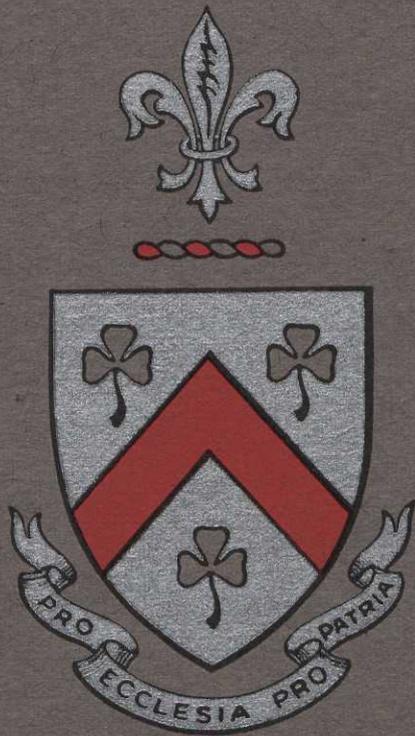
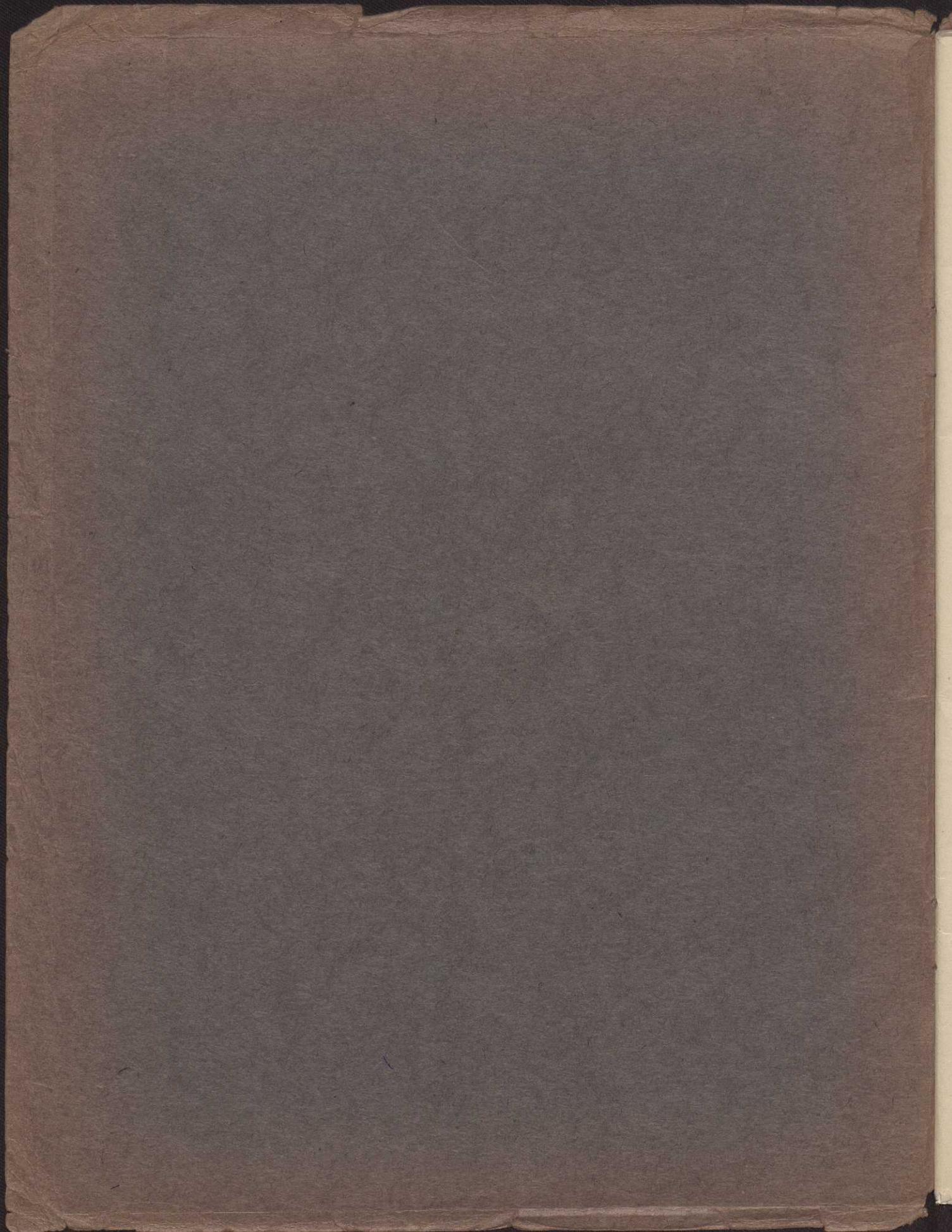


1942
October



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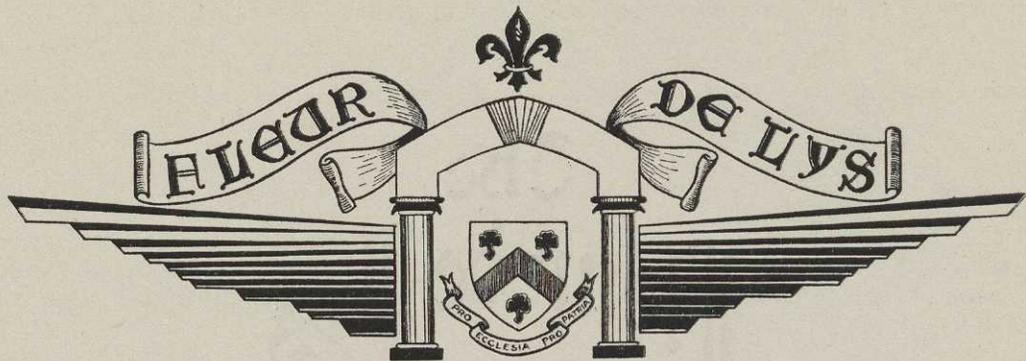
October, 1942



The
Fleur-de-Lys

Vol. IV., No. 42

TRINITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE



Editor: C. J. BEAUMONT.

Janet Clarke Hall Liaison: MARGARET HYETT.
Business Manager: J. A. MUNRO.

COLLEGE NOTES

Students' Club

President and Senior Student: G. B. Gresford.
Honorary Secretary: J. H. Cloke.
Honorary Treasurer: J. A. Munro.
Indoor Representative: K. C. Westfold-Scott.
Outdoor Representative: P. R. Brett.

Trinity College in 1942 has been but a ghost of its former self. With the establishment of the R.A.A.F. School of Administration at the University at the beginning of the year, the College became host to large numbers of potential officers. During the early part of first term our guests occupied the Wing and Bishops', but by infiltration tactics, which even the Warden was powerless to prevent, the College proper was pushed back in the middle of first term to the Behan Building, the Air Force over-running all of Clarke's, except the Common Room. Concentrating the College in the Behan Wing has meant sharing rooms, but on the whole this has been a "good thing" as wifing has helped to keep alive some College spirit.

The beginning of the year showed a number of new faces at the High Table. Dr. H. C. Corben has become Acting Dean, a position he fills with great energy, and satisfaction to all parties.

His help and advice have been much appreciated by the retiring Committee. At the end of 1941 the Rev. F. A. Walton left us, to enter the matrimonial lists, and this year his place as Acting Chaplain has been filled by the Rev. R. Hamilton. Mr. A. T. Austin is also a newcomer.

We have been glad to hear recently of two members of the College staff now on leave. The Dean (now Lieut.-Col.) has been appointed Assistant Director of Education, First Australian Army, and transferred to the North. The Chaplain (Rev. John McKie) is back in Australia from the Middle East, and is now carrying on his duties as Acting Chaplain-General in Brisbane. He called at the College on his way through Melbourne.

The College was deeply shocked to learn of the death of Mrs. Ryall at the end of 1941. The position of Matron has been filled by Miss Rushton, to whom everyone's thanks are due for her efforts in maintaining the smooth running of the domestic affairs of the College in the face of the tremendous difficulties caused by the war. Thanks are also due to those members of the domestic staff who have stood by us.

There have been no official sporting events this year owing to the war, but an unofficial football competition was played between the Colleges. In the first round Trinity defeated Queen's but lost to Ormond in the final. The win against Queen's was celebrated by a sports night in good old College tradition. Mr. C. A. Galbraith was the moving spirit in organising the Trinity team.

Owing to the war and the depletion of the College cellar, to say nothing of the presence of the Air Force, we grace the festive board but seldom. Since the last issue of the "Fleur-de-Lys" we have had two dinners. At the end of 1941 the Warden gave a combined Commemoration of Benefactors and Valedictory Dinner, at which the guests, in addition to those going out of College, were the Chancellor of the University (His Honour, Mr. Justice C. J. Lowe) and the Right Rev. Bishop Green. Before dinner a Commemoration of Benefactors service was held in the Horsfall Chapel.

During first term, 1942, the Associated Clubs gave a combined Freshers' and Valedictory Dinner to welcome freshmen and farewell medical graduates about to go down. In the absence of the Warden the Senior Student presided, and the guest of honour was Mr. J. B. Turner, M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S. This dinner was a particularly happy function and demonstrated that there is still plenty of College spirit extant.

Many College functions have had to be abandoned during the year. We missed the celebrations on boat race nights, and there has been no Elliot Fours. However, the Jutoddie Handicap, the Annual Hockey Match against J.C.H. and the Golf Tournament were held, and well supported. It is to be hoped that some at least of these events will be kept on, so that when the war is over there will still be some traditions to maintain continuity with the past.

Common Room Dances have been continued, and prove popular with most of the College, despite the long trek from the Behan Building to the Com-

mon Room. For the duration the expenses of these dances are defrayed by a direct levy on gentlemen attending, and an equivalent sum donated by the Associated Clubs to the Red Cross. Quite a large amount of money has been given in this way.

For the first time for some years no College Play was produced, although the Dramatic Club has held some play readings during the year in conjunction with J.C.H.

With the loss of the Wireless Room to the Air Force the improvements to the furnishings carried out at the end of 1941 were largely lost. However, some of the furniture and the wireless set, together with the fiction library, have been transferred to the basement of the Behan Building, forming a very comfortable reading room. The billiard table has also been installed here, a satisfactory though somewhat confined billiard room resulting.

One important College activity during the year has been the growing of vegetables — a local Dig-for-Victory campaign. Although received with little enthusiasm at first, the scheme is now thoroughly established and the area to the east of the Wing laid out in flourishing plots. The credit for this is due largely to Mr. Austin for his enthusiastic organisation and example.

These notes would be incomplete without some reference of appreciation to the various tobacco curators who have become necessary since the departure of Gattrell. The services of J. Chisholm must also be commended in respect of his tasks as hot water bursar. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the College Overseer, Syd. Wynne, whose masterpiece during the year has been the construction of the Warden's Post in the Behan Cloisters.

Although the war has wrought so many changes in Trinity, it is still the D.O.C., and it is to be hoped that men coming on will endeavour to keep the College spirit alive until it can blossom forth again when peace comes.

CHAPEL NOTES, 1942

Notwithstanding the decrease in residents this year, the Chapel services have continued much as usual, with recognition of the National Days of Prayer, in addition to the observation of Saints' Days by celebrations of Holy Communion.

The choir's strengthening of the singing, and its rendering of suitable anthems under the direction of Mr. Howard Hollis, has been much appreciated.

His Grace the Archbishop (the Most Reverend J. J. Booth) visited us during second term and preached at the ten o'clock Sunday morning service, as did the Acting-Chaplain (Reverend R. Hamilton) on other occasions. To both our thanks are due; and we are also indebted to the Reverend J. Falkingham and the Reverend H. W. Nunn for their assistance at the Corporate Communion in first term.

DIALECTIC SOCIETY

Nothing beside remains. If we have survived it is by interior lines of communication.

Office-Bearers for 1942

President: Dr. Behan, ex-officio.
Vice-President: Mr. A. G. L. Shaw.
Secretary: Mr. C. J. Beaumont.
Committee: Messrs. K. C. Westfold-Scott, J. A. Munro, J. W. Chisholm.

The estimates of the scrutineers were these:—

Mr. Munro	7.942
„ Beaumont	7.326
„ Graham	6.885
„ Chisholm	6.625
„ Westfold-Scott	6.422

The President's Medal for Oratory was given to Mr. Beaumont, the Leeper Prize to Mr. Munro, medallist for 1941.

The following gentlemen read essays for the Wigram Allan Prize: Messrs. Westfold-Scott, Graham, Chisholm, Munro, Zimmerman, Boake. They were judged by Father Hackett, Mr. Keith Macartney and Mr. J. Foster; the prize

was awarded to Mr. Zimmerman. Messrs. Munro and Graham ran into places.

Only five meetings were held during the year, but most of them were memorable; one was indelible. On July 29th the J.C.H. Society walked into our parlour in the firm belief that "Man is content to be deluded." So it was decided, for many reasons — about 40, in fact.

Now may we rest.

VALETE, 1941

D. B. Adams—1941.
A. Ashbolt—1940-41.
P. W. Atkins—1936-41.
G. F. W. Beggs—1940-41.
D. C. Bennett—1941.
W. G. Brett—1941.
A. L. Bridge—1939-41.
A. H. Cash—1941.
H. C. Clegg—1940-41.
J. H. Cranswick—1941.
G. C. Darby—1940-41.
D. A. B. Farquhar—1941.
A. G. Gibson—1939-41.
P. D. Goatcher—1941.
J. S. Guest—1936-41.
K. H. Hatherly—1941.
R. A. D. Hood—1940-41.
J. R. Hubbard—1939-41.
D. A. Hunt—1939-41.
S. A. Keighley—1941.
J. R. Kelaher—1941.
J. M. McCracken—1936-41.
P. G. McIntosh—1939 and 1941.
D. H. McWhae—1939-41.
W. J. Meredith—1940-41.
H. S. Moroney—1936-41.
H. W. Nunn—1937-41.
G. J. Odgers—1941.
W. E. O'Shea—1938-41.
T. V. Ottaway—1940-41.
A. G. L. Price—1939-41.
N. R. Pugh—1940-41.
R. D. Purnell—1941.
T. B. Ready—1941.
J. W. Smith—1939-41.
M. J. Southey—1940-41.
G. H. Stott—1940-41.
G. F. Trinca—1940-41.
H. H. Turnbull—1941.
T. V. Walpole—1936-41.
H. W. Wigley—1939-41.
J. L. Wilbur-Ham—1939-41.
J. C. Wilkinson—1937-41.
J. F. Williams—1940-41.

SALVETE, 1942

E. Aberdeen—Med. II.
J. A. Barker—Science I.
W. C. Boake—Science III.
F. N. Bouvier—Med. I.
J. W. G. Brown—Eng. I.

G. Farmer—Science I.
 P. H. Gibson—Med. II.
 W. H. Graham—Arts III.
 W. S. C. Hare—Med. I.
 T. N. Hayes—Commerce IV.
 Y. N. Leong—Eng. I.
 P. G. McMahon—Med. I.
 D. Michell—Eng. II.
 J. A. Miles—Arts I.
 J. A. Scott—Med. VI.
 C. A. Shain—Science III.
 J. W. Skinner—Dent. I.
 D. L. Watson—Arts I.
 S. C. Wigley—Med. IV.
 R. H. Zimmerman—Arts I.

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS, AND EXHIBITIONS, 1942.

(Including Janet Clarke Hall)

A. M. White Scholarships—A. H. Cash, Leonie J. Gibson, Bronnie G. Taylor, A. W. Venables.
 Charles Hebden Scholarships—D. L. Watson, K. C. Westfold-Scott.
 Charles Hebden Bursary—W. C. Boake.
 Henry Berthon Scholarship—T. N. Hayes.
 R. & L. Alcock Scholarships—J. A. Barker, C. J. Beaumont.
 Clarke Scholarship—S. C. Wigley.
 Perry Scholarship—N. H. Georgeff.
 F. C. Stanbridge Scholarship—Elaine F. Brumley.
 Annie Ruth Grice Scholarship—Olive Wykes.
 Sara Stock Scholarship—Margaret M. Hyett, Elizabeth A. Lacey.
 Mrs. L. L. Lewis Scholarship—Gwenyth R. Wykes.
 F. H. Chambers Memorial Exhibition—Winsome M. M. Jones.
 Trinity Women's Society Jubilee Scholarship—Jill T. M. Dickinson.
 Council's Major Scholarships—J. A. Miles, Lorna V. Sisely.
 Council's Minor Scholarships—J. H. Cloke, A. F. Pillow, C. A. Shain.
 Council's Non-Resident Exhibitions—E. Dorothy Armstrong, E. L. G. Beavis, J. H. W. Birrell, W. B. Eggington, I. S. Epstein, Mary J. Hoy, J. V. Hurley, Mary E. Lugton, L. R. Masel, Mary L. A. Moody, N. A. A. Myers, Deborah Newton, P. B. Scutt, K. M. Slater, I. H. Smith, G. S. Watson, R. W. Webster, L. W. Williams, Ruth Williams.
 Combedown Theological Studentship—W. H. Graham.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS

CLASS LISTS.

Annual Examinations—November, 1941, including Medical and Dental Examinations held during the year.

First Class Honours.

E. Dorothy Armstrong—French Language and Literature of the Middle Ages; French, Part II; German, Part II.
 A. H. Cash—Greek, Part I; Latin, Part I.
 Merial C. Clark—Chemistry, Part III.

W. B. Eggington—Latin, Part II.
 I. S. Epstein—Chemistry (Medical Course).
 N. H. Georgeff—Biochemistry (including Clinical Biochemistry), Division II., M.B., B.S.
 Mary J. Hoy—Anatomy (including Histology), Division II.
 B. Hudson—Natural Philosophy (Medical Course).
 D. G. Hurley—Natural Philosophy, Part I.
 J. V. Hurley—Anatomy (including Histology), Division II.; Biochemistry (including Clinical Biochemistry), Division II., M.B., B.S.; Physiology (including Pharmacology), Division II., M.B., B.S.
 Joan M. McMahon—Physiology and Biochemistry, Part I.
 Nancy McNeill—Anatomy (including Histology), Division II.
 N. A. A. Myers—Anatomy (including Histology), Division IIA.
 Jane Nevett—Third Year Music.
 Deborah Newton—English Language and Literature, Part I.; Philosophy, Part I.
 M. Beth Noye—Botany, Part II.
 Ilse C. Posner—German, Part II.
 E. J. Seow—Architectural Drawing.
 G. W. Trinca—Anatomy (including Histology), Division IIA.
 Berta Ungar—Chemistry (Medical Course); Zoology (Medical Course).
 A. W. Venables—Botany (Medical Course); Chemistry (Medical Course); Natural Philosophy (Medical Course); Zoology (Medical Course).
 A. R. Wakefield—Medicine (including Clinical Medicine).
 K. C. Westfold-Scott—Natural Philosophy, Part II.
 H. W. Wigley—Clinical Orthodontia; Dental Surgery and Pathology, Dental Science (Degree Class List).
 S. C. Wigley—Anatomy (including Histology), Division II.

Second Class Honours.

A. N. L. Atkinson—Economics, Part I; Introduction to Legal Method.
 E. L. G. Beavis—Anatomy (including Histology), Division II.; Biochemistry (including Clinical Biochemistry), Division II., M.B., B.S.; Physiology (including Pharmacology), Division II., M.B., B.S.
 Rotha F. Bechervaise—Money and Banking.
 J. M. Bland—Latin, Part I.
 Barbara J. Borthwick—Economics, Part I.
 W. G. Brett—Modern History; Money and Banking; Statistical Method.
 Elaine F. Brumley—Greek, Part I; Latin, Part I.
 Merial C. Clark—Bacteriology, Part II.
 J. H. Cloke—General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology.
 J. H. Cranswick—Ancient History, Part I; British History B.
 Pamela L. Cuttle—Zoology (Medical Course).
 W. B. Eggington—French, Part II.; Greek, Part II.
 I. S. Epstein—Natural Philosophy (Medical Course); Zoology (Medical Course).
 W. S. Frey—Ancient History, Part I; British History B.
 N. H. Georgeff—Physiology (including Pharmacology) Division II., M.B., B.S.
 Moira H. Giblin—English Literature, Part II.

June M. Gray—Accountancy, Part IIA.
 J. S. Grice—Applied Mathematics, Part I.; Natural Philosophy, Part I.
 J. S. Guest—Surgery (including Clinical Surgery).
 K. H. Hatherly—Pure Mathematics, Part I.
 Mary J. Hoy—Physiology (including Pharmacology) Division II., M.B., B.S.
 B. Hudson—Chemistry (Medical Course); Zoology (Medical Course).
 D. G. Hurley—Chemistry, Part I.; Pure Mathematics, Part I.
 Margaret M. Hyett—English Language, Part II.; English Literature, Part II.
 Marcia C. Jack—Medicine (including Clinical Medicine).
 S. A. Keighley—Chemistry, Part I.
 F. G. Kellaway—English Language and Literature, Part I.
 W. R. Kingston—Anatomy (including Histology), Division IIA.
 G. D. Leighton—Natural Philosophy, Part I.
 J. A. Le Page—Biochemistry (including Clinical Biochemistry), Division II., M.B., B.S.
 J. M. McCracken—Medicine (including Clinical Medicine); Obstetrics and Gynaecology; Surgery (including Clinical Surgery).
 Mary L. A. Moody—French Language and Literature of the Middle Ages; French, Part II.; Latin Part II.
 Margery G. Newman Morris—Economic Geography.
 N. R. Morris—Introduction to Legal Method; Law of Wrongs (Civil and Criminal).
 N. A. A. Myers—Physiology and Biochemistry, Division IIA., M.B., B.S.
 M. Beth Noye—Physiology and Biochemistry, Part I.
 W. E. O'Shea—Roman Law.
 A. F. Pillow—Applied Mathematics, Part II.
 Elisabeth W. Pryde—General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology.
 P. N. Richards—Engineering, Part I.
 Janet A. Scott Good—Physiology and Biochemistry, Part I.
 C. A. Shain—Applied Mathematics, Part II., Natural Philosophy, Part II.
 Frank Shann—Education.
 Mavis A. Taylor—Introduction to Legal Method.
 Margaret J. Thielicke—Bacteriology, Part I.
 Berta Ungar—Botany (Medical Course).
 Betty E. Vroland—Philosophy, Part I.
 Patricia Wadeldon—English Literature, Part II.
 A. R. Wakefield—Surgery (including Clinical Surgery).
 K. C. Westfold-Scott—Applied Mathematics, Part II.
 Mary B. Wheeler—Surgery (including Clinical Surgery).
 Lillian D. White—Zoology, Part II.
 H. W. Wigley—Conservative Dental Surgery, Part II.; Exodontia and Anaesthesia; Oral Surgery.
 S. C. Wigley—Biochemistry (including Clinical Biochemistry), Division II., M.B., B.S.
 L. A. F. Young—Natural Philosophy (Medical Course); Zoology (Medical Course).

**Final and Final Honour Examinations—
 December, 1941, and March, 1942.**

First Class Honours.

Fanny E. Amor—English and French.
 C. J. Beaumont—History.
 Shirley J. Deane—English Language and Literature.

Alison M. H. Hamer—History.
 Ann E. Hurley—Philosophy.
 Lorna W. Southwell—English Language and Literature.
 Bronnie G. Taylor—French Language and Literature.
 Olive Wykes—Latin and French.
Second Class Honours.
 Diana M. F. Armit—History and Philosophy.
 Kate M. Frewin—History.
 Mary J. Hain—History.

**Examinations for Higher Degrees and
 Diplomas—March, 1942.**

W. F. Connell—Master of Arts (History), with First Class Honours.
 R. G. Curtis—Master of Science (Chemistry), with First Class Honours.
 Margaret M. Henderson—Doctor of Medicine.

**UNIVERSITY AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS,
 1941.**

E. Dorothy Armstrong—Mrs. William Smith Exhibition in French, Part II.; Exhibition in German, Part II.
 A. H. Cash—H. B. Higgins Exhibition in Greek, Part I.; John Grice Exhibition in Latin, Part I.
 Merial C. Clark—James Cumming Memorial Scholarship (Major) in Chemistry, Part III.
 Shirley J. Deane—Dwight's Prize in English Language and Literature; Enid Derham Prize in English Literature (Poetry).
 W. B. Eggington—Exhibition in Latin, Part II.
 B. C. Fitzpatrick—1941 Dublin Prize for Original Contribution to Literature, or Science, or Art.
 Alison M. H. Hamer—R. G. Wilson Scholarship and Dwight's Prize in History.
 J. V. Hurley—Dwight's Prize in Anatomy (including Histology), Division II., M.B., B.S.; Exhibition in Physiology and Biochemistry, Division II., M.B., B.S.
 Margaret M. Hyett—One-third share of Edward Stevens Exhibition and one-third share of Alexander Sutherland Prize in English Language, Part II. and English Literature, Part II.
 J. M. McCracken—Half-share of Jamieson Prize in Clinical Medicine.
 N. A. A. Myers—Half-share of Exhibition in Physiology and Biochemistry, Division IIA., M.B., B.S.
 Deborah Newton—Half-share of John Sanderson Exhibition in English Language and Literature, Part I.
 M. Beth Noye—E. F. Millar Exhibition in Botany, Part II.
 R. C. Rollason—Half-share of Baldwin Spencer Prize in Zoology (Medical Course).
 Bronnie G. Taylor—Dwight's Prize in French Language and Literature; John Masfield Prize for Original Poem.
 Berta Ungar—Half-share of W. H. Swanton Exhibition in Zoology (Medical Course).
 K. C. Westfold-Scott—Dixson Scholarship in Pure Mathematics, Part II.
 Lillian D. White—Exhibition in Zoology, Part II.

Wigram Allan Essay

THE WORLD

Oh, God, what a world this is! . . . If it is like this on earth, what must the hereafter have in store? We are born, and during the first years of our life we are taught to love and help our fellow men, but, oh, what a false picture. We are no sooner old enough and able to help our brothers than we are told to hate and destroy. We are given a body with which to serve God, but in our haste we mistake Him and turn to Mars. In the name of Mercy we battle and destroy; in the cause of freedom we slaughter and enslave. We are always told that we are right and the enemy wrong, when the whole time the issues are confused, and it is greed that drives us on. The banners are waving, the fanfare is loud. Amidst hysterical cheers we march on to war, to die for our country, the nation that is right.

One devil, it seems, is enough to drive the world to madness. The monster leads a people who had been driven to shame and misery by well meaning neighbours; neighbours who thought they could cure by useless force, when loving kindness was needed. Instead of replacing hatred by goodwill they intensified it by driving it under.

Together we, the allies, won the last war, and together we, the allies, lost the Peace, so dearly attained, by stupidity and neglect. To-day we blame our present foe for the hell in which we live, when in truth it is we who are to blame. We drove the vanquished people to their knees and forced upon them conditions which were ever to cry "Revenge!" The treaty, it is true, was far more humane than one they would have dictated, but it put the noble causes, for which we said we fought, to shame. We made all kinds of promises, but we were more concerned with our rights than our duties.

To-day, our fathers, our mothers and our sisters are all in the struggle together. We are told, as we have been told many times before, that we are

striving for our existence. And yet, to look about us, one would think it was all a mere fiasco. Aunt Susie objects to all the war pictures: "It might give the children a wrong impression of the world." Uncle Tom damns the government because of the shortage of tobacco. Father is striking for more pay, and Sister Bertha is annoyed because Joe can't get petrol. Brother Richard can only come home from camp during the week-ends. They all mean well, they all tell themselves that they are doing their bit. They take the National Effort as an evil necessity, and the war as an inconvenience, that will end in our favour whether they trouble themselves or not.

We are told the enemy is weak, ill-equipped and discontented, when the backing given to its forces puts our meagre effort to shame. We are fighting with our whole hearts, but the foe has given its very soul to the battle. Our minor victories are magnified to be great triumphs, and our routs are described as strategic moves. On all sides we meet contradiction. Would it not be better to tell the nation the truth and let them share in the responsibility?

The war was brought upon us when our ill-advised leaders misjudged the might and determination of our enemy, and promised help to dying nations. These distinguished gentlemen covered ignorance with verbosity.

If, by chance, our existing ways bring us victory, let no man praise his people or his nation too highly for a victory that will be the fruit of united effort. There will have to be bold and conclusive plans to preserve peace; however, such plans must not be undertaken until time has allowed tempers to cool. Their must be communal sacrifice and the attainment of Peace must be a victory for all.

Oh, what a dream, what an unreasonable dream, to hope that feeble man will ever be able to overcome his supreme master, "Lust" — "Lust," the dynamic factor in the world, that drives us to love and hate, to peace and war.

But am I right? Was this great planet, with all its marvels, created to be used thus? Were we placed on it to act as we do? Or is there some hidden purpose; have we some secret mission? Do I see the world as it is, or has my sight been blinded by some distorted vision? Why do we endure such pain, why do we continue to fight when all leaves us but the will to say, "Hold on." Is there something more after all? I wonder.

R. H. Z.

TO EARTH

Wounded, I ran. My flight was unemotional, thoughtless, blind. Towards what haven could it be directed? No protection was afforded by erstwhile sheltering walls, no comfort was to be gleaned from petty subterfuge, nor from aloof dismissal. To none could I turn. And so I ran.

How long my mind worked without conscious control I could not tell; all that I knew was that now the road was familiar. The sandy road, with its jagged metal thrown to the side by passing drays, struck some deep chord of memory. Yes, there to the right was a hawthorn hedge; those stunted eucalypts and that patch of ti-tree confirmed my impression. I was near my birthplace, in that flat, scrubby country so typical of the seaboard of coastal plains, with coarse sandy loam that runs through the fingers, no matter how tightly clenched; with stiff, salt-tanged breezes straight from the sea, which fail to corrode the fine vegetables growing, rather incongruously, in gardens sheltered by innumerable boxthorn hedges.

One sometimes reads how a full-grown man will seek once more the scenes of childhood at the height of crisis. Across the minds of statesmen and generals, tense with responsibility, have passed the tender memories of nursery chatter and the irrecoverable delights of boyhood. Here was I, fleeing from fortune's scythe, roving once more the fields which, so many years ago, had been my world.

I knew the road now, it had not changed. I remembered the blue-tongue lizard, whose frightening fangs had held at bay the cruel stones of my fellow ten-year-olds. We had wounded it severely before it had crawled to the safety of an impenetrable hedge, there to die amidst the scent of hawthorn and apple blossom. I shuddered at our thoughtless cruelty: now I was wounded sore: I would crawl into the hedge to die with the lizard, after one last look at my beloved heathland.

Setting off through bracken-fern I soon stumbled upon rabbit burrows, with which were associated thoughts of dogs and ferrets; but I had no stomach for more cruelty and my mind leapt to a human burrow which had served as headquarters for many a daring raid upon the carrots and onions of the Chinese market-gardeners. Without further ado I was looking for the old hide-out, to which I had led blindfold the outsiders to our closed company. It might have been yesterday, so easily did I find the route through the thick low scrub, over the marsh, along the sand track, past the tunnel and then fifty paces to the lair. I was nearly there now, not without noticing that the long ditch was dry, and although the tunnel's collapsed outline was still visible, the actual dug-out was not to be found. No longer my comrades sat below the level of the earth, cooking potatoes in the hot ashes, indulging in the surreptitious cigarette and "full of strange oaths." Time plays such havoc with human associations, that to the mental pain of heart so lately soothed by childhood's scenes came an awakening twinge.

A skylark started out of a tussock to rise, not as of old, full of song with wings twinkling against the strong sunlight, but, with a frightened squawk, to scud towards the open farmland.

But my time was short. I threaded my way through lightwood to the line of pine trees, still moaning softly in the wind; huge sentinels whose branches were full of magpies' (maybe eagles') nests. I had never been able to climb

the big pine. Its boughs were far too massive for my small limbs, although its lesser neighbours had provided fine views of the sea far away over the heath. Sometimes we had pelted one another with pine cones or had carved boats and knife-handles from their unprotesting bark.

I sighed at the thought of innocence, that prime virtue, once lost, never to be regained. Tears welled to my eyes, as I moved towards the orchards where many a hard, green apple had been plucked in time to escape worse fate, the codlin moth. Probably codlin moth symbolised all that was evil to my young eyes, for, as I strolled through those lines of barren trees I could hear once more the words most impressed by contact with our old Parish Church: "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth, where rust and moth doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal." What thoughts for a young apple thief! Rust and moth I knew, thieving I knew—what puzzled was "earth," "upon earth," "treasure upon earth" — why, earth was my treasure.

There had been quinces, too, but no one had minded our taking them. Perhaps they were free to our small community; at any rate, they were to be seen everywhere; half-nibbled in school desks, hanging over fences, two dozen of them bulging in a boy's blouse.

Suddenly my attention was taken by a small herd of cows. It was early afternoon and they were lying in the shadow of the outbuildings of one of the nearer farms. Memories of what had been pleasant enough labours came to my mind. It had been cold in the hurried winter mornings, when those patient creatures had withstood the buffetings of willing, but, alas, inconsiderate hands. My first taste of Shakespeare took lively shape as I thought of the frost underfoot, and the thin layers of ice in the puddles:

"When Dick the Shepherd blows his
nail

And milk comes frozen home in pail."

The image was followed in correct se-

quence. From cows to schoolhouse had been the former order and thus it was now.

I trod again the once toilsome way, unburdened by the weight of slate and primer, but unfurnished, too, for a few grey hairs and a lined face were the successors of what had been plastered and shining. I had changed, but the earth less so. There was the quarry where many a truant day had been squandered; further on was the water hole, the home of frogs and tadpoles a million-oh! The joy in my heart was stabbed again when I thought of the schoolmate whose short life had slipped to its close upon its chalky bank.

Was repose never to be gained? There was always this illusive bitter-sweet at every turn. I had flown to what should have soothed, and yet its effect was like that of an excessive drug, it soothed but killed in soothing.

With an effort I could see the red roof of the school house, nestling amongst the trees that stretched back from the crude fence. It had not grown. I could scarce believe that upon that playground had been fought my first fight, that in those old brick rooms had been planted some small love of learning, that within sound of that tarnished bell I had carved my initials, together with those of some pig-tailed miss whose name I could not even remember.

Lest I should be caught by the released enthusiasm of those still droning voices I turned my steps towards the village, pausing now and again to gather some of the choicest heath, perhaps with a dim feeling that it should be a peace-token against a late home-coming. There was no mistaking the way, and surely I could be granted one more indulgence. Avoiding human contact, I negotiated the two crossings which marked the hub of the village and lingered for a moment in sight of a ramshackle general-store, then, as if by instinct, turned to the left, and home.

The inevitable still came as a shock. Home was not there. Not even a chimney stood to mark with gaunt bricks

the happy hearth of long ago. Perhaps those wattle-trees were the seedlings of the old wattle, that small green hollow might have been the well.

Sorrow was getting the better of me, was re-opening my wounds, and my life was running out. Yet there was now no bitterness. All was a dull numbness, beyond the understanding, not to be sensed.

How long I stood in mute tribute I knew not; I did not recollect anything until once more I was back on the dusty road, beside the hawthorn hedge. The sun was sinking and the sparrows were jostling for position, so it seemed to me, in their hundreds of precarious nests, as I slumped down upon the sun-dried grass.

My time was near at hand, as I understood at last. Life was a dream whose only constant feature was its scene, and even it changed slowly. It changed and yet it did not change, for was not my life being lived again in different lives? Those sandy roads, the brushwood, the heath, the farmland, now nurtured some oaf who, day by day, killed his lizards and whittled his boats. Ah, there was nothing really cruel nor kind, there was just joy and sadness, smiles and tears over and over again. An eternal round of doing and suffering was the content of the dream, and yet I did not suffer or joy, but Life. Who was I that I should question Life or what question should I put?

With the fading rays of the sun I would take my story to the lizard in the hedge. I would ask him if he held any hate or had any need of further flight. Then in due time we should be changed to earth, and we should be one.—J.A.M.

SERPENTS AND DOVES

Knowledge and innocence are not often combined, for generally, where emancipation enters, child like trust departs. Yet some have reconciled both "other-worldly" and "enlightened" qualities of character with remarkable results. Thomas More leaps to mind as a

fine synthesis of good-fellowship with personal austerity, of wit with sobriety, of hard-headedness with mystical insight.

Probably most modern people are conscious of two mainstreams of influence upon their lives. Though incompletely realised, their effects are equally valid, as is recognised by Bertrand Russell when he writes of them as the "scientific" and "mystical" elements in human experience. Without some mean between these two, men are either Frankensteins or frail forget-me-nots, angels or automatons. Again most people would agree that human beings, adjusted to the world's demands and limitations yet not "of the earth, earthy," able to control their material environment yet not solely governed by it, practical and painstaking yet not unimaginative and uninspired, are far better.

Now the physical sciences have changed the world to such a degree that it is hard to imagine life without that control which they give, although some idea of it may be gathered from war-time's restrictions. By contrast those sciences called "social" are still in their infancy, and, like most young things, are rather scatter-brained and certainly lack the authority of those better established. Yet never before have such reams of pamphlets and "Penguins" poured from a willing printing-press. "Leftist," "religious-authoritarian" and, as is well-known, "Fascist" propaganda is busy telling the plain man what he should do to benefit himself — or his advisers. The facts produced are, on the whole, correct enough. The sentiments inspiring the literature are often admirable. One could hardly quarrel with the data advanced by a Professor Laski or a Sir Richard Acland; one could not afford to spurn the motives of a "Quadragesimo Anno" or — I say it with tongue in cheek — "Strength Through Joy." Facts must be faced though systems of thought need not be accepted, for the danger of the latter is that they tend to bind their adherents to tenets of faiths beyond the reach of empirical

test; they adopt patterns of social explanation and prediction which make facts the slaves of the theories. If we are Fascists we feel "blood" superiority — we cannot prove it in any way: If we are extreme Marxians we "believe" that the class struggle is the key to the millenium — we cannot prove it. Similarly, Roman Catholic social theorists "assume" that there exists a consensus as to natural virtue and a ready-made application of Divine Grace to every instance.

I suggest then that there is room for more fact gathering, more table-making and less popular theorising in the social sciences if they are to produce results and gain prestige equivalent to the physical sciences.

Recognition of the usefulness of such unaspiring sociology is tardy, if we may judge from the Commonwealth Government's attitude towards arts faculties in the universities. This year the handful of specially exempted male "honours" students has been both bewildered and frustrated; bewildered, because authority has, apparently, some superstitious regard for a vague luxury called Culture; frustrated, because there has been no considered plan to which its efforts could be fitted nor any guarantee that having "got" culture — or better, training in sociological research — it would be used for post-war planning. Were we to plan scientifically for what will be the battle of peace there is every likelihood of there being more peace and less battle abroad when the time comes. By taking careful notice of such things as the economic injustices and designs which make for ideological rivalries and spending less time with facile concepts like "Prussianism" and "the class struggle," more accurate inferences could be made from the greater number of facts gathered. This might sound humdrum to educated ears; worse still, it calls for a lot of hard routine work, but I insist that all worthwhile achievement has been oiled with sweat. If educated people are not willing to face this necessity with selflessness equal to

that which was once the mark of the established professions, then . . . ?

I do not deign to anticipate the criticisms of either those who despair of human nature or those who taste the dilettante's pleasures while civilisation sways. I take it that you want to live in a world less insecure than the present and that you think it is worth the effort to make it so. I take it that you are aware that the present bloody spectacle is not staged to provide thrilling breakfast headlines for your amusement.

There are others who are frightened lest what they feel to be the essence of life, its mystic significance, will be lost in the tables and equations of a planned economy and utterly destroyed by a society "simply bursting with liberty." These people need not be afraid. All that is advocated is that they should not shirk the necessity of approaching new problems with scientific equipment. To abandon the world upon the wings of mystic doves or even to sit tight in a spiritual straight-jacket would be to sacrifice too lightly the political and juristic freedoms which are the established traditions of even corrupt democracies.

Now I would turn to those who accept the "scientific" thesis and try to bring to light the truth latent in the "mystic" objection. For these apparent objectors are holding fast to the principle of some spiritual element as necessary for the health of the whole. With such people and to my scientific friends I would say that people are mystic whether they like it or not — about gods, gramophones or gooseflesh. Let them be scientifically so by realising the oecumenicity of mystical experience before contenting themselves with a narrow choice, for quack mysticisms are the reward of a slothful spirit. By taking stock of our spiritual allegiances, whether they be to medical progress, inventive genius, or that rampant fellow, the self, we might recapture some notion of the "otherness" of life, that which is "mysterium, tremendum sed fascinans," here a little, there a little and yet not here but elsewhere.—J.A.M.

SPARKLING BURGUNDY

A Study in Life and Death

He sat with a companion in a secluded corner of the softly-lighted French restaurant. Thanks to the artistry of the chef, the discretion of the waiter, the tastefulness of the surroundings and the charm and intelligence of his companion the last hour had passed pleasantly, if somewhat quickly.

What wonderful people, the French! How well they knew just what food and what wines would satisfy the delicate palate of the gourmet. He flattered himself he was somewhat of a connoisseur, a dilettante who sought, in all sides of living, the mean between the extreme: for him neither the garish light nor the stygian gloom, but a nice balance between. That is why he liked it here. No band spewed out negroid cacophony, no hustle, no exotic colour schemes to distract him — all was a triumph of discretion and good taste, providing an atmosphere so different from the easy familiarity of so many modern cafes. Here he felt he could eat, drink, talk a little, but chiefly to think — think as an artist — for was not life itself an art? It was pleasant to ponder deeply over the past, a little over the present and totally to ignore the future.

First they had sherry, after the entree a fine Chablis, later a clear Sauterne; but now had come for him the highlight of the evening, the climax of his Epicurean drama — all before had been but a prologue — this was the perfect finale — that most exquisite product of the soil and sunshine and the centuries-old genius of the French vigneron — Sparkling Burgundy. There it stood before him in a large frosted bottle; what a history it could tell, what skill, what patience, what time had gone in its creation!

He filled the two goblets and gazed deep into the sparkling depths of his own — now raised to catch the light — red, red as blood it gleamed in his hand — exciting him, bewitching him, enticing him — to think of many things — the

mischievous eyes of a gypsy girl, the glitter of the sun on the sea at midday or its crimson glory in the late evening? Yes, in this glass was all the warmth of the sun, the richness of the good earth, all that was alive and exhilarating to the senses, all that was beautiful, all were here to be sipped slowly, savoured deliciously as if it were the magic potion of an ancient sorcerer and the magic formula were "wine, wine, wine, red wine." As he raised his glass to his lips he saw that his guest, too, was under its spell.

Oh! how good it was to flee the mundane for the fanciful, to escape the strident press whose hypocritical cant forged that most hateful shackle of Man's freedom, "the mass mind." How he hated its catch-words! Austerity, Unselfishness, Discipline, Sobriety; these were the latest hunting calls. Political opportunists had raised the scent and now the whole pack — arid spinsters, long-faced temperance reformers, and worthy citizens were on the trail, lifting their howls of execration like so many mad dogs (or were they merely hungry dogs, hungry for the life and movement, the satisfaction of desires which opportunity or fear had denied them?).

Their pious chanting would not change man nor make him more charitable towards his neighbour — what did they know of the art of living or the warmth of that "fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind"? How wise the Greeks were to take as their Golden Rule — "Medan Agan," nothing too much! Nothing too much! Surely this is the aim of the artist — to live moderately, eat moderately, drink moderately!

His refilled goblet was at his lips — how sorry he felt for those who had not been initiated into this sacred mystery, who had not drunk from "the cup with beaded bubbles winking at the brim"! There were still so many who, with the Scriptures, believed that wine is a mocker, that "whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" — to them this elixir is the devil's own brew coming sizzling hot from hell.

Strange, he mused, this eternal conflict between the pagan body and the Puritan mind, even in Holy Writ itself! The writer of the Ecclesiastes was more realistic when he said, "Go thy way, drink thy wine with a merry heart." This was a true saying, for did not life now lose its sharpness, take on a softer, more pleasing aspect, assume its right perspective as it relegated what were before startling highlights to their rightful place in a dark background? Thus Life's ugliness and man's greatest stupidity — war, became illusions; this was life, the real thing, a pleasant symphony of sights, sounds and tastes, and the open sesame to it all was this sparkling cup "that clears to-day of past regrets and future fears." Yet man has often hesitated to accept this. At the feasts of the Pharaohs a skeleton was placed upon the banquet table as a grim reminder that over-indulgence would hasten the demise of the revellers. Even the solemn and beautiful bacchanals, where the Greek might drink moderately to the tune of lovely hymns of praise, were, to the Puritan of the day, a sign of moral degeneracy. Grim Sparta decreed that once yearly slaves should be intoxicated at the expense of the state and displayed in the arena as a public spectacle, so that the Citizen who had eyes to see might see the snare and delusion and the national disgrace of strong drink.

He smiled wryly — suppose this were tried in our day and age? Would it have a salutary effect? No doubt it would be appreciated by that noisy minority of bloodhounds who would, like the Spartans, dictate, if they could, the morals of the nation.

But the Spartans, like the Nazis, lacked all appreciation of the niceties of life, they were blind to the art of living — to them the fruit of the vine was the deadly enemy of national efficiency. It might spoil their efficiency to march to kill, their willingness to be dragooned from the cradle to the grave. He shuddered! "They must be animals, not men, taught to kill, not love, to exist as automatons, not to live as humans."

He refilled the glasses. "Sparkling Burgundy." The name had an ironic ring now — was fair Burgundy even now crushed beneath the feet of these twentieth century Spartans? Were they, the German swine, swilling this precious vintage as the last humiliating symbol of triumph over that France, once so vital, vivacious and alive, now dying or dead?

"Inefficient — rotten to the core, they lost their battles, bottle by bottle," thus said the moralists, who, even before the fall of Rome, were ever-ready to blame the iniquity of the nation for its downfall. Of course, this was rot — still was not La belle France, like the strange woman — once her lips dropped honied words but "the end with her was bitter as poison and her feet gone down to death." It was a sobering thought!

The minutes passed — the bottle and glasses stood empty on the table, the cigarettes wasted away on the ash tray — it was over. They left the restaurant.

Just ten minutes later, though it seemed an eternity to him now, he knelt on the wet roadside. The rain beat down upon him, but he was unconscious of it all. He could not remember quite what had happened. Once, long ago, he had been at peace, a drowsy warmth and the joy of living was in his veins — and then — confusion! a blur! and now he knelt, cold in body and soul, on the wet roadside. Before him, on the greasy road, lay a figure, broken and unnatural. He stooped and lifted her head and looked into the face of a young girl, a white face, a dead white face! There she lay like a mud-stained lily, suddenly torn from her mother earth, from Life itself. Someone's daughter, sister, wife — who knows! God! where now was his fine philosophy, of what use now sophistry — love or wine?

He shuddered! She lay so still, so white — but near her temple was a splash of crimson. He touched it gently, his finger came away wet with blood, red blood, red as wine — not sparkling — but still wine — not Life, but Death!

—W.H.G.

BEYOND REASON

Although Man has been, to a great extent, successful in the fulfilment of his passion for classifying the phenomena of the external world, his attempts to discern and classify the characteristics of his own race have none of the aesthetic appeal of the carefully evolved schemes of modern physical science. The virtue of this appeal rests in the connected order in the set of concepts which has been devised by science to explain the events which it observes. But although the picture gained is, for the most part self-consistent what claim can it have to actual reality? Science, by its very structure, can treat only of that cross-section of reality which is already amenable to its methods. The quest of Science is to discover uniformity and regularity in Nature, and it is to this end that its methods have been evolved. What it abstracts from Nature then is perforce either a connected system — or nothing.

Among the factors ignored in this process are the action of the human will and the sublime activities of the human spirit. The picture of Nature presented by Science can never completely satisfy the human mind. Not even the most practised scientist could say that in everyday matters his mind functions only along the lines of his scientific method, and deal with objects only in relation to his scientific concepts. What a bare skeleton of life would be his if his perception of exquisite natural beauty were expressed only in cold, weighed scientific terms! Rather, the perception of natural beauty is the spontaneous reaction, within us, to something intangible, which uplifts and enthuses the soul.

The individual experience of beauty, the appreciation of moral worth, and the consciousness certain men have of God, are things which cannot be gauged by absolute standards — they are essentially personal and cannot, in their entirety, be communicated from one person to another. Subject to critical analysis they are robbed of their essence

which is captured only with spontaneity of reception.

Science is now becoming well aware of its limited sphere of applicability, and the fundamental mysteries which underlie its own concepts. It might be that there is no system of the type sought by Science implicit in the world. Thus we have the possibility of an intuitive experience of the whole Universe, the study of which might require new concepts in order adequately to describe it.

Throughout the ages there have risen up men of supreme intuition, who have been ever aware of the closeness of some unknowable mystery. Their communion with the Divine is as real to them as is their consciousness of the world about them. It is these who have left to us the legacy of a religion which we practise to-day. In our pursuit of ultimate Truth we must turn to mystical experience, and it is religion which is wholly wrapped up in the contemplation of the moral and aesthetic values of which we are conscious. Throughout history religion and science have appeared in conflict, when the doctrine formulated by frail Man to clothe and retain his fleeting glimpses of the Infinite, becomes inconsistent with some new knowledge acquired by Science, within its domain. Ignoring the bases of its faith, the Church has first proudly defended and later only grudgingly modified the presentation of its message, to the bewilderment of men, who imagine that no longer can they reconcile their faith with their reason. Within the Church the process of evolving doctrine has proceeded with the continual revelation of God's will since Time began. That which is everlasting is the reality of the attainment of transcendence in the souls of the Saints when they draw near to the Infinite. "Nothing gives the presence of the overworld a more convincing energy than the unswerving constancy in which their souls are rooted in the Divine."

Anthropology has demonstrated conclusively that in primitive peoples rite and ritual have always been antecedent to the framing of doctrine and dogma.

Man has ever indulged the yearnings of his soul for transcendence.

His reaction to the vision he glimpses is worship, and what is fundamental in his worship is the extent to which his groping mind remains sensible of the presence of God.

If, then, our worship is clothed in a worthy and dignified liturgy, accompanied by what is best in the beauty of music, art and ceremonial, what matter if the verbal presentation lacks in perfection of rational connection. It is sufficient that a pregnant environment is provided for the soul to attain the highest in spiritual endeavour.

The spiritual life is an everlasting urge to attain transcendence. The poet, the artist and the seer, in moments of self-abstractation from the world, in its headlong rush towards utilitarian perfection, capture for a time some insight into the supernal sphere. The germ of transcendence is latent in us all. It manifests itself in the yearning of the humble soul for ultimate spiritual union with God. This instinct is seen developed in the Eastern mystic, who by stringent self-preparation, dissociates himself entirely from the affairs of the world, to lose himself in contemplation of the divine mystery. His revelation is for himself alone. It is the Christian mystic following in the steps of his Master, who, in a surging response to the quickened spirit within him, seeks to express something of his spiritual gain to his fellow man. His soul lives in an atmosphere of spiritual fertility. In its state of continually receiving grace, and then giving back of its enlivened self, it has attained the supreme condition of Love. It is the burning fire of Love which sears the soul with an insatiable thirst for the attainment of ultimate reality, an irresistible gravitation towards God. Its attainment involves the casting aside of every vital characteristic until the whole realm of human nature is encompassed.

Thus is Life, in its fullness, revealed to Man. None can deny the psychological validity of religious experience, none

would deny the inestimable benefits Science has brought to mankind. Each has a domain peculiar to itself, and advances in each can only benefit humanity. But the progress in each domain should be complementary, with Science continually revising the presentation of Religion, and Religion lending its aid in the interpretation of the underlying concepts of Science. In this way there would be revealed some Purpose for Life in this world. We may note the conclusion of an eminent mathematician-turned-philosopher of our day:—

“The fact of the religious vision, and its history of persistent expansion, is our one ground for optimism. Apart from it, human life is a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of human experience. . . . The worship of God is not a rule of safety — it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable. The death of religion comes with the repression of the high hope of adventure.”

—K.C.W.-S.

“WHITE SILK”

You remember the Caliph Ali Bin Bashin? A kindly and wise man. In his lands there were never less than four executions a day. It is said that it was he who first discouraged the age-old custom of burying the wife, or wives, at the same time as the husband. This was too much of a waste for the Caliph. He preferred to chop off their pretty heads a few days later. Or, if they were very beautiful, a few weeks later. At the same time he had sporting instincts. In a later and more civilised age, and clime, he might have ridden horses to hounds, and drunken port to gout.

His favourite sport, living as he did in the age of power-absolute, rather than power-alcohol, was the exciting game of “double choice.” It has elsewhere been described as the “horns of a dilemma.”

Now, in the land of Caliph Ali Bin Bashin there lived a girl who was all tremulous beauty, so delightful and innocent, indeed, that it was impossible

that she should end her life in any but the Caliph's harem. Or so it appeared. But if the Caliph was powerful there was something that was even more so, the love that this most desirous of women bore for a poor beggar, one Selim.

In a fit of desire the Caliph had enriched his harem by the presence of this girl (her name is too mellifluous to be debased in Roman print, but may be crudely interpreted as the "Loveliness of White Silk"). Too late, he discovered that though he possessed her fragile body in name, it was only by force that he could win more, and her caresses and love were not for him. And, though cruel and fond of death, the Caliph was a gentleman at heart. Also, there seemed little prospect of fun in such a honeymoon.

He pondered a long time over the problem, and at last decided that it could only be solved by a game of "double choice." With this end in view he sent for the beggar Selim, and spoke to him as man to man.

"Selim," he said, "I am the Caliph Ali Bin Bashin, suzerain of all my people, accounted by all men as just and magnanimous in friendship, and terrible as the lightning to my enemies. I have watched you for many moons and have found you to be truth-telling and faithful. In most men these would be strange and unnatural vices. But at the moment I have need of someone such as you. My Grand Vizier — that is my late Grand Vizier, made several arithmetical errors when paying me the taxes he had collected. I was deeply grieved when I learnt he had met with an accident. An untimely and particularly gruesome misadventure. Out of all my people I have chosen you to succeed him. There is only one obstacle to my immediately giving you his office."

The faithful Selim could barely control his emotion as he thought of the honour and riches which were so nearly his.

"O Caliph, what is this defect, that I might strive to correct it?"

"A simple matter. There is a certain girl, known as the Loveliness of White Silk, who loves you, and, so rumour tells, whom you love also. Now my Grand Vizier must be faithful to myself, and to myself only. He may have wives, or concubines, by the score, but it is essential that he love no one, lest he be tempted to whisper state secrets to his beloved in the ecstasy of his passion. I will arrange a feast, and in one of the goblets will be placed a most potent poison. If you desire the great honours that I offer, you will give White Silk this glass, so that you may rid yourself of a vice, and obtain great riches, in one act."

Selim attempted to speak, but the Caliph silenced him with an imperious gesture.

"No. I will leave you to think upon my offer until the feast is ready. If White Silk drinks the envenomed wine you will be my new Vizier; if she does not, both you and she will be taken from my kingdom and there left to live or die in beggary."

With the idea of making his game of "double choice" both profitable and amusing, the Caliph had then commanded White Silk to attend him.

"I have been disappointed with you, O Star of my eyes, but, being a kind and just man, I have decided to give you to your poor and humble Selim."

With cunning artistry he described the feast which he had arranged. He did not forget to mention the poison.

"If he really loves you, Selim will refuse to let you drink from the poisoned goblet. Should he be too dazzled by the wealth and fame that I promise, to account your beautiful person as reward sufficient for the loss of a Grand Vizier's position, I think you must agree that there will be only one honourable course left open to you. You will have to drink the poison. Your life rests in his hands. I trust that you have a very enjoyable banquet."

Selim and the delectable White Silk were led into the most sumptuous room

in the Caliph's palace. Seating themselves on a richly embroidered divan they tasted the costly foods which were brought them. But Selim's eyes strayed often from the food, and his heart beat within him. He could see a silver tray before them, which bore three glasses, filled with wine. And one of those glasses was subtly different from the other two. This was the poison goblet. Turning his eyes in horror from this grim instrument of death he feasted them on the cool perfection of White Silk. The raven tresses of her hair, the arched bow of her lips, the soft swelling of her breasts beneath the silken robe. He let his eyes drink in all the allure of her graceful body, and it was stronger than strong wine.

Then White Silk moved closer to him and caressed him with her hands and voice. And he was near swooning with the intoxication of her presence. He could hear the voice of his beloved, more musical than the tinkling of silver bells, like to the murmur of a crystal stream.

"Let me drink to your happiness, Selim. There lies the wine, let me drink to your future."

With trembling fingers Selim reached towards the tray. His hand hovered over the goblet of poison. What was one woman, compared with the riches of the Caliph's first counsellor? Trembling as with an ague he handed White Silk one of the innocent glasses.

Then the greatness of his dilemma smote him. What use to give White Silk life if he must doom her to poverty? How could he take the Loveliness of White Silk if he had no silk with which to clothe her? In that instant his decision was made. With fingers that barely quivered he leaned again toward the table, choosing, this time, the poisoned goblet. The problem had been too great for him to solve. With a wry smile he drank the deadly draught, his eyes fixed upon hers so that he might die in the memory of her beauty.

And nothing happened. The goblet contained nothing more nocuous than wine.

The Caliph had hoped that White Silk would be given the poison, and that she would have turned in such horror from Selim that his own advances would have been readily accepted. As this plan had failed he decided that devotion so great was a rare and valuable asset. And, with the Caliph, to think was to act. Like a true sportsman (and a cunning rascal) he arranged the wedding of Selim and White Silk. And his wedding present was the coveted honour of the Grand Viziership. A position, be it noted, which he had never intended that Selim should hold.

And everyone spoke loud the praises of the Caliph. The magnificent, munificent Caliph, Ali Bin Bashin.—M.P.K.S.

IN PRAISE OF IDEALISM

One of the fads of the day — especially in academic circles — is the general aversion towards any definite form of idealism. An idealist is either subjected to a withering fire of criticism or laughed to scorn or, at the best, tolerated as a modern Don Quixote tilting at imaginary wind-mills, well-meaning but ineffectual. The line between idealism and lunacy is to some people merely one of degree, so the idealist must be watched carefully, sometimes condescendingly — his whims must be humoured — lest he run amok and make "confusion worse confounded" in a society whose foundations are already tottering.

From the confusion of the present time there arise two attitudes — one of profound scepticism and disillusionment, which is fearful of any radical currents (for perhaps the one known devil is better than the seven unknown); the other of enthusiastic optimism seeking to build order out of chaos, to recreate a new world along its own particular line.

It is more fashionable to hold the first attitude and suspect this spate of enthusiasms and to damn these panaceas from British Israelism to Douglas Credit — on the assumption that all idealism is bad. "Enthusiasm," the distinguishing mark of idealism, dividing the idealist

from his conventional fellow students, is the sceptic's *bête noire*, the butt of his attack. It was not good taste for a student to postulate a positive philosophy, or a doctor to offer "utopian" health schemes to a hard-headed public, or a politician to suggest that slums and exploitation are unnecessary and incompatible with a Christian community. Religious enthusiasm is so suspect that it must degenerate into arid Humanism and put on a protective coat against the negative attack of the atheist. It is "enthusiasm" which challenges respectability and academic inertia — is it therefore such a bad thing, this militant, disquieting profession of faith in an age of intellectual, social and moral doubt? First let it be said that "enthusiasm" is not of itself a magic elixir creating always the Good, the Beautiful or the True — it is a quality which must be harnessed to the right ends. Enthusiasm may give us a Fascist State, a rape, a bloody war, or it might bring better material and spiritual conditions for Man in a New Society.

It is here that the significance of idealism is not truly valued. "Enthusiasm," the "elan vital" of the idealist, is not the sworn enemy of Reason, the heart is an unruly organ and useless to mankind without the head. Criticism of the basis of all idealism is necessary both as a defensive and an offensive measure — it should protect Man from the unreasonable and show him the reasonable course of action. The candid criticism is not a positive force, it requires the expression of an idealist taking a risk — to dip into the dark future where he has no empiric light to guide him. Idealism is the dynamic which projects the findings of the past, the experience of the present into a positive plan for the future.

Marx, who considered himself a scientist and a realist is, despite the protestations of his disciples, an idealist. True he made a scientific analysis on empirical evidence, but when he forecast a "rosy millenium" he passed from the

realm of the actual to the probable—from Science to Faith. His enthusiastic followers have raised his analysis to a complete philosophy and one more would-be teacher has become a prophet.

The idealist has played and will play an important part in the drama of Human Progress. Discussion as to the causal relationship between the so-called Real and Ideal would lead us into an historical or philosophical *cul de sac*; only this is of interest, the idealist has been and will be again, so let us understand his place.

The program of the idealist is too often an Aunt Sally for the missiles of those cynics who, having exposed the fallacies of every existing philosophy, find man still vile and the prospect far from pleasing and can replace it with nothing better than a confession that "Life is but a draught of sour wine."

If emotional idealism is a dangerous, heady draught — its antithesis negative scientific realism is as hemlock deadening the creative in man, burying him in the "valley of dried bones."

Some are called to be prophets, some teachers, and the division between them can be bridged only by a better understanding of their respective services to Mankind.

By all means let the technique of science soften the exuberant overtones of hot enthusiasm, but it will be fatal to progress if the corrosive criticism of cold reason destroys the whole canvas of Man's Achievement.—W.H.G.

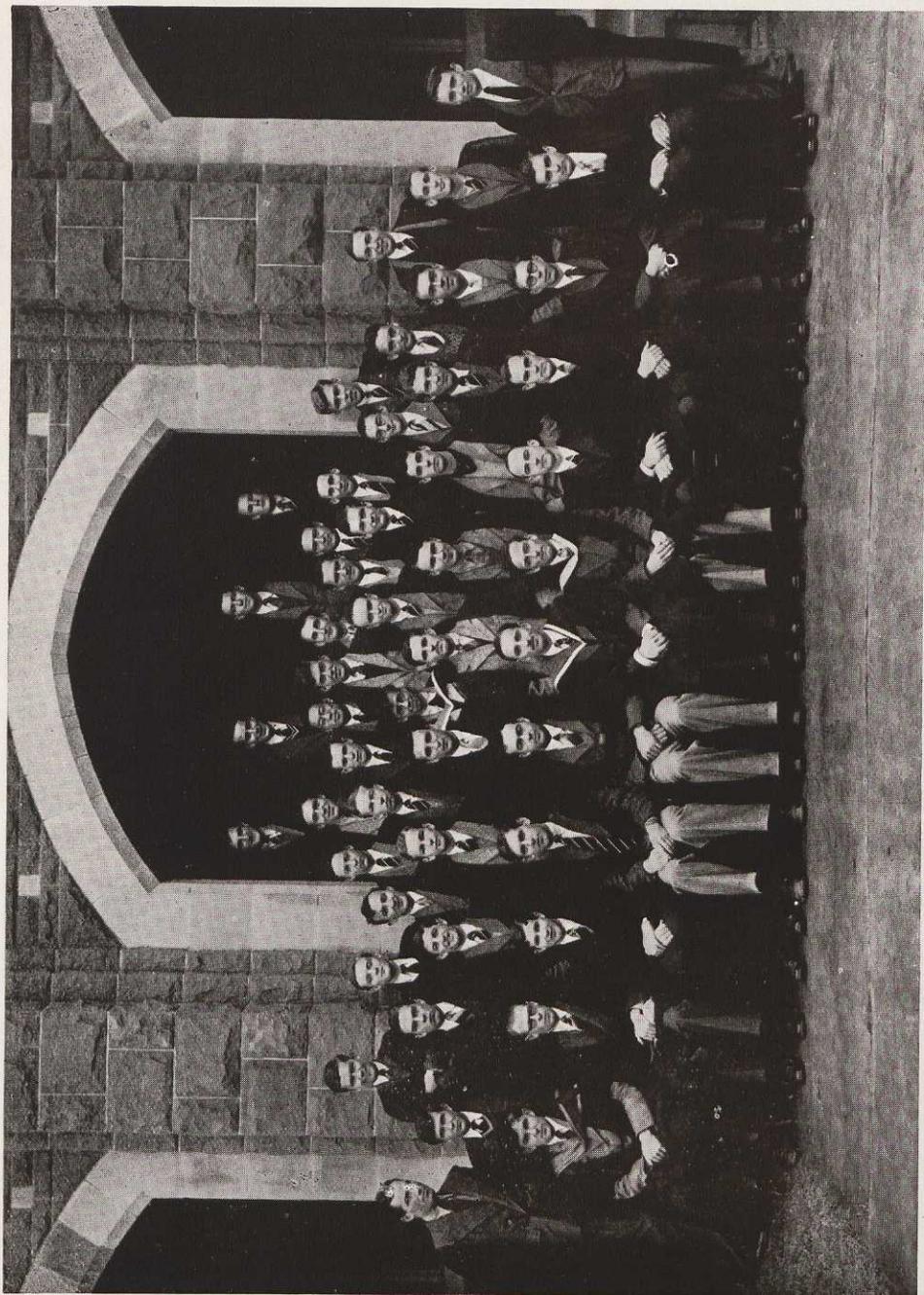
INSPIRATION

The blue breath of the night comes
drifting down

Faint as a fading dream,
And curls in smoky spirals round the
town

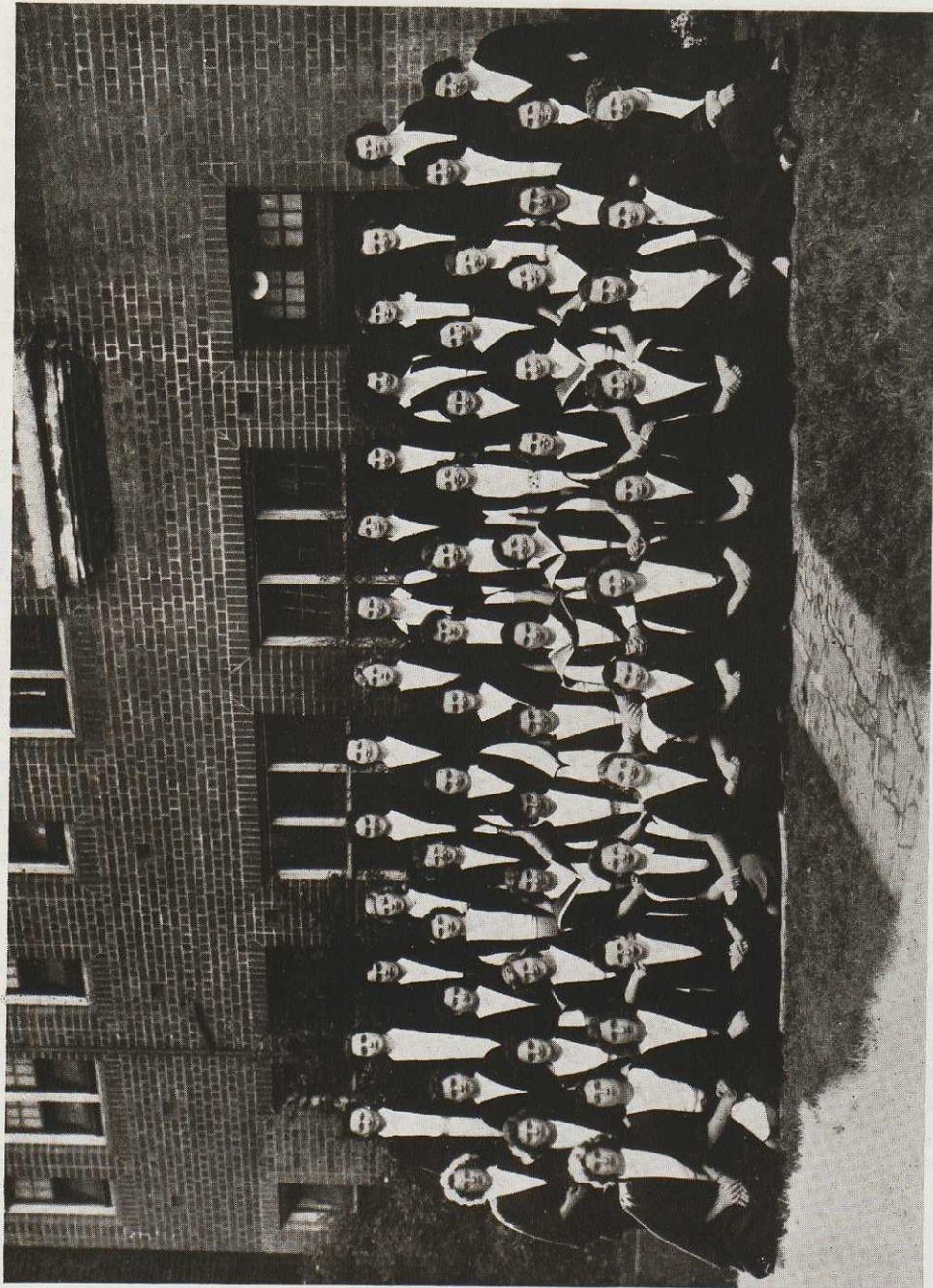
And sets a gleam
The windowed lights that waken one by
one

Shyly, and half afraid
To see the last pale traces of the sun
Before they fade.



TRINITY COLLEGE, 1942

Back Row—G. Farmer; C. A. Shain; E. Aberdeen; J. W. G. Brown. Second Row—W. S. C. Hare; Y. N. Leong; W. H. Graham; J. L. Dale. Third Row—F. N. Bouvier; D. Michell; P. H. Gibson; J. A. Miles; D. L. Watson; P. G. McMahon. Fourth Row—J. W. Chisholm; J. W. Skinner; T. N. Hayes; A. W. Venables; C. J. Beaumont; W. C. Boake; R. H. Zimmermann; L. A. F. Young; R. G. Fitzgerald; M. P. K. Shoobridge. Fifth Row—S. C. Wigley; M. J. Strachan; E. L. Griffiths; A. F. Pillow; J. M. Gardiner; N. H. Georgeff; W. R. Potter; P. N. Richards; T. R. Grantham; C. A. C. Gabraith; P. Kirby; C. G. Clark; J. A. Barker. Sixth Row—J. F. G. Darby; G. N. Barsden; J. B. Felstead; K. C. Westfold-Scott; J. H. Cloke; G. B. Gresford; J. A. Munro; P. R. Brett; J. M. Gooch; R. L. Leedman; G. A. Levinson. Absent—G. H. B. McLean; E. A. Kaye; J. B. F. Tucker; J. A. Scott.

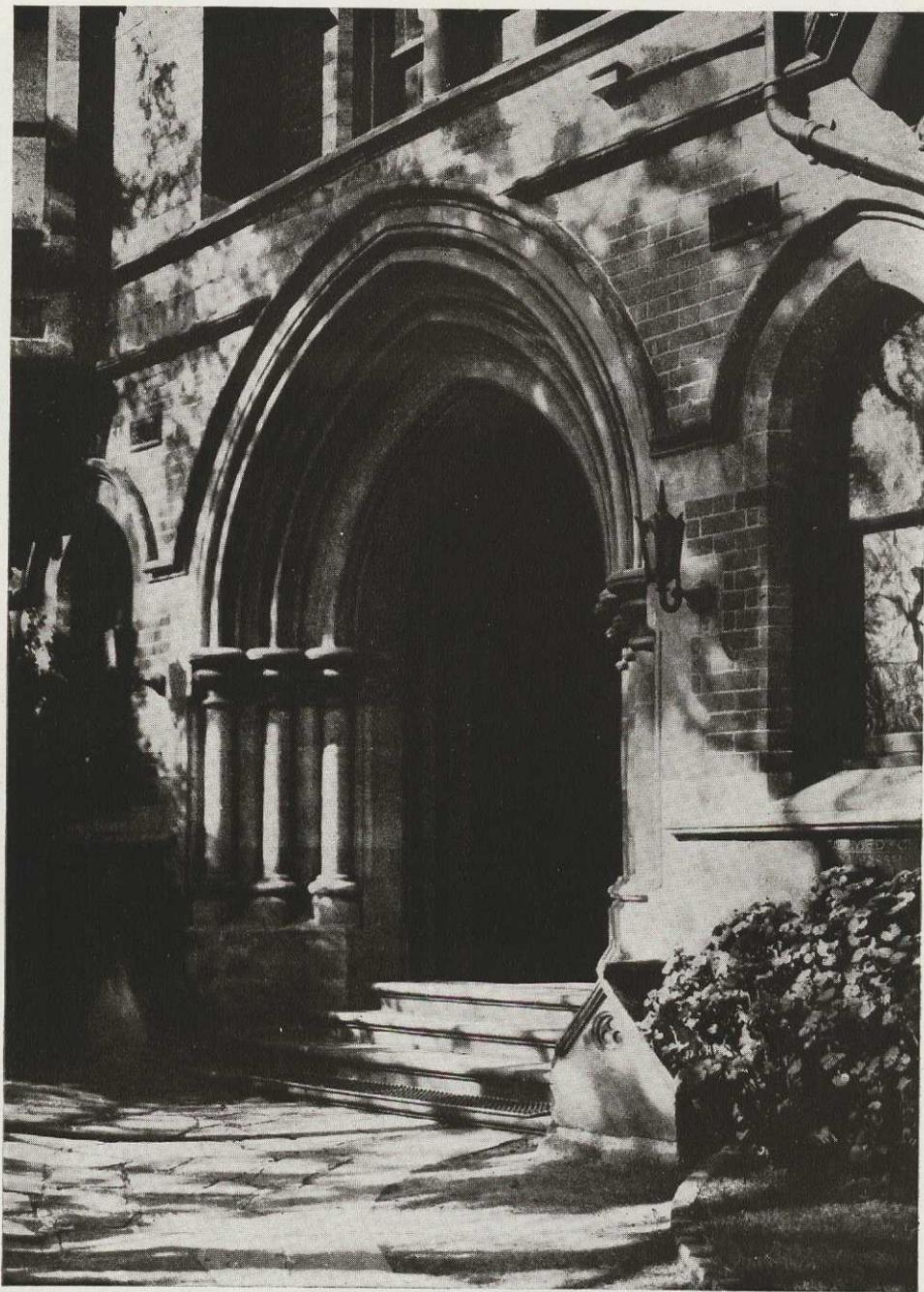


JANET CLARKE HALL, 1942

Back Row.—Donalda Shilliday; Leonie Gibson; Jean Proud; Mary Long; Mavis Taylor; Jean Spring; Lucy George; Ann Pigdon; Jenny Pascheove; Cynthia Rodwell; Berres Mogensen; Vera Hanly; Mary Holder; Noreen Piper; Second Back Row.—Betty Lacey; Lynne Reid; Helen Turner; Judith Alexander; Anne Borthwick; Lauris White; Barbara Borthwick; Pat Perkins; Joan McManion; Peggy Hyett; Mary Bennett; Mary Grice; Jill Dickson; Gwenneth Wykes; Elizabeth Blakison. Second Front Row.—Gwen Piper; Margaret Goldsmith; Elaine Brumley; Sylvia Bosselmann; Effie Ross; Zette Pryde; Cecily Statham; Olive Wykes; Jane Nevett; Bronnie Taylor; Pat Warren; Ada Booth; Philippa Carter. Front Row.—Iris Nicolades; Helen Nye; Rosemary Turner; Winsome Jones; Eve Illidge; Isabelle Terry; Joan Mackney; Anne Brown; Petera Campbell; Lesley McGovern; Anne Maudsley; Cynthia Sterling; Irene Stewart.



ANNUAL HOCKEY MATCH, 1942.



JANET CLARKE HALL PORCH

So comes the breath that touches us to
 song
 And kindles our dull clay;
 Softly it comes, nor lingers over-long,
 Too sweet to stay.
 First one by one, as trembling stars at
 night
 Shyly their entrance make,
 And then in golden throng and showers
 of light
 The words awake.
 —Bronnie Taylor.

ON THE BEAUTY OF SOME OLD ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

These relics of a long-forgotten time,
 Their glossy vellum yellow-stained
 with age,
 My soul admires: for here some monk-
 ish sage,
 Hath penned with flawless grace the
 words sublime
 Of saints and seers of every age and
 clime;
 And wisdom writ on every lettered
 page,
 Which skill and patience infinite en-
 gage
 To mould with art supreme in storied
 rhyme.
 See! here in noble Gothic script there
 flows
 The genius of the poet's mind out-
 poured;
 And to what height the painter's bril-
 liance rose
 With wondrous brush to frame that
 knowledge stored!
 This ancient work a truth yet older
 shows:
 "The pen," indeed, "is mightier than
 the sword."

D.L.W.

FIRST AND LAST MEN

The coming six months will decide whether Germany is to be ruler of the world for the next thousand years, shouts Adolfus; and 80 million people cheer; approximately 200 million also jeer, and retreat still further. The next sixty days will be the most crucial in our history, bleats Jack Burtin; and repeats the same story two months later. We are masters of our fate, speaks Winsome. The world's our baby; the war's a cinch, says Franklin Gooseflesh. We sank five hundred allied ships, lies Shugimoto. Our army resisted the enemy in an area 2IIV, in the direction ♀, vaguely hints another. We must tighten our belts, burbles von Gerkin—and orders a larger pair of corsets. We are building a new world, shrieks Sickegrabber, as his armies flatten every building in Europe. We will build a new world, says Winsome again, puffing at his super corona corona, while he directs the war from his bath. Fascism will never be tolerated here, drools Burtin again, at the same time urging compulsory unionism. War is horrible, yet we love it, and it will be won in our offices, say the civil servants—the fighting men also do their bit, you know. We will solve the drink problem by having more barmaids, more alcohol and less beer, and less time to drink it in, by increasing the price of liquor and selling more pinkie; it is quite easy because we say so.

So scream the leaders, the first men of the new world gone mad, the ephemeral messiahs loose in a hell of their own creation. For theirs is a hard task; all honour be to them. For do they not determine the future? On their shoulders depends the fate of millions—of millions of money, perhaps.

It appears that this new drug will have a remarkable effect in the prevention of haemophilia, tentatively and cautiously reports Clark. Undoubtedly this new compound has extraordinary powers of combating hitherto incurable diseases, states Flemming on the basis of long and cautious experiments. But

few listen; fewer care. The winner of the three-thirty is of far more importance. Through these techniques we are arriving at a basis for the determination of weather conditions up to 10 years ahead, tentatively writes Van Silk, in the Bulletin for True Facts. A few read and appreciate it; the remainder merely curse the climate and take their umbrellas. This is the most remarkable biological discovery of the century; its influence on human life is only beginning to be realised. But no one is interested, for life is sweet sometimes and we will live our own lives.

And who are these men, these sober, logical beings, to whom hysteria is a word, and a word alone; these are the last men, and yet paradoxically the first of the first men of the future; for by their courage, their skill and their intelligence they have, out of a broad cultural background, built the embryonic structures of a new society, a system opposed to bias, prejudice, belief in unfounded fact and superstition.

These men, seldom heard of except by their colleagues, never remembered by the ordinary people, save momentarily when they save their lives or improve their lot — these men are history in the making. They are the men of science — the true scientists — all the searchers for truth, the fighters for life.

They are the light and hope of an unworthy and careless world; they make no fantastic claims.

Ski troops wear white for camouflage and so become invisible against the snow, screams the General Staff, as they announce to the world a discovery of the first magnitude. The polar bear, shamed by the intelligence of the greatest of animals, mournfully slinks away from these amazing creatures to his icy lair. We must blend into the background or else be killed, comes another revelation. All the jungle animals are startled — they hadn't thought of it before; it may help them to escape their enemies. Our enemy is fiendishly clever, don't underestimate him — he paints himself green in the jungle so that he

cannot be seen. The pythons, snakes, frogs and lizards, completely nonplussed and beaten at their own game, slink away from this amazing creature with his new-fangled ideas. Our enemy advanced in an artificial fog — it isn't cricket; it's something new in war, drools an army leader. Whereupon the octopus, dazed and shaken, strategically withdraws to a hole in the rock to contemplate what steps he will next take to combat this amazing menace. The tank is a new weapon — our men are protected; it is a remarkable invention — hence we didn't bother to use it, but gave it to the enemy.

These are but few of the examples of nauseating and childish inconsistencies and mistruths on which we are fed; and they are not rationed; they are an example of political and mental obscuritism which rule the world to-day. And the scientists, the technocrats of the new community, partially responsible for the present slaughter, seeing this folly, are undergoing a marked metamorphosis. Science — and do not believe that science is a collection of observed facts about chemistry, physics, mathematics, biology — do not believe that science is a mere body of knowledge — will rightly take her place in the new world growing out of the chaos to-day. Science is a way of thinking — a mental approach — a trained capacity to dominate one's reflexes, and look for evidence to expose the absurdity of one's own, as well as other, prejudices and wishful thoughts. Unfortunately, not all scientists do this or are ever capable of it; and again, not all who do this are scientists — as in Europe, where we have seen the perversion and abnegation of Science by admittedly great technical minds, in support of a false doctrine. The special pathos and tragedy of this age lies in the fact that despite the advance of scientific knowledge, enlarging man's environmental control, despite the purging of superstitions and fantasies of millenia, man goes back to incomparable violence and barbarity to settle momentarily his problems. This is partly due to Science herself and to her dis-

ciples. The mind of the scientist has in the past been divided into two parts; one to be a scientist, the other a citizen. He realised what was happening, saw, but would not admit, his responsibility for the world at large, its achievements and the use it made of them to the purpose of war. He saw all this but preferred to keep alive the rotten system, and retired to his laboratory, shut off from the world, with whatever means the decaying system afforded him; this, then, was the end of a scientific epoch.

But the hermitage of the scientist is over; he will make his presence felt in a thousand ways. Even if we ignore the enormously important question of national defence, we must recognise that the ordinary activities of the nation flow increasingly along channels prepared by science, are increasingly sensitive to the ever-changing movements of scientific discovery, and are producing a world where the prevailing atmosphere is increasingly an atmosphere of science. To borrow Lancelot Hogben's epigram, "The spark gap is mightier than the sword." Through a realisation of the facts above, many scientists are convinced that because of their knowledge and skill they owe a special responsibility to the society; the question is, how they can best discharge this responsibility. Now, there are two main and differing trends of Science; one is expressed by the saying, "science for science's sake." Its adherents maintain that in the pursuit of truth they are performing a noble act, even if no practical good come of the chase. And the second view is that of pursuing science for gain — to the common good, for the sake of discovering something which might benefit all mankind. This is a demonstration of the fundamental bivalence of human nature — man being neither entirely solitary nor entirely social; the two cases often overlap—Pasteur started out to find why certain crystals were asymmetric, and ended up by discovering the bacteria which cause disease. Scientists in the past have been, in the main, content to work in an

atmosphere of mystery, speaking a language which only a few of their fellows can understand, opening up new possibilities of further developments too swiftly for the mere layman to follow, let alone comprehend. In the new era arising the actual state and position of the scientist will be different from his position to-day. Many scientists shudder at a parliament of scientists, since most know little or nothing at all of the social implications of science. It is in this latter field that progress will be needed most in the near future.

The scientist of the future will need to be a scientist first and a technician second; mere technique will not serve his purpose; a new social science — the application of the scientific method and principle to communal life only, will produce a new structure and a new scientist. J. B. S. Haldane, in his book "Daedalus," extolled the scientist as a super being; this led Bertrand Russell to produce his "Icarus," in which the central theme was that science threatened the destruction of civilisation, since without giving men any control over their passions, it gave them incomparably greater power to satisfy those passions. If, then, science is really to effect changes of unprecedented magnitude, there must be no fear of a scientific dictatorship arising — scientists being no more especially gifted than another to carry on a dictatorship; there will be no system leading to the Brave New World of Huxley's imagination. The scientist will have to appeal to the emotions of his fellow men — not the emotions of fear and revenge, but the emotions for more worthy purposes—for instance, towards a rational understanding of the demands of national health.

To do this two things will be necessary. Firstly, the scientist must be educated in the problems and needs of society; he must encourage the development of social sciences. As yet most scientists are deplorably uneducated in matters of this type. Secondly, there must be more science at the disposal of the non-

scientific public — not popular science at 15 cents a copy. Through these media science will develop; and so will man, for evolution did not stop with Darwin. And just as we may look to Darwin as the great mind of the era of biological science, so we look to a new dawn in the field of science for the people — a social science, with psychology occupying the basic positions occupied by physics in other branches of science. We look to an understanding of the mind of man and his actions; we look to a new name, which will be indicative of the spirit of a new world of science, trying to find itself on a rational basis once and for all; we look to this name as we look to those of Newton and Darwin, as representing an era of great deeds. There is as yet no such name. We look to all scientists of the future to serve the classic end of science: that ultimately all human activity will be dictated by an objective rather than a subjective way of thought.

The radios splutter and send their news around the world; men die for they know not what; the press screams its fiction to the millions; the screen shows it; and all are disillusioned. But out of the tragedy, the pathos, the disillusion and the comedy; out of the darkness there comes a light, the light of a new spirit, of a new man, who knows that above all, man must advance; and he can only do this by knowing himself and his friends more perfectly, comprehending the limitations imposed upon him by his environment. The scientist becomes the master mind, the first man, of our period.—W.C.B.

"AND IT WAS NIGHT"

The day is drawing to a close: the night is fast approaching. The sun's declining rays are sinking in the west: the stealthy blanket of darkness begins to envelop the earth, hushing everything to rest. The mother bird sings her fledglings home to nest, while the shepherd drives his drowsy flock towards the sheepfold where they will be safe from

the wiles of the night. The urchin in the street seeks his nightly shelter, thankful for at least one dry crust for his supper. Thither to the stars, along with Diogenes Weltweiser, let us ascend so that our spirits may wander unseen in the streets and lanes of the city.

The clock has just struck eight, the last few stragglers are fleeing the streets and darkness is about to descend. What does this night hold for those bustling, worry-infested crowds, packed like salted fish within the city walls? Does it hold tragedy or happiness, sorrow or joy, revelry or despair, or does it hold for them laboursome toil or prayerful watching and thought? Perhaps in its betraying darkness the night holds all these things ready to be distributed to the sons and daughters of light.

The watchers of the night—Weltweiser and myself — look down from our celestial heights and are attracted by the sound of revelry from the duke's palace in the city square. The mastiff bitch in her kennel keeps a watchful eye on the door of her domain and the beggar is driven back by her unmerciful growl. Inside there is the scene of a revel rout—the trumpets blast forth the arrival of the guests to the ballroom—these defiers of the night in their folly whittle away the time ordained for rest. Cares are tossed to the winds and in their place the flowing bowl is substituted. As the evening waxes late the bowls runneth over and the twin sisters Incest and Lust enter the ballroom and with their snatching hands draw the revellers to their sin-infested dens.

Be not influenced by such madness, says my philosopher Diogenes, but cast your eyes down yonder to the Street of the Pure. At the entrance of this street is the City Cross, and I remember how the night had played its part in the causing of that cross many years ago. My thoughts go back to that Upper Room, bathed in the moonlight, where the broken-hearted followers of Christ had met for their last sad supper. And then I saw one arise—

"Having weakness and hate of weakness urging within his heart

And bowed to the robed assembly whose eyes gleamed wet in the light

Judas arose and departed: and night went out into night."

From the City Cross my eyes wander down the "Street of the Pure" until they stop before the Chapel of the Perpetual Light in which the Holy Sisters with loving devotion have just filled the lamp of the sanctuary with its evening stock of oil. The holy ones depart, breaking the silence with the clashing of their beads and the pitter patter of their rubber be-soled feet. Drawn by the flickering lamp my eyes approach the sanctuary — the rest and haven of the criminal and the outcast as well as of the body of the Lord Himself. I look to the altar and above it to the figure of Christ, which the light of the wavering lamp licks. And lo, as I gaze, each time the beam of the light crosses the face of the figure, I see a different expression. Each time the countenance grows sadder and becomes more pained. And now a voice speaks: "O man, why dost thou forget all my Father's commandments, why dost thou shield behind the false cloak of darkness. Why dost thou crucify me again?" I am puzzled by these words, so I watch more closely, and now I think I see a smile come across the divine face and I hear a sigh of relief. With wondering eyes I look up at Weltweiser, who beckons me out of the Chapels and says — I shall show you why the crucifix appears sometimes sad and sometimes relieved.

Passing down the Street of the Pure we come to the comfort-bearing walls of the infirmary. Inside there is total darkness, broken occasionally by the fitting light of the tireless nurse. Passing from bed to bed on her mercy-bearing errands, she listens to the laboured snorings of some sick soul or watches the fevered tossings of an un-rested body. She hastens to give a word of solace to a mother, who, with streaming hair, kneels over the pallid form of her dying infant, whose cracked lips only

her tears now moisten. Passing on, the nurse enters a room where a mother is about to be delivered of a new child to brighten God's earth. She approaches with reverential steps, for she realises that here is a child to be born, who has been conceived in a prayerful and loving union.

Weltweiser has touched my arm, and warns me that the night is already far spent and we must be on our way. I now have no need to ask why the divine face sometimes smiled and uttered a sigh of relief! We leave the Street of the Pure and enter Satanic Avenue. We wend our way between the forms of several drunkards who even yet are raising the thoughtless tankard to their drying lips. Not far distant in the Condemned Cells the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes peer through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Our path is crossed by a raving atheist, worried in his sleepless wanderings, and we hear the ever-present mutterings on his sense-forsaken lips — "Night be soon: Day be swift." His moans are accompanied by the steady hammerings of the prison carpenters, for six men are to be hanged on the morrow. From the shadows creeps the stealthy form of the thief who silently sets to his pick-locks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the solitary peace-officer closes his weary eyes in forgetful sleep. His silent craftiness is only interrupted when riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame, where the holy bond of marriage is waved aside by carnal lust.

"God have mercy," I cry; "show me no more, dear Weltweiser. I understand the cries and the looks from the crucifix—the centurion's spear is wounding yet! Lead mine eyes back to celestial heights so that I may be a distant spectator of the day, when the cowardly form of man will slink back to their lairs." "Think then," says my philosopher-friend, "how these inhabitants of Satanic Avenue are trying to challenge the supremacy of the night by using the night to shield

their sinful schemes. There will come a time, my friend, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room."

A breath of wind sweeps the city, and we know that dawn will soon be here. A cock has just crowed thrice, but not the signal of a betrayal, but the sign for the friar to toll his angelus in the neighbouring convent. The first streaks of dawn are appearing as the priest enters his sanctuary to celebrate the early morning mass. After a little we hear the rising strains of the Sanctus—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory, glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High" — and at this moment the chapel is bathed in a

flood of light, for the sun has risen and day is at hand.

The curling smoke from the chimney pots unsuccessfully challenges the brightness of the day: the air is electric with the sound and song of nature's children. Just as the new phoenix rises from the ashes of the old, so does day rise from night, bringing with it new joys, new hopes, and new opportunities. As Weltweiser draws my spirit back to his starry heights, we are followed by the soaring skylark, who sings his matin lay to God — reminding us that although the frail nature of man is obsessed with much that is dross, there is a haven where sorrows shall be wiped away and peace shall reign supreme.—J.W.C.



TRINITY COLLEGE
ROLL OF HONOUR

NAVY

ROYAL NAVY

Thwaites, M. R., Lieutenant.
Townsend, S. L., Surgeon-Lieutenant.

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY

Darby, L., Surgeon-Captain.
Hasker, J. R., Surgeon-Commander.
Newton, J. E., Surgeon-Lieutenant ("Canberra").
*Oliver, F. L., Chaplain ("Australia").
Robertson, A. H., Surgeon-Lieutenant.
Romanis, J. E., Chaplain ("Hobart").
Sewell, S. A., Surgeon-Lieutenant.
Sholl, E. K., Lieutenant.
Townsend, M. C., Surgeon-Lieutenant ("Sydney").
(Killed in Action).
Traynor, H. W., Pay-Lieutenant ("Melville").

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE

Cameron, D. R. M., Surgeon-Lieutenant.
Fell, S. F., Sub-Lieutenant.
Galbraith, I. C. C., Surgeon-Lieutenant.
Kirby, P.
McKernan, A. F., Sub-Lieutenant.
Martin, C. S., Sub-Lieutenant.
Medley, D. J., Sub-Lieutenant.
Murray, B. C. L., Lieutenant.
Newton, R. H., Sub-Lieutenant.
Pringle, A. G., Sub-Lieutenant.
Roberts, W. H., Engineer ("Sydney"), (Prisoner of War).
Smith, C. D., Sub-Lieutenant.
Thwaites, P. N., Lieutenant.
Whiting, R. H. L., Sub-Lieutenant.
Wilbur-Ham, J. L., Sub-Lieutenant.

ARMY

ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

Champion, A. H. R., Captain.
Chomley, R. A. B., Duke of Devonshire's Regiment.
Smibert, J., Captain.

SUDAN MEDICAL CORPS

Beveridge, C. E. G.

AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE

STAFF

Blamey, T. R., Lieutenant-Colonel, M.B.E., Member of Military Mission to U.S.A.
Britten, M. W., Chaplain.
Carroll, N. C., Lieutenant, Intelligence.
Faulkner, N. W., Captain.
Hamer, R. J., Lieutenant, Intelligence.
Irvine, W. H., Major, Legal Staff Office.
King, Whitney, Major, Legal Staff Office.
Leslie, E. K., Chaplain.
McKie, J. D., Senior Chaplain.
Meredith, B. C. J., Captain, Intelligence (Wounded in Action).
Pidd, A. T., Chaplain.
Proud, J. C. S., Lieutenant, Intelligence.
Sholl, R. R., Staff Captain, A.M.C.
Wilcher, L. C., Lieut.-Colonel (Education).

R.A.A.

Baillieu, J. M., Lieutenant.
Barrett, A. I., Lance-Bombardier, Anti-aircraft Regiment.
Bidstrup, R. A., Lieutenant, Anti-Aircraft Regiment.
Bloomfield, J. S., Major, Anti-aircraft Regiment.
Borthwick, A. H., Corporal, Anti-aircraft Regiment.
Cameron, E. O. C., Bombardier, Field Regiment.
Darby, G., Gunner, Field Regiment.
Deasey, D. W., Sergeant, Anti-aircraft Regiment.

Deasey, R. H., Sergeant, Field Regiment.
de Ravin, J. A., Gunner, Field Regiment.
Drysdale, W. G., Bombardier, Field Regiment.
Elder, J. S., Captain, Field Regiment.
Fairbairn, S. W. H., Gunner, Field Regiment.
Gordon, J. E., Gunner, Anti-aircraft Regiment.
Healey, F. G. A., Gunner, Anti-Aircraft Regiment.
Hellings, D. L.
Keating, L. G., Gunner, Medium Regiment.
Lang, P. S., Captain, Anti-Tank Regiment.
Lewis, J. E., Lieutenant, Field Regiment.
McIntosh, P. G., Gunner, Field Regiment.
Macdonald, F. E. H., Gunner, Field Regiment.
Mackinnon, I. D., Sergeant, Field Regiment.
Mann, J. G., Lieutenant, Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment (Killed in Action).
Mason, K. W. G., Gunner, Medium Regiment.
Nixon, B., Gunner, Field Regiment.
Ramsay, I. B., Gunner, Field Regiment (Prisoner of War).
Ross, W. L., Sergeant, Medium Regiment.
Rowan, K. S., Lieutenant, Anti-Aircraft Regiment.
Rylah, A. G., Captain, Field Regiment.
Sproule, J. St. G., Gunner, Anti-aircraft Regiment.
Starke, J. E., Lieutenant, Field Regiment.
Tartakover, A. R., Gunner, Field Regiment.

ARMoured DIVISION

Barrett, R.
Cole, K. F., Captain.
Moreton, F. J. H., Lieutenant.
Scutt, R. A., Trooper (Invalided out).

R.A.E.

Carre-Riddell, C., Colonel, Training Depot.
Eckersley, P. J., Lieutenant (Prisoner of War).
Lawrence, K. P. H., Major, Field Company.
McPhail, A. R., Sapper, Field Company (Missing).
Parrett, R. A., Lieutenant.
*Sutherland, R. B., Lieutenant-Colonel, C.R.E., Auxiliary Corps.
Walker, E. McK., Lieutenant, Field Company.
Wilmoth, G. R., Lieutenant, Field Company.

R.A.S.

Patrick, J. E., Lieutenant.

INFANTRY

Agar, J., Mentioned in Despatches.
Armstrong, G. O'Dell, Captain (Invalided out).
Baldwin, R. R., Captain.
Brown, C. A. C., Private, Training Battalion (Missing).
Buntine, M. A., Captain.
Cash, A. H., Corporal.
Gilbert, R. L., Captain (Prisoner of War).
Griffiths, W. B., Captain, M.C.
Grimwade, J. F. T., Private.
Hancock, R. N., Lieutenant, Training Battalion.
Johnson, W. R. B., Lieutenant.
Kelaher, J. R., Lieutenant.
Kimpton, D. C., Lieutenant (Invalided out).
Ollis, J. N., Corporal, Pioneer Battalion (Missing).
Pond, S. A. F., Major (Missing).
Selleck, H. F. H., Corporal, Training Battalion.
Sherlock, W. H., Captain.
*Spowers, A., Lieutenant-Colonel, M.C., D.S.O. (Mentioned in Despatches), (Prisoner of War).
Sutcliffe, G. W., Lieutenant (Prisoner of War).
Voss Smith, J., Private.
Voumard, L. C., Sergeant.
Welsh, N. B., Captain.
Wimpole, H. A., Lieutenant (Missing).

A.A.S.C.

Garran, J. C.
Joshua, Hugh (Missing).
Mitchell, E. V., Petrol Park.
Sergeant, I. T., Petrol Park.
Southey, M. J., Corporal.

A.A.M.C.

Ackland, T. H., Captain, A.G.H.
 *Agar, J. M., Captain (Mentioned in Despatches).
 Alsop, D. G., Captain, A.G.H.
 Andrew, R. R., Captain, A.G.H.
 Atkins, P. W., Captain.
 Brennan, E. T., Lieutenant-Colonel, D.S.O., M.C.
 Burston, G., Colonel, A.G.H.
 *Burston, S. R., Major-General, D.M.S., D.S.O., C.B.E.
 Catchlove, J. P., Captain, A.G.H.
 Cole, G. F. R., Captain, Field Ambulance (Dental).
 Crisp, E. R., Major, C.C.S.
 Curwen-Walker, M., Captain.
 de Crespigny, R. G. C., Captain, A.G.H.
 Drevermann, E. B., Captain, A.G.H.
 Farmer, F. Ward, Captain, A.G.H.
 Francis, S. E., Captain.
 Fraser, A. N., Captain.
 Furnell, H. G., Colonel, Field Ambulance, D.S.O.
 (Mentioned in Despatches).
 Giblin, T., Major, A.G.H.
 Hailes, W. A., Colonel, D.S.O. (Consulting Surgeon).
 Hardy, C. W. K., Captain.
 Hayward, J. I., Captain, A.G.H.
 Hunt, B. A., Major.
 *Johnston, W. W. S., Brigadier, A.G.H., M.C., D.S.O.
 Juttner, C. P., Captain (Missing).
 Keon Cohen, B. T., Captain, A. G. H.
 Kyle, E. W., Captain.
 Lapin, M. J. M., Captain.
 Lempriere, W. W., Major, Field Ambulance.
 *Leslie, D. R., Captain.
 Le Soeuf, L. E., Lieutenant-Colonel, Field Ambulance (Prisoner of War).
 Lind, E. F., Brigadier, D.S.O.
 Lindon, G. L., Captain (Killed in Action).
 McCracken, J. M., Captain.
 McDonald, E. A. F., Captain.
 McMullin, R. N., Major, Field Ambulance (Dental).
 *Morlet, J., Major.
 Morris, G. Newman, Captain, A.G.H.
 *Norris, F. K., Colonel, A.D.M.S.
 Orr, R. G., Major (Missing).
 Osborn, C. H., Major (Missing).
 Parsons, F. J., Captain.
 Patrick, T. B. C., Captain.
 Plowman, S., Major (Wounded in Action).
 Pope, D. C., Captain.
 Pope, H. C., Captain.
 Robinson, N. H., Captain, A.G.H.
 Smibert, R. S., Captain, Field Ambulance.
 Smith, H. R., Captain, Field Ambulance.
 Somerset, J. B., Major, C.C.S.
 Sewell, J. E., Major.
 Shale, D. J., Captain (Killed in Action).
 Stawell, J. R., Captain.
 Stephens, F. D., Major, D.S.O., C.C.S.
 Steward, F. D., Captain, Field Ambulance.
 Vincent, F. R., (Missing).
 Walpole, T. V., Captain.
 Weir, S. I., Captain, Field Ambulance (Died of Wounds).
 *White, N. B., Major, C.C.S.
 Wigley, H. W., Captain, Field Ambulance (Dental).
 Wilkinson, J. C., Captain, Field Ambulance (Dental).
 Wilson, N. P., Captain.
 Yewers, J. G., Corporal, A.G.H.
 Youngman, D. V., Private (Released for Government Work).

A.A.O.C.

Lemaire, J. E., Bombardier.
 Sear, W. F. L., Lieutenant.

BROADCASTING UNIT

Wilmot, R. W. W.

AUSTRALIAN PERMANENT AND MILITIA FORCES**STAFF**

*Crowther, H., Lieutenant-Colonel, Assistant Provost-Marshal, S.C., H.Q., D.S.O.
 Cumbræ-Stewart, F. D., Major.
 Horwood, E. K., Lieutenant.

*Kellaway, C. H., Colonel, Director of Pathology, M.C.
 *Mayman, G. L., Lieutenant-Colonel, Legal Staff Officer, S.C., H.Q.
 Wiseman, H. D., Major, Legal Staff Officer, S.C., H.Q.

R.A.A.

Cole, W. G., Bombardier.

R.A.E.

Hunt, D. A., Gunner, Field Regiment.
 Lobb, J. D., Lieutenant.

INFANTRY

Farquhar, D. A. B., Private.
 Gibson, J. A., Sergeant, Garrison Regiment.
 Marsh, R. R. C. W., Lieutenant, O.T.C.
 O'Shea, W. E., Corporal, H.Q.
 Ottaway, T. V., Corporal, H.Q.
 Robinson, F. M., Lieutenant.
 Strachan, G. M., Private, Intelligence (Missing).
 Sutton, H. G., Lieutenant.

A.A.S.C.

Anderson, J. F.

A.A.M.C.

(Including holders of honorary rank on the Reserve List.)

*Atkins, C. N., Major, D.A.D.M.S., S.C.H.Q.
 Clemens, G. M., Hon.-Captain.
 *Cole, G. E., Captain, D.S.O.
 *Cowan, S. O., Major.
 de Crespigny, Colonel Sir, C.T.C., D.S.O., V.D. (Commanding Officer of General Hospital).
 Godby, W. H., Major.
 Lowe, T. E., Hon.-Major.
 *McWhae, D. M., Colonel, D.D.M.S., W.C., H.Q., D.S.O., C.M.G., C.B.E., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.
 *Maudsley, H. F., Major, M.C.
 Newton, W. S., Major.
 Pern, G., Major.
 *Scantlebury, G. C., Major.
 *Sherwin, J. A. H., Colonel (Commander of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem).
 Sherwin, J. R., Captain (Invalided out).
 Turner, J. B., Hon.-Captain.

AIR FORCE**R.A.F.****ADMINISTRATIVE BRANCH**

Alcock, P. B., Pilot-Officer (Prisoner of War).
 Keon Cohen, C. H., Pilot-Officer.

FLYING PERSONNEL

Falkiner, L. B. S., Pilot (Killed in Flying Accident).
 Jones, B. C. G., Flying Officer (Reserve).
 Leach, S. J., Pilot-Officer (Killed in Action).
 Wilson, E. R. A., Leading Aircraftsman (Invalided out).

MEDICAL BRANCH

Catchlove, H. L., Squadron-Leader.

R.A.A.F.**ADMINISTRATIVE BRANCH**

Clark, T. R. H., Chaplain.
 Fraser, J. N., Squadron Leader.
 Garran, A., Flying Officer.
 Hatherly, K. H., A.C.I.
 *Knight, F. F., Wing Commander.
 Murray, C. H., Chaplain.
 Pigdon, J., Flying Officer.
 Sewell, G. B., Flying Officer.
 Wright-Smith, R. J., Squadron Leader (Advisor in Pathology).

FLYING PERSONNEL

Adams, D. B., A.C.
 Balmer, J. R., Squadron Leader.
 Beggs, G. F. W., A.C.

Bevan, L. L. O., Pilot-Officer.
 Carroll, L. W., Flight-Lieutenant.
 Colman, D. H., Pilot Officer.
 Falkner, J. A., Leading Aircraftsman (Killed in Flying Accident).
 Field, E. W., Sergeant-Pilot (Killed in Action).
 Gill, R. T., Flight-Lieutenant.
 Hood, R. A. D., Leading Aircraftsman.
 Kilpatrick, W. R., Pilot Officer.
 Manifold, W. G., Pilot Officer.
 Moran, H. A. L., Pilot Officer.
 Odgers, G. F., A.C.
 Parsons, C. E. R., Pilot Officer.
 Parker, L. E., Observer.
 Pugh, N. R., A.C.
 Rowe, T. N., Pilot-Officer (Killed in Action).
 Righetti, A., Leading Aircraftsman.
 Rutter, D. H., Pilot Officer.
 Stott, G. H., A.C.
 Trinca, G. F., A.C.
 Turnbull, H. H., A.C.

MEDICAL BRANCH

Hawkins, H. R., Flight Lieutenant.
 Rex, K. E., Flight Lieutenant.
 Travers, T. a'B., Squadron Leader.

RADIO LOCATION

Eadie, J. M., A.C.
 Hubbard, J. R., Pilot Officer.
 Keighley, S. A., A.C.1.
 Price, A. G. L., Pilot Officer.
 Thonemann, F., Pilot-Officer.

MEMBERS OF JANET CLARKE HALL
AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE
A.A.M.C.

Bryce, Lucy, Captain.
 Forster, Helene, Masseuse.
 Growse, Jocelyn, Masseuse.
 Henderson, Margaret M., Honorary Captain.
 Kelsall, Jean, Masseuse.
 McKenzie, Major Lady Winifred.
 McKnight, Ella, Captain.
 Oldmeadow, Brenda, Masseuse.
 Wanliss, Marion B., Honorary Captain.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

*Booth, J. J., The Most Reverend, M.C., Chaplain-General, Air Force.
 *Gardiner, M.C., Major, M.C., A.A.M.C. (Reserve).
 *Herring, E. F., Major-General, M.C., D.S.O., C.B.E.
 *Lawton, F. D. B. H., Major, O.B.E., A.A.M.C. (Reserve).
 *Riley, C. L., The Right Reverend, Chaplain-General.
 *Newton, Colonel Sir Alan, Consulting Surgeon to the Army in Australia.
 *White, E. R., Colonel, A.G.H. (Reported Missing).

DOMESTIC STAFF**AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE (INFANTRY)**

Hayes, T., Private.
 Henderson, A. G., Private.
 *Served in the last War.

OLD STUDENTS

JOHN STEPHEN LEACH

It is with deep regret that we note the posting of John Leach as "Missing, believed killed" by Air H.Q., Middle East.

J. S. Leach entered Trinity in 1935 from Geelong Grammar, where he had been Senior Prefect the year before. Very soon he made a place for himself in the life of the College.

As a freshman he played in the Cricket XI. and was a member of the Athletic Team. He was an active member of the Dramatic Society, taking several parts in the various productions of the Society.

In University sport he was a Rugby Blue and Secretary of the Melbourne University Rugby Club.

Few who remember the "Stuart Society" in its heyday will forget his genial personality.

In 1937 he graduated with honours in History and left Melbourne to take up a position as Assistant Master at Tudor House Preparatory School, Moss Vale, N.S.W. From Moss Vale he went into the service of Lord Wakehurst, Governor of N.S.W., as tutor to his sons, whom he prepared for the Eton Preliminary Examinations and took to England to enter the school.

On the termination of his service to Lord Wakehurst he entered the Colonial Service and spent a year at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, in preparation for service in the East African branch of the service.

On the outbreak of war he joined the King's Own African Rifles, but very soon transferred to the Royal Air Force. He spent his training periods in Nairobi, Khartoum and Habbanya in Irak. The writer met him in Cairo just after he had got his Commission as Pilot Officer. Soon after this, early in 1941, he was sent to Greece, and it was from this theatre that he was reported missing.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

BALCOMBE GRIFFITHS was awarded the M.C. last year for his part in the first attack on Bardia. He is now back in Australia, after having spent some time lecturing in England, and has married.

ALAN HAMER has left England on his return. After completing his B.Sc. at Oxford he has been discovering secret weapons with I.C.I. Ltd., and is now to see to their manufacture in Australia. DICK HAMER is still in Egypt, being on the staff at Brigade Headquarters.

ROSS CAMERON and IAN GALBRAITH are Surgeon-Lieutenants in the R.A.N. JIM GUEST, now Senior Resident at the Melbourne Hospital, is expecting to "go abroad" in a similar capacity shortly.

CECIL PARSONS has been piloting Whitleys somewhere in England. As Australian representative in his squadron he was presented to the King and Queen. D. H. COLMAN, H. A. L. MORAN and W. A. MANIFOLD are also in the flying business — the first in Rhodesia, the other two in Canada.

R. H. L. WHITING was a Sub-Lieut. on H.M.A.S. "Vampire" when she was sunk by bombing. His six hours spent in the water do not appear to have disturbed him unduly.

PETER THWAITES, Sub-Lieutenant, R.A.N.V.R., has returned to Australia and has married. His brother MICHAEL, former Rhodes Scholar and Newdigate Prize Winner, is still in England in the R.N.V.R. He has just become a proud father.

DAVID KIMPTON, after two years in the Middle East, has been discharged from the forces for reasons of health. To help his recovery he has taken a wife.

Also married is TOM BLAMEY, O.B.E., now Lieut.-Col., and a member of the Australian Military Mission to the United States.

JOHN McMILLAN is also looking after our interests in that country, through the Australian Legation at Washington. His brother, BARRIE, is trying to deny, on behalf of the Ministry of War Organisation of Industry, that there is a potato shortage.

H. L. CATCHLOVE, who has been promoted Squadron-Leader, R.A.F., is surgical specialist at the British Military Hospital in Iceland.

RON MacDONALD is still in the Middle East, having been last heard of in Syria, by the waters of Lebanon. He speaks in admiration of the canteen service in desert outposts.

The Rev. P. St.J. WILSON, who has been chaplain at Melbourne Grammar School for the past 10 years, has been appointed Headmaster of Brighton Grammar School.

JOHN McKIE paid Melbourne a fleeting visit on his way from the Middle East to North Australia, where he continues to act as Acting Chaplain-General.

R. N. HANCOCK, Captain, Independent Company, A.I.F., has gone north after coming back from New Caledonia where, to use his own expression, "Life was just like a holiday."

H. F. H. SELLECK is in the Armoured Division, A.I.F.

W. R. B. JOHNSON, Lieutenant, A.I.F.

T. V. WALPOLE, Captain, Army Medical Corps, has gone north.

B. C. J. MEREDITH, Captain, A.I.F., is back in Australia from the Middle East, and recently announced his engagement.

DOUGLAS STEPHENS, D.S.O.

JOHN WILBUR-HAM has just taken final leave of us before going to his job as Sub-Lieutenant in the Anti-Submarine.

D. H. M. CLARKE and JIMMY LE-MAIRE are both doing a quiet job in the A.I.F.

R. T. GILL and PONGO KILPATRICK serve in the R.A.A.F.

C. D. SMITH, now in the Anti-Submarine School, Edgecliff, Sydney.

C. S. MARTIN, a Sub-Lieutenant in the R.A.N.

Rev. M. W. BRITTEN, serving God in the 2/5th Field Regiment.

A. F. R. COLE, A. N. FRASER, W. W. LEMPRIERE, P. T. PARSONS are holding sick parades in the A.I.F.

W. D. IRVINE, N. E. LE SOEUF and A. SPWERS, all Lieutenant-Colonels in the A.I.F.

C. A. WILSON, O.B.E., D.C.M., is to be found at Macnan Abbey, Llanhurst, North Wales.

ROBERT FRASER has been appointed temporary director of the Empire Division, Ministry of Information.

Dr. C. N. ATKINS has been elected a member of Parliament in Tasmania.

H. M. L. MURRAY writes: "When I was in Brisbane in May I saw Tim Lahey; in fact, I had a cup of tea with him. He was well but busy, as his partner, Neville Henderson, was away in the Army. I think the latter is a major. In Sydney three weeks ago I met a man who three weeks earlier had dined with my brother in England (L. C. L. Murray, c/o De Havilland Aircraft Co., Halfield, England) and said that he was well, and so far both his home and the aircraft factory which he runs are untouched. On the return journey from Sydney I spent a day with E. A. C. (Joe) Farran, who has quite a busy practice in Albury."

J. N. OLLIS, last year, despite an apparent living death in Malaya, was as irrepressible as ever; he has since been reported missing.

OBITUARY

CANON E. S. HUGHES

The 16th June marked the passing of Canon Ernest Selwyn Hughes, so well known for his life-long association with the work of the Church and for his wide philanthropic and sporting interests.

Trinity's senior student in 1886-87, his rare combination of geniality and devotion endeared him to many throughout the community, as did his long incumbency of St. Peter's, Eastern Hill (1900-26). His own sporting prowess was suitably acknowledged by his election to the

presidency of the Victorian Cricket Association, which shared first place in his affections with the Australian Board of Missions, whose fine witness in New Guinea at this present time would more than compensate the Canon for his work towards its support.

REV. D. M. DEASEY

By the sudden death, on August 28th, of the Reverend D. M. Deasey, Trinity lost one of its most loyal and devoted sons and the Church a priest whose manly character and sincere Christianity won not only the admiration but the affection of everyone who came into contact with him. Evidence of the high regard in which he was held by the leaders of every Church is furnished by the tribute paid to his memory by Dean O'Brien, of Geelong, and others.

Denis Deasey was enrolled on March 3rd, 1898. He took a leading part in every phase of College life during his years in residence. To his energy and enthusiasm were due the brief period of success in football experienced by Trinity in the early years of this century. During the last 10 years of his life he was a member of the governing body of the College, having been co-opted in 1932 as a member of the Council of his old school—Geelong Grammar. Two of his sons and his three daughters were resident members of the College.

SIR ALAN CURRIE

Sir Alan was one of those men who honour all they touch. We imagine the College is one of the obscurer bodies able to boast some years of his life, for his was a sounding name in the State.

Despite the rural ease that might have been his for the choosing, he spent his youth qualifying as a civil engineer. Borne there by a fund of native ability he soon rose to the post of Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department in Western Australia.

In the last war he was a Major in the Field Artillery, and won the Military Cross. His memory will be forever sweet in the minds of those soldiers who knew him for his signal efforts in Closer Settlement circles: it was men of his charity and integrity left the scheme its clean record.

Success in public life is the just prerogative of a man of his calibre, but people dwelt equally fondly on his distinction as a sportsman, on such elegant creatures as Rogue's March and Flash Jack. Nor was it with any small pride that Victorians thought of exquisite Ercildoune, a tasteful piece of Old England and home to the Duke of Gloucester in 1934.

Sir Alan, then, was not only a grand but a colourful brother citizen, and in this lies the essence of his rarity: we can only mourn, for there is no hope of another.

JANET CLARKE HALL

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1942

Senior Student: Cecily Statham.

Secretary: Elizabeth Pryde.

Treasurer: Olive Wykes.

NOTES

In the good old days one finds that the Janet Clarke Hall representative could commence her notes with a remark that the tenor of College life alters very little from year to year. Unfortunately, such a statement no longer holds, for this year life in College has been affected as never before by the vibration of world events.

Blackouts and A.R.P. have made their presence felt by heavy curtains on the stairs and chicken wire on windows, and a dim religious light in the corridors, as well as the buckets of sand and pumps and shovels in impressive array on the landings. Owing to staff shortages students have been helping more and more in such matters as bed-making, washing up and waiting at table.

Social activities have necessarily been curtailed, but the Freshers' play was presented to the usual appreciative audience early in first term. Its title was "In Darkest Africa," or "My Favourite Wife" and the exciting plot was of the hero, Anne Maudsley, carrying off the unwilling Joan Mackney to darkest Africa to become his favourite wife, but, a hungry crocodile happening to stroll by during the wedding ceremony, the bridegroom was left to console himself with his sixteen stone black concubine. A very fine jungle dance, which captured the primitive jungle passion, was one of the highlights of the play, and the producer, Lucy George, and the actresses, were all congratulated on their fine performances.

The Ball is still a far-off memory from peace-time, and no Common Room Dances were held in first or second terms.

However, when one was held early in third term such things as blackout restrictions did not apparently decrease its success, though the weather kept to its usual C.R.D. tradition, for the great day dawned and indeed wore away to the sound of raindrops.

Knitting for soldiers and making camouflage nets in the Common Room have occupied the leisure of quite a large proportion of the members of College, many of whom have also completed courses in First Aid and A.R.P., and have now a place in the University's A.R.P. organisation.

The Land Army has been supported by several of our members, who are to be seen on Wednesday afternoons setting off in most horsey attire to go digging and weeding, and attending to the various other activities connected with the art of vegetable growing.

There in our midst the art has a most enthusiastic devotee in the Principal, for a wire-netting fence has been put up along the open side of the tennis court, and though to the ordinary observer its purpose might seem to keep tennis balls from flying into the rose-bushes, the real advantage is that it provides space for a vegetable garden, where now flourish, under the Principal's supervision, peas and silverbeet, in addition to the broad beans growing along the farther wall. In fact, at dinner a short time ago the favoured few dining at High Table received a teaspoonful each of the first home-grown silverbeet.

The children from the orphanage nearby have been evacuated to the country, so we have not been able to help them with their Guides and Brownies this year, nor make them summer frocks, as we have done in the past, but our interest in such work has been maintained by several members of College regularly giving voluntary assist-

ance at various creches and kindergartens in the city. Mrs. Medley kindly took some of us in her car, which in these days of petrol rationing is a much appreciated gesture, to visit the Lady Huntingfield Free Kindergarten.

On October 31st last year a Benefactors' Dinner was held in College, after a service in Chapel. Miss Traill, Mrs. Lowe and Miss Behan were guests, also Miss Diana Landale, representing the Clarke family, and Miss Tweedie, the niece of Bishop Green.

During the year the Chaplain has been dining in Hall on Monday evenings and after dinner has given us talks on the more unusual and historical aspects of the Old Testament, and the thought and time he has given to us have been much appreciated.

On September 28th we were honoured by having the Archbishop and Mrs. Booth as guests at dinner.

In conclusion, we would like to congratulate Olive Wykes on being President of the C.M.U.W., and Bronnie Taylor on being awarded a travelling scholarship for French.

During the year we have had two very generous gifts of books from the libraries of the late Theodore Fink and the late Dr. Constance Ellis. New shelves are being put in the Library to house them, and pictures also from Dr. Ellis have been hung in College.

JANET CLARKE HALL DEBATING CLUB

President: Miss M. Cameron.

Secretary: J. Pascheove.

Committee: B. Borthwick, L. Gibson.

True to our promises the Debating Club sprang into renewed activity this year. A new constitution had been drawn up and was accepted at the general meeting of the Students' Club.

Some good debates were held in first term. The Freshers debated that "The problem of Europe can only be settled by a federation of the States," and they

showed great promise. Another interesting subject was that "The fanatic has done more for the world than the moderate man." A disappointing feature of our debates, however, is that although there is always a good audience, it is an apathetic one, and there has been very little critical discussion at any of the meetings of the club.

In second term the Trinity College Dialectic Society challenged us to debate that "Man is content to be deluded." Our speakers were M. Taylor and B. Borthwick, for the affirmative, and they won the debate after some lively discussion from the floor.

JANET CLARKE HALL SPORTS CLUB NOTES

President: Miss Joske.

Hon. Sec. & Treas.: Miss R. Walker.

Committee: Misses O. Wykes, A. Borthwick, J. Alexander, B. Mogensen.

This year our sporting activities have been curtailed considerably, on account of our war activities, which have occupied most of our spare time. There was no formal University sport, but we managed to arrange Women's Inter-collegiate tennis. The team chosen to represent the College was: Misses O. Wykes, R. Walker, B. Mogensen, D. Shilliday, with Miss V. Hawkins emergency. We would like to thank Miss Law for her assistance in helping us select the team.

After very closely contested matches we defeated Women's College in the first round, Queen's in the second and Newman in the finals. At the conclusion of the finals Women's College entertained all the teams at a very enjoyable afternoon tea.

An innovation this year was a tennis match against Trinity, held in Swot Vac. After a hard fought match, which some of us thought would never end, we eventually proved the victors, winning by a few games (rubbers and sets being equal).

Our congratulations go to Miss O. Wykes on winning the J.C.H. Singles Tennis Championship.

At the moment the Swot Vac. doubles and the Circles tournament are progressing slowly.

This year Squash has been very popular, largely owing to the generosity of Trinity in allowing us to use the court more frequently, which we appreciated greatly.

We played two hockey matches this year, one against Ormond in 2nd term, when we were beaten 4-1, and the other against Trinity, in Swot Vac., when we were again defeated, 3-1. We therefore conclude that in hockey at least brawn is more useful than brain.

JANET CLARKE HALL DRAMATIC CLUB, 1942

The Committee this year was as follows:—

President: Miss Enid Joske.

Secretary: Miss Lynne Reid.

Members: Miss Barbara Borthwick.
Miss Mary Grice.

Play readings have been held regularly once a fortnight this year. All save three have been combined with the members of Trinity Dramatic Club. The attendances have been good, and not only have the evenings been less formal, but one occasion even hilarious, culminating in parlour games and community singing.

The choice of plays has for the most part been a happy one, and only on a few occasions has there been the inconvenience of insufficient books. The sources for obtaining copies of the plays have been decreased through the war. However, by assigning the characters to the different copies available, people have more quickly got to know each other.

The plays read are: "The Medea," by Euripides; "The Devil's Disciple," by George Bernard Shaw; "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning; "The Roundabout," by J. B. Priestley; "The Ascent of F6," by Auden and Ischerwood; "The Corner-

stavs," by Eric Linklater; "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward; "Old English," by John Galsworthy and "Caesar and Cleopatra," by George Bernard Shaw.

There was no Trinity play this year. We would like to congratulate Miss Lucy George on her performance in "Time and The Conways" (J. B. Priestley), which was presented by the Tin Alley players.

We would like to thank our President, Miss Joske, for her help and co-operation throughout this year.

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY

The Annual Meeting of the Society for 1941 was held at Janet Clarke Hall on October 18th, the President, Mrs. Paul Radford, presiding. Dr. Mona Blanch was elected President for 1942, and Mrs. Paul Radford and Mrs. Heaton Clark Vice-Presidents. Mrs. Whitney King was Secretary and Treasurer, and the Committee elected was Miss Joske (ex officio), Mrs. John West, Mrs. E. G. Coppel, Mrs. G. Pringle, Miss Margaret Grutzner, Mrs. W. Thorn and Miss Ruth Williams.

The Annual Meeting was followed by the Dinner, at which 56 members were present, and the following guests: Mrs. Lowe, the Presidents of the Ormond and Queen's Women's Societies, the senior students of Janet Clarke Hall, St. Mary's Hall and the University Women's College and Miss Sybil Burnett, second-in-command of the W.A.A.A.Fs.

Mrs. Radford proposed the toast of the College, which was responded to by Miss Joske and Miss Thomas. The toast of Our Guests was proposed by Dr. Margaret Henderson, and Miss Sybil Burnett responded and gave a most interesting account of the formation and work of the W.A.A.Fs. in England and the W.A.A.A.Fs. in Australia. Mrs. Donald Nairn proposed the toast of Absent Friends.

It was decided to give a proportion of each dinner subscription to the Women of the University Patriotic Fund. This amount was added to the profit made on

the last two year's dinners. With donations from members a cheque for £14/17/5 was sent to the Fund.

It was decided that the holding of the Open Day should be left to the discretion of the Committee, who early in February decided that no Open Day should be held this year.

There are many Trinity Women in the services — Brenda Oldmeadow is a masseuse on a hospital ship, Jean Kelsall with the 2nd A.G.H. as a masseuse, and Moira Thompson is a masseuse in the A.I.F.

Miss Kathleen Deasey is a Major, second-in-command, of the A.W.A.S. Members of the A.W.A.S. are Isla Murphy and Dorothy Whitehead, and Barbara Davies and Mary Whitehead are V.A.Ds.

Trinity women doing war work are also numerous. Diana Armit and Eda Lindsay are in the Department of Labour and National Service and Heather Brown also is doing Government work. Ruth Williams has given up teaching to take up a war job. Helen Clark is an Almoner and Social Worker and is the Government Officer in charge of overseas children, while Margaret Grutzner is doing rehabilitation work as Almoner at a military hospital. Doreen Langley is a dietitian at a U.S. military hospital.

Dr. Lyn Thomas and Dr. Ruth Farrer are at the Royal Melbourne Hospital, where Dr. Mary Wheeler is a Senior Resident. Dr. Jean White, better known as Ivy Packer, is a Resident at the Children's Hospital, after being at the Hobart Hospital, and Dr. Sue Wheildon and Dr. Jean Hutchings are at the Queen Victoria Hospital.

Dr. Heather Morris, soon after graduation, married Mr. John Gibson. Other marriages are Peg. MacAlister to Sgt. J. A. Gerrard, Mollie Marsden to Lance-Bombadier Ralph Campbell-Smith, Alvie Hicks to Mr. Wilmot, Joan Giddy last December to John Kersey, R.A.A.F., and Catherine Baker to Dr. Keys Smith.

In February M. Wilson married Dr. R. Sussex and J. Courtney Pratt married Mr. J. H. Coates.

In January Margaret Wynne was married to Bill McCasker, a Lieutenant in the R.A.N., and in September Ann Hurley married Mr. A. C. Jackson, and Mary Scantlebury was married to Surgeon-Lieutenant Hugh Catchlove.

Barbara Stenhouse, who married Geoffrey Bunbury, is living at Bothwell, Tasmania. Heather Jones is in Tasmania at a radio station in Davenport, and her sister, Hazel, is doing censorship work in Jamaica. Another Trinity woman abroad is Edith Purnell, who is in India.

Alma Hansen, M.B.E., now Mrs. Hands, has returned to Australia and has come on the committee of Janet Clarke Hall.

Vera Dow and E. Thompson (Mrs. Ian McCallum) are in the Broken Hill Association, and Nancy Hayward has gained the distinction of becoming a member of the Pathological Society of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Dr. Betty Nankivell is practising in Morwell and Miss A. G. M. Skinner is doing church work in Whyalla.

We offer sympathy to Mrs. Harry Lawson (Beth MacAlister) and Mrs. Webb (Beryl Howell) whose husbands were killed in flying accidents.

BIRTHS

To Major and Mrs. Whitney King (Ethleen O'Dwyer) — twin daughters in January.

To Lance-Corporal and Mrs. Geoffrey Vellacott (Helen McDonald) — a son in April.

SALVETE

Elizabeth Blakiston—Science I.
 Sylvia Bosselmann—M.Sc.
 Anne Brown—Arts I.
 Petera Campbell—Arts I.
 Philippa Carter—Science I.
 Lucy George—Arts I.
 Leonie Gibson—Arts I.
 Vera Hanly—Science I.
 Valerie Hawkins—Science III.
 Mary Holder—Medicine II.
 Eve Illidge—Commerce I.
 Winsome Jones—Arts I.
 Elizabeth Lacey—Arts I.
 Lesley McGovern—Arts I.
 Joan Mackney—Commerce I.

Anne Maudsley—Arts I.
 Iris Nicolades—Law I.
 Helen Nye—Science I.
 Anne Pigdon—Science III.
 Noreen Piper—Medicine I.
 Jean Proud—Medicine II.
 Cynthia Rodwell—Science II.
 Donald Shilliday—Arts I.
 Cynthia Sterling—Arts I.
 Irene Stewart—Agricultural Science III.
 Isabella Terry—Arts II.
 Rosemary Turner—Dentistry I.
 Gwenneth Wykes—Science I.

VALETE

Kathleen Aberdeen—In College 1940-1941.
 Diana Armit—In College 1939-1941.
 Heather Brown—In College 1939-1941.
 Merial Clark—In College 1939-1941.
 Pamela Cuttle—In College 1941.
 Beryl Davies—In College 1941.
 Marjorie Felstead—In College 1941.
 Patricia Flight—In College 1940-1941.
 Helen Fowler—In College 1939-1941.
 Kate Frewin—In College 1939-1941.
 Helen George—In College 1940-1941.
 Joan Giddy—In College 1939-1941.
 Loloma Green—In College 1941.
 Mary Hain—In College 1940-1941.
 Pamela Heller—In College 1940-1941.
 Joan Kitchen—In College 1940-1941.
 Patricia Lind—In College 1939-1941.
 Nona Lloyd—In College 1940-1941.
 Heather Morris—In College 1937-1941.
 Margery Morris—In College 1938-1941.
 Jill Murphy—In College 1939-1941.
 Everil Murray—In College 1940-1941.
 Doris Nevett—In College 1941.
 Glenice Pascoe—In College 1941.
 Jean Thielicke—In College 1940-1941.
 Lyn Thomas—In College 1937-1941; Senior Student 1941.
 Mary Wheeler—In College 1935-1941.
 Phyllis Worley—In College 1941.
 During the course of 1942 the following:—
 Ada Booth—In College 1940-1941.
 Beth Dougall—In College 1937-1941.
 Lorna Sisely—In College 1939-1941.

OBITUARY

Miss S. J. Williams

Susan Jane Williams held a unique position in College and University life in Australia and her death on May 27th, 1942, was a great grief to her numerous friends.

The first of a long line of members of her family to join the College, she entered Trinity College Hostel in 1895 as holder of the Annie Grice Scholarship. A first class honour student throughout

her course, she graduated with first class Final honours in the School of Classical Philology in 1898. In October of the same year she entered Newnham College, Cambridge, and in June, 1900, was head of all the women of her year, when she was placed in the first division of the second class in the Classical Tripos. For a year she read Archaeology, and then returned to Australia. After a year at Tintern and as Tutor at Trinity College she joined the staff of the Melbourne C.E.G.G.S., where she stayed as Senior Classics and English mistress until the end of 1913. From 1914 to 1919 she was Classical Tutor at Trinity College, and in 1919, until her appointment to the Women's College, Sydney, in the middle of the year, was also Principal at Trinity College Hostel. In Sydney she followed the first Principal and enhanced the growing fame and reputation of the College. When she resigned at the end of 1936 a new wing recently added was named in her honour.

She had always been fond of travel, and during her time at the Grammar School and in Sydney had gone abroad and renewed old acquaintances. In 1937 she again went to England, but returned to become First Principal of the new University Women's College in Melbourne. She left there in June, 1938, and was looking forward to some years of leisure and contemplation, when she was smitten by the illness that caused her death.

Such is the outline of her career. Her personality was such that she left her mark on her contemporaries and her colleagues no less than on the school children and the students whom she taught or who were in her charge. She had a great love of learning and of true scholarship, a love of beauty in nature and art, and a great desire for elegance and accuracy in speech and thought. Her intelligence, her integrity, her wide general interests, her most punctilious regard for the feelings of others, and the utter disregard of self which she showed in interrupting her own immediate work if by so doing she could help a friend or an acquaintance, gained her

the friendship of people in many walks of life, in many countries and of all ages. College friends and students alike are grateful for having known her and are the richer for her friendship.

Mrs. Fancourt McDonald

Two years after her sister had become resident at Trinity College Hostel, Olive May Williams joined the College as a non-resident student. She also did an honour course in Classical Philology and graduated with Final honours in that school in March, 1900. Like her sister she joined the staff of the Melbourne C.E.G.S.S., but in 1903 married Dr. Fancourt McDonald, whom she had met when they were students at Trinity. Her life from that time was spent in Queensland. Of her three children, her son Allan was at Trinity throughout his medical course and her younger daughter, Helen, at Janet Clarke Hall.

Mrs. McDonald's student friends still speak of her beauty and charm, and remember with delight her acting as Lydia Languish.

She had the gift of kindness and understanding. Her home was a very pleasant centre for her family and friends. Devoted in her duty as wife and mother, she kept up her interest in her college, and when in Melbourne was a welcome visitor there. Her sudden death in April this year came as a great shock to those who knew her and their sympathy is extended to all her family.

Dr. Constance Ellis

Dr. Constance Ellis, whose death occurred on September 10th, 1942, was one of the outstanding personalities of her generation.

She did first year Medicine at the University in 1894, obtaining 2nd class honours in Chemistry I. In her second year she gained 2nd class honours in

what was then known as Junior Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy. In 1896 she joined Trinity College and at the end of the year she shared the Physiology Exhibition with Basil Kilvington and took 3rd class honours in Anatomy. Next year she had 2nd class honours in Pathology. In 1898 she did Finals in Medicine and Forensic Medicine with 2nd class honours, and in the first term of 1899 obtained a First in the Finals in Surgery and Obstetric Medicine and Diseases of Children, being third on the list.

She became a resident at the Melbourne Hospital, one of a distinguished company which included Julian Smith and B. T. Zwar. In 1903, when she graduated M.D., she was the first woman to take that degree in the University of Melbourne.

From its early days Dr. Ellis was closely associated with the medical work and management of the Queen Victoria Hospital. She was the first woman to serve on the Council of the British Medical Association. For many years she was senior Vice-President of the Victorian Baby Health Centre's Association and a Vice-President of the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria.

In addition to being one of the leaders in her profession, Dr. Ellis was a woman of wide interests, in music, art, literature and social service. She was one of the founders and fourth President of the Lyceum Club, an original Member of the Victorian Women Graduates' Association and of the Trinity Women's Society. She was always loyal and generous to Janet Clarke Hall, and was closely associated with the foundation of the University Women's College. Despite the deafness that worried her in her later years, Dr. Ellis was always alert, keen and interested in her work and in many activities. Her death is a sad loss to a wide circle of friends.

