The Citizen. (7) Natural born hoover. (8) Nick.



FIRST XVIII, 1949

Standing—D. L. Morton, T. I. Barker, P. T. Osborne, L. G. Cumming, J. K. Mackinnon, R. C. T. Graham, K. N. Thomson.
Seated—R. S. Houghton, J. N. Taylor, L. E. G. Sloan (Vice-Captain), R. T. Potter (Captain), J. G. Perry, E. B. Collins, G. Cooke.
In Front—C. F. Kilduff, I. E. Backwell, R. S. Faulkner, R. J. W. Howard, J. F. McDonagh.
Absent—W. L. H. Armstrong, R. A. Kennison.



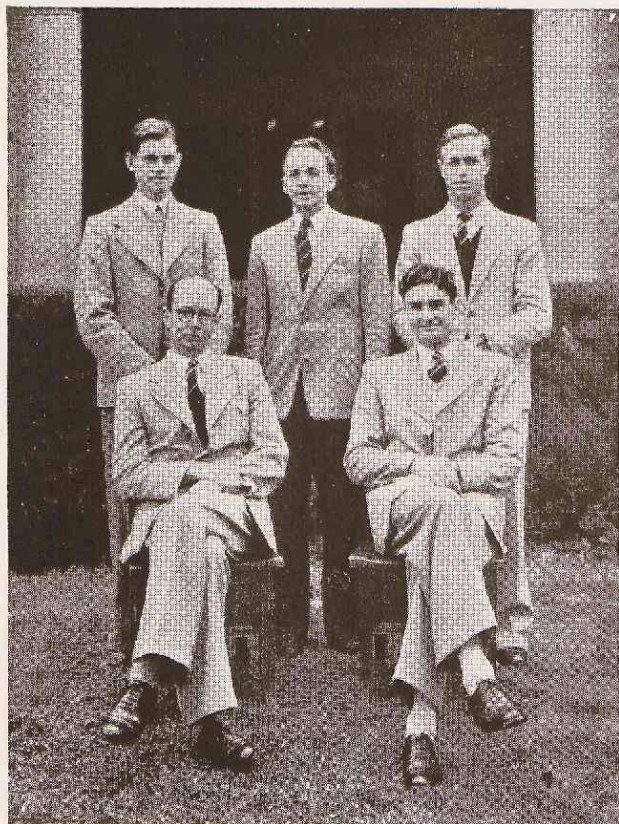
FIRST VIII, 1949

Standing.—L. H. Warner (3), A. C. Kingsbury (2), I. E. Backwell (Bow).
Sitting.—K. B. Nelson (6), I. C. Everist (Stroke), E. A. S. Jovett (5), D. N. Hawkins (7),
 J. A. C. Mackie (Cox).
Absent.—K. N. Thompson (4).



ATHLETICS TEAM, 1949

Standing.—J. A. Court, P. Morris, C. E. A. Sligo, A. S. Grimwade, S. R. H. Shepherd, J. C. H. Morris.
Sitting.—J. A. C. Mackie, P. M. Johansen, B. H. Reddrop (Vice-Captain), A. C. Kingsbury, G. Cooke.
Absent.—M. W. Letts (Captain, non-playing), J. D. Fisher, R. J. W. Howard, K. N. Thomson.



SQUASH TEAM, 1949

Standing.—J. Weber, T. E. Radford,
R. S. Houghton.

Seated.—Mr. A. G. L. Shaw, S. C. Moss.

JANET CLARKE HALL TENNIS TEAM, 1949
(Winners of the Lucy Archer Cup)

Mary Johnson, Barbara Daley, Peg Webb Ware.
Absent.—Janet Maling.

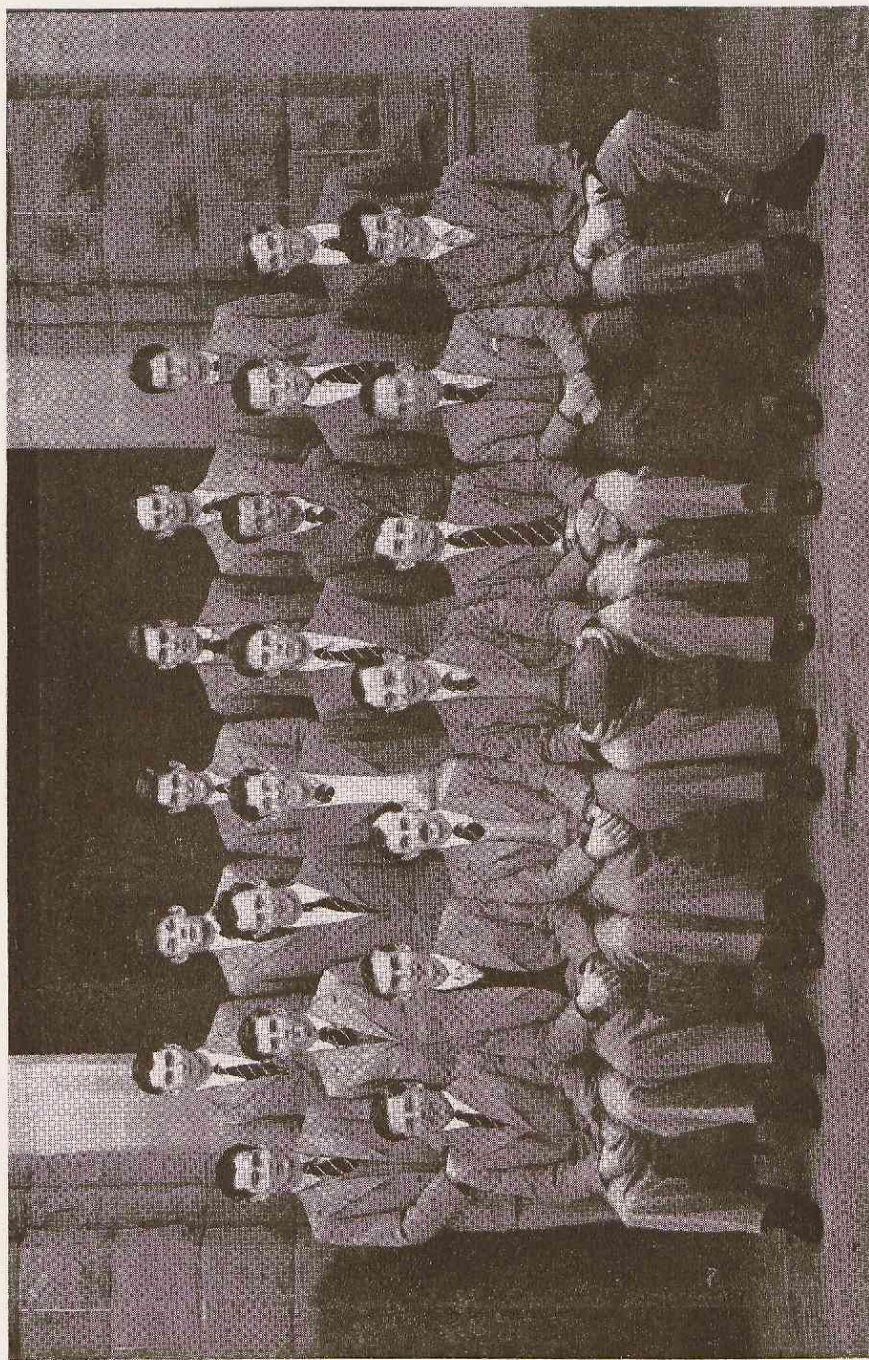




RUGBY TEAM, 1949

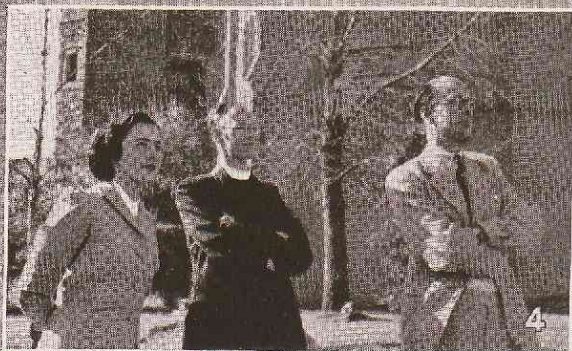
(Winners of the Inter-Collegiate Rugby)

Standing—R. J. W. Howard, D. J. Mackinnon, K. B. Nelson, J. K. Mackinnon, I. C. Everist, C. F. Kilduff,
F. Morris, B. D. Cunliffe, G. Cooke.
Seated—R. C. Brown, R. J. Meyer, J. F. McDonagh (Captain), K. N. Thompson (Vice-Captain), J. D.
Bainfold, T. L. Barker, D. W. Hardy.



SECOND XVIII, 1949

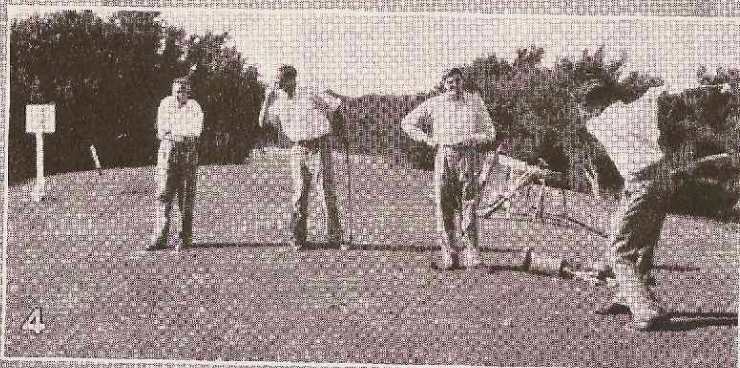
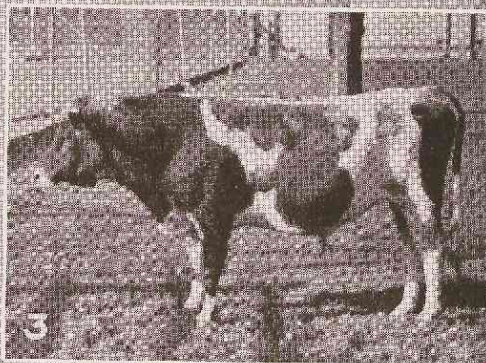
Back Row.—G. S. Hale, B. N. Gill, R. B. S. Galbraith, J. N. Hunt, J. Weber.
Second Row.—F. G. Cox, J. A. Court, J. H. Learmonth, J. V. Rymor, H. R. Johnson, R. A. Bradley,
P. Morris, P. M. Johansen.
Seated.—D. J. Burt, R. D. Browne, S. R. H. Shepherd, C. R. Hadfield (Captain), R. C. Beard, T. E. Radford,
A. C. L. Clark.



(1) Curtsy's morning expedition (2) Ladies' Man. (3) Successful Bookie. (4) Interested Spectators.



(1) Guilty Consciences. (2) Spring Fashions at the Hockey Match. (3) The Dean at Play. (4) David.



(1) Beast. (2) Man. (3) The College Bull. (4) Sh... ..

"And who would lay
His body in St. Giles' Burial Place
To be thrown up again by that rude Sexton
And yield its narrow house another tenant?"

Jacet senior met his wife on a visit to England, and young Carlos was born, the youngest of a family of four, in 1905.

At school Jacet showed no outstanding qualities, although his old school-mate Don Sixfeet reports that he had an almost instinctive attraction to cemeteries and places of burial. Sixfeet recalls one incident when young Carlos was accidentally locked in a family vault all night. When re-discovered the following morning he was not in the least agitated, and actually had to be forcibly removed. Here I quote from Sarcophagus:

"On being led out this young child, barely ten years old, with flowing red locks turned his misty, blue, contemplative eyes upon his father, and in clear dulcet tones said: 'Wist ye not that I have been enjoying myself!'"

From school, young Carlos graduated to Edinburgh University and read for his Bachelor's degree. The title of the monograph which gained him that distinction and now incidentally recognised as the last word on this disputed subject was "Who chose Nelson's tomb? — A Telescopic view." In this thesis Jacet traces the history of Nelson's tomb from the time when it was first ordered by Cardinal Wolsey in 1524 from Benedetto da Rovezzano, right up until the nineteenth century. Then by using, unwittingly, as he later admitted, the logical method of transposed inferentialism, Jacet comes to the amazing conclusion that Nelson himself chose the tomb, and proceeds to bring forth the equally amazing historical truth that it was not Lady Hamilton at all who was the attraction for Lord Nelson in Italy, but nothing else than Benedetto da Rovezzano's tombstones.

During the next eighteen years Jacet became firmly convinced, both by bitter experience and study, that Western civilisation was running on the wrong set of iron railings. His first encounter

with the business world was an unfortunate one. As an administrator and accountant to a Birmingham firm of dye manufacturers Jacet, by chance, or was it fate, to quote his own words "misunderstood the jargon of a public company income tax form." Jacet suffered mental torture during the long weeks preceding the court case — he felt himself caught in the coils of a crushing colossus. With his former employers now bankrupt, the Scotch-Bolivian joined the Indian Army. The only bright spot in this otherwise hellish existence under a tyrannous sergeant-major was his examination of the tombs of the Nepalese. Moreover, it was here in India that he clearly saw the distinction between Romantic Tumulism as epitomised in the Taj Mahal and that Tumulism which later came to be known as Scientific Tumulism. Finally, Jacet arrived in Australia and invested his savings in a quiet apple orchard in Southern Victoria. Two years later the Apple and Pear Board was formed, and Jacet's modest holding would no longer support himself and family. From this he took up poultry farming, but, alas, the Egg Board appeared almost simultaneously.

About this time he met Frederick Stone-Angels, and a warm friendship immediately sprang up; from now on we can talk of an "inferential psychosis." Now, what is meant by inferential psychosis? Inferentialism is the dialectic which, granting that men do not always mean what they say nor say what they mean, insists that the only reliable pointer to man's inner self is to be inferred from a particular set of his actions.

But inferentialism simply by itself does not help one uncover the inner self; the genesis of the action must be the criterion as Jacet clearly saw. Actions with a mental genesis and actions with a spiritual genesis betray themselves for obvious reasons. Where was the door to the inner core of man's being? Working back from his earlier vault experiences and tombstone studies

Jacet traced the elusive truth in a chance study of psychosis. In this, Stone-Angels was passively co-operative. Thus under the conditions of psychosis, when the mental and spiritual natures of man are quiescent, Jacet clearly saw and studied man's inner self.

His momentous findings are all minutely recorded in his work "Das Innazelf," published in Leipzig early in 1939. After carefully outlining the philosophic basis of inferential psychosis, Jacet proceeds to subject his findings to a most intensive historical test, surveying carefully the tombs and tombstones of early Egypt — in this section, I might add, there is a brilliant exposition of inferred Tumulism from Queen Nefret-ere-Mi-en-Mut's tomb; she, of course, was the wife of Ramases II. The same book deals with Babylonian Mycenaean, and Graeco-Roman Tumulism, etc., right up to the present day. Books II and III cover the remainder of the world.

From this learned study no one will deny that Tumulism is a definitely established truth in the affairs of men. But is it relevant to contemporary matters, you might ask? I can do no better than quote from the author's preface to "Das Innazelf":

"We live in a world of conflicting ideologies and creeds, all claiming, as a preliminary supposition, to possess the eternal truth of man's nature. Communism with its particular emphasis, together with Democracy, Christianity and the rest all lie exposed as fallacious before the truth of inferential psychosis. For that freedom and gay abandon which is manifested in so many forms in the tombs and tombstones of this land, yea, and in every land, is a reflection of your true inner nature. And the means whereby you identify yourself with the tomb and tombstone ethos is by the process of transposed affection."

Jacet here goes on to explain this technical term which simply means that the relatives of a dead man unconsciously transfer their psychosis into his tomb and tombstone. Thus our own psychosis is reflected in the generation preceding us.

No intelligent Tumulist will deny that

there are cases where tomb and tombstone are not to be found. These circumstances can be explained as due to either (1) the low psychosis ratio of the individual or race, e.g., the Kaffirs of South Africa, or (2) a sublimated "transposed affection," e.g., those who choose cremation. For a fuller discussion of this aspect, see "Das Innazelf" (Book I, chapter XIX on "The Hic and the Hoc in transposed affection").

In this short paper there has not been time to give an adequate account of the international political activities of Tumulism, but you may be assured that they are extensive, and on the increase. We favour the small study group — the age-old method commonly called the vault system. Already, in twenty-nine countries there is an official Tumulist Party and at the recent world conference, the Third Interment, a resolution was laid out that throughout the whole world, April the 1st shall henceforth be regarded as Tomb's Day. On this day processions will be held to all the best cemeteries and public addresses given.

Before ending this paper, I would like, on behalf of the Tumulist Party, to strike two warning notes. The first is of an anticipatory nature. We feel sure that every effort will be made by certain people to discredit Tumulism, and to associate it with antiquarian eccentricity. Thus we categorically deny any connection with the Arundel Society of London, the Hibernian Association for the preservation of memorials of the Dead and any other Romantic Tumulist body. For our view of the Romanticists, Stone-Angel's work, "Tumulism — Scientific and Romantic" is indispensable.

The second note of warning concerns our domestic affairs in this country. The Tumulist Party of Australia is in no way associated with His Majesty's Opposition in the present House of Representatives, and any use they may make of our literature in the forthcoming election will be purely coincidental.

PAST STUDENTS—JANET CLARKE HALL

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY.

Annual General Meeting, 1948:

The Annual General Meeting of the Trinity Women's Society was held at Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday, 9th October. The President, Miss Valentine Leeper, was in the chair, and about 65 members were present. The Annual Report and Balance Sheet were read and confirmed, and the following office-bearers were elected for 1949:

President: Miss K. Deasey.

Vice-Presidents: Miss V. Leeper, and Mrs. A. Sinclair.

Secretary: Miss L. Eady.

Treasurer: Miss V. Dow.

Committee: Mrs. K. Emmerson, Mrs. W. McCasker, Mrs. T. Ackland, Mrs. K. Myer, Dr. E. Macknight, Miss P. Lind and Miss B. Galley.

Honorary Life Membership was conferred on Miss R. Lewis, Miss D. Barnard and Miss C. Tisdall, in recognition of their long and faithful service to the College; and Honorary Temporary Membership conferred on Dr. Anita Rosenberg during her association with Janet Clarke Hall.

The report of the proceedings of the National Council of Women was presented by Mrs. McCasker and Miss Eady, who agreed to remain the Society's representatives on the Council for the coming year.

Discussion of certain aspects of the new constitution followed, and it was proposed by Dr. Macknight, seconded by Dr. Blanch, that the annual subscription be reduced from 7/6 to 5/-, and that those who wished to purchase "Fleur-de-Lys," previously included in the subscription, might do so separately. It was also decided to maintain the Annual Dinner subscription at the present increased rate and to set aside

any profits towards purchasing food parcels for past students abroad.

As has now become a custom, a collection was made during the evening to enable Christmas food parcels to be sent to members of the Society residing in the United Kingdom.

The meeting was followed by the Annual Dinner, at which the guests of honour were Associate-Professor Kathleen Fitzpatrick, Mrs. G. W. Paton, wife of the President of the Professorial Board; Mrs. R. Cowan, wife of the Warden of Trinity College; and Miss Mary Graham, Senior Student of Janet Clarke Hall. The loyal toast was proposed by Miss Leeper, and was followed by the toast of the College, also proposed by Miss Leeper, and responded to by Miss Joske and Miss Graham. "Our Guests" was proposed by Miss D. Langley; and Associate-Professor Fitzpatrick replied. Mrs. M. Thwaites proposed the toast of "Absent Friends."

Once again, we express our thanks to Miss Joske for allowing us to hold the meeting and dinner at Janet Clarke Hall.

Open Day, 1949:

The Annual Open Day was held at Janet Clarke Hall on Saturday afternoon, 19th March. The sixty past students who were present either sat and chatted in the College reception rooms, inspected the buildings, or took part in the tennis tournament. Twenty-seven children accompanied their mothers and played in the garden, where the main attractions were a slide and a party afternoon tea.

During the afternoon a special General meeting was held to re-consider the Society's constitution. Two amendments were passed reducing the annual subscription to five shillings, and defining the position of Vice-President as an elective one.

Notes:

Several Trinity women have gained further high academic honours during the past year, and we offer hearty congratulations to *Bronnie Treloar* (Taylor), on whom the degree D.Phil. (Oxon) was conferred earlier this year; to *Eder Hansen* (Lindsay), who has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in pharmacology and toxicology of Berkeley University, California, and to *June Howqua*, who has gained her F.R.C.P. Bronnie Treloar has the added distinction of being the first woman of her college (St. Hilda's) to take out her doctorate in Modern Languages.

We also congratulate *Dorothy Whitehead* on her appointment as Head Mistress of Ascham, Sydney; and *Elizabeth Woodyate*, who has been appointed Head Mistress of St. Margaret's, Berwick.

A very large number of past students of Janet Clarke Hall are at present abroad. *Mary Hain* has reached England via Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Austria and France. She hopes to visit Yugoslavia and to return to Greece for a short time before returning home at the end of the year. Several articles written during her travels have appeared in "The Argus" during the last few months.

Kathleen Law is now well established in London, and has managed to see a good deal of England and the Continent during the 18 months since she left Australia.

Sali Rogers has spent a most interesting five months in Germany. Her headquarters have been in Hamburg, but she has made several journeys through the French and American Zones. She will be returning to England in October to study for her D.Phil. degree at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

Gwenyth Wykes is now at Rothamstead Experimental Station, Herts., continuing with her research work on bees.

Patricia Farrant (Warren), after travelling extensively through Canada and U.S.A., arrived in England a few months ago. In California she met *Pat. Bartz* (McBride) and her husband, who were shortly leaving for Korea, and, later, in Holland, she visited *Ilse Kroon* (Posner) in her new home in The Hague.

Lilian White received a Diploma of Teaching, and has been chosen to represent the London University at an Educational Conference in Newcastle. She plans to return to Australia some time next year. Her sister *Patricia* is secretary to the Principal of Calus College, Cambridge.

Among those who will be returning to Australia within the next few months are *Vera Vines* (Hanly), who has been living in Oxford for the last 18 months; *Valerie Hawkins*, who has relinquished her university post at Sheffield, *Peg Hyett* and *Margaret Harris*.

Lyndsay Mathieson was selected as one of the diplomatic cadets for 1949, and has been working at the Department of External Affairs, Canberra.

Daphne Trigg is assistant pathologist at the Wangaratta District Base Hospital, and *Anne Troup* is working in the Pathology Department of the Repatriation Hospital, Perth.

Diana Ottaway is in charge of a new recorded music section of the State Library, Hobart.

Dr. Mary Wakefield (Wheeler) and *Dr. Jean Sloss* (Proud) are both doing part-time work at the Blood Bank at the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Joan Hogarth is working with the A.B.C. in Hobart.

Dr. Mary Lane (Long) and her husband have taken a practice at Orbost.

Kathleen Walker has been teaching in Austria, and *Olive Wykes* is studying in Paris.

Nonie Gibson, who for several years was a lecturer in the English Department, is to be congratulated on winning a British Council Scholarship to Oxford.

Dr. Lorna Sisely, honorary surgeon at the Queen Victoria Hospital, has been awarded the Master of Surgery and the Gordon Craig Travelling Scholarship by the Australian College of Surgery. She is now in America, where she is carrying out post-graduate work in various clinics.

Anne Baillieu is now in America, representing the Geneva Staff at the Annual International Students' Conference. Although enjoying her work in Geneva she hopes to return to Australia in the near future.

Engagements:

What do I do? I get confused.

Pamela Purcell to Mr. David Todd.
Lyndsay Mathieson to Mr. Laurence Gardiner.
Joan Beavis to Mr. Bruce Lasich.
Mary Holder to Dr. A. G. Fisher.
Margaret Webb Ware to Mr. Douglas Lade.
Joan Keighley to Mr. Geoffrey Taylor.
Gwenneth Simms to Mr. Alfred Wesson.
Ann Mitchell to Mr. John Grice.
Nancy Hayward to Mr. Russell Barton.
Glen Tomasetti to Mr. Peter Balmford.

Marriages:

He'll want babies, I know he will.

Diane Duke to Mr. Stephen Alley.
Moir Giblin to Mr. Peter Watson.
Helen Turner to Lieut. G. J. Willis.
Margaret Gilpin to Mr. William Donnelly.
Mary Graham to Mr. Arnold Burns.
Valerie East to Mr. George Yule.
Joan Wright to Dr. Bruce Edwards.
Enez Ainslie to Mr. Emile Lesser.
Judith Attiwill to Mr. Ansell Egerton.
Judith Skeat to Mr. Douglas Smith.
Stephanie Elliott to Mr. A. D. Phillips.
Philippa Carter to Dr. T. T. Currie.

Births:

To Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kaye (Margaret Goldsmith) — a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. Peter de Wolf (Peters Campbell) — a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Catchlove (Mary Scantlebury) — a son.

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

To Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwin (Margaret Bruce) — a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Derham (Patience Grice) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Vines (Vera Hanly) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Crofts (Donalda Shilliday) — a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Levinson (Mary Bennett) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wright (Eve Illidge) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. Burbery (Barbara Stenhouse) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Lloyd (Ruth Williams) — a daughter.

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

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

To Mr. and Mrs. D. Gunner (Iris Nicolades) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. Spry (Anne MacCallum) — a son.

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

To Mr. and Mrs. W. McCasker (Margaret Wynne) — a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Myers (Rosemary Twiner) — a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. Richards (Betty Vroland) — a son.

Bereavements:

We extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Joske on the loss of her brother, and also to Mrs. Peter de Wolf and Miss Noreen Piper in their recent bereavements.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. George Landale.

It is with great regret that we heard of the sudden death of Mrs. George Landale, for long a true friend of Trinity and Janet Clarke Hall. She was a

daughter of Lady Clarke, and took much interest in the Building that bears her mother's name. From June, 1922, to December, 1929, she was a valued member of the Committee of Janet Clarke Hall. Her loyalty, generosity and kindness were known to all with whom she came in contact, and her death is a great loss to the community.

Her husband predeceased her by a few months. We extend our sincere sympathy to their sons and daughters, one of whom, Diana, is a past student of the Hall, and to her brother, the Hon. W. L. Russell Clarke, who has just

retired from the College Council after 40 years of service in it.

Mrs. M. Phillip Fox.

We extend our sympathy to the son and daughter of Mrs. Laura Mary Fox (Laura Moerlin), whose death occurred recently.

Mrs. Fox, who was a well known school teacher, attended tutorials at Trinity College in 1884, before women were formally enrolled on the books, and was the second woman to graduate at the University of Melbourne. She took her B.A. degree in 1885, and her M.A. in 1887.

Alleged observation of Principal on the lowness of the new fence in front of J.C.H.

"Well, there's one thing. Young men can't hide behind it."

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN

It is an ever-present danger that irregularities might occur in what is fundamentally of vital importance for the maintenance of Australian Standards of Living, namely, the immigration of large numbers of new settlers from non-British European countries.

To underline this danger, and to awaken public interest and vigilance, I should like to report a rather fishy case that came to my notice recently in my capacity as Honorary Secretary of the League for the Surveillance of Aliens.

A student from Sydney writes:

"Last year I studied Russian very intensively, and shortly after the examinations I was relaxing in the sun at Bondi beach, comfortable in a warm bed of sand.

A swimmer, coming from the surf, obstructed the sunlight, so I opened my eyes to frown disapproval on him. I then saw the offender stagger and fall full length beside me, splattering sand and drops of water in a most annoying manner.

"Hey!" I complained. "What goes on?" I was rather surprised when he answered weakly in Russian: "I-chose-freedom."

"What a remarkable thing. Fancy that now!" I thought as I sat up, and gave him a swig of the rum I always carry on the beach, in case of sunburn.

He was a lightly built man, very dark, and with sad brown eyes. His only dress was a pair of sheepskin shorts.

I was rather puzzled what to do next, but as none of the crowd on the beach paid us any attention, I decided to wait and hear his story.

So when he had pulled round a bit, I quizzed him in his own language.

"Now, then, Ivan, what gives?" — rather a difficult phrase to render into Russian. Nevertheless, it brought a

reply, explaining that he had deserted, and swum ashore from a Russian submarine, which was patrolling outside Sydney Heads.

I stiffened with patriotic alarm at this, and considered making a dash firstly, for the shark bell, and, secondly, for the bush. Ivan saw my concern, but advised me not to panic, because the sub's crew had drunk all the propellant alcohol in the torpedoes, and the ship's gun was under ban because it had persisted in flashing white flame instead of red when a charge was fired. I considered this information, and let him go ahead with his story.

Apparently he had heard the ship's radio operator talking about Australian broadcasts, which, contrary to all regulations, he had listened to. These broadcasts described the happy, care-free life the New Australians were leading, and Ivan had been fired with the desire to become a New Australian, too.

Consequently, when the sub. surfaced, and he was placed on seagull-shooing duty, he had made the break, and slipped quietly away, and swum ashore.

He finished his plea by saying that he wanted to live the Australian way. This phrase revived my suspicions that he was not free from political bias.

"Capital Letters?" I asked craftily, but the point was lost on him, so again I gave him the benefit of the doubt.

"But do you know anything about Australia?" I asked. "Oh, plenty," he replied. "I met an Australian matelot at Archangel during the war, and learned from him all about Ned Kelly, Nellie Melba, Billy Hughes, Phar Lap, and the river that flows upside down."

I conceded that this gave him a good cultural, geographical and political grounding. "But what do you know about essential, practical things? Can

you lay a bet? Buy a beer? Dodge taxation? Make a date?" My mind recoiled from enumerating all the essential things he would have to learn.

"Besides," I went on, "how are you going to earn a living?"

He was apparently prepared for this question, and rehearsed a number of achievements — dancing the Bazurka, riding a horse on open Steppes, playing Santa Claus, (he claimed to have had lessons from the original), soldering samovars, painting ikons, and the ability to adjust the injectors in compression ignition engines. (I had some difficulty in translating this last.)

"What's more," he went on, producing his trump card, "I can write a book of disclosures — 'Sadism in Siberia,' 'Masochism in Moscow,' 'Dastardly Deeds on the Don' — choose your own title, and give me a rough idea of what you want, and I can guarantee a best seller."

I was naturally humbled by this recital of talent and resourcefulness, and mused on how much Australian culture must be benefiting by the admixture of European migrants, if all were as capable as this aspirant.

Then for the first time on that sunny afternoon I felt that something was not quite right about the situation, and

an awful realisation of the irregularity of his attempted entry struck home.

Suddenly, my mind was made up: the intruder must go. Of course I had no authority to impose a dictation test. But in order that justice might be done and a formula followed, I asked him straight out — "Have you the Minister for Immigration's permission to land?"

"Well - er - no - not exactly," he stammered.

"That's enough then," I shouted imperiously — "you'll have to go back."

With that, I sprang to my feet, seized him by his sheepskin pants, and carried him struggling and protesting through the crown of sunbathers, right to the water's edge.

And there, with all my might, I threw him back in the ocean.

As he splashed into the water, and started swimming furiously, I was hailed from behind. I turned smiling, expecting commendation. A huge figure materialised out of a sudden strange haze.

"Yes, you," the figure threatened — "What do you mean by picking up my shaggy dog, and throwing him in the water? A man ought to biff you in the eye." He did. And when I came to, I found my skin badly burnt from sleeping in the strong sun."

—D.W.H.

Then there was the lonely young gentleman found reading "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" on the night of the C.R.D.

The Union of the Fleur-de-Lys

Office-Bearers:

President, 1949-50:

T. N. M. Buesst, Esq.

Hon. Secretary: R. J. Hamer, Esq.

Committee: T. S. Bloomfield, Esq.;

C. H. Keon-Cohen, Esq., W. F.

King, Esq., F. F. Knight, Esq.,

B. L. Murray, Esq., W. H. Moule,

Esq., M. M. Smith, Esq., Dr. C.

H. Fitts, Dr. J. B. Turner, R. L.

Stock, Esq., R. R. Sholl, Esq.,

K.C., H. M. L. Murray, Esq., H.

G. Sutton, Esq., J. B. Armstrong,

Esq.

Annual General Meeting:

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Trinity College Common Room at 6.15 p.m. on Wednesday, 25th May, 1949. There was a little more orderliness in the proceedings than has been customary, and the above new President, office-bearers and committee were declared by the retiring President (Mr. A. L. Keep) to have been duly elected. The balance sheet was received and adopted.

Annual Dinner:

The Annual Dinner followed in Hall at 6.45 p.m. The toast of "The College" was proposed by the President. In reply, the Warden and Senior Student reviewed the College activities of the past year, which proved a little less spectacular scholastically than in the annus mirabilis 1947, but revealed a remarkable renaissance on the sporting field, which sent some members present delving into the recesses of their memory (or imagination) for comparisons.

The toast of "The Union" was wittily proposed by A. L. Stock, and responded to by J. S. Bloomfield, who declined to reminisce, but produced a crop of fresh young tales for members to take home for the delectation of hearth or club.

College Functions:

Each year members of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys are invited to attend or take part in three functions with present members of the College, namely, the College Play, the College Ball, and the Annual Golf Tournament. The response, particularly in the latter case, has been exceedingly disappointing. The venue of the Golf Day was moved to Royal Melbourne, where a large number of Trinity men are members, in the hope of increasing the attendance, but so far this has not been the result. These functions provide a link between past and present Trinity men, and appear to deserve better support.

Overdraft Appeal:

During the year the College Council decided to make an appeal to interested bodies, namely the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys and the Church, including the parishes, for help in reducing the College's overdraft, which has accumulated since the war, owing to rising costs, and in spite of an increase in fees.

The appeal was opened at the Annual Dinner, and subsequently by a circular to all members, and substantial contributions, amounting so far to £375/10/-, have been received. The Warden and the Committee have been greatly encouraged by this generosity on the part of old Trinity men.

Personal:

The names of five former members of the College appeared in the Honours lists during the past year. SIR REGINALD LEEPER, formerly British Ambassador in Athens and Buenos Aires, was created a Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire, on his retirement from the Foreign Office. The Chief Justice, SIR EDMUND HERRING, was awarded a K.C.M.G. There were three new knights — SIR JOHN BEHAN,

former Warden; SIR HERBERT MAYO, Judge of the South Australian Supreme Court; and SIR ROBERT FRAZER, Director-General of the Control Office of Information, London. Sir Robert was formerly leader writer of the London "Daily Herald" (1930-39), and worked at the Ministry of Information during the war.

MANNING CLARK has been appointed the first Professor of History at the Canberra University College. W. F. CONNELL, the Smyth Travelling Scholar in Education, who has been visiting Professor of Education at the University of Illinois, has obtained a Ph.D. at London. He returns to Melbourne this year.

GEOFFREY LEEPER has been away for a year, which has been mainly spent on research in soil chemistry in California.

H. F. MAUDSLEY was this year's Beattie Smith Memorial Lecturer at the University. His subject was Insanity.

W. W. S. JOHNSTON, one of the senior honoraries at the Royal Melbourne Hospital, has been invested as Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

PROFESSOR W. K. HANCOCK has resigned his chair of Economic History at Oxford and has been appointed Director of the newly constructed University of London Institute of Commonwealth Studies. He is still engaged on the "home front" volumes of the British Official History of the war, the first volume of which has just been published.

DR. W. C. BOAKE is going to Oxford as Bacteriologist under the Nuffield Dominions Trust.

J. E. OLDHAM is Australian High Commissioner to Pakistan, and J. M. McMILLAN is on his staff.

CLIVE BAILLIEU paid a short visit to Australia at the end of last year.

The latest news of F. K. BUSH is that he is at the R.A.M.C. British Military Hospital, Ferozapore, Punjab.

F. K. NORRIS, Director-General of Medical Services, C.M.F., has completed his term as President of the Old Melbourneans.

R. G. CASEY is standing as a Liberal candidate for the Latrobe seat at the coming Federal Elections.

NEVILLE SMITH, who represented "The Argus" in London for two years, returned to Melbourne at the end of last year, and is now associate editor of that newspaper.

The Chief Justice, SIR EDMUND HERRING (1911) has been warmly praised by the Premier, Mr. T. T. HOLLWAY (1925) for the outstanding way in which he carried out the duties of Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria between the departure of Sir Winston Dugan and the arrival of Sir Dallas Brooks. Recently he was awarded an Honorary Fellowship at New College, Oxford.

OBITUARIES.

Lord Uthwatt.

Early in May, the death occurred in London, of Lord Uthwatt, member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He was Senior Student in 1900, before going to Oxford. He practised in England, and served in the Ministry of Food in the First World War. He was appointed a Chancery Judge in 1941, was the author of the famous report on land values which formed the basis of the post-war Town and Country Planning Act, and became a Law Lord in 1946.

M. M. Phillips.

M. M. Phillips, who entered College in 1888, also died this year. He won the Supreme Court Prize when he completed his law course, was Warden of Convocation from 1925 to 1934, and Victorian Master in Equity from 1923 to 1941.

Rev. T. K. Pitt.

The Rev. T. K. Pitt died last January. A graduate in Philosophy and a member of the College, he was ordained in 1899, and worked at St. Paul's, Geelong; Christ Church, South Yarra; St. Paul's,

Canterbury; and also in Queensland. In 1910 he became secretary of the Australian Board of Missions, and afterwards Rector and Canon of Hay, in the Riverina. After a short period at St. Peter's, Broken Hill, he was appointed Rector of All Saints', Hobart, and it was during the next twenty-two years that his real life work was done — as a leader and a steadfast influence to the development of the Anglican Church in Tasmania.

H. H. Brind.

H. H. Brind died in Cornwall, on 23rd October, 1948. He commenced a medical course at Trinity in 1887, and completed it in England. He was lawn tennis champion of Victoria in 1884. He was also doubles champion in 1883, and represented the State against New South Wales.

A. L. Jack.

A. L. Jack died in Melbourne some months ago. He left Trinity and went to Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1914. He was severely wounded at Fricourt in 1916. He had been in bad health for many years.

Rev. R. Leck.

The Rev. R. Leck died in Sydney on 6th May, 1949. He entered College in 1886, where he graduated. He lived for many years in Papua, and was Rector of Port Moresby from 1923-1928, when he transferred to Samarai until he retired.

R. W. E. Wilmot.

R. W. E. Wilmot died in Melbourne on 26th May, 1949. He entered College in 1889, and was a cricket blue in 1890 and 1891. He was well known as a sporting author and journalist on the staff of "The Australasian." He was Secretary

of the Melbourne Athenaeum, the Royal Humane Society and V.A.A.A. Since 1924 he had been a member of the Committee of Management of the Royal Melbourne Hospital, and was founder and Chairman of the Birthday League of that Hospital.

E. C. Dyason.

E. C. Dyason died at sea on 5th October, 1949. He was returning from America to England. After completing an engineering course at Trinity in the first decade of this century, he practised his profession for some years and then became a stock and share broker in Melbourne. Prior to the commencement of the war he went to live abroad. He was a life member of the Society, and served in the Committee for several years.

We also regret to record the deaths of DR. ALEC CHAPMAN (1923-28), DR. G. C. BURSTON (1922-24), and PROFESSOR T. PARNELL, who was college tutor in Physics from 1904 to 1911, and was Professor of Physics at the University of Queensland since 1919.

Dr. Mark Clayson Gardner.

Mark Gardner was in College from 1904 to 1908, a fine scholar and an outstanding athlete. He was a University triple blue (Athletics, Cricket and Football). He served in World War I, and was awarded a M.C. in 1917. He was elected to the Victorian Committee of the B.M.A. in 1921, and from 1922 for many years he was a member of the College Council. He was President of the Legacy Club in 1926. He served as Ophthalmic Surgeon at the Children's, Women's, and Foundling Hospitals, and latterly was Senior Ophthalmic Surgeon at the Victorian Eye and Ear Hospital.

THUS DOTH THE MOOKSE

I confess it, I should have known better. Having read the Communist Manifesto before dinner and burdened myself with workers-of-the-world-uniting and distinctions between Feudal Socialists, petty Bourgeois socialists and real socialists, it was sheer folly to attempt to read Finnegan's Wake after dinner. I remember the whole scene remarkably clearly — it was late at night, and the college was silent, sleeping, working, or not yet returned from the places where it makes noises. I sat there staring at the fire while my brain pondered the strange words with which James Joyce contrives to fill a bulky volume. I cannot remember exactly when I fell asleep, or why. But for some reason, whether the lateness of the hour, the warmth of the fire, the after-effects of over-eating in Hall, or merely the intellectual exertion of looking for ten puns in five different languages in every word, — for some reason, I felt myself gradually sinking into a comfortable drowsiness. The last thing I remembered was the enormous effort of concentrating on one particular passage—

The Mookse and the Greepse!

"Eins within a space and a wearywide space it was ere wohned a Mookse. And the onesomeness wast alltolonely, and a Mookse he would a walking go one grandsumer evening Oh! how it was dusk Ah Dew The siss of the wisp of the sigh of the softzing, and shades began to glidder along the bank greepsing and greepsing, dusk into dusk as glooming as gloaming could be, and the Mookse a'mournfully he went forth and mournfully went he forth . . .

The Mookse.

'Mookses! You want to know about the Mookses?' said a small voice in my ear.

I looked up, startled by the interruption, to see a small animal perched on

the arm of my chair. A rather neat little animal somewhat like a miniature bulldog, but very dashing in a little red suit with a pouch labelled 'peanuts' hanging from his belt.

'I'm the right person to come to,' he said, thrusting his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets with the air of one who thoroughly enjoys public speaking, and private speaking, too, for that matter. 'I'm a Mooksist myself.'

This he said proudly, pointing to a big badge on his lapel. 'Deputy Liaison Officer, Foreign Languages Division of the Department for Instilling Truth about Mookses into All Persons Interested and Uninterested. Send for Free Publications 1848 Mookse Square, Mooksecow.' He had another badge on the lapel, but before I could read that he began to speak again.

'It all began with the Great Mookse, Or rather it had been going on all the time, but no one noticed it until the Great Mookse pointed it out. Know that in the animal world there are two greater animals and a multitude of lesser. The Mookse is the Great Good Animal, and the Greeps the Great Bad Animal. The Mookse is a friend to the lesser animals, but the Greeps has always oppressed them sorely, and does to this day. Now the Great Mookse pointed out that because all animals live on peanuts, everything in the world depends on the peanut supply. Therefore know that in every historical epoch, the way Mookses live, the social organisation of the Mookses, depends on the way the peanut supply is organised. But ever since the dissolution of primitive animal society, when all animals held up peanuts in primitive but glorious communism, the history of the animals has been a history of class struggles between the animals who had few peanuts, the Mookses, and the animals who took all the peanuts, the Greeps. The history of these class struggles forms

a series of evolutions, upon which, nowadays, a stage has been reached (here the Deputy Liaison Officer took a peanut from his peanut pouch, cracked it, swallowed it, and handed me the shell) — a stage has been reached when the exploited and oppressed animal, the Mooks, cannot emancipate itself from the tyranny of the oppressing animal, the Greeps, without at the same time, and once and for all, emancipating every animal (here his voice shook with emotion), emancipating every animal from all exploitation, class struggles, peanut hoarding, and war.

The Deputy Liaison Officer was himself so moved by what he had been saying that I was quite impressed. Nevertheless, I was sceptical.

'And you really believe,' I said, 'that everything depends on peanuts? Is it true that animals have no souls? Do you not believe in some religion?'

'Religion!' snarled the Deputy Liaison Officer, 'Religion! Peanut shells for the people! The weapon the Greeps use to deceive and oppress the Mooksists!'

'Yes, Yes,' I said quickly, wishing to placate him. 'What do you believe in?'

'We believe in no creed,' said the Mookse solemnly, 'but we do believe in a method of arguing. WE believe in the Diametric!'

'You mean — Hegel?', I asked cautiously.

'Well, Hegel only invented it, it was the Great Mookse who first used it. Now the basis of the Diametric is this — that if you have something you automatically add something else, which means that you always end up with something entirely different.'

'Oh,' I said. It reminded me of a Debating Society. 'And does talking Diametrically get you very far?'

This annoyed the Mookse. 'These Infantile Disorders! We don't *talk* Diametrically these days, we *act* Diametrically. All the great Mooksist writers tell us that. You must have read 'Angles on Mooksism,' 'Leanin on Mooksism,' or 'Stealin from Mooksism.' Of

course, acting Diametrically is just the opposite of speaking diametrically, except that it is the same thing, and therefore different, Diametrically speaking. Take an example. We have our Thesis — one Greep. We have our Antithesis — one Bomb. What do we get? Something quite different, in that though it consists of one Greep plus one Bomb it is so different that not even the Chief Greep himself could tell them apart.'

'It sounds rather messy to me,' I said.

'Ah, but the Principle,' said the Mookse, 'think of the Principle. As our dear Leader said — 'Masses of Mookses Just Must Make Messes of Greeps.'

By this time I felt that my conversation with this Mooksist had taken an alarming turn. Not only was he becoming more violent, but I had noticed for the first time another large pouch slung over his shoulder. It was labelled in large letters 'Danger. High Explosive.'

Remembering his remarks about Mookses and Greeps, and thinking that it was not impossible that he might mistake me for a Greeps, I began to think of Diametrics less as a question of abstract philosophy, and more as a matter of practical Ballistics. And although the Mookse went on speaking I took no notice, as he merely seemed to be repeating the bit about 'the peanut supply' and 'once and for all' and 'a series of evolutions,' though here and there I noticed new phrases such as Right Wing Deviation, Petty Bourgeois Opportunists and something really alarming about the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

Suddenly I realised that the Mookse had stopped speaking. There on the other arm of my chair stood another little animal, similar in all respects save that his peanut pouch was larger and his shirt was striped in red and white, and embroidered with forty-eight stars. I did not need to look at the ferocious expression on the face of the Mookse to realise that this was a Greeps. What more alarming was the fact that the

pair seemed about to illustrate the Mooksist point about acting Diametrically instead of merely talking. With a skill born of long practice the Mookse extracted a Bomb from his pouch.

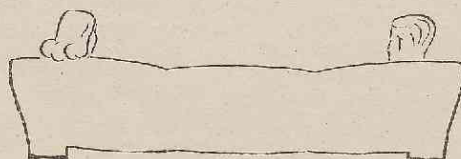
'Better a Mookse in a Mess than a Greeps escaping one,' he cried, jumping up and down on the open pages of Finnegan's Wake. The Greeps meanwhile was making similar preparations. I had just time to notice that the book was open at the page where Joyce describes the Fall of Adam, and to think that perhaps there might be something to Original Sin after all, when the Mookse lit his match.

By the time I had leapt to my feet, overturned a table, and grasped a poker to defend myself against all animals,

large and small, it became clear to me that the Mookse was a dream and the Bomb merely Joyce's bulky volume falling to the floor. This was reassuring, if a little embarrassing. Yet, dream or no dream, I was disquieted. Very definitely disquieted. One never feels quite comfortable after standing between two animals eager to hurl Bombs at each other. I picked up Finnegan's Wake and began turning the pages; in vain I searched the book for some words of consolation. All I could find was one ambiguous statement and a double barrelled pun.

'So you see,' he said, 'the Mookse was right and the Greeps was right also. They done their best when they was let. Oh waste of all peaceable worlds.'

—J.R.P.



Social Occasions

"Would you like to dance?"

"I'm sorry. I don't dance."

"You mean you're . . . tight?"

Anyone trying to write about the College and open nights has to meet the melancholy truth that they are quite monotonously successful. The only complaints (apart from purely local and personal ones) seem to be that they stop too early (as the College sees it) or too late (as the Dean sees it). Even non-operational types have become reconciled to quitting work on C.R.D. nights, and may be seen slinking off to the pictures. Nevertheless, this is perhaps a less surprising reaction than that of a certain motor car which

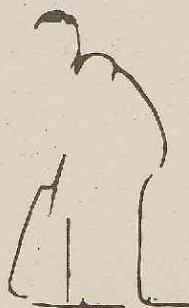
disappeared from the scene of merriment and was later found doing its utmost to get into the Chapel.

That most spectacular of all open nights, the College Ball, was held this year at the Malvern Town Hall. Balloons in the College colours and annotated with interesting little suggestions, decorated the tables. The evening was as successful as ever, and the organisers, Brian O'Sullivan and Peter Ross-Edwards, are to be congratulated.

Sports Notes

You're going to be all right. In a couple of centuries.

Cricket



For twenty-four years the Trinity cricket team has been enthusiastic rather than successful. This year, however, with the competition won and the cup in our possession, we can at last lay claim to success.

It did not need many practices to show us that as far as cricket ability is concerned, this year's freshmen were outstanding, and it was therefore no surprise that the team chosen to meet Ormond in the first match included seven of them. The match began well for us with a solid first innings of 141, while Ormond was dismissed for 75, thanks largely to our slow attack led by Morton and Barker. Our second innings began rather badly, but solid batting by Court, Barker, Meyer and Taylor, brought us to a total of nine wickets for 191 when play stopped. Rain had frequently interrupted play, and the game was decided on the first innings.

The final against Queen's was to be "a match of moods and contrasts" (Farrago 13/4/49) — but, of course, we were not to know that then. Although our first innings opened badly, fine hands of Faulkner, Court and Barker helped to bring our total to 182. Once again the opposition failed to stand up to the slow bowling of Morton and Barker, and Queen's were dismissed for 96. The feature of our second innings was a very fine century by Faulkner — he put on 125 of our second innings total

of 230. Although we felt that we had a commanding lead, the last day's play showed us that Queen's were not to be beaten easily, and 133 were scored before the first wicket fell. Something of a collapse followed, however, and once Woodward had achieved a century "only duty kept Queen's at the game," as "Farrago" put it. As it was getting rather late this sense of duty somewhat astounded Trinity.

After such a keen contest the thrill of victory was all the sweeter . . . It had taken the gentlemen of Trinity almost a quarter of a century to re-establish the fact that cricket is a gentleman's game.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Manning Clark for the very valuable time which he gave to help the team at practice. One must mention also the group of very keen cricketers who trained enthusiastically at practice but could not be included in the team. It is a pity that cricket isn't played with teams of eighteen.

One does not need to say how often the three days' battles on the cricket field were fought and refought the evening after the match.

Scores:—

Trinity v. Ormond

TRINITY

First Innings

Morton, c Farmer, b Prideaux	12
Gardner, b Orton	18
Faulkner, l.b.w., b Sykes	11
Potter, b Sykes	27
Court, c Tate, b Farmer	19
Barbour, c Sykes, b Farmer	16
Barker, c Melville, b Farmer	24
Meyer, c Sykes, b Farmer	0
Taylor, c Tate, b Farmer	18
Hale, c Farmer, b Sykes	0
Burt, not out	2
Extras	3
Total	141

Bowling.—Farmer, 5/41; Robinson, 0/8; Sykes, 3/27; Prideaux, 1/14; Orton, 1/48.

ORMOND

First Innings

Prideaux, l.b.w., b Morton	13
Anderson, c Barber, b Potter	4
Wilson, c Taylor, b Barker	8
Hewitt, b Barker	0
Orton, st. Burt, b Morton	14
Farmer, b Barker	3
Sykes, c Taylor, b Morton	2
Melville, run out	6
Tasker, l.b.w., b Barker	7
Robinson, run out	3
Tate, not out	0
Extras	15
Total	75

Bowling.—Potter, 1/8; Hale, 0/12; Barker, 4/15; Meyer, 0/3; Morton, 3/22.

TRINITY

Second Innings

Morton, c Sykes, b Robinson	1
Gardner, l.b.w., b Farmer	16
Faulkner, b Robinson	1
Barbour, c Wilson, b Robinson	6
Potter, b Farmer	3
Court, c and b Sykes	53
Barker, c Sub., b Farmer	30
Meyer, b Prideaux	42
Taylor, not out	24
Burt, c Tate, b Hewitt	9
Hale, not out	1
Extras	4
Total (for 9 wickets)	190

Bowling. — Farmer, 3/38; Robinson, 3/26; Sykes, 1/62; Orton, 0/33; Prideaux, 1/18; Hewitt, 1/5; Anderson, 0/6.

Trinity College won by 66 runs on first innings.

Trinity v. Queen's

FINAL

Scores:—

TRINITY

First Innings

Morton, c J. J. Morrissey, b Moore	9
Gardner, l.b.w., b Moore	8
Faulkner, c J. J. Morrissey, b Woodward	51
Potter, b Moore	9
Court, c J. J. Morrissey, b Woodward	22
Barker, l.b.w., Kelso	28
Barbour, b Woodward	9
Meyer, c Richards, b Moore	22
Taylor, hit wicket, b Moore	19
Burt, c J. J. Morrissey, b Moore	0
Hale, not out	0
Extras	7
Total	182

Bowling.—Kelso, 1/52; Woodward, 3/54; Moore, 6/49; Blainey, 0/11; Giese, 0/8.

QUEEN'S

First Innings

Foster, c Court, b Barker	17
Blainey, b Potter	9
Morrissey, J. H., c Gardner, b Morton	8
Woodward, b Morton	0
Moore, l.b.w., b Barker	27
Morrissey, J. J., b Morton	0
Lolagis, l.b.w., b Barker	6
Richards, l.b.w., b Barker	0
Neal, b Morton	3
Kelso, not out	14
Giese, b Morton	4
Extras	8
Total	96

Bowling.—Barker, 4/39; Potter, 1/15; Hale, 0/5; Morton, 5/29.

TRINITY

Second Innings

Morton, l.b.w., b Woodward	1
Gardner, c J. J. Morrissey, b Woodward	17
Faulkner, c J. J. Morrissey, b Kelso	125
Potter, st. J. J. Morrissey, b Woodward	13
Court, l.b.w., b Woodward	10
Barker, run out	35
Meyer, b Woodward	22
Barbour, b Kelso	0
Taylor, b Kelso	3
Burt, b Kelso	1
Hale, not out	0
Extras	3
Total	230

Bowling.—Kelso, 4/60; Moore, 0/66; Woodward, 5/64; Blainey, 0/22; Giese, 0/16.

QUEEN'S

Second Innings

Woodward, c Gardner, b Morton	104
Morrissey, J. H., b Potter	73
Morrissey, J. J., c Burt, b Potter	0
Moore, b Morton	12
Blainey, l.b.w., b Morton	0
Foster, run out	0
Lolagis, c Potter, b Morton	11
Richards, b Potter	2
Neal, c Burt, b Potter	12
Kelso, not out	7
Giese, c Meyer, b Morton	0
Extras	18
Total	239

Bowling. — Hale, 0/9; Potter, 4/67; Barker, 0/48; Morton, 5/69; Faulkner, 0/24.

Trinity College won by 77 runs outright.

Tennis



After twenty years, Trinity has won the Inter-Collegiate Tennis.

It was decided this year to hold the matches in first term, thus leaving more time for golf in Swot Vac. In the first match, a strong team captained by Dick Potter, and including three of our invaluable freshers, proved too strong for Newman, winning the match without losing a rubber.

A closer fight was expected against Ormond in the final. Perhaps the best tennis seen was the Radford-Fay singles, in which Fay fought with great determination, but could not match Radford's perfect length and consistency. In the doubles our first pair showed themselves to be one of the strongest in the University, Potter's smashing and volleying being well backed up by Radford's ground strokes and experience. Mills and Faulkner did well to take the Ormond firsts to 6-5 in their second set. Trinity won 6 rubbers to 2.

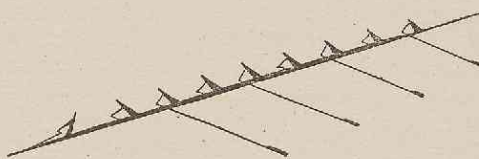
Scores:

Trinity v. Newman

Radford d. Cleary	6-0	6-1
Potter d. Herd	6-1	6-1
Mills d. Niall	6-2	6-4
Faulkner d. Smith	6-2	6-4
Potter-Radford d. Cleary-Herd	6-3	6-2
Potter-Radford d. Niall-Smith	6-2	6-0
Mills-Faulkner d. Cleary-Herd	3-6	6-1 6-1
Mills-Faulkner d. Niall-Smith	6-3	6-4

Trinity v. Ormond

Radford d. Fay	6-4	4-6	6-2
Potter d. McQueen	6-0	6-3	
Mills lost to Anderson	5-6	6-4	0-6
Faulkner d. Baker	6-2	6-3	
Potter-Radford d. Fay-Anderson	6-2	6-2	
Potter-Radford d. McQueen-Baker	6-1	6-0	
Mills-Faulkner lost to Fay-Anderson	1-6	5-6	
Mills-Faulkner d. McQueen-Baker	6-4	3-6	6-3



Rowing

Captain of Boats: I. C. Everist.

Secretary: D. N. Hawkins.

Committee: A. C. Kingsbury.

As the Inter-Collegiate Boat Races were held earlier than usual this year, only a month was available for training, and it was decided to supplement our exertions on the river with some training on dry land. Hence the unusual sight of eight Trinity men plodding around the Oval at 10 o'clock at night. We were fortunate indeed in having the services of David Salmon as coach.

Work on the Swan Street Bridge made the use of the usual Henley course impracticable, so the race was shortened to one mile, the finish being just above the new bridge.

In the first heat against Newman, Trinity gained an early lead, and although Newman fought back strongly they could not recover the leeway, and Trinity went on to win by nearly two lengths. However, in the final against Queen's next day, although both crews moved off at high ratings, Queen's soon drew ahead to a commanding lead. Despite two strong challenges from Trinity, Queen's were unruffled, and increased their lead to win by two and a half lengths. To the Queen's crew and their enthusiastic coach, Jim Ferguson, we extend our congratulations.

Some solace was gained for our supporters by the excellent performance of the seconds crew in recording their fourth successive win. Defeating Newman in the heat, they proved too strong for both Ormond and Queen's in the final. They were, however, defeated by the Extras seconds the following day.

Crews:

	FIRSTS	st.	lb.
Bow	I. E. Backwell	10	8
2	A. C. Kingsbury	11	8
3	I. H. Warner	11	10
4	K. N. Thomson	12	10
5	E. A. S. Jowett	14	2
6	K. B. Nelson	13	7
7	D. N. Hawkins	12	7
Stroke	I. C. Everist	12	3
Cox	J. A. C. Mackie	9	0
Coach	D. R. Salmon, Esq.		

		st.	lb.
Bow	J. D. Fisher	11	1
2	J. R. Hawkins	11	5
3	J. H. Learmonth	11	1
4	W. B. Mather	11	10
5	F. G. Cox	11	7
6	L. E. G. Sloan	13	0
7	H. R. Johnson	12	0
Stroke	S. C. Johnston	10	9
Cox	J. H. Shepherd	9	3
Coach	M. J. Scriven		

This year the crew spent a very enjoyable Easter as the guests of St. Mark's College, Adelaide. There was only one change in the crew, Stewart Johnston occupying the third seat in place of Ian Warner. A race was held against St. Mark's over 1,000 yards, on the Torrens River, which Trinity won by three-quarters of a length.

Not content with this exercise, the stroke and coxswain made a marathon trip across Adelaide on a bicycle, in the early hours of the morning. The bow man also made a marathon trip, but the means and vehicle have never been discovered.

On the Monday the crew found that Oakbank bookies are just as hard to beat as the Flemington variety.

Three Trinity men were included in the Inter-varsity crew: Bruce Nelson was Captain of Boats and occupied the four seat, Ian Everist was again stroke, and Andrew Kingsbury occupied the two seat. The race was held in Brisbane, and Melbourne finished second to Sydney. Eric Jowett has also been rowing with University crews, and has had some success in the sculling field, while David Hawkins is to be congratulated on his re-election as secretary of the M.U.B.C., a tribute to his enthusiasm in this office during the past year.



Football

Captain: R. T. Potter.
Vice-Captain: M. Bannister.
Committee: L. E. G. Sloan.

Once again, the football team has managed to retain its unenviable position in inter-collegiate football. However, though we wish to make no excuses, it was generally thought that the standard of college football was somewhat higher this year and, in addition, we were severely handicapped for the greater part of the season by injuries to some of our best players, particularly Skipper Dick Potter, who was able to play in only one match. One encouraging aspect, as far as the future is concerned, was the performance of freshmen in our team.

Most of the coaching was undertaken by the captain, though on occasions he had the valuable assistance of Mr. Ken. Albiston. Attendances at practices were, however, most disappointing, and until Trinity men can take the field perfectly fit they will not win many matches.

Our congratulations go to J. Mac-kinnon, winner of the College Best and Fairest award; to Collins, the most improved footballer; to R. Browne, best 2nd XVIII player; and to Barker, Cuming, Faulkner, Perry, and Potter on their selection in the Combined Colleges' team.

Trinity v. Newman

The match was played under ideal conditions, and Newman quickly took advantage of them. Upsetting our defence, they led by 39 points at the end of the first quarter. Though we fought back doggedly and held them

for the next two quarters, we proved no match for their fast, high marking play. Scores:

Newman: 19 goals 15 behinds (123)

Trinity: 8 goals 9 behinds (57)

Goals: Collins, Bannister, Faulkner, Cumming, Howard, Perry, Taylor, Backwell.

Best: Thomson, Mackinnon, Cumming, Perry, Faulkner.

Trinity v. Queen's

Queen's, playing good, systematic football, were able to build up a very handy 32 point advantage by three-quarter time. Trinity, however, turned on a brilliant burst of football which nearly bridged the gap, but when the final bell rang we were five points in arrears. Scores:

Queen's: 10 goals 14 behinds (74)

Trinity: 9 goals 15 behinds (69)

Goals: Taylor (3), Cumming (2), Bannister (2), Graham (2).

Best: Collins, Faulkner, Mackinnon, Cumming.

Trinity v. Ormond

Ormond, with the wind, led by a goal at the first change; but Trinity, showing their best form for the season, went to a four-goal lead with great ruck drive and good forward work. Ormond then played excellent football, regained the initiative, and were 11 points up at half-time. As the game progressed, their superiority became more marked, and they eventually ran out very comfortable winners. Scores:

Ormond: 13 goals 8 behinds (86)

Trinity: 7 goals 6 behinds (48)

Goals: Potter (3), Faulkner (2), Perry and Howard.

Best: Mackinnon, Faulkner, Barker, Perry, Taylor.

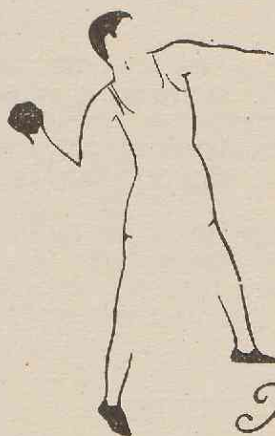
St. Mark's Visit

During the first term vacation we had the pleasure of a visit from our friends of St. Mark's, Adelaide. Officially, they were here for a football match — which, incidentally, they won. Both teams, however, showed a much higher standard at other sports — some members,

in fact, rose to great heights — and the special C.R.D. proved to be a fitting climax to the stay. Members of both Trinity and St. Mark's agreed that the visit was "first class" and that "the sport" should become an annual fixture. Our thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, the Warden, the Dean, Matron, Mr. Wynne, the staff, and all who helped in various ways to make the event such a success.

2nd XVIII.

One of the pleasant features of the 1949 season was the revival of the "gentlemen's XVIII." Several practice matches were held, and, although the displays could not, perhaps, be regarded as the Australian game at its best, they proved a source of enjoyment and healthful exercise to all who took part in them. The team, capably captained by George Hadfield, met Queen's in the first match. After a thrilling encounter, in which enthusiasm was more evident than science, Trinity was eventually defeated by the narrow margin of four points. Queen's finally won the competition.



Athletics

Captain: M. W. Letts.

(non-playing)

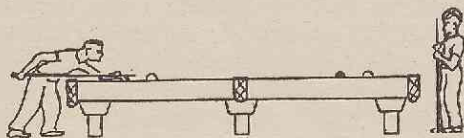
Vice-Captain: B. H. Reddrop.

Committee: P. M. Johansen.

The athletics team ran true to form in again filling the esteemed third place

ahead of our worthy rivals, Queen's. This was attained in spite of losing P. Barker, our regular "ten point" man, early in the year. Training, which was carried out extensively in arenas both to the West and the East of the College, culminated in trials mainly in the East arena.

P. Johansen was the star of the day, winning the 100 yards, and 220 yards, while filling second place in 440 yards. J. Fisher continued his fine high jumping performances for the College by gaining second place, and A. Kingsbury found his land legs sufficiently to run a good third in the mile. The whole team did a sterling job, and are to be congratulated on the traditional gay abandon with which they did it.



Billiards

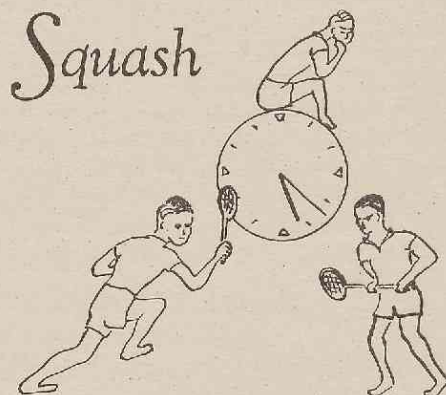
Once again the green cloth and shaded lights have drawn many willing and unwilling "moths" to the billiard room to wile away pleasant but fruitless hours at the table. Freshers have again revealed their interest in extra-curricula activities by their frequent attendance. Nevertheless, it is, of course, too much to hope for any result of the competition in the next few months.

TABLE TENNIS.

Table tennis has made great progress since the ping pong enthusiasts first overran the billiards sanctum last year. Many billiards enthusiasts have been won over to ping pong, and one or two can even play table tennis. Except for a few diehards, billiards has now

become "that game one plays while waiting for the Table Tennis table."

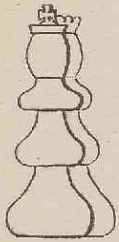
The championship and handicap competitions are still wearily pursuing their courses. They may possibly be completed in time to publish results in the 1952 edition of "Fleur-de-Lys."



Despised and rejected (to "D" Grade) at the Beginning of the season, Trinity's Pennant team, in true Toynbeeian style, duly responded to the challenge. With a keen crew of aspiring pennant players and not a little talent we raced home to win the premiership, losing only one match during the whole season. After a certain amount of jockeying for positions, our final team, in order, consisted of T. E. Radford, S. C. Moss, the Dean, and R. S. Houghton. The strength of our first two players was the major factor in our success, but three and four were not far behind in honours gained. B. D. Cumming, J. Weber, P. Gray and Lyndsay Cumming also played in the team during the season.

As far as the rest of the College is concerned, interest in the game has continued to increase. We were fortunate enough to see the game at its best at an exhibition given on our own courts by Messrs. Carson and Metcalfe, and many of us also took the opportunity to watch some of Mahmoud el Kerim's matches while he was in Melbourne. As usual, however, members

are tardy in playing off championship and handicap matches, and the competitions are not yet completed.



Bridge and Chess



Only four pairs entered the Zwing competition this year, and Messrs. Atkinson and Phillips qualified to meet Messrs. Cox and Poutsma in the final, which, however, is yet to be played. The only notable feature of the competition was the absence of the Warden. It will be remembered that he and the Dean were defeated for the first time last year.

Chess exists primarily as a training in caution and concentration. This was evidently the opinion of those who entered for the chess competition. They are all still deliberating over their first move.

RUGBY.

The swot-vac inter-college rugby match, after having been in abeyance for several years, was revived this year. The call met with ready response by all who were unaware of the injurious side of such an undertaking, and Trinity were able to field a team in which brawn was predominant. Several practices added to rather than detracted from their enthusiasm, and the team appeared confident — though of what, it was not sure. Ormond were to form the opposition, and on Monday, 5th September, the thirty "triers" met at Fawkner Park. Players were somewhat bewildered during the first half — some even appealing for "round the neck," "trips," "kicks in the face," and other trifles. At half-time the scores were indicative of each team's ability — both having failed to score. In the second half Trinity, throwing discretion, science, and each other to the winds, ran in varying directions and managed to place the ball three times over the correct line. None of these "tries" was converted, and Trinity won: 9-nil.

Scorers: Barker, 2 tries; MacKinnon, D., 1 try.

Principal to student who has just announced her engagement: How old is this young man?

Student: Twenty-nine.

Principal: Oh, well, I suppose he's old enough to know what he's doing.

THE TRINITY HOCKEY CLUB

It was somewhere up at Carlton, not so
 far from Naughton's pub,
 That they formed an institution called
 the Trinity Hockey Club.
 They were long-haired intellectuals
 mixed with stolid Engineers,
 And embryonic doctors and some "Com-
 merce Second Years."
 But their style of playing hockey was
 irregular and rash—
 They had mighty little science, but a
 mighty lot of dash.
 If their hockey sticks lay broken after
 last week's torrid game,
 They would arm themselves with cricket
 bats and conquer just the same.
 It was woe betide the goalie who tried to
 stop their rush,
 They were demons, were the members of
 the Trinity Hockey Push.

A little to the northward, you know the
 spot I mean,
 A Hockey Club existed called the "Bust
 or Bustle Team."
 As a social institution 'twas a marvel-
 lous success,
 The members were distinguished by
 exclusiveness and dress.
 But yet the upstart College Team their
 mastery dared doubt:
 "Next Saturday at 10 o'clock. Come on
 and fight it out!"
 So they started for the Oval in pursuit
 of sport and fame,
 For they meant to show the gentlemen
 just how to play the game.
 And they took their cameras with them
 to record for evermore
 Their mighty deeds of valour "Collegii
 amore."

Now my readers can imagine how the
 contest ebbed and flowed,
 When the Trinity boys got going it was
 time to clear the road;
 And the game was so terrific that ere
 half the time was gone,
 A spectator's leg was broken—just from
 merely looking on.
 For they waddied one another till the
 plain was strewn with dead,
 While the score was kept so even that
 they neither got ahead.
 And the "Bust or Bustle" Captain, as
 she crawled away to die
 Was the last surviving player — so the
 game was called a tie.

—R.H.G.

