

Vol. 1. No. 4.



The Fleur-de-Lys

Trinity College
Melbourne University

Sept. 1908.



The Fleur-de-Lys

Telephone
1052

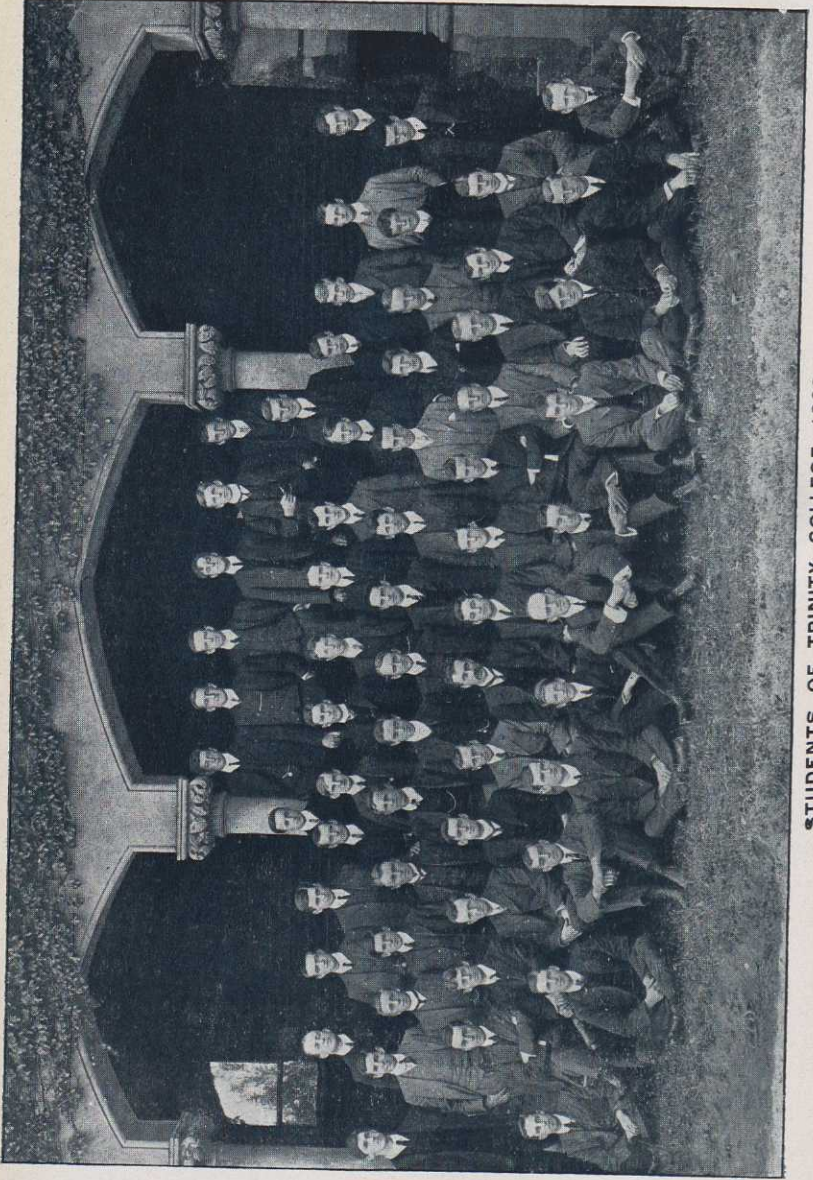
ATLAS PRESS
ARTIST PRINTERS
BLOCK PLACE
MELBOURNE.

NEWLANDS



CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL - - - - -	5
SOCIAL CLUB - - - - -	7
SONG OF THIRD TERM - - - - -	9
COLLEGE NOTES - - - - -	10
ALPHABET - - - - -	13
FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO - - - - -	13
IDEALISM - - - - -	15
COMMON ROOM CHATTER - - - - -	16
DIALECTIC SOCIETY - - - - -	18
THE PRELECTION - - - - -	19
DREAMS OF THE SEASON - - - - -	21
FOOTBALL - - - - -	22
LAWN TENNIS - - - - -	23
SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A FRESHMAN - - - - -	26
ALCAICS - - - - -	28
CORRESPONDENCE - - - - -	29
MONSEIGNEUR S'AMUSE - - - - -	31
SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI - - - - -	33
EXAMINATIONS - - - - -	34
HOSTEL NOTES - - - - -	35
ROWING - - - - -	37
DE PROFUNDIS - - - - -	37
OLD STUDENTS - - - - -	38
EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF - - - - -	40
THE BLUE PENCIL - - - - -	41



STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, 1908.

The Fleur-de-Lys.



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

No. 4.

Editors :

R. ALLEN LEEPER.

F. E. DOSSETOR.

Hearts and voices, lift in harmony,
Shout the triumphs of our Fleur-de-Lys !
Fill up your glass with joyous boast,
Fill up your glass to pass the toast,
Drink with three times three success to dear old Trinity.

Editorial.

It may not seem out of place in a magazine that purports to be the echo of our College life to touch on a few distinguishing features of it. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of our life to the unfledged freshling is the absence of restraint in his movements, which often has a demoralising effect, due to the sudden thrusting of freedom upon his inexperienced shoulders. Coming fresh from school, where he had been under strict discipline, and had instinctively regarded authority as an enemy against which it was his moral duty to rebel, he is, in his first experience of College life, tinged with the same feelings, and these it is the province of his seniors to eradicate. For here he must learn to recognise and conform to a different state of things, which constitutes a discipline of the most thorough kind. Instead of being under the ever-watchful eye of a master ready to deal out summary punishment for any misdemeanour, he will find himself under the far more scrutinising gaze of his fellow students, who constitute themselves his directors and admonitors. He will find less strictness

in the actual written rules of the College, and will come less into contact with that vague term "the authorities"; but on the other hand will find that there is another tribunal before which he must give account of his actions, and by which his juvenile escapades will be judged. This tribunal, composed of the mass of his fellow-students, will devise most effectual means of remedying any unpleasant idiosyncrasy. It is here indeed that we find the true benefit of College life. The ideal of our life is that true democratic ideal—that we should be as far as possible self-governing. The authorities may direct matters in a general way, and set the machine going, but it is to the students themselves that the elaborate details of working that machine are left.

* * *

As far as possible, the students direct the internal mechanism of the College. They have their own club, with its duly elected officials, that draw up rules for the conduct of its members, any departure from which is rigorously dealt with by the student authorities. Naturally these rules are obeyed far more thoroughly and conscientiously than would be the case if enforced by the governing body of the College, and thus a more complete system of discipline can be maintained. This system, too, is not only beneficial from the point of view of maintaining order, but it is also of the greatest importance and advantage to those who attain a position of authority in the College in fitting them for similar duties and responsibilities in after life. For the position that a man occupies amongst his fellow students may be taken as a very fair indication of the position he will afterwards assume in the outer world, inasmuch as the student, unlike the schoolboy, possesses a very fair capacity for summing up the strong and weak points in the character of his fellows by daily contact with them under every situation.

* * *

This is more or less our ideal of College life, where each member works for the good of the whole rather than for his own miserable self. But, unfortunately, it is only too easy to fall short of our ideal, for we may have amongst us those who refuse to work for the common interest, and seem rather to constitute themselves critics of those who make an effort to do so. Such people make a point of indulging in caustic and ill-natured criticism of those who do what they refuse to attempt themselves, while they assume a position of superiority which cannot stoop to such trivial concerns, leaving others to infer that they could do much better themselves if they chose. If this be so, their talents are indeed "lodged with them useless," though we are very much inclined to doubt their actual existence. These self-constituted critics can do far more harm than is at first sight apparent, for they usually have a superficial readiness of wit, and are sure to gain a following amongst those weak-minded ones who are content to drift with the tide. Any sign of this in our College life should be promptly checked, and for their own good and for the good

of the College, the authors of it should be exposed, and their bumptiousness abashed in the face of the tacit discouragement of their fellows.

* * *

We greatly regret the loss of Mr. Norman Hodges from the staff of this paper, and in the same breath we welcome his successor (Mr. F. E. Dossetor), who has kindly consented to place some of his valuable time at our disposal.

* * *

Trinity College Social Club.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE FOR 1ST TERM, 1908.

In presenting their report for the first term, 1908, the Committee wish to congratulate members on the continued sound financial position of the Club as shown in the treasurer's report; on the continued maintenance of the College tone so dear to the College authorities; and incidentally on the possession of an almost ideal Committee. True, the Senior Student is usually an invisible entity, known to many of the freshmen only by the evident awe in which he is spoken of by those more fortunate in having lived with him in College before high finance claimed him for her own. True, also, the Secretary is dictatorial and irascible; true as well that the importunity of the treasurer almost drowns the respect he has earned in College as a leading footballer and general white man; and true that Messrs. Bailey and Gardner, engrossed in medicine and sports, are given sometimes to forget that the rest of the Committee look to them for help in bearing the burden of office. Still, the fact that the vote of the members has placed these five men in charge of the Club affairs allows us to say that it would be hard to find a more efficient quintet.

Whilst congratulations are in order, we wish to congratulate the cricket team for once more making Trinity the inter-collegiate champions. The whole team worked so well that individual reference is unnecessary.

Although the judge's verdict went to Queen's, our crew rowed a bull-dog race, and we are as proud of them as we should have been had the "three-inch" win been ours.

Running just now is not a strong branch of Trinity sport, but we recognise that Mr. Gardner and his team, in doing what they did for us on May 13th, were as worthy of our best thanks as were "the giants" of some three or four years ago (whom some of us remember), who carried all before them.

And, last in the list of congratulations, we all wish to congratulate Dr. Sherwin on his recent scholastic success.

One of the events of the term was the departure of the Warden for England. As he was going on a well-earned holiday, no tears were shed, though every man in College wished him a happy holiday and a safe return at the end of the year, to the place for which he has done so much.

The Fleur-de-Lys

The freshmen have proved a fair average lot—maybe in the matter of attention to their book-work a little above the usual; but, be that as it may, the Committee desire to impress upon them the fact that a well-spent second term will be found almost a certain forerunner of a pass or better in November.

(Signed) A. E. SOUTH,
Hon. Secretary.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE FOR 2ND TERM, 1908.

Gentlemen,—

The term which has just finished has been a very successful one, from more than one point of view.

On the athletic side, the Football team put up a good fight with Ormond, and at the end of the third quarter the scores were level, but the superior condition of the Ormond team won the match for them in the last quarter. However, the match was exciting and keen throughout.

At the end of the term, the Tennis told a different tale. After whetting our appetite on Queen's, and beating them easily, our valiant team, under the captaincy of the renowned Mr. G. B. S. Bailey, met and defeated Ormond by 18 games. We heartily congratulate Mr. Bailey and his team on their fine victories.

The College Concert was held in the Dining-hall about the middle of last term, and was a decided success, for which Messrs. G. Miller, W. Miller, and Clarke deserve our thanks. The audience included Prof. Allen, Mr. Smith, and many other University and College lights.

The last Tuesday in term saw College deserted at night-time, and a stream of waggonettes, hansom, and sundry other vehicles leaving the College for St. Kilda Town Hall, where the annual dance was to be held. The attendance was a record one, and the dance was one of the largest during the year. Dancing began at 9 o'clock, and ended shortly before 4 a.m., though some had stopped before that. The hon. secretary (Mr. Atkins), who managed the dance practically unaided, was unfortunately (for the ladies) unable to be present through indisposition, but he has just returned, looking his old bright self, and meditates another excursion, his indomitable spirit urging him to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

The Dialectic Society held one of its popular Ladies' Nights during the term, and a large number of ladies attended, especially large parties coming at the invitation of Mr. Harper, Mr. Boulton, and Mr. Johnston, whose customary vivacity exceeded all bounds on that occasion.

We must congratulate one of our members—a cautious Scot—on the success of the University Rifle Club, of which he is the hon. secretary. His energy was greatly instrumental in the erection of a miniature rifle range, built in a remote and safe place in the grounds where many of the undergrads. of leisure may be seen ringing the bell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 3 to 5.

Another feature of the term was the Old Boys' dinner. There were 32 past students who accepted our invitation, and the dinner was a record one. Mr. A. J. Noall and Dr. R. R. Stawell were the chief guests.

Mr. Bailey presided, and sat at the centre of the high table, ensconced behind a tuft of bamboo which he accidentally knocked over with his jaw. Mr. A. J. Noall made a spirited speech, congratulating Dr. Stawell on his engagement.

Shortly before the close of term, old memories of by-gone battles were revived by the resuscitation of a water-fight, which, started by an eminent theological student and a few gentlemen of the same kidney, rapidly grew, like the proverbial snowball until nearly half the College was engaged. Lower Bishops was submerged in feathers and water so much so that next morning a gentleman, whose name I forget, said, "It looks as if Dougan has been moulting." Your humble servant restrained his fiery spirit, and did not enter the melee, remembering that

"Those who in quarrels interpose
Are apt to wipe a bloody nose."

It is rather a deplorable fact that the College health is not what it used to be. Dr. Lillis, B.F., Hon. Physician to the College, reports acute gastritis of unknown origin, 6; diphtheria, 1; tonsilitis, 5; ankle, 1 (sprained); jaw, 1 (stuck out); heart, 1 (lost). What with this list of casualties, and the College carpenter staying away from the College for four weeks, notwithstanding that a window has been broken for the last two weeks, it looks as though we have not the ginger in us that once we had (which is only natural).

Lastly, we congratulate Mr. Parnell and the Senior Student on a safe return from an arduous journey, after having crossed Gippsland's snowy peaks, and disappointing a local reporter, who had already written out a long account of their being lost in a wayside tavern—er, cavern.

As this is the last occasion that most of the present Committee will occupy our present seats, let us urge on freshmen the fact that it is third term and time to work, and we wish you the best of luck in November.

(Signed) A. E. SOUTH, Hon. Secretary.



Song of the Third Term.

Work, work, work, midst books new, old, or musty;
Stew, stew, stew, while youth once strong and lusty,
With its muscle and music and mirth is burnt with the mid-
night oil,
And leaves you with a bulging head, cold feet, indigestion,
and toil.

A novel and a briar pipe, a fire and easy chair,
Hold out an easy, blissful hour; but Sybarite, beware!
While dozing calmly in that chair, you poor deluded lamb,
There creeps upon you, hour by hour, a great and dread
exam.

College Notes.

The Warden arrived at Naples towards the end of April, and after a short stay in Italy went on to Greece. He seemed somewhat struck with the interest taken there in athletic sports, and mentions that though the Greeks knew precious little about Australia, yet even in country parts they recognised it as the place from which Flack came, and were ready to honour all Australians accordingly.

Constantinople, which he next visited, was not quite new ground to him, as he had been there some thirty-five years previously. He found the city considerably Europeanised, though the dogs, for which Constantinople is famous, were still there. He writes:—"I find them most interesting. Their organization is quite wonderful. They have in some ways a close resemblance to the larrikins' "pushes" in Melbourne, and are just as exclusive. In some mysterious way they have marked out the streets here into districts of their own, and the moment a strange dog shows himself anywhere, all the dogs of the district rush at him furiously and drive him off to his proper quarter."

Leaving Constantinople, he travelled overland to England, through Buda-Pesth, Vienna, and South Germany. He writes an amusing account of a football match between the Manchester United and Buda-Pesth. As the umpire knew no English, and the Englishmen knew no Magyar, the game laboured under certain difficulties, until some rather demonstrative sign-language on the part of the English players was construed by the crowd into a threat of violence to the umpire, and a regular riot ensued.

In June he attended the Pan-Anglican Congress, and afterwards went to Ireland, returning again to London to see the Olympic games.

Of Dublin University, he writes:—"The Boers, curiously enough, are coming in large numbers to Dublin University. I am told that they are very much liked; but—(perhaps this should be *because*)—they are frightfully wild, and commit such daring "larks" as amaze even the Irish—and that is saying a good deal. Lately, one of them was rusticated, and he thereupon organised his own funeral on a scale of great magnificence. He played the part of the corpe to the life (if you will allow the expression), and the whole population of Dublin turned out to view the procession through the streets. I am told every outside car in Dublin was engaged for the cortège.

Of sport in England, he says:—"You may tell the people who cry out against the mania for sport in Australia that it is quite as prevalent in England, and indeed, I think, more extreme than anything I have seen in Melbourne. King Edward is not in it with King Football. Englishmen used to be divided into Liberals and Conservatives, but now

"Soccer" and "Rugger" have taken their places. They seem to talk football, even all through the cricket season.

Writing from London on August 6th, he mentions that he had been asked to distribute the prizes at Stratford-on-Avon School, "in the room where they still show Shakespeare's desk, and where he certainly learned all that he ever learned at school."

The Warden was, according to latest advices, proposing to visit Germany in September, and in his last letter said that he had engaged his return passage by the I.G.M.S. "Roos," due to arrive in Melbourne about 10th December.

During second term the Torrance Memorial Tablet was dedicated. At the service, which was attended by the relations of the late Dr. Torrance, the subscribers and the members of Trinity College, Mr. Justice Hodges unveiled the Tablet, which was accepted on behalf of the Council of Trinity College by the chairman, the Ven. Archdeacon Crossley, who also said the special dedicatory prayers. Mr. Justice Hodges then gave an impressive address. He said that Dr. Torrance was a man who ever endeavoured to live a Christ-like life, and the world was the better for it. He hoped that the Tablet would be a reminder to others of the power of a life given to the service of God.

The memorial is a fine piece of beaten copper work, by Mr. Trentham Fryer, the Director of the Gordon Technical College. Dr. Torrance is shown in relief, wearing his ecclesiastical robes, whilst beneath is the following inscription:—

In loving memory of

George William Torrance, M.A., Mus. Doc.,
Dublin and Melbourne.

Born, Dublin, 1835; died, Kilkenny, 1907.

Acting Head of this College, July, 1872—February, 1876.

Incumbent of All Saint's, Geelong, 1877.

Holy Trinity, Balaclava, 1877-1894.

St. John's, Latrobe-street, 1894-1898.

Canon and Prebendary.

St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, Ireland, 1900-1907.

* * *

The annual College Concert was held on the evening of the 3rd of July. The hall, tastefully decorated with palms and streamers, with the old and present College flags hung at either end, and a row of Hostel girls of the Trinity College choir seated on the dais, was well up to concert pitch, and was by eight o'clock filled to overflow with our visitors, among whom were to be seen many prominent old students. Mr. Shields opened the programme with "Pierrette," a pianoforte solo, very tastefully given. He was followed by Mr. E. R. Cordner, whose fine voice was well heard in

Pinsuti's graceful song "I Fear No Foe." Miss Felsteade sang "Awake" sweetly and most expressively, and was loudly encored, and sang "The Sweetest Flower that Blooms" also very well. Master W. Bennett, with his violin, held the audience spellbound during two items, Svendsen's "Romance," and an encore, and received great applause at the conclusion of each. Mr. E. C. Dyason gave several comic recitations, one being topical, and finished amidst loud applause, with his version of "Half a League Onvart!" Miss Kyle and Messrs. Guy Miller and C. Clark also contributed to the entertainment of our guests both individually and with Messrs. J. H. Ross-Soden, R. Fowler, E. R. Cordner, and F. E. Dossetor, and the Hostel girls in the College choir.

The last item was the "College Song," of which the verses were sung by Mr. E. R. Cordner, and the chorus by all present.

Mr. Guy Miller is worthy of all praise for his organising talent and untiring energy, which was specially evident in his coaching of the choir, and has deserved our heartiest congratulations by the undoubted success of the evening. Mr. W. Miller and Mr. C. Clark, too, should have their mead of praise for the way in which they seconded Mr. Miller's efforts.

* * *

The Trinity Dance was again a most pronounced success. We greatly regret the enforced absence of Mr. Atkins in consequence of illness, who was thus unable to reap the fruits of his heavy work as hon. secretary.

There was a large attendance, which was maintained till well into the morning. The St. Kilda Town Hall looked its best, decorated with the flags and colours of the College. It is sufficient praise to say that it maintained the high standard of former years.

* * *

We take this opportunity of thanking the Hostel for a most enjoyable dance at the beginning of the second term, which was thoroughly appreciated by all who were privileged to be present. Our thanks are again due to Ormond College for their dance in the St. Kilda Town Hall, which was on a larger scale than previously, and was pronounced a great success by the many Trinity men who were present.

* * *

We congratulate the Hostel for their enterprise and ability in the representation of some scenes from "Cranford," under the guidance of Mrs. Ewart. Those of us who witnessed the performance fully appreciated the careful choice of the incidents and the satisfactory manner in which they were represented. Special praise must be awarded to the acting of Misses Bage and Dixson in their respective parts, reproducing, as they did, to a nicety the social characteristics of the age.

Alphabet.

A stands for Arthur, who has reached a great age.
B stands for Business, and Bustle, and Bage.
C stands for Cook and Continual Complaint.
D for the Dinners—might be good, but they ain't.
E for the Editors—fine pair, you'll agree.
F for their Fearless, Far-famed Fleur-de-Lys.
G for the Girls, whom we love to have near.
H for the Hostel, whose mistress we fear.
I stands for Ivan, with words very few.
J is for Jona, and Judah, and Jew.
K is for Karpenter, Kunning, and Kash.
L for the Lambs that are fleeced at each smash.
M stands for Mitchell, who would if she'd let him;
N is Not mentioned—she knows how to net him.
O is for Olof, who dodges cold tubs.
P's for Pineapple, Pipes, Petrol, and Pubs.
Q's the Queenslander, with tastes very queer;
R for the Rifles he brings and cleans here.
S our Self-Satisfied Social Successes;
T for their Tea-fights, and Titters and Tresses.
U stands for Upper Clarke's, chock full of mice.
V for the Virtue we see in our *Vice*.
W stands for the Work we do; yet
X for the Ex's we never can get.
Y's for the Year, with its toil and vexation.
Z for the Zest which we have for vacation.



FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Well do I recall my introduction to the College! The Clarke buildings were still in the hands of the contractor, and I was "mandated" into the charge of "T. J.," then lecturer on Logic and Mathematics. My first of many interviews with the Warden in the Rusden library had an unfortunate ending, for in the dark I stepped over the steps in front of the library door and broke my ankle. Shortly afterwards I was borrowed for some College festivities, and, still encased in plaster of Paris, was, after supper, delivered into the hands of amateur Jehus for safe delivery home. The cabman had been beguiled away for refreshment, and the reins seized by the senior student, who plied for hire round the city, and landed me home (still intact) somewhere about midnight. Luckily, no Eaton guarded that tutor's door.

Such was the unorthodox beginning of a somewhat stormy theological career.

We were all in good cheer in those times before the deluge.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young were very heaven.

The Warden's personality was beginning to tell upon the College life. The "Boarding-house" stage was being left behind, and, aided by the strenuous advocacy of Bishop Moorhouse, the Warden was forcing the Church in Victoria to realise the importance of Trinity College.

They were halcyon days, and we were building numberless *Chateaux en Espagne*. The Clarke buildings were opened with great jubilation in 1883, and an elect race of students took possession of them. There had been great men before us, but now were the larger buildings and the increased opportunities.

The change in rowing is a symbol of the times. Mine was the good fortune to stroke the last of the "Fours" in old fixed-seat gig, "The Fleur-de-Lys," in 1884, and the first of the "Eights" in 1885.

In 1884 the "Rudens" was produced, and still Trinity seemed higher than ever in popular esteem.

The same year saw the foundation of the Fleur-de-Lys Society, of which the first recorded toast at its annual mysteries was "Trinity and Mr. Leeper."

The Social Club became a power in the land, and ruled supreme within its jurisdiction. The well-known dictum of William of Wykeham, "manners makyth man," was adopted by the Committee, and it was decreed that the "tone" of Trinity had to be good. Unlike the older foundations of the Motherland, we had to begin history here, and to lay foundations upon which traditions might hereafter rear themselves.

One effect was startling. We determined to typify the "tone" of Trinity in outward and visible symbolism. The culmination of this effort we felt was reached when a long procession of Trinity men appeared at the Governor's levee, resplendent in belltoppers of the latest mode, and with eye-glasses to complete the picture! However, the Social Club work was good, and I have little doubt that its pioneer work still influences the manners of men of Trinity; and this, after all, is the most important part of College life.

The life of the student to-day seems to those who remember a quarter of a century ago, more strenuous if less festive.

The midday luncheon parties are gone with the Buttery system. They were very bright and festive, but bad for training, and worse for study.

A season or two ago "Tommy" Brind and I spent a happy holiday together in the Isle of Wight, bathing through an English summer season. Bert Power was there, and Fred. Wilkinson, the Oxford Blue, and I noticed that, as we told again the tales of 1883, our memories seemed to cluster round those festive luncheon parties.

All honour to the present generation of students! The Warden with his glowing optimism ever declares he has around him a finer set of fellows than ever before; but we of 1883 can at least say that we were glad to have been alive when the College system was new, and on its trial beneath the Southern Cross.

May I end with a tale against myself. Fresh from Trinity in 1888, I had the good fortune to be the guest of an Oxford College for a few weeks. Then I had not gauged the tremendous power of Conventionality in English, and especially in Oxford life. One evening, in the Common Room, the "Dons" let me talk. Drawn on by the perfect courtesy of my hosts, and perhaps a little aided by their ancient port, I held up in every detail the modified republicanism of Trinity College, Melbourne, as the one perfect model of a collegiate system. No startling alteration was immediately undertaken by Oxford, although Walter Pater thanked the youthful Australian reformer as beautifully as only he could do.

At least we of Australia have this on our side. We are older than our English brothers of the same age; our sense of responsibility is earlier developed; we are not tied and bound by endless rules and regulations in the freer life of our Alma Mater.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, I have spun a long yarn. I have told a little of our hopes in the early days; but much remains yet to be said ere the chronicles are complete. Vale.

E. S. HUGHES.



Idealism.

What magic spots and scenes appear
When old Romance has touched our hearts!
But with the advent of each year,
Some cherished hope or creed departs.

A visioned form is fairer far
Than ever mortal eye beheld;
But ere the flashing of a star
The fire within is quenched and quelled.

But still we seek the veiled face,
The magic magnet of the mind;
A shadow through the world we chase,
But, till Death strikes us, never find.

Common Room Chatter.

The billiard tournament has, as usual, dragged out through the first two terms. We must congratulate the winner, Mr. C. McDonald, for his success, due to his persistent practice. Special praise must be given to his indefatigable coach, Mr. Bridges, who has kept an ever-watchful eye upon his charge, and steadied him in many trying occasions.

* * *

We have to report a football match, in which our Theologs have once more distinguished themselves in the world of sport, their old rivals, St. John's, being once more defeated, after a most interesting struggle. We have received from our special reporter the following account:—

“On the bounce of the ball the Johnians attacked, and by a smart piece of wing play booted the globule through the uprights, thus notching the first sixer of the day. Play continued fast and furious round the home team's citadel for some time, the visitors gaining the upper hand, and on changing over they were in the ascendancy.

“Off again, and a brilliant dash by Sprawl landed the sphere in the enemy's territory and himself in the mud. Some smart play followed, in which Charlie was conspicuous running rings round the ball in every direction. Once chancing to get too close, he was awarded a free right in front of goal, but with the utmost dexterity, amidst the wildest enthusiasm, he refrained from scoring. With lusty eagerness, the enemy returned to the charge, but the bell being judiciously rung as they neared the Trinity goal, they had to retire for half-time, and a handsome repast in our Senior Theolog's study.

“In the second half the excitement was intense amongst the players, particularly in the case of F—n, who was several times prostrated for no other apparent reason. His falls and general contortions evoked much sympathy amongst the ladies. Charlie had to be several times cautioned by that most lenient of umpires, the Red Huish.

“At three-quarter time the visitors were still ahead, but in the last term our team asserted themselves with the utmost brilliancy, and ran out easy winners to still further regale themselves in our captain's study.

“One incident threatened to mar the general harmony of the contest. Our invaluable umpire was mobbed by one over-excited individual, but his ready resource and a pool of mud proved his salvation.”

* * *

The new secretary of our Social Club lay sleeping—as Carlyle says: “His head full of dreams of dignity.” A

whispered conference awoke the monarch's sleep. Then silence! Then a crash! Then his mighty bulk outlined against the moonlit window! Then farewell to dignity; farewell to peace of mind and pleasant dreams—a Bailey* full of water crashed the monarch down.

[Editor's Note.—*In above, we think that this should be billy, as a Bailey full of H₂O would be an anomaly.]

* * *

One of our senior Theologs is at last becoming alive to his duties towards his younger brethren. We hear that he willingly devoted some of his valuable time to instructing one of the number in the right ecclesiastical intonation when reading the lessons. It's a pity he was not there next morning himself to hear the result of his efforts.

* * *

Upper Bishop's has again, after a long period of repose, been the scene of a nocturnal riot that bids fair to eclipse most other things of its kind. We are told by an eye-witness that a powerful New Zealander was much to the fore during the disturbance, rudely engaging with one of his theological companions who had apparently come upon the scene to quell the riot. He seems to have repented of the damages he inflicted, as he was most energetic in collecting subscriptions to defray the expenses incurred during that memorable night. He has, we are told, shorn his head by way of penance.

* * *

It is indeed gratifying to see the rapid promotion gained by several first year men in the Dining Hall. It used to be the custom for the senior men of the College to enjoy the dignity of sitting in the Presidents' seats at the tables, out of courtesy, at all meals, but now things have changed, and freshmen have taken their places with becoming assurance.

* * *

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." We hear of an unaccustomed stir in U.B. in the early morning, and we understand that it is due to the appearance at that hour of what must be a new species of plant. We ourselves, owing to our prolonged matutinal slumbers, have never been able to observe this phenomenon. It is at the pink of its bloom between 7 and 8 o'clock; and we hear from the privileged eye-witnesses that its appearance in the bath is well worth the loss of an hour's sleep, which its advent to the flat has necessitated. It might best be described as "Warm Water Lillies."

* * *

So long as the College possesses a vice-Warden, who will get up in the early hours on the morning of the boat-race, and muffle his alarm clock in order not to wake up a member of the crew, *esprit de corps* should not languish in the College. We will win him that race yet!

Dialectic Society.

In second term there were only three debates, one being a Ladies' Night, which was well attended by a large number of visitors.

The number of speakers has been fair, but surely a golden opportunity is being missed by the theologs and law students, whose future professions will be mainly a matter of speaking in public. For when we come to examine the names, we find that, of all the theologs in College, only five have spoken during the whole year, this including the chaplain, who is one of the most enthusiastic members. Surely, with the adverse criticism constantly heard on pulpit oratory, it is time that the Theologs awoke to their opportunities and learned oratory in this the most practical of all schools. The same applies to the embryolawyers, since only four have spoken and only one consistently at each meeting. It might interest them to go through a list of the Society's prelectors, where they will find the names of some of the most eminent lawyers in Victoria. Though they cannot all be Prelectors, yet they may all have the training which these enjoyed.

Of the merits of individual speakers, the first on the list is the Prelector. Owing to heavy scholastic duties, he has been able to speak only twice, but on both these occasions he has spoken well. His opening in the first Ladies' Night, on "The Limitation of the sphere of Woman's Activity," was closely followed and much enjoyed by the audience; but in his second speech, following Mr. Dossetor, in opposition to Mr. Boulton's complaint on the dangers of the growing lack of seriousness, he not only spoke well from his notes, but answered completely many of the arguments already brought forward.

Of Mr. Dossetor and Mr. Leeper, it is impossible to say much here. The former has yearned for a chance to be taken seriously the whole year, and worthily showed he deserved it in responding to Mr. Boulton at the last Ladies' Night; while the latter usually, with perhaps a touch of patronising condescension, lightly dances on his opponent's arguments.

Mr. Hodges has spoken consistently, and has usually a well thought out series of arguments, put with vigour, self-confidence, and earnestness. His leaving College will be a real loss to the Society, both as a speaker and a committeeman.

Mr. Clarke up to this year had spoken but little, but showed, especially in his advocacy of the Parkville site for the Hospital, that he could not only make a set speech, but reply to his opponent's arguments in an effective summing up. He, too, perhaps, has a little tendency to assume a superior position, which has sometimes lent a handle to his opponent.

Mr. Fowler only began serious speaking this year. In the debate on dancing, he gave a splendid display of skating on thin ice, which seemed to be about to give way every moment; and at a later meeting advocated a tax on bachelors, when, in spite of his own scientific arguments, he failed to convince the Society.

Mr. Shaw has spoken but rarely, and, though promising, is surely not yet so fluent an orator that he can afford to overlook the golden opportunities afforded by our Society. His attack on dancing was vigorous, if unconvincing, and his summing up was excellent.

Mr. Boulton has only spoken twice, and on the second occasion advocated greater seriousness and the dangers of frivolity—a subject which will appeal to all who know him. His delivery, chiefly from nervousness, did not display his matter to its best advantage; and in common with the respondent on the same occasion, his method of summing up was to name an opponent and then insult him.

Mr. T. W. Ross (C. N.'s brother!) only spoke on a few occasions at the beginning of the year. Considering everything from a strictly engineering standpoint, his views were often novel and entertaining, and it is to be hoped that he will resume speaking next year, and continue to enliven our meetings.

Of the same school is Mr. Jowett, who at first spoke regularly, but after endeavouring to act as respondent in a debate with badly prepared notes, has not since spoken. We all hope his retirement is only temporary.



THE PRELECTION.

The Prelection was held in the Masonic Hall on the night of August 20th. Chiefly owing to the efforts of the Vice-President, Mr. Robson, and Mr. Chilvers, the attendance was good, without including the men who filled a small part of the gallery. Archdeacon Hindley, the Vicar-General of the Diocese, presided; and the following speakers supported him: Rev. Dr. Bevan, Dr. Norris, Rev. J. S. Hart, and Mr. J. T. Collins. The thanks of the Society are especially due to the last, who, owing to the inability of another speaker to attend, threw himself into the breach at a day's notice, taking on himself the most difficult position of last speaker. The Prelector delivered the address well, but if criticism may be permitted, was perhaps not quite as definite as he might have been in emphasizing his points.

Shortly, he pointed out that, though an ideal has never been defined, it yet has a real force, and acts on both nations and individuals.

In the case of Australian ideals, these were of a practical nature, mostly English in character, modified by our altered conditions. Hence came the love of freedom and impatience of restraint in social, political, and religious life. Being practical, these ideals did not extend to art or literature, the fruits of maturity of national life. These

practical ideals were the cause of a greater interest in politics, education, and the defence problem—the growth of Federal and Imperial ideals.

Those ideals essential to progress were not absent, but were as yet only in the making. They were healthy, virile, and progressive, with an inevitable tendency to materialism. With national stress would come dependence on deeper forces of character, and though progress seemed slow, there were ideal forces at work which were an earnest of a strength and a beauty yet to be.

Dr. Bevan, in moving a vote of thanks to the Prefector, dwelt especially on two points—the retention of ideals and unselfishness of our ideals. He said that throughout life we should be always stretching out after that which was just beyond our grasp, and must never be satisfied with resting on our oars in contentment at having got thus far. Ideals were the great mark of the young, and he hoped that of those who went out from Trinity, whether as clergymen, doctors, teachers, lawyers, or engineers, some at least would retain to the end the ideals which they had in their minds in starting life.

Further, that Australia's ideals must be such that they would not lead only to her comfort and greatness, but also must make for the betterment of nations around her. No nation could live for itself alone, any more than one man could live for himself alone. The nations of the past which had tried to do so had fallen, and Australia must live for others if she would not share the fate of Rome, Athens, Spain, or Carthage.

Dr. Norris, who followed him, pointed out that ideals were the property neither of the extreme optimist nor the extreme pessimist, but rather of the individual who was possessed of a divine discontent, and in such a man they served to stir him up to act. The best ideal for Australia was the human ideal. Let our endeavour be to make our people happier, so that other nations might learn from us lessons which we should always be willing to impart. Then, too, there was the scientific ideal, which was growing constantly to be a more important factor in life. He quoted from the speeches of Disraeli and Mr. Balfour to show how statesmen were beginning to realise this fact.

The Rev. J. S. Hart, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Vicar-General for presiding, pointed out that many of the views commonly held as to the characters of the early settlers were quite incorrect. Instead of their being the most adventurous and courageous of the old stock, they were often the weaker folk, leaving not only England, but Scotland, Ireland, and Wales because they thought that life would be easier in the colonies. Hence came many marks of Australian character, and the highest ideal of some Australians was their own comfort.

Mr. T. J. Collins had the post of honour and danger in the rear, and discharged his duties well. In a short speech, he expressed his hope that Australians would maintain as their ideal the exact converse of Trollope's description, modesty, respect, and hard work, all of which qualities he had found in the University student during the years

in which he had been associated with him. He seconded the vote of thanks to the chairman, which was carried with applause.

The Vicar-General simply thanked the meeting for their kindness, and said that, as it was late, he would only ask them to heartily thank the preceding speakers. He was greeted with great applause.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. R. W. A. Leeper was called upon to receive the president's medal and the Fleur-de-Lys prize for oratory, but owing to ill-health was unable to be present. Mr. Hodges received a special Fleur-de-Lys for oratory; and Mr. S. F. McDonald the vice-president's medal and a Fleur-de-Lys prize for essay writing.

At a special meeting of the Society on September 16th, Mr. F. S. Carse, L.L.B., was elected to the Prelectorship for 1909, a position which he has well earned by his able speaking and unflagging interest in the Society during the past few years.



Dreams of the Season.

When, as the year draws to its close,
 The frequent, dusty, north wind blows,
 When day is vile, and night is worse,
 And work and weather are a curse,
 The wistful fancy nought can feign
 More soothing to the weary brain
 Than leaving town, and toil forgot,
 To seek out some secluded spot;
 And through a seaside summer haze
 A halcyon time of workless days
 In the uncollared happiness
 Of free simplicity of dress;
 Or wander out into the hush
 Of the old, wild, primeval bush,
 Tracking some stream along its course,
 Up to its snow-fed mountain source,
 And where the quiet waters run
 Sampling their wealth with rod and gun;
 Or on some ship to adventure, and
 Go forth to see some newer land,
 And while the engines throb their tune,
 On many a sunlit afternoon,
 Half-drowsing, watch the sparkling sea
 Laughing in lyric ecstasy,
 While seabirds come with sea-born cry,
 And the green waters rustle by.
 And when such restful visions rise
 Before the stower's dreaming eyes,
 Life seems less weary, flat, and vain,
 And, cheered, he turns to graft again.

—Sadh.

FOOTBALL.

Ormond having defeated Queen's rather easily, we played the winners on June 30th, and after a good, hard game, Ormond won; the scores being—Ormond, 6 goals 17 behinds; Trinity, 5 goals 5 behinds. The weather was not too good, a high north wind blowing and rain threatening; but a good number of ladies turned up, and a crowd of past students, who took a great deal of interest in the proceedings. Owing to the wind, the game was very fast. The standard of University football in general having been raised by the advent of a team into the League, the game was clever and even. The scoring was very even, so that at three-quarter time the scores were level. The enthusiasm was very keen at the beginning of the last quarter, but Ormond's combination proved too strong, and they piled on points and won comfortably. The team included five freshmen, who all acquitted themselves nobly; one especially stood out. At first he was rather timid, and apologised for taking the ball away from his opponent, but after being encouraged and sooled on by voices through megaphones, Ivan upended everyone, friend or foe, who happened to cross his path. He shows great promise. Lewers (a nephew of Will Lewers) played very well full forward. Douglas Fraser, another freshman, roved well.

Mark Gardner, the captain, played splendidly, and was easily the best man in the team.

The team was as follows:—E. Corder, G. Croker, H. Crowther, L. Darby, S. Dobson, E. Dossetor, R. Fowler, E. Fleming, S. Fraser, D. Fraser, M. C. Gardner (capt.), H. James, B. Lewers, J. H. Lindon, A. A. McKay, H. Ross-Soden, I. Smith, M. L. Williams.

It's a pity we could not have had our annual match with the Old Students this year, as this has always been a means of unearthing much latent talent. Anybody who has seen Mick Donald in the football field, giving the old fellows a helping hand and foot, and the spectators a treat, will recognise the omission. This year some of us—that is, those who were not to be on the other side—were looking forward to seeing Ben Boulton giving an exhibition of himself and the game in the ranks of the Old Students, but unfortunately this was not to be, and we had to be content with the Theologs' match to reveal our embryo footballers.

Three men they went a-hunting
To see what they could find;

They came across a cavern,
And that they left behind.

Said the Englishman: "It's the ocean."

Said the Scot: "It gaes a mile."

Said the Irishman: "There's beer about, and it's only
Bailey's smile."

LAWN TENNIS.

More than usual interest was shown in the Pennant matches this year, and the number of those wishing to play made it desirable to enter an additional team. Accordingly an extra four was added in the seconds, besides the usual teams in the second, third, and fourth classes. The usual system of challenging was adopted, with the result that a regular network of challenges and counter challenges ensued, which only those actually concerned even professed to understand. After considerable alterations, the teams stood as follows:—

IIA.—Bailey, H. Griffith, W. Miller, C. Williams.

IIB.—Fleming, D. Fraser, Herring, R. Leeper.

III.—Burston, Lewers, A. McKay, G. Miller.

IV.—Bridges, Fowler, Johnston, Jowett.

Of these the IIA. team has done best, standing at present second in their section, with a good chance of coming out top eventually. So far they have been beaten only by Grace Park and Melbourne, but if they maintain their present form, there is no reason why they should not turn the tables on these two clubs.

The other second-class team has not been so successful, having only won two matches, against Hawthorn and Malvern, but should do better in the singles in the second half of the season.

In the third class, our team holds a fairly good position, and should be well up in their section at the end of the season. We are again successful in the fourth class, and should have a good chance of winning the section, as we did last year.

P.S.—According to the latest bulletins, there is no reason to be hopeful in the case of any of these teams.

The tennis tournaments have as yet barely begun, but should prove an interesting diversion amidst the intellectual monotony of the third team.

The four chosen to represent the College against Ormond and Queen's consisted of Bailey (capt.), H. Griffith, W. Miller, C. Williams. Ormond had the bye, so Trinity met Queen's on July 23rd, on the Trinity courts, under the most favourable weather conditions. We had an exceptionally strong team this year, and our hopes as to the result were more than fulfilled. The team did themselves full justice, and secured a very easy win by 38 games. Griffith deserves special mention for a particularly dashing game, playing in his very best form.

The scores were:—

H. Griffith and C. Williams (T.) beat Davies and Featonby (Q.)—6-4, 6-3, 6-1.

H. Griffith and C. Williams (T.) beat Mills and Cleverden (Q.)—6-2, 6-2, 6-2.



TRINITY COLLEGE TENNIS FOUR, 1908.

Bailey and W. Miller (T.) beat Davies and Featonby (Q.)—6-3, 5-6, 6-3.

Bailey and W. Miller (T.) beat Mills and Cleverden (Q.)—6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

Totals.—Trinity, 11 sets, 71 games; Queen's, 1 set, 33 games. Trinity won by 38 games.

On July 28 we played Ormond for the final match, and again the weather was all that could be desired. Our four again played their very best, and gained a substantial victory by 18 games. The chief feature of the game was the remarkably fine play exhibited by Baird, of Ormond, who was able to cover almost the entire court, playing with the utmost skill and steadiness. Miller played the best game for us, showing that he may be relied upon just as much in tennis as he always can be in cricket. Williams also played well, but Griffith did not show the same form as in the previous match. We congratulate Bailey on having led both the cricket and tennis teams to victory in this his last year at the College.

The scores were:—

H. Griffith and C. Williams (T.) beat Baird and Connor (O.)—6-1, 1-6, 7-5.

H. Griffith and C. Williams (T.) beat Sawers and Rentoul (O.)—6-2, 6-0, 2-6.

Bailey and W. Miller (T.) beat Sawers and Rentoul (O.)—6-3, 6-2, 5-7.

Bailey and W. Miller (T.) beat Baird and Connor (O.)—6-5, 6-4, 7-5.

Totals.—Trinity, 9 sets, 64 games; Ormond, 3 sets, 46 games. Trinity won by 18 games.

Hostel Tennis Match.

The Hostel match was played on the Trinity College courts on July 16th. Our team consisted of Misses Herring (capt.), Lavarack, Nixon, and Scantlebury, all of whom had represented the College previously. For our side, Miss Scantlebury was conspicuous by her forceful drives from the back line. Indeed, a little more dash in these contests might be found more serviceable than the slow and patient method usually adopted. If it should be practicable, might we suggest that the Hostel four should seek to gain steady and frequent practice by entering a team in the Ladies' Pennants, thereby making victory an annual occurrence.

The full scores were:—

Misses Davies and Wood (O.) beat Misses Herring and Scantlebury (T.)—3-6, 6-0, 6-3.

Misses Lavarack and Nixon (T.) beat Misses Holmes and Martin (O.)—2-6, 6-2, 6-3.

Misses Holmes and Martin (O.) beat Misses Herring and Scantlebury (T.)—5-6, 6-5, 6-5.

Misses Davies and Wood (O.) beat Misses Lavarack and Nixon (T.)—6-5, 6-2.

Totals.—Ormond, 55 games; Trinity, 46 games. Ormond won by 9 games.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A FRESHMAN.

When I first made my approach to Trinity College, distrust in myself as about to make one in a gathering of men of a higher order was ousted by a sincere trust that their noble strength would act the part of mentor and friend to my guileless weakness, and it was with bosom swelling with pride and hope that I enquired my way to Trinity College, and was landed at what I thought must be the back gate of the same. Having looked in vain for a more pretentious approach to this noble seat of learning, I decided to plead ignorance as an excuse for what might appear a breach of etiquette, and made through the picket gate bearing the reassuring notice that it was Only Trinity College. Then I boldly followed the cinder-path leading towards the building, feeling, however, that it was no happy augury that my first approach should be through the back yard, and I hurried on half expecting to hear fowls cackling in the thicket on my right, or to be intercepted by a man leisurely wheeling a barrow in the cow paddock on my left, from which I was only separated by a post-and-rail fence, in itself undoubted evidence of the antiquity of the College. However, my doubts were soon put at rest by a small, dark man of the utmost politeness, who, in answer to my query, escorted me to the door of the Lodge (as he called it) and rang the bell. He then shook hands with me, calling me "old fellow" in the most friendly manner, and was good enough to express a hope that he would see more of me at some future time. He then requested the maid, who had by then appeared, to show me up to the Warden, and left me feeling grateful and sanguine as to the friendliness of College society.

The ordeal of an interview with the Warden was even greater than I had expected. Not haphazard do they admit men into this enlightened circle. I had to swear a grim oath that in the event of being driven out I would not attempt to force my way back, and again that I would not abuse the privilege granted by the College authorities in the matter of the windows. The nature of this latter oath had, of course, to be interpreted for my innocence, and it seems that the privilege aforementioned consists in the fact that each study has windows capable of being opened to admit air—(by the way, they have only one small ventilator each)—and this privilege is abused if the students bang, throw, or precipitate themselves or anything else in or out of these indispensable windows. Surely a rule on the subject would have sufficed.

Now that I am admitted into the society of the College, I have time to look at the curious customs prevailing around me, many of which appear illogical, or, at the least to my unsophisticated mind, very strange. For instance, there is a special provision made that the man

who fails to attend the requisite number of morning services in the Chapel has to pay a fine of 2/6. To think that this is all that has survived of our Christianity! In my country home we would willingly have paid for the privilege of such frequent and well-ordered services. Again, when I made my appearance in Hall, duly clad in the sombre colour prescribed for the solemn evening meal, I was struck by an apparent anomaly. The fireplace is beautifully carved and inscribed with the comforting line—“*Assiduo noster luceat igne focus*”—(Ed. Note.—For the benefit of engineers and other ignoramuses, we translate: “Let our hearth ever glow with a constant blaze.”)—but yet the authorities (who are, by the way, far removed from it) appear to overlook the spirit in which, as is evident from the motto, the fireplace was built, and are ever in conflict with the cold-benumbed students about the hours at which it is to fulfil its office.

In the Society itself I found much that appeared absurd and grotesque in the extreme. Many of the men, it seems, want to appear as scatterbrained as possible. This Bedlamatish tendency, tho’ very general, is most in evidence in the crowded Common Room, after Hall. One man, with questionable taste, from time to time takes a delight in creeping about on tip-toe and making queer noises in the ears of his unfortunate associates. Another finds his amusement in giving someone a mighty heave from behind, answering all remonstrances with a maniacal grin, and the words, “That’s what I think of you.” The same spirit seems to fill all the older members of the College when together, though, taken separately, they appear in most cases quite sane and rational. Then, again, those who in ordinary intercourse show the greatest promise of brains are not found at the top of the list in examinations, while the social nonentities win exhibitions.

Several nights after my arrival I was startled from sleep by a most gruesome and unearthly noise, like that produced from a number of persons in varying degrees of pain or lunacy. Ere I could rise to soothe these unfortunate ones, I was dragged from my bed by a couple of men—I apologise for the word—with the most demoniacal expressions I have ever witnessed. I found that many others of my fellows were in the same position as myself, and that the College was evidently overrun by these grotesque beings, apparently with the sanction of the senior students, none of whom I could distinguish in the crowd around me. Half numbed with cold and terror, I was dragged into the C.R., amidst the gibbering inanities of those who conducted me. I soon found that I was to be subjected to trial before a tribunal composed of such monstrosities, but before I could ponder over my situation, I found myself elevated on to a table with a search-light flashing on my face. Seeing that condemnation was certain unless their slightest demand was fulfilled, I did the most abject obeisance to my judges, cringing before them in the most humiliating manner. Somehow or other they seemed well versed in my idiosyncrasies, and a number of

accusations were hurled at my head, which were immediately assumed to be true by the howling jury. I had to expiate my crimes according to the whims of my tormentors, and was then hurried back to my bed. Looking at my experience in retrospect, I am almost inclined to mark it down as a very bad dream, since on the morning following none of the senior men seemed to have been at all disturbed. The nightmare, caused no doubt by undue indulgence in the College food, would naturally only be suffered by Freshmen, since the seniors, with their greater experience, would be extremely unlikely to fall into error of that kind.

These are but a few impressions of my early days in College, which were indeed days of bewilderment and stupefaction. How different was the reality from my early conceptions! Instead of being admitted into an institution where intellects, matured through seasons of endeavour, would gracefully adorn an elegant society of aspiring souls, I found myself amongst a number of human beings more or less like myself, and utterly unlike the idealised creatures of my fancy. I find that, after all, the College and 'Varsity are treated as more or less of a shop where learning and degrees are to be got by a kind of barter for hours of strenuous endeavour.

So I sit down to work with nothing left of my College ideals save a grinning skeleton which must be safely locked in the cupboard to make way for the grimmer realities of life.



Alcaics.

Naples, May, 1908.

Oh! Mother mine, dear College of Trinity,
Who thro' these years now teeming with memories,
In this new land, remote from Europe,
Noble traditions of old preservest.

I, thine alumnus, parting reluctantly,
To thee, my mother, offer my gratitude
From that new land away to Europe,
Sped on the tirelessly rolling ocean.

Surrounded now by Italy's memories,
Thus from thy presence parted by hemispheres,
My true allegiance vow I, Mother:
Never shall distance in spirit part us.

Tho' oceans sunder, ever in harmony
To all thy promptings answers responsively
Each son, tho' from thy walls departed,
True to thy memory still in spirit.

—ALLEN LEEPER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir,—It is with considerable diffidence that I venture to call your attention to what is admittedly one of the beauty spots in the College, but which seems to me to be somewhat incongruous in the monastic simplicity of its surroundings. I was myself unaware till quite recently of this beautiful spot, where the most lavish hangings and decorations give an air of grandeur and magnificence quite out of proportion to the humble uses to which the room is put. The other day I was conducting some ladies over the College—a rare thing for me to be doing—when their attention was arrested by the dazzling magnificence that proceeded from an open door in Lower Clarke's. They stopped and enquired who was the high dignitary that occupied this splendid compartment; and would scarcely believe me when I explained that it was merely the bedroom of Mr. Cole, a connoisseur in decorative art, whose taste seemed to run riot in the most fantastic designs.

While acknowledging the exquisite taste of the occupant of this miniature palace, I would beg to criticise the excessive splendour of this oasis in the desert which reduces our humble decorative efforts to a faint and ignominious obscurity.

I am, yours, etc.,

INVIDIOSUS.

[Ed. Note.—After receiving this letter, we ourselves inspected the room, and felt that our correspondent was quite temperate in his description. Hastily summoning our special photographer, we found him and two cameras quite



A Peep into Mr. Cole's Bedroom.

unequal to the task of reproducing a picture of this almost Eastern magnificence, with its iridescence and tropical splendour in colour. But we felt the task worthy of our utmost endeavours, and, though foiled at the outset, came again with renewed vigour, and a more experienced photographer, and can now present to our readers some idea of the luxury of this sybarite's apartment.

It is gratifying to note that his is no one-sided character, his artistic taste being counterbalanced by his devotion to sport. Witness the lacrosse and tennis rackets. Amid such surroundings we might rather have expected a powder-puff instead of the rude rifle. We were unfortunate in not being able to catch the occupant in his boudoir, as his indeed would have been a striking figure, standing gracefully before the mirror on his 3-inch pile carpet.]

* * *

Dear Sirs,—The airing of a private complaint is seldom instructive, and never entertaining, but the discussion of a general grievance cannot fail to interest. On these grounds I am writing to crave a corner in your useful paper for the airing of my grievances against the freshmen of this year, since I feel confident that they are shared by all the brighter lights of the College.

Light-hearted men in their moments of relaxation are led by a natural bent towards hilarity. This is most noticeable at meals, especially in Hall, when the greater part of the day's work is done, and afterwards in the Common Room, when, the inner man composed and comfortable, they congregate to smoke, sing, dance, and in their various ways amuse themselves and each other. Then more than at any other time is the interloping freshman a thorn in the side of his senior. The poor senior is in a cleft stick, fearful of losing his prestige and dignity before the despised and miserable freshmen, and yet irresistibly moved towards hilarity. Then is the crucial test of the social possibilities of the freshman. If he be a good and promising freshman, he will gaze with admiration and esteem on the antics of his seniors, and endeavour when possible to emulate them in every way. Of course he may in his first bout at the window be dashed through on to the pavement and bikes outside with considerable energy; but, if he be a man of metal, he will soon have a hand on the next victim, and come out with broken collar and burst trousers in sooth, but having sown the germ of a patronising regard and respect in the breasts of his lofty seniors. But the freshmen of this year might better be called stalemens. They are like so many Death's Heads at our Feasts of Wit and Humour. The sportive senior's smile is frozen on his lips when his gaze falls on the bovine expression or deprecatory smile of a freshman. The genial soul who walks down the corridor carolling gaily, after partaking of a hearty dinner, is struck dumb by an encounter with one of these innocents, who casts at him a look of pathos, fear, and suspecting simplicity, tragically blended. The popping of the cork of a beer bottle is

for these poor people as the knell of all soulful life. A man who has been observed to drink a glass of beer at table must be carefully avoided, lest he should prove inebriated and insist on their listening to one of his jokes. How can a man give vent to his boisterous spirits when he knows that thereby he will scare the wits out of an unfortunate mother's darling, who refuses to imitate the example of his seniors and become his own darling?

Let us then, O Seniores, rise in our might, and with the awful threat of instant evacuation, compel the authorities to lease a house in the vicinity where these creatures could be tried and tested before they are cast among us, heroes of bottle and buttery, as wet blankets on all our social intercourse. Thence only the best and brightest need be selected as our understudies, and the rest could remain in the quiet seclusion of what we might well name, our Asylum for the Inane.

I am, Sirs,
GAUDEAMUS.



MONSEIGNIEUR S'AMUSE

How to Spend an Evening.

If one were asked to name the best way of providing an evening's amusement, the answer would be simple and immediately forthcoming. One would select a party of the most dignified and respectable College men, including only one Theolog, and proceed where'er the mood should take us, finally arriving home as near as possible to the dread "closing hour." The idea would be started by such phrases as "Shall we go?" "Shall we go, Griff?" from the man with the "dislocated" jaw, in the Common Room after dinner, and would soon bring forth many volunteers. The person addressed would readily urge the advantages of another evening away from work, and would relate many nights of revelry, dances, supper parties, fandangoes, etc., etc., to a sympathetic audience. The two Tasmanians would be there, the elder still scorning all hypocrisy and freely boasting of what is before us, and the other assuming a bashfully innocent air as though this was the first of such evenings. Inseparable still are these two, as in the days when H.M.Z.R. formed the third of a famous trio; but bringing now a citizen of the world, in the shape of the latest addition to our "old men" of the College—Ben Boulton. A terrible man this, of huge proportions, and solemn sun-burnt face, with cuts on his forehead suggestive of black people and encounters in the Friendly Islands; hair grown alarmingly long and accurately parted *au centre*, and a voice which, though charmingly quiet now, will soon be raised to a roar with exhortations and arguments, beginning, "No, Dossetaw, you see it is this way," and ending in a speech delivered by main

force, of unusual length and brilliance on many subjects, and which will probably include a challenge to fight, race, or swim any man, anywhere, for any stake, at any time! It will also state in decisive terms the merits of Rugby football and Jiu Jitsu, the latter being illustrated by a practical demonstration with one of his two sparring partners. Some light temperance drink will be probably necessary after this, and if there is any man suggests that it is at any one else's expense than our friend's, he will probably be greeted by such a scathing torrent of sarcasm, hurled with such violence, that he will go straight home!

It will be necessary to entice some foils into the party for such a demon as this, and who could we choose better than "Slinks" McK—y and D—ss—t—r? The former will not say a word the whole evening, but with sleepily surprised eyes will prove himself the most suitable and only listener to the aforementioned orations! The latter will argue till he is black in the face, and will readily accept any challenge to do *anything*.

A party constituted such as this, and perhaps strengthened by such men as Smith and Watts, capable by their sparkling wit of giving a pleasing turn to the conversation, would have the material for an excellent evening, and although it is not proposed to follow them, the return home would be worth going miles to see.

The old man would probably still be complaining that he had had no *real* amusement, thereby suggesting to our ignorant minds all sorts of amazing and weird entertainments never before known to our simple imaginations. The dislocated jaw would be docile now, but still willing with the others to attack the faithful Frankfurt always brought home on evenings like this; and the rest of the party would soon be ready for bed, where we now leave them, and only allow ourselves to imagine the appearance of, at least, one of them, the next morning.

IN VINO VERITAS.



LOST.

A Sense of Decency. Will finder please return to 52 U.C. before 9 a.m. Sunday morning. Reward, a Benediction.

'Tis better to have loafed and flopped than never to have loafed at all.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

“*There are no rows in College now.*”—Local Report.

The pall of night encompasses the place,
Its ghosts arise and work their will a-space;
And dismally their coronach repeat,
The past and passing glories of the race.

To haunts beloved they take their nightly way,
Their hearts enkindle with the whilom ray;
Hovering above, their ghastly forms appear,
Remembered champions of an older day.

One wing o'er Bishop's pile, o'er Clarke's one wing,
Enfolding spreads each monstrous eerie thing,
Shrouded in densest gloom the haunted fane,
While in harsh unison their dirge they sing.

No more the burly oarsmen vaunts his Force,
No more Strategos sings without remorse,
No more Bill Bailey homewards wends his way,
Lashmar and Buggins shriek in accents hoarse.

The jests of Frankenstein are heard no more,
For ever hushed in that dim corridor,
The silvery tones of Wangatuca's voice,
And hushed the Bulbul's terrifying roar.*

And phantom visions pale and dolorous wights
Succeed those heroes of a hundred fights;
And puny moderns waste their puny days,
Sleek-headed men who merely sleep o' nights.

Still Arthur reigns, but where are Arthur's (k)ights?
In peace he sleeps who ruled erewhile in fights;
New men around—strange faces, other names;
His comrades gone to set U.C. to rights.

The wit that set the table in a roar;
The keen inventor of some cutting saw;
Th' elaborate jest, the ready-made reply;
The sparkling quips he deals them forth no more.

The warrior-souls of derring-do are sped;
To smash a portal or to sack a bed,
Their meek successors cannot find a heart—
The fiends of carnage lack their daily bread.

Tranquility thy blest abode is here,
The home of learning to the Muses dear.
Chronic stew vac here reigns, and gloom profound,
And gloomier prospects wait th' incoming year.

—JEREMIADOPHILOS.

* They roar like Bottom's sucking-doves.

excitement is manifested at the fact that two of the students had been included in the hockey team going to Adelaide. From the tone of this entry, it would seem as if previous to this year there had been no Inter-University hockey contests for women. There is an erratic note, "Good old Trinity! Ormond not leading this year!" which, from the context, seems to refer to sports. Strange that Ormond could ever have led! Towards the end of the manuscript the ideas become somewhat confused, and the writing is almost illegible. Thus the words "American Fleet" and "Plumbers" jostle one another; and are followed by the irrelevant statement that "a quarter of a pound of butter costs sixpence." It would be interesting to trace a connection. Possibly the following remark will be found illuminating, "No more crumpets for supper."

The students of those days, like ourselves, respected third term, for the concluding sentence runs—"Third term now. Work, for exams. are coming!" though there is a curious couplet in one corner:—

"When Joy and Duty clash,
Let Duty go to smash."

(This so-called couplet might well have remained unexposed to the glare of publicity.—Ed.)



ROWING.

Four crews entered for the Elliot cup. The first heat was between Lindon's and Ross-Soden's crews, and was won fairly easily by Lindon. In the second heat, Fraser's crew beat Dossetor's by about one-third of a length, after a good go.

In the final, Lindon again won rather easily by about a length, which distance the losing crew said was lost by them at the start, owing to the peculiar mis-firing gun of the starter. They, however, accepted their defeat quietly when the starter suggested a "we-wow."

Rowing is in full swing just now in the University, Lindon and Ross-Soden rowing in a Maiden Eight for Henley; Fraser, Dossetor, and Bage in a Junior Eight; Dobson, Clarke, and Crowther in Fours; Franc Carse and O'D. Crowther, old Trinity men, are also rowing in the same regatta.

The Grice Shield for Inter-Schools' crews was won by two feet, after a very exciting race, by a crew of everything but Meds. and Engineers, stroked by Dossetor.

Atkins is coaching Mr. Newton (on condition he is let off Chapel), and a lot of enthusiastic beginners, amongst whom is Jowett, who insists on rowing in a cricket shirt and tennis shoes, with bathing trunks to complete the costume.



De Profundis.

If I had lived when the world was young,
Ere the "glimmering dawn" had yet been sung,
Or "sunset's glories" became a topic
For every sentimental tongue.

I might have carolled of "war's alarms,"
Of "shocks of battle" and "strong right arms";
I might have dreamed about "basky leafage,"
Or even dilated on "beauty's charms."

I might, by frenzy poetic swayed,
Have sung of "the way of a man with a maid,"
In the self-same hackneyed familiar phrases
That form the poetlet's stock-in-trade.

But, alas! I am born in a latter day,
When the critic holds undisputed sway,
And the awful cry of "plagiarism"
Drives my Parnassian dreams away.

—Sádh.

Old Students.

We greatly regret the lack of news about Old Students in this number, but promise an extra large allowance next year to make up for it. We beg to point out that the best way for former students to keep in touch with the College is either to pay the modest sum of 2/6, as the annual subscription to this paper, which will tell them all sorts of things about the College and the students of their own time, and perhaps something about themselves and their fellows they never heard before, or else to come to the Annual Dinner, where they will be welcomed with open arms and a most magnificent repast.

This year the Dinner, held in second term, was a most successful function. There was a particularly good attendance of Old Students, and we had a very pleasant evening listening to their reminiscences and remarks generally. Amongst those who spoke were Messrs. A. J. Noall, L. F. Miller, Dutton Green, and the Revs. D. Deasey, W. P. Morris, and Mr. W. Lewers, who added greatly to the enjoyment of the company by his excellent recitations.

The Rev. G. M. Long, seconded by the Rev. J. Forster, strongly advocated the formation of the Fleur de Lys Society for Old Students as a means of their keeping in touch with one another after they left College. Several years ago such a society was in existence, but was never very flourishing, the only function of the year being a rather poorly attended dinner. However, it would be a great thing for the College if this society could be resuscitated and properly organised, so that Old Students could meet together and talk over their College days, which most men consider the happiest time of their life. It was suggested that one day in the year should be set aside for this purpose, and that the College should be thrown open for former students to wander about and seek out their old haunts. The present students would be only too pleased to welcome them, and a most enjoyable time might thus be spent. If possible, a cricket match and a tennis tournament might be arranged for those who were not very old students, to be followed by a Dinner in Hall.

We can do little more than advocate such a proposal, of which we strongly approve. It remains for a few vigorous and patriotic Old Students of the College to get together and organise such a society, which ought to be a pronounced success if students of Trinity have any real feeling for their Alma Mater.

Any Old Students who would like to lend their aid in forwarding this proposal might correspond either

directly or through us, the Editors of the Fleur-de-Lys, to Mr. W. Lewers, or Rev. G. M. Long, both of whom are whole-hearted supporters of the movement.

Rev. E. S. Hughes and Mr. J. Lang, two prominent old Trinity students, were recently elected to the governing body of the Melbourne Hospital. As they are both possessed of the most indomitable energy, we can, while congratulating them on their success, at the same time congratulate the Melbourne Hospital on securing two such men as these.

Dr. Stawell has at last been married. There are few old students of Trinity who will not be pleased and interested to hear the announcement, for there are very few who do not know and respect him.

Yet another marriage announcement! Dr. Clive Shields, who is now in Western Australia, has just been married, with Dr. Baldy Gill as best man.

H. C. Delmer, who was in Trinity some twelve or thirteen years ago, has recently been appointed to a Professorship in Berlin.

Dr. Arthur Morris, who has been in England for the last 18 months, has just returned, and intends starting practice in Melbourne almost immediately.

Dr. Teddy White, whom many of the present students still remember well, has been doing a "locum" in Corowa for the last few months, but intends to return to Melbourne shortly.

Dr. Sherwin, better known as "Bull," is at present on the Alfred Hospital.



Obituary.

In the death of Mr. W. T. Coldham, Melbourne sustained a very real loss. Mr. Coldham had a remarkably brilliant career both at school and at the University, and was deeply respected by his large circle of friends for his fine and manly qualities, which were conspicuous during his last painful illness. He was one of the best all-round men that have passed through the College, which is proud to own him as one of her sons. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his wife and children in their irreparable loss.



VALETE.

E. N. Hodges.—In College 1905-6-7-8. Editor of Fleur-de-Lys, 1908; Dialectic Committee, 1908.

R. F. England.—In College, 1905-6-7-8. XVIII., 1905-6.

E. R. Corder.—In College, 1906-7-8. XI., 1906-7-8; VIII., 1906; XVIII., 1906-7-8.

The following sonnet, "On Certain Blue Pencil Verses" of former members, is inserted merely as an instance of the payment of the becoming respect and admiration for the true genius due from the humble student of divine poesy. For the benefit of those who do not remember the verses referred to, we may explain that there is some point in the sonnet, and is written in the contributor's best style. Having thus exposed him, we cannot in mercy divulge his name:—

A Sonnet on certain Blue Pencil Verses.

"What beauty and what elegance are here?
 What grand ideas! with what charmed amaze
 Upon each neat and well-turned rhyme I gaze,
 Pleasing alike the reason and the ear,
 Although the subjects are a trifle queer.
 With what enjoyment the rapt reader stays,
 To con again some beauteous sounding phrase,
 So sweet it drags forth the unweeting tear.
 And though one grieves some lack of reverence,
 'Tis pardoned in a careless youth that knows
 Little of that restraint of sober sense
 That, ivy-like, on ripe experience grows,
 And, stooping not to levity or jest,
 Sage dignity of all things loveth best.

THEOLOGOMACHIA.

'Twas one glorious afternoon of our stormy month of June,
 That our Theologs out-sallied in a terror-striking throng.
 Counting Engineers and Arts, there were eighteen valiant
 hearts,
 And the Hostiles, our fair barrackers, all lined the fence
 along.

'Twas to the battle shock, within the Bulpadock,
 That our Theologs at football on their St. John foemen
 fell.

It was Dossetor who led, and the umpire, Red Huish Ed,
 Was backed up by the Chaplain, who kept time and rang
 the bell. -

When the play was getting warm, old Red Huish would
 wave his arm,

And you'd hear a mournful sighing from the whistle that
 he blew;

And when Doss., o'ercome with zeal, made his adversaries
 reel,

He cautioned him for foulness, and the play much fairer
 grew.

When Dowie seized the ball, all the barrackers would call:
 "Go on, Dowie!" and it nerved him to attempt new
 flights immense;

And when Ladey from the crowd snapped a goal, we cheered
 aloud;

Saints responded with another, and excitement grew
 intense.

When Ernie's legs were cramped, then indeed our hopes
 were damped,
 And we muttered, "To our brightest hopes we now must
 bid good-bye;
 But ere our lads could yield, we massaged him on the field,
 And returning on the foemen then, he smote them hip
 and thigh.

When the last stern quarter came, it was anybody's game,
 And we feared lest their exertions had our warriors bold
 impaired;
 But with oranges and drink, we restored them in a wink,
 And the oranges left over, the spectators gladly shared.

Their heads all stooping low, with the leather on the go,
 Like a typhoon in a horse-trough, like a maelstrom in the
 mud,
 With a mighty crash they burst on the ranks of the accurst,
 And at a blow have rent them into hair and teeth and
 blood.

Then to our Senior's room, in the now-descending gloom,
 Where the heroes were regaled and filled with beer and
 tea and cake;
 There were toasts proposed and drunk; there were feuds
 in liquor sunk,
 Till the Saints, somewhat bedraggled, went their home-
 ward way to take.

All lovers of lovers will appreciate the true poetry of
 this little gem. We would advise the contributor to per-
 severe. Though in one case we have had to alter the
 spelling, still he shows genius which, though yet very much
 in the bud, may with constant cultivation burgeon to its
 bloom.

"The Pall of night has shut from sight
 The Daisy of the field,
 From prying eyes of starry skies
 It would her beauty shield;
 But fullsome scent to breezes lent
 The secret hath revealed."

"H. F. Ernie."—If you're not satisfied, Stewart Daw-
 son's have a large assortment of Christening mugs. Tho'
 the material might perhaps be bettered, we recommend the
 model of the original.

"Anxious Enquirer."—We are pleased to be able to re-
 assure you. When last seen, Miss S. was looking the picture
 of health.

"Charlie."—You present to us an absolute negative.
 We hope to see more in you under development.

"Riddle."—For solution, apply to a medical student.

"Paul."—Meet me at the same place, at the same
 time, and we'll go the same way, and do the same as we
 always have done.

The Fleur-de-Lys

PATENT ADJUSTABLE BAMBOO STANDS.
LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR
B. BAILEY,
The Old Firm, U.C.

C. C. WILL SING
EVERY EVENING.
COME EARLY TO AVOID THE CRUSH

T. — P.
GENERAL PROVIDER.
CIGARS, CIGARETTES, & TOBACCO.
A Large Assortment always on hand.
If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

JOWETT'S LUNCHEON ROOMS.
LUNCHEON CONTINUES FROM 12—3.
EVERYTHING ADMINISTERED ON THE LATEST
HYGIENIC METHOD.

Missing Friends.—Anyone who has heard of Carlton Sutton, kindly forward information to Trinity College. Last seen at beginning of year. May be known by his marvellous tricks and the abnormal size of his head.



We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions, from July 1st to September 10th:—Dr. C. Shields, 7/6; M. Hurry, 2/6; W. Lewers, 5/; Rev. G. M. Long, 2/6; Rev. J. Foster, 5/; Rev. W. E. Morris, 5/; R. Cain, 2/6; H. I. Graham, 5/; E. V. Butler, 2/6; Rev. S. Macted, 2/6; Duttan Green, 2/6; Dr. Finch Noyes, 2/6; E. N. Hodges, 10/; T. W. Fowler, 2/6; A. J. Noall, 2/6; Hon. D. Mackinnon, 2/6; H. Stewart, 6/3; Dr. F. Langley, 5/; Rev. Canon Stephen, 2/6; Miss M. Wedd, 5/; Dr. Heber Green, 5/; Dr. Christina Goode, 2/6; Miss G. L. Burke, 2/6.

