

1928

October

# The fleur-de-Lys

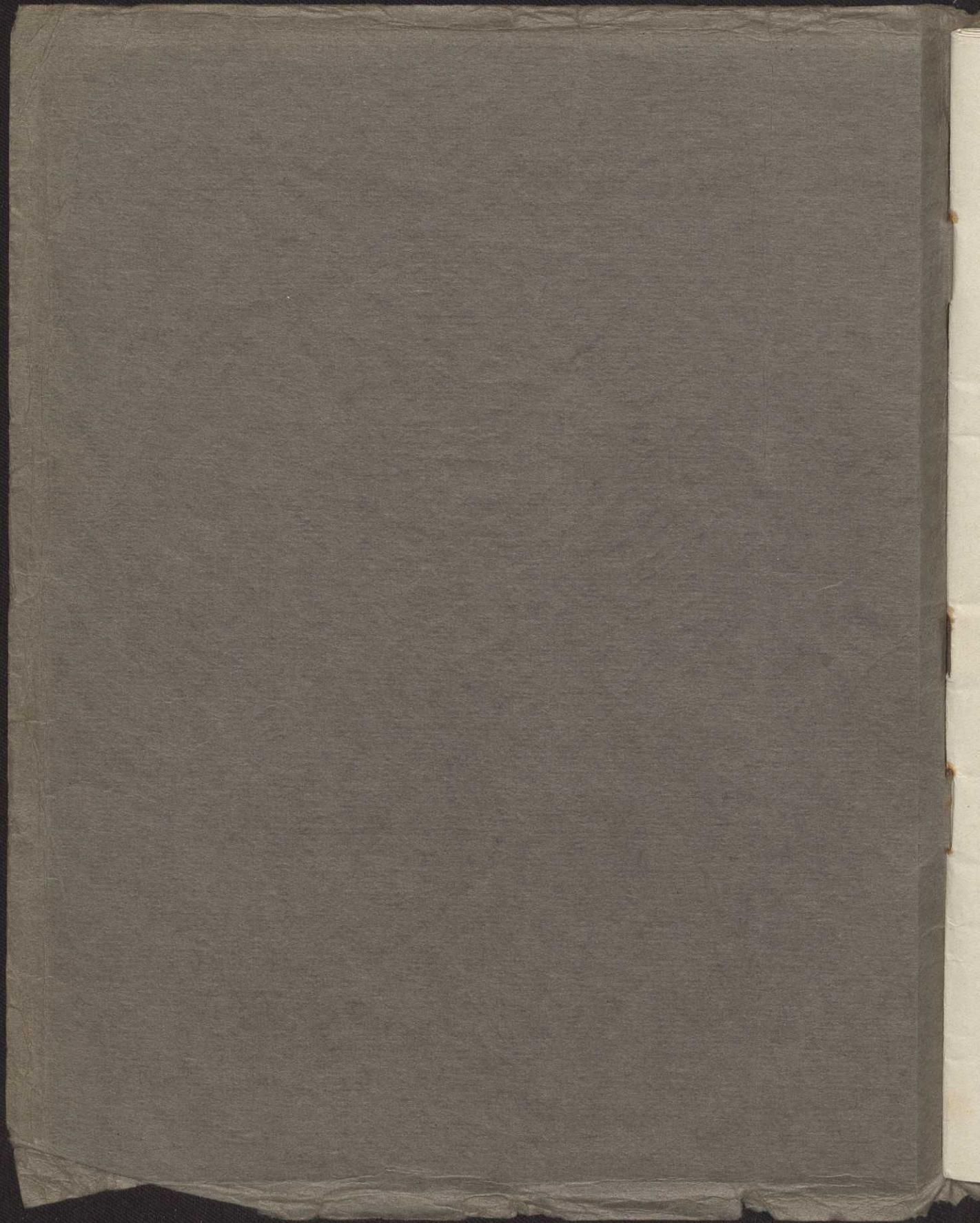


Number 28

October, 1928

TRINITY COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE





# THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

A Magazine of the Fleur-de-Lys Club

Trinity College

Melbourne

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OCTOBER, 1928.

Editor: H. G. Sutton.

Sub-Editor: T. T. Hollway, B.A.

Business Manager: W. F. King, B.A.

Janet Clarke Hall Representative: Miss

M. Davies.

"Hearts and voices lift in harmony,  
Shout the triumphs of the 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."

## COLLEGE NOTES.

This year we welcome the addition of two Cambridge graduates to the tutorial staff. The Rev. T. M. Robinson, M.A., LL.B. (Cambridge), now holds the office of resident chaplain, while the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Berriman has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Elliott, B.A. (Cambridge and Sydney). We hope that they will find Trinity a good place to live in.

1928 has been on the whole a fairly uneventful year in College—a fact which is to be deplored. Large-scale rags have been altogether too infrequent: the results of some of the fights that we have had have been disappointingly meagre. The bathing of half-

a-dozen freshmen and the smashing of a couple of wing windows has been regarded as a good night's work. We are, it seems, too easily satisfied. The trouble is that the junior years in College are neglecting, to an extent, the social side for their work. Much of Trinity's charm will be lost if the younger set decide that "life is real and life is earnest" too early. It must be remembered that we have a great reputation for rags, which we should hold to be important. It is not fair that all the fun-making should be left to an enterprising few—it becomes altogether too expensive for them.

At last we have succeeded in having the path by the Warden's garden illuminated at night time. We still feel, however, that the surface of the path might be considerably improved.

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as accidents will happen, even after the worst dinners.

During the year the innovation has been tried of posting a sentry at the College gates on Saturday afternoons to prevent outsiders from parking their cars within our precincts. His work has been singularly interesting, and on four occasions he has prevented the theft of the College gates. In addition to this, he has turned away every pennant tennis team which has endeavoured to play against us, and the high position of the "C" grade team is due, in no small measure, to the number of walk-overs received consequent to his painstaking endeavours on its behalf.

Another innovation of the year was the Club Theatre Night, which was a very creditable affair. The occasion chosen for it was Athletics Night, the *pièce de résistance* being "*The Girl Friend*." The gathering had all the spirited characteristics of a bachelor party, and even those who slept peacefully through the best part of the show seemed certain that it had been a wonderful night. We hope that this will be an annual affair: the Yellow Cab Coy. probably hopes so, too.

Football Day saw Clarkes resplendent with a new College flag, which replaced a tattered symbol which probably did service in the pre-Odum period. The material had been generously donated by Dr. Behan, and had been beautifully worked by some members of the Hostel, who, we understand, deprived themselves of sleep and sustenance to complete their task by the appointed day. The Fleur-de-Lys Club is deeply appreciative of these ladies' and the Warden's kindness.

As usual Trinity took an enthusiastic interest in the Commencement festivities, or perhaps we should more accurately say, "celebrations." Once more the Cab parade was a feature. A great number of gentlemen were noticed on the Block in more or less unconventional garb, and others were seen coming out. Mr. Harris' "*Worse*" Circus provided much amusement, his troupe including Mr. Ingle Hall, who filled the part of Sandho, the strong man, and Mr. A. Garran, completely filled, the difficult role of Amaphrodite. Messrs.

Kent Hughes and Wood, reverting to type, hung by their respective tails from tram stanchions, while a highly-respectable member of Lower Clarkes, standing on the cocktail counter of the Australia, led the boys in "*Onward, Christian Soldiers*," thereby completely refuting the assertion that Commencement has no elevating influence. In the evening the usual Trinity shows were staged by the Minstrels and Freshmen.

The Dramatic Society's presentation of "*Tons of Money*" was probably Trinity's "best yet": certainly a high standard was set, which it will not be easy to maintain in the future. But if the sub-committee for 1929 judiciously selects a play on the same purple-passionate plane as this year's there should be no dearth of applicants for the vacancies which will be caused by the stage retirement of some of our leading artists. There were certainly many moments in the piece when certain sections of the audience must surely have experienced bitter pangs of jealousy towards the male members of the cast. And, for all we know, other sections may have envied the ladies. (*You Sheik, Pern!*) But, at any rate, the two evenings were most successful. The College extends its heartiest congratulations and thanks to Mrs. Geo. Bell, who was not only charming to work with, but proved herself an absolutely splendid producer. We can assure her that everyone thought her production a great show. Our sincere thanks are also due to the members of the J.C.H. Students' Club, who gave such real assistance in the cast, the orchestra and in the sale of programmes. Mr. Kennedy is to be congratulated on his musicians, who were completely successful, as were Messrs. Grimwade and Keon-Cohen in the Common Room after supper. The call of their syncopation lured even Drs. N. H. Robinson and J. B. Turner, with friends, from the exquisite privacy of their study—a unique example of the triumph of mind over matter. Mr. Walker proved himself a thoroughly efficient business manager. His profits constituted a record. Last, but not least, we mention Mr. Carl Resch, the stage manager, who carried out his heavy, thankless and unapplauded job with boundless

enthusiasm. A report of the performance itself appears elsewhere.

A temporary addition to the names of the tutorial staff not mentioned supra was Captain Leopold ("Hazzegotcha") McLaghlan, who taught us some of the "life-giving and death-dealing secrets of the ancient science of Japan." (25/- a mug.) He also bequeathed us some of the life-giving and death-dealing secrets of Prohibition. We quote—

"The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their  
bones."

Quite a number of gentlemen in College gave expression to their alarm when Leopold poled over to the Janet Clarke Hall to educate the inmates. It is little wonder that everyone seemed to stay in the hall all night at the Hostel "At Home"!

The fresh flowers which are daily placed before our Honour Roll are merely one of the many things for which the Fleur-de-Lys Club has to thank Miss Burke. In her we have had a very real and staunch friend who has ever been ready to help us when she can. We hope she realises how much we appreciate her kindness to us. To us her departure will be a great loss. We wish her all happiness and good luck in the future.

This year saw the passing of two very respected institutions, the Christian Union and the Hymeneal Society. Both institutions perished because of the increase in undergraduate sophistication.

We have to congratulate quite a number of Trinity men on their success in sport this year. The following represented the University in inter-Varsity contests:—

Golf: Mr. T. Graham (University Champion).

Cricket: Mr. a'Beckett.

Rowing: Messrs. Harris, de Crespiigny and Griffiths.

Tennis: Mr. J. B. Turner (who was captain).

Baseball: Messrs. Sholl and Renowden.

Athletics: Mr. Kent Hughes.

Rugby: Messrs. Pern, Sewell and Wood.

Football: Mr. a'Beckett, while Messrs. Harvie, Mitchell, Alsop and Wimpole played regularly with the Blues or Blacks.

We especially congratulate Mr. a'Beckett, who represented Victoria in cricket and was an outstanding performer in the team. We look forward to seeing him an Australian Eleven man in the very near future.

A majority of the Club decided early in second term that in future tea-fights should be immune from ragging during week-ends. This somewhat revolutionary step was, however, hotly opposed. There were some who objected on the grounds that the College is a place "where men are men." It was pointed out that one does not, however, require all the attributes of he-man to push a cracker under a study door. But then, too, it was more reasonably held that rags provide an excellent safeguard against feminine invasion and possible conquest. Some contend that an inter-collegiate fixture is now looked forward to, more as a cake-eating than a sporting occasion. But the increase in the number of open days should, after all, minimise this tendency.

We held (or rather most of us did) our 1927 Valedictory Dinner on Friday, November 4. If our memory serves us right—and we suppose it serves us right if it doesn't—Harraway were the secretaries, and the wines (67-horse-power) came from Rutherglen. The Hall, bedecked with silver flowers and festoons of multi-coloured trophies, presented an unusual sight. The revolving pillars and electric lights were most effective. We're a bit hazy now (as then) as to the actual details of procedure, but we have learned by hearsay that after all the official toasts had been honoured, gentlemen toasted the names of all their acquaintances, and that, when they couldn't think of any more names, they made them up. The speeches maintained an extraordinary standard. Dr. Juttner spoke about the "constitution" (that's courage, if you like it!); Dr. Hardy advocated the abolition of the Buttery; Mr. Newman asked us to remember the essential part of our College crest, but

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at the crucial moment couldn't quite recall what it was. Mr. Haage delivered a characteristically modest autobiography; while the Rev. McIvor contented himself by calling upon his alcoholic comrades. (Enthusiasm!) We unfortunately cannot say what Dr. Wilson said, as we had a very urgent call on the telephone during his speech. Towards the close of proceedings, the result of the J.C.H. Futurity Stakes was announced amidst uproar. The victor in the most classic event was accorded a tremendous ovation, but was so overwhelmed by the occasion that he declared that he didn't quite feel capable of speaking. At half-past nine every bottle had been emptied, and there seemed little point in prolonging the gathering. The National Anthem concluded proceedings, after which two Victorian provincial centres were represented in a contest on the Royal Park cricket pitch. But the majority of the gentlemen set out for Luna Park. Some got there!

In first term this year we had the Freshers' Dinner, and while we remember more of it, we remember that there wasn't as much to remember about it. Then in second term the Council very kindly gave us a dinner in honour of Andrew Garran (Rhodes Scholar, '28), and Hugh Webster (1851 Scholar). It was a very bright and enjoyable function—through the haze of Royal Reserve cigarette smoke and de Crespinay's cigar we recall, as if in a dream, Prof. Laby and the atom.

The Chaplain has attempted to break the monotony of the Chapel services by delivering a short address on one day a week instead of the usual service. We thank him for these talks, which have been greatly appreciated.

The College has decided to become philanthropic. The Chapel collections now go to a charity. We forget (if we ever knew) which charity it is, but we vaguely feel that it is to endow tobacco for Papuan missionaries, or something like that. Something very commendable, we know. But the point for us was that we had to guarantee a certain sum, more or less (decidedly less, we predict!) We were informed that, if this amount was to be raised, it would be necessary for all who attend

Sunday chapel to contribute sixpence instead of the more usual half-penny. To decide whether this should be done, a vote was taken, and as there are more men who are out of College on Sunday than there are men who stay in, the proposal was carried with acclamation.

We record our warmest thanks to the Fleur-de-Lys Union for their continued interest in our activities: particularly are we grateful for the generous gifts of Athletic and Cricket trophies.

We are glad to be able to state that things have been running very smoothly with regard to College discipline. The conferences each term between the tutorial staff and the Club committee have aided in this, but the tactful attitude of the tutors towards "minor disturbances" has been an even greater factor. We particularly thank the Sub-Warden for the consideration that he has shown to us in this direction.

Congratulations to Andrew Garran on his engagement, the public announcement of which was not made till after his departure from these shores. We will not be surprised now if Andrew charters a plane to drop over for an occasional vac.

During the last few years, Trinity has witnessed the rise of "the younger set" to a position of prominence. The movement has in no way been a revolt against seniority, which has remained the fundamental feature of the organisation of College life. Provided, of course, that the privileges of senior men are not over-stressed to the detriment of the Club's welfare, there are few to be found who will quarrel with the system. The senior members of the College have, as a rule, rendered the greatest service to Trinity: they are entitled to privileges, though such is not the end for which they have worked. The best rooms and the top seats in Hall are their natural right. But we notice that recently the middle years are, for the most part, providing the men who fill the most responsible positions of the Club. Three Presidents in succession, during the 1925-27 period, were elected while still only in their third year in College, and we had no reason for regretting our choice. It seems, perhaps, that we have hit upon a good system. Very senior men, owing

to the demands of their work, are partly divorced from the life of the College, though their experience makes their continued residence here of great value to Trinity: they are a steady influence. But those who have not quite reached "the grand-old-man" stage are in better touch with College affairs, and in all probability have more time to devote to them. It seems that no harm can result from this tendency: Club affairs are being prosecuted with old-time enthusiasm, while men who have done a lot for Trinity are being given the opportunity to complete their courses with distinction. But it seems unlikely that many second year people will find their way into the most responsible positions. Yet it is largely for them to keep the College alive. On the whole second year men are fairly quiet: they do not seem to have any very definite functions, except their curatorships. This has not been the fault of second year men: enterprise on their part, in the form of wing raids and so on, has rather been frowned upon. An enterprising second year man at present runs a serious risk of being regarded as "upnish." But the glamour of College rags is apt to fade after a while: it seems a pity that we should restrain enthusiasm while it is still bubbling over. A change in the attitude of seniors towards second year men would probably enhance the brightness of College life.

We offer our heartiest congratulation to Drs. J. B. Turner, N. H. Robinson, A. I. Chapman, L. E. Odlum and E. W. Turner on their success in August finals. Our only regret is that by their success the College must be deprived of men who have meant so much to the life of the place.

We are very pleased to report that permission has been obtained to hold a "trial" common-room dance. We thank the Council for this concession, and we are especially grateful to the tutors for the representations they made on our behalf in this matter. It seems that two very jolly functions will be added to the College year.

Some of our readers may notice that the class lists of examinations have not been included in this issue of the magazine. The reason for this is that

scholastic records have no place in a paper of the Fleur-de-Lys Club, for that is what this paper is. It is not a College paper: there is in this a very clear distinction that has obviously been overlooked in the past. If it were a College paper, the results might justifiably be included: but since it is a Club magazine, there is no reason why it should read like a prospectus. We strongly recommend that academic results be not included in the paper unless, of course, the College is prepared to pay the Club for such an insertion on a reasonable advertising scale. The Council at present contribute nothing to the production of the Fleur-de-Lys. . . . It is the Club, and the Club alone—not the Council or the Janet Clarke Hall or anybody else—that has to bear the brunt of any loss which may be incurred by the venture. It is then our absolute right to decide what will or will not be included in our own paper. And so this year we have called the paper "A Magazine of the Fleur-de-Lys Club," not "of Trinity."

#### THE LATE NEVILLE GARLAND BERRIMAN.

During the course of the last academic year the death of Mr. Neville Garland Berriman threw a shadow of gloom over the College. Mr. Berriman was one of the most brilliant students who have passed through Trinity. During his Arts course he won, or shared, all the available honours and prizes in the School of Classics, and completed his academic career by gaining a first-class in the School of Law—a very rare distinction—as well as the Final Scholarship and the Supreme Court Prize. In 1926 he was elected a member of the Committee of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys. At the beginning of 1927 he returned to residence as Tutor in Classics, to carry on, temporarily, the work of his former Classical Tutor, the late Mr. R. L. Blackwood. At the beginning of third term he was, under medical advice, obliged to go out of residence, and shortly afterwards succumbed to the grave illness from which he was suffering.

Mr. Berriman's remarkable academic record is standing proof of unusual powers of mind. It was, however, merely one aspect of a career which gave many other evidences of future greatness. Coming from the atmosphere of a country town to the unaccustomed surroundings of College life, he was at first slow to make friends or to give up to other things the time which he was wont to spend in study. In this he was probably influenced by that balanced perception of relative values—rare in an undergraduate and rarer still in one two years younger than most of his contemporaries—which was one of his most distinguishing characteristics. Beneath his reserved exterior, however, was a simple and kindly nature and a keen sense of humour. It was therefore as natural as it was inevitable that, by the end of this first two years in College, during which his scholastic achievements had already marked him out as a man apart, he should begin to earn a definite place in the general life of the College, by developing into a genial companion, an able debater, a welcome contributor to the College magazine, and a good tennis player.

He was of that rare type which finds little difficulty in any undertaking, for the simple reason that everything attempted proves entirely interesting and therefore effortless. Those who knew him during this stage of his career perceived that with the natural expansion of his powers, which he was himself the last to appreciate, and with the replacement of his previous diffidence by an ease of manner which added great charm to his always strong personality, there was opening out before him a career of unusual brilliance in almost any walk of life upon which he might choose to enter.

After completing his Law course he spent a year serving articles in a solicitor's office in the city. It is probable that this was the first time in his life that he had not thoroughly enjoyed all his work: for the petty bickerings and meannesses which of necessity occupy so much of a solicitor's time were entirely alien to his sincere nature, and the occasions for applying his wide knowledge of the law must have seemed to him irritatingly infre-

quent. In 1926 he was admitted as a barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court, and went at once into chambers. Here he found that work came slowly, for it is an unfortunate fact that success at the Bar in the first instance depends upon the good offices of friends on the other side of the profession. There can, however, be no doubt whatever that had Fate not decreed otherwise his career would have been crowded with brilliant achievements.

The gifts with which he was abundantly endowed were such that intellectually he could be safely said to have no superior in the State. It would have been a sure prediction that, had he lived, he would have reached a position among the greatest lawyers of Australia. His most striking characteristic was the intense and continuous application of which he was capable. Until he was attacked by fatal illness he was of strong physique; he was tall and well built, and frequently worked for very long periods, sometimes as much as twelve or thirteen hours a day. There was no need for him to do this merely to ensure success in his studies, for such was the speed with which he could master a subject that he might have attained every distinction which, in fact, came to him with half the work which he actually performed. So devoted was he to the love of knowledge for its own sake that he built up for himself a foundation much more solid than any other student of his year. His memory was prodigious and his reading voracious. He could repeat, accurately, the substance of almost any classical myth, and had a rare accuracy which enabled him to place and reproduce the effect of a vast range of legal decisions. So innate was his modesty that few even among his most intimate friends were aware of the great variety of his interests. At the time of his death he was quite at home in no less than eight languages. Of Astronomy he possessed a minute knowledge. He was familiar with the best classical music, and was himself no mean performer. In literature his leaning tended rather towards the historical and analytical than towards the aesthetic, and, as might be expected, he frequently expressed admiration for

the thoroughness of the Teutons—a thoroughness not superior to his own—and impatience of the unstable brilliance of the Celts. Nevertheless he recognised that the latter fortuitously attained heights which the former could never reach. No little part in the development and expansion of his great gifts was taken by his close friend and tutor, the late Mr. R. L. Blackwood, Sub-Warden of the College, whose untimely death preceded his own by a little over a year. The College records with the deepest regret the loss of a brilliant scholar and one of its most distinguished sons.

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#### ANDREW GARRAN.

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##### **Victorian Rhodes Scholar, 1928.**

For the second year in succession Trinity has had to say farewell to an Oxford-bound Rhodes Scholar. This time it is the success of Andrew Garran, B.A., that has robbed the College of an outstanding personality. His career since entering Trinity in 1925 has been phenomenal. In leadership, in academic work, and in sport, his record has been equally convincing. He has won the exhibitions in Latin, Parts I and II; Greek, Parts I and II; and graduated with first-class honours and the final scholarship in the School of Classical Philology. While in residence he has also been the holder of the A. M. White and John Hugh Sutton scholarships.

A prominent figure in inter-collegiate and inter-Varsity debating, Mr. Garran has gained every award the Dialectic Society has to offer—the President's Medal for Oratory in 1926, the Wigram Allen Essay Prize in the same year, and the Leeper Prizes in 1926-27.

In both Trinity and the University he has held positions of importance and responsibility—the secretaryship of the S.R.C. and the M.U.D.S., and the editorship of the "Fleur-de-Lys." In 1927 his personal popularity and the confidence College men had in his ability led to his election to the presidency of the Fleur-de-Lys Club.

In sport Mr. Garran has been a Trinity representative in athletics, cricket, football and tennis, while his

victory in the Harraway Cup competition has won for him world-wide fame. We regret, however, that it is our duty to correct an impression spread by the English newspapers, which hailed him as "a Melbourne Cup winner." One of our most renowned Melbourne contemporaries, whose diverting budget of news is published weekly (price 3d.), has thrown an intimate searchlight on the tenderer side of Mr. Garran's character. It stated that while at school he was "a veritable riot with the flappers," but that after coming to the University he put aside such distractions for sterner things. Obviously the reporters of this popular paper have not had access to Upper Bishops' on a Sunday afternoon. We feel confident that in this, as in all other directions, Mr. Garran will hold his own against English competition. We feel, in fact, that he will hold far more than his own. At any rate, our congratulations and best wishes follow a very fine fellow to New College.

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#### THE TRINITY DANCE.

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To say of this year's Trinity dance that it was the best ever held may sound unoriginal; but it is certainly appropriate, and in no other way can we justly describe the affair. Trinity's annual dance has gradually become known in social Melbourne as "the brightest show of the year," and with the view to maintaining this standard this year's secretaries—Messrs. Keon-Cohen and O'Brien—were picked for the job, and not only did they keep the dance up to its previous reputation, but they raised the standard of its "brightness"—a most commendable feat. They deserve the highest praise for the perfect organisation which—thanks to their untiring efforts—made the dance so wholly enjoyable. The Hall was charmingly decorated, and the supper, provided—by some miraculous means—in three rooms at once, was a feast never to be forgotten; and such that the question of how Colin and Nobby obtained such an abundance of luscious and appetising comestibles at such a low cost will long remain a mystery.

3LO's Vagabonds supplied the music, and gave us excellent cause to dance.

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though probably the judicious distribution of a few more dozen of hops would have improved things even more.

Probably owing to Mr. Keon-Cohen's stirring speech at the previous club meeting, there was no crowding in the lobby, and the effect of this was very noticeable. Sharp at 9 o'clock, when the Vagabonds struck up, nearly all our guests were able to commence dancing, with happy minds, due to the knowledge of programmes well filled, and so, happy evenings assured.

Our congratulations to the secretaries must also be forthcoming for the excellent idea of keeping the dance on until 3 a.m. and for the admirable institution of having all dances equal in length and starting rigidly to timetable. This latter arrangement, especially, met with widespread approval, minimising—as it did—the age-old experience of returning to the hall just at the close of the following dance and endeavouring to explain it away to the two other people concerned (a nasty business, as everybody knows).

All the very best were there: oh yes, rather, beyond all doubt! Give you a list of the guests? Oh no, we couldn't do that; it would take ages, but we have space to mention just a few (no names mentioned of course: you understand, don't you?)

There was Mr. Tom Graham and his namesake; Dr. and Mrs. K. E. Rex; and Lieut. Geoff. Pern, with his shares in Consuls obviously fairly high. Mr. Sutton, of course, was present, but a more or less expected relapse in the condition of his bad leg kept him from dancing for the major part of the night. Messrs. Weir and Harris were also noticed in the hall during a couple of dances round about supper-time. We saw, too, Dr. and Mrs. Chapman and our worthy captain, with a chosen few of his fair team, showing that he excels at other sports as well as football.

Never has the hall presented such an array of pretty faces, and never before have we had such cause to notice other people's parties as well as our own, as, we remember, we happened to remark to Mr. Hollway only the morning after the dance. That was at Spencer Street, and he was seeing off the Ballarat train

(he'd gone down there to watch the engines).

We sadly missed such personalities of last year's dance as Mr. Newman and Dr. Juttner, but happily we still had with us such Beaus Brummel as Dr. Turner.

We would like to mention Mr. and Mrs. King, Dr. Odlum and granddaughter, Master Zwar and nurse: these, we feel, deserve special mention. These, plus several hundred more, made up the happy throng, and that's about all we can tell you; we hope our selection has met with your approval. Good night. . . .

## "TONS OF MONEY."

Cast:—

Sprules (a Butler)—Maynard Heström.

Simpson (a Parlourmaid)—Dorothy Morris.

Miss Benita Mullett—Mollie Robinson.

Louise Allington—Katharine Balmer.

Aubrey Allington—Geoff. Pern.

Giles (a Gardener)—R. M. Southey.

James Chesterman (a Solicitor)—A.

D. Young.

Jean Everard—Lois Ritchie.

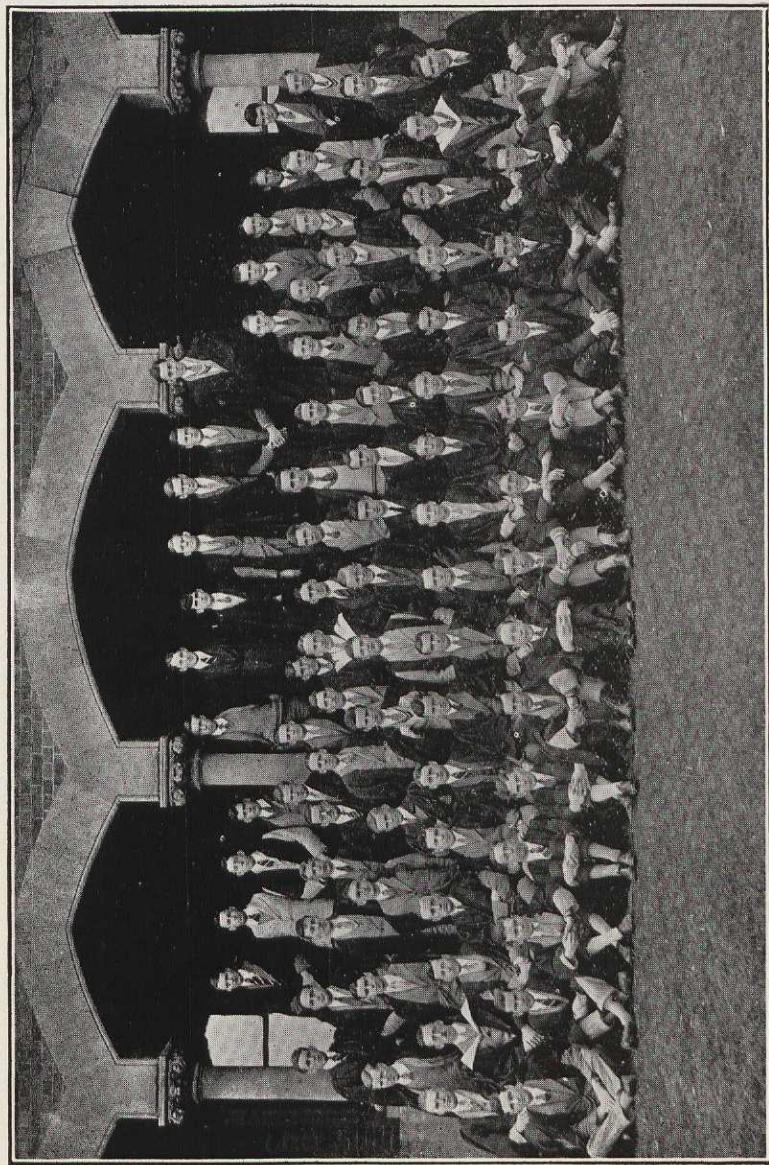
Henery—Charles Howse.

George Maitland—W. H. Sherlock.

(Polly writes to a friend. Extract from her letter, which was intercepted by our sleuth.)

" . . . Last night I had a gorgeous night up at Trinity; they were playing 'Tons of Money,' a priceless farce, my dear; you would have screamed. After the show we all had supper in the College, and dancing afterwards. You can't imagine the supper—sandwiches, crumpets (my dear, the butter those boys put on! how could I—with my new dress), biscuits and huge cream cakes which I simply couldn't dare, toast, and cheese. My dear, can you imagine the mixture? And one man ate such a lot—I do hope he got indigestion or something! Then we went down to dance in the Common Room; there was rather a squash, but the orchestra was too divine.

"I must tell you about the play, though. It was an absolute scream. The plot centred round the Allingtons,



THE FLEUR-DE-LYS CLUB, 1928.



The Late NEVILLE G. BERRIMAN.  
(As he entered Trinity, 1921.)



COLLEGE SNAPSHOTS, 1928.



**ANDREW GARRAN**  
(Victorian Rhodes Scholar, 1928.)

a young couple very recently married (because there were no children, my dear!). And the dear things lived on bills and coos, but chiefly bills, poor dears! And, of course, they could not pay them, because they hadn't any money. Then a lawyer comes along with news they've been left 87,000 dollars. Louise—that's Mrs. Allington—seeing the sum could only serve to pay their creditors, got a scheme to get away with the lot. My dear, she was a clever woman, beneath her good looks. So Aubrey (that's her husband) had to die, poor darling, and then all their money would go to the nearest relative. Now the nearest relative was George Maitland, a corpse in Mexico, so, obviously, if Aubrey proved George was alive, by turning up as him, the money was his again, and nobody would be able to touch it. Could you have thought of a better plot yourself, you wicked old schemer? Of course, it was rather difficult to know how to kill Aubrey, but Louise had a horrid imagination, and decided to blow him up. That worked pretty well—there was simply a frightful explosion, and the poor darling was blown right on to the stage with lots of bricks and things, and, my dear, the poor man must have nearly frozen, because they'd exploded his clothes, too, you see. Oh, I nearly screamed! Aubrey turned up as George Maitland all right, and so did Henery, the butler's brother, and so did the corpse himself. Of course there was a frightful mess, but Louise came to the rescue and turned Aubrey into a sort of chameleon until things cooled down. Matters were complicated by Jean Everard turning out to be George Maitland's wife, and, my dear, she was so anxious to get a husband that she accepted each one in turn for her long-lost George, and told him she could have known him anywhere by his kiss (the forward hussy). Somehow or other (you know how lawyers wangle things) Louise herself got the money and Aubrey thought it would be a good plan to turn up as himself and share it; so he did, but he left his memory behind as a sort of vice-versa souvenir—and, my dear, his return was too miraculous for words—shattered and torn with the most wonderful vacant

expression possible. I laughed till I nearly died! And then the beastly thing turned out to be only worth four dollars—after lawyers and things had been at it, don't you know. I was so sorry, and after all the poor darling had been through, my dear!

"I just loved Aubrey—fitted to the part like a glove. So fresh and vigorous, and of course he looks so well always (you know Geoff. Pern, don't you?) Kath. Balmer was Louise and was simply charming. I liked her best when she flared up because Aubrey was flirting with that pretty Jean Everard, who, my dear, was a vision to look at, but so questionable!! Looked as innocent as a lamb, but I didn't believe a word of it. All that kissing must be too exciting for the Trinity boys. Of the various George Maitlands, the real one looked as if he might have seen Mexico on a picture post-card, but the others were quite impossible—but I suppose they were meant to be. There was a very nasty lawyer man, just too horribly exact and correct, and a wonderful old aunt who was as deaf as a door-nail—and, my dear, you should have seen her wig; I had to scream. I thought it would fall off any minute. The butler and parlour-maid were no different from any others you've seen, my dear, but they had such an ingenious system of danger signals—they scratched themselves, and each part scratched had a different meaning. Nothing improper, of course, my dear! And then there was Giles, the gardener, who laid eggs and things about the place. I liked him because he hated the cook, simply wouldn't go near her, you know. Quite right, too, I should say. You would have adored the music, and the orchestra was made up of Trinity and Hostel artists. I was just too astounded—didn't know they had the talent!"

"But, my dear, the thrill of the evening was going home in the car when Jack . . ."

#### THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

##### Office-Bearers.

President: The Warden.

Vice-President: The Sub-Warden.

Secretary: Mr. T. T. Hollway, B.A.

Committee: Messrs. A. Ingle Hall, Hancock, Sutton.

This year the Society held five ordinary general meetings, one extraordinary meeting (Ladies' Night) and one meeting for the reading of the Wigram Allen essays. The attendances at meetings were quite up to standard, but this was due more to the coercion of the freshmen than to any genuine love for the art of rhetoric which the College showed.

During the last three years the Society has suffered from a lack of enthusiasm among senior men, who evidently consider that the practice in public speaking which they gain in Fleur-de-Lys Club meetings is adequate for ordinary purposes. As they will subsequently discover, this is a fallacy, for there are few audiences as lenient or somnolent as those in Fleur-de-Lys Club meetings. Among the freshmen this year, however, there are some really good speakers, who, if they choose to give to the Society the support which it deserves, will place it once more on a sound footing.

This year we held only one intercollegiate debate—against the Albert Power Club (Newman). We were represented by Messrs. Sutton (leader), Shann, Ingle Hall and Hollway. The adjudicator (Prof. Cowling), in the course of a speech on the value of domestic wrangling as a means of sharpening the wit, awarded the debate to our opponents.

Owing to the pressing spiritual needs of the West Melbourne Wesleyans (a thing which would only happen once in a hundred years—and perhaps not that) we were unable to arrange our annual debate with the William Quick Club (Queens). We would suggest that next year the date for the intercollegiate debates should be definitely fixed in first term, and that nothing should be allowed to have preference over such fixtures.

Ladies' Night was held this year on August 8, when Mr. Sutton succeeded in convincing 15 visitors and 28 members that marriage is not the grave of great ambitions. The Chaplain and Mr. Hollway dissented.

The Wigram Allen Essay night was held on September 12, when Messrs.

Hedstrom, Shann, Hollway and Ingle Hall read essays. The adjudicators (Prof. Berry, Prof. Scutt and Mr. Menzies) awarded the prize to Mr. Ingle Hall.

At this meeting the President's medal for oratory was presented to Mr. Ingle Hall, and the Leeper Prize was shared by Mr. Sholl, Shann and Hollway.

The Society was represented in the International debates with the Americans in second term by Messrs. Garran and Sutton, but though both spoke more or less up to form, they apparently lacked the sex appeal necessary to carry the female majority of the audience with them.

#### Ladies' Night.

The Dialectic Society held their annual Ladies' Night in the College Common Room on a Wednesday night in August.

The Common Room was prettily decked for the occasion, the Secretary having spared himself every trouble in making our delightful Common Room more gloomy than ever. The tables were arranged at one end, prettily set in a background of chocolate-coloured tapestry, touched with chocolate-coloured drapings. In the middle background a cosmopolitan collection of decrepit college furniture gave that musty atmosphere which is so essential. This quaint, old-fashioned touch immediately brought to the guests visions of ancient medieval splendour. Relief from the white-blazened walls was given on the one hand by green baize, relieved by catching designs in white decorative paper [chiefly Club accounts and Elliot fours], while Dr. Leeper's anachronism effectively covered the other bare patch.

The Secretary, Mr. Tuke Hollway, in black suiting with gown—the latter cleverly held together by a large knot draped chicly on one shoulder—spats, cravat and delightfully-old black slippers, received the guests in the bicycle lobby.

Mr. Sutton, supported by Mr. Taylor, entertained the guests with a witty little dialogue until the arrival of the guests. The applause he received was plainly embarrassing to Mr. Sutton.

The chair was amply filled by Mr. Taylor.

Among those present we saw Mr. and Mrs. Sholl, Mr. Agony Zwar, and with him an intimate friend, Mr. Ewing (Jun.) and Miss Monahan, some Hostiles, and those members of the College who were compelled to be there or who had never been there before. Mr. King arrived late. Mrs. King arrived three minutes later.

A bright little chat ensued, in which Mr. Hollway and Miss Grant cheerfully relegated all married men to the grave. Mr. Sutton and Miss Leslie dug them out again.

After the performance the Secretary entertained all the loose guests at supper in the Vatican. He was helped by Mr. Lempiere, whose autobiography of school life made the long night seem endless.

J.S.N.H.

#### INTRA-COLLEGiate HOCKEY.

"Forty years on, growing older and older,  
Shorter in wind as in memory long."  
What a hallowed picture is conjured up by these poignant lines of the touching old Harrow song, guaranteed to touch a soft chord even on the heartstrings of a wife-beater or a dog-poisoner. "Forty years on!" What of our idolised veterans then—our heroes of to-day? We can vividly picture a group of them, the selectors of the 1928 second eighteen perhaps, greybeards no doubt, puffing their perfumed briars over a rubber of bridge. And we vaguely suspect that a bottle of "Old Court" will be on the table, though perhaps if Fortune has smiled on them financially they may even be drinking whisky. Then when the glasses have been emptied and refilled a few times, and hearts are hard to distinguish from diamonds, they will fall to recalling old battles and great victories. By the end of the evening John and Tom will be arguing whether it was nineteen or twenty goals they scored between them in their record-smashing triumph over Ormond. "Forty years on!"—yes, that's what the dear Old Boys will be doing. But what of the dear Old Girls? No,

that sounds a bit disrespectful, and "Old Women" sounds even worse. The "Old Things" then, what of them? They, too, will have their memories, their bygone triumphs. As the needles busily work on the grandsons' modes-ties, will not their minds drift back to the ever-memorable hockey game of 1928 when the Players outclassed the Gentlemen? But in case their story should grow in the telling, we feel we should give a concise and bald account of the proceedings.

The annual contest, Trinity v. the Hostel, was held on July 28 in perfect hockey weather. The gate constituted a record. "Soolem" Sewell won the toss, and decided that Trinity should play to the Ormond goal. That was what they decided to do, but they found it difficult to accomplish, as the Joske girls commenced with a great burst of speed. Kilted Towser, who had for once thrown over the cares attached to both medical and German science, relieved with a high backhand stop-volley. The Players came again, though, and for a while we saw a lot of the Dirty Dryad. In fact, we saw such a lot of her that we are inclined to think that she ran a fair risk of being arrested. A long drive by the Cursing Caledonian, followed by a pretty mashie shot from the Naughty Nymph, put Trinity well on the green, where "Soolem," as usual, made sure of his putt. The Hostiles came again, however, with renewed strength, and Koka-Kola Kennedy, who is unaccustomed to the "strong stuff," let them through, and Miss O'Dwyer raised the two sticks. After this it was noticed that convict King seemed inspired, but the teams were still together at orange time.

At the next bell Colin, whose costume was quasi-indecent, mistook the contest for a Second XVIII match, and opened proceedings as usual with a Varsity drag, but Miss Baird repulsed the Behan boys' attack. Then Sister Sholl forwarded with a real home-run hit, but Roger, who forgot that a hockey field isn't a harem, was penalised for "round the neck." The Naughty Nymph again got flighty, but each Trinity attack met stout resistance in goal. The Hostile inter-State representative now became very pro-

minent; in fact, the outlook for Trinity got bluer and bluer. Hug Sutton tried to remedy this, but a regrettable piece of foul play on the Newman wing turned him a complete somersault. We had often wondered whether fairies wear them: now we know. The Trinity half-back was so seriously injured that he was unable to take any further active part in the game, but even this advantage proved of little avail to the Gentlemen, whose condition was failing fast. With only ten minutes to go, Miss Carr potted the red, and thirty seconds later the bell acclaimed a Hostile victory. Trinity had actually lost the Ashes!

The winners proved themselves a speedy combination—much too fast for Co-ed and Koka-Kola, at any rate. And the Hostel captain, who was the best man on the ground, could have given the Bursar eighty yards in a hundred! All the others showed skill, but the stickwork of Misses Macknight and Bloore particularly commanded respect.

After the match, the losing skipper, when interviewed, said:—"It was really a case of one good player against a systematic side. I am thoroughly disgusted with the other ten members of my team. Of course we were all out of form; conditions were all against us; injuries robbed us of good men early in the day, and the umpire was unusually biased. I, of course, have no excuses to make for our defeat."

We understand that everybody had a great day, particularly the bookmakers. Trinity looks forward to another struggle next year.

#### TEAR DE PANCE.

Take it from meh, this was some side show, Buddy. Oh Boy! I'll tell the world those guys sure can ride. This here "Tear" was promoted by a 100 per cent, efficient he-man, Puncture Purn. That four-flusher was just as full of enthusiasm and cuteness as Chicago is of roughnecks. She was raced in three "Strips," and, Boy, that first strip, the "Big Parade" was a wow. Wal, after the second strip he tools up to meh, looking worried like. I says, "Hobe, there's something on yer mind,

spill the beans," so he spult 'em. I calculates from his jaw that, being the manager man, he choose the officials, judges and big guns. Wal, being a wise guy he oils 'em up previous, so as he can't loose. So in the second strip, the World's Greatest Motor-paced Ride, he calculates he'll whale in with the family spondulicks, and toot the totalisator. But at the getaway, the lowdowns give him the showdown and hand him the frozen mit by disqualifying him for kicking off more than 30 seconds before the six-shooter. Buddy, that manager man was sore.

Tricycle Howse, paced by the Hustling Harley Handler, won the ride by a couple of spokes. Believe meh, Buddy, that Bo could cycle a wicked cylinder. With one up, he cleared 4 ft. 6 in. by 14 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., which, I guess, is no mean feat.

There was Griffiths, the Reckless Raleigh Rider, Lewis on his Scootin Scout, and many others with more gas than sense.

Oh, Boy! youse sure should have cast yer lil' ole optics on those guys in the Alps. William S. Hart and Tom Mix would look as big as knit on a nat's nose beside 'em. Youse slobbered a heap of bibbfulls when youse guessed those guys were luny.

Boy, Tex Richards is wasting his time and money in Yankee-land. He sure should vamoose across to this lil' island and promote fights like the Beneny-Hunny bout. It was 100 per cent. big stuff. And rough! Great Elks! It's queer those two-fisters are still vibrating on this lil' ole globe. That knock-about was just a heluva yappy show.

Then came the third strip, the Un Pied. Leaping bathtubs! she was a lallapalosa. Buddy, I creaked those costal cartilages till they cracked. Crikey, youse sure should ha' ginked at Ole Maynard on his "bone shaker," hustling round like a pimple on a pumpkin, and those guys on the two-some. Big Boy, they were the ants' pants!

An' Ole Cock, some classy ribs had their glimmers on the big game! Believe meh, those wrens weren't so hostile.

Soon after some hobe, cerebrating a

cute cortex, says, "Let's go get lousey." So we oozed across to Jhonne's, the local Hooch House, and salivated a plethora of "Gullet greasers" and several rounds of "so help me God." Oh Buddy, that sure was some swilling school. These guys are real generous with the lager.

G.P.

#### COMMON ROOM CHATTER.

It is rumoured that the leaders of Trinity's younger set have established two new night clubs in the Vatican. Of the rival institutions, one is famous for its figures, while the other has a flavour of Southern Europe. Objectionable language, however, is in evidence in both.

The musical season has again been popular. Claude Kennedy's organ recitals have been well attended as usual, but, although the gods have been singularly silent, he complains bitterly of the noise from the Pit.

John Grimwade has forsaken the saxophone for the telephone, with marked success, while Jim Sewell has given several rousing exhibitions of the motordrome. Unquestionably, however, the pièces de resistance of the season were the rendering of Serenades in B flat by our celebrated male chorus.

We understand that the famous Biblical critic, Mr. Proud, is issuing a commentary on the Wanderings in the Wilderness. "A land of Milk and Honey?" he writes. "I am all for Honey, but why the Milk?"

Our famous actor-manager, Mr. Geoffrey Pern, has had a most successful season as leading man in his attractive company.

The Rev. Mr. Hancock, at present absent on a missionary tour of New Zealand, is said to be attracting large audiences to his Brighter Sunday Afternoon seances.

The head-splitting farce, "Five Characters in Search of Cold Water," was performed by our young doctors on the morning following the news of their success.

We have been asked to announce that the police have recovered several of the articles missed from the College pre-

mises, and give the following descriptions:

- (1) Pair blue serge trousers (length 25-in., girth 50 in.).
- (2) Military coat (rank, lieutenant; waist, 12 in.).
- (3) Two bottles tonic (Bovril and Old Court).

#### FLEUR-DE-LYS CLUB.

##### Office-Bearers, 1927-28.

###### General Committee.

Presidents: Messrs. A. Garran (3rd term '27, 1st term '28) and J. E. Sewell (2nd term '28).

Hon. Secretaries: Messrs. J. E. Sewell (3rd term '27, 1st term '28) and J. S. N. Harris (2nd term '28).

Treasurers: Messrs. S. G. Burston (3rd term '27) and P. H. Wood (1st and 2nd terms '28).

Indoor Representatives: Messrs. N. H. Robinson ((3rd term '27), J. S. N. Harris (1st term '28) and H. G. Sutton (2nd term '28).

Outdoor Representatives: Messrs. J. B. Turner (3rd term '27 and 1st term '28) and E. K. Sholl (2nd term '28).

###### Intercollegiate Delegates.

Messrs. J. B. Turner, M. O. Kent Hughes, J. S. N. Harris and S. I. Weir.

###### Dramatic Sub-Committee.

Messrs. G. Pern and P. H. Wood.

Business Manager: Mr. M. Walker.

###### Music Sub-Committee.

Messrs. J. Grimwade (President), C. M. Kennedy and C. H. Keon-Cohen.

###### Dance Sub-Committee.

Messrs. C. H. Keon-Cohen and E. D. E. O'Brien.

###### Sports Sub-Committee.

Athletics: Messrs. M. O. Kent Hughes, A. Garran and J. E. Sewell.

Cricket: Messrs. E. L. a'Beckett, N. H. Robinson and S. Weir.

Football: Messrs. E. L. a'Beckett, S. Weir and H. Harvie.

Rowing: Messrs. J. S. N. Harris, E. W. Turner and R. C. de Crespigny.  
 Tennis: Messrs. J. B. Turner, J. E. Sewell and H. G. Sutton.

## SALVETE, 1928.

W. T. Agar, 1st Year Science.  
 A. H. R. Champion, 3rd year Dentistry.  
 G. G. Ewing, 1st year Arts.  
 I. P. Garran, 1st year Arts.  
 W. B. Griffiths, 2nd year Architecture.  
 C. H. Hine, 3rd year Commerce.  
 J. A. Hopkins, 1st year Ag. Science.  
 G. J. N. Hopkins, 1st year Law.  
 N. C. Howse, 1st year Medicine.  
 R. J. Jelbart, 1st Year Commerce.  
 E. F. Langley, 1st year Med.  
 J. D. McKie, 1st year Arts.  
 R. W. E. Molesworth, 1st year Ag. Science.  
 B. W. Monahan, 1st year Medicine.  
 W. H. A. Ozanne, 4th year Civ. Eng.  
 R. R. Renowden, 1st year Arts.  
 R. H. Richmond, 1st year English.  
 J. Rodgers, 1st year Law.  
 A. G. Rylah, 1st year Arts.  
 F. Shann, 1st year Arts.  
 W. H. Sherlock, 1st year Commerce.  
 R. G. B. Skinner, 1st year Arts.  
 R. M. Southey, 1st year Arts.  
 G. D. Watson, 3rd year Medicine.  
 H. A. Wimpole, 1st year Law.  
 A. D. Young, 1st year English.  
 C. J. Zwar, 1st year Arts.

## VALETE.

A. W. Winter.—In College 1923-7. Table Pres., 1927.  
 G. S. Hall.—In Coll. 1924-7.  
 S. C. Burston.—In Coll. 1924-7. Treasurer, '27.  
 M. M. Smith.—In Coll. 1924-7. Aths., '24-7; XVIII, '24-7.  
 E. H. Barrett.—In Coll. 1925-7. Football, '27.  
 A. Garran.—In Coll. 1925-8. Cricket, '25. Football, '25-28. Aths., '25-8. Tennis, '27. Pres. Fleur-de-Lys Club, '27-8. President's Medal for Oratory, '26. Wigram Allen Essay, '26. Leeper Prizes for Oratory, '26-7. Rhodes Scholar, '28. Editor "Fleur-de-Lys," '27.

P. Haage.—In Coll. 1925-7. Tennis, 1925-6.  
 F. N. B. Newman.—In Coll. 1925-7. Football, '25-7. Captain, '27. Tennis, '25-7. Aths., '25. Treasurer, '26-7.  
 R. G. Stephen.—In Coll., 1925-7.  
 H. E. Muntz.—In Coll. 1925-7. Aths., '26.  
 B. C. D. Jones.—In Coll. 1925-7. Cricket, '25-7. Captain, '27. Football, '25. Wigram Allen Essay Prize, '27. Leeper Prizes, '26-7. Secretary of Dialectic Society, '27.  
 H. C. Webster.—In Coll. 1926-8. 1851 Research Scholar, '28.  
 R. E. Calthrop.—In Coll. 1926-7.  
 A. C. Russell.—In Coll. 1926-7.  
 E. McIver.—In Coll. 1926-7.  
 R. A. Stuart.—In Coll. 1927. Crew, '27.  
 F. C. W. Hyde.—In Coll. 1927.  
 H. M. Franklands.—In Coll. 1927. Aths., '27.

## EDITORIAL.

People who have been in College for more than one year have heard a good deal about "the prevailing spirit of criticism." Possibly they are a little tired of the phrase, which has become, more or less, a standing joke. But it is doubtful whether many of us stop to consider the subject seriously. The senior and middle years in College know that there are some, who have the interests of Trinity very much at heart, who are certain that a great deal of damage to the College may result from our critical attitude towards authority, towards our institutions and towards each other. There are even a few members of the Fleur-de-Lys Club who consider that this is not merely the belief of alarmists. And so when we find quite a number who sense danger in a tendency in College life, it becomes our duty to them, and to Trinity, to regard the matter as one of vital importance. We ought to consider their views carefully before we decide whether they are right or wrong.

It is, first of all, urged that we have been so free with our criticisms that the outside world has been given the impression that life within Trinity is an absolute sea of troubles. The outside world has quite a number of

equally erroneous ideas about the College. We have even heard outsiders state that it is a part of Trinity initiations to intoxicate the freshmen—something which was entirely new to us. Yet because some outsiders are either maliciously attempting to damage Trinity's reputation, or are just innocently fat-headed, Trinity is not going to depart from its practice of initiating freshmen. Then again, some seem to think our College life is one long rag—a belief which our annual class lists completely refute. But because people are also mistaken in this direction, no one suggests that we should not occasionally be high-spirited. Why, then, should we not adopt the same attitude towards criticism, provided, of course, that we are satisfied that it is not an evil influence? To us the views of the outside world should be a matter of complete indifference. It is our good fortune to be, on the average, better educated than the man in the street: we should then, it seems, set our own standards and not descend to his. If we know that our critical attitude, like our ragging and initiations, is not internally damaging to the College, let us disregard the opinions of a misinformed public, quite a section of which probably takes a delight in thinking ill of us.

Let us then consider the matter from an "inside" point of view. Firstly, we know that criticism has not made Trinity an unpleasant place to live in: we unanimously think that its life is a great one. But the question of interest is whether the continuance of a critical attitude will impair this happy state of affairs, or diminish Trinity's usefulness. Thought on the matter leads us to the belief that the answer to this, in the light of recent experience, is a decided negative.

During the last few years, ever since the War in fact, there has been an immense amount of critical thought and talk in College: this year there has been less than usual. The immediate result has been a noticeable falling-away in the intellectual life of the place. Discussion, on the whole, has been less stimulating. Of course the life of the College has remained a good one, though less worth while. There

has been heaps of work, fun, and good-fellowship. It is to this good-fellowship between College men themselves, and between College men and our tutors, that some feel criticism constitutes a menace. Of course, if our criticism consists of thoughtless destructiveness, or is the result of a systematic campaign of uncharitable fault-finding, it is no good to Trinity. We cannot deny that there has been a fair bit of this sort of thing: we can only regret that it has been so. But there has, too, been much more of the right kind of criticism, which, though expressed often with the characteristic violence of youth, has been sincerely well-meaning and valuable. If this type of criticism dies out, Trinity will be nothing but a very jolly boarding-house with no educative value. The whole point of being in a college is to learn to know men and their thoughts, and to adapt one's own conduct and ideas that one may live harmoniously with them. And the criticism of one's friends is by no means an unpleasant correction to the mistakes one inevitably makes. Without this helpful check, we should become intolerably self-satisfied and smug: when we left the place it would take an explosion to arouse us from our mental inertia. We must expect plenty of pretty harsh criticism when we go to an uncloistered world: the sooner we learn to tolerate it and profit from it, when it seems well-founded, the better it will be for ourselves and Trinity. Now that the old clique tendency between the wings has practically broken down, and better acquaintanceship with the tutors has banished old mistrusts that were partly the offspring of mutual misunderstanding, no ill-feeling should be created by the right type of criticism. In fact, Trinity cannot have too much of it.

There is, however, one point upon which we must insist in the future, and that is that our criticisms be tempered with loyalty. Frank criticism of Trinity institutions, affairs, and men will never be out of place within our walls: it can only be helpful. But discussion of Trinity affairs outside Trinity is both indiscreet and dangerous. Some College matters are not suitable small-talk for flapper friends:

it leads to misunderstandings and misconceptions. This essential point we must be prepared to impress vividly upon future freshmen with a forceful thoroughness. It is a thing we have rather been neglecting to do recently.

#### GRAMOPHONE RECORD.

Arrangements are being made with the Vocalian Co. to record the College Song and the Varsity Anthem on a double-sided record. The price will be 4/- each. It is expected that the record will be ready by the end of the year, and

orders will be received early in 1929 by the Hon. Secretary, Fleur-de-Lys Club. Sales of the record will not be public, but restricted to those who have at some time been connected with Trinity or the Janet Clarke Hall.

Extracts from the Instructions to College Servants:

"It shall be the duty of the sub-cowman, in the absence of the cowman, to milk and feed the fowls."

"It shall be the duty of the cowman to milk and carve in Hall every evening."

## SPORTS NOTES

#### ATHLETICS.

We regret to record, "in statu quo," Ormond once again are the victors, and "we" the vanquished. We would fain leave the scores unrecorded, but we must congratulate Ormond on their fine effort of gaining as many points as all the other Colleges combined—they quadrupled our total. Nevertheless our team showed a very marked improvement, and was the best we have had for many years. We ran Queens very hard for third place, and the issue was in doubt till after the last race. Only by a half-point were we again thrust to the bottom.

Training this year was quite good, though time was rather short. Nearly every member of the team was at his best on the day, and showed considerable improvement on last year's performances. The freshmen showed a promising amount of talent; four of them gaining team places, while several others should do likewise in the next year or two.

John Lobb was in the team for his first time, and gave the greatest surprise of the day by running into third place in the Hurdles, only 3 yds. behind Davidson (O.) in 17 2-5 secs. This was his first scratch hurdle race, and, considering the heavy nature of the ground, was good time. The hurdle

race is a greater trial to the inexperienced than any other race, as—one slip and you're left. His effort, therefore, deserves the highest praise. With a season's track experience with the M.U.A.C. just ahead of him, we look for even better things from him next year. "Joe" Lemprimere should prove a good half-miler. He has trained for the longer distance in the past, and did so this year. However, he showed up with a 2 mins. 4 secs. run for the 880 during training, and repeated much the same time in the contests on a sodden track. If he concentrates on this distance he will do well, as Grant (O.) will be his only difficult opponent. "Andy" Garran literally had "bells on his fingers and springs on his toes" when he climbed up into the dizzy heights of 5 ft. 6 in., coming equal third in good company. This height would have been good enough to win in most years, but when Davidson (O.) believes in stepping over 6 ft., and then jumping a few inches higher, one feels the standard is raised. We congratulate Davidson on his remarkable effort of jumping 6 ft. 3½ in. at the Inter-Varsity Sports, creating an Australasian record. Kent Hughes gained our only second place by finishing behind Grant (O.) in the half-mile. "Geoff." Pern has improved in the 220 dash, but just failed to maintain the point position which he gained

last year. Harold Harvie, Ted a'Beckett and "Joe" Farran also retained their places in the team.

Of the freshmen, R. R. Renowden performed best. By coming fourth in the 440 and fifth in the two shorter distances he gained as many points in the sprint events as the whole College teams of the past few years have done. He ran very well, especially in the quarter-mile, and, with longer training next year, should do even better. H. Wimpole also showed promise in the 440. He finished close behind Renowden. E. Langley (long jump and 100 yds.), G. J. Hopkins (weight putt) were the other two Freshmen to gain team places.

Last, but not least—the Relay team. They very nearly won the event, and gave us our chief excitement for the afternoon. F. Shann ran a good 880, and gave the lead to R. Champion, who ran well and managed to hand-over in front of Ormond. Colin Keon-Cohen passed the baton on to Jack Lewis, who showed an unexpected burst of speed, and ran the whole last 220 yds. on the outside of his man, and just failed to maintain the "burst" to the finish. Possibly he felt the effects of his last-minute training, which (I believe) was a mile run round the College.

Every man improved considerably during training, and improvement should be more marked next year. Most of the Queens and Newman teams are leaving at the end of this year, so we have every chance of gaining second place. To do this, those who aspire for next year's team should not wait till about a month before the meeting to start training. Start now—the summer is the best time for running. If you are in form at the start of the 1st term, you can easily maintain your form during the busy 1st term, when to gain your form would be difficult. Remember the M.U.A.C. is anxious to give anyone a run in one of its teams in the Pennant competitions almost any Saturday during the long vacation. One hasn't got to train hard for these runs, and the experience gained always shows to advantage in the Inter-Collegiate contests. It is the secret of the Ormond team's success, as most of them are regular performers with the M.U.A.C.

Train early—train hard—train together, and the College won't be last next year.

#### CRICKET.

This year Trinity played Newman in the first round, and the match, which began on Tuesday, March 27, was expected by all to be close and interesting, and, as events proved, the expectation was well founded. The Trinity team was:—E. L. a'Beckett (capt.), S. I. Weir (vice-capt.), H. Harvie, C. T. Mitchell, E. D. E. E. O'Brien, R. Renowden, N. H. Robinson, J. Rodgers, J. E. Sewell, E. K. Sholl, D. G. Sutherland.

Owing to very heavy rain a few days before, the wicket was slow, but at no time did it favour the bowlers; nevertheless it was a game of low scores, due partly to the slow outfield, but mainly to very indifferent batting.

King won the toss for Newman, and had no hesitation in deciding to bat. When Newman's first three wickets—O'Leary, King and Cussen—had fallen for 41, the last two caught in the slips bv a'Beckett off Sholl's bowling, it appeared as though the side would be out for a very small score; but a valuable innings by Treadwell was instrumental in bringing the score to 145. Sholl, who bowled really well, a'Beckett and Robinson shared the wickets.

Renowden and Harvie opened the innings for Trinity, but the start was disastrous, Renowden being caught behind the wickets in Cussen's first over. The innings was a complete debacle, and 8 wickets had fallen for 37 when Sholl and Sewell, by resolute batting, added 48 for the ninth wicket. The side was all out by 5 o'clock for the meagre total of 87, 58 runs behind Newman. McMahon's wicket-keeping was a feature of the innings—he stumped three batsmen and caught two. Trinity were determined to make up for the disastrous start, but Newman's opening pair were still together at 6 o'clock, the score being none for 22. In the second over the following morning three batsmen were out to Sholl's bowling—O'Leary being brilliantly caught at leg by O'Brien, McCormack caught behind by Weir, and King caught in the

## THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

covers by O'Brien before he had scored. But a useful partnership by Treadwell and Cussen added 65 for the fourth wicket at a stage when Trinity appeared to be getting a firm grip on the game. The last five wickets added 18 runs only, leaving Trinity 172 runs to win, a task which should have been well within their reach. Newman's low score was due mainly to the bowling of Sholl, who, as his figures indicate, kept a good length and constantly had the batsmen guessing; he obtained 5 wickets for 26. The fielding was excellent. Weir kept wickets consistently well, stumping two batsmen and catching one, while Harvie threw Treadwell out very smartly; in addition there were several very good catches taken. Renowden and Harvie opened the Trinity second innings, but the start was little better than in the first innings, Renowden being caught in the slips for 1; the second wicket fell at 4, and the third at 14, when a'Beckett joined O'Brien, who was batting confidently. This pair seemed likely to give the side a start, when a'Beckett was well caught at point off a very hard hit. When 6 wickets had fallen for 57 it appeared as though it was going to be a repetition of the first innings. O'Brien, who was batting well, and Weir, then added 32 for the seventh wicket. They were the only two to show any real form at all, and they scored freely. O'Brien was out lbw to Green for 46; the highest score of the match and a really fine innings. Weir made 21 when he was brilliantly caught in the slips by Green off Cussen. The last wicket added 10, and the side was all out for 110. Green bowled well for Newman, taking 6 for 42; while the Newman catching, especially in the slips, was excellent.

Newman thus won an interesting game by 66 runs, a game in which the fortunes of both sides had many fluctuations. We congratulate Newman on their victory and also on their winning the cricket championship, which they won by defeating Ormond in the final.

Scores:—

## NEWMAN.

## First Innings.

O'Leary, b Robinson . . . . .	9
McCormack, c Weir, b Sholl . . . . .	21

King, c a'Beckett, b Sholl . . . . .	16
Cussen, c a'Beckett, b Sholl . . . . .	0
Treadwell, not out . . . . .	45
Green, c and b Sholl . . . . .	4
Horan, c Renowden, b Robinson . . . . .	13
Cawley, c Renowden, b Robinson . . . . .	15
Gorman, b a'Beckett . . . . .	0
McMahon, b a'Beckett . . . . .	0
Cohen, c Harvie, b a'Beckett . . . . .	14
Extras . . . . .	8

Total . . . . . 145

Bowling: a'Beckett, three wickets for 37; Sholl, four for 38; Robinson, three for 62.

## Second Innings.

O'Leary, c O'Brien, b Sholl . . . . .	14
McCormack, c Weir, b Sholl . . . . .	9
Treadwell, run out . . . . .	34
King, c O'Brien, b Sholl . . . . .	0
Cussen, c a'Beckett, b Harvie . . . . .	29
Cawley, b a'Beckett . . . . .	14
Green, c Robinson, b Harvie . . . . .	4
Horan, c a'Beckett, b Harvie . . . . .	0
Gorman, st Weir, b Sholl . . . . .	1
McMahon, st Weir, b Sholl . . . . .	0
Cohen, not out . . . . .	0
Extras . . . . .	8

Total . . . . . 113

Bowling: a'Beckett, one wicket for 26; Robinson, none for 13; Harvie, three for 40; Sholl, five for 26.

## TRINITY.

## First Innings.

Renowden, c McMahon, b Cussen . . . . .	0
Harvie, b King . . . . .	16
Sutherland, b Cussen . . . . .	0
O'Brien, b King . . . . .	3
a'Beckett, st McMahon, b King . . . . .	4
Robinson, b Cussen . . . . .	3
Weir, c Cawley, b Cussen . . . . .	0
Mitchell, st McMahon, b King . . . . .	3
Sewell, c McMahon, b Green . . . . .	21
Sholl, c McMahon, b King . . . . .	27
Rodgers, not out . . . . .	2
Extras . . . . .	8

Total . . . . . 87

Bowling: King, four wickets for 28; Cussen, four for 29; Green, one for 15; Treadwell, none for 7.

## Second Innings.

Renowden, c O'Leary, b Green . . . . .	1
Harvie, c Cussen, b Green . . . . .	1
Sutherland, c Green, b Cussen . . . . .	3
O'Brien, lbw, b Green . . . . .	46

a'Beckett, c Gorman, b Green ..	10
Robinson, c Gorman, b Green ..	2
Sholl, b Green .. . . . .	10
Weir, c Green, b Cussen .. . . .	21
Sewell, lbw, b King .. . . .	10
Mitchell, b King .. . . . .	0
Rodgers, not out .. . . . .	1
Extras .. . . . .	5

Total .. . . . . 110

Bowling: Green, six wickets for 42; Cussen, two for 31; King, two for 32.

The Old Boys' trophy for batting was won by E. D. E. O'Brien.

### FOOTBALL.

At the beginning of the football season Trinity's prospects were brighter than usual. Several new players had come into College, and as soon as the practice matches began it was apparent that we had the makings of quite a good team—although it was not a team of footballers this was more than made up for in pace, very solid play and team work. The team improved with each match, with the result that the last two games—against Geelong Grammar School and Xavier—were won fairly easily.

For the Inter-Collegiate match Trinity met Ormond, and for the first time for several years was able to send her strongest XVIII into the field. The day was not in our favour, the ground being very hard, and a strong north wind was blowing right across the ground, making scoring difficult. The Trinity team was:—

Backs: Hopkins, Rodgers, Harris.  
Half-backs: Robinson, a'Beckett (capt.), Mitchell.  
Centres: Renowden, Harvie (vice-capt.), Kent Hughes.  
Half-forwards: Lempiere, Weir, Sewell.  
Forwards: Garran, Richmond, Sholl.  
Rucks: Alsop, Wimpole.  
Rover: O'Brien.

Trinity won the toss and had what little advantage the wind gave. In spite of this, the Ormond backs prevented the College from scoring; while the Trinity backs, playing a very hard game, managed to keep Ormond out. In the very earliest stages it was apparent what the nature of the game

would be: it was being played at a great pace, with hard bumps being given very freely, but fairly. In the first quarter Rodgers and Wimpole showed out well with fine marking. The quarter ended with the scores:—

	Goals.	Behinds	Points.
Ormond .. . .	0	4	4
Trinity .. . .	0	1	1

In the second quarter Trinity attacked from the bounce, but could manage only a point. Then Ormond attacked hard and the Trinity backs were kept very busy. They stood up to their work excellently, saving again and again, Wimpole, Mitchell, Harris and Rodgers repeatedly coming under notice for good play; but their good work was being nullified by the failure of the forwards.

Harvie and Renowden were starting many forward moves, which were either turned by the Ormond backs or ended in behinds. Ormond on the other hand scored 3 goals 2 behinds for the quarter, two of the goals coming from bad mistakes on Trinity's part. The scores at half-time were:—

	Goals.	Behinds.	Points.
Ormond .. . .	3	6	24
Trinity .. . .	0	4	4

By half-time it was quite apparent that if Trinity was going to have a chance of winning some radical changes would be necessary. a'Beckett, who, owing to an injury, had been fairly quiet at half-back, went half-forward; Wimpole, who had been one of the best on the ground in the first half, took his place at half-back. Weir going into the ruck. These changes certainly made a difference, and a goal by Weir fairly early in the third term seemed to make the team go in even harder. The Trinity backs were playing with remarkable dash, and their good play was now meeting with more success. One rush ended in a goal, kicked off the ground by Garran, and several others led to shots for goal, but faulty kicking brought behinds only. Ormond, on the other hand, in two quick rushes obtained two goals, and the teams changed over for the last quarter with the scores—

	Goals.	Behinds.	Points.
Ormond .. . .	5	6	36
Trinity .. . .	2	6	18

## THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

The game was still quite open, and both teams jumped into it right from the bounce. Richmond goaled for Trinity, who were at that stage only 14 points behind; Harris, Mitchell, Renowden and Wimpole were keeping the pressure up, but Ormond broke through, giving them a lead of 20 points. Trinity replied with a goal by a'Beckett, and, with ten minutes to go, only 12 points separated the teams. Ormond scored again, but good play by Harvie ended in Richmond scoring his side's fifth goal, and once more the difference was but 13 points. Ormond, however, were not to be denied, and a quick rush yielded a goal and a behind, the game ending with Ormond leading by 20 points. The final scores were:—

Goals. Behinds. Points.

Ormond . . . .	8	10	58
Trinity . . . .	5	8	38

The whole side played well, the most noticeable feature being the way everyone "jumped into it" and the very fine football shown by the backs. It is hard to single out individuals from such a side, but no one played better for Trinity than a'Beckett (half-forward and half-back), and Wimpole (back), whose marking was very fine. Mitchell (half-back), Rodgers and Harris (back) were consistent throughout, and showed wonderful dash. Harvie (centre) played well all through, and made many openings, as did Renowden; while Robinson turned many Ormond attacks. Everyone did well, and though Ormond were a better side a little more accuracy forward would have given Trinity the game. It was a hard match played in an excellent spirit, and we congratulate Ormond on their win.

The Trinity team showed great possibilities, and, with practice and experience, should do much better next year. We are eagerly looking forward to 1929 in the hope of at last breaking our run of defeats.

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#### Second Eighteen Notes.

This year we were especially fortunate in again having available the services of Messrs. Grimwade, Hollway and Rex as captain, vice-captain and sub-vice-captain respectively. Five prac-

tice matches were played, and only four were lost, which equals the 1926 record. This unexpectedly successful season resulted in the team possessing such a fine morale, esprit de corps and je ne sais quoi that they took the field against Ormond with great confidence. Their confidence proved to be not unwarranted, for in the first three minutes' play Trinity rushed a behind, but were unable to retain the lead thus early established. After a hard game, in which quite a few of the team were able to study the ball at comparatively close quarters, Ormond just managed to secure a victory on the bell. The scores do not clearly indicate the closeness of the play, but as a matter of general interest they are appended hereunder:—

Ormond—about 8 goals something.

Trinity—about 3 goals something.

During the match the ball oscillated up and down the ground with surprising celerity and remarkable regularity, occasionally tarrying tauntingly before Trinity's timber, then, as if possessed of furies, rushing now hither, now thither, now through the Ormond uprights. A high wind made good marking, long kicking and handling the ball a matter of grave inconvenience to gentlemen participating in the fray; and the disconcerting manner in which the wind changed its direction so as to be always blowing in Ormond's favour was extremely exasperating to Trinity supporters.

The captain, vice-captain and assistant were very conspicuous during and after the match, as indeed were Keon-Cohen, Pern and Somerset. Among the best players were Farran, Griffith, Langley, Lewis, Molesworth, Ozanne, Rylah, Shann, Skinner, Southey, Standish and Sutherland. These gentlemen showed a certain amount of aptitude in a game which, at the best of times, is a difficult one, and the way in which they adapted themselves to the celebrated second eighteen system (i.e., cyclic order) was admirable.

During the season Mr. J. ("Johnnie") Naughton was appointed patron of the team, and after the match entertained members at afternoon tea.

## ROWING.

Although at the beginning of the year our prospects seemed extremely bright, our efforts did not meet with the success they deserved. The College was fortunate in having plenty of fresh material to choose from, but in spite of the excellent coaching of Mr. Russell Keon-Cohen, whose services we were again fortunate enough to secure, the time for training at our disposal did not give the young crew opportunity to thoroughly grasp the difficult but efficient Trinity style.

The crew was seated as follows:—

	st. lb.
Bow—G. Pern . . . . .	9 12
2—W. F. King . . . . .	10 0
3—R. E. Rex . . . . .	10 9
4—W. H. Sherlock . . . . .	11 4
5—C. H. Hine . . . . .	11 9
6—E. W. Turner . . . . .	12 7
7—W. B. Griffiths . . . . .	11 13
Str.—R. G. De Crespigny . . . . .	12 2
Cox—J. S. N. Harris . . . . .	8 12
(Coach, R. H. Keon-Cohen, Esq.)	

Our crew was drawn against Queens in the first heat. Queens had an inexperienced crew, but had been rowing well together, and a hard race was expected.

The crews got away to a good start, with Trinity the first to show out. The crew, however, did not take advantage of their early lead, and although we had half a length at one stage, the superb stroking on the part of Johnson, the Queens stroke, coupled with a decided rush in the Trinity boat, soon reduced this lead. At the Monier bridge, Queens had picked up the leeway, and were half a length in front. In spite of Trinity's numerous dozens they had increased this lead to two lengths at the new cut corner. From then on the race developed in a procession. Trinity made a good recovery at Brander's, and for a while looked like reducing Queens lead. It was but a flash in the pan, however, and Queens won by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths. Johnson, the Queens stroke, deserves much praise for holding his crew together and bringing them home in such a convincing manner.

In the second heat Ormond gained the lead from the start and were never pressed by Newman.

The final provided an excellent race. Ormond, from a perfect start, quickly took the lead, and were leading by a clear length at the Punt Road bridge. Bad steering in the Ormond boat lost them much of their advantage at the new cut corner, and Queens, again superbly stroked by Johnson, drew level. They continued to draw away, and sustained their spurt to win by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths.

In the Seconds' race we were represented by a comparatively untried crew. The crew trained hard, and we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Blakemore for the time and energy he expended on the crew. The race was won by Queens, with Ormond second, Newman third, and Trinity last. Our crew would have been second had they not stopped rowing before the winning post was reached.

Although our first crew did not perform as well as we had expected, three of them—Messrs. De Crespigny, Griffiths and Harris—were selected for the University crew. We take this opportunity of congratulating them.

The chief reason for our failure this year was lack of condition and of time for training. To remedy this it is the intention of the College to again send the nucleus of our next year's eight to Tasmania to compete in the Christmas regattas. With this end in view a crew has been training several nights a week through the winter months. This trip will necessitate the members of the crew incurring some expense, and we take this opportunity of asking our Old Boys to support the present members of the College in their attempt to again win back for Trinity the name of "Cock College" in rowing.

## Elliot Fours.

A ninety-mile-an-hour gale, a nine-gallon keg of beer, biscuits and cheese made this year's Elliot Fours meeting what it usually is. The twelve competing crews were comprised of all the experienced oarsmen in College (with the exception of Mr. Pern, who was doubtless devoting himself to his new sport, "Spinnetto") and a number of others whose blade-work reminded one of the Wardens at work with a scythe. The glorious uncertainty of rowing was

considerably increased by an unprecedented amount of bribery of coxes, interference with rudder strings, and—rowing dead. The final was won by Richmond (bow), Standish (2), Morris (3) and Jelbart (str.), burdened by Proud, who clearly demonstrated that, with the exception of Sholl, he is the worst one in Trinity history. We understand that the official representative of the ring had a rather unsuccessful afternoon, having been quoting 15 to 1 against the winner. Hallelujah!

### TENNIS.

Trinity met Queens in the first round of the Inter-Collegiate tennis on Tuesday, September 18. Conditions were unfavourable, a baby cyclone prevailing throughout the day. Our team consisted of Dr. J. B. Turner (capt.), a veteran of these matches; J. E. Sewell, who had been a member of the 1925-27 winning teams; H. A. Wimpole and G. D. Watson, both freshmen. In practice, Wimpole showed that he was the possessor of very powerful strokes, with, perhaps, a weakness at low volleying; on the day he proved, too, that there is nothing wrong with his match temperament. Watson had, in pennant matches, showed himself a steady and determined player, who relies more on consistency than brilliance for his results.

In practice the whole team had shown that our singles would be good; but a trial match against Ormond, when Sewell stood down in favour of Sutton, suggested we could scarcely be so confident concerning our doubles. And so it turned out in the Queens match. At the end of the morning's play we led by 3 rubbers to 1, but at the end of the doubles we had only 2 sets to spare.

J. E. Sewell played reliable tennis against Woodhouse, the Queens captain, scoring frequently with good-length drives, which found his opponent out of position. The scores were 6—3, 6—4 in our favour. On the other court Watson and Casley contested a careful Marathon, in which Watson's length was usually the better. Losing the first set, Watson just scraped home in the second, 8—6, after being well behind. It was a fine fighting effort. In the

third set Watson was clearly the superior, his lobbing being phenomenally accurate.

In Skues, Wimpole met a fine vollyer, but his splendid driving on both hands was too severe for his opponent. Wimpole's display in this rubber was probably the best of the whole match.

After a sensational start, in which he won the first 14 points, Turner went down to J. H. Busst, a Queens freshman, who played delightful tennis after he had overcome his initial nervousness. His mixture of heavily-cut forehands and top-spin backhand drives worried his more experienced opponent, while his volleying was a pleasure to watch. Trinity warmly congratulates him on his splendid entry into inter-Collegiate tennis. He won, 1—6, 9—7, 9—7, after two and a half hours' play.

In the first doubles Skues and Casley were all over Sewell and Watson, to win 6—2, 6—2. The situation for a while seemed precarious, but was saved when Sewell and Watson managed to unexpectedly win the first set from Busst and Woodhouse, while Turner and Wimpole defeated the Queens second pair, 6—4, 6—4, Wimpole being the outstanding performer. The last rubber between the two first pairs brought forth some splendid strokes from all four players, Trinity losing 6—4 in the third set. The final scores were:

Trinity, 4 rubbers, 11 sets, 109 games.  
Queens, 4 rubbers, 9 sets, 99 games.

### The Final.

The final provided a struggle equal in intensity to the Trinity-Ormond match of last year. Trinity were without the services of the inimitable J. B. Turner, who was suffering from influenza. In addition to this calamity, the gods saw fit to inflict on the emergency (E. McD. Walker) the dread scourge of chicken-pox. H. G. Sutton, however, coming into the team at the last moment, played a very capable game. The team then selected was J. E. Sewell (captain), H. A. Wimpole, G. D. Watson and H. G. Sutton.

In the morning Sewell was defeated by O'Leary after a fast game, which was full of thrills. O'Leary's powerful service, forehand drive and overhead

work were counteracted by Sewell's amazing agility and court craft. Over and over again Sewell returned what looked like an almost certain winner, and the very unexpectedness of it caused his opponent to miss the easiest of shots. Eventually O'Leary's service pulled him through in three sets, 3—6, 6—3, 9—7.

Wimpole defeated Meehan in a convincing manner (6—3, 6—1), his forehand drive forcing his opponent into numberless errors.

Watson was defeated by Morgan, 3—6, 6—1, 6—8, both men playing very carefully and steadily.

The match between Sutton and Horan was also keenly contested, until Horan broke through in the third set, to win 6—4, 5—7, 6—2.

Thus we finished the morning by being 2 rubbers down, although we had a lead of 2 games.

With the score 3 to 1 against us, it could not be said that we were "quietly confident," but we knew that the team would fight for it. Such, indeed, proved to be the case, and on resuming Sewell and Watson beat Horan and Meehan, 8—6, 6—4, after a hard game, in which the winners' steadiness at the critical stages was the deciding factor.

On the other court Wimpole and Sutton were battling hard against the Newman first pair (O'Leary and Morgan). Wimpole was driving with great force and accuracy, and was being well backed-up by his partner. Once again, however, O'Leary's service came to the rescue, and, assisted by some clever volleying by Morgan, the Newman pair won the deciding set with the score 5—7, 7—5, 6—3.

We had by this time established such a lead on games and sets that if we were successful in the remaining rubbers we would retain the cup for yet another year.

Wimpole and Sutton gave us great heart when they defeated Horan and Meehan in straight sets, 6—4, 6—2. Everything now depended on the last rubber, between O'Leary and Morgan and Sewell-Watson. Newman won the first set, 6—4, Trinity won the second, 3—6; and as the pairs changed over for the final set there was the sort of calm which is said to be associated

with cathedrals and "sly-grog" selling. Amid tense excitement, in which every winning stroke was vigorously applauded, the Newman pair, when leading 4—3, broke through our service and clinched the set on O'Leary's service.

Thus it was we lost the McKay Cup for the second year since the war, and we congratulate the Newman team on their victory. The logical result of the match would have been a tie, but since this cannot be, we take the opportunity of congratulating, once more, the Newman team for the enthusiasm and keenness which they have shown for the last four years. By this they deserved their victory, but we wish to make the announcement that, after next year, it will be at least another four years before they regain it.

The detailed scores of the match are as follows:—

#### Singles.

J. E. Sewell (Trinity) lost to F. R. O'Leary, 6—3, 3—6, 9—7.

H. A. Wimpole (Trinity) defeated J. Meehan, 6—3, 6—1.

G. D. Watson (Trinity) lost to E. Morgan, 3—6, 6—1, 6—8.

H. G. Sutton (Trinity) lost to J. Horan, 4—6, 7—5, 2—6.

#### Doubles.

Sewell-Watson lost to O'Leary-Morgan, 4—6, 6—3, 3—6, and defeated Horan-Meehan, 8—6, 6—4.

Wimpole-Sutton lost to O'Leary-Morgan, 7—5, 5—7, 3—6, and defeated Horan-Meehan, 6—4, 6—2.

#### Mixed Doubles.

Unfortunately we go to press this year before the annual mixed doubles tournament. Nevertheless we feel confident that we can predict what will happen therein. In the first place the secretaries (Messrs. Alsop and Morris) have done everything which was in their power to make the day a success, and the smooth-running of the tournament (which is, after all, the sine qua non of the proceedings) was due entirely to their capable administrative talents. We cannot, of course, definitely announce the names of the happy winning couple at this stage, but we have it on

the very good authority of the Editor and his sub-Editor that the final will be a hotly-contested match between Miss K. Balmer and Mr. H. G. Sutton and Miss S. Kelsall and Mr. T. T. Hollway. The former pair should win, but the latter have an excellent chance, and the laurels of the day will probably be theirs.

In the afternoon a large crowd assembled in the Lodge garden, where Mrs. Behan had provided some country-dancing amid a delightful setting of flowers. This unusual feature was enjoyed immensely, and even the strains of Mr. Peter Garran's flute (reminiscent of his brother Andrew's cornet) were suggestive of nymphs, mosquito-bites, garlands of flowers and hay fever. Many competitors played clock golf on the lawns, and a strong detachment of police, assisted by the under-porter, were necessary to keep the gallery in check when Mr. Tom Graham drove off from the last tee. Mr. Graham is well known as one of our most enthusiastic tee fighters, but on this occasion he excelled himself.

We wish to thank Mrs. Behan and the Warden for their generous hospitality and donation of prizes.

The success of last year's "C" grade team led to its promotion to "B" grade this year, but in that sphere it has fared rather badly. We were handicapped by the fact that our team had to be changed several times owing to Garran's departure and Sutton's injury. The doubles proved disastrous, but during the singles, in which we have been represented by Wimpole, Watson, Sutton (capt.), Walker, Grant, and occasionally Sewell, our position has been bettered. Concentration on doubles play by our "B" grade men will be essential in 1929 if our tennis prestige is to be maintained.

The "C" grade team, consisting of Sutherland (capt.), See Poy, Hollway and Garran, has played very well to win the section. At the time of going to press the finals have not been started, but we hope the enthusiasm of the team will be rewarded with the grade pennant.

## JANET CLARKE HALL

### OFFICE-BEARERS, 1928.

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Secretary: Miss N. Grant.  
Treasurer: Miss W. Hardy.  
Assistant-Treasurer: Miss D. Gepp.  
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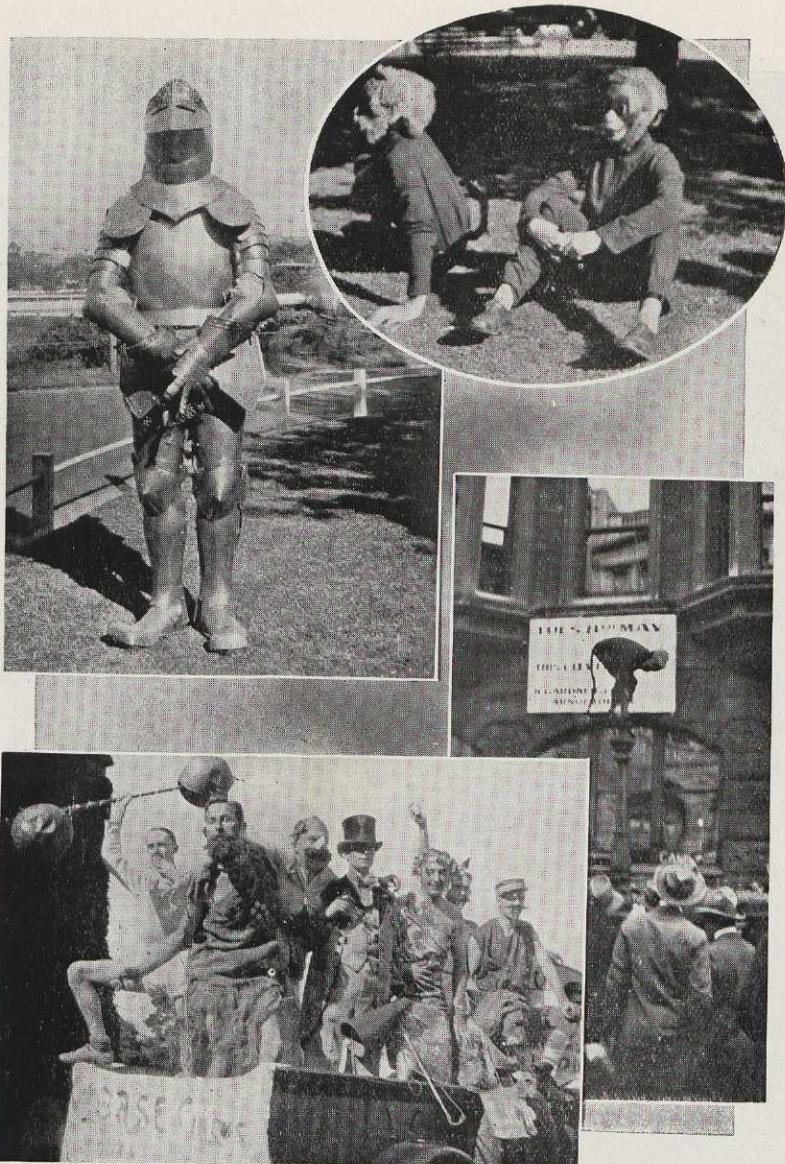
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Tennis.

Secretary: Miss K. Stobie.

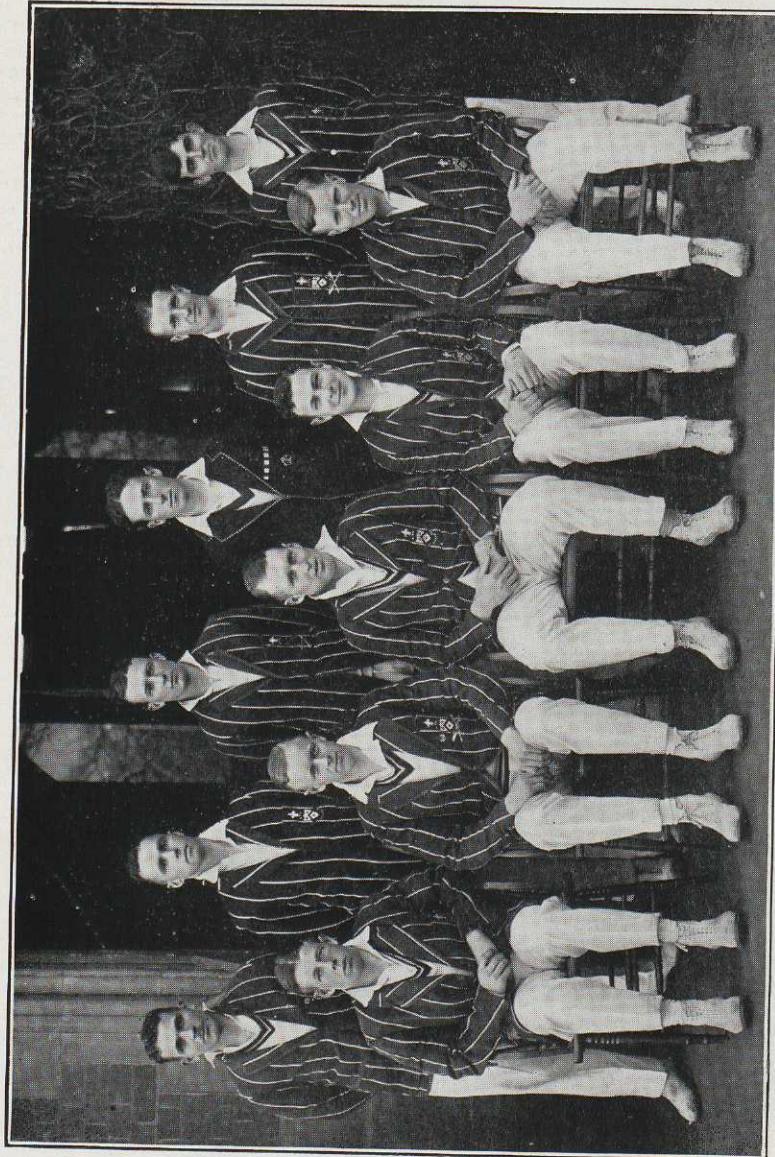
We returned in March to find the new order of things already in full swing, Miss Joske and Miss Stevenson having replaced Miss Herring and Miss Kelly, and Mrs. Garrard endeavouring to instil the rudiments of Domestic Economy into the brains of the freshers who had been engaged in the agreeable pastime of tossing pancakes or scaling fish for

the last fortnight and thus were quite at home. Strange voices, faces and odours seemed to be everywhere. And even as strangers in a strange land did we feel when Morning Chapel revealed to us a new chaplain (of aesthetic taste in decoration and of most eloquent tongue) who, every Monday evening graces our festal board. Even the common room seemed strange—being adorned with new cushions and curtains (which do not preclude a view of THE TREE).

During the year about fifty (50) new books have been added to the library, which, at the moment, is neither large nor varied. It would be a considerable help—if the suggestion may be made—if at the end of her term of residence each member would donate a book—preferably fiction or modern poetry, for, with the use of the Leeper Library,



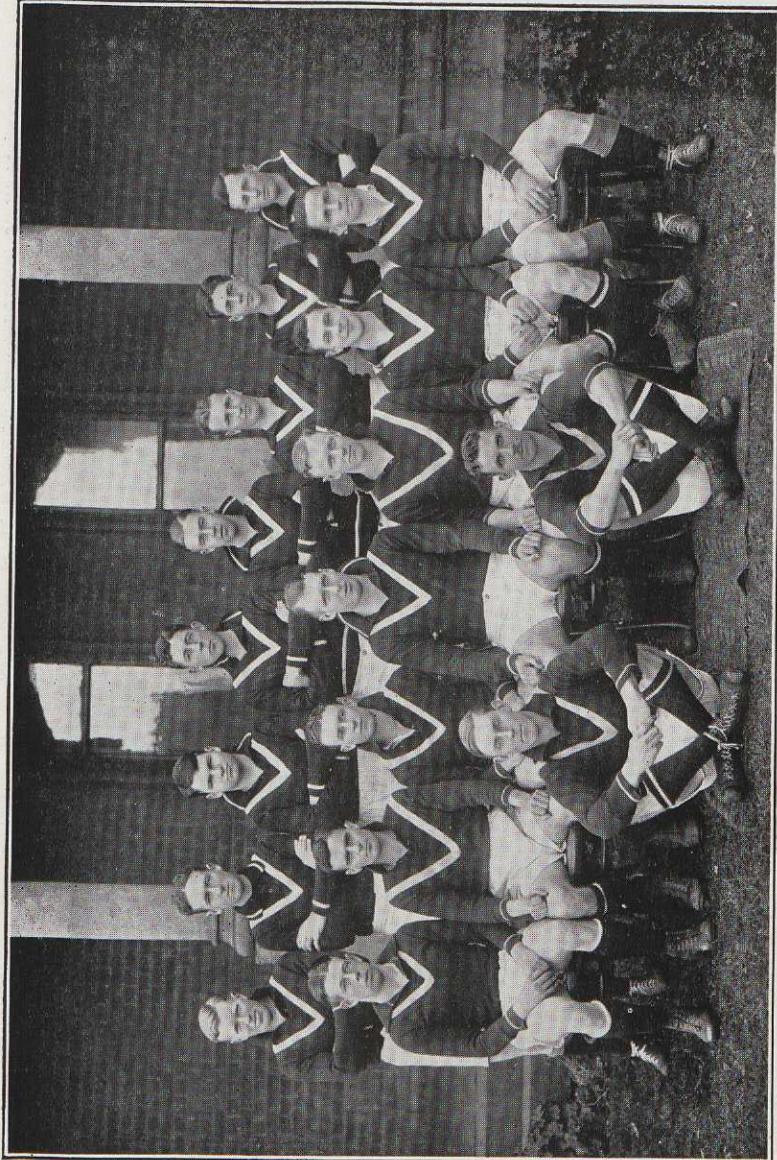
**COLLEGE SNAPSHOTS, 1928.**



CRICKET TEAM, 1928.

STANDING—R. Renowden, J. E. Sewell, H. Harvie, J. Rodgers, C. T. Mitchell, D. G. Sutherland.

SITTING—E. K. Sholl, S. I. Weir, E. L. a'Beckett (capt.) N. A. Robinson, E. D. E. E. O'Brien.

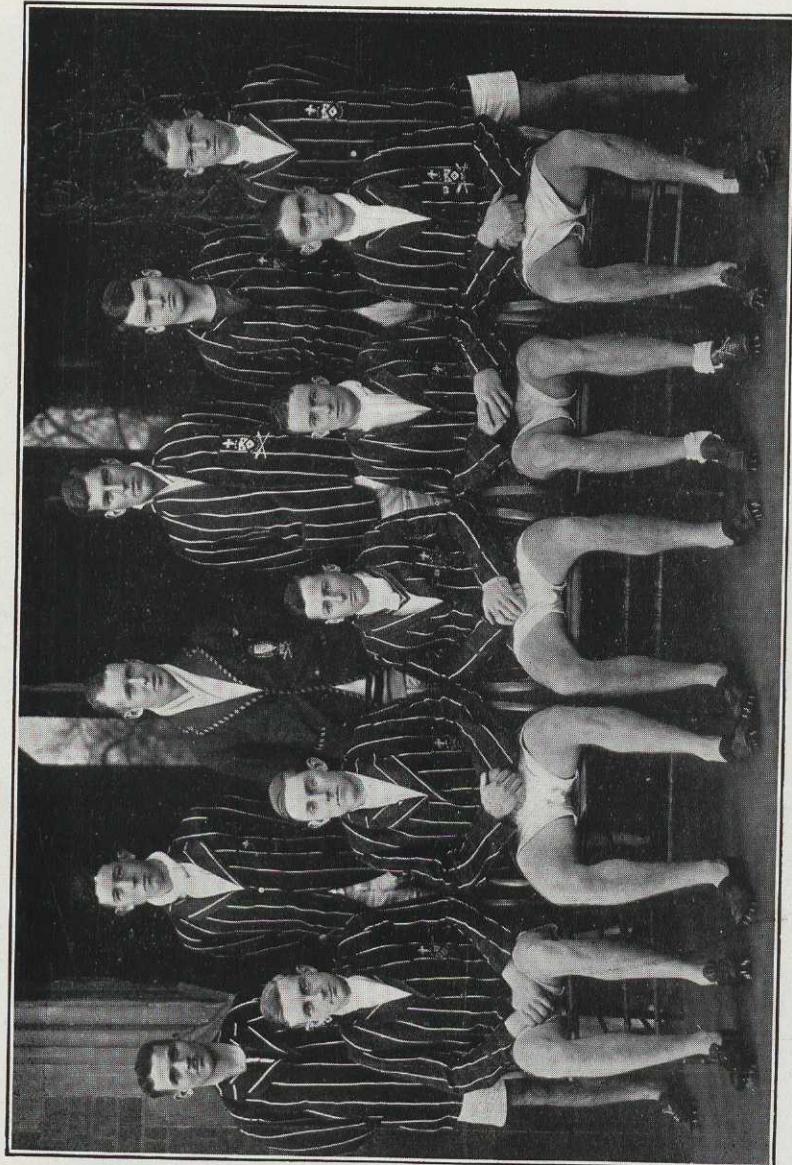


**FOOTBALL TEAM, 1928.**

BACK ROW—E. D. O'Brien, J. Rodgers, J. A. Hopkins, H. A. Wimpole, D. G. Alsop, C. T. Mitchell, R. Richmond, M. O. Kent-Hughes.

SITTING—E. K. Sholl, J. S. N. Harris, H. Harvie, E. L. a'Beckett (capt), S. I. Weir, N. H. Robinson, J. E. Sewell.

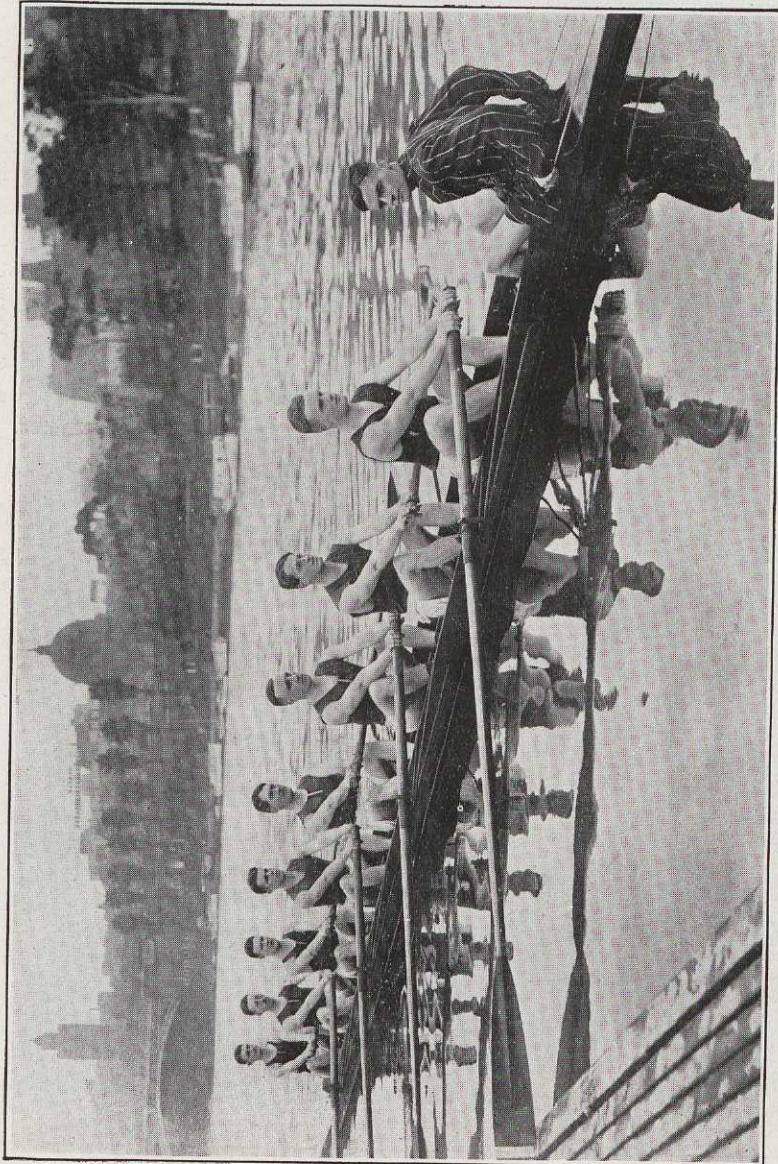
IN FRONT—H. W. Lempriere, R. R. Renowden.



ATHLETIC TEAM, 1928.

STANDING—R. Renowden, H. A. Wimpole, E. L. a'Beckett, D. C. Farran, J. A. Hopkins,  
E. F. Langley.

SITTING—J. D. Lobb, H. W. Lempiere, M. O. Kent-Hughes (capt.), H. Harvie, G. Pern.



**CREW, 1928.**

G. Pern (bow), W. F. King (2), K. E. Rex (3), W. Sherlock (4) H. C. Hine (5), E. W. Turner (6), W. B. Griffiths (7), R. G. de Crespiigny (stroke), J. S. N. Harris (cox).



**TRINITY WOMEN'S TENNIS TEAM, 1928.**

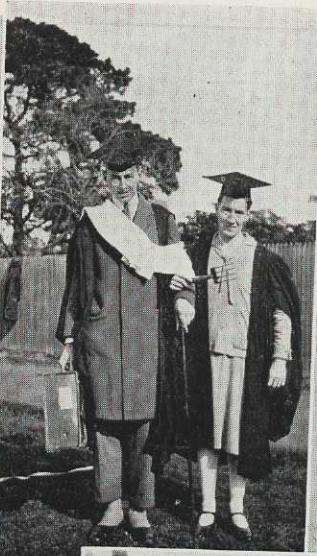
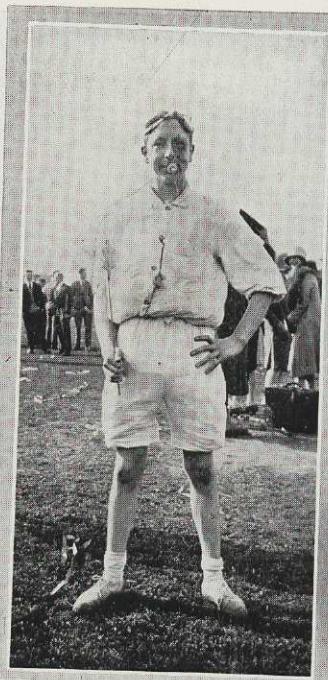
STANDING—Miss M. Barnard, Miss V. Keon-Cohen.  
SITTING—Miss M. Derham (capt.), Miss D. Gepp.



**TENNIS TEAM, 1928.**

STANDING—H. A. Wimpole, H. G. Sutton.

SITTING—J. E. Sewell, J. B. Turner (capt.), G. D. Watson.



COLLEGE SNAPSHOTS, 1928.

we are fairly well provided with other literature. In this way variety would certainly not be lacking; tastes, no doubt, ranging from the weekly Edgar Wallace or Beverley Nicholls to the more artistic and admirable short stories of Kipling and O. Henry, at present represented each by one volume.

The garden has also taken on a new lease of life. Grape hyacinths are blowing, Arum lilies growing and many other things no doubt showing in what will surely at no distant date prove a most up-to-date Eden. We are even furnished with a crazy pavement and (slightly to the left) a mysterious stone slab, spoken of variously as the future site for a sun-dial, an underground well, a receptacle for gardening tools, a future vault for College tutors.

In addition to Needlework, a new indoor sport has been very popular among us this year—Bridge. The three tables provided by the Social Club were in more or less constant demand during the first two terms. In fact, Bridge parties, equally with dinner parties, are now de rigueur.

Winifred Kent Hughes and Betty Nankivell sailed early this year for England on the "Otranto." The former is to return in May next year and complete three years of her scholarship doing research at Canberra. The latter is maintaining the family reputation with the clubs, and playing THE GAME on its native heaths. Miss Hitchcock sailed in August, also Betty Allan, who recently won the Manson medal for mathematical research.

Miss Irene Webb (of Allan Wilkie fame) visited us one evening early in the year, and tried in vain (we fear) to inspire us with theatrical ambitions. The winning personality of timid little Capt. MacLaghlen, however, proved more successful. Either we were too afraid to refuse or we believed him, for those desirous of acquiring the ancient science were legion.

In second term, that term

"Of murk

Of crumpets and 5.40 kirk

That term of mighty little work."

two graduates from abroad—Dr. Luisa Lammaert, of Leipsic, and Miss Mary Glyn, of Rothampsted—were added to our number. Both are doing research work in science and propose

remaining here for the winter months.

On June 9, a dance, held in the common room, organised by Katharine Balmer and Dorothy Morris, proved so successful that we hope to hold another this term. Our thanks are due to all those who were lured into moving furniture or taking up carpets.

Our neighbours (in the building adjoining the tennis courts) have been more than generous in their attentions to us, we feel. Not only do they throw open wide their windows, lest any sound of their merry-making be missed, but



on one occasion provided two cars for our inspection, and on another arrived in charming kitchen negligé (with all accessories) much to the mystification of the two guests from France, that night dining in the hall. The cars, however, failed to meet with approval and were (we understand) returned, the one to its swaddling clothes, the other to its owner, himself a car-tracker of no little merit.

Late in the term a small—a very small—group of obedient needlewomen banded themselves together to broider a standard for their needy brethren. Time was—fortunately—no object. Neither machine stitching nor patient toil, however, can cope with the elements, for something mighty like a rushing wind has been at work, and they must set them to work again.

The annual hockey match against Trinity took place on July 27. We were fortunate in having a very strong team this year, which fact, coupled with suppleness (Colonel MacLaghlen's contribution—gained after hours of pummelling and being pummelled on floors), determination, and—one can only describe it thus—absolute fearlessness, perhaps too, in minor part, with the

innate chivalry of our sartorially exquisite neighbours and opponents, won us a long desired victory.

The Dance this year was held on August 3. Our congratulations to the secretaries, Kathleen Stobie and Dorothy Gepp, who performed their duties admirably. The usual hilarious crowd of official guests were present, including the Warden and Secretary, Mrs. a'Beckett and son, Miss Joske and sister, Mr. D. G. Taylor (our energetic history lecturer) and Miss V. Jennings (Certificate len. litema.). Prof. Skeats was, as usual, an indefatigable dancer. The Yale Blues proved very popular, especially among the older dancers. The feminine mode of dress was fairly uniform, most hem lines being uneven, most hair being waved. Little Miss Brown Tree was especially noticeable, looking sweet and simple in something frilly of baby blue. Male fashions and modes varied. Signoro Roberto Martio was a garrulous but swift dancer of the Blues, O. V. Jewell affected a slightly uneven coat line, whilst A. Dog (a legal Mormon) proved a noiseless and silent exponent of the 'Varsity Drag. Dr. Maurice Oglem (the distinguished ex-librarian) was a

We congratulate Joan Darbyshire, Rosalie Gollan and Ella Macknight on passing their final exams. in Medicine and Surgery. Also Mollie Bloore, Jean Hoggart, Grace Villiers and Ethleen O'Dwyer (reserve) on being selected for the University Hockey Team. Mollie Bloore also played for the State in Sydney.

On Friday evening, September 7, Professor Conway (President of the British Classical Society) did us the honour of dining in hall and afterwards giving a most interesting address. It was unfortunate that the evening chosen should have been a Friday, for many people had arranged to go out, thus making the audience a small one.

On Wednesday, September 12, an impromptu debate (the last and most successful for the year) was held in the common room. Subjects for debate this year have been: "That Conservatism Makes for Progress (Misses Keon-Cohen and Leslie), and "That the Relation Existing Between the Modern Parent and Child is to be Deplored" (Misses Long and Robertson). Miss Grant and Miss Leslie spoke at Ladies' Night at Trinity, on the subject "That Marriage is the Grave of Ambition."

Our hearts of late have been gladdened by two rumours—the one involving the building of a new sleep-out over the Covered Way, the other, the probability of a new path between the Hostel and the Outer Oval. No news could be more welcome, realising as we do that during the past winter we have helped to make the fortune of more than one shoemaker.

Various signs and portents have led us to realise the Horror of the Shades before us. We have just begun to indulge in early breakfast, in sunbathing on the flat roof, in back-breaking days in the Library. Later will come the vogue for Wordsworth, Hell, Civ. and Chateaubriand. Then a tendency to unsociability will appear, to be followed by the unpleasant culte du mot (if one may so describe the regrettable habit of speaking in reluctant monosyllables). For the present, however, it is sufficient to know that the oak has sprouted, an omen which though it may not be lightly disregarded, informs us that the worst is at least nine weeks away.



charming study in black and white, while the easy conversation and graceful deportment of O. V. Tex were much admired by all. For the most part the even trouser line was worn, and the flat was more common than the arched shirt front.

## FRESHWOMEN, 1928.

A. Chapman, G. Ellis, A. Foster, N. Gawar, C. Goodheart, J. Hoggart, M. H. Jones, W. Long, B. McCann, E. Perrin, L. Ritchie, E. Robb, E. Stobie, I. Thew, L. Tulloh, E. Verco, G. Villiers, J. Weir.

## TRINITY WOMEN STUDENTS' TENNIS CLUB.

Hon. President: Miss E. Joske.  
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Miss K. Stobie.  
Committee: Misses Derham, Jones, Gepp and Barnard.

Although at present in financial difficulties the Trinity Women's Tennis Club hopes to conclude a successful year, and to clear the remainder of the debt incurred by the top-dressing of the court. It is proposed to hold a doubles tournament, continuing throughout the term. Miss Joske has kindly given trophies for the winning pair. We wish to thank Mrs. Payne for her generosity and the Janet Clarke Hall Committee for their grant towards the top-dressing of the court.

This year a match was arranged for September 1, against a team of past Trinity women—Drs. Isabel Ireland, Bess Denny, Jill Clemens, and Miss Mollie Lloyd, but owing to the rain it was impossible to finish. We hope this match will become an annual fixture.

Also we take this opportunity to thank Trinity men for the good practice they have given our team.

We feel especially grateful to Mr. O'Hara Wood for the interest he has taken in our four, and for the help he has given them.

At the Inter-Collegiate matches the first round resulted in a win for Trinity over Queen's, and for Newman over Ormond, leaving Trinity and Newman in the final round. In spite of the unfavourable weather conditions, good tennis was shown on both sides, and the match resulted in a win for Trinity, five rubbers to three. The detailed scores were:

## Trinity v. Queen's.

## Singles.

Miss Derham (T.) d. Miss Adamson (Q.), 6—3, 6—4.

Miss Gepp (T.) d. Miss Jennison (Q.), 6—2, 6—4.

Miss Keon-Cohen (T.) d. Miss Hull (Q.), 6—0, 6—0.

Miss Barnard (T.) d. Miss Outram (Q.), 6—0, 6—0.

## Doubles.

Misses Derham and Gepp (T.) d. Misses Adamson and Jennison (Q.), 6—3, 6—2.

Misses Derham and Gepp (T.) d. Misses Hull and Outram (Q.), 6—0, 6—1.

Misses Keon-Cohen and Barnard (T.) d. Misses Adamson & Jennison (Q.), 6—2, 6—3.

Misses Keon-Cohen and Barnard (T.) d. Misses Hull and Outram (Q.), 6—0, 6—1.

Trinity—8 rubbers, 16 sets, 96 games.  
Queen's—25 games.

## Trinity v. Newman.

## Singles.

Miss Derham (T.) d. Miss Woodward (N.), 6—2, 7—5.

Miss Fitchett (N.) d. Miss Gepp (T.), 6—4, 6—3.

Miss Keon-Cohen (T.) d. Miss Galbally (N.), 7—5, 6—2.

Miss Barnard (T.) d. Miss Keane (N.), 6—3, 6—3.

## Doubles.

Misses Derham and Gepp (T.) d. Misses Woodward and King (N.), 9—7, 10—12, 9—7.

Misses Derham and Gepp (T.) d. Misses Fitchett and Galbally (N.), 6—4, 6—2.

Misses Woodward and King (N.) d. Misses Keon-Cohen and Barnard (T.), 6—2, 6—1.

Misses Fitchett and Galbally (N.) d. Misses Keon-Cohen and Barnard (T.), 6—2, 6—1.

Trinity—5 rubbers, 10 sets, 92 games.  
Newman—3 rubbers, 7 sets, 88 games.

## THE LATE MOLLIE CLARK.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death, on December 8, of last year, of Mollie Clark, a distinguished past student of the Janet Clarke Hall. Her death, which was

mourned by a great number of friends who had been in college during her time, was the end of a very lovable personality. All who knew her were greatly impressed by her charm, her quick sense of humour, her loyal interest in the Hostel, and, above all, her strength of character.

Mollie Clark came to Trinity in 1922 and remained here for four years, during which time she obtained an Honours degree in French and English. She was, too, a member of the Social Club committee in her last year, in which capacity she rendered considerable services to the Hostel.

We wish to express to her family our very sincere sympathy.

#### OBITUARY.

Margery Conder came to Trinity from the C.E.G.S., Geelong, in 1918, and was in residence for four years. She gained her B.A. with Honours in English Language and Literature, and took the course for the Diploma of Education in 1921. She was a contributor to the "M.U.M." the "Fleur-de-Lys," and the collection of University Verse published in 1920.

She returned to Tasmania in the year following the completion of her course and taught there for a time. For some years her health had been failing and, finally, after a brief illness, she died at St. Helen's on July 25.

## OLD STUDENTS

### THE UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

The Annual Meeting of the Union of The Fleur-de-Lys was held at the Hotel Windsor on Saturday, April 21, at 6.40 p.m. About 60 members were present. Dr. Maudsley took the chair, as the retiring president (Dr. E. A. Mackay) was abroad. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed; the financial statement for the year 1927-28, which showed a credit balance of £34/15/4, was read and adopted.

The following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Mr. J. Alston Wallace.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. A. Sherwin, Dr. Robert Fowler.

Committee: Mr. C. Gavan Duffy, Dr. Mark Gardner, Mr. E. F. Herring, Dr. H. Maudsley, Dr. F. Blois Lawton, Mr. Walter Sproule, Mr. G. Mayman, Dr. Clive Langlands, Dr. B. Keon-Cohen.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. F. F. Knight.

A vote of thanks to the retiring President, moved by Mr. Duffy, was carried by acclamation.

The President moved that speeches at the Dinner be limited as follows:—

The Warden's to five minutes, others to three minutes—Carried.

The Warden made a statement of the affairs of the College in 1927. He referred to the Act passed through Parliament and the consequent alteration in the constitution of the College. He also made reference to the death of Mr. N. Berriman, a former student and classical tutor, and to the death of Mr. Alcock, a former trustee and benefactor of the College.

After the meeting the Annual Dinner was held. Sixty-two members were present. This large attendance will be gratifying to members of the Society. The Warden, Senior Student, and three members of the Committee of The Fleur-de-Lys Club were present as guests. The toast of The King was honoured. Mr. Wallace proposed the toast of the College. The Warden responded. He was supported by Mr. Andrew Garan, the Senior Student and Rhodes Scholar for 1927. Mr. Arthur Sherwin proposed the toast of the Society, and Mr. R. R. Sholl responded. Dr. R. R. Stawell proposed the health of the President, and Mr. Walter Sproule proposed the health of the Hon. Secretary. The drinks were paid for by the Society out of its

accumulated surplus funds. Needless to say, that surplus is now exhausted, but the Committee feel that this expenditure was justified, as both in point of numbers and otherwise, this Dinner was the most successful held for some years. The meeting broke up at about ten o'clock.

Last September the members of the College invited members of the Society to take part in the Annual Mixed Doubles Tournament. The Warden and Mrs. Behan invited members to afternoon tea. Owing to the weather, the tournament had to be abandoned, but many members were able to avail themselves of Dr. and Mrs. Behan's hospitality. We take this opportunity of thanking them and the members of the College for their continued interest in the affairs of the Society.

On October 1, 1927, at 7.45 p.m., a Dinner was held at The Trocadero, London. The meeting was convened by Mr. Lee Murray to discuss the formation of a branch of the Society in London. There were nine members present. Dr. W. E. Donaldson was in the chair. Mr. Bawden was "compelled" to become Hon. Secretary on the resignation of Mr. Murray, who is now in India with the R.A.F. The Dinner seems to have been a great success, and did not break up until 11.15. Besides the above-mentioned, Drs. C. Leslie, Le Souef, Hugh Murray, Mr. R. Chomley, Mr. Rex Morton, and Dr. Ainslie were present, and all seem to have made speeches. Mr. Bawden has made arrangements for another Dinner at the same date approximately this year. Brasenose College, Oxford, is his address.

The Society provided a cricket team to play the College XI on Friday, March 23. The team was entertained at lunch by the College. After a very enjoyable day, the College proved too strong. As usual, we were unable to field a full team. Any members wishing to play are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary early in the year. This match is useful practice for the College, and it is very desirable to get together a strong team for it.

At the date of going to press, the number of financial members is 159; of this number, 40 are life members. It is felt that the membership should be much greater. Less than half the students going down from College have joined in the last few years.

All persons who have been resident in College are welcome, whether they have graduated or not.

All members can assist the Society, and particularly the Hon. Secretary, by paying their subscriptions as promptly as possible and taking an active part in the Society's functions. Members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address or non-delivery of the "Fleur-de-Lys."

Subscriptions are payable to:—

The Hon. Secretary,  
The Union of the Fleur-de-Lys,  
11 Selborne Chambers,  
Chancery Lane,  
Melbourne, C.1,

as follows:—

Annual Subscription, 7/6.

Life Membership, £5/5/-.

The total funds of the Society invested are: Commonwealth Bonds to the face value of £600; of these Bonds, £100 are at 6 per cent. per annum, and the remainder at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. per annum. £50 has been earmarked for investment. These funds are made up of Life Members' subscriptions and a donation to the Society.

A meeting of the executive committee was held on Friday, August 10, and the question of a War Memorial for Trinity was raised. Many suggestions as to various forms of memorial and their cost were discussed, and the feeling of the meeting was that it was impracticable to decide what form the memorial was to take until it was known what money could be obtained.

The following resolution, moved by Mr. Duffy, seconded by Mr. Herring, was carried:—

"That the President and Honorary Secretary have power to take what means they think fit to collect money and get promises of money, and to investigate generally the ways and means of securing a War Memorial for Trinity College."

The President and Secretary will receive subscriptions of any amount.

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#### NEWS AND NOTES.

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The Rt. Rev. Horace Crotty was enthroned as Bishop of the Diocese on Thursday, April 13, by the retiring Bishop (the Rt. Rev. G. M. Long), and afterwards was welcomed at a meeting in the Memorial Hall, Bathurst.

The Rt. Rev. G. M. Long was enthroned as Bishop of Newcastle in April, in succession to Bishop Stephen. Before leaving Bathurst he was entertained at a valedictory. There was a crowded meeting.

It is interesting to note that Newcastle has had three Trinity men in succession as Bishops.

Bruce Hunt has gone to England to do post-graduate work there.

Reg. Must has left for a trip to England and the Continent. He will be away from six to twelve months.

Rev. C. H. Murray returned from England last December. He has been appointed Director of Religious Education to the Diocese of Melbourne.

W. G. a'Beckett is at present on a visit to England.

J. S. Morgan has been in New Zealand. His permanent address is 375 Flinders Lane.

Mac Murray has returned from Edinburgh. He was here for the Boat Race and the Dinner.

Keith Speeding is practising at Talbot, Victoria.

E. A. Mackay is travelling in England. During his absence, Rex Sweetman is looking after his practise in Toorak.

The Rt. Rev. R. G. Stephen is now living at Eltham.

R. R. Stawell has been elected President of the Melbourne Hospital. His place on the Committee has been filled by Allan Spowers.

T. G. G. Lahey has broken his leg playing football in Brisbane, with Southport Old Boys' Team.

W. Bailey won the Amateur Billiards Championship at Alcock's parlors on July 31. Soss Wertheim was runner-up.

E. R. White went to England in the early part of this year for a trip.

J. R. Carse and R. D. Kelly were in Melbourne for the Sheep Sales in August.

Clayton Davis has gone into practice as a solicitor in Berrigan, N.S.W.

H. H. Perrotet went to England in March. His address is All Saints' Mission, White Lion St., London. He intends to spend some time on the Continent.

Bill Donaldson, who has been doing post-graduate work mostly in radiology in England and the Continent, returned to Melbourne on the "Demosthenes" on August 14.

Hal Maudsley, who had a serious attack of pneumonia, is well and about again.

The Rev. A. Law, who has been in England for a year, returned to Melbourne in August, and is back at St. John's, Toorak.

Norrie Muntz has announced his engagement to Miss Jackman, of Dimboola.

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#### OBITUARY.

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##### Guy Percival Smith.

The death of Guy Percival Smith occurred at his home, Avoca Street, South Yarra, in April this year, after a long illness. He entered Trinity in 1899, from Clifton, England. During his residence he was a member of the College cricket and football teams, and was a tennis player of no mean ability. He took the degree of B.Sc. in 1902, and joined the expedition of Professor Gregory to Central Australia as entomologist. He was engaged in business pursuits in Sydney for a few years, and then came to Melbourne. He was at one time Managing Director of Hoadeleys Pty. Ltd., and, at the time of his death, Associate President of the Chamber of Manufactures. In addition to his marked ability and industry in business, he endeared himself to a wide circle of friends, both in the commercial world and in private life, by his genial disposition.

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##### Malcolm Russell Norton.

Malcolm Russell Norton, known to the College men of his time as

"Jimmy," entered into residence at the beginning of 1923, and followed the study of civil engineering, graduating B.C.E. at the beginning of 1927. As a student he took a keen interest in the practical side of his work, and one well remembers more than one friendly argument in which Malcolm's authoritative pronouncement was sought by the antagonists. His knowledge was sound and comprehensive, rather than brilliant, and no one ever entertained the slightest doubt of his successfully negotiating his year, unless, as is often the case with conscientious men, he sometimes doubted himself.

At Melbourne Grammar School he had been well grounded in the grammar of oarsmanship and, although no place could be found for him in the College boats of 1924 and 1925, his form in the second VIII indicated him as unlikely, when his turn came, to be found wanting. Upon the breaking-up of our successful crew of 1924 Malcolm succeeded to the bow seat, and in the memorable races of 1925 and 1926

acquitted himself with such distinction as to be selected for the bow seat of the Varsity boat in the latter year. An accurate and precise oarsman, he could be always relied on, and, though by no means of great physical strength, the speed and science of his action and his indomitable pluck and optimism completed in him the sum of those qualities which spell success in the by no means easy bow seat. He was a very fair footballer, but was handicapped by a weakness in the knee which, as he seldom spared himself, was never, I think, in his College days, completely eradicated. As a sportsman he was generous and considerate, ever ready to assist a tyro, as he was in frank admiration of an opponent, or of a rival. In character he was open, loyal and impulsive. His cheerful humour, his quiet unintrusive good counsel, and his broad tolerance won him an affectionate regard in the hearts of all his associates.

His friends in this country are the poorer for his untimely death.

## SPILLED MILK

### IN APPRECIATION OF "TRINITY."

T.M.R.

The Editor has very kindly done me the honour of asking me to write down some impressions of Trinity. I have chosen to do so under cover of the above title in order to be able to speak the more frankly and freely, as one should in the house of his friends.

Trinity, as I have found it and know it, by no means falls short of the merits claimed for it by those who first asked me to come here. I was told, by two people who ought to know, that Trinity men possibly comes nearer to the Oxford and Cambridge types than do the students of any other college in the Empire; and I should say that this was a pretty true estimate. Not that the Oxford and Cambridge types must be considered in all respects desirable, nor yet that it should be deemed necessary to transplant

them here; but in so far as they stand for "tone," "chivalry" and "sportsmanship," there is no doubt that Trinity has caught a large measure of their spirit.

From the very day I arrived I have been much impressed by the "camaraderie" of the college. It was startling, but by no means displeasing, to hear you call each other by your Christian names—a habit unknown in colleges at home, except in rare cases of the closest friendship. But here it seems so utterly in keeping with the homeliness of the place. And Trinity *is* a homely place; even the architecture, quaint as it is in parts and certainly varied, is homely!

I live in "Lower Clarke's," a useful stand in the daytime; but at night when Upper Clarke's begins to go to bed one is sometimes reminded of lurid nights in Flanders! The bombardment begins about 1 a.m., and ends with the banging

of the last door, about 1.30. Clearly, this is not a home of rest for gentlewomen! But it is not my fellowmen I am blaming, so much as the harassing corridor system. Corridors are all very well in schools, no doubt, where boys are all tucked in at a fixed time at night, and all take their rest within the same hours. But in a college, where each man must map out his working day as suits him best, "staircases" are much to be preferred. As against staircases, I have heard it argued that they might tend towards the growth of "cliques." But I scarcely think so. I can only say that the experience of a good many who have been to the older Universities is that the one man in college they really did want to shoot always happened to be living on their own staircase! Also, the population of each staircase is generally made up of men chosen from different "years." As for corridors, have they prevented the growth of cliques, even at Trinity? At once I think of at least four in the main building itself!

All the same, I am far from decrying cliques. They are natural, not only to college life, but to every society. They are, as a rule, the creations of athletic, æsthetic, scientific or other associations; and so long as they be not too exclusive, and their "motif" be healthy, they ought to make for the enrichment of college life and thought, rather than otherwise. And amongst us at Trinity anything like a too rigid exclusiveness would be entirely out of the question, and "unhealthiness" the men would never allow.

The "Fleur-de-Lys" Club is, to me, quite a novel feature of college life. It obviously takes itself very seriously; but that is perhaps just as well, since the functions it fulfils and the responsibility it undertakes are so vital to the prestige of the college. So far as I know, nothing like it exists at home. There, so long as one is "*in statu pupillari*," he neither has, nor expects to have, part or lot in matters of college policy or the maintenance of corporate discipline; neither is he asked for his opinion on such matters. He finds himself cast at once into the stream of an ancient tradition, and there is no course open to him other than to adapt himself to it as quickly and as quietly as he can. At Trinity, tradition is as yet only in the making; but the focus of that tradition must needs be the

Club, which embodies the entire social life of the College; and the social life of a college or University, be it remembered, is the most important part of its educational value. Apart from his knowledge, every Trinity man should take away with him when he leaves us a definite type of character, a sporting sense, and a social disposition which should help him to make his way in any line of life he may choose, from a salesman to a statesman.

'Varsity life everywhere has its snares. For the average "freshman" it is his first real taste of freedom. It offers him an easy life, free from the trammels of school systems, and not regulated in any sense except in the keeping of lectures and the observance of the general amenities of college life. This freedom is for many risky, and for some it may be dangerous; but in the making of fine gentlemen it is really necessary. I am sure no more excellent way could have been devised here at Trinity for helping a man to a right use of his new-born freedom than by the rule of honour which is the very keystone of the Club. The readiness with which its members give their troth to and for their fellows in the club-code of discipline is a touchstone of the type of men Trinity attracts; and the way in which, to a man, they discharge their trust, is a fine thing for which we may all be justly proud and thankful.

Whether the Fleur-de-Lys Club will be able to maintain its present high level when numbers increase twofold or threefold none can forecast. It will largely depend upon the type of man who comes up. But however that may be, there will be need, as time goes on, for clearer demarcation of its powers and influence; in other words, its precise relationship to "authority" will have to be more sharply defined. In fact, the need for such adjustment seemed to be foreshadowed in issues raised in consequence of a "rag" only last term.

As for "rags," I for one would be very sorry to see them die out. If they are original and well run they are a sign of good spirit. I must be careful what I say, but I feel sure the authorities could not fail to appreciate this point, and would never ban any practical joke that was sensible and amusing, so long as it adhered to the ordinary rules of chivalry, and was not destructive in the matter of property. I consider the

"Commencement" Rag a good example of what a "rag" ought to be, despite the comments of the "Williamstown Herald" (which need not trouble us).

At this point one is naturally led on to the subject of "Initiation." I must confess that when I was first told of this rite, I had nothing but contempt for it—quite apart from the fact that it doubtless had its origin in America! Something like it exists, I believe, in certain small schools at home; and it is probably right to say that even there it is dying out. My knowledge of what takes place at an "Initiation" is still very scanty, but from what I have been able to glean it looks as if it must in times past have been the occasion for not a little "bullying." To take a mean advantage of a man in his position as "Fresher" does not appear to be the best way of expressing the dignity of seniority! But I understand that things are better now; also, I have lately come to see that there is possibly more virtue in this strange rite than at first appears. If the sincere aim of "Initiation" is to test a freshman's fitness for membership of the Club, I am fully prepared to modify my view on this understanding. Some form of initiation is certainly good, and it is only right that the Club should safeguard its tone and interests in this way. Only let the inquisitors in their questionnaire remember that there are limits of propriety that a gentleman must never cross unbidden; that whatever form "Initiation" shall take, it shall be a test not only searching, but dignified and polite.

With regard to the actual running of the Club, would it not be a wise policy to look more and more to the "Third year" for the executive—but not in any hard and fast way as yet, since "years" vary so much in numbers and personnel? This might prove an advantage in two directions: First, it would keep the second year men alive to the fact that their day of responsibility was fast approaching, and therefore fully alert in all college activities. Secondly, it would permit of senior men, from the fourth year on, being able to retire from office if they so wished without any gnawing sense of "slacking." By the time a man has reached his fourth year his studies have usually begun to take a more serious and intensive turn, and I feel sure

I must be speaking for many when I say that at this juncture a man would be glad if he could retire gracefully from the routine, while still retaining his hold upon the "Life" and spirit of the place.

There is one matter outstanding which I know I shall be expected to mention: that is the well-worn subject of "compulsory chapel." Ideally speaking, voluntary chapel is the right and proper thing; of that there can be no doubt in anyone's mind. This is now the rule at most of the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges. Then why not here at Trinity? I contend that the time is not yet ripe—but that is not to say that it need be long delayed. Like the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, "Trinity" is a definitely religious foundation, and so stands for a certain principle, namely, that religion is an all-important factor in the creation of character, which, after all, is the primary function of a University. Though we may not all be in agreement as to the principle itself, we are all forced to recognise it so long as we are members of Trinity; but if to recognition we can add respect, whatever be our own views, it will do much for the general well-being and happiness of the College. When the principle has thus won through to recognition and respect, then will be the time to consider the proposal to make chapel attendance voluntary. How long that will take depends entirely upon the members of the College themselves. But for the present, I would say that the concession could not be made without prejudice to the principle.

In the older Universities, with their chapels and chaplains, University churches and sermons, ancient ceremonies and graces, the religious principle permeates the whole system; there is no escaping it, whether you go to chapel or not. But with us here in Melbourne it is different, for the University is officially a non-religious body. It is important to bear this distinction in mind whenever the question of chapel attendance arises. The University may be "the shop," but Trinity is "Trinity."

In the meantime, I think much could be done to make our chapel a livelier, happier and more interesting place for all, whatever their religious views, by extending its uses beyond the mere saying of daily prayers. Why should we

not be able to go there to hear good music, religious drama or lectures which, though not strictly "religious" in the technical sense of the word, have some intimate bearing upon our lives and the working out of our highest hopes and ideals? On this question there would be some difference of opinion, no doubt, but I think it is worth raising.

Here I must stop, though one could go on writing "impressions" for a good while longer yet. If in what I have written I seem to have abused my privilege, I ask you to forgive the impetuosity of a newcomer! But I have lived with you long enough to have caught your own enthusiasm for the well-being of the Fleur-de-Lys Club; and I am resolved, as long as I am here, to pledge my unstinted support to the splendid task it has in hand—of building up a truly noble tradition which shall be Trinity's priceless possession.

#### THE WOMEN-HATERS.

#### Minutes of a Meeting of the College Celibates' Club, held in the Pre- sident's Study on June 31, 1928.

The President, Dr. A. I. Chapman, took (after a scuffle) the most comfortable chair precisely at 8 o'clock. Seventeen members were disappointed.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and expurgated. The Secretary (Mr. Pern) asked permission to re-read all the jokes contained therein, slowly and distinctly. He felt that this departure from the ordinary procedure would be greatly appreciated by Dr. Rex. Dr. Rex (author of "Just So Stories" and "Twice-told Tales") hotly resented the implication in the Secretary's suggestion, but to show that he bore no grudge against the meeting as a whole, he would tell them a perfect gem of a riddle which he had noticed in "The Tasmanian Illustrated Mail." It was, "Why did the Chicken Cross the Road?" The President said it was probably because she saw Towser coming. Mr. Harris said he was aware of the fact that Dr. Rex was rather an authority on chickens (a common failing of Tasmanians apparently), but there was no need for him to skite about it. Mr. Somerset moved, with just a trace of

bitterness in his tone, that the motion be now put. The President then tactfully suggested that there was no need for members to be nasty towards each other; this was not, after all, a Christian Union meeting. He regretted also that he could not permit the Secretary to re-read the jests, but he would remind members that Mr. Kennedy's feelings must be considered.

He then called for general business.

Mr. MacDonald drew the attention of members to a state of affairs which had long been preying upon his mind. He felt that Trinity was fast becoming woman-mad. The proximity of the Janet Clarke Hall seemed to be at the root of the menace. Matters had gone from bad to worse this year: apparently the hostel freshers were to blame. He believed their number included some new speed models which were more likely to carry a man off his feet than the Bursar's Chevrolet. Dr. Weir thought that the last member was somewhat of an alarmist: on the whole they seemed to him rather a staid collection. Mr. Wood's comment that some that he knew wouldn't be stayed by anything was ruled out of order. The Vice-President (Dr. J. B. Turner) said that he was sorry that he could not be helpful; womankind was a subject entirely foreign to him: he was therefore quite at sea in such a discussion. Mr. Somerset moved that any one of the five motions which seemed to be before the chair be now put. The President hotly replied that there were not five motions before the chair: this was not a Fleur-de-Lys Club meeting. He personally never permitted more than three different subjects to be discussed at the same time. Moreover, he regarded the attempt to bustle the business of the Celibate Club as tantamount to an impertinence, especially when it came from an insincere member whom he had seen at Frankston, only two Sundays ago, with a red-haired woman. After carefully consulting his diary, Mr. Somerset replied that the President was either a deliberate liar or colour-blind. Good feeling, however, was happily restored at this juncture by the Vice-President telling (in committee) one of those innocent little stories that he brings back from the Melbourne Hospital. At this stage Messrs. Kennedy and E. V. Mitchell

withdrew from the meeting. Dr. Rex and Mr. Champion were appointed an investigation sub-committee to study Mr. MacDonald's complaints.

Mr. Harris moved, and Mr. Weir seconded, a motion that, as the President's cigarette box had now been emptied, the meeting be adjourned. The President disallowed the motion as there was still important business on the agenda paper. He then went on to point out that he had now been in College for nearly six years: he had played football for Trinity on five occasions: he had been a Table President for two years: he had been the founder and first President of the Hymeneal Society: he had—. At this stage Dr. Robinson interrupted, asking Dr. Chapman if he took himself for the President of the Sports Union, making a speech at the conferring of Blues ceremony. The President ignored the remark, but excused Dr. Rex, who had an appointment with his instructor in German folk dancing. The President did not notice that the doctor inadvertently took a dozen of his crumpets and half a pound of his butter as he left. Dr. Chapman said that before he was rudely interrupted he was about to propose the expulsion of Mr. Garran from the Society (enthusiasm). Mr. Harris then requested the President to ask Mr. Hollway to sit still and stop fidgetting. Any one would think he had spent the day at the Star or Melba Picture Theatres. Mr. Hollway resented this bitterly. He had been at the Britannia. At this moment the lights failed, and when the illuminations had been restored, the President found that, with the exception of Mr. Hollway, all the members were missing. So also were his kettle and teapot. Dr. Chapman then declared the meeting closed, adding some mild expressions of disgust.

#### THE RESURRECTION.

When 'neath our shady Oak we lie  
And watch the Hostel sweeping by,  
And see the Lancia pursue  
A Baby Austin built for two,  
Survey the Chapel's russet pile,  
Observe the cows in single file  
Threading the lab'rinth to the door  
Where lurks our modern Minotaur—  
When we recline, by soft winds fanned,

And note the green but treacherous land,  
Through which the drive, a milky trail,  
Swings sharply back to bite its tail,  
And wonder if the Bishop's Tower  
Will bear its load another hour,  
Well may we thank our handsome tree  
And ponder on its history.  
An acorn once was planted there,  
With silver trowel and ardent prayer,  
When Trinity was young and fair.  
Then, happy day, in glorious birth,  
It raised its head above the earth;  
The guardian of our faith, it grew,  
(While yet the Wooden Wing was new),  
And 'neath the gardeners' cunning art,  
Flourished to gladden every heart.  
Bewail, then, wail the heavy time  
That smote our darling in its prime;  
What then had someone done to rouse  
Just Heaven's ire? Purloined the cows?  
Put out a fire? Or smoked in Hall?  
Or through a window chanced to fall?  
Or put a button in the Plate?  
To kill our Oak and curse our fate?  
In vain the gardener's constant care,  
In vain the Chaplain's daily prayer,  
In vain the Matron tore her hair;  
In vain indeed the Council's fretting,  
Our rising star was surely setting;  
In vain the Hostel's mournful wailing,  
The fount of all our life was failing;  
In vain the Warden's weary sighing,  
His joy, his baby Oak was dying;  
(He spent the day upon his knees  
And quite forgot to raise the fees);  
In vain the watering-can and rake,  
The wood was dry as College Steak!  
No hope was left, men turned away  
To hide their grief that gloomy day.  
When darkness fell, by grief oppressed,  
Some sought relief in sleep and rest,  
While others, watching till the dawn,  
Were roused to see upon the lawn,  
Where still their darling fought for life,  
Two canine forms in wanton strife;  
Enraged, they seized them by the hair  
And slew the sacrilegious pair—  
They lay there in the ghostly light,  
One black and tan, one brown and white,  
Then (lest the chef might find them so)  
All set to work with spade and hoe,  
And soon, by Fortune's strange decree,  
Placed them beneath the dying tree.  
By what strange process none can say,  
But when the sun brought in the day  
No tortured, withered form was seen,  
But all was fair and bright and green.  
That day with joy the College shook  
And all were happy save the cook,

For straight the tree was fringed with  
stones,  
Lest she should disinter the bones.

#### SOME ASPECTS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

A university college is not a school. A great school should, though we cannot always say that it does, turn out its sons not stamped to a pattern, but well disciplined and with a well-tended spark of individuality. A great college should, while being capable of casting aside the stern discipline necessary for a growing boy, be able to foster the growth of the spark till it has become a steady flame. The function of a university is to provide the leaders of public life. Only thus can the colleges really justify their existence. Leaders are not fostered by lack of imagination.

A college should inspire men with those high ideals of public service and self-sacrifice which in the old world have long been noted as the hallmark of a true university man. It is not merely a "swotting" den for the scholastically ambitious. It should carry on the training given at school and help teach its sons not only to live, but how to live. How is this to be achieved? For success, the material must be good and the authority handling it must be capable of wise yet unseen direction.

One of our great headmasters, speaking a few years ago from the wealth of a lifetime of experience, uttered these words: "I like boys, I believe in boys, although I do not profess to understand them. They fall, roughly, into three classes—the willing, the unwilling and the wilful." Of the last he said: "If we succeed in breaking him in without breaking him, he is destined to become the best of citizens."

College men are, after all, only boys. Boys with the bodies, perhaps, of men, but boys nevertheless. May the breed never change! Put the heart of a boy in the body of a man and you have attained the ideal. Such men are marked for greatness.

"Give it a go, boys!" Those words, the historian of the A.I.F. assures us, prefaced a great many of the most daring and brilliantly successful deeds to the credit of an unusual fighting force. Mere stodginess has its triumphs, but they are not those of forlorn hopes turned to

magnificent successes. Nor are they the triumphs that fire and make nations. Australia would still be an empty continent if we were merely stodgy.

The willing call for little attention. The unwilling are not met in our sphere. The former are the basis of college life, but we are sorry to say of so many of them that they do not rise above the ruck. They are the sort to make excellent sheep. They are the ones who do what they think is done without considering if they want to. It is they who do things they do not like because others do. They lack the strength to make up their own minds and go their own way; to refuse things generally accepted. It can be said of them that they come and go their way in peace, but can much else be said of them, and can much else be said of their later life?

Estimable fellows, for them are many of the honours of the quieter and of the academic life. But will they ever be anything but academicians?

Mere scholastic brilliance is useless to one's country without a spark of personality. Fortunately some of the willing are so blessed, and we number them amongst the most valued of our little community. For them await the honours of the greater world. To the general type of the willing we can only make an exhortation. Let them come forth from their tubs and join in the life of the college. They will find that they will get only so much from it as they give.

The wilful fellow presents a different problem. Your willing man, told to do or not to do by someone whom he considers to have authority, meekly and faithfully does what he is told. This is the attitude of the German to his omnipotent Verboten. That is not to say that the wilful, by contrast, is merely up in arms against authority. That, unfortunately, is the common attitude towards him. "Oh, that fellow! No good at all. Always like the proverbial Irishman, 'agin the givinmint.'" Such is the attitude of the complacently blind.

To the wilful man who has grown to an age which enables him to take up college life, authority is a very real thing and to be obeyed—when it is worth it. It was found at the War that the Australian, when told to do a thing, wanted to know—why? He was found

to be critical of anything that appeared inefficient, pedantic or inadequate. But order him to do something which was definitely directed to attaining a useful object in the best possible manner, and his standard of obedience was as high as that of any Prussian Uhlan.

So it is in college. Your man of spirit does not accept everything with patient resignation—just because he is told to. If something is wrong, he wants to say so, he wants to criticise. He does.

Where would the British Empire have been were it not for that spirit of criticism of the existing order which has characterised the greatest minds in our nation's history, the leaders of progress, the fighters for our improved social order? It is something which a university and a college should be proud to encourage.

Your wilful fellow moreover also wants sometimes to forget the growing responsibilities of life. It is easy to moan. It is easy to growl about the hundred and one things that upset us in our daily life, things big and small. It is often the small ones, which are the fresher, that appear the worst. Most of us, unfortunately, are too self-pitying. Then it is that the boyish heart of the wilful fellow comes to his rescue, saves him from stalking round all day with a long face. It breaks out more often than not in sheer boisterousness. It makes a fine row which subsides again. No harm is done and the mist of gloom is dispelled for a time at least, while another pleasant memory is stored up for the future.

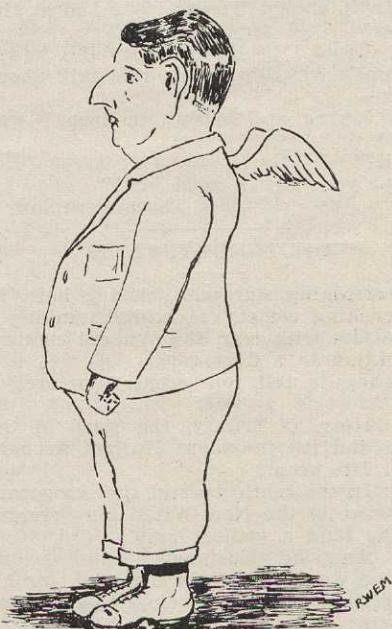
The aim of a college should be to foster and not oppress this wilful fellow at whom we have glimpsed, who understands that rules are rules and not the sacred edicts of a superior being. To him the spirit is the thing, not the pettifogging letter. To him responsibility is something to be lightly borne. Life can be a well-run race and we should try to make it so. It should not be the aim of authority to make it a quasi funeral march. That way lies stagnation.

Your man of spirit at all times preserves a certain independence of mind and freedom of thought. He it is who will bring most credit on the College which has encouraged him. In the world he will stand out for his freshness, the

individuality and strength of his character, and, above all, his human qualities. Handle him with care. Do not stamp on him. To college men we can only exhort that they never lose their boyishness, never forget the individuality, never lose the strength of character that is theirs, and, as they prize themselves, develop these qualities. Be ye not afraid. That way lies collegiate greatness.

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#### PRO HISTORIA, PRO OECONOMIA



*"Early to bed and early to rise"*

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#### THE GOOD LITTLE HOSTILE.

(Apologies to A. A. Milne)  
 It's funny how often they say to me,  
 "Hey,  
 "Have you been a good girl?"  
 "Have you been a good girl?"  
 And when they have said it, they say  
 it again—  
 "Have you been a good girl?"  
 "Have you been a good girl?"  
 I go to a party, I go out to dine,  
 I go to a show with an old flame of mine;  
 I come back from rehearsing—an innocent game,

Wherever I come from it's always the same—  
"Have you been a good girl?"

It's always the end of the loveliest day,  
"Have you been a good girl?"  
"Have you been a good girl?"  
I went to the Rex and I knew it'd be  
"Have you been a good girl?"  
"Have you been a good girl?"  
Well, why do they think that I got back at three?  
And why should I want to be bad at the Rex?  
And should I be likely to say if I had?  
So that's why it's funny, this talk about sex—  
This asking and asking in case I was bad.  
"Well?"  
"Have you been a good girl?"

—The car went phut.

#### DEUTERONY, Ch. I.

"A screaming star with blazing hair,  
A rushing comet, crackling, numbing  
The folk with fear of judgment coming.  
A 'Lijah in a fiery car,  
Coming to tell folk what they are."

1. Hear, O Trinity, the word of the Lord and the judgment He has wrought upon His people.

2. In the tenth year of the temporary existence of the New Wing there resided in the land a godless man.

3. And he blasphemed and swore, and he was a power in the land, for his blasphemies and swearings were more amusing than those of his fellows.

4. And there came a day when he removed the Christian Union. Now it is written, "Cursed be he who removes his neighbour's landmark."

5. So the Lord appointed one of His servants to smite him, and he smote him sore.

6. For lo, it was on this manner.

7. Down on the river there was a tumult and a shouting, and, indeed, there were many shoutings.

8. And in the confusion the servant of the Lord, in his sports Aston-Chevrolet, leaped forth and bit the ungodly in the leg and he cried, "Cheneyz motaz, cheneyz motaz," which, being interpreted, means, Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

9. For the ungodly one had never given alms, so that it was meet and right that he should be taken in the legs.

10. And there was a weeping and wailing and a shoving of Chevrolets, and when the dust was still the ungodly was laid low; yea, verily, I say unto you, he was Chevrolaid low.

11. And the servant of the Lord picked up the pieces, lest they obstruct the traffick.

12. And though his front dumb-iron was forever dumb, the engine of the car and the differentials thereof screeched out in praise of the Lord.

13. Thus it was in the tenth year of the temporary existence of the new wing that the Lord bowled the ungodly with a leg-break.

#### CHRISTIANS, AWAKE!

##### Salute the Happy Morn.

After a long illness extending over many years, the Christian Union in Trinity College has put an end to its career by felo de se.

Those earnest-minded young men who met on Monday, April 16, in the Classical Lecture Room considered, on reviewing its sad history, that our efforts to conduct a Christian Union were doomed to failure, and were in fact a stumbling block to honest thinking; and thought it better to abandon such misdirected efforts utterly and completely.

But we have not done this in a spirit of grief and despair, nor of callous indifference, as the casual observer might suppose. Certainly there are many good friends of the College who would question our sincerity in abolishing this diseased institution.

They have already publicly bewailed our "prevailing worldly tone," and are inclined to believe we worship another Trinity—the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

"Now," they will say, "they have abolished their C.U.; they have turned aside from Christianity!"

But let us remind them that our own private Christian Union was never a Missionary Society—not even a Home-Mission. It was merely designed as a convenient battle-ground for deep dis-

cussions, so that the problems of Life, Death and the Universe might be better reconciled at our fireside, and a clearer light be shed on vexatious and doubtful aspects of religion.

We now contend that the Christian Union has failed in its high purpose. With the best will in the world we had blundered into an absolutely untenable position. We had gained a reputation as the "supreme joke" of the College. Instead of a battle-ground for knotty problems, we provided a gymnasium for glib-tongued scoffers. We were lazy, we were cumbersome, we were often exceeding dull. Our gatherings, in their anxiety not to become wowsie-parties, very often became hotbeds of heresy. There may even have been some whose simple faith was not quite shattered by the shock of leaving school, and who found these cynical vapourings anything but helpful to their peace of mind.

Instead of doing any practical good, we were therefore actually doing harm.

But because there was formerly no other way of encouraging people to thrash out their problems, and perhaps to think for themselves, we continued in our old unsatisfactory way.

Now we have cast aside this old reproach, and hope to advanced with greater security—not because we have suddenly grown wise enough to solve our problems without travail, but because the challenge of Faith is to be answered more directly.

It has been an anomalous position, that the religion of the Chapel and the activities of the socalled Christian Union should be poles apart. We have been tempted to scorn the one and air our conceits in the other. If there is a place for discussion in religion, let us discuss it in a straight-forward way. Let us refer the problems of the universe to the Kingdom of Heaven. Now, for the first time, we really have the opportunity to meet the King's representative, and discuss things fairly and sincerely if we will.

We have offered the chaplain no well-meant assistance from the discredited Christian Union; it is better that we should meet him as individuals, without formality. Given a man of understanding, more capable than ourselves of arousing interest and enthusiasm, and holding out to us a definite and inspir-

ing challenge, we must surely find greater satisfaction than in our past futility.

The Chaplain's open invitation holds a challenge to us that was lacking in the Christian Union, and our response to that challenge is the measure of our sincerity and our honest keenness to think and work towards an ideal.

In this respect we have done wisely in abandoning our Christian Union. The scapegoat has been driven out into the wilderness.

It rests with us now, as individuals, to show whether we have any interests higher than our stomach.

—W.W.L.

#### AGE.

Full many are thy fond declaimers,  
youth,  
That vaunt thy charms, and, thee  
departed, moan  
Thy vanished sweetness. These in very  
truth  
Revile the thoughts of Age; by it are  
thrown  
Into a sickening riot of clamorous fears.  
But give me Age: the age that sits at  
ease  
And counts the progress of declining  
years;  
That wavers forth on weak rheumatic  
knees  
To taste God's air, and, tasting it, recall  
The years of hopes, joys, fears, successes  
—scenes  
That vary with each changing mood, but  
all  
Seem strangely pleasant. Give me Age,  
that means  
To finish Life's repast—all Fortune gone,  
Then, doddering, senile, totter to the  
grave.

—Kai Viti.

#### ON DIT.

THAT the Black Bottom is appropriately the favourite song of the secretary of the Skating Club.  
THAT Tom likes Ted to go out on an open night.  
THAT some people get their ten guineas' worth out of their single studies.  
THAT Jack tried to borrow one of them on Gala Night.  
THAT the occupant wasn't having any.  
THAT Towser likes 'em young.

THAT it was just as well all the second  
VIII were good sailors.  
THAT the second eighteen was essentially a wet weather team.  
THAT some of the College affaires d'amour are getting too serious to joke about.  
THAT Claude's hours for organ practice are usually coincident with the decoration of the altar.  
THAT with our Chaplain it certainly is not a case of any port in a storm.  
THAT by a strange mistake in the first proofs our printer confused the Business Manager with the Janet Clarke Hall representative.  
THAT, although some things are better forgotten, the second eighteen want to be photographed.

## NEW FICTION.

The Age of Innocence—J. B. Trn-r.  
The Valley of the Giants—L-w-r B-sh-ps.  
Straight Talks to Women—E.J.  
The Little Savage—C. J. Zw-r.  
The Boys of the Bright Brigade—C. M. K-nn-dy and J. C. Brown.  
The Head-girl's Difficulty—W. F. Kng.  
The Phantom of the Opera—T. McK. C-lt-r.  
Loves of Carmen—J. B. S-m-rs-t.

## NEW SONGS.

Me and My Shadow—L. E. Odl-m and M-n-han.  
At Sundown—Johnnie Naughton.  
The Prisoner's Song—D. G. S-th-rland.  
I Gotta be 'ome by Nine—L.R.  
Lucky in Love—F. D. C-mbrae-St-w-rt and J. Pr-ud.

## "SOUVENIR."

Souvenir—a soft word, with a romantic past. Remembrance, thoughts of love. The amorous cavalier, heart aglow with passion and brain inspired with beauty, seizing a precious trifle from the fragrant dress of his eager, blushing, half-protesting maid. A legacy to be worn next the heart. A token treasured in secret, easing the anguish of parting, recalling moments too sweet to forget. Souvenir—Moonlight—Chivalry.

Souvenir—a wild word with an unhappy past. Remembrance, thoughts of war. The grim soldier, heart afire with

fighting and brain inspired with hate, clutching a worthless trifle from the muddy coat of his stricken, dying, half-resisting foe. A legacy to be worn on a jacket; a token shown to his comrades, cheering the boredom of journeys, recalling moments too fierce to forget. Souvenir—France—Soldiery.

Souvenir—a bright word with a daring past. Remembrance, thoughts of thrills. The unsteady student, heart alight with revel and brain inspired with hopes, smuggling some priceless trifle from the lair of an oily, prosperous, unsuspecting Greek. A legacy to be hung in a study; a token to be displayed to his friends, brightening the dullness of toiling, recalling moments too good to believe. Souvenir—Midnight—Devilry.

## THOUGHTS.

Having missed my last train and not having the wherewithal to ride with the gentleman shouting "Brunswick, two bob," I am walking home. It is a fairly pleasant walk, in spite of the nip in the air telling of the impending frost, and while I walk I ponder on the College and just how much it means to me. And I become filled with a delightful feeling: it means so much.

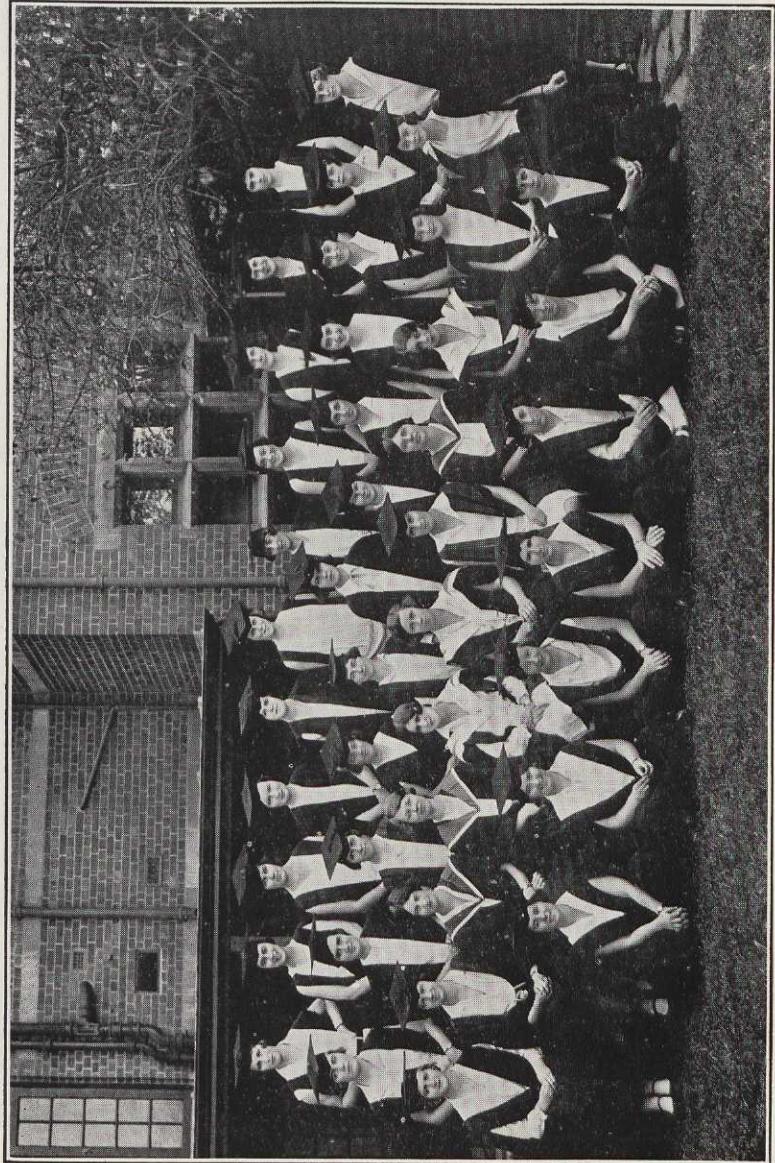
I walk on in pleasant anticipation, and soon I pass Tin Alley, and there on my right stands Trinity; its black hulk showing against the star-lit sky, with here and there windows lighted in pairs; but only a few. It is still early in the year and working late has not become a habit. I turn in the gate and walk up the drive, and in a minute or so I will be home; for Trinity is so very much a home. I think that I might be returning to a lodging. This thought makes me shudder and I cast it quickly from me.

Looking up I discern that the end windows in Clarke's are lit; this is the usual thing, and I murmur to myself "poor Meds. exams. in three months now."

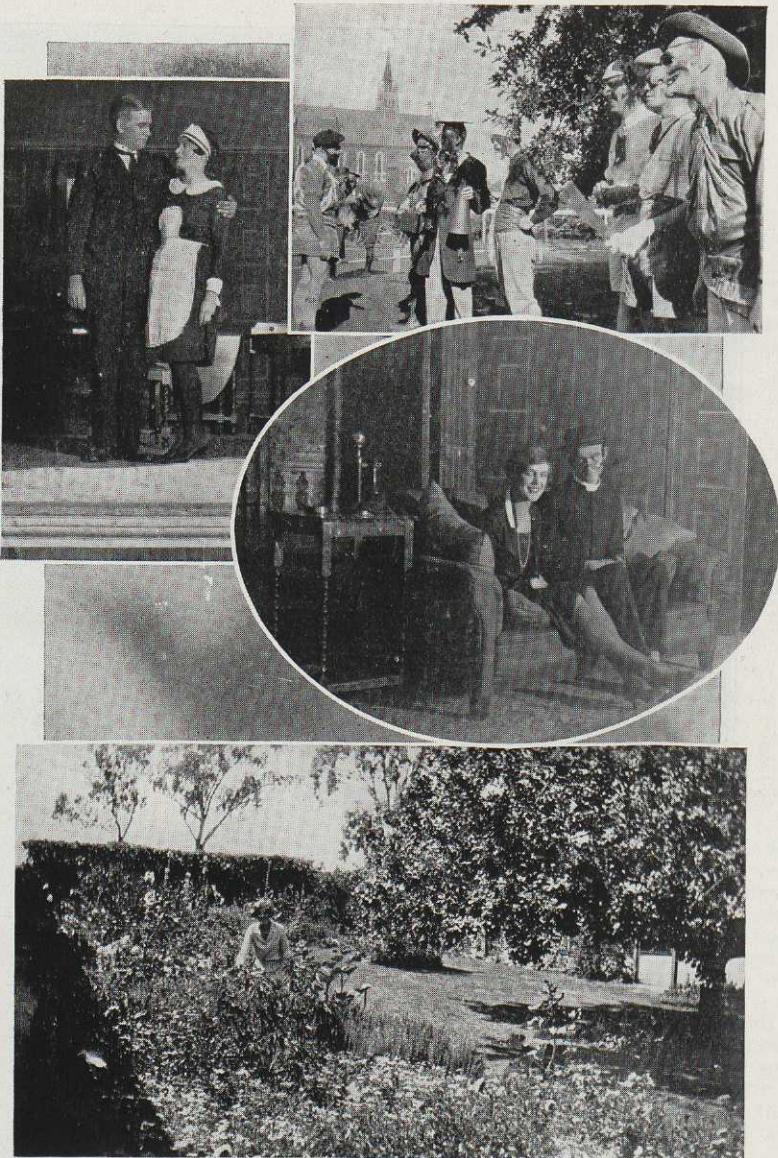
My wife, apparently, is still working, but while I am looking the light in our room is switched off. Good, I think. I will be able to yarn with him a while before turning in.

I enter and sign the gate book, and slowly stroll up to my room.

I am very happy. How fortunate I am to belong to this place, whose very walls seem to express comfort and splendid



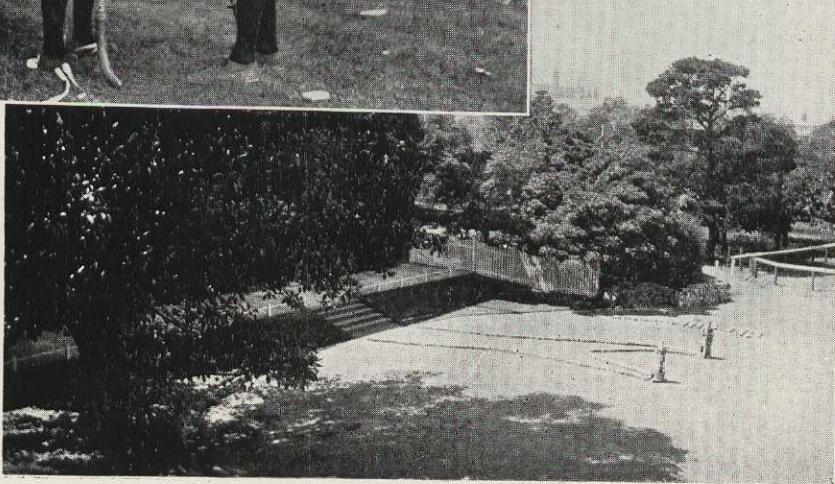
THE JANET CLARKE HALL STUDENTS' CLUB.



**COLLEGE SNAPSHOTS, 1928.**



COLLEGE SNAPSHOTS, 1928.



COLLEGE SNAPSHOTS, 1928.

tradition; and within which we happy family of eighty or so are given such opportunity to grow up and become men. This dear old College—I bless Trinity.

## THAT PARTY.

(Mr. Frank Johnson, of Parkville, to his friend, Mr. Russell Hyett, of Colac)  
2nd May.

Dear Russ,

I met Jack the other day down at Phair's, and he told me you're coming down for the boat race. I was thinking that perhaps we could have a bit of a party at the Rex the following Monday, which happens to be my twenty-first. Just as well, too, as I've been on the rocks since Commencement. The family left for a trip to Brisbane yesterday, but behaved quite reasonably before going. I'm asking Bet: shall I ask Gwen for you?

Cheerio till next week,  
Frank.

(Mr. Russell Hyett to Mr. Frank Johnson)

3rd May.

Dear Frank,

Thanks for your chit. I won't be down till late next week, so I'd be glad if you'd arrange the party. But don't ask Gwen for God's sake; how about asking that woman you introduced me to out at the tennis last month; you know the one I mean. She was with that woman with the legs.

Yours ever,  
Russ.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Miss Jean Friend, of the Canot Lark Hall, Parkville)

4th May.

Dear Jean,

I meant to ask you weeks ago, but every time I've rung you've been engaged. Could you come along with me to the Rex on the 14th? Bet's coming, also Russ Hyett, who I introduced you to out at Kooyong. There'll be just the four of us, I think. Hope it's O.K. for you,

Yours ever,  
Frank Johnson.

(Miss Friend, of the Canot Lark Hall, to  
Mr. Frank Johnson)

4th May.

Dear Frankie,

Thanks ever so much for your invitation, but I don't know if I can accept it. I've still got a late leave left, but we're not allowed to come back late unless we're with another of the girls. I don't know what to say. I'd adore to come, but it'll be damned difficult to wangle.

Love,  
Jeanie.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Mr. Russell Hyett)

5th May.

Dear Russ,

We're in a hell of a fix. The stupid woman sends me her love and says she'd adore to come, but apparently can't unless two from the place come home together. I suppose we'll have to ask another, and I'll get Jack to come along on condition that he pays for all he drinks. I'm nearly through my funds already.

Yours ever,  
Frank.

(Mr. Russell Hyett to Mr. Frank Johnson)

6th May.

Dear Old Boy,

Better ask the other woman, I suppose. Excuse my brevity, but my bath's overflowing,

Yours in haste,  
Russ.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Miss Jean Friend)

7th May.

Dear Jean,

It'll be O.K. for the 14th. I'm asking Gwen Chambers. You needn't mention that I asked you awhile ago: she might smell a rat.

Yours ever,  
Frank.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Miss Gwen Chambers, of the Canot Lark Hall)

7th May.

Dear Old Gwen,

I've been meaning to ask you for weeks, but I've a deuce of a bad memory. Could you join us at the Rex on the 14th?

## THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

I'm just going to write to Jean Friend to ask if she'll come, too.

Yours ever,

Frank.

(Miss Gwen Chambers to Mr. Frank Johnson)

8th May.

My Dear Frank,

Oh, thanks so much. I'd love to come, and, as I'll be staying with the family, who've come down for the polo, it won't matter what time I lob back at the Oriental. We've got to get back here so early, you know; I don't know how poor Jean will manage it,

Affectionately yours,  
Gwen.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Mr. Russ Hyett)

9th May.

Dear Russ,

Why did I ever suggest this ruddy party? The woman I asked and the lad I asked for her can both come, but as she won't be in gaol that week, but is staying in town, the Jean problem isn't solved yet. Why we shouldn't bring her home, God only knows. Apparently we're regarded as modern Don Juans. Nothing for it but to ask another couple, I suppose. Pity we didn't hire the Town Hall, isn't it? As nearly everyone'll be broke after next week-end, and my tailor's been going very sour about his account, I'm afraid I'll have to sell the motor bike to raise funds for Monday.

Yours worn to a frazzle,  
Frank.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Miss Eileen Helms, of the Canot Lark Hall)

9th May.

Dear Ei,

Excuse the short notice, but I've just decided to throw a fight at the Rex on the 14th. I'd love you to come,

Yours ever,  
Frank.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Mr. Russell Hyett)

11th May.

Dear Russ,

Everything's set at last—couples equal, Australian girlhood safely guarded, and all that. Sold the bike for £8—probably a

good job, as both tyres will go in a day or two. Lunch with me on Friday at the Waterman's.

Cheerio till then,  
Frank.

(Miss Jean Friend to Mr. Frank Johnson)  
11th May.

Dearest Frankie,

Ei and I have just struck an awful snag. The Principal has just learned that it's the Rex we're off to. She says we're not allowed to go to dance halls, so I said it was your birthday party. She didn't see what difference that made, but will refer the matter to the Hall Council on the Monday of the party. So we really can't say anything definite till then. You understand, don't you, Frankie, dear? Perhaps it would help if you sent them some references as to your character and so forth if you have any.

Yours ever,  
Jeanie.

(Mr. Johnson to Mr. Hyett by telegram)  
11th May (4 p.m.)

Whole show in air pending inquiry re character of Rex and self. Shall I call party off?

(Mr. Hyett to Mr. Johnson by telegram)  
11th May (5 p.m.)

Oh, my God, yes.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Miss Jean Friend)

11th May.

Dear Jean,

I've rather bad news. Yesterday we heard that my uncle, to whom I was very attached, was blown to pieces by a bath-heater explosion. So you'll understand my feelings in calling Monday's party off. Will you let the other girls know?

Yours truly,  
Frank.

(Mr. Frank Johnson to Mr. Russ Hyett)  
12th May.

Dear Old Lad,

Everything's fixed and we can breathe again. I've engaged a room down at St. Kilda for Monday night and asked a few of the troops to trot along. Do you think three Old Scotch and two dozen of Foster's will be enough? Anyway, we can easily get more down there if neces-

sary. I'm never going to ask a woman to go out with me again.

Till Monday night,  
Frank.

(The Secretary, Canot Lark Hall Council,  
to the Principal, Canot Lark Hall)  
14th May.

Dear Madam,

Re the application of two students for permission to visit the Rex on the 14th May, I beg to inform you that the Council has decided to make an inquiry as to the nature of the establishment. The Council will communicate its decision to you re the application after its meeting on June 15.

Yours sincerely,  
Isa Killjoy.

#### CAVE.

It isn't the strength of a man  
That matters, nor catch-as-catch-can,  
With a few simple throws  
You can level your foes  
By the science of ancient Japan.

When a ruffian comes up and hits you,  
If you just keep command of your wits  
you  
Can fling him par terre,  
And fasten him there  
By the gentlest art of jui-jitsu.

So they walk in the dark unafraid;  
They've mastered the tricks of the trade.  
They've thrown over men,  
And they'll do it again,  
The girls of MacLachan's brigade.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I suppose a Freshman, coming to the entirely new sphere of college life, always finds things which he regards as strange. That has been my experience this year. I have thought compulsory chapel strange, the college food and the Dialectic Society strange, but nothing has seemed so strange as the second eighteen and the attitude adopted towards it. That team this year consisted of about a dozen men with just a faint inkling as to how the game should be played, and half a dozen senior men. Some of them constituted the selection

committee. So far as one can ascertain, the selectors were self-appointed. That, too, seemed strange. Why are they not, like all other sub-committees, responsible to the Club Committee for the proper exercise of their duties? We do, I suppose, want to regain the football supremacy. The second eighteen should surely provide a training ground, not a poor vaudeville turn. College clowns have ample opportunity to make fools of themselves if they so desire at Commencement and the hockey match. Why should they be permitted to lower the prestige of a great game? Should not efficiency be preferred to seniority, or, rather, judging from football performances, senility?

Yours sincerely,

Aptitude before Decrepitude.

(When interviewed concerning this letter, Mr. a'Beckett (Capt. 1st XVIII) was reticent, but Mr. Grimwade, who was found perusing "American Life" in one of the reading rooms adjacent to the Common-room, said "Indeed" significantly.)

To the Editor, "Fleur-de-Lys."

Dear Sir—I come to you with a difficulty. There are other people to whom I might go, but they are otherwise occupied with important things—Law, for instance, and Liaisons, and Lumbago. Knowing, Sir, that you are comparatively free from these afflictions, I lay my humble problems at your magnificent feet. Other feet might spurn—but I digress.

My problem, to state it simply, is this:—What shall I write for the "Fleur-de-Lys"? How does one go about rescuing the printer from the maw of unemployment? As yet I do not know: I have tried. Last year (i.e., 1927) I, being full of Hope, and other more prosaic things, submitted a little thing for consideration of the Great One, your predecessor. (God grant him absolution!) It was a splendid little thing, a touching, tinkling, little thing, a little thing of such outstanding merit that I blush with modesty to think that it owed its existence to me. It was such a little thing as one rarely dreams of in one's wildest moments. It left me full of hope, soaring out into the wide world with a sort

of woozy chortling that reminded me of Whitney. I could scarcely await the outflow of your venerable compilation—I seemed to see my name and the Little Thing blazoned across the firmament in letters of fiery splendour. And when the great day arrived, did I? Was it? Sir, I hesitate to state what occurred. Frenziedly I tore through the issue, reading even the College Notes and the Wigram-Allen Essay in my futile search for my L.T. At last I found it, or rather mention of it, ushered into the hard world under the auspices of a certain opprobrious and cœrulaean ornithological specimen whose name a poet never even mentions.

More I shall not say—at least not much more. Slowly have I been building up my tissues with albumens, proteins, calories, and food and drink, till now I am almost myself again. I feel like Keats, and work like Hades.

And this brings me back to my point—what am I to write for the “Fleur-de-Lys”? Not being one of those fortunate beings who you, with tears in your eyes, have besought to fling their pearls with that careless abandon which characterises Genius—not being one of these, I say, I have no idea as to what would be fortunate enough to catch your eye—or do you use a hat?

Of course, the first thing that rises to the mind is the Hostel. What “Fleur-de-Lys” would be complete without the fervid outpourings of our souls on the subject of the Hostel, and those of the Hostel’s souls on the subject of Us? In fact, what would be left of the “Fleur-de-Lys,” except the cover and the tutor-inspired vituperations of vaporous votaries of vapid verse, without this playful badinage between the sexes? (What an opportunity Freud missed in not seeing our magazine!) But I take no interest in the Hostel: I get no chance! And, in any case, I wish to preserve my incognito, and talk of Woman’s intuition alarms me.

Then there are the old standbys; the Clarkes-Bishops connection—but that would fall through; the New Wing—but that is old; the College crest—but I am no geometrician; the real meaning of the term “Senior Student”—but I have no knowledge of these

things, being young, almost a fresher; in fact, many think I am still fairly freshish.

There remain only two alternatives, the machinations of the tutors, and the increasing interest shown in the quadrupedal inhabitants of the College. The tutors I will dismiss with a wave of the hand. (Would that I could!) That leaves only the C—s (one is afraid to be more explicit), and so perhaps some inspired verse (I use both terms advisedly) on this subject would not be amiss.

Hic it:—

Forth among the milling milkers  
Stole the dark marauders bold,  
Little thinking, little recking  
Of the . . . .

But the Underwood has seized, and 'tis nearly closing time, so I must fly. A pity, really, because it looked so promising, and I did want to write something for the “Fleur-de-Lys”!

SAM.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“CLAUDIUS” asks for a list of pieces to play at a Sunday School concert. This question has been answered in “Our Music Notes.”

“EBOD” asks how she is to keep that schoolgirl complexion when she is continually motoring. “Ebod” should (a) insist that the hood be always up to protect from the dust—it also looks better in the make of car you mention; (b) use a reliable face cream.

“PROUD FATHER.”—“Fleur - de - Lys” is relieved to hear that the baby is progressing favourably now. The cause of the trouble was no doubt that it was receiving too much attention. Continue to take it for an airing into the country, where it will not be distracted by many people, if possible, *at least* once a week.

“XER” asks for the name and address of a good coach in German, and also for particulars as to the latest fashions of dancing on the Continent. On receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope, “Fleur-de-Lys” will be pleased to supply same.

"J.C.U."—Your questions have been referred to the Stock Expert and an answer will be forwarded shortly. We suggest, in the meanwhile, however, that perhaps your cattle are too closely herded. Can you not obtain some extra ground for them? It would, of course, have to be fenced in.

"V.C.J." asks if Fleur-de-Lys can tell her of a reliable Detective Agency whom she could safely employ in the event of her again losing any little knick-knacks. "V.C.J." cannot do better than Rashon's Agency, of which she made mention.

#### LADIES' LIMERICKS.

There once was a College Librarian,  
A magnificent disciplinarian—  
But the few caustic lines  
He received with his fines  
Would have rattled an octogenarian.

The Editor knitted his brows,  
'Twould have made a young cherubim  
frowse.  
Some promising bard  
His effort had marred  
By stupidly mentioning "C—."

When Whitney mislaid his new Austin,  
He was pipped at the thought he was  
crossed in,  
His sabbatical ride,  
With the girl by his side  
From the Hostel young Austin was lost  
in.

#### THE KIDDIES' KINGDOM.

(Column conducted by Aunt Enid.)

Now, children, the good little bird has just whispered to your Aunt Enid that all her little nephews and nieces have been keeping out of hot water lately (not very difficult with the present bath-heaters), so she has decided to give you all a treat. She is going to tell you a Grim fairy tale. She hopes you'll love

it: it's just ripping (like the College blazer material). And be sure to tell it to mummy and daddy: they'll probably find it useful to tell to visitors who won't take a gentle hint about going home. Now here it is—

#### "THE STUDENT PRINCE OF THE TOWER"

Once upon a time there lived high up above the world, in a little tower, a good fairy prince. It was probably because he was so very good that he preferred to live so high up: if he had lived with the other gnomes on the ground he might, on a windy day, have seen things which would have made him blush. And so it was that he chose to view the world from the gallery: he shunned, as it were, the orchestra stalls of life. And he was such an industrious hard-working little chap that we might well call him "the Fairy Student Prince." He always wanted to learn all sorts of things, for one day he hoped to be a wise Solomon among the fairies. Not that he wished to be a Mormon, of course, for on him the most entrancing of the fairies made absolutely no impression (just like the College porter with the shoes in the morning).

But you all know, dears, how tiring life becomes if one never does anything naughty. Well, even the good Student Prince began to get a bit tired and restless away up there in his little tower. And so one day he timidly raised his right hand and said, "Excuse me, Conscience, may I leave the room please?" But his conscience, which he had under very poor control, was stern, replying, "Nay, Prince, go on reading the Law of Wrongs!" And as the good prince had never done anything wrong himself, he thought perhaps it would be a good idea to try to find out what there was wrong that people could do, so he went on reading. (Of course it would have been much quicker to ask Mr. O'Brien, but he never thought of that!) This state of affairs lasted for well nigh three years. Of course, dears, even a fairy prince has to leave the room sometimes, but our one wasn't very keen on doing so, because, no sooner did he turn his back than some thieving goblins would gobble his firewood (that was, of course, if they'd used up all the logs belonging to the Keeper

of the Royal Electric Light Globes). This Keeper was a great ogre, who terrified the gnomes by bursting in on them, crying, "Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, I smell the blood of an unauthorised electric kettle!" But this giant never frightened our prince, because his conscience was clear, and, moreover, he had plenty of time to get his kettle out of sight when he heard the ogre clattering up the little staircase. But, dears, I'm digressing a bit from the right track (like the Bursar's Tin-Scare), so I'll hurry back to the adventures of our hero. Well, as I said before, he did sometimes go out: then it was always to the Fairy Chapel, where he sang like a lark, or, rather, like a whole flock of them. And his singing had a good influence, for he sang with such enthusiasm that his voice could be heard by the naughty little gnomes who were still playing football on the Oval, or who were down town at the pictures, and they felt ashamed that they had neglected their devotions. And all the flapper fairies fell in love with him, but he saw them not.

But one night there was a fairy pageant (tickets 3/-, including tax), and the good prince decided to fly along. And there it was that a fairy called "Zephyr" came to him, vending programmes of the pageant. The good prince took one long look into her eyes and he was gone (so were about fifteen bob on programmes). But that night Zephyr gave him not merely the pageant programmes, but the springtime programme of Joy and Love. And soon there was a new sparkle in his eye (the left one). Of course his inexperience blinded him to the obvious disadvantages in a Zephyr. In the first place she can come at you from almost any direction: then, too, she can easily develop into a tornado. But to the Student Prince of the Tower she was Divine. Many a poet has made a song about the Zephyr, but our prince didn't make a song about her. No; the sly dog, he kept it quiet, and, as no one was suspicious, he managed to smuggle her into his secluded tower, where, except for occasional intervals, they have lived happily ever afterwards. Sometimes she flits away and leaves him in blissful idleness, doing nothing and duties forgotten (like the ex-milk curатор). But life is a new experience

for him now: she is always with him in spirit, usually in fact. That is why Geoff Morris misses the two least cracked cups of his tea-set every other afternoon.

And now, dears, as space is as scarce as breakfast after nine o'clock, Aunt Enid must hurry on to answer her little correspondents.

Little Roger de Crespigny asks, "What is the difference between Skinner and Langley?" If this is a riddle, Roger, Aunt Enid gives up, but if serious information is sought, she can help you. Langley (or is it Skinner?) has a freckle on his left thigh. This test is infallible, but obviously is not always convenient.

Teddy a'Beckett writes asking for some hints to improve his "footy." Well, Ted, Aunt Enid has forgotten more about football than she ever knew, so she interviewed two famous footballers for their advice. "Lancia" Grimwade, who was once the second emergency for South Frankston against Moorooduc in the Mornington Peninsula Sunday Schools' Second Eighteen Competition said: "The first thing for a young player to learn is the drop kick. The ball is initially grasped in both hands: it is then dropped, and one of the player's feet should be made to connect violently with it. I myself have never executed this connection with complete success, but I have seen others do it. It is not outside the realm of human possibility. It is immaterial which foot is used, but a long series of experiments has taught me that it is a mistake to try to kick with both feet at once." "Titus" Hollway (Ballarat Imperials) was emphatic in his advice. "The one great essential is to get rid of the ball absolutely as soon as possible. This gives one's opponents less provocation to jolt one unpleasantly." Aunt Enid hopes these hints will help.

Ag Zwar, of the Parkville Creche, asks the question which is ever uppermost in the minds of those entering adolescence. To be perfectly frank, Ag, all this talk about storks and artichokes is utter bunkum. But if you wish to know more, Aunt Enid advises you to go to Dr. Odlum, who, she is certain, will make the matter clear in a kindly and fatherly way.

Well, chickabiddies, that's about all for to-day. Love from your Aunt Enid.

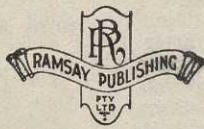
**Extracts from Log of Telephone Study.  
End of Second Term, 1928.**

*To-day's Resolution*—Must do at least three hours' work to-night.  
*Forecast*—Boisterous for a time, with tendency to moderate later in the evening.  
*Bar*.—Steady.

Time	Log
7.15	First attempt to start work, but piano still being played. Decide to read paper.
7.30	Quietness prevails; open book and start work.
7.35	Tel. rings. Hope there's someone in the Common-room. That's good—someone has answered it. Still better, since it is for Harris, and his minimum equals 19 min. 50 2-5 sec.
7.40	Re-start work.
8.0	Tel. rings, rings and rings. Toss up to see who goes. Finally, after tearing out of door and into passage, the phone is answered. Beaten on post. Retire to study and listen who the ring is for. It sounds like the Captain of the English XI. It is. Examine record books and find his average is 15.7.
8.7	Begin to try and concentrate.
8.8	Concentrating.
8.9	Only phone again; tear out. "Trinity College, Ballarat calling!" One yell down the wing brings him to the phone at once.
8.25	Sit down and do more work.
8.35	Working smoothly and moderately well. Nearly died of fright. Sewell seems to be going for a ride on his cycle.
8.40	Phone again; we're the mugs. After three mighty yells with the oak quivering with vibration, no answer. "Marsh is not in at present." Any message? "Yes!"—
8.50	Start work again.
9.0	Therm. falling; fire must be lacking vitamins. Replenish store.
9.5	Phone again. Only Resch—fair average (fair, but over aged).

- 9.10 Window opens and head appears through curtains. "Has post gone yet?" "Don't think so." "Good-oh!" "Good-bye and shut the window!"
- 9.15 Porter takes letter.
- 9.20 A rattle of milk bottles indicates that the milk curator's conscience has troubled him to-night.
- 9.45 Knock at door. A shivering man who has been out comes in to warm himself by the fire before going to his radiator.
- 9.49 Tactfully eject him.
- 9.55 Ormond bell. Pleasant anticipation.
- 10.0 Ormond clock strikes. Ah, at last supper. Now for a well-earned rest.
- 10.15 Sounds like somebody dropping bricks from above—only Keon-Cohn doing the Varsity drag (drop).
- 10.20 Knock at door. Figure appears. "Have you got a stamp?" "Yes, but we're not the stationery curators!" "Yes, I know, but they have set hours." We're the mugs.
- 10.25 Enter up to-night phone records. Find Hollway and Grimwade still in the first six, although they haven't been rung up to-night.
- 10.35 Think about doing some more work after finishing the record book.
- 10.45 Start. Weather moderating.
- 11.25 Phone again; whose turn is it? All right. Someone with a very soft voice wants to speak to J. Sewell. After one yell he bounds down to the phone.
- 11.45 Phone again. "Trinity College speaking." Could you get all night leave for me? All right!"
- 12.30. Midnight. Change of watch (and subject). Still have 14 minutes to do.
- 12.10 Working well, but beginning to weaken.
- 12.15 Stop work meeting (work one minute overtime).

*To-night's Funny Story*—Did three hours' work.



203-7 KING STREET, MELBOURNE

