Tradition, College spirit and unity, social and personal satisfaction are the principal functions of sport in the College environment today, as they were in the past and most likely will be in the future. In order to appreciate fully the role of intercollegiate sport in 1972, a brief look at the history of College sport is of interest, as it permits a contrast between past and present trends and illustrates developments in intercollegiate sport.

The opening of Ormond College in March 1881 enabled the first intercollegiate sporting competition to be held. A cricket match between Trinity and Ormond was played on 7 April 1881, Trinity winning this encounter by 25 runs.

The tradition of cricket and rowing as the major summer sports was established from the very beginning with the inaugural boat race between Trinity and Ormond rowed on 26 May 1881. The Trinity four, in a boat borrowed from the university boat club, managed to defeat Ormond by four lengths. Trinity, however, was not so fortunate at football, when on 21 July 1881, the majority of the College gentlemen saw Ormond defeat Trinity in a low scoring match. In the return match, the following year, Trinity convincingly defeated Ormond by 12 points, thus achieving Trinity's first football victory.

Trinity's prowess in the early years of intercollegiate sport was demonstrated again in October 1882 when the Trinity pair of R. R. Stawell and A. W. Allen outplayed the Ormond pair, winning the first intercollegiate tennis match two sets to love.

With the opening of Queen's College in 1890, the three university colleges formed the Intercollegiate Delegacy, consisting of two delegates from the sports committee of each college, which met before 14 April each year to decide the nature and details of intercollegiate contests. It was decided:

In all intercollegiate contests the representatives of any competing college shall be restricted to matriculated students who are resident students, provided that all members of the teaching staff of each college be excluded.

The intercollegiate delegates elected from their members an honorary intercollegiate secretary, whose responsibility it was to organize all intercollegiate sporting fixtures. Each college paid the honorary secretary £10/6/- for the provision of sporting equipment, and for any sundry expenditure.

The agreements of the delegacy have formed the basis for intercollegiate sport since 1890. Currently, however, changes are being made. The provision in the constitution of the Intercollegiate Delegacy excluding "teaching staff" was repealed and for the first time tutors will be permitted to play if
they are pursuing full time tertiary courses. This move promotes unity of the colleges and enables the barrier between Senior and Junior Common Rooms to be broken down on the sporting field.

Many new sports have been included since the early days: athletics (1898), second eighteen football (1928), second eight rowing, hockey, swimming (1957), golf (1961), squash (1968), rugby (1972) and basketball (1972); and seven male colleges presently participate in the competition.

In my view sport is a major factor contributing to the success of collegiate life. It provides recreational and physical activities for the college members who fill the one hundred and sixty-eight positions in Trinity's intercollegiate teams. The triad of emotional, intellectual and physical challenges is just as essential for the university student as for the person experiencing other stages of development. Sport permits an outlet for our frustrations through physical activity.

College sporting teams provide a means for a group of people to be united both on and off the playing field. Many lesser College teams (that is to say, of less significance to the College as a whole, for example, second eighteen football or rugby) represent the ideal—students of different ages, courses, personalities and outside interests mixing and playing together as a team representing Trinity. The results of these matches are of secondary importance. The satisfaction of having played as a team, of making new friends and of chatting over a quiet or not-so-quiet ale after the game comes first. Through intercollegiate sport, I have personally found an opportunity to meet and get to know people with whom I would not have otherwise come into contact.

However, the eight rowers or the eighteen footballers should not be the only people involved. Everyone in College has something to gain. Spectator involvement helps to unite the College. The Keeper of the Kollege Konstitution (1969), Al Minson, summed up this spectator involvement in his great oration to the College on the definition of "jock-strapping" or athletic supporting. An ideal opportunity for gentlemen to join together and support Trinity is at the annual rowing regatta. The provision of buses from which to watch the races, and the timing of the races which permits an opportunity for an odd ale before and between heats, should act as an incentive to turn out in full force. But (alas) the attendances in recent years have progressively dwindled.

Traditionally football has been another sport in which spectator interest has been high, the support oscillating with the success of the team. But unfortunately, like rowing, attendances are declining at the University oval. Hopefully, the lack of interest is a reflection of the University's policy of having lectures, practical work and tutorials on both Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. To overcome this, the Intercollegiate Delegacy is endeavouring to re-establish Wednesday afternoon as the traditional University recreational afternoon. The playing of all intercollegiate sport on Wednesdays or Sundays would re-establish college sports as true spectator sports and help to foster College spirit and unity.

Personal and communal satisfaction can be achieved just as well in other fields of activity. The more intellectually or literarily oriented students work towards the same objectives through debating, acting and dialectics. The acceptance by both sides that the other is working towards common goals by different paths would greatly lessen friction between intellectuals and sportsmen.
An interesting and diverse range of opinion regarding Janet Clarke Hall’s attitudes to Trinity and the relationship between the two colleges emerged from a questionnaire which was recently circulated among J.C.H. residents. Although the nature of the data is such that it cannot be analysed in any quantitative way, the trend of opinion is evident in individual responses which recur in answer to particular questions.

First, and perhaps surprisingly, of those who responded to the questionnaire, very few, (approximately 20 per cent), said that they spent more time with Trinity students than with other members of University. One respondent suggested that “J.C.H.’s involvement with Trinity is decreasing as we are becoming more involved with other colleges”. However, it was felt by many that Trinity and J.C.H. are in general too college-centred, and too little concerned with the university: “We are too inturned, but no more than other colleges. Also, Trinity is less involved than J.C.H. and so it is unfair to lump them together. This may or may not be an accurate viewpoint! One respondent commented that “there is a growing trend for the college to be involved in university affairs and this should obviously be encouraged”, although many felt that it should be at a personal rather than collegiate level: “It seems that individual involvement is what is needed and this should be fostered”. It was further suggested however, that involvement at the collegiate level was desirable: “College facilities should be made available to all students”, and “occasions which would interest students as a whole should be organized”.

It would appear that the closeness of the bond between Trinity and J.C.H. depends on the extent to which their members are college-rather than university-oriented, and the trend is towards the latter. When questioned on the desirability and adequacy of J.C.H./Trinity relations, students gave answers such as: “It is important for Trinity and J.C.H. to maintain a close relationship in times when many colleges are going co-residential”. Several respondents thought that the two colleges should become co-residential also, but others felt that “they would lose a great deal of tradition in doing so”. Some suggested temporary compromise measures: “I think that there should be a greater number of inter-collegiate activities with Trinity—perhaps leading up to co-residence”. One considered that there should be a reciprocal meal system, with J.C.H. students permitted to eat in Trinity without paying extra, and vice versa; not to mention the obvious suggestion that “there should definitely be more ladies’ toilets in Trinity”! A fostering of community ties between the two colleges, especially in the form of mixed meals and more frequent inter-collegiate activities, was thus seen as a progressive step.

The questionnaire next attempted to elicit attitudes to Trinity as a whole. It appears from the results and from my own personal observations that there are in fact two distinct “Trinitys” about which opinions are formed. The first is of the College as a traditional institution. This image seemed to be the subject of most of the critical responses in the questionnaire: “Trinity tends to be very tradition-bound and should move more with the times”. One respondent saw Trinity as a “cliquey and very old-school-tie conscious college in which a large proportion of student activities seem to be focused on boozing and sport”. Another concluded: “I’m just not keen on the whole aura of the place”. This last comment serves to summarize admirably this first image of Trinity, as an institution with its own distinctive ethos: traditional and conservative. However, also evident in the questionnaire returns were replies indicating that some students based their opinions of Trinity on the individual students they knew, rather than on a general impression of the college as an institution. One
respondent claimed that her “attitude to Trinity does not really exist” and that she looked “only for individuals within it”. Another similarly felt that “to view Trinity gentlemen fairly I would have to take each person singly, as I haven’t yet met the typical Trinity man”. Further, one student maintained that “most of the ‘gentlemen of Trinity’ have pretty much the same attitudes as any other group of individuals”. For these people Trinity is a community of individuals.

The emergence of these two predominant views of Trinity, as a tradition-bound institution and as a community of individuals, raises interesting and somewhat disturbing questions. First, it would seem obvious that neither alone gives a representative picture of the College. Only when the two are brought together can one have a complete understanding of Trinity. We would like to know the reason for this dichotomy. Why is it that the reality of the inhabitants is so different from the stereotyped expectation derived from the aura of the College? Why is it that these two “Trinities” are partially divorced from each other in the minds of J.C.H. girls? Trinity seems to lack the image of a vital community, conforming to certain traditional norms, but diverse and interesting underneath. Have we failed to appreciate the community aspect, or does it in fact exist at all?

For surely the surroundings and the tradition, the style of Trinity, leave their mark on the individuals within it; and just as inevitably, or so one would hope, those individuals leave their mark on the College, both in their unique interpretation of its ethos, and in their efforts to modify it. In fact the two are mutually dependant, and only when taken in conjunction give a picture of Trinity at all. For without students Trinity would not be an institution; and without the institution, the individuals who live together there could not somehow equal “Trinity”.

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The invention of myths and religions, the construction of vast philosophical systems—they are the price man has had to pay in order to survive as a social animal without yielding to pure automatism. [Jacques Monod, *Chance and Necessity* 156.]

For the first time in history a civilization is trying to shape itself while clinging desperately to the animist tradition in an effort to justify its values, and at the same time abandoning it as a source of knowledge, of truth. [Monod, *op. cit.* 159.]

The story of how funds were raised for the building of Trinity Chapel makes for instructive after-dinner entertainment. It also reveals College religion, in any narrow sense of the term, as bound up with a larger parcel of ideas aptly expressed in our motto, *pro ecclesia, pro patria*. My hope in this article is to explore not only the religious aspect of Trinity College, but also the guiding ideologies that inform our common life and affect us individually.

When I returned to Australia at the end of May 1971, I found the Chapel community much reduced in numbers from the mid 'sixties. The liturgy was "high church" ritualistic but not inflexible. The urbane surface of the community was occasionally ruffled by individual flares of temperament or expressions of social or political concern. Bishop Grant's presence made the Chapel much closer to the life of the Diocese. Dr Barry Marshall's influence was still perceptible, not so much in the quality of ideas or practice, but in the evident love many had had for him and the consequent fear of betraying the high standards of his ministry.

In the College as a whole, there was a small number of people professing faith in Christ but disinclined to associate with the Chapel. One or two had strong influence in the circle around them and obviously commended themselves by the strength of their witness.

For the rest, the diffuse white Anglo-Saxon protestant feel of things was barely disturbed by the occasional Roman Catholic or the non-Christian from the third world. One Jewish friend took me to task, saying it was anomalous that the Anglican church should maintain something of a stranglehold in the running of the College and yet acquiesce so readily in its esteem of affluence. He did not believe his own convictions, either religious or political, had any leeway in Trinity.

Being now rather involved in the Chapel and the explicitly Christian activity of the College, I find it hard to discern what drift there has been in the year or more since I returned as Assistant Chaplain. The Canterbury Fellowship offers a viable alternative of traditional Anglican worship well done, and we have been sharing their resources, officially once a month, but in individual cases much more often. The College Christian community explores a variety of worship patterns and concentrates into formal or informal groups, for study and reflection.

College religion as an ecclesiastical phenomenon is not negligible: but it is marginal, and I will be surprised if there is a radical increase in preoccupation with it over the next few years. Let us return to the less obvious and implicit realms of ideas and values that obtain in the College at present. I do not wish to disguise the subjectivity of the remarks that follow.

In the course of our century of existence, there has been a steady and dominant flow of Trinity gentlemen out into those professions which depend upon and minister to a hierarchical, capitalist and meritocratic society, especially the law, commerce and industrial management, academic positions, medicine, the media and the public service. For the most part, the clergy might be included as servants of the same ideology. There have not been many social reformers or radicals in their number, nor artists, particularly those whose critical function has been strong. Downtown clubs preserve College and public school camaraderie and self-assertion, and the old-boy bloc...
gains solidarity from the exercise of an expensive social life, latterly boosted by the improved sporting and cultural facilities and better quality food and drink. This happy world has suffered inroads of late. The College, for instance, has more competition from other colleges. There are more universities to which Melbourne and Geelong Grammar matriculants proceed. Alternative tertiary training is available and no longer only as a second best. The costs of keeping us in the manner to which we are accustomed at Trinity have spiralled. There is a groundswell of dissatisfaction with the wilful and pre-emptive political life of Australia, its nepotistic perpetuation of oligarchies and the emptiness of many of the jobs and activities occasioned by a growth and consumer model economy.

It is not strictly a matter of blame or praise that the College has sent out people who preserve the status quo. Output is mainly determined by intake. Yet those who enter Trinity for no better reason than its convenience as a boarding-house right on the campus are liable to the purifying ethos of the ambitions and values that prevail already. Those from public or high school background who have received home training in the "grab-as-grab-can" philosophy will not be undermined here.

Amongst other things Trinity College is a breathing-space between the inchoate human experience of schooldays, and the pursuit of a career under the mandatory adult constraints. At this point, our lives are governed by several myths, reinforced by our luxurious Sitz im Leben and more permissive regulations. "Alcohol in super-abundance is the liquid cement of our relationships. We cope with it by getting drunk and then learning discretion." (However, the same should not be said of other drugs.) "Playing or watching sport will engender a corporate spirit." "Sex adventurism is a permissible sowing of wild oats before we settle down to marriage or gay bachelordom." "It is good to seek first the finer things of life—a special field of study, a hobby, a tea-party, a ball, a concert or an exhibition—and then righteousness will be added."

The bland givenness of our academic avocation might be thought to cover all these other attitudes and submerge them with its own demands. For myself, I am unconvinced that academic excellence and the quest for knowledge (not always the same thing) are sufficiently powerful to be the overriding values of the College. The reasons are implicit in what has been said above. Moreover, we are patently unable to live life without proper attention to our instinctive capacities and their liberty and discipline.

Having lived for six years in Trinity (1960-1965), I am puzzled at my own strongly felt criticism of the College and the myths which characterize it. My parents' concerns, three and a half years in South East Asia, and especially the searching effects of my particular exposure to the gospel of Christ may be the partial explanation. At the same time, I feel a considerable optimism that members of the College at all levels are aware of the transitional phase we have entered and are willing to re-locate if not replace the emphases that have sustained us so far.

The tendency of the most pervasive ideas that have directed man's life is to explain him "by assigning him his place in an immanent destiny, a safe harbour where his anxiety dissolves" [Monod, op cit. 155]. But the advances of technology and the pressures of population no longer encourage attitudes which would thus defuse explosive tensions. What can be our way forward?

I believe that there are certain key steps which would make it more possible for those who pass through Trinity to find a religion or ideology or "myth" that is not escapist or fixating. Dr Barry Marshall used to say "each year is different" and if this is true, then we are not trapped by our history or present situation, despite elements as blind and selfish as I have suggested.

First, there should be a deliberately pluralised intake accepting female and married students (not only from the University but from other advanced educational bodies), apprentices, peoples from Asia,
Africa, Latin America, the Pacific, representatives of Australian "minority groups"—especially aboriginal and immigrant. This intake could be phased into operation over a period of years and might commence with small numbers from each group.

Secondly, greater participation by College members in the running of Trinity—council, domestic arrangements, even a back-to-nature food growing project in the Bulpadock! This would probably mean an increase in the number of year-round occupants.

Thirdly, a pruning down of College social and general activities to a bare minimum and the development of programmes addressing themselves to issues of the University or community at large. This would involve contact with a wider spectrum of ages and life-styles outside the College and the use of our facilities more openly than at present.

Fourthly, the establishment of inter-disciplinary groups (not just College-based) as a source of different communal experience and as a more valid context for study of political and ethical questions.

I would wish to add that Christians could also work at more authentic liturgical patterns and seek to present Christ and his claims honestly. For the rest, they would be as little distinctive as possible except as contributors to the whole life of the College.

The kind of changes I have envisaged are not likely to originate from majority pressure. I foresee that the agents of change of whatever kind will always be those few who are committed to their particular vision of their society. Whether we like it or not, the future before us at Trinity and in general is emerging as a force with massive capacity for alienation. This will be intolerable for those whose mythology insists that the majority must be enabled, however violently, to live smoothly, participating when and as leadership requires and each man is able to bear it. Rather it will be necessary to hammer out a worldview which does not seek escape from tension or the strain of unpredictability.
JOHN WILSON

John Harold Wilson was born into a line of Irish bankers and farmers on the upper right half of that island on a cold, grey and green morning ("they all are") in May 1934. From the Coleraine Academical Institution he descended on Trinity College, Dublin, first as a non-resident and then as a resident. There he completed a four-year honours course in Clubs and Societies as well as in modern languages.

With that zeal characteristic of the inhabitants of freezing climates, he trained for a year in Oxford with the overseas civil service, then off he went to Tangan-yika, where he dispersed appropriate quantities of British Law and Order to outposts of the Empire. However, the era of independence was dawning and the young Wilson returned three years later to Wolverhampton where, after spells in commerce and the local hospital, he met and consequently married Miss Molly Sutton, who was an amateur actress of considerable skill.

Opting for sunshine and food, the Wilsons migrated to Australia where John was appointed Deputy Bursar of Melbourne Grammar. From there he strided onwards, via appointments at the University of Melbourne, Monash University and the Victorian Institute of Colleges, to Trinity College, Parkville.

Both John and Molly have brought a welcome warm friendliness to the community as well as a great deal of valuable experience. John has already struck energetically at the delightfully archaic systems which were its office routines and a certain order is struggling to emerge. Asked if he thought whether, in this centenary "year of renewal", the College would be good for another hundred years, he replied:

Of course—that's why I came here. Naturally, it will have to move with the times. To get an idea of which way to move, one could do a lot worse than listen to the troops. After all, they have to live here.

ROD FAWNS

RAY GREGORY

Ray Gregory came to us as Dean from Brighton Grammar School, where he had been a senior master and chaplain. He took up his appointment in February 1969, and resigned it in January 1972, when he moved to Queensland to become Headmaster of All Souls' School, Charters Towers.

In his three Trinity years, he and his family made many friends. I think that should be the first thing said of his deanship—that it was marked by a gift for friendship, and that, despite the manifold demands of the College, it was lived out in the context of a warm and rich family life. His family meant much to many of us—his wife Leslie, his son John, his daughters Katherine and Robin, and Ella, the family dog. Robin and Ella, as often as not together, equally ubiquitous and friendly, and sharing the same lively curiosity about all that went on in the College, contributed a fresh and innocent element to the College scene which I believe did us all good, beset as we had been by bachelors in high places.

It would be easy for a Dean to spend most of his time in sheer administration. "Greg" was a good administrator, a very good administrator in fact, but he never allowed this aspect of his job to dominate him. He may have put innumerable files in order, straightened out the Behan basement after generations of confused neglect, kept up a stream of notes and memoranda and done a hundred and one other things of that nature, but somehow he was always available to the student in need of advice, either in the Summer House office which he made so attractive, at the Deanery, in studies or strolling about the grounds. As
I have said, he had a gift for friendship, and his talents as a pastor were appreciated in the College astonishingly quickly: within weeks of his arrival, the stream of visitors to his door had begun, and it was never to cease during his whole time with us. As pastor and (when necessary) disciplinarian, he was patient, practical, firm, sensible, deliberate, understanding, never fussed, never melodramatic. He proved once again—as Ken Mason had shown—that although it is certainly not necessary that the Dean be a priest, a priest can make a very good Dean.

As a priest, he contributed much to the life of the Chapel—an unexpected bonus, one might say, of his deanship. But a priest's responsibility in public worship is but an outward and visible sign of his vocation, and in the present-day College one of its less important aspects. In all he did, Fr Gregory's priestly commitment showed through. Nevertheless he almost invariably wore lay clothes and carefully forbore to "act the parson", which he knew would have been fatal: I do not believe he was ever seen as such, although commonly addressed as "Father" by all and sundry.

He had not himself been in College as an undergraduate. But he took pains to learn the ways of the College and he became an enthusiast for all it had to offer, both actually and potentially. When the first intimations appeared that the Colleges might be facing a long-term recruitment problem, he set up single-handed an ambitious and successful inter-collegiate scheme for the systematic visiting of country schools, both state and private. The Melbourne colleges as a whole know themselves greatly indebted to him, and plan to continue and expand his work in this field.

While he was here and the opportunity offered, Fr Gregory pursued further studies in education within the University. He was genuinely interested and well-read in the discipline, and he enjoyed his role as a director and prime mover of the College's tutorial programme, which he ran with efficiency and enthusiasm. But it was this abiding professional interest of his that was our undoing, because he came to realise that, much though he enjoyed Trinity, his true vocation lay in the sphere of secondary education. It was there, he felt, that the problems were the more urgent and the needs greater; it was there that he could make, perhaps, a profounder and more distinctive contribution. And so at the beginning of this year he left us. It was typical of the man—and of his wife—that he should accept the dauntingly difficult headmastership of a by-no-means rich school in a remote and fairly unattractive part of Australia, and this by deliberate choice. (He could, without doubt, have found more comfortable positions closer to hand.) For he is a man who acknowledges his calling, both priestly and educational, a man with a strong but unobtrusive sense of duty, a man of dignity, integrity and determination, for whom the challenge of the job could elicit only one response.

The College was profoundly sorry to lose him, but remains grateful for three years of comradeship and wise and vigorous action in his important role.

Dr R. L. SHARWOOD
Chapel hasn't attracted large numbers of people this year, but its involvement in College has been very intensive. Although the Chapel is used for services, tutorials, organ practice and even a football goalpost, it is not everything for those who regularly meet there to worship.

The life of the Chapel is under the direction of Father Jim Minchin and he has brought to it many talents: music, an interest in modern worship and, perhaps most importantly, an awareness of people who are in need both at home and overseas. Through his continual challenging and encouraging, members of the Chapel have been able to see what they can do in the hope of making this a better country and a better world.

About ten people in Trinity and J.C.H. are now going every Tuesday night to the Turana Centre. This is a detention centre for delinquent youths who are too young to go to prison, and is situated in North Parkville. Games and conversation take place and it is hoped that this will prove a worthwhile means of communication. Another two members of the Chapel are involved in a free school at Flemington High School. Other members of the Chapel are involved in visiting elderly people in North Melbourne.

Within the Colleges, the Chaplain has run a number of discussion groups on the Christian life. These have gone on in J.C.H. on Monday night and Trinity on Tuesday night. As well, many people in the College took part in the study programme, Action For World Development.

The programme ran for one night per week during July. It was largely an educational programme, although it is hoped that growth in awareness will lead to an increase in action.

Jazz masses have become a regular part of worship and have proved popular. The Warden has relaxed the dress rules as regards jazz masses and this informality helps those participating in this type of worship. On 30 July, the A.B.C. videotaped a very successful jazz mass for national screening.

One of the most significant services for the year was the Easter Day Eucharist, which was preceded by the lighting of the paschal candle to symbolize the Resurrection. During the Service a collegian was baptized and welcomed into the church. And what a welcome! After the service, a party followed in the nave with Mediterranean food and lively dancing.

Another first in the Chapel this year was an all night vigil on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, during which people prayed and meditated.

Thus much has happened this year for the Chapel community, and it is hoped that in the coming year participation of the Chapel community in the life of Trinity and J.C.H. will be intensified and strengthened.

ANDREW CURNOW
It all started with Juttoddie. It was somewhat of a dislocating start. The crowd stood by while Kingsley Gee proved that he specialized only in pediatrics and David Moore writhed on the ground. Then, of course, there were the races: Z. Ross, gentleman George Henderson and sundry thugs were all in their element. There was water, ropes, mud, flour, kicking, punching and pushing. The freshers were suitably initiated. Even the new Bursar, John Wilson, showed that he could do more than balance the books. Muggsie and the Whipp stole everyone’s money while Barney Minson commentated the re-run of the final which was won by Keith Disher. That evening, there was a barbeque on the Vatican lawn and the “McRae-Solly Farmyard Hop” in the J.C.R. Everyone thought it was a fun evening except for Moore—it’s not really much fun being pissed and having a dislocated shoulder at the same time.

Gee whiz! Wasn’t it really beau of the kids of J.C.H. to have a terrific garden party in first term! Mrs Dodds was super: she provided all the scones, jam, cream, tea, coffee, hundreds and thousands and lots and lots of other goodies. Some people’s eyes were too big for
their tummies! George Henderson chucked afterwards. Kate Norman was beaut, and Jules Wales and "Joss" Ross were charming as they took everyone's 40 cents at the door.

Chief Dirge Sitting Piss created a real smoke screen by having his Wig Wam Allen Essay in the Upper Bishops' Barn instead of the J.C.R. No one came. There were a great many young braves ready to prove their literary virility to the examining elders, Bishop Stanway and Mr Hewison. But few of the young braves proved their manhood. Polanski Witham showed that he was no Rosemary's Baby with all his pow wow about The Occult. Ross Millar from the Old Melburnian tribe spoke of beads worn by tribesmen on the left bank. Then came a pizza pie: Tony Strazzeri came on strong without anchovies, and spoke of the big burial ground in the sky. The final entrant was the tribe's enfant terrible, a Truman Capote of Trinity College, a young heterosexual Oscar Wilde—it was Young Chief Standing Bull, Stephen Mills, who won last year's endurance course. The examining elders endured him most and awarded him the Wig Wam once again. Well done, Steve!

And then, girls and boys, it was back to Jazzy Hutch for the good old Helen Knight Essay Competition. It was really great of Mrs Andrew Peacock and Del Chessell to come along and be judges, especially when Dinny O'Hearn was the other judge. We all know Dinny—he's that really good bloke from the Arts Faculty. "First cab off the rank" was Drippity Smiles who told us how to say "hello" to all the fellows on the left bank. Then there was Kate Norman. She spoke about tubes. Kathy Esson followed up with a really interesting essay on sheep. Guest essayist Alison Finlay's Intimations of Immorality was very intellectual and intelligent. It must have been. I couldn't understand it. Then Rob Vines bobbed up. Gee whiz—she quite took my breath away with her fab essay on trams. Then followed politics and social involvement in the form of the stimulating Ruth Fincher. Golly, by this time, all the girls were on the edges of their seats wondering who was going to be the winner. There was but one essay to come. It was Prue Borthwick, and she certainly came. My! My! My! Did we flush! She spoke of words that a young lady should not know. Boy, oh boy! did we learn a few things when Prue talked on The Value of Indecent Language! All that stuff really convinced Dinny that Prue had real talent. He awarded her first prize, and invited her over for counselling at Naughton's.

We now return to Trinity, the College of the Businessman, that veritable Summer School Palace, to see if the Dutch Dialectic Society is still in existence. They found Dirge and staged the Freshers' Debate. Apart from the adjudicator and Chris Cordner, it was a very ordinary affair. The senior gentlemen proved their point and Dirk forgot to provide a supper. Then it was on to the dilletante's dell, that great oasis of urbanity and civilization in the College cultural desert, the house of Sheik Ali Robin Sharwood. The T.C.D.S. had a poetry reading. Amid the raptures of a seventeenth-century keyboard, metres, metaphors and rhymes rang out. T. S. Eliot was undoubtedly alluded to and Dirge alluded to the state of undress of the women.

The more vocal members of the T.C.D.S. began their quest to retain the grail of debating—snatched from the grasp of the Holy See only last year. Stoffa Cordner, Chris Maxwell and young Steve Mills formed a team, and J.C.H. also had a go. The lads laughed their way to the final but were robbed of the trophy by the adjudicators, and J.C.H. did well to defeat St Mary's.

Well, Darlises, despite strong opposition from Flapper Freddy and his Gissing cousin who just happened to have an At Home on the same night, at least some of the gay younger set were turning on and freaking out around Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, for the College Ball 100. Dandy, Darl, Dave Moore and his band of helpers had organized what promised to be a super-dooper whizzer of an event. Well! It was just too overwhelming! We all got there in our penguins and our formal gowns to witness a young chap take his clothes off amid a pool of animal entrails. Dave told me afterwards that it was a "play" called Crow. Well, I mean to say, after all that, I just had to head for the supper table. Dearie me! We had an awful lot of supper waiting for all the other guests to arrive, but they never did. Nonetheless, there were some divine couples present: George Henderson and Ranald Anderson, the Terry Jenkins', the Honourable Frances Carrotick Rose Prize and St Hilda, Bou wrearecure Shore and the Warden's mongrel dog, Henrietta, and, of course, the Fawns'. On! On! Through the night! The gay throng swirled across the dance floor to the sounds of Indelible Murteeps and the Anne and Johnnie Hawker Big (?) Band. The dear old Honourable Frank sprang on to the stage and delivered quite the most spell-binding oration that the withered walls of that sweet old T. F. Much Cathedral Hall had ever seen. George Henderson burst into song and all the lovely lads and lasses throatily gave of their best, tiger-wooning Trinity's Centenary. The charm, the wit, the elegance, the grandeur, the eloquence, the etiquette, the civility, the comradeship, the esprit de corps of the evening were just too, too, too emotional. I headed for the law, and an alka seltzer. If only the Warden could have seen it all! Geoff Chettle came late, and wept on Jenny Ross. Bunai sang the rower's song and announced his engagement to Judie Manley. Old Boys, Peetles ("two-beat") Vickery and Paul D. ("Muscle") Elliott shook their heads and said, "the Old Coll. is not like it used to be".

And that, sweeties, was the end of our gay social round for 1972.

THE REAL DEP DEP
ART SHOW

The College Art Exhibition was informally opened by the Warden on Centenary Day. It was an informal exhibition, casually put together, and as unpretentious as an autumn day.

Charles Merewether's paintings and pastels are sharp but subdued, combining a limited palette with taught drawing. He will let a space run then suddenly abbreviate it or let a motif “hang” in mid-air. His pastel *Design in Space* does this beautifully. Steve McIlworie is less sophisticated, and though tentative, paints well, with a good feeling for texture and solidity. John Barnes' drawings are intense and austere; there is despair in *Room and Man*. His painting *The Sky Cried* is similarly unequivocal and has uncommon strength.

Dr Aitken's watercolours are of a different style, more subtle and self-effacing. She paints the gentle *nuances* of an alpine landscape or a more temperate seascape with equal devotion. Tim Cunningham is reticent, but has a good eye for detail and more than a dash of wit—take *Gossip*. Wendy Morris' pictures, the raw, red *Waulkeringe* and the earthy *Molesworth after the Fires* are both based on firm strong drawing and evocative colour harmonies.

Of the drawings in the exhibition, Tim Throsby's fast calligraphic ink sketches of the nude, and his watercolour studies, have a particular fineness and sensitivity. In his drawings of a deserted mine and *House and Pub*, Hinton he handles picturesque complexity with economy. Phorbes Doodle (son of Thurber returns!) has given the Academy away and honoured us with some of his charming line drawings, where innocence verges on extreme sophistication. *Country, Crops, Culture* does not betray its title.

Some mention should be made of Charles de Newton's influence on early Chinese landscape painting and, in more recent historical times, Persian miniatures. We are, however, never fully in view of the Void.

The postman who put “his pink epistle” into Mrs Everage's “snail-encrusted box” has none of the erotic imagination of Prue Borthwick in her charming shirt embellishments à la fin de Siècle. Among pieces of *papier mâché*, enamel and crochet, Gretel Lamont's pottery gleamed with dark shining, and David Moore's clay head was appropriately titled *Redetermination*.

There was some beautiful photography in the exhibition. Doug MacKenzie's shots of New Guinea take breathtaking views of steaming mountain landscapes; while Fred Fair prefers something more intimate, an interior or a close-up study of a face, human or otherwise. Admittedly, I could not help being taken by Rodney Phillips' photograph of the Fat Man in the College play.

C. W. NEWTON
The last year has been one of rejuvenation for the Senior Common Room. The Common Room itself has been completely redecorated, and has become the focus for far more activity than in previous years. In addition to the usual guest nights and dining in nights, this year we introduced a regular series of what have become known as “Friday papers”. On alternative Fridays throughout the academic year, one of our members introduces a discussion, usually by way of a short discourse on some subject within the field of his work or of his general interests. The paper is preceded by a buffet dinner in the Common Room, read to the accompaniment of port and cheese, and followed by a discussion and comments in the Muniments Room. We then adjourn for a party in the Common Room. These evenings have been particularly useful in enabling us to exploit one another’s talents: we have at last begun to tap the multi-disciplinary character of the Senior Common Room in an inter-disciplinary way. Among the subjects dealt with have been the psychology of perception, the ideas of Bishop Berkeley, the philosophical influences on the economist Keynes, various conceptions of conscience and its relation to morality, foreign investment in Australia, and examination anxiety.

This year we welcomed a number of new members to the Senior Common Room. Dr Rosemary Fawns became our first woman resident member: something made possible by a series of amendments to our constitution. We also have three women non-resident members, who are members of our very large non-resident tutoring staff. In recognition of not only the size of this staff, but also of the College’s dependence upon it, and the need of our resident members to become properly acquainted with their non-resident colleagues, this year we instituted an annual dinner for non-resident tutors, held on the last Friday of second term. Others to join us in the last year are Mr Stanley Petzall, who comes to us from the London School for Economics, and Mr Michael Dewar who has replaced Dr A. K. Gregson (now in Oxford) as our resident tutor in Chemistry. Dr Kingsley Gee joined us late last year as successor to Mr A. J. Buzzard as resident tutor in Medicine. From the Junior Common Room we welcomed, alas for two terms only, Mr Christopher Cordner as resident tutor in English and Philosophy. Mr Cordner has taken up his Rhodes Scholarship at University College in Oxford; a college which has had many connections with Trinity men over the years.

Awareness of the complexities and intricacies of financial management led the College to appoint its first full-time Bursar this year, and we were delighted to find that this role has been entrusted to Mr John Wilson, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and formerly very actively associated with the then newly formed Victorian Institute of Colleges. We also welcomed back to the College the Warden, Dr Sharwood, who returned from a very productive sabatical leave, during part of which he was a visiting fellow at Trinity College, Oxford; the senior tutor, Dr Chipman, who spent two months in Oxford and other English and European parts; and our resident tutor in Applied Mathematics, Dr Brian Thomson, who had taken a year’s sabatical leave, mainly at London.

Any report of the activities of the Senior Common Room would be incomplete if it did not record the pleasure and stimulation we derived from the presence, for various periods of time, of distinguished academic visitors temporarily resident in the College. We were all delighted to make the acquaintance of neurologist, Dr Terry Holland, from Newcastle, philosopher, Mr Henry Kripps, from Adelaide, psychologist, Dr Gordon Stanley, from Melbourne, and Professor Zwi Werblowsky, a visitor from the University of Jerusalem whose special field of interest was comparative religion.

Finally, acknowledgement must be given to the splendid work done by the Honorary Treasurer, Mr Alan Hodgart, in mercilessly extracting our constantly overdue subscriptions; and to the generous assistance provided by Mr Mellenfield, Miss Hyland, and the domestic staff generally in ensuring the smooth running of the many social functions conducted by the Senior Common Room in the College during the year.

J. L. C. C.
The play came along Is It Ripe
Poor van Dissel he wasn’t the type
To give vent to his talents
Somewhat slightly unbalanced
He made the revue Is It Tripe.

The banquet, the food kept one gnawing
The ribbon was cut — oh quite boring
But then came the ears
The fairy-raised cheers
Amid shuffles and occasional snoring.

Roche saved the occasion with hot water
His concern — whether Trinity ought to
Co-reticulation’s the thing
To install in the wing
But use of women must be much shorter.

The melodrama plot was quite fruity
Lord Salisbury surpassed his duty
But love conquers all
Rob was saved from her fall
By Edward — he captured his beauty.

Frank Price came on looking so grim
A confession was soon heard from him
A heterosexual
Just give him some dexsal
You fool — what a plight to be in.
Our culture was broadened with song
Oh horror, striped blazers came on
The public school image
Was there to the finish
The words — very good — not too long.

The film of the hundreth was amusing
Charles’ radio stunt quite confusing
Kiro seated forlorn
Jim and Syd with the horn
About Superbra all were enthusing.

The best act must go to the Warden
The audience kept on applauding
He made us the wiser
The Old German Kaiser
The aspects of Trinity rewarding.

There’s some rumour now of a fine
The language went into decline
The cricket was clever
I must say I’ve never
Thought of Stackpole along that line.

I cannot include every name
So many took part in the game
Some advice for next year
For the organizers to hear
Not four hours long — nor the same!
T.C.A.C. REPORT

The past twelve months have seen the advent of many material improvements. The long awaited internal telephone system was installed during first term and eventually began operating in April. It has proved a great success and external and internal communications have been much easier and more reliable. T.C.A.C. fees rose fifty cents after the first general meeting for 1972 in order to cover the increase in telephone rental. The College Council financed the actual installation.

Other domestic improvements include the recovering of the billiard table, installation of three hired laundromats and a gas rotary dryer in the laundry, the erection of a cyclone wire fence around the clothesline area, the purchase of a photocopier and the replacement of the bowls stolen in October last year. The laundry improvements have taken their toll occasionally in the form of mangled shirts and scorched jocks.

General and extraordinary meetings of the T.C.A.C. were the scene of important debates and decisions. Policy decisions were taken in the matter of student responsibility for self-discipline, changes to the I.C.D. Constitution which broadened the base for participation in college sport, the question of co-residence, and of communication between the Warden, the T.C.A.C. Committee and the student body. The second term general meeting approved in principle of co-residence in Trinity College.

Late in July in response to motions from the J.C.R. and S.C.R., the Warden allowed women guests to dine in the hall at all meals.

The festivities surrounding Juttoddie Day 1972 were marred by extremely violent nobbling of many starters in the heats for the Juttoddie Cup. Although this traditional College event was enjoyed by many people who rejoiced to see the religious ceremonies enjoined for the exhumation of Dr Leeper, the first Warden, it was all too apparent that the whole day had acquired an initiatory flavour. The T.C.A.C. regrets very much that one of our freshmen, Mr Colin Rousseaux, who rowed in the first eight this year, was seriously injured in his heat and has had to withdraw from his university course. Those of us who knew Colin miss his cheery presence and willing participation in College life. We hope that he will be back with us next year.

The highlights of the T.C.A.C. round of social functions were the St Hilda's exchange dinner, the Ball 100, the Revue and the centenary C.R.D.

The College appeal is financing two causes this year. Goldie College in the British Solomon Islands and the St Mark's Creative Play Centre in Fitzroy. It is rumoured that Hilary and Eloise are teaching at Goldie College this year.

1972 will be well remembered by all the Committee as the year of the marathon Committee meeting of seven hours duration. The decision of this meeting to go it alone with Fleur-de-Lys without the assistance of J.C.H. caused a violent division within the ranks of the College. Much energy was expended by avid collectors of autographs . . . and all for nothing. After another marathon meeting followed by a joint meeting with the J.C.H. Committee amicable relations were restored and the success of this year's production of Fleur-de-Lys assured. Looking back on that event-filled week one can only say that Trinity-J.C.H. relations are on a much healthier and firmer footing than existed before the fracas.

The highlights of the Centenary celebrations for the students of the College were the Galah Night with its chicken and champagne supper after The Time is Not Yet Ripe, the Centenary Fair, barbeque, fire works and C.R.D., the Centenary Dinner, and the Thanksgiving Service in St Paul's Cathedral. Bishop John McKie will be long remembered for his delightful reminiscences of College life in by-gone days.

The Committee has functioned happily throughout its period of office. The Keeper of the Purse, Terry Jenkins, has kept the strings fairly tightly drawn in his determination to come out on top. Peter Solly has prevented any outbreak of the plague and is to be commended for his skill in this matter as well for his expertise in matters electrical. John McRae has made money, played cards, and occasionally booked an illegal parker. David Bainbridge has kept the I.C.D. on its toes, and generally thrown his weight around. Francis C. R. Price has directed operations, provided supper, and survived all the traumas of being Senior Student. It is also to be noted that the Secretary of State, H. R. H. Breuce alias F. F. alias Bruce Shaw has not been assassinated as many people had hoped and were all too ready to believe. He has survived to write the following comment on life under benevolent dictatorships.

Past Secretaries of the T.C.A.C. have commented on the problems of being a university college within the contemporary university scene. It is perhaps significant that our Centenary year has seen little criticism levelled at the colleges from the pages of the student news media. The very lack of such criticism may allow Trinity students to examine
more freely the content and quality of community life within the College. The great cry in the past few weeks has been the accusation that there is no College “spirit” in Trinity when compared with the other colleges. Yet when a tally is made of the total number of activities initiated in the past year by the T.C.A.C. Committee, its constituent clubs, and informal groups and individuals, one is overwhelmed by their number and diversity. It is becoming clear to many people in College that it is impossible to expect every student to give his loyalty, time and financial support to this growing list of College functions. The new T.C.A.C. Committee and the whole student body will need to ask themselves the question: does a proliferation of activities and sporting functions enhance the corporate life of the whole College community? The examination of this question will highlight some of the ambiguities that exist in Trinity’s life style. Such ambiguities will remain unresolved until a greater number of students accept a share in the responsibility of deciding what is of value for the life style of Trinity College as it begins its second century. I believe the encouragement of greater responsibility in the critical and decision making processes to be the one of the continuing tasks of each T.C.A.C. Committee. It is the effectiveness of this process that brings about healthy and enduring College “spirit”.

T.C.A.C. Approved
BRERCE SHORE

J.C.H. SENIOR STUDENT’S REPORT

If you were to go looking for the Student Club in J.C.H., it would be very difficult to find. There’s no special room where it meets; there’s no special time it meets; in fact, it is barely noticed at all. Except perhaps, in furtive moments between the sprint down the stairs to pin up a notice and the scuttling away in the special room where it meets; there’s no special time it meets; in fact, it is barely noticed at all. Except perhaps, in furtive moments between the sprint down the stairs to pin up a notice and the scuttling away in the other direction.

Gone are the days of the private eye agent, lurking in corridors, catching late night wanderers, or preying on door duty lists to impose a fine. The red tape is a growing trend away from the formally constituted, of influences seeping through to our College life from the outside community. With the trendy talk of communal living — freedom to do what one likes and yet derive the maximum from close co-habitation with other people — we are feeling our way towards some sort of compromise. Inevitably, such a flux of differing views and values, held by a large number of people living under the one roof will be difficult to cope with, especially if “justice” and “harmony” are to be attained.

However, the maintenance of that much desired equilibrium is not for a tiny group of law-enforcing moralists to safeguard. Rather, it is for the community as a whole to work together to produce a viable environment. Each individual’s personal rights must be respected, and it is this difficult aim of drawing the line between one’s own self responsibility and responsibility to others, which will be fulfilled only with a conscious effort from all.

This year has been a challenging one for J.C.H. We have sampled some of the stresses of initial fluxes and have suffered the growing pains associated with them. To give a little résumé: at the beginning of the year, there was the clash of views concerning Juttodde, when it was raised in a Student Club meeting that Janet Clarke Hall should no longer recognize Trinity’s initiations. The subsequent rumours which drifted back and forth across the fence gave rise to a rather indignant male response to the “Hall’s emancipation”.

The trigger to the inevitable showdown came by way of a chance coup d’état amongst the Fleur-de-Lys editors, with the side effect of terminating literary relations with Janet Clarke Hall. Surprisingly, the resulting outburst of reactions in both Colleges indicated a total confirmation of the old ties between the two communities. Such extremes of feeling towards the J.C.H.-Trinity relationship are hard to reconcile, but at best they are indications of the confusing period we are experiencing.

Apart from such political pandemonium, the ladies of the Hall have enhanced their civilized existence with various forms of entertainment, ranging from garden parties, melodic soirées and lunchtime banquets, for one cause or another. There has been the annual essay competition, the odd debate and, of course, the College play to act as a very cohesive force amongst our population.

Besides these precious imponderabilities of collegiate life, the new influences abroad will continue to tax our traditional values, and we must be ready to move with grace to more open and fresher fields.

KATE

87
It was a time of rising

It was a time of rising
wings spreading, scorched in that daybreak;
the harsh sound of a gull
cracked into motion the memory
daylight
guards are marching out again
their shadows seem strangely new
their musics drifting back
back upon that day,
hard discord trodden down and
gestures denied this uttered change

the hands held high against the wall
each one a varied note taken from tune
each one casting only shadows, of themselves
they shook; then the street—the men followed
one upon another
into the night those shadows united
set against the clock
and all that there was then,
stood still

parting is sweet sorrow
dismembered, more than memories
grind that soft music drifting back
into harsh retreat from the open air,
more than sorrows cuts the mind with the football rhythm at daybreak
and counting each figure passes into time and recreates
each: a shadow dipping into darkness

Still the seagull drifts, returning year to year
drawn to motion, and not to riding in the weathers of the past.

CHARLES MEREWETHER (1971)
The Centenary play was a major force in both colleges this year. To try to mention all that was done would be quite impossible in so short a space: the play has probably never witnessed such a concentration of frenetic activity.

The publicity campaign was a truly remarkable achievement. With Lennie ("Leroy le Chunder-Chopper") Harper at the helm, the Dramatic Club Committee deluged the campus and its surrounds with dozens of three-dimensional posters (the first ever), decorated themselves with "Is It Ripe?" T-shirts and badges, flooded Victorian schools with "Is It Ripe?" literature (not without considerable success), exposed Ripe Old Wally (a ten-foot high papier mâché gout-stricken politician) to the multitudes on the Concrete Lawns, sent leaflets to all old boys and wrote to at least one member of every play cast for the last fifty years asking them to organize parties to come to The Time Is Not Yet Ripe. Nor did Melbourne’s lunchtime crowds escape the aggressive onslaught. They were treated to a street theatre version of the election rally scene from the play in the City Square, which received an awesome amount of television and press coverage. All this effort was not without significant results: the play was sold out on more than one night and sales were more than double the average of the last few years.

Another of the year’s social highlights was the chicken and champagne supper, Gala(h) Night, which followed the play performance on Wednesday, 20 June. The Union Buffet accommodated the 400 guests, who admirably availed themselves of the bountiful supplies of chicken and champagne. A former resident of the College, Sir Kingsley Norris, addressed the guests, especially about the play, which he saw in 1912. The White Rose Troubadours made a further appearance playing golden tunes from yesteryear.

Each year one hesitates to mention cast-parties, for usually they tend to be unmentionable. Nevertheless they were a just reward for all who contributed to the remarkable success of the 1972 College play. Lennie’s room was yet another cast-party victim, inexplicably bedecked in corn-flakes, sugar, beer and bodies.

KIRO (et al.)
JANET CLARKE HALL 1972

Back Row: Gretel Lamont, Wendy Morris, Elizabeth Vines, Belinda Kirkwood, Kathy Esson, Kiro, Robyn Vines, Anne Howard, Anne Lewis, Jenny Green, Diana-Jane Rouse

Fourth Row: Merrin James, Kristen Panozzo, Jenny Scovell, Margaret Parnaby, Melinda Schneider, Ros Urbahns, Linda Huzze, Barbara Bryce, Pauline Brightling, Julie Ager, Janette Stumbles, Margaret Mossop

Third Row: Marina Steward, Joyce Lusi, Margaret Hudson, Merrilyn Julian, Elizabeth Friday, Alison Finlay,Dimity Giles, Kathryn Stillwell, Elizabeth Moore, Lynda Evans, Susan Reid, Bronwyn Apter

Second Row: Megan Smith, Penny Thornton, Andrea Creaser, Mei Ling Tan, Judy Foster, Janette Smithson, Heather Powell, Barbara Reeckman, Helen Fleming, Robyn McGregor, Anne Langford, Anne Reeckman, Mary Sutherland, Shelley Roberts, Janette Thompson

Front Row: Margaret Morgen, Anne Favaloro, Diana White, Gayle Harris, Prudence Millis, Jenny Ross, Jasmin Shah, Dr Aitken, Dr Eden, Kate Norman, Julia Wales, Suzanne Kirkwood, Ruth Fincher, Diana Paterson, Annette Carless, Vicky Ponsford, Jennifer Woods, Al Lee Ch’ing

Absent: Kathy Collins, Romayne Holmes, Judy Manley, Helen Marks, Dianne Symons, Pia Brous, Brenda Grabsch, Janet Haysom, Elaine Murray, Deborah Blakston, Susan Bennett, Andrea Creaser, Jennifer Frieze, Jennifer Glen, Christina Johnson, Amanda Newman, Heather Scott, Elizabeth Smith, Sally Allen, Sally Pryor, Louise Stephens, Claire Thompson
CHARLES JAMES PATTERSON
(1954-1972)

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means...
[Dylan Thomas, with thanks to Peter Thompson.]

The Charles I knew was a person of quiet determination,
with his own plans and commitments. He was not assertive,
and moved about like a dear slightly shambling bear. The
slow smile that lit up his whole face evinced a considerable
store of warmth.

I just began to know him, a process of watching a flower
unfold, its distinctive markings and unique character only
hinted at in the bud.

Now he is not there, his life snapped off in one of those
accidents we can only describe baldly as having "happened".
He has gone out of our ken "like a shadow, like a messenger
galloping by; like a ship that runs through the surging sea,
and when she has passed by, not a trace is to be found, no
track of her keel among the waves". (Wisdom 5: 9-10.)

Some, of course, will have indelible memories—his mother
and sisters (mourning also the tragic loss of his brother,
Mark, in the same accident); his friends from School and
College. I know that those he drew close to through the
College play, for which he worked hard and in several capa-
cities, will not forget his cheerful and humble style of co-
operation. Others have attested to the courtesy and strong
gentleness and gaiety that Charlie gave in his friendship.

I do not believe God's love abandons us in the midst of
absurdity and the fickle circumstances of death. Charlie's life
was short and we can find no easy meaning in its abrupt end.
But the resurrection of Jesus is surety for us so that we
might not yield to despair or cynicism in struggling to under-
stand our life, to invest it with a richer purpose than mere
survival and to hope in God's creative power beyond the
grave.

Let us then give thanks for Charles James Patterson, his
enriching part in several lives and his being human in him-
self. Let us commend him to the One who gave him life,
whose child he is.

FATHER JIM MINCHIN
JANET CLARKE HALL 1972

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Absent: Kathy Collins, Romayne Holmes, Judie Manley, Helen Marks, Dianne Symons, Pia Brous, Brenda Grabsch, Janet Haysom, Elaine Murray, Deborah Blakiston, Susan Bennett, Andrea Creaser, Jennifer Frieze, Jennifer Glen, Christina Johnson, Amanda Newman, Heather Scott, Elizabeth Smith, Sally Allen, Sally Pryor, Louise Stephens, Claire Thompson
TRINITY COLLEGE 1972

Standing — Back Row: (left to right) G. T. Chettle, P. Plavina, D. J. Frederick


Front: R. K. Graham, R. Hilton

SCHOLARSHIPS,
EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES 1971

Applied Mathematics (Third Year) — Dixon Scholarship
M. D. Hamer

Architecture (First Year) — Neil Morris Scholarship
P. S. Trengove

Laminex Prize for Building Construction
P. S. Trengove

Biology — Australian Society for Microbiology Scholarship
W. B. Sherwin

Civil Engineering (Steel Design) Australian Institute of Steel Construction —
Junior Prize
E. J. Rogers

Economic History A —
Exhibition (shared)
R. J. L. Darby

Economics A — Melbourne Chamber of Commerce Exhibition
S. J. Hopkins

Engineering Design Part II —
Petroleum Refineries (Aust.). Proprietary Limited Prize
R. G. Juniper

English and Philosophy — Final Examination in Arts — Percival Sears Prize
C. D. Cordner

History 1A — Marion Beetham Exhibition
R. J. L. Darby

Latin Part I — John Grice Exhibition
S. E. N. Creese

Modern Government A — Exhibition
R. J. L. Darby

Laurie Prize — Miner (shared)
C. D. Cordner

FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1971

P. D. Allan
C. D. Cordner
G. A. Crebbin
S. E. N. Creese
R. J. L. Darby
L. B. Ferguson
J. A. Fleming
P. J. Fox
C. J. Gardiner
D. T. Raggatt
R. M. Ralph
T. W. Rickman
M. J. Robb
J. M. Robinson
M. H. Rose
S. Rosenthal
P. E. Sears
D. Silver
D. W. Slessor
F. A. E. Smith
D. Soemardti
R. C. Springall
D. R. Stevenson
P. M. Stewart
H. G. Todd
A. I. Trowbridge
P. N. Vickery
J. H. Walker
N. A. Walls
C. R. Witrid

P. C. Scott
J. R. Sewald
C. J. Singleton
C. E. Stevenson
P. H. Strachan
A. V. Strazzer
L. J. Symons
T. Throsby
G. D. Tongs
R. J. Towe
P. S. Turner
I. J. Vaillance
N. R. Wagg
A. F. Ward
D. A. Wishart
E. P. Witham

R. M. Alger
M. J. Anderson
B. J. Anderson
M. J. Bailey
D. A. Boole
J. L. E. Beavis
R. J. Bellingham
K. R. Bird
N. L. Blackman
W. D. Blake
R. A. Bouvier
B. K. Burnard
P. J. Butler
P. M. Butler
B. F. Carpenter
J. G. Churchill
J. R. A. Cook
S. M. Corden
A. F. Del Porto
H. L. Dillon
K. W. Disher
M. B. Dunstan
A. A. Edney
J. R. Feltscheer
I. F. Gibson
A. J. Gissing
T. F. Glanville
P. S. Goldsworthy Award
R. K. Graham
S. W. Harper
S. C. Hedger
M. Hess
R. A. Hilton
C. P. Holden
L. K. Hope
T. A. Howes
R. O. M. Jackson
J. J. Jager
G. J. Jones
J. F. Jones
R. S. Joyce
G. M. Kirby
L. J. Kirk
A. J. Lang
D. R. Lord
R. D. Lowrey
I. F. Lucas
W. J. McCormick
R. H. McDonald
S. A. Molfodio
D. E. Mackenzie
A. B. Mackinnon
R. H. Mackinnon
D. M. Martin
H. W. D. Manner
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M. L. Munckton
L. J. Officer
C. J. Opie
J. J. Partridge
C. J. Patterson
R. A. Phillips
R. E. Phillips
B. E. Quirk
G. D. Ramage
C. W. Riordan
C. K. Robson
D. F. M. Rogers
C. J. Roussel
M. D. Runnalls

M. D. Albany
A. A. Alsop
R. J. Anderson
J. B. Anderson
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C. D. Bale
J. L. E. Beavis
R. J. Bellingham
K. R. Bird
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P. M. Butler
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M. Hess
R. A. Hilton
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T. A. Howes
R. O. M. Jackson
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G. J. Jones
J. F. Jones
R. S. Joyce
G. M. Kirby
L. J. Kirk
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D. R. Lord
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C. J. Opie
J. J. Partridge
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R. A. Phillips
R. E. Phillips
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G. D. Ramage
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C. K. Robson
D. F. M. Rogers
C. J. Roussel
M. D. Runnalls
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M. D. Hamer
R. A. Hilton
S. J. Hopkins
R. G. Juniper
J. R. Lang
A. E. McCallum
S. H. Niemann
J. A. E. McCallum
P. K. Cashman
R. J. Clemente
P. S. Trengove
C. E. Beckwith
T. P. Thwaites
P. S. Trengove
D. R. Stevenson
S. H. Niemann
P. S. Trengove
H. A. Pitt
N. D. Reeves
D. R. Stevenson
T. P. Thwaites
P. S. Trengove
R. E. H. Turnbull
P. S. Turner
M. D. Whalley

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M. E. Beckwith
E. S. Bellchambers
F. D. Birch
J. W. T. Bourne
G. G. Buxton
R. J. Carmichael
P. K. Cashman
R. J. Clemente
C. J. Commons
P. J. Connell
G. A. Crebbin
T. J. Cunningham
L. S. Devine
P. D. Elliott
D. A. Emmsie
W. L. Ferguson
F. R. Fair
J. C. Fox
P. J. Fox
W. K. Gardner

Economics

Civil Engineering (Final Honours)
Applied Maths III
Biology
Economics A
Engineering Design II
Construction Surveying
Information Science
Chemistry (Eng.)
Pure Maths I
Engineering Maths I
Chemistry I
Design I
Building
History of Architecture
Information Science
English
German
Legal Process
Business Administration II

A. J. Gregory
J. A. Gibson
A. Gordon
P. B. Grant
J. C. Hamblly
M. D. Hamer
W. B. Harbinson
M. I. Haycroft
R. G. Kirby
C. C. Kneen
G. A. Lewin
P. S. Lowe
A. E. McCallum
G. D. Mariager
S. H. C. Milles
C. M. Maxwell
G. F. Moodie
D. N. Moore
C. W. Newton
W. D. Park
H. A. Pitt

A. M. WHITE
S. A. WYNNE

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R. J. L. Darby
M. D. Hamer
S. J. Hopkins
D. J. Oppenheim
N. D. Reeves
D. R. Stevenson
P. C. Lugg
R. C. Warner
C. J. Orie

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D. G. Atkinson
E. C. Byford
A. W. Curnow
R. S. Joyce
C. J. Roper
P. R. Thompson
B. W. Shaver
D. Van Dissel
E. P. Witham

GRADUATES 1971-2

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY (OXON.)

J. L. C. Chapman
B. Phil. (Oxon.), M.A.
BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS/BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING
BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF DIVINITY
BACHELOR OF EDUCATION
BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE
BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE
BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY
BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE
BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS
BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING
BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF DIVINITY
BACHELOR OF EDUCATION
BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS
BACHELOR OF LAWS/BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS/BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS/BACHELOR OF COMMERCE

VALETE 1971

VALETE 1971

SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES 1971

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY
A. K. Gregson, B.Sc. (Hons) (Chemistry)
B. D. Williams B.Sc. (Hons) (Chemistry)

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE WITH HONOURS
COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
BACHELOR OF LAWS/BACHELOR OF LAWS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS
BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING
BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE
BACHELOR OF AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE
BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND BACHELOR OF SURGERY
BACHELOR OF ARCHITECTURE
BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS
BACHELOR OF ENGINEERING
BACHELOR OF COMMERCE
BACHELOR OF DIVINITY
BACHELOR OF EDUCATION
BACHELOR OF ARTS WITH HONOURS
BACHELOR OF LAWS
BACHELOR OF LAWS/BACHELOR OF COMMERCE

JANET CLARKE HALL

SALVETE 1972

Katherine Kelaher
Sally Kirkwood
Ann Kupas
Jennifer Lade
Gail Littlejohn
Dianne McDonald
Roslyn McDonald
Margaret McKenzie
Lyndsay McWhinney
Ueri Mefaramu
Margaret Obi
Jim Patrick
Meredith Patrick
Karen Pitt
Julie Prescott
Rona Reid
Judith Ross
Moyyyd Sharp
Penny Sanders
Toni Sanders
Pamela Silvers
Anne Skelly
Marion Spiller
Vicu Stephens
Sally Stewart
Rosemary Thornton
Barbara Warne
Susan Wilcox

SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES 1971

Anatomy Including Histology & Embryology
(Division II M.B., B.S.) — Dwight's Prize
Prue Hill

T. F. Ryan Prize
Prue Hill

Architecture — 2nd Year — Neil Norris
Scholarship (shared)
Janet Haysom

Dutch Part I — Exhibition
Ellen Adeney

Forensic Medicine — The Crawford
Mollison Prize
Lynnette Davies

French Part I — Bailieu Exhibition
Anne Brooks

German — W. T. Mollison Scholarship in
Modern Languages
Pam Silvers

History — Final Examination in Arts —
Dwight Final Examination Prize
Shuilee Hateley

History — Final Examination in Arts —
Margaret Kiddie Prize — Essay
Shuilee Hateley

Indonesian and Malayan Studies Part I —
The Australian-Asian Association Prize
Anne Brooks

Medicine — Division IV (Sixth Year)
M.B., B.S. — Keith Levi Memorial
Scholarship
Ann Kupas

Clinical Dermatology — Herman Lawrence
Prize (shared)
Ann Kupas

Paediatrics — Carnation Award; Grieve
Memorial Prize; The Mead Johnson
Prize — Ann Kupas

Industrial Medicine — Edgar Rouse Prizes
(Second)
Ann Kupas

Surgery — Division IV (Sixth Year)
M.B., B.S. — Beaneey Scholarship and Robert
Carthy Healey Scholarship
Ann Kupas

Surgical Paediatrics — Clara Myers Prize
Ann Kupas

Music — First Year Diploma in Music and
Concert Diploma in Music — Ormond
Exhibitions and Lady Turner Prize
Prue G. Banner

Music — Instrumental Music — Wright Prize
Robyn McGregor

Physiology Including Pharmacology —
Boots Prize (shared)
Janet Henderson
Prue Hill
FIRST CLASS HONOURS 1971

Elizabeth Adeney
German II
Dutch II

Ann Brooks
French I and Indonesian and Malay Studies I

Ruth Fincher
Geography III
Political Geography

Alison Finlay
English Language II

Betsy Friday
Economics B

Elizabeth Gray
Physiology (Vet.)
Microbiology (Vet.)
Parasitology (Vet.)

Penelope Gunter
Concert Study I

Janet Haysom
History of Art
Architecture II A
Social Studies (Arch.)

Christina Johnson
Philosophy IB

Susie Johnson
Social Biology

Ann Kupa
Medicine

Robyn McGregor
Chief Practical Studies II

Julie Prescott
Methods of Teaching

Pam Silvers
German & History (Final Hons)

Di Symons
Microbiology 2A & 2B

Alison Tom
Chemistry (Final Hons)

Jenny Webb
Latin II

Gill Willett
Chemistry

SECOND CLASS HONOURS 1971

Elizabeth Adeney
English Literature II

Rebecca Albeck
Psychology

Katherine Alder
English Literature II

Janet Anderson
Education

Jan Bitcon
Theories of Politics 2A

Paula Bun
English Language II

Diane Cameron
Fine Arts B

Ah Lian Chiam
Economics C (Industrial Relations)

Judith Clutterbuck
History IB

Suzanne Cooke
French I

Katharine Esson
Psychology III A

Ruth Fincher
History 3A

Alison Finlay
English Literature II

Dimity Gille
International Relations

Susan Gowans
Philosophy III A

Elizabeth Gray
Animal Husbandry Pathology (Vet.)

Penelope Gunter
Music A

Jenny Hay
Modern

Janet Haysom
Government A
Economics C (Industrial Relations)

Janet Henderson
Building
Construction IA

Sally Kirkwood
History IA

Gretel Lamont
Architecture IIA

Anne Langford
Geology

Rosalyn McDonald
Chemistry I

Middle Eastern Studies

Anne Reekman
Philosophy I B

Ronia Reid
Geography (Final Hons)

Diana Jane Rouse
Chemistry II A

Jennifer Ross
Modern

Heather Scott
French I

Jennifer Seddon
English Language and Literature (Final Hons)

Rosemary Vandenbarg
Physics

Robyn Vines
Modern

Julia Wales
Government C

Phillipa Westbrooke
Philosophy A

Susan Wilcox
Economics C

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All of us waiting for the rain
To wash away the dust from our bodies

Can you dance can you remember
How to dance and get along with all of us
For the rest of our life

And yet there were some of the men and ladies
Who remembered that in the beginning we all were one
A body and one spirit in all of our bodies
Whoa....oh sanctuary

Come and sail with me....revelation
Standing on the edge of civilization

Farewell to the Good times behind you
Goodbye San Francisco Dream
Good morning San Francisco ladies
Good morning San Francisco crazies

Get it on come along now
Just maybe one more chance
To get it on with all of us for all of our life

I bow down to San Francisco ladies
I bow down to M San Francisco lady......

Gonna get along gonna getcha you down
Get around down baby with you
This magazine was edited by Geoff Chettle, Robert Clemente, Kathy Esson, Ruth Fincher, Alison Finlay, Charles Merewether and Joseph Sewald. It was published by the Trinity College Associated Clubs for and on behalf of the resident students of Trinity College and Janet Clarke Hall; and printed in Australia by Riall Print Pty. Ltd. For the most part, it was set in ten point linotype times roman with one point leaded.

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People (people!) Needed Now
EARTH GETTING TOO THICK
MOVE ON OUT
to the
COOL & THE DARK

All positions open: captains, astral navigators, cooks, dancers, energy centers
We need experts in explosives, wave mechanics, lazer technics, atomic
& trionic physics, labrian tantronics, telemetry, etc.
Telepaths, machinists, chemists, woodworkers, physicians
craftsmen, poets, artists, recording engineers, moon pair, & particularly people
who don't have any idea what they're all about

Embarkation date: Mill 4 (App. 1989-9)
We intend to hijack the
first sound interstellar or interplanetary starship built by the people of this planet
A time of 3-7 months will be needed
for tantronic conversion of the machinery to make it usable for practical travel
— involving light years.
We need people on earth now to begin preparing the necessary tools
There will be room for 7000 or more people.
If it seems that your head is into this please write & talk about
something for a bit
You will not be contacted immediately
Please just prepare your minds & your bodies. Experiment — move your mind
Practice telepathy & telekinesis — if you feel it

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