

7 Keith Bush.



Vol. III.—No. 22.

NOVEMBER, 1922.

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Truda Grigg.

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

#### EDITORIAL.

The fiftieth year of Trinity's existence is a landmark where we may well take our stand and look both back into the past, and forward into the future. Most of us have a College experience of only four or five years, and so we cannot speak with any degree of certainty of the fifty years that have been. It is probably true, however, that the elements in corporate life that we cherish have been cherished in turn by many generations of College men before us. Trinity has many fine things to offer to her sons. As we gaze at her when Spring is bringing the oak into leaf, when early evening settles down around her, and she wears that air of solid peaceful serenity, then we realise the charm and the hold which Trinity has over us. Other buildings may, perhaps, be more up to date, but none can be just

quite so like a College, for us, as Trinity. But there is more than that. There are the memories and associations, even if only of five brief, crowded years, that are called up as we enter the Common Room—too small to adequately accommodate increasing numbers—yet it is hallowed as the scene of many a bright and perchance stormy Social Club meeting. Here men learn to give and take freely and cheerfully. Here opinions are expressed and moulded, and here good fellowship prevails. Life holds few things dearer than that. The daily life of man and “wife,” the gatherings round the study fire, the noises made round the piano, the many functions and impromptu stunts, all help to make life in College a happy one, and to mould and fit us, often unconsciously, for our life's work.

Then, too, there are the various teams which represent us in friendly but keen



rivalry with other Colleges. The training and self-discipline involved in training, and the intense pleasure and pride in representing the College, are the cherished memories of many. The sincere applause of one's fellows is sweet, and the Dining Hall and Common Room have often resounded to genuine tributes paid by the College to her faithful sons.

There is also the further significance in College life that our proud motto is "Pro Ecclesia, Pro Patria." Avowedly we are believers in the great eternal truths of Christianity, and our corporate life at its best certainly affords a striking example of the cardinal virtues of comradeship and mutual understanding. Now that we possess a permanent chapel, it is to be hoped that many fine and enduring associations will be built up around its services. There our common worship, fellowship, and pursuit of great ideals should all find adequate expression and stimulus. It is greatly to be regretted, therefore, if that part of our College life is to be associated chiefly, or even largely, with discipline.

The preacher at the Jubilee thanksgiving service stressed the virtue of discipline in the development of character. That seems to be excellent, provided only that its restraint does not lead those who are subjected to it to resent not only the actual discipline, but also the source from which it issues. Our Social Club, as regards internal affairs, is a self-governing body, and one in which every member takes a great pride, and whose regulations we all willingly accept. It is to be hoped that this spirit will spread to all matters of general College importance.

During the last two years the College Council has been particularly generous in listening to and considering our point of view on many matters. Any hasty judgments that might be formed by either students or authorities, each concerning the other, can best be discounted and removed by an increase of this in the future. Frank discussion, and a mutual "give and take" will always prove most successful. That seems, too, to be the best way of overcoming the impatience felt sometimes at restraint and discipline. Rules and regulations should be a guide rather than a hard-and-fast barrier, and one of the finest things College can do for us is surely to enable us to render them unnecessary. When a rule becomes unnecessary it should obviously disappear.

### ANOTHER JUBILEE.

This year has witnessed the celebration of another important Jubilee—that of the State system of education in Victoria. The Exhibition held in September was calculated to convince even the most casual spectator that the Government schools are doing a remarkably fine work. They are on their trial, like all educational institutions, and are judged very largely by results. New Technical and High Schools are being sought on all hands, involving a very large financial outlay. Facilities for higher education are being extended more and more every year, and large endowments are necessary to render this possible. It makes one wonder how our own appeal for funds for extension will fare. Most people with money to invest in furthering the cause of education will look around at the different schools and colleges, and will help those which they consider to be doing the most necessary work. A University College is necessarily at a disadvantage in that the cost of foundation and upkeep is heavy, while a comparatively few people can be accommodated. That is why extension is such an immediate necessity. Trinity has rendered a fine service to the community in the past. But there is the present to consider as well, and it behoves us who at present enjoy her privileges to remember that among the people whom we meet in ordinary life, Trinity is judged by us. That is rather a big responsibility. Perhaps it is sufficiently important to warrant a little more effort and care on our part. To "let the College down" in any matter whatever would be to prejudice her in the eyes of interested people, and might lead to untold harm.

We believe very strongly that as a College we do justify our existence. College life gives us the opportunity for that corporate life, that training in self-discipline, and that development of initiative which go to make character, without which the mere acquiring or imparting of information is of little value. Our Alma Mater has produced fine leaders in Church and State. She is now looking forward anxiously to the years that lie ahead, and if she is to prosper she must produce yet more men—real men. Her success or failure rests with each generation of students as they in turn bear her fair name as a sacred trust. Our four or five years here must bear worthy fruit hereafter. Floreat Trinity.



# TRINITY COLLEGE

## SOCIAL CLUB OFFICE-BEARERS.

Third Term, 1922.

- Senior Student and President of the Social Club: Mr. G. L. Mayman, M.A.  
 Hon. Sec. Mr. W. N. Muntz.  
 Hon. Treas.: Mr. R. R. Sholl.  
 Outdoor Representative: Mr. A. R. Tate.  
 Indoor Representative: Mr. W. P. White.  
 College Library Committee: Messrs. H. Stokes, B.Sc., F. L. Oliver.  
 "Fleur-de-Lys" Magazine: Editor, Mr. C. H. Murray, B.A.; Sub-Editor, Mr. R. R. Sholl. Business Manager, Mr. T. Lahey, B.A.  
 Dialectic Society: Hon. Sec., Mr. C. H. Murray, B.A. Committee, Messrs. B. A. Hunt, R. R. Sholl, T. W. Smith.

### Sub-Committees.

- Football: Messrs. A. R. Tate, J. Hasker and W. N. Muntz.  
 Rowing—Messrs. D. White, R. H. Keon-Cohen, R. Webb-Ware.  
 Cricket: Messrs. W. M. Irvine, C. Langlands, J. Hasker.  
 Athletics: Messrs. R. H. Keon-Cohen, J. Hasker, W. P. White.  
 Tennis: Messrs. C. H. Fitts, H. F. C. Hallowes, J. Hasker.  
 Music: Messrs. F. H. Vincent, G. W. Ashton, P. St. J. Wilson.

### Curators.

- Tennis: Messrs. W. W. Miller and G. W. Leeper.  
 Billiards: Messrs. F. K. Bush, W. S. Milne, and H. Carss.  
 Buttery: Messrs. T. W. Smith and C. Dyring.  
 Telephone: Mr. W. M. Irvine.  
 Common Room: Messrs. J. S. Bloomfield, R. G. Orr, and M. H. Robinson.  
 Fiction Library: Mr. W. K. Gibson.  
 Cigarettes: Mr. J. W. Purves.  
 Stationery and Stamps: Mr. G. M. Castles.  
 Treasurer's Assistant: Mr. A. T. Pidd.

## REPORT OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIAL CLUB FOR FIRST TERM, 1922.

Your Committee has pleasure in submitting its report, with statement of receipts and expenditure, and the balance sheet estimated to the end of this month. The term has been a very full one, and a most important one financially.

With the aid given by the Council, the tennis courts and fence have been thoroughly renovated, and a commendable start has been made by the same Council in restoration of the interior of the Common Room to a decent condition. As far as can be foreseen, the incoming Committee will have at its disposal something over £100, the allocation of which is the task set before you. Estimates have been received of £14 for the supplying and fixing of strong, heavy curtains in the bay window; £15 for entirely recovering the locker seats with good tapestry; and £28 for the recovering of the billiard table, together with the supply of new pockets and a set of new balls. Samples of the material in all cases are available for inspection. Your Committee would urge a very careful consideration of the building up of the Reserve Fund and the provision of a new piano. The question of the hanging of pictures in the Common Room is already in hand, and an offer has been made by the Returned Soldiers to supply a coloured war picture.

The business relations with the Council, through the Warden, have been very satisfactory. The grant to the "Fleur-de-Lys" has been increased to £30 this year, and the Council also guaranteed the Dramatic Club against any loss. Toilet paper, gas, and electric light expenses are now no longer a charge on Social Club funds. The request for soap was not granted, but soap racks will be installed in the bathrooms.

Your Committee is of opinion that a careful handling of funds and a judicious expenditure will gain the sympathy of the Council, and there is reason to believe



that further substantial help will come from them if we show the readiness to help ourselves.

The Chapel Rule is now in force, and the Committee has been requested to see to its enforcement, as far as the collection of fines is concerned. These should be entered in the Book of Fines in the Common Room by the person defaulting.

The congratulations of the Warden were received concerning the part taken in the singing at the recent memorial services in chapel.

It has been said that the term has been a full one. Full of disappointments, unfortunately, as far as successes go, but even though we did not win the cricket match, or the rowing, the efforts put forth were of the best. The same is true of athletics, when we gained more points than last year.

Congratulations are to be extended to Messrs. Bloomfield and Fleming, in Inter-Varsity athletics, and to Messrs. D. White and Pardey in the University crew at Adelaide. Messrs. Fitts and Hallows also, on their good showing in Inter-Varsity tennis.

Swimming for the first time was included in Intercollegiate unofficial contests, and the enthusiasm shown by the promoters and participants merits praise.

The initiation ceremony and dinner passed off satisfactorily, and 20 new men were added to the Trinity rolls.

This report cannot be closed without a reference to the Jubilee. And the first note is one of gratitude at the generosity of the Council in inviting the present students—through the Fleur-de-Lys Union—to that excellent dinner at Scott's. Jubilee week will long be remembered, for all its functions were enjoyed, and for the first time in a long recent history the weather smiled on Trinity—even the dance being blessed with a clear sky. For the excellent arrangements for the dance we are indebted to Messrs. Langlands and Bridgford and their committee. And similar praise is due to Mr. Webb-Ware for his efficient managing of the business of the concert and dramatic entertainment. Happy attendances at the latter testified to the general merit of all the performers.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

G. MAYMAN,

Hon. Sec.

20/6/2.

### REPORT OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIAL CLUB FOR SECOND TERM, 1922.

Gentlemen,

Your Committee has pleasure in submitting its report, financial statement and balance sheet for the Second Term, 1922.

The term has represented the culmination of the economical and efficient administration initiated by the Social Club Committee last year, for it was commenced with a very substantial surplus. The work of expending that surplus in the best interests of present and future members of the College has occupied much time and consideration. Curtains of a very solid and substantial material have been hung in the Common Room, two war pictures have been bought, a third has been presented by the soldier members of the College, and an offer has been received from the Tutors to present a fourth. Where necessary, the locker coverings have been renewed, and other renovations have been undertaken. The billiard table has been made almost new, and the tennis courts have been supplied with new nets. The Committee feel that the piano problem should receive next consideration. A reliable firm has offered to thoroughly renovate the present piano for £25. Further opinion is to be obtained, and if favourable the work will be immediately put in hand. The Warden anticipates that a request to the Council to go fifty-fifty in this matter will be favourably received. The relations of the Committee via the Warden have been most satisfactory in every way. The Committee also desire to thank Mrs. Behan for her valuable assistance.

The new chapel rule has not been an unmitigated success. In enforcing the rule the Committee feels that it has the Social Club solidly behind it, and will do so to the best of its powers.

Though our football team failed to bring home the championship, it achieved a very creditable win over Ormond. Congratulations are extended to Messrs. Hasker, Tate, Rusden and Plowman on their inclusion in the Inter-Varsity team; also to Mr. Cotes, for gaining a place in the Inter-Varsity lacrosse team. The illness of Mr. Sutherland, by which he was deprived of an almost certain place in the Inter-Varsity football team, was unfortunate also for the College.



Congratulations are also offered to Messrs. Murray and Sholl on their successful participation in the Inter-Varsity debates.

The problem of high-priced blazers and ties has been solved to a certain extent. Messrs. Buckley & Nunn having refused to reconsider their prices, Myers have been asked to supply the articles required at more reasonable rates.

In the capable hands of Mr. Hunt, the War Memorial Photograph Scheme will soon become a reality.

The thanks of the College are due to Mr. Oliver for his enthusiastic work in improving the singing in chapel.

With the great improvement in the state of finances and the willingness of the College Council to assist in permanent work, it is hoped that the College Club Rooms will soon become as comfortable and well fitted as the rooms of an ordinary club.

Signed for the Social Club Committee,

W. N. MUNTZ,  
Hon. Sec.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

Arguments about initiation still occur periodically, but in the meantime the new method is still on its trial. This year the initiation ceremony was held in Hall after dinner. The President pointed out to the Freshmen what was expected of them as members of Trinity. Then they proceeded, in turn, to take the oath and blow out the match. The singing of the College Song concluded proceedings.

Most people—particularly last year's Freshers—agreed that the function was much more impressive and effective than the previous one, which is sufficient justification for the experiment.

We understand that the President bore the cost of the matches involved out of his own private pocket-money.

The annual bargain sale was held in the Common Room early in first term, before the Freshers had time to overcome their natural timidity. So impressed were they with the importance and uniqueness of the occasion that antique pictures, curtains and text-books were bought up at an alarming rate. The auctioneers had a way with them, and nothing was left over. The Social Club reaped quite a substantial commission. It seems that until the

College Museum is reinstated this auction sale will remain an annual feature.

The chapel, suitably decorated, and filled with interested people, was a very effective setting for the wedding of Miss Jean Saltau, formerly of the Hostel. The Fates did their best to ensure privacy by fusing the lights, and Bishop Long, who conducted the service, thoughtfully provided himself with a packet of candles. Energetic engineers, however, soon remedied matters, and everything went without a hitch. The necessary comic relief was provided by ghost-like mourners lined up outside the door. We hope the bridal party didn't mind being bounced about in their taxis. People's feelings usually do go sky-high on such occasions. We understand that the sudden rush of Hostiles down the gallery stairs caused some embarrassment to the Bishop, who was caught in the act of episcopally disrobing.

During the second vacation the three members of the Sydney University Debating Team were the guests of the College. One of them, Mr. R. S. Lee, is a student and tutor of St. Paul's College—our sister College. It was a great pleasure to be able to show hospitality to fellow students from other Colleges and Universities.

The College took the usual active part in the Commencement celebrations, particularly the gala night. The usual nigger minstrels—carrying rather fewer passengers than usual—and a melodramatic company occupied a platform outside Wilson Hall. Various other groups in more or less picturesque costumes roamed the city streets in the morning, and enlivened proceedings at night. The Trinity ladies made themselves very useful dispensing ice cream and fizz very profitably. The enthusiasm of College men for all University as well as College functions seems to be needed as an antidote to the apathy of a good many University people.

Apparently the College enjoyed itself the night of the Jubilee dinner at Scott's. The Warden was rung up at all hours of the night from all parts of the city by people who were anxious to tell him that they had heard it was a great success. He was rather sleepy at the time, but early next morning wanted to borrow a car and go round personally and thank them for their good will and hospitality to members of the College over-night. We wonder why he didn't.



Jubilee Sunday, with its service in St. Paul's Cathedral, was the occasion of much discussion at the Hall. How to attire one's self? How to manage the gown and trencher? The more cautious advised ordinary attire as far as the Chapter House, and there the doffing of coats and hats and the donning of gowns and trenchers. But this involved complications, and at last it was decided to go in academic dress. Our costumes aroused much interest and not a little comment and amusement among the populace. The small boy, with his cry of "Hey, Missis, you've torn your dress," could conjure up no visions of what those gowns had seen or of what strenuous experiences they had passed through. It was long since the city had seen a company of academically-gowned women passing through its streets.

Two representatives of the College took part in the play produced by the University Dramatic Club, in connection with the Commencement celebrations. The play produced was A. A. Milne's "Romantic Age," and it drew good houses in the Playhouse on April 26 and 27. Marjorie Service, the senior student of Janet Clarke Hall, made a splendid heroine, being cast in the role of Melisande, a romantic young lady with a longing for the ancient, chivalrous days when gallant knights were all the rage. Graeme Castles was applauded for a good portrayal of an elderly peddler with a literary temperament. Mr. Edwin Campbell produced this and also the College play.

The women students are trying to establish a Fiction Library. So far it does not boast of many books, though several of our members have been very generous with gifts of novels. It is hoped that when the present numbers are added to we can establish an exchange system with Trinity. Would any of the past students of the Hall like to help by the gift of a novel for our leisure hours?

This year Janet Clarke Hall took part in the Trinity Jubilee play. We hear a whisper of our being admitted to the Glee Club in the near future. Perhaps in time we may be truly an "integral part of Trinity College."

Interesting people who came up to the College at the invitation of the College branch of the University Christian Union were Miss Mabel R. Cameron (Australian organising secretary for Dr. Barnardo's

Homes), Mr. E. Holloway (president of the Trades Hall Council), the Dean of Melbourne (Dean Hart), and Mrs. Booth. These people held informal "talks," and all who came enjoyed them. The curious thing was that several other people who were asked to come refused in alarm when informed that a discussion usually followed their remarks. The Sub-Warden generously lent his study for the occasion, ordinary studies being rather too small.

The construction of weird and wonderful "agricultural drains" in various parts of the College grounds has puzzled us this year. It appears that you dig a trench, put in a number of bricks and some charcoal, and put the turf back again. Rain, water, and so on, deceived by the natural appearance of the soil, carelessly falls upon it, whereupon it is immediately jammed between the bricks and securely held till the Warden goes his rounds and captures it.

Few of us knew the purpose of these "agricultural drains" until the other day. Then we learned to our horror, from the utterances of several College anarchists, that it is all part of an elaborate plot to make the College "dry"! As they remark in the novels, "Oh, the horror of it all!"

The Theologs. held their annual "treat" in the form of a tennis match against Ridley, in first term. Partly owing to the absence from our team of one portly gentleman, who had become involved in a quarrel with a tram car, and was laid up for a few weeks, Trinity lost. This was followed by a return match on the new Ridley court, where the tables were turned.

There can be no doubt that, musically, we are on the up-grade. The advent of Jim Cuming, with his formidable implement, has considerably enlivened the College—in season and out of season. The ukelele habit is spreading. In fact its only serious rival has been the mumps craze in third term.

Even the chapel has been infected, and every Thursday evening joyful noises are made for half an hour, resulting in an increased interest in the daily psalm.

Three Trinity men have lent their assistance to the Melbourne daily papers this year. Most of us didn't know before that the Melbourne papers had "University correspondents" at all. To us a newspaper-office was a kind of place



where you went and told the Editor something important. Thereupon he wrote it on a piece of "copy-paper," put it into a linotype or printing press (we are not clear which), and waited for the finished paper to come out the other end. Now the "University correspondents" of the "Argus," "Age," and "Sun" are our authorities on journalism.



### COMMON ROOM CHATTER.

Domestic improvements have proceeded apace this year. New curtains, purchased after long deliberation, adorn the bow-window, and new paper adorns the walls. The pictures of Greek statuary are making way for College groups, which are overflowing from their former home, the billiard room. Three fine war pictures, representing scenes from each of the three theatres of war, are a welcome addition. One was presented by members of the Social Club who were on active service, and the Social Club purchased the others. When the War Memorial is erected over the fireplace the Common Room will be a much more impressive place than it used to be.

Speaking of improvements, the seats under the oak are quite a bright idea. We are glad the idea of sitting out is officially encouraged, as ladies are often apt to feel faint on the way over to lectures, especially if they see a seat only half filled.

Strange ties are all the rage just now. When our footballers visited Adelaide they picked up a large assortment cheap, and since then the habit has been spreading.

Although we keep a switch expert on the premises, the electric lights have failed us several times lately. One was in Hall, when lamps had to be brought in, as some of us like to see, as well as hear, what we are eating. The other was at the beginning of Stew Vac., just when everyone was settling down to a good Sunday night's work. That was not so serious.

The opening of parks for Sunday games has raised a problem. Considering the number of Sunday tea-fights held in College by some people, it is a question whether or not the little sports and pleas-

antries engaged in might not be transferred to the Bulpaddock. After all, indoor sports should give place to outdoor, particularly as it gives others the opportunity of learning. Why be selfish, and confine one's social pastimes to the four walls of a study?

The soap problem has been troubling some of our elderly Meds. We suggest that it should be treated in the same way as the beer-openers, and the chapel key, which had a habit of disappearing. A block of wood and a piece of string could be fastened to each piece of College soap, secured, if necessary, by a Miller lock. Then our friends could bathe in comfort.

Observers of the College photo will notice that our tennis champion seems to be in danger of falling into disrepair. If anyone feels moved to subscribe to a renovation fund, we will gladly receive small amounts.

While on the subject of renovation, the earthquake craze has had an effect on the chapel. One of the spikes on the spire detached itself during a storm, and flew down into the Bulpaddock, nearly decapitating one of our number on its way. It was promptly souvenired, and we understand that the authorities, armed with sticking plaster, are searching for it in order to restore it.

One of our classical students has been informing his friends that he is working 12 hours a day, and may do 14 a day for a week or two before the exams. Had he said he was catching fourteen fish a day, we should have known where he got the habit. But as it is, we must ask, "Who puts the pennies in?"

"Early Closing" at Janet Clarke Hall has caused considerable distress among two or three whose interest in parts of its personnel is considerable. Their great fear is that early closing may be followed by "total prohibition."

Several of last year's men are now out in the big world. Percy Dicker is sky-piloting at the State Electricity Works at Yallourn. John Blennerhassett, after spending the winter at Apollo Bay, is studying at St. Aidan's, Ballarat. Bright Parker is at St. Andrew's, Brighton, with Canon Hancock.



**COLLEGE RECORDS.**

The College Record Keeper (Mr. R. E. Webb Ware) would be glad to receive from past and present members of the College any programmes, dinner menu cards, posters, tickets, etc., of College or University functions, sporting and social, in which College men have taken part; also newspaper cuttings referring to the same. It is proposed to keep a complete record of the future, and to fill up as far as possible the blanks in the records of the past.

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**COLLEGE CELEBRITIES.**

It is not only by the royal road—the stomach—that The Chef has appealed to the hearts of men in College. Coupled with many a dainty dish has gone a cheery word of Irish wit, and always has there been that generosity of labour so typical of the troubled island.

Chef is a mine of historical information, too, of the virtues and little lapses of Old Boys, but she seems to have loved them all. To-day her affection for Trinity is very great, and every man in turn has good words for the Chef.

We hear nothing to-day of the Black and Tan menace in Ireland. Like snakes, they have suddenly left the land of the shamrock. Many have a shrewd suspicion that the College harbours one of them, for at the dead of night, or before the dawn, the sinister black and tan signs are placed on the boots and shoes of the sleepers.

Maybe it is Lavery's little joke, or simply an old military habit, like that of the good soldier who never looks behind at the heels of his boots. Lavery is an old soldier, and knows a thing or two.

We like him for his quiet, tactful ways, his hearty laugh, and his good common-sense. He can keep his counsel with dignity. Long may he reign here.

## SPORTS NOTES

**CRICKET.**

The sub-committee elected at the end of last year to take charge of College cricket activities consisted of W. Irvine (president), F. C. Langlands, and J. R. Hasker. A couple of practice games were arranged last year, and when the College re-assembled in March several players were in form, having played with University or country teams during the vac. We lost W. H. Moule and V. L. Rushton from the 1921 team (both of them good bats, and Rushton also a change bowler), but were glad to find Langlands in form again and able to play, after having been kept out of last year's matches by an injury. His return greatly strengthened our bowling. F. R. Vincent, who came to us from Geelong Grammar, was included, and proved himself a good field and a steady bat, while W. N. Muntz filled the other place.

A practice match against Queen's gave us an easy win by 374 runs to 128. Cotes

(77) and Plowman (45) did well in this match, and Langlands (3 for 30) was the best of the bowlers.

We met Newman on March 21, only a week after the College re-assembled, in the first round of the Intercollegiate championship. The wicket was excellent, and we escaped the bad weather so often experienced in previous years. The Newman captain (Porter) won the toss, and he and Costigan opened to the bowling of Langlands and Cotes. Costigan went when the score was 60, but Porter, batting brilliantly, and never giving a chance, was soon joined by Bown, and a fourth wicket partnership of 86 resulted. The innings closed for 247. In our first innings, Irvine, the captain, and Rusden, put up a splendid first wicket partnership of 115, but unfortunately both went within a few minutes, and a rot set in. Jorgenson and D'Arcy bowled well, and we totalled only 179.

Newman, starting with a lead of 68, lost 3 wickets for 84, but Porter and E. Hurley



got together, and while tired Trinity fieldsmen chased the ball all over the field, took the score to 306. Porter, in his 182, gave another magnificent and faultless display, and made the match safe for Newman. Irvine (56) and Rusden (29) again batted pluckily, Irvine's play for the match being excellent; but the rest of the team could not follow their lead, and we were all out for 214. Newman won by 274 runs. The scores were:—

NEWMAN.

First Innings.

|                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Costigan, c Plowman, b Langlands .. | 18  |
| Porter, b Hasker .. .. .            | 93  |
| E. Hurley, b Langlands .. . . .     | 2   |
| J. Hurley, b Langlands .. . . .     | 0   |
| Bown, b Hallows .. . . .            | 87  |
| Sullivan, b Langlands .. . . .      | 8   |
| Jorgenson, c Rusden, b Hallows ..   | 13  |
| Joyce, b Langlands .. . . .         | 6   |
| Darcy, b Hallows .. . . .           | 9   |
| Cussen, not out .. . . .            | 7   |
| Somers, b Langlands .. . . .        | 0   |
| Sundries (byes 0; no-balls 4) ..    | 4   |
| Total .. . . .                      | 247 |

Bowling.—Langlands, 6 for 82; Hallows, 3 for 95; Hasker, 1 for 26; Sholl, none for 19; Cotes, none for 19.

Second Innings.

|                                   |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Porter, b Langlands .. . . .      | 182 |
| Costigan, run out .. . . .        | 13  |
| Bown, c Plowman, b Langlands .. . | 0   |
| Sullivan, c Plowman, b Hallows .. | 22  |
| E. Hurley, c Cotes, b Plowman ..  | 131 |
| Jorgenson, lbw, b Hallows .. . .  | 8   |
| J. Hurley, b Langlands .. . . .   | 32  |
| Joyce, c Rusden, b Hallows .. . . | 10  |
| Darcy, not out .. . . .           | 8   |
| Cussen, c Rusden, b Hallows .. .  | 4   |
| Somers, c and b Langlands .. . .  | 4   |
| Sundries .. . . .                 | 6   |
| Total .. . . .                    | 420 |

Bowling.—Langlands, 4 for 116; Hallows, 4 for 127; Plowman, 1 for 4; Hasker, none for 83; Sholl, none for 26; Cotes, none for 32; Irvine, none for 25.

TRINITY.

First Innings.

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Rusden, b Darcy .. . . .           | 67  |
| Irvine, st Somers, b Cussen .. . . | 63  |
| Hasker, c Joyce, b Cussen .. . . . | 0   |
| Plowman, b Darcy .. . . .          | 11  |
| Hallows, b Jorgenson .. . . .      | 18  |
| Vincent, c Somers, b Darcy .. . .  | 7   |
| Cotes, b Jorgenson .. . . .        | 1   |
| Langlands, c Joyce, b Jorgenson .. | 0   |
| Ainslie, c Joyce, b Jorgenson .. . | 0   |
| Sholl, c Jorgenson, b Darcy .. . . | 2   |
| Muntz, not out .. . . .            | 0   |
| Sundries .. . . .                  | 10  |
| Total .. . . .                     | 179 |

Bowling.—Darcy, 4 for 20; Jorgenson, 4 for 58; Cussen, 2 for 53; J. Hurley, none for 22; E. Hurley, none for 7; Porter, none for 9.

Second Innings.

|                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Irvine, b J. Hurley .. . . .        | 56  |
| Rusden, c and b Jorgenson .. . .    | 29  |
| Hasker, c and b Jorgenson .. . .    | 31  |
| Plowman, b Jorgenson .. . . .       | 0   |
| Hallows, lbw, b Cussen .. . . .     | 40  |
| Vincent, c Costigan, b Cussen .. .  | 17  |
| Cotes, c J. Hurley, b Darcy .. . .  | 5   |
| Langlands, not out .. . . .         | 14  |
| Ainslie, b Jorgenson .. . . .       | 5   |
| Sholl, c Jorgenson, b Cussen .. . . | 0   |
| Muntz, b Jorgenson .. . . .         | 6   |
| Sundries .. . . .                   | 11  |
| Total .. . . .                      | 214 |

Bowling.—Jorgenson, 5 for 65; Darcy, 1 for 46; Cussen, 3 for 54; J. Hurley, 1 for 26; E. Hurley, none for 12.

In the second round Ormond beat Queen's, but were defeated by Newman in the final.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Newman on this, their first Intercollegiate championship.



ROWING.

Sub-committee, 1922. R. H. Keon-Cohen, president; D. A. White, vice-president; G. J. Pardey.

Rowing at Trinity has during the last year gained some ground both in popularity and proficiency, and the College may well look forward to brighter prospects in the future. Throughout the year Trinity has taken the most prominent part



in most, if not all, of the University Boat Club's activities, and although success was not our portion in the Intercollegiate boat race, we must recognise and congratulate the exceptional qualities of the crew with which Queen's regained their title of Head of the River. The material in hand at the beginning of the year was superior, both in experience and in quality, to anything the College has been able to supply since the war; but the eight as finally chosen was unable to give as good an account of itself as might have been—and was—expected, owing to the bad effects both on the morale and the combination of the crew of a great deal too much indecision and chopping about in the selection and seating of the men. As finally chosen four days before the race the crew was as follows:—R. G. Orr (bow), 10.0; B. T. Keon-Cohen (2), 10.7; H. F. Stokes (3), 11.3; W. B. Fleming (4), 12.3; S. Plowman (5), 11.7; R. H. Keon-Cohen (6), 11.10; G. J. Pardey (7), 12.0; D. A. White (str.), 11.12; G. D. Broome (cox).

A large crowd witnessed the rowing in the preliminary heats on Friday, 21st April. Newman won the first heat somewhat easily from Ormond, who were without their crack, Buchanan, who was in training with the Victorian Eight. In the second heat Trinity, who were matched against Queen's, the ultimate winners, were badly left at the start, but hung on to their opponents as far as the New Cut corner, where Queen's drew away, and rowing magnificently, won by nearly two lengths.

The final, on Saturday, was won by Queen's with even greater ease, the Newman stroke being the only one in his crew to display even practice form.

After the final of the First Crews the four Second Eights were matched over a short half-mile course. The Trinity crew—Tunbridge (bow), Ritchie, Lahey, P. Wilson, Vine, Irvine, Webb-Ware, Duffy (str.)—were well up at Brander's Ferry, but faded away into fourth place down the stone wall. Insufficient coaching and not enough hard work were responsible for the spoiling of a promising combination in this crew.

In the various public regattas held during the year Trinity has been well represented. At Colac and Warrnambool, in the Long Vacation, a maiden pair, consisting of the brothers Keon-Cohen, had

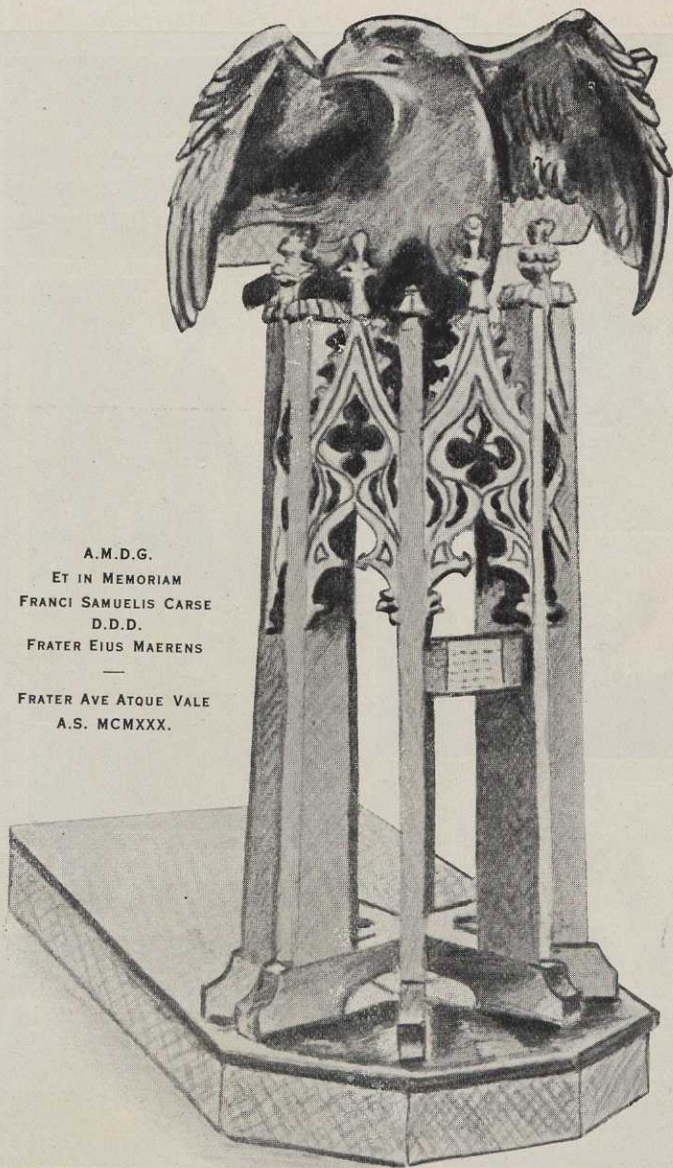
an enjoyable, if somewhat unlucky, trip. At Colac, in very heavy weather, they finished in second place and immediately sank. At the Ballarat and Barwon regattas an eight (consisting of Orr, Duffy, H. M. L. Murray, Bakewell, Plowman, B. T. Keon-Cohen, Pardey, R. H. Keon-Cohen) represented the University in the maiden eights. At Ballarat the crew received very inconsiderate treatment in the hands of the starter, and was fouled in the first dozen strokes. With eight crews ahead, the worries of the coxswain can be imagined, but, despite the loss of two or three lengths at the start, the crew ran into fourth place. At Geelong the next week the crew, strengthened by the inclusion of D. A. White, defeated Wendouree and Banks in the heat by two feet, and finished close up to Ballarat City in the final. Garran and Burston rowed well in the Maiden Four that performed so creditably at Sale and Bairnsdale at Easter, while at Henley the College has been well represented by B. T. Keon-Cohen, R. H. Keon-Cohen, R. Garran, Milne and Robinson, in a 'Varsity maiden eight, and by Duffy, Webb-Ware and Orr in a maiden four.

In the annual Inter-Faculty Eights eleven College men took part. D. A. White again stroked the Engineers to success, with Stokes and Orr to back him up. G. J. Pardey rowed (5) in the Med. crew, which tied with the Engineers, while G. M. Clemons presided at the rudder. T. G. Lahey rowed bow in the Law crew, while R. H. Keon-Cohen (str. of the Arts crew) was backed up by R. E. Webb-Ware, J. S. Bloomfield, W. S. Milne, and L. J. Bakewell.

The annual race for the Elliott Fours was held early in third term. L. J. Bakewell's crew won the final from D. A. White's, R. H. Keon-Cohen's, and R. E. Webb-Ware's. The winning crew consisted of L. J. Bakewell, J. P. Ainslie, E. A. Richards, W. P. White.

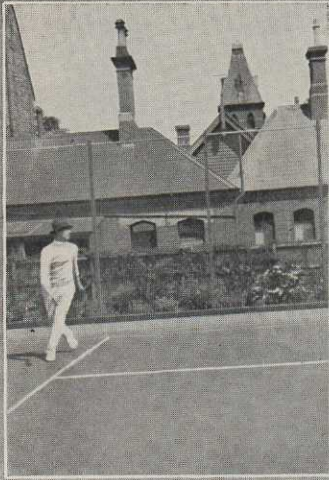
At the annual meeting of the University Boat Club R. E. Webb-Ware was re-elected hon. secretary, and H. F. Stokes elected hon. treasurer of the club, and both have discharged their duties with success and vigour. D. A. White has been appointed president of the Rowing Subcommittee for 1923, with R. H. Keon-Cohen as vice-president.





THE LECTERN.







The 'Varsity crew contained two Trinity men in D. A. White (6) and G. J. Pardey (5), who were awarded Blues, and both of whom we heartily congratulate. Nor must we forget to extend our sympathy to W. B. Fleming, who was selected No. 4 but was prevented by an embarrassing illness from going to Adelaide with the crew.

Reviewing the year's rowing, two very satisfactory aspects stand out. Firstly, the general keenness and interest of rowing men in their sport, as shown, for example, by the large entries for the Elliott Fours; and secondly, the very active part which the College has taken in the doings of the University Boat Club.



#### ATHLETICS, 1922.

Sub-Committee: R. H. Keon-Cohen, president; W. P. White, vice-president; F. H. Vincent.

The annual Intercollegiate Sports were held on the University Oval on Wednesday, May 17. The competition was perhaps more even than usual, only 14 points separating the first team (Ormond) from Trinity, which was only fourth. The Trinity team was as follows:—

J. M. Cuming, R. B. Sutherland, C. W. K. Hardy, R. H. Keon-Cohen, T. G. G. Lahey, T. T. Reed, J. R. Hasker, T. Giblin, H. Hodgson, J. S. Bloomfield, P. St. J. Wilson.

J. S. Bloomfield's win in the Putting the Shot event was at once popular and well deserved, as it was the result of over a year's patient and scientific practice under the coaching of T. B. Dodds, of the M.U.A.C., to whom the thanks of the College are due. J. M. Cuming, though not in the best of health, ran very creditably, obtaining second place in the 220 Yards and Quarter, and third in the 100 Yards. J. R. Hasker's second in the Long Jump and third in the High Jump were characteristically plucky efforts. T. Giblin jumped well, and if he takes the game up seriously, ought to develop into a good performer over the lath. The rest of the team was for various reasons rather disappointing. In several instances lack of systematic training was only too evident. There is no reason why Trinity should be content with third and fourth place every year, or to rest the whole weight of the

team on two or three good men. A long period of practice and training is very essential in all field games such as jumping, hurdling, and the weights, while in the various flat races men should take the opportunity of acquiring experience by competing, if they can, in the University Club's weekly pennant team.

We cannot conclude without extending our congratulations to Ormond on their fourth consecutive win since the war, and to our representatives in the Inter-Varsity team, Messrs. J. S. Bloomfield (Putting the Shot) and W. B. Fleming (Throwing the Hammer).



#### FOOTBALL.

After a number of enjoyable practice matches with Scotch, Geelong Grammar, and M.C.E.G.S., the College team reached a higher standard this year than for many years. Our last match with M.C.E.G.S. was played on the M.C.C. a week before the Intercollegiate match, and our team benefited a great deal by that game. Keeness and attention to training resulted in our placing a very even team in the field against Ormond.

The first round in the Intercollegiate contest was played on the oval on Wednesday, June 29, between Queen's and Newman, and resulted in a win for Newman, after a very exciting match.

On 8th July the second round, between Trinity and Ormond, was played. Ormond were without the services of Oldham, while Trinity were equally unfortunate, as Sutherland was unable to play, owing to a sprained ankle.

The following represented Trinity: Tate (capt.), Hasker (vice-capt.), Ashton, Barrett, Doggett, Duffy, Fitts, Hallows, Grimwade, Irvine, Muntz, Pardey, Plowman, Rusden, Sholl, Tunbridge, F. R. Vincent, F. H. Vincent.

The game was fast, in spite of some crowding owing to the mud. Trinity were the first to attack, but Ormond fought strongly, and at the first change there was little to choose. From then onwards Trinity forged ahead, and were never seriously troubled, although in the last quarter Ormond made a determined effort to wipe off their deficit. The final scores were Trinity 19 goals 10 behinds (124 pts.); Ormond 9 goals 6 behinds (60 pts.).



Trinity's decisive victory was largely due to the fine play of Rusden (centre forward), who kicked 12 goals (an Intercollegiate record). Hasker (centre half-forward) whose high marking and passing were excellent, played solidly. Tate, in the centre, played at his best, and was ably supported on the wings by Doggett and Muntz, while Sholl (full back) and Irvine (half back) defended well.

For Ormond, Morrison stood out, while McLean, Ride, Gilmour, Buttsworth and Best were the pick of the others. Almond was handicapped by an injured shoulder.

This is our first victory over Ormond since 1906, and although we lost the final to Newman, we can look back on the year's football as having at last achieved a much-deserved success.

The final match between Newman and Trinity was played on 5th July. Only one alteration was made in the team, Traynor taking the place of F. H. Vincent. Sutherland was unfortunately still on the sick list. Much interest was taken in the match, which was keenly contested. Trinity attacked strongly during the first quarter, and had a slight advantage at the first change of ends. The game was very fast, and hard knocks were given and taken in the right spirit. The first three quarters were evenly contested, Newman having slightly the advantage, but in the last quarter Newman outplayed Trinity in every department of the game, and with a fine finish added 8 goals 4 behinds. They were faster to the ball than Trinity, while our team lacked the dash and cohesion which they displayed on the previous Wednesday.

The final scores were Newman 13 goals 16 behinds (94 pts.); Trinity 2 goals 8 behinds (20 pts.).

We congratulate Newman on their fine game. They were a better team, and deserved their first football championship.

For the winners, Costigan was the best man on the ground, playing with splendid dash on the wing. Ganim (roving), and McGillicuddy (ruck) were the best of a very even side, while of the others, Byrne and Bown (half back), Connell and Clinton, deserve special mention.

For Trinity, Fitts (in the ruck) was perhaps our best man, while Sholl (full back) was very prominent in defence. Grimwade (half back), Ashton (back), and Irvine (half back) all did excellent work.

Our players have done very well in University football this year. Hasker, Tate, Rusden and Plowman played in the Inter-Varsity team in Adelaide, while in the Metropolitan Association Sholl (vice-captain of the Blues), Tate (vice-captain of the Blacks), Muntz, Hasker, Rusden, Plowman, Doggett, were regular players.

We congratulate J. R. Hasker on being awarded a full-blue for University football.



### TENNIS NOTES.

Interest in College tennis this year has been keen, and it is very satisfactory to note that there has been considerable competition for places in the three pennant teams run by the College.

The results show that, although none of our teams are among the leaders in their sections, there is a great deal of improvement on the form shown last year.

The second pennant team performed rather disappointingly in the doubles early in the season, but showed better form in their singles matches.

The third and fourth pennant teams have done reasonably well, and these results may be attributed to the fact that a regular four has played throughout the season, and to an absolute improvement in the case of the individual players. Carrington, in the third pennant, and Gibson, in the fourth pennant, may be picked out in particular. Gibson has played first man in the fourth pennant team, and has had the satisfaction of not losing a match in the singles.

In Jubilee week a match was played against the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys, but we were beaten in hollow fashion. Dr. Balcombe Quick, the retiring president of the Fleur-de-Lys, generously provided afternoon tea.

The culminating event in the College tennis world was the Intercollegiate tennis contests held in September. The selection of the team was a particularly difficult task, as it was realised that our strongest team, both in singles and doubles, would be required to beat both Queen's and Ormond; having in mind our



narrow victories against both these teams last year. After many trials, Fitts, Hallowes, Irvine and Grimwade were selected to play against Queen's. We successfully defeated them by 6 rubbers to 2. For Queen's, Holyman played particularly well, winning his singles against Fitts, and with Focken one of their doubles matches. Hallowes played consistently well for Trinity, and Irvine and Grimwade both played well at times.

For the final, against Ormond, Hunt was substituted for Grimwade, but otherwise the team was the same as that which defeated Queen's.

In spite of our anxieties, we succeeded in defeating Ormond by 6 rubbers to 2. For Ormond, Laver played very good tennis throughout the match, and Hylton played well in the doubles. For Trinity, Irvine played very well and is a good match player. He was well backed up in the doubles by Hunt. Hallowes and Fitts were inclined to be erratic.

One cannot conclude without expressing our thanks to Mrs. Behan for her enthusiasm and kindness in arranging tennis parties on Saturday afternoons, and also for her generosity in providing afternoon tea, and donating prizes for the mixed doubles tournament held in aid of the Common Room funds.

During the Long Vacation the courts were top-dressed, are now in very good order, and are in constant use.

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#### SWIMMING.

Considerable interest was taken by almost everybody in College, on returning from vacation, in the unofficial Intercollegiate swimming contests. Entries were received from nearly every man in College, and the trials for the selection of the men to represent Trinity were contested by big fields. The sports were held in the Fitzroy Baths, on the second Friday in first term, in fine weather. Perhaps the most amusing item on the programme was the Freshmen's fancy dress race. Trinity, with 25 points, were second to Queen's (41 points) for the Intercollegiate cham-

pionship, our best performer being B. T. Keon-Cohen (champion 100 yards and runner-up 50 yards). Crisp and Hasker both showed splendid form in the diving, while the Trinity squadron, consisting of E. Kyle, G. C. Burston, W. P. White, B. A. Hunt, R. H. Keon-Cohen, and B. T. Keon-Cohen won the squadron race with something to spare.

In other events Trinity men were also well up. G. H. Grimwade won the Freshmen's Obstacle Race in fine style, while G. C. Burston and P. St. J. Wilson were the first two in the 50 Yards Handicap. G. J. Pardey swam a fine race in the Breast Stroke, and had a well-deserved win.

A fair attendance of College men and extra-collegiates watched the sports, which were, from a financial point of view, an eminent success.

Trinity and Ormond are anxious to have swimming recognised as an official Intercollegiate sport, but at present the prospects for next year are not bright. Meanwhile a University Swimming Club has been formed, so that men returning to College next year would do well to seize every opportunity of improving their swimming in the Long Vacation.

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#### HOCKEY DE LUXE.

In accordance with the best traditions of the last two years, the ladies again met the men of the College in deadly combat on the hockey field. Some of the costumes took some getting used to, but otherwise the match passed off without accident. Several of the men were rather unused to their skirts, which had to be discarded or tucked up as the game proceeded. Others found it hard to remember that bumping and pushing one's opponent is not allowed. But all were very careful to pick up fallen opponents and restore their sticks. One doubts whether Miller's dressing gown or Max's—er—brief skirt will stand the strain of many more matches. The assortment of weapons produced was alarming, but the umpire was firm in permitting only the orthodox sticks. She tactfully declared "Time," too, when the scores were equal. The pumpkins thoughtfully provided by the home team were greatly relished at half time.



**TRINITY COLLEGE TOURNAMENT.**

This new feature in College life was held on Saturday, October 14. We were fortunate in securing a fine day, with a slight north wind. The tournament took the form of a mixed doubles handicap, and 64 pairs played. On the whole, the handicapping was good, perhaps erring on the side of severity, but this is unavoidable where the quality of so many of the players is unknown. The rounds were played off well up to time, and the final was fought out on Wednesday, 18th. After a splendid struggle, B. Keon-Cohen and Miss Showers defeated R. Moon and Miss Bryce 2-6, 6-2, 6-4, and are to be congratulated on their fine win. Prizes were presented to both pairs by the Warden.

The tournament was a great success, both socially and financially. The Common Room Fund will benefit by nearly £25, and the Council has promised to add another £25.

The College is very grateful indeed to Mrs. Behan for her interest and generosity in organising this tournament. The idea was entirely hers, and she generously provided handsome trophies and a delightful afternoon tea. We would also like to thank those gentlemen who contributed towards the cost of balls. In organising details, Mrs. Behan was ably helped by Messrs. Pitts, Ashton and Carington, who put much hard work into the arrangements.

It has been proposed to make this tournament an annual event, and it certainly deserves the support of the College. Mrs. Behan has kindly promised to help us on future occasions.

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1921

**DIALECTIC SOCIETY.**

The activities of the Society have been carried out this year, as usual, with a considerable degree of success. At the first meeting the following office-bearers were elected: Vice-President, The Sub-Warden; Hon. Sec., C. H. Murray, B.A.; Committee, B. A. Hunt, R. R. Sholl, T. W. Smith.

Six general debates were held. Current events had their influence on the choice of the first subject—"That an advocate is justified in defending a prisoner whom he knows to be guilty"; supported by Mr. Muntz, and opposed by Mr. Irvine. Both opening speeches were good, and these

two gentlemen would profit by more regular participation in debates. The practicability of Universal Disarmament, and The Evil Influence of Gambling provoked considerable discussion. At these two meetings it was particularly noticeable that delivery was a very weak point with two of the openers, Messrs. Purves and Bridgford, both of whom had several quite good arguments, which they were unable to express convincingly.

Mr. Keon-Cohen made a long and impassioned protest against the action of the Commonwealth Government in reducing the provision for Australian national defence. He was vanquished, in argument, by Mr. Lahey. The standard of this debate was particularly good, and the subject was again debated by Sydney and Adelaide in the Inter-Varsity debates. The age-old question of Free Trade and Protection as an Australian policy brought the political economists of the College out of their retirement.

Ladies' Night, as a social event, is on the wane, owing primarily to the many other and more attractive social functions. However, the subject of debate, The Abolition of the Jury System, was keenly discussed, Mr. Hunt's opening speech being of a very high order. Several of the ladies spoke, in such a way as to arouse a feeling of regret at their decision not to meet us in a team debate, as they did last year.

The Queen's debate has now become a welcome fixture, and was held this year at Queen's. The topic of the hour was "That the influence of modern journalism is pernicious," which was affirmed by Queen's. Mr. Allen, of Ormond, adjudicated, and delivered a very bright and breezy speech. Apparently he was possessed of inside information that the University reporters for our three morning dailies are all Trinity men, and his verdict went in favour of Queen's.

We were reluctantly obliged to decline Newman's invitation to meet them in a team debate. These things require a certain amount of preparation, and in third term work presses. We are very glad, however, to know that the newly-formed Newman Debating Society is flourishing, and we wish it success.

The President's medal for oratory was awarded to Mr. B. A. Hunt, and the Leeper prizes were divided between Messrs. Hunt, Smith, and Sholl.



The attendance at meetings has been rather smaller than usual, but the standard of speaking has improved considerably. The Melbourne debating team, which again proved successful in the Inter-Varsity contests, contained two Trinity men, Messrs. Sholl and Murray. Mr. Sholl's speaking, in particular, has greatly improved.

Every Social Club meeting shows the importance of public speaking. Many members have excellent ideas or arguments, but are quite unable to express them adequately, or even coherently. They would profit by more active participation in the activities of the Society, and it is for such men that the Society exists. Certainly every Law and Arts student, and most Meds., should practise expressing their thoughts in clear, well-chosen language.

Our best thanks are offered to Mr. Blackwood, Vice-President, who has attended every meeting, and with infinite patience has criticised and helped the speakers.

C. H. MURRAY.

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### THE PRELECTION.

The annual meeting of the Dialectic Society was held in the Melba Hall on Sept. 29. The attendance was again very satisfactory. The Prelector chosen by the College earlier in the year was Mr. J. H. B. Armstrong, M.A., LL.B., who is well known to College men of recent years. His Excellency the Governor presided.

Mr. Armstrong fittingly chose as his subject "The Problem of Australian National Defence," and his quiet but forceful style was very pleasing. While freely admitting that the primary defence of Australia must be essentially naval, he said that the training of the Australian army must be improved. Munitions must be made, and officers must be trained locally. While the ability is present, the opportunities and facilities are comparatively few. This means that Australia stands as a weak link in the chain of Empire. In view of the Pacific problem, this makes the situation very grave.

The question was further discussed from different viewpoints by Brigadier-General C. H. Foott and Sir Robert Garran, who emphasised the importance of the League

of Nations. A vote of thanks to Lord Stradbroke for presiding was moved by Professor Harrison Moore, and seconded by Dr. Stanley Argyle.

His Excellency's remarks on the value of public speaking, as fostered by the Society, were very much to the point. The Prelection is an important function, in that it brings the College prominently under the notice of people who expect that one of the results of University life should be the ability to speak fluently and convincingly. Moreover, addresses by College men on such questions as Australian defence help to show the general public that our interests and thoughts are not purely academic.

C. H. MURRAY.

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### CHAPEL NOTES.

Slowly but surely the College Chapel is storing up fine associations. Several very impressive services have been held there this year. On May 2, in the presence of a very large gathering, two memorials were unveiled. A very fine lectern commemorates Franc Carse, while a stained glass window, depicting Martin of Tours, faithful soldier and saint, is in memory of Albert Guy Miller. The lectern is accompanied by a brass tablet in the ante-chapel. The Archbishop of Melbourne presided, attended by Canons Hughes and Langley, and the service was read by the Chaplain. Dr. Leeper impressively delivered an eloquent panegyric on these two sons of Trinity who gave their services and their lives in the Great War.

On St. Peter's Day the Archbishop celebrated at a corporate communion service, and gave a short address. The attendance was about sixty, and the Chaplain and Revs. J. S. Drought and Eric Thornton assisted.

Among the many visiting preachers during the year have been Revs. Sidney Buckley, Ainslie Yeates, J. S. Needham (chairman A.B.M.), G. E. Shaw, Dean Hart and Canon Hughes.

The service on Anzac Day, when a special form of service was used, was worthy of the occasion. It is hoped to have another worthy commemoration service on Armistice Day, when the Social Club war memorial will also be unveiled.

The installation of electric light has made it possible for Evensong to be said



daily throughout the year. Once a week, too, very effective choir practices have been held, with the result that chapel singing has improved considerably, and interest in the services has grown accordingly.

The ladies of the Janet Clarke Hall still faithfully attend to the flowers for the altar.

The Theologs. have held three "quiet days" during the year. One was conducted by Rev. J. Tyssen, at St. George's, Malvern, and another by Rev. Harold Davies, at Holy Trinity, Kew. The third was held at St. Martin's Home for Boys, when Canon Hughes, always a tower of strength to the College and its members, gave those present the fruits of his faith and experience.

In first term a conference was held with the members of Ridley, when "The Attitude of the Church Towards Amusements" was keenly discussed.

A monthly intercession and devotional service, with address, has also been held, and has proved a welcome element in the strenuousness of College life.

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#### THE WAR MEMORIAL.

The Memorial is designed to stand as a personal tribute from the College to the memory of those men of Trinity who gave their lives for the Empire in the war. The general plan of the Memorial is simple and the details are few.

A photograph of each Trinity man on the Roll of Honour has been obtained, and enlarged to a uniform size (6 in. x 8 in.), framed singly, and has had attached a small brass tablet bearing the soldier's name and the dates of the years spent in College. These photographs have been hung on the wall of the Common Room, arranged round a central brass plaque, which bears the College arms, and the inscription "Our Honoured Dead, 1914-18."

The list contains 39 names, and is, so far as we know, complete. Any information as to errors or omissions will be gladly received. In practically every case photographs have already been secured, while in the remainder they have been promised for an early date.

#### Our Honoured Dead.

George Grantham Anderson  
Edward Frederick Robert Bage  
Guy Brooke Bailey  
George Edward Broughton  
Warren Howard Brown  
Colin Richmond Campbell  
Franc Samuel Carse  
Randolph William Creswell  
Derwas Goring Cumming  
Desmond McMahon Gavan Duffy  
Wade Sheriton Garnett  
Eric Louis Giblin  
William Hay Gosse  
Russell Walker Grant  
Geoffery Carmichael Griffith  
Henry Hunter Griffith  
George Risdon Grimwade  
Gresley Tatlock Harper  
Horace Carl Harton.  
Edward Norman Hodges  
Kenneth Woodful Holmes  
Herbert Humphreys Hunter  
Eric Craven Jowett  
Charles Roy Lister  
Ronald Gray Mackay  
Henry Hooper Matthews  
Spencer Edward Maxted  
Eric Brodie McKay  
Albert Guy Miller  
Humphrey Osborne Moule  
Francis Acton O'Hara.  
Osborne O'Hara  
Lawrence Oldfield  
Philip Edward Frederick Schuler  
Harold South  
Thomas Noel Heath Stretch  
Arthur Stuart Williams  
Maldwyn Leslie Williams  
Arthur Holroyd O'Hara Wood

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#### INCUNABULA IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

By Albert B. Foxcroft, M.A.

(Honorary Cataloguer to the College.)

Perhaps it may be just as well to begin by explaining the title of this article, lest I should incur the grave charge of trying to trap unwary readers by means of a kind of decoy heading. "Incunabula in the College Library" might, indeed, seem to promise something really exciting—possibly the invasion of the books by some insidious microbe or boring beetle, to be expelled either by judicious fumigation or



by the time-honoured method of applying salt to their tails. But the Incunabula of Trinity College are not likely to arouse much excitement, nor will their presence in the library cause the Warden many sleepless nights; for, according to a rather curious bibliographical usage, "incunabula" is the name given to books printed in the fifteenth century—in the very infancy of printing, and before the art had emerged, as it were, from the cradle, and divested itself of its swaddling clothes—its "incunabula."

#### Trinity College Incunabula.

It must not, however, be imagined that such books are either very rare or very valuable. Even though these books may have been issued in the very infancy of printing, it must be remembered that typography was a remarkably lusty infant. Every librarian is only too familiar with the type of person who owns a book a couple of centuries old, and imagines that it is therefore worth its weight in platinum. Age alone does not necessarily make a book valuable, and the more common incunabula fetch but thirty shillings or so each. This, however, is not too low a price, when it is remembered that at least 32,000 distinct works or editions were issued from 1456—when Gutenberg completed his famous (so-called) Mazarine Bible, the first important printed volume—until the close of the year 1500. Very recently I undertook to enumerate all the incunabula in Melbourne libraries, and found but sixty in all, of which two are in the College Library. These are: An edition of Plato, in Latin, printed at Venice, in 1478; and the works of Lactantius, also printed at Venice, in 1491.

It will now be clear why I could not promise any excitement from the presence of these works in the College. Lactantius had, it must be admitted, the reputation of being the most eloquent and polished of all the Latin Fathers of the Church; St. Jerome it was, I think, who called him "the Christian Cicero," yet I doubt whether his finished periods will attract many readers among those who, like myself, found the pagan Cicero quite enough of the family to study. Plato in Latin—and a Latin full of all sorts of queer, curly abbreviations—would probably act as a stimulant to the Sub-Warden, but would be "caviere to the

general." Yet I want, to prove now that, however unattractive their contents may or may not be, yet the books themselves, as books, are among the most interesting volumes in the Library.

#### Early Printing.

Printing, an art which attained almost to perfection with its very earliest productions, by no means gained immediate and unchallenged supremacy in the book world; on the contrary, its very excellence in results was but a manifestation of its struggle for existence. It was not until a generation or so had passed away, and most of the scribes who had compiled the manuscript rivals of the printed book were dead and gone, and when caligraphy no longer seemed to promise a remunerative occupation for clever boys, that the printer was free to produce careless or mediocre work. The life of the scribes, in their "scriptoria" in the great monasteries, makes most interesting reading. For example, absolute silence was compulsory, and all communication was by signs. When the scribe wished to signal for a book he would put out his hands, and pretend to turn over the leaves. If the book required were a prayer-book, he would then make the sign of the cross; while for a book by a pagan author, he would make the usual signs for "book," and then scratch his ear after the manner of a dog! The scribe was by no means the only person concerned in the production of a manuscript. There was also the rubricator, who touched all capital letters with colour, filled in headings, and painted in the large red or blue initials; an illuminator inserted fancy letters and borders; while for very special work a miniaturist supplied the necessary pictures. Now the aim of the printer was to make his book look as much like a manuscript as possible; and, as printing in colours involves much extra labour, the first printers found it most satisfactory to compete with the scribes only, leaving blank spaces for the rubricators and illuminators to fill in, and at the same time decorate the small capitals and add borders, etc. This rubricating has been done in the Lactantius, the initial letter of the text being also somewhat crudely ornamented. But the rubricator might not be sufficiently educated to know what letters he was supposed to fill in; and so, in the Plato



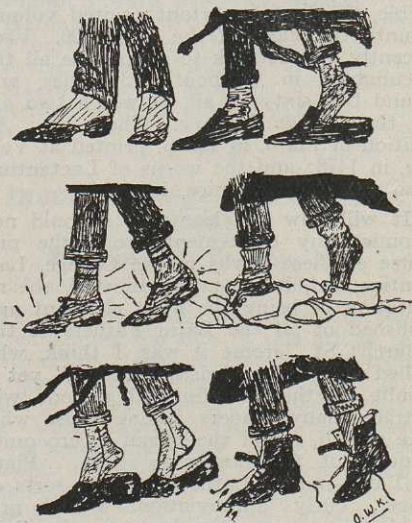
may be seen minute printed letters in the spaces for the rubricator, as a guide for his work. This Plato has been sold without any attempt at embellishment whatsoever, the selling price of any book naturally varying according to the amount of decoration.

#### A Little Point in Chronology.

I might elaborate many other interesting facts concerning these two volumes, did space permit. I shall, however, just mention one or two, so that an inquirer may study them for himself. In the Lactantius, the beautiful Greek and Roman types, and the contemporary inscription at the end concerning one "Brother John"; in the Plato, the old worm-eaten oak boards, with the remains of ancient clasps, and the Gothic type, based upon the conventional handwriting of the scribes. Both books were printed in Venice, where the art was but nine years old when the Lactantius was printed—yet its printer was the twenty-seventh to establish his press there; whilst by the time the Plato was printed, thirteen years later, more than seventy other printing houses had been at work there!

An interesting little point in chronology may be noted in the volume of Lactantius. According to the colophon or description at the end of the book, it was published on March 12, 1478. What would be the actual date of publication according to our present calendar? Consider, for instance, an event such as the death of Queen Elizabeth. It is a commonplace that for want of attention to chronology many such important events have been misquoted by a year. According to her contemporaries, Elizabeth died on Thursday, March 24, 1602. But in France, where the "New Style" calendar of 1582 had been adopted, this same day was called April 3, 1603. The date given in most English histories is March 24, 1603. Which of these three dates is correct? In the same way—for I do not intend to venture to answer the last question—there were four or five different calendars in use in Venice in 1478. There was the Orthodox, in which the year began on Jan. 1; the Papal, which began it on Christmas Day; the "Venetian Style," which took March 1 as the first day of the year; another style took March 25 as a convenient starting point—this was also

the prevailing English style; while to make confusion worse confounded, the Venetians had also a little system of their own, which made the year consist of eleven months of thirty-three days each. Most of the printers of Venice took either Dec. 25 or Jan. 1 as the first day of the new year; but not so Andreas of Paltasichis, the printer of our Lactantius. He obligingly gives the name of the contemporary doge, so that we find that his 1478 is really our 1479. As he published his book on the 12th March, and still called it 1478, we may also assume that for him the year began on March 25. So that the volume which he says he completed on March 12, 1478, was really issued on March 22, 1479. Perhaps it will be best not to end this article amid this maze of clashing chronologies, without pointing out that in 15th century Venice, whatever disadvantages might attach to thus living in several different years all at the same time, yet a person of catholic tastes, not bound down to any particular brand of calendar, could most certainly have the pleasure of welcoming the New Year in at midnight on almost every night of the year!



What meets a modest Fresher's eye.



# JANET CLARKE HALL

## JANET CLARKE HALL SOCIAL CLUB REPORT.

### Office-bearers, 1922.

President.—Miss Service.  
Secretary.—Miss Smith.  
Librarian.—Miss Grigg.  
Auditor.—Miss Knox.  
Tennis Secretary.—Miss Baynes.  
Social Club Committee.—Misses Service, Smith, Irvine.  
Tennis Club Committee.—Misses Baynes, Lloyd, Reilly, Ireland.

This is the first appearance of our Social Club under its new name, and it has had a strenuous year to mark its advent. At the Commencement celebrations we ran, for the first time, a "show" on our own, dispensing cool drinks and iced Sundaes to thirsty revellers. It was a decided success, owing to the untiring energy of the organisers.

As was natural, Jubilee received a good deal of attention, and following so closely on Commencement, life has not been so dull—but Jubilee comes but once in fifty years, and so why worry?

The Hostel dance—so far it seems impossible to us not to call it the "Hostel" dance—opened the Jubilee week on the first Friday in second term, and was voted the usual success.

On the Saturday night the Trinity Women's Society entertained us at dinner at the Mia Mia, and some very interesting things were told us of the progress of the Hostel from its earliest infancy. The orchestra's little joke—they played "For They are Jolly Good Fellows" where it was least expected—was received with flattering mirth, which was quite spontaneous. We would like to thank the Society for a very delightful evening. Strange whisperings come to us of the doings of the men that night, and of how one, more bold than his fellows—but that's another story.

Sunday we all took part in the Jubilee service in the Cathedral, and later in the week some of our members appeared in the play, and helped to make it the suc-

cess it was. By the courtesy of the Trinity Dramatic Club, we sold sweets at the play, with the result we were able to forward £7/8/- to the European Relief Fund.

Hockey is as popular as ever, and during second term, on Friday afternoons, the enthusiasts gathered on the outer ground, and many were disillusioned as to the simplicity of the game. Our season closed with a match against the men, some of whom, if they failed to be useful, succeeded very admirably, if one is to accept the evidence of onlookers, in being amusing—though perhaps this was unintentional. The result looks as though the Fates compromised—it being a drawn game.

We were unfortunate in losing the services of our third member, Miss Irvine, who, as the committee knew, was a very ardent worker. Miss Irvine went out of residence during second term. Her office is, however, being very well filled by Miss Anderson.

Our tennis team has added another victory to its list, and we would like to take this opportunity of congratulating its members. This is the only Intercollegiate contest for us, and until the other Colleges take unto themselves "hostels," is likely to remain so.

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### TENNIS NOTES.

A perfectly good tennis court, no holes in the net, and no depressing debt! What more could a tennis club desire at the beginning of the year? Well, one thing, certainly, and that is enthusiastic players! These seemed rather scarce at the beginning of the year; but nevertheless the Committee had great difficulty in choosing the Four last term. The first two places were filled easily by Miss M. Lloyd (who proved her worth last year) and Miss C. Ross (a Sydney Inter-Varsity player, who was a great acquisition to the Four). The Selection Committee had a difficult task in choosing the last two members of the Four, as three people were practically equal (as regards playing off, at all events). It was finally decided that



Miss Kay and Miss Baynes should fill the two remaining places, with Miss Champion as emergency.

In the first round of the Women's Inter-collegiate tennis, Queen's defeated Ormond by 5 rubbers to 3. Trinity were drawn against Newman, whom they defeated both in the singles and doubles. Miss Kay was unable to play in the doubles, but Miss Ireland ably filled her place.

Details of score:—

M. Lloyd (T.) d. P. Busst (N.), 4—6, 6—3, 6—2.

C. Ross (T.) d. S. Slattery (N.), 6—1, 6—2.

Hannan (N.) d. J. Kay (T.), 6—2, 6—2.

E. Baynes (T.) d. Mardling (N.), 6—3, 4—6, 6—2.

C. Ross-E. Baynes (T.) d. Busst-Slattery (N.), 6—3, 1—6, 6—2.

M. Lloyd-Ireland (T.) d. Hannan-Mardling (N.), 9—7, 6—1.

Ross-Baynes (T.) d. Hannan-Mardling (N.), 6—2, 6—2.

Lloyd-Ireland (T.) d. Busst-Slattery (N.), 11—9, 8—6.

Total.—Trinity, 7 rubbers, 14 sets, 107 games.

Newman, 1 rubber, 5 sets, 67 games.

Trinity met Queen's in the finals, on Sept. 12 (singles), and Sept. 13 (doubles). Miss Baynes was unable to play in the doubles, but Miss Champion played excellently as reserve. By defeating Queen's, both in singles and doubles, Trinity were champions for 1922.

Details of score:—

Lloyd (T.) d. Flockart (Q.), 6—1, 8—6.

Ross (T.) d. Sugden (Q.), 6—2, 6—3.

Baynes (T.) d. Heywood (Q.), 4—6, 6—1, 6—4.

Kefford (Q.) d. Kay (T.), 7—5, 6—4.

Flockart-Heywood (Q.) d. Lloyd-Kay (T.), 6—3, 6—4.

Ross-Champion (T.) d. Sugden-Kefford (Q.), 6—2, 4—6, 6—4.

Lloyd-Kay (T.) d. Sugden-Kefford (Q.), 6—3, 5—7, 6—4.

Ross-Champion (T.) d. Flockart-Heywood (Q.), 6—4, 4—6, 6—2.

Total.—Trinity, 6 rubbers, 12 sets, 107 games.

Queen's.—2 rubbers, 8 sets, 86 games.

Queen's was the home team this year. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them, and very particularly Mrs. Sugden, for their hospitality on all four days of the matches.

On Sept. 13, after the final match, Miss Herring entertained the Trinity team, the captains of the other teams, and the members of Janet Clarke Hall, at a tennis dinner. This was very much enjoyed by all, and was followed by speeches and singing of the College Song.

The tennis team was ably captained by Miss Lloyd this year, and we wish her and next year's team every success for 1923.

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#### A MEMORY.

Four crowded years have passed since that grey autumn morning which brought respite to a world at war. Already to many of us the long war years, with their struggle and their sacrifice—the whole splendid story—are becoming but a memory, a memory fainter and more dim as each year comes, with its own tale of incident and event.

And yet that memory—the memory of those men of the Empire, of those men of Australia, especially to us here of those men of Trinity, who went forth to war and gave—gave gladly—all that they had to give—the memory of those men is a very dear and cherished thing to us in Trinity to-day; it is a thing that at all costs must not die.

And so a definite plan has been brought into being for keeping this memory clear and fresh with us—for paying our tribute of honour to those to whom honour is due—and for having here in the heart of College life a permanent record of those men of the College who made the great sacrifice.

The Memorial is essentially simple and personal in nature; the rows of portraits and the simple inscription, "Our Honoured Dead," are an ever-present and eloquent reminder to Trinity men, present and future, of the splendid record of the Trinity of the past.

And so, we hope, the memory remains with us fresh and clear; and so may it be truly said of the soldiers of Trinity that

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We shall remember them."

B.A.H.



# JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

## OLD BOYS.

During the year a tennis match will probably be played against the College, and it is hoped that a large number of Old Boys will take this opportunity of visiting the College, when they will be welcome not only at the tennis courts but in any study they care to visit.

According to the rules of the Society, the dinner should be held on Trinity Monday, but the College Hall is not available on that date.

The dinner will probably be held in the Vacation, early in June or towards the end of August, unless it is decided to invite the present students. In that case the dinner cannot be held at the College. Further notice will be given at a later date.

Special efforts have been made to make this issue of the 'Fleur-de-Lys' a success, and former members of the College were invited to contribute in order to ensure its interest to men no longer in close touch with College life.

The result will be apparent to those who read the magazine. The cost of publication is still very high, and it will be possible to send this number only to those whose subscription for the year 1922-1923 has been paid.

The Hon. Secretary will be pleased to receive subscriptions for the year 1922-1923.

Cards showing the sports fixtures for 1923 will be sent to members early next year, and it is hoped that increasing numbers of Old Boys will attend the Inter-collegiate matches and the boat race.

During this year subscriptions to the Dining Hall Building Fund have been coming in at intervals. The subscription list is still open.

Etchings of various parts of the College and University, by Mr. Victor Cobb, of 245 Peel Street, North Melbourne, can be obtained from the artist. Several Old

Boys have already ordered copies. The prices are shown below:—

The College, 10/6.

The Cloisters (University), 10/6.

University Gates, Grattan Street, 10/6.

Wilson Hall, £1/11/6.

Entrance Trinity College, 10/6.

Christmas cards, showing Bishop's porch from the west, are obtainable at 1/- each.

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## THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting was held at Scott's Hotel immediately before the dinner. The retiring President, Dr. Balcombe Quick, presided.

After the confirmation of the minutes and balance sheet the following were elected to the Committee for the year 1922-1923:—

President: H. A. Crowther.

Vice-Presidents: E. R. White and S. E. Elder.

Committee: Balcombe Quick, H. R. Hawkins, L. Arnold, C. Gavan Duffy, A. B. Rowed.

Hon. Secretary: F. Blois Lawton, 12 Collins Street, Melbourne.

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## THE DINNER.

This year it was decided to invite the present students to the dinner, and no room being available at the College, it was necessary to hold the dinner elsewhere. It was held at Scott's Hotel.

The presence of the students greatly increased the number present, and also added to the enthusiasm, and the innovation appeared to be a success.

There were 173 present, and of this number about 90 were members of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys. This is probably the largest at any Fleur-de-Lys dinner.

The President for the year 1922-1923, Lieut-Col. H. A. Crowther, presided, and proposed the toast of the College.



In his speech he said that fifty years ago Trinity had begun with five students, and had now 83, and he paid a tribute to "the man who brought the College to so proud a position, and devoted a lifetime to its service—Dr. Leeper."

The Warden, in responding, drew attention to the financial position of the College. He said that last year most of its long-standing liability had been paid off, and there was £15,000 in hand towards the new building funds. Referring to the Old Boys who had died in the war, the Warden said that though a memorial was not yet established, they were remembered in all hearts.

The toast of "The Glorious Dead" was then drunk in silence.

The senior student, Mr. A. Gavan Duffy, also responded.

The toast of the Council, proposed by Dr. Mark Gardner, was replied to by the Rev. Canon Hughes, and that of the retiring President, proposed by Dr. Robert Fowler, was responded to by Dr. Balcombe Quick.

During the evening a message of congratulation and good wishes was received from the Trinity Women's Society, who were entertaining the students of Janet Clarke Hall.

A letter from Dr. Leeper, expressing his inability to be present at the dinner, was received with deep regret.

A telegram was received from Dr. F. L. Gill, expressing regret that he was unable to be present.

Apologies for absence were received from Dr. Stawell, Messrs. L. F. Miller, H. C. Clark, W. Lewers, Dr. Norman Gibbs, and Dr. J. L. Jona.

A telegram of congratulation and greetings was received from the Warden of St. Paul's College, Sydney.

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#### JUBILEE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.

In celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the College, an impressive service was held at the Cathedral on the afternoon of Trinity Sunday, June 11. A peal of bells was rung while the long academic procession of over 400 entered the Cathedral. The University, the Colleges, and the leading Schools sent representatives to honour the Jubilee of the oldest Melbourne University College. The brilliant academic robes and hoods and the white robes

of the choir and the 40 clergy made a fine show against the dark background of the building. A special form of service was used, which included two lessons, read by Dr. Leeper and the Warden, the anthem "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place," and special Collects. After the Hallelujah Chorus the Archbishop of Melbourne pronounced the Benediction.

The special preacher was Bishop Green, the first member of the College to reach episcopal rank. Taking as his text 'Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year; it shall be a jubilee unto you,' he stressed the purpose for which Trinity was founded, to supplement the intellectual and moral life of the University by a religious influence, and to provide a training ground for candidates for holy orders. Trinity had sent out 1,500 men and women, many of whom have occupied exalted positions in public and professional life. After paying an eloquent tribute to the splendid life-work of Dr. Leeper, the preacher congratulated the College on the fact that one of its sons was now Warden. Finally, he stressed the importance of Trinity, and similar College, as a place where men would learn to renounce the unseemly scramble for profit, place and power, and would learn to serve their fellows regardless of praise or blame.

The presence of so many members of our sister Colleges was a very courteous and welcome expression of the friendly relations which have always existed between the affiliated Colleges. His Excellency the Governor and the Countess of Stradbroke were also present, and the large congregation completely filled the Cathedral.

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#### COLLEGE CONCERT AND PLAY.

A special effort was made this year by the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club to produce a performance which would be in every way worthy of the Jubilee year, and they certainly succeeded in their objective.

The first part of the programme took the form of a short concert. This included three part songs—"Come, soft and lovely evening," "Massa's in de cold ground," and "The sad autumn winds." These were very well sung, but if there was any fault to find it was that they were all a trifle gloomy. This is no reflection on the capabilities of Mr. Inge,



who again conducted the Glee Club with his old skill and enthusiasm, but the fact is that his choice of bright part songs is seriously limited, owing to the lack of first tenors. We hope to remedy this defect next year. The other items were a song, "The Windmill," by H. W. Traynor, and a flute solo, "Valse Caprice," by R. G. Orr, each of which was heartily encored. Traynor is a welcome addition to the Glee Club, as he possesses a fine baritone voice, and we are very lucky to possess a flautist of Orr's capability. Both gentlemen are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. Thanks are also due to Mr. Inge for the time and trouble which he gave to the Glee Club. We are very fortunate in having him as our conductor.

The co-operating principle, so dear to the hearts of many of us, was applied to the play, which was H. V. Esmond's three-act comedy, "One Summer's Day." In Australia we know not gypsies; these picturesque wanderers do not inhabit our coasts; in fact they seem to have disappeared from off the face of the earth altogether. But the presentation of Chiara of the flashing eyes (Truda Trigg), Old Bess (Doreen Hensley), and Handsome Seth (Roy Sutherland) would have delighted the heart of a Borrow. If, however, the gypsies were Borrow's, the Urchin was Miss Henderson's alone. No small boy could have looked more natural nor had grubbier legs; no small boy could have popped up so regularly at the most awkward moments; and we defy any small boy ever made to put away seven bottles of ginger beer so efficiently. But the whole play seemed to be made for George Mayman. He fitted into the character of Major Dick Rudyard, but shone out as his own self. He uttered his aphorisms and borrowed his matches in a way that was no one's but his own. His worry over his adopted son was almost real enough to make one suspicious. He finished a length ahead of Phil Marsden (John Bloomfield), chiefly owing to Phil's rather angular way of approaching the object of his affections. Of course, an audience does cramp one's style in these matters. The romantic schoolboy (Jerry Ashton) was fortunate in his choice of a quite charming sister (Ercil Baynes), but was irritated at regular intervals by the lack of sympathy of his uncle (Graeme

Castles), whose sideboards were calculated to inspire terror in most nephews.

Roger Webb-Ware scored a distinct hit as the corpulent artist, Bendyshe, and managed to wear a worried air most convincingly. We can sympathise with him, as his wife (Mollie Brown) was one of these "capable" women who love to sit on their husbands—and bottles.

The charming heroine, Maisie (Marjorie Service) has been left till last, as she proved quite capable of looking after herself. She got her own way in the end, and they both lived happily ever after.

The play was well acted on both nights, and great credit is due to the producer, Mr. Edwin Campbell. Between acts the College Orchestra made pleasant noises, which seemed to have a soothing effect on the large and appreciative audiences.

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#### THE DANCE.

Though the College Dance was held in June instead of, as usual, in September, and many more rugs were required for sitting out, yet it was voted a greater success than ever. The decorations were cheerfully effective, being carried out in a scheme of red, white and green. They combined with the dresses to make a brave show. The supper room was also very well furnished, both substantially and artistically, and was well and oft patronised. Nearly 600 were present, and the fact that everything went off without a hitch reflects great credit on the dance secretaries, Messrs. Langlands, Bridgford and Irvine, who had worked hard making all the preparations. Unfortunately, the hands weren't off the clock, so 3.30 saw the last of the taxis going reluctantly homeward.

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#### JANET CLARKE HALL DANCE.

On Friday, 9th June, the Principal and students of Janet Clarke Hall, Trinity College, held their annual dance in the Melba Hall. This was the first of the series of functions connected with the Golden Jubilee, and proved a most successful beginning to the week of festivities. The Hall was decorated with gum and pink heath, a lattice work screening the Hall from the stage, on which supper was



served. There had been fearful anticipations of a wet night, which, however, proved groundless, and more than three hundred guests were present.



#### OUR SISTERS' AGES.

The eldest sister of the Collegiate family, on reaching her fiftieth year, may claim the privilege of the eldest, and reply to the question, "How old are your sisters, and which of them will be the next to celebrate her Jubilee?" Unlike most families of maiden sisters, we are all quite willing to declare our ages, for the assurance of immortality and eternal youth makes a Jubilee an occasion for rejoicing, not a half way house on the road to death.

The history of our own College is too well known to need much description. By a deed dated November 13, 1871, the Crown granted to "Sir William Foster Stawell, the Right Rev. Charles Perry, the Very Rev. Hussey Burgh Macartney, James Wilberforce Stephens, and William Parkinson Wilson, to be held by them as trustees, all that piece or parcel of land containing about ten acres and twelve perches or thereabouts situated in the County of Bourke, City of Melbourne, at Carlton,"—and here follow specifications.

The College opened in 1872, with five students, Dr. Torrance being appointed, in 1876, as Acting-Principal. In the same year he was succeeded by Dr. Alexander Leeper, who in 1881 received the title of "Warden." In 1877, new buildings were raised, and in 1883 the "Clarke" wing was erected. In 1886 Dr. Leeper rented some houses to accommodate lady students, and in 1890 Janet Lady Clarke's gift led to the erection of the present "Hall." In 1917 the Horsfall Chapel was completed, and in 1918 Mr. J. C. V. Behan succeeded Dr. Leeper as Warden.

The next College to celebrate its Jubilee will be Ormond, which was founded in 1879, through the generosity of Mr. Francis Ormond, whose total benefactions reached the sum of £100,000. The land was registered as held by "the Honourable James MacBain, Andrew Scott, William Kerr Thompson, Robert Jonathan Jaffray, John Lang Currie, Alexander Morrison, and Francis Ormond." It was originally granted by the Government to

the Presbyterian Church in 1853. From 1879 to 1915 Sir John MacFarland, now Chancellor of the University, was Master. He was succeeded, in 1915, by the present Master, Mr. D. K. Picken.

On March 14, 1888, Queen's College was opened, on land granted to the Methodist Church, and registered in the Government "Gazette" of Jan. 23, 1880, as held by "the Rev. James Swanton Waugh, the Rev. William Abraham Quick, the Rev. Joseph Dare, the Rev. William Henry Fitchett, Samuel Grey King, James Thomas Harcourt, Nehemiah Wimble, and George Mitchelmore Hitchcock." The present Master, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Sugden, has been in charge since the College was founded.

The infant sister is Newman College, built on that section of the University reserve granted by the Crown to the Roman Catholic Church on October 2, 1882, and registered under the Transfer of Land Act, 1915, as held by the Roman Catholic Trusts Corporation for the Diocese of Melbourne. The College was opened in 1917 by the Apostolic Delegate. The present Rector is the Very Rev. A. Power, S.J.

R.R.S.



#### ORIGIN OF THE HOSTEL.

When in the year of Jubilee we look back and review our progress during the past fifty years, there is nothing that has shown such rapid development as the women's side of the College. We all know that "Trinity was the first College in Australia to open its doors to women," but probably few of us realise how short a time it is since the need for University education for women was recognised anywhere. Girton began in 1869; not till 1870 did Cambridge admit women to lectures, and Newnham was opened the following year. This was only thirteen years before Dr. Leeper decided to establish "Trinity College Hostel." On his return from a visit to England, where the idea was born, he did his best to convince people of the value of such an institution. This was often uphill work—strange objections had to be overcome—the fear that wealthy squatters would cease to send their sons to a place where they would be likely to meet and fall in love with penniless blue-stockings; that "discipline could not be maintained if women sat on the same



benches with men and studied from the same professors; that a final blow would be struck at study of any kind, and the young men who now spent the greater part of their time in cricket and football would spend the remainder of it in balls, parties, flirtations and moonlight wanderings."

"Another argument that was gravely urged was that if ladies were admitted, so ascetic were their views, that they would put down amusement of every kind." All this, besides the objection that women were not fitted mentally or physically for the strain of study. However, Dr. Leeper found active sympathisers in Lady Loch (later the first visitor of the Hostel), Sir Matthew Davies, and Lady Clarke; and in 1886 the Hostel was opened, action being precipitated by the case of a Tasmanian girl who was unable to continue her studies for lack of a suitable place of residence.

The history of its first year is very like that of its world-famous prototype. All began in hired houses, and for years not one of them possessed a completed building. The original Hostel is described as "two large and comfortable houses, containing accommodation for ten students . . . and situated in a particularly healthy locality"—(Trinity Terrace was in Sydney Road, south of the Police Station)—but already its founders had as their ideal "a College of the Newnham type."

It is interesting to notice that a man was the originator of this College for women, and a man—the Rev. T. J. Smith—its first Principal. The initial expenses were met by the Warden, and by the proceeds (£202) of a Latin play produced by the College men.

In 1888, the year in which Miss Waltham succeeded Mr. Smith, a scheme "for the permanent establishment of Trinity College Hostel" was sanctioned by the Council, but there was as yet no talk of a building within the College precincts. There was, about this time, a movement at the University to establish an undenominational Women's College—but it was never proposed that the Hostel should be cut off from the Church of England. The question that did arise, however, was whether it should remain part of Trinity or become an independent Church of England College. Co-education won the day, and in March, 1890, Lady

Hopetoun laid the foundation stone of the Hostel, within the College grounds, "near the present tradesmen's entrance." There was a great ceremony—about 1,500 people were present; there was an academic procession, "lady graduates wearing gowns over their becoming dresses" (see the photo in Common Room), and a surpliced choir. Reports of the early history of T.C.H. were read, and many were the auguries of future success for the institution made possible by the gift of Janet Lady Clarke.

Miss Hensley, of Newnham, was the first Principal to reside in the new building, which was ready in 1891, Miss Taylor (now Mrs. Cray) being her assistant.

The '92 handbook describes the Hostel as possessing "a well-equipped gymnasium, the use of which resident students enjoy free of charge." There was an "extra fee for lessons in gymnastics." It was decided, however, that the floor was unsafe, so the gymnastic idea fell through—either it or the gymnasts themselves had to—and not until six or seven years ago was it used even for dancing. The origin of this fear will be understood by anyone who stands in the dining hall, while dancing class is in full swing above. But the floor still stands, and stranger things than dancing or games of ball have happened there.

The term of office of the Ladies' Council ended in '93, and the Hostel again came under the government of a man—Mr. J. T. Collins, who was principal for nine years. During this time the number of students reached nine—an unprecedented increase.

Miss Bateman, his successor, had the headship until Mrs. Archer took it over in 1906.

The rest is known to most of us. We can see by the old group photos how the numbers increased until overflowed houses—first "Garryowen," then "Mrs. Black's," had to be taken. The dining hall (which is really intended for a Common Room) was crammed fuller and fuller, till at last it held 21!—its elasticity has since been further demonstrated. Before the war there were bicycle and tennis clubs, and a flourishing Literary and Dramatic Society, which, by one production, procured £40 for repairing the tennis court. The dance was in the dining hall. The telephone (½d. per call) was near the clock downstairs—a worn patch in the linoleum



betrays the position; the hall, fitted with curios from Malay, and trophies and knickknacks, presented an appearance very different from its present state of "simple dignity." The notice board was half way upstairs—a dark and dangerous place, especially difficult when it came to copying an "inish" program. At 8.20 a.m. the gong sounded for prayers in the Common Room—then only two-thirds its present size, the "dog-box," and pantry being divided off by a 10 ft. partition; the occupant of the dog-box could really have joined in the service without leaving her room. The Sunday service was in the little old chapel. The gas, no respecter of supper parties or work, went out at 11; and alas for the person who forgot to turn her tap off, and awoke in the morning in no pleasant atmosphere.

Then in 1918 came sweeping changes. The four houses were taken over and furnished, and our numbers went up to over thirty. Before Sydney claimed her, Miss Williams put in six months of unsparing and ceaseless work at organising what was almost a new Hostel.

And now the old name has been changed for one more worthy of the character of the place, and we are within sight of a complete building. The appeal for the comparatively small sum needed is on foot, and it is good to feel, in this year of Jubilee, that the completion of the Hall is no longer an impossible dream, and that our successors will have the building we have longed for so much.

**Miss S. J. Williams**, previously classical lecturer at Trinity College, and for six months Principal of the Hostel, also sends the following:—

"When I went up as an undergraduate Mr. J. T. Collins was Principal, and he and Mrs. Collins and their little daughter occupied the rooms on the ground floor, with the exception of that facing the foot of the stairs, which was then the students' Common Room.

"Hockey had not yet come to Australia. Our chief exercise was tennis and walking over the common. Bicycle riding was introduced just after I left for Cambridge. I remember seeing a picture of my sister and a group of other students who formed a cycling club for riding in Princes Park and other places.

"In those days the Hostel was quite full, and applications had to be refused or deferred. Our complete number was four-

teen or fifteen. We had mathematics lectures three times a week, at eight o'clock in the morning, because our lecturer, Mr. Hogg, refused to lecture after one o'clock, and our morning time-table was so full that no other hour could be found. I still remember the pangs of hunger, or perhaps rather weariness, hunger being past, when, after hurrying from a five-minutes' breakfast to an 8 o'clock lecture, I finished the morning from 12 to 1, or till even later, in correcting faulty lines of Latin verse for the Warden in the Library.

"My generation saw one of Dr. Leeper's dramatic successes, the performance of Browning's "Strafford." The Dialectic Society, with its Ladies' Nights and Annual Prelector's Addresses, was the chief College institution.

Intercollegiate matches were, of course, great events, but greatest of all the boat race, between Trinity and Ormond only. The excitement and tension of some, at any rate, of the followers in the launch was at times painful, especially if the race was very close or the result unexpected. Supporters of both sides were on the same steamer, and we could not get away from each other. It was a welcome relief when at a later time Queen's was able to have a boat.

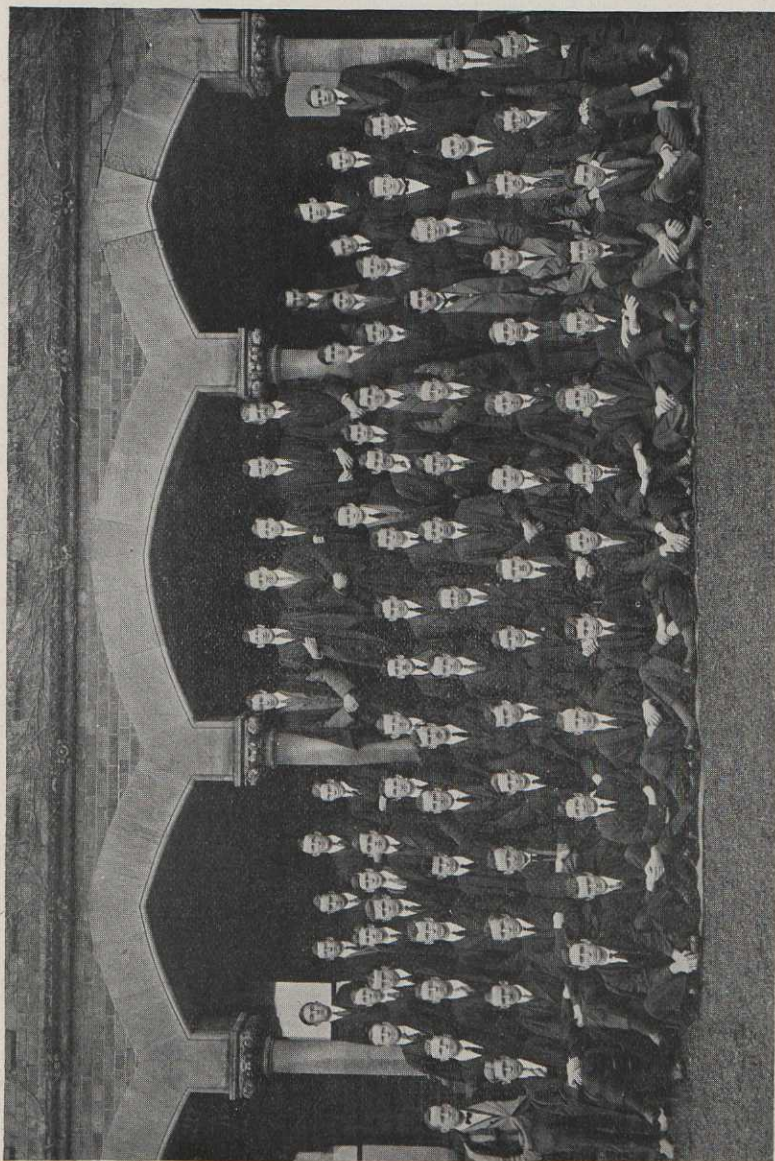
"A great event towards the end of my course was the visit of Dr. Mott, from America, when the first Students' Christian Union Conference was held at Ormond, and the Christian Union affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation. This organisation and the system of Intercollegiate lectures did much to establish that friendly relation and common activity between the different Colleges, which is so valuable an element in the University life of to-day."

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#### EXTENSION OF JANET CLARKE HALL.

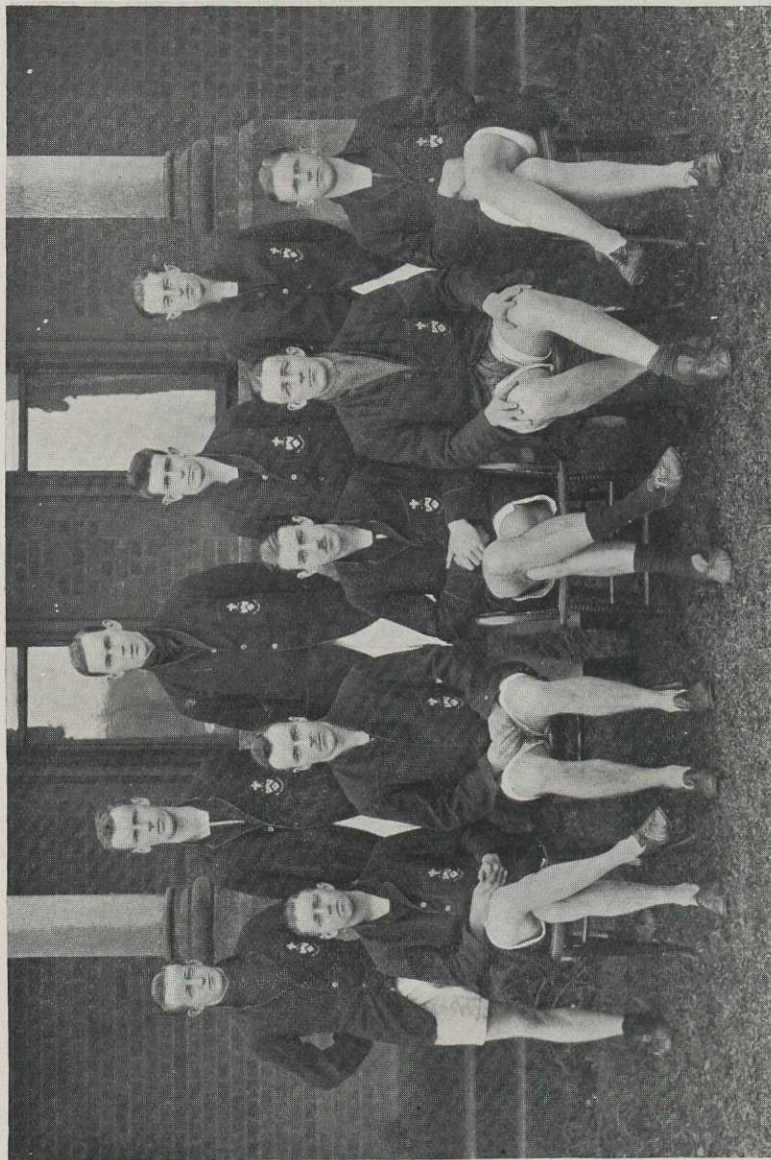
At the end of 1918, when the demand increased for residential College life for women, the block of four houses in Sydney Road, opposite Trinity College Hostel, as it was then called, was bought. The houses proved to be a great blessing, for without them a great number of students could not have had any kind of College life at all; but though they have been a useful





TRINITY COLLEGE STUDENTS, 1922.





TRINITY COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAM, 1922.

Top Row (left to right)—H. J. Hodgson, P. St. J. Wilson, T. Gilpin, T. G. G. Lahey, K. Hardy,  
T. T. Reed, J. Cumming, R. H. Keon-Cohen, J. S. Bloomfield, J. R. Husker. Absent—R. B. Sutherland.

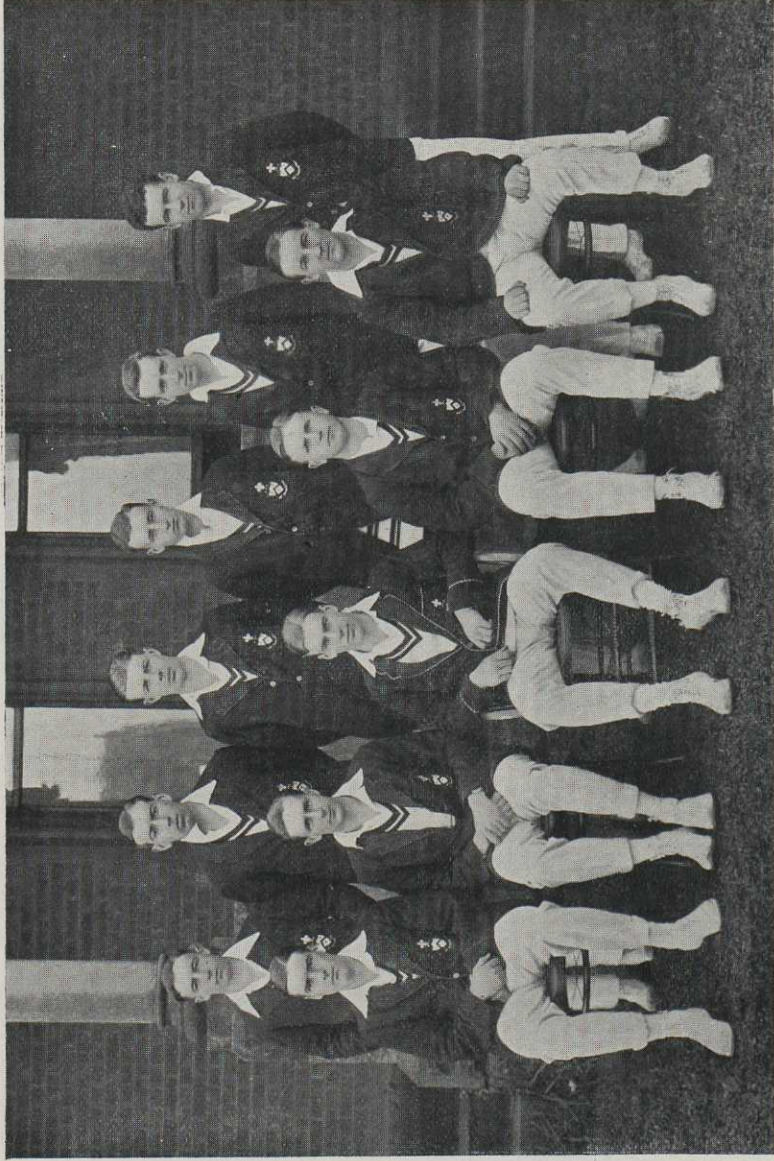




TRINITY COLLEGE CREW, 1922.

Top Row (left to right)—R. G. Orr (bow), H. F. Stokes (3), S. Plowman (5), W. B. Fleming (4),  
R. H. Keon-Cohen (2),  
R. H. Keon-Cohen (6), D. A. White (str.), G. J. Farley (7), G. D. Broome (cox).

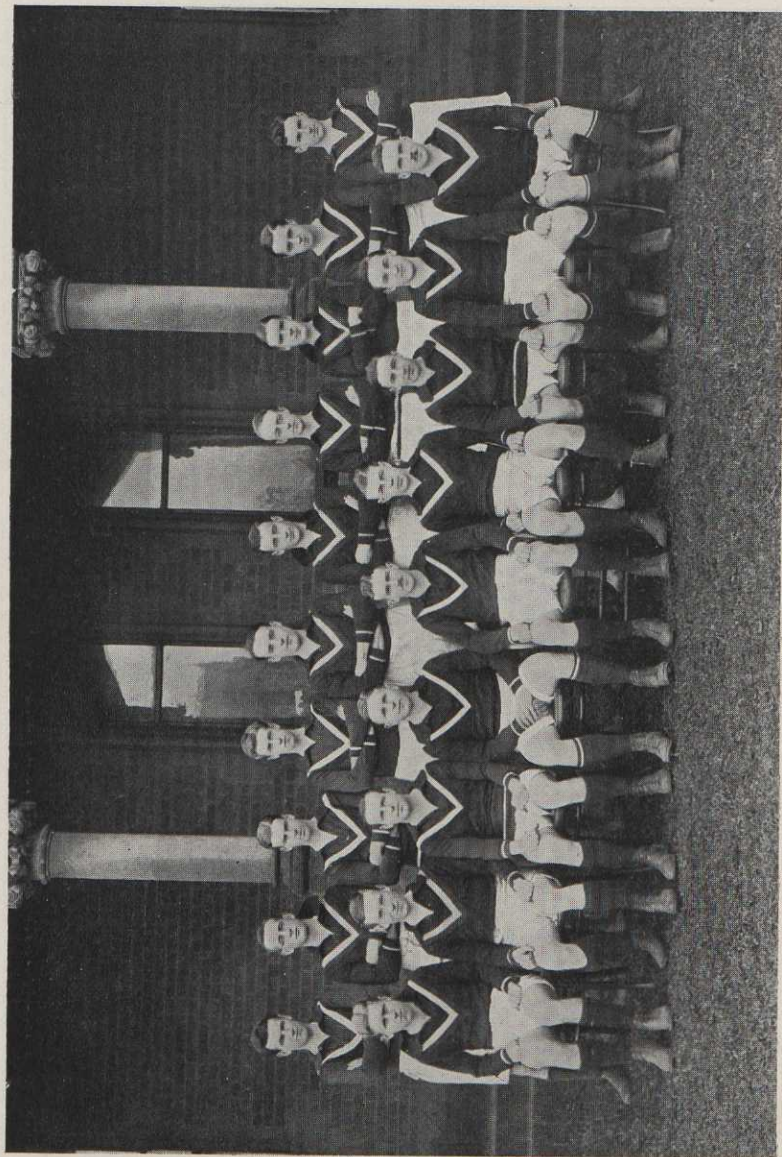




TRINITY COLLEGE CRICKET TEAM, 1922.

Top Row (left to right)—W. N. Muntz, J. P. Ainslie, R. R. Sholl, S. Plowman, C. B. Cotes,  
F. R. Vincent.  
H. F. Hallowes, F. C. Langlands (vice-capt.), W. M. Irvine (capt.), J. R. Hasker, G. F. Rusden.

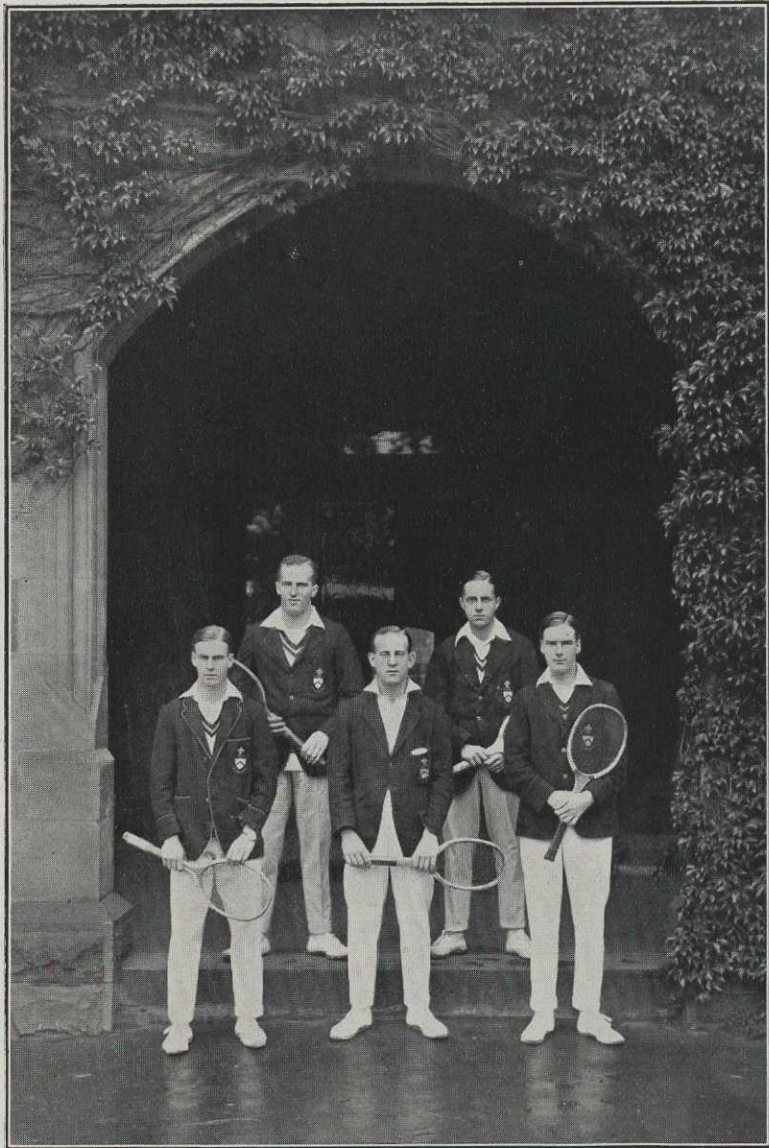




TRINITY COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1922.

Top Row (left to right)—F. R. Vincent, C. H. Pitts, W. M. Irvine, H. W. Traynor, G. J. Pardey, S. Plowman, F. H. Vincent, H. F. Hollowes, G. Grimwade, G. W. Ashton.  
Bottom Row (left to right)—H. R. Barrett, E. B. Tunbridge, A. C. Dossett, J. R. Hasker (vice-capt.), A. R. Tate (capt.), R. R. Sholl, W. N. Muntz, G. F. Rusden, A. G. Duffy.





TRINITY COLLEGE TENNIS TEAM, 1922.

B. A. Hunt, G. Grimwade.  
W. M. Irvine, C. H. Fitts, H. F. Hallowes.

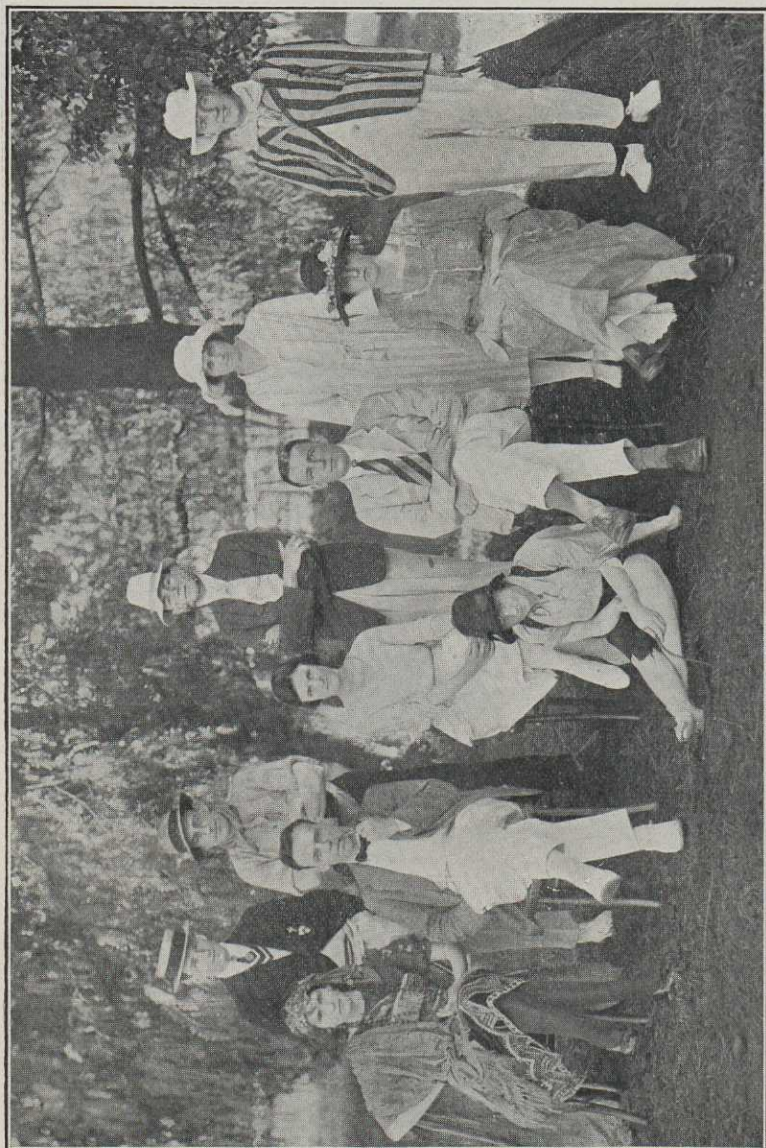




JANET CLARKE HALL TENNIS TEAM, 1922.

Standing—Miss E. Baynes, Miss C. Ross. Sitting—Miss J. Kay, Miss M. Lloyd.





TRINITY COLLEGE PLAY, 1922.



expedient, they have provided a very imperfect arrangement for those responsible for the administration and for the majority of the students.

It is imperative that Janet Clarke Hall should have a completed building if we are to give those coming after us an adequate College life. Mr. Russell Clarke, a son of Janet Lady Clarke, to whom we owe the present building, has generously promised £1,000 towards the extension fund, on condition that another £4,000 is raised. The appeal has been opened recently, and we are cheered to find over £1,400 already subscribed.



#### OLD BOYS' NOTES.

We record with deep regret the death of Dr. Cyril Lowther Clarke, the result of an accident on Sept. 11, at Peterborough, South Australia.

He was in College during the latter part of his career, and entered enthusiastically into College life, being prominent in the social activities of the College, and he was a member of the crew.

When he graduated he went to the Kyneton Hospital as resident medical officer, and later began practice at Peterborough.

Before the war he was in the A.A.M.C., and in 1916 he joined the A.I.F., and went to Egypt, with the rank of major, as registrar of No. 14 Australian General Hospital.

He served for about twelve months as second in command of the Third Light Horse Field Ambulance.

Later he was in command of the Sixth Light Horse Field Ambulance, and finally he became Assistant Director of Medical Services in the Australian Mounted Division.

He was recognised as a successful officer, and for that reason he received rapid promotion.

Frank Tipping wrote from Um Zinto, South Coast, Natal, Union of South Africa, wishing success to the Jubilee celebrations.

Arthur Giblin, who was practising in Bright, has gone to Hobart.

Arthur South was last heard of at Geelong.

Bennie Lewers has accepted a three years' engagement as principal Government Medical Officer, with the right of

private practice, at Jeselton, British North Borneo.

The Rev. F. W. Slade is at Thursday Island.

Henry Hawkins and Rex Sweetnam are junior residents at the Melbourne Hospital.

Tom Brennan, who was surgeon on H.M.A.S. "Sydney," is said to have commenced private practice in Sydney.

Cliff Scantlebury has recently returned from England, where he has been working for several years. He will shortly begin practice in Melbourne.

Charles Kellaway, who is a Foulerton Research Scholar, is a member of the University College Hospital Medical Unit. At the last examination he obtained the Membership of the Royal College of Physicians, London. When last heard of he was spending a holiday in Cornwall with his wife and son.

A letter enclosing a subscription to the dining hall building fund, and one to the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys, was received recently from R. A. O'Brien, who is director of Burroughs Wellcome's Serum Institute, in London. He was stroke of the last winning crew.

Stanley Shields returned from England a few months ago, and is now practising in Melbourne.

The Rev. G. E. Shaw is stationed at South Sassafras. A few months ago he preached in the College Chapel, and shortly afterwards in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Rev. S. A. Buckley is head master of the Ivanhoe Grammar School. His advocacy of dancing for school boys and girls was no doubt received with satisfaction by the junior members of his congregation. It seems to have caused other feelings elsewhere.

G. A. Owen has gone to England. His practice at Camperdown was bought by Jack Moilet.

Ted Reynolds and Ned Herring are at the bar, and have growing practices.

George Cole, who is a district health officer under the Public Health Department, is in charge of the eastern district, and now lives at Warrnambool.

Bill Godby, who practises in Mildura, has become a proud father.

L. E. le Souef, who graduated in April this year, is a resident medical officer at the Perth Public Hospital.

Concett Carre Riddell's engagement was announced recently. Congratulations.



Early in October Sperry Hill was married to Miss Argyle, daughter of Dr. S. S. Argyle, M.L.A., a former member of the College.

The Rev. H. D. Campbell, who is attached to St. James' Old Cathedral, preached in the College Chapel recently.

Our Old Boys at Oxford have been distinguishing themselves. S. C. Lazarus has been appointed to a lectureship at the University of Bangor, North Wales. "Nip" Beveridge has been rowing with great success in the New College and London Rowing Club crews.

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

This year the annual tennis match against the College, and the annual dinner formed part of the Jubilee celebrations, and both were held on Saturday, June 10.

In the tennis match, which was played on the College courts, the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys team consisted of W. St. G. Sproule, L. F. Miller, E. R. White, C. M. Williams K. Fairley, Neville Fraser, Allan Spowers, H. W. Harbison and R. I. Sweetnam.

The College was represented by C. Fitts, H. F. C. Hallows, B. A. Hunt, W. M. Irvine, S. Plowman, M. Clemons, G. Grimwade, and J. Hasker.

The match, which was full of interest, resulted in a victory for the Old Boys.

During the afternoon the President, Dr. Balcombe Quick, entertained those who were present at afternoon tea in the Hall.

The College was open for inspection, and it was hoped that many former Trinity men and their friends would take this opportunity of visiting the College.

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#### TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY.

The annual dinner of the T.W.S. was held at the Mia Mia on Saturday, June 10, the dining hall, despite its proven elasticity, being unable to cope with the Jubilee year numbers.

It was a unique gathering; nearly a hundred Trinity women, from the first to be enrolled as a member of Trinity, down to the freshest Fresher, as yet uninitiated in the mystic meaning of "the oak tree that sprouts in the spring." As a Jubilee treat the present students had been invited to dine with their grave and reverend seniors. Representatives of the kindred so-

cieties of Ormond and Queen's also joined in celebrating the birthday of the pioneer College, the first to admit women to its precincts.

No report of the speeches could give an idea of the good fellowship and gaiety of this meeting of past and present around the tables decked with College colours, when reminiscences were indulged in which must have made the present people congratulate themselves on their own sobriety—or vow to turn over a new leaf at once.

The president, Mrs. a'Beckett, in proposing the toast of the College, spoke of the splendid traditions of the Hostel (the old name dies hard), and the wonderful record of Trinity women in every profession and in all parts of the world. A fine response had been made to the circular letter sent out last year, and good wishes for the appeal had been received from England, India, South Africa, and all parts of Australia. It was very cheering to know that so many of our number, though unable to meet with us here, were just as keen as we on seeing the Hall completed.

The College song was sung with such fervour that it was evident she was "the finest place on record since Creation first began"—even Ormond and Queen's could, without reproach, have agreed for the moment.

Miss Herring, the present principal, who toasted the guests of the evening, had the formidable task of speaking in the august presence of no less than three of her predecessors in the same thorny path—Mrs. Craig, Miss Bateman, and Mrs. Archer.

Mrs. Allan, of the "Argus," responding to Miss Paterson's toast of "The Press," spoke of the possibilities of journalistic work as a career for women, and of the great need for educated people to take up this kind of work. To judge by the examples she gave of the pitfalls which beset the path of the journalist, much tact, as well as much education, was needed to avoid libel.

A deputation from the Fleur-de-Lys dinner called in during the evening to give a fraternal greeting. Other toasts were honoured, and although the band had made us sing an unabridged "Jolly good fellows" to each one, there was no flagging in the last—that of the Present Students.

Perhaps the most heartfelt of all, however, was the impromptu toast of "Our



Own Pioneer Women," to which Dr. Lilian Alexander, the first woman to be enrolled at Trinity, was pressed to respond.

At the meeting held after the dinner, the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President.—Dr. Constance Ellis.

Vice-President.—Mrs. a'Beckett.

Hon. Sec.—Miss V. C. Jennings.

Members of Committee.—Miss M. Brock, Miss D. E. Baynes.

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### OLD GIRLS' JOTTINGS.

Mrs. Cliff Scantlebury (Lil Whybrow) has just returned to Melbourne after her long stay in England. She has a baby daughter.

Dot Scantlebury returned from England a few weeks earlier.

Mrs. Ernest Scott (Emily Dvason) is now President of the Lyceum Club.

Dr. Helen Sexton is in England.

Miss S. J. Williams and Miss Freda Bage are still "running" their Women's Colleges in Sydney and Brisbane. The former is now a J.P.

Enid Hallenstein has a flat and studio in Hampstead.

Nan Cherry is opening a school at Castlemaine for backward children. Good luck to her in her difficult job.

Florence Young was an Australian delegate to the World's Student Christian Federation Conference in China, last April.

Dr. B. A. Warner has been appointed to the Walter Eliza Hall Trust Research Scholarship in Pathology, at the Melbourne Hospital.

Mrs. Eustace Wade (Marcia Morris) has a new daughter.

Eileen Scantlebury, now Mrs. C. H. Kellaway, has a son. She is still living in London.

Dr. Marion Wanliss, after her year in residence at the Melbourne Hospital, spent a few months touring in the Islands with Bertha Barrett. She is now back at work in the Path. Department at the Melbourne.

Maudie McCay has entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Sydney.

Dr. Winnie Kennan is resident officer at the Queen Victoria Hospital.

Dr. Florence Cooper is practising in Ballarat and investing little Girl Guides in her spare time.

Kath. Syme is doing some press-work.

Dr. Kate I. Campbell is in residence at the Melbourne.

Dorothea Baynes has just returned from a trip to England.

Dr. Annie Windmill has been doing some medical work at Southern Cross, a way-back mining part of W.A.

Jean Shannon (Mrs. Jack Selek) has a daughter.

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### COLLEGE DRAMATIC TRIUMPHS.

The successful revival of the Dramatic Society during the last two years prompts us to search back in early records for details of early College productions. The plays favoured by the present College have been comedies of a domestic and sentimental nature—perhaps as being in accord with the spirit of the age. At any rate, in the early days productions of a very different and more ambitious nature were favoured. The photos of the various casts, which adorn the Common Room and the walls of the College, arouse a feeling of awe and wonder at the large scale on which these performances were carried out. A dip into the College Calendar for 1897 reveals the information that in June, 1881, a production of Plautus' "Mostellaria" was given at the College. The cast included Mr. J. W. Hackett (Vice-Warden), as Theuropides, and Mr. (later Bishop) Stephen as Simo. Three years later Plautus' "Rudens" was attempted, and featured such future celebrities as Messrs. W. Lewers, O'Hara Wood, D. Mackinnon, and E. S. Hughes. Three performances were given. Plautus was apparently a favourite, as in 1887 his "Aulularia" was given twice in the Masonic Hall "for the benefit of Trinity College Hostel." Among those who scored their first dramatic success on this occasion were Messrs. R. R. Stawell and C. Carty Salmon. The Warden, Dr. Leeper, acted as stage manager throughout, and each piece was mercifully provided with an English Epilogue.

In St. Kilda Town Hall, May, 1896, two performances were given of Browning's "Strafford." This was the first representation in Australia of one of Browning's dramas. T. Stanley Poole played King Charles, and D. J. Bevan Strafford, J. Lang and G. M. Long (now Bishop of



Bathurst) were suitably placed as "Presbyterians," while J. H. Frewin was Sir Henry Vane. Ladies were included for the first time, Miss A. Orr playing Queen Henrietta.

In 1898, however, in the Melbourne Town Hall, the College scored its real dramatic triumph. The occasion was the production of Euripides' "Alcestis," being the first performance of a Greek tragedy in Victoria. Professor Tucker, writing of it very enthusiastically in "Hermathena" of 1899, a publication emanating from Trinity College, Dublin, says: "A Melbourne audience, intelligent as it unmistakably is, habitually poses as rather sceptical of the value of classical antiquity. It would come to see a performance "all very well for its date," just as it might go to see the earliest locomotive. It is not easy, therefore, to forget the rare and unfeigned interest with which the sixteen or seventeen hundred spectators watched the 'Alcestis,' an interest which grew more rapt and became more breathless as the piece proceeded, until when it came to close there occurred a phenomenon which one may believe to be the highest tribute to successful art—a period of profound silence, followed by such a tumultuous outbreak of applause as I have not witnessed on the part of the same audience at any presentation of a modern play. . . . It deserves to be said with all confidence that neither Oxford nor Cambridge has yet presented a Greek play with such magnificence of staging as that with which Dr. Leeper caused the 'Alcestis' to be presented in Melbourne." The music for the occasion was specially composed by Professor Marshall-Hall. Seventy-six trained singers in the wings sang the choric lyrics, and an orchestra of fifty performed compositions "of no mere provincial quality."

Beside such a performance as this our modern efforts seem very small. But it is not at all unlikely that within the next year or two the College Dramatic Society will be able to stage a good modern drama or comedy in a manner that will bring great credit upon the College, and, shall we say, revive the best traditions of Greece and Rome.

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#### PRO ECCLESIA?

In presenting the Mervyn Higgins Shield to the winning crew, at a very pleasant function in the Queen's Dining

Hall, Mr. Justice Higgins grew reminiscent of early College life in Melbourne. Though now, through experience, a firm believer in the collegiate system as at present constituted, he confessed to once having been sceptical. In particular he referred to the opposition to the idea of Colleges being founded by denominational religious bodies, and described an attempt to found an undenominational College. That makes us rather wonder. Do we succeed as a Church College? Our whole College life is built upon the principles of fellowship and service, for which the Church stands, and many of Trinity's sons have actively served the Church in exalted positions. It seems, then, that we cannot without disaster cut away the foundation on which we are built. The history of the Colleges in Melbourne seems to have been entirely free from any denominational bitterness or friction, which goes to show how these same religious principles have borne fruit. As a College we do indeed stand solidly pro ecclesia, not for party or section, but for the realisation in society of the eternal truths.

But is the Church for us? Is our own Church of England solidly behind this her University College? None who are interested in education or in the welfare of the Church can fail to realise the importance of the work which Trinity is doing for the Church and for the community. The history of the last fifty years has shown our critics that as a College on a definitely religious foundation we have justified our existence. We may, then, with perfect right look to the Church for a solid backing in all plans for enlargement and progress.

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#### A REVIEW.

("Australian University Verse, 1920-22." Published by the Universities of Australia.)

The anthology we have in hand contains the final selection by Mr. E. H. C. Oliphant, and is introduced to the public with a preface by Professor Breerton. Among the contributors are the following Melbourne students: Thelma Asche, Muriel Berry, Boyd Coutts, R. S. Byrnes, Reg. Ellery, Esther Levy, Ian Maxwell, Marion Sinclair and A. A. Phillips.

The tone of the book is serious, and as a whole the brightness and humour that



one associates with the average undergraduate is missing; we must add, too, that there is a proportion of sentimentality lost in mazy description in the verses of one or two writers.

Miss Thelma Asche has a light and dainty manner of thought and expression, but one feels a lack of "body" in her two lyrics, a thing which were not noticeable but for the fact that they are serious and not gay. A poem whose keynote is humour or gaiety can pass on a minimum of thought; a lyric, of serious tone, needs a strongly felt thought or emotion to back it up! The succeeding poems are all in the same sad key, "Light After Darkness," by Miss Muriel Berry, providing us with the unhappy conclusion that—

"There's no God but chance,  
And he whom fortune favours, well, he dies—

And I am blind, blind to eternity."  
Rex. Boundy is but a little merrier, leaving his doubts as doubts in a question form—

"Say, is it worth it all, O little maid?"  
It is rather a relief when we come to Boyd Coutts, whose ideas are more hopeful and cheering—

"This eve at Foo Tzoo shines the mel-  
low moon;

My love's wet eyes are watching it  
above;

Just now she cannot hear the tender  
pulse

Of children breathing, sleeping soft as  
love.

Behold the moisture on her cloudy hair,  
The golden glimmer freezing her white  
arm—

She dreams, as I, that hand in hand we  
gaze

Through the old window, in the moon-  
light calm."

Miss Eleanor Lavator also strikes a cheerful note in her lyric,

"For kind words that you spoke to me."

But, in spite of such poems, the tenor of the volume is melancholy, and one wonders why. Is the passing of annual examinations so oppressive to the unbridled mind of the poet as to make the secluded cloisters of our Universities cast the forbidding eye upon the merriment of undergraduates?

The impression is to some degree removed by the concluding poems in the anthology. "Parc's" dissertation on Botany is clever and amusing—

"You are a perennial herb,  
With hypogynous corolla,  
And with confidence superb  
I would wager half a dollar,

I am not mistaken when I state  
That your stigma's form is capitate."  
While I. F. Jones ridicules the "leaders" of our breakfast necessities and our main literary aversions.

Strangely enough, there is but little of the uncouthness so often found in modern poets; A. A. Phillips, however, gives us a good example—

"Doubt slid his flabby arm about my  
neck,

His slobbering lips mouthed mockingly."  
He compensates us, however, in his contrast of the ideal and the real in "Earth," one of the noticeable sonnets in the book. We might note here that of the forty odd poems included in the anthology, eighteen are sonnets, and not half that number are written in the pure or Petrarchan mould.

I. R. Maxwell's three sonnets are in the Shakespearian metre, and show that imaginative power of description that is a prominent characteristic of all his work—

"Sleep, my beloved; the still night slips  
down:

Sleep with the aching splendour of slow  
dreams;

While on your wearied eye-lids like a  
crown,

Lies the forsaken pageant of moon-  
beams."

"Dreams of the Orient" is a poem that is particularly worthy of mention, for R. H. McGrath has not contented himself with a wealth of detail, but has given the very atmosphere of Oriental romance.

Two love sonnets, "Dismissal," and one of intense passion, a romantic dirge for olden times, when men would find quarrel in a straw,

"And stormed great cities in the night,  
And slew the people sleeping there,

To find a gem in her delight

To put into her hair,"

and "The Chase," which describes an ideal Pavlova, and concludes—

"The violins sink softly, strokingly,

Like thrilling fingers that ecstatic go  
Seeking . . . . Abandoned to her lover,  
she,

Touched by invisible hands, leans back-  
ward slow"—

these make up the contribution of Jack Lindsay.



R. D. Fitzgerald has a style at once powerful and concise, "The Savage" and "The Photograph" being those of his poems to which we might call attention. The latter is typically modern in handling and conception, reminding one very much of Rupert Brooke's treatment of the things of everyday life.

The lyrical form is that which rules the poems, and though they are in the main pleasant and promising, one must not forget that a poet's reputation requires more than lyric fame for its stability. The long poem is the only vehicle for the "Hamlet's" and "Paradise Lost's" of the world. It has been said that Edgar Allan Poe is not a great poet for this reason. So one in reading these poems hopes that the writers will not stop here, but will go on from strength to strength, until they become in truth "the trumpets that sing to battle, the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

T. THORNTON REED.

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#### YPRES.

The fields stretch away shattered and broken

To the lone grey edge of a war-swept land.

If a song should sound or jest be spoken,  
Shall ghosts not arise at the stranger's hand?

Sullen and shattered, its walls lie guestless,

Where crater and ruin still mark the way;

No sound is heard, but the wild wind, restless,

Moans night and day.

They loved their life, those who went thither,

Who fought to the end—what end, who knows?

Here love and laughter, and all things wither,

Though Spring's alive like a sweet red rose.

Should our dead fear forgetting by comrades who love them?

A great love requited will conquer the grave.

They are glorious now as the stars above them,

Or the mighty wave.

Shell-racked but unconquered, both fortress and soldier,

Dead to our living across the wide sea;  
But we live on, and they who must moulder

Lived, fought, and perished to render us free.

But the breath of the seasons shall sweeten hereafter

The flowers and the graveyards which laugh now or weep,

Till, as they who are freed of all sorrow and laughter,

We, too, shall sleep.

Till the slow earth is changed and the sturdy walls crumble,

Till terrace and graveyard the cruel mud drinks,

Till the name decays which Hell could not humble,

Till the land grows old and the scarred earth shrinks.

Here in his triumph where all men must falter,

Stretched on his spoils where heroes have bled

As a god lies slain on his own cruel altar,  
May War lie dead.

G.C.B.

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#### THE CYNIC'S QUESTION.

"Paulum sepultae distat inertiae celata virtus."

Say what avails if good or bad the deed?  
What profit shall ye gain from daily toil,

To keep your inner temples free from soil  
Of earth and earthbound things? "A

god," you plead,

"Loves and requires me do this." If he need

The keeping down of body and of mind,  
Why in these mated members do we find

The base desires, so wrong on earth to feed?

What vantage hath the warrior doubly brave,

Beyond his coward comrade, in the grave?

They both are dead. They both return to dust,

Their memory fades and passes far away  
Beyond the ken of humans; while deep

rust

Besets their armour, eating day on day.

T. THORNTON REED.



## OCTOBER.

There is Spring in the land, with its gold  
and its green,  
On river and meadow and hill;  
And it's oh, to be out on the roads, I ween,  
With the winds that never are still.

They whisper of pleasaunces famous, afar,  
Where the splendour of labour is won;  
They tell of the land where the weary ones  
are,  
And murmur of toil that is done.

But days are imperious, visions but vain,  
For cometh the void and the night,  
And Spring will be with us as comely  
again,  
But man must return to the fight.

R.K.C.

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My ship was launched when the year was  
young  
(Loud roars the ocean billow),  
Her praises were lovingly, proudly sung  
By fond and familiar maternal tongue  
(And the waves shall be thy pillow).

My ship was sheltered where'er she'd sail  
(Loud roars the ocean billow),  
Her course was untempered by storm or  
gale,  
Success must attend when she cannot fail  
(And the waves shall be thy pillow).

My ship was ensnared in a current so mild  
(Loud roars the ocean billow);  
She leaned on its bosom like trusting child  
Till it dashed her down on the rocks so  
wild  
(And the waves shall be thy pillow).

M.H.B.R.

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## A PANTOUM.

(TO INDEPENDENT SPIRITS.)

Scorn not the aid of proffered hand,  
No mortal man may stand alone;  
Misfortune rules a ready band,  
Whose bloodless heart is cold as stone.

No mortal man may stand alone,  
Be he as strong as Hercules  
(Her bloodless heart is cold as stone,  
Who smiles at all Time's cruel decrees).

Be he as strong as Hercules,  
As wise as Nestor's many years,  
And smile at all Time's cruel decrees,  
He may not stay her boding fears.

As wise as Nestor's many years,  
Scorn not the aid of proffered hand,  
Ye may not stay her boding fears—  
Misfortune rules a ready band.

T. THORNTON REED.

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## A NIGHT PIECE.

Let the spent Night, caught in the mesh  
of Day,

Surrender her rich charms to his embrace.  
Heed not the stars which o'er the moun-  
tains stray;

"We are beyond thee," is their distant  
lay!

Earth and its dust for ever man shall  
grace!

Regard not Heaven, nor seek to know her  
face.

Hidden her stores of wisdom; but a trace  
Of her sad glory can by some be found—  
Blue in the Spring, in lowly Autumn grey.

Still the stars shine and twinkle as before;  
Still the pale waters of our earthly sphere  
Lap slowly over pebbles on the shore.

See, the wan moon is visaged as of yore,  
There is no change! O God whom we re-  
vere,

Have you no hand to cease the falling  
tear?

We gaze for ever at the abysmal mere  
Of Heaven. And watch its furling waves,  
We fall asleep—we sleep for evermore.

T. THORNTON REED.

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## THE FORERUNNERS.

The tiered wraiths they pass by night,

Where stark the islands show;  
Sails set, and shaped in shining light—  
Grand, splendour-lit, aglow.

On every poop the Sea Kings stand,  
The storied company

Of them that saw the Great South Land,  
And won it from the sea.

Wreck-weary in his Indiaman,

The Spaniard Torres sails,  
And Tasman in the stout "Zeehan"

Comes questing on the gales;  
Unloved, alone, by shore and sea,  
Drives Dampier through the dark,

And, first in immortality,  
Comes Cook's transfigured barque.



And where the scattered islands lie  
 Athwart the Polar drifts,  
 And where, beneath a blazing sky,  
 The patient coral lifts,  
 By sun and storm, in calm and wrack,  
 The gallant phantoms go—  
 The Cross above to point the track,  
 The living reefs below.

The dreaded Straits have countered these,  
 And they have shamed the dread;  
 They drive in on the league-long seas  
 That beat on Middle Head;  
 Their wakes have veined the seething  
 "Rip,"  
 With surging yet more hot—  
 They know the wrath that bends the ship  
 Beyond the "Iron Pot."

And till the trump that calls the brave,  
 Who served the sea, to rest,  
 Forever where the oceans lave  
 The shores they knew the best,  
 The Sea King's wraiths pass to and fro—  
 In tempest and in calm—  
 To shield the land they love from woe,  
 And hold her free from harm.

R.K.-C.

※ ※ ※

**THE SONG OF THE LOST SOULS.**

We sing no song of joy nor hope—  
 No pleasing psalm of life to come—  
 No lay for those who vainly grope  
 For future hall or future home.

But 'tis a song the stars all know,  
 Its time the spheres have ever wrought,  
 As through pale nothingness they go,  
 Without a sigh, without a thought!

Man is thrice happy, yea, and more;  
 He cannot view the doom to be;  
 He laughs and jests, takes nothing sore,  
 And goes in ships across his sea.

He sings his songs of pain and joy,  
 His psalms of life, his hymns of praise;  
 We have no hope; our song's employ  
 Is to recall our former days.

Ring out your chime, resounding spheres,  
 Play songs no mortal ear may gain;  
 Tho' at thy music come our tears,  
 They cannot cleanse away our pain.

'Twas ever thus, and thus shall be,  
 That he who will might love the thing;  
 Must be content with less than he  
 Who has that prize no prayer can bring.

Your happy pass from laugh to sigh,  
 Your sad in sorrow pass along;  
 The wicked pay their debt and die,  
 But we for ever sing our song!

T. THORNTON REED.

※ ※ ※

**VALEDICTORY.**

Come, sing a song before we part, and  
 drink a bumper toast  
 To Trinity, our dear old Coll., the place  
 we love the most.  
 Another year is over, and with proud and  
 joyous boast  
 We drink again success to dear old Tri-  
 nity.

The rising sun to-morrow will shine on  
 silent ways,  
 Where lurk but phantom wraiths of those  
 it knew in former days;  
 And none shall see how from her frame  
 the stately Janet strays,  
 To wander through the silent walks of  
 Trinity.

The telephone will ring in vain, no Fresher  
 heed its call,  
 And early morning Chapel cease to trouble  
 one and all;  
 And the Hostel clock will echo in the  
 dark, deserted hall,  
 And ghosts of all the past will people  
 Trinity.

For some the Vac. is but a Vac., a long-  
 desired repose,  
 Where fetterless the hours dance on light  
 fantastic toes;  
 But for some the years of College life are  
 drawing to a close,  
 And they must say good-bye to dear old  
 Trinity.

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A Trinity Hostile was sighing,  
 As she sat on the packing-room floor,  
 And sadly she folded her blazer,  
 For her days at the College were o'er.

Wrap me up in my Trinity blazer,  
 And as long as the twilight shall  
 last,  
 Leave me here all alone with the  
 colours,  
 While I dream of the days that are  
 past.



I can feel the embrace of the trencher  
That instead of green bay binds my  
brow,  
And again I am passing the Turnstiles,  
And daring each Trinity cow.

And I see the green buds of the oak tree,  
And I feel the pittosp'rum's caress,  
And the oaths of Beelzebub's mistress  
Come floating across from P.S.

I remember the "Yeomen" and "Pirates,"  
And the gramophone leading the dance,  
And the days when the Open-House parties  
Gave text-propagandists their chance.

And far-away voices are cheering,  
And the serenade thrills in my ears,  
And the health of the College we're drinking,  
And memories of dear vanished years.

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#### SAPPHO—FRAGMENT 2.

(A Translation.)

Far happier he than all the throng  
Of gods that dwell in bliss above,  
Who hears the accents of thy love,  
And all thy laughter's rippling song;

Who sits beside thee close—but I  
Must feel, in loneliness apart,  
Within my breast the fluttering heart  
That maketh all my voice to die.

My voice is broken, all my limbs  
The magic fire of passion sears;  
I hear a thunder in my ears,  
And all the light of vision dims.

My skin is touched with clammy dew,  
My trembling body faints for thee,  
And paler far than lilies be  
Can scarce the living breath renew.  
R. R. S.

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#### THE POET'S WISH.

Bury me deep in the mouldering earth,  
Not far in the ocean's calm:  
Oh, let me give to the soil my bones  
'Neath some gay, fluttering palm.  
Tho' rain sink down to cool my brow,  
Or sun warm my chill bed,  
Let never a thought of what is now  
Come near me when I'm dead.

Oh, bury me deep, nor place a stone;  
Ah, bury me deep and leave me alone,  
Alone in the damp, warm earth;  
And place no mound, nor rising ground,  
Nor plant a laurel above;  
Shed but thy tear, then let me rest  
In the rich, dark soil of Love.

T. THORNTON REED.

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#### JOY COMETH.

Are not these joys of weed, and wine,  
And sun, and love, enow?  
Why should men slave like toiling kine,  
Bent to the yoke, while summits shine,  
And glistens grey the breakers' line,  
And gold the bough;

And white the trout-streams through the  
ferns,  
On silver-flashing feet,  
By glades through which the flame-tree  
burns  
To where the languid river turns,  
And everything the eye discerns  
Is lazy-sweet?

Brave pleasures, yea, but only so  
For braver men to taste,  
Not such as flutter to and fro  
Like freckled butterflies, to show  
How frail they are, how fast they go—  
Their fate but waste:

But such as glory to be told,  
And to the heights aspire,  
And toil for joy, as they of old  
Who scorned the gilding and the gold,  
But built in splendour manifold  
Of living fire. R.K.C.

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Dim specks on the far horizon, such  
As seem to vanish at a finger's touch,  
And melt into the vast, blue deeps  
Of sky and air. Above them sleeps  
The pallid, trancèd moon,  
Awaiting fire to thrill her passive form,  
And life to rouse her from her swoon.

Earth, spread below, with many a fold  
Of vale and rounded slope, all green and  
gold,  
With springing grass and glowing furze,  
Thrills with the life that through her stirs  
At every quickening breeze.  
The river gleams, and throws its laughing  
glances  
Through drooping veils of willow trees.



Lie close, ye tired toilers, closer yet,  
To the throbbing bosom of the friendly  
earth.

Till, breathing in her beauty, ye shall get  
New strength, and then, Antæus-like, arise  
Sevenfold refreshed, with eager eyes

And strong arms for the fight,  
Made whole, and seeing all things here  
aright." M.N.

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#### A JUBILEE DOMESTIC TRIUMPH.

The night we did our own cooking will, I hope, go down the ages with other more impressive Jubilee celebrations. We found that cooking was not really difficult when dealt with in a big way. Quantities could be handled grandly, with a fine disregard for fractions of a pound. Nevertheless, we would have floundered without the master-mind of our able and energetic Miss —. It was she who was able to trace the early and painful history of the B.O.'s (would you guess those letters stood for Beef Olives?), to superintend the mysterious filling of the M.T.'s (here you get no help); to put en train, as the French so prettily have it, the oily clinging hole, all bubbling from its slimy depths, which was to girdle the Toad, otherwise sausage—in all, to be a white-wrapped sunbeam in that gloomy rafted kitchen. Nothing could have been more perfect than our preparations were. At half-past five we surveyed with pride a line of messes—each eagerly awaiting its consignment to the oven; at six we stoked the fire more anxiously; at six-twenty the waitresses began to arrive—green-uniformed, and flaunting their efficiency. At 6.35 the dining hall became plaintive especially as the soup dwindled on successive plates from a sea to a lake, and from a lake to a puddle—finally ceasing on the midnight with no pain. The Hole—recent pride of my heart—instead of snugly enclosing dozens of tight little sausages—gaped and fell away, welling up at the sides of the dish, into a hedge-like enclosure, from which you could look down on pathetic little rows of globular pink things lightly enmeshed in yellow batter.

The mince tarts, judging by the plates at the end of the meal, did not meet with quite the approval which their careful preparation and luscious appearance warranted—still, it was a great meal, and a great occasion. May it become an annual feast-day—or fast-day—for future generations of students!

#### THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

Date: A.D. 1950.

Scene: A meeting of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys at the new clubroom, in the fashionable quarter of Bouverie-street.

The President (Sir Gallon Puffy, Chief Medical Officer of the Hospital for the Absent-Minded; wearing a white tie; seated at the head of the table, with his chair upon a specially prepared surface of floor which shows no cracks; airily smoking a gold-tipped Cappo.): Order, gentlemen! As you are all aware, in furnishing our new Clubroom, we decided to instal handsome curtains of a royal blue colour. Well, gentlemen—(long pause, largely filled out by flicking ash from cigarette)—those curtains have been installed. (Tremendous applause from members.) But one point about them has yet to be settled, and I will now call upon the secretary, Mr. Mormon, to bring this before you.

Mr. Mormon (Attorney-General in the Conservative-Anarchist Ministry at the time in power; also in a white tie): We are here to-night, gentlemen, to discuss the important question of the ribbons to be used to gather up the ends of the new curtains. (Tremendous excitement.)

Attendant at the door (aside to Sir Gallon): A lady wants Mr. Mormon on the 'phone, sir.

(Exit Mr. Mormon; sensation, and much discussion till his return.)

Mr. Mormon: I think that regard should be paid in this matter to getting something which will embody the Society's colours and at the same time harmonise with the colour scheme of the room. The question is a vital one, and if members can in any way assist the Committee in coming to a decision, I shall be very glad if they will do so.

His Grace the Archbishop of Oodnadatta (a tall gentleman in gaiters, purple nether garments, large, horn-rimmed spectacles, raven locks, and an English accent): Mr. President and gentlemen, I am in entire sympathy with the principle that Mr. Mormon has just asked us to follow. It now remains to apply that principle to the case before us to-night, and in view of the importance of the matter, I think it behoves one to exercise extreme caution. I should like very much to see either green, red or silver ribbons used for this



purpose; but I am afraid that the combination of any one of these three colours with the royal blue of the curtains would produce too violent a contrast which would not satisfy one's aesthetic ideals at all. Of course, one would like to get as close to one's ideal as possible, but the idea is for one to combine idealism and utility as much as one can under the circumstances. Hence one might suggest that the ribbons should be of an old gold colour. This would harmonise well with the curtains, and, by a psychological process intimately connected with the principle of Archimedes, and Einstein's theory of aberrations, the thought of gold would call up that of silver, which is, as you are aware, one of the Society's colours. (Frantic cheering.)

Dr. Archibald Tight: Mr. Chairman, I don't see why we shouldn't use blue of the same colour as the curtains. I'm as keen as anyone on the Society's colours, but what with a white ceiling, green walls and a red carpet, I think we've given them a fair burl. Also, if the ribbons wear out, as they are bound to do, with people putting their boots on them, they could be replaced by a strip off the bottom of the curtains.

Dr. Grunt: Mr. Pwresident and gentlemen, I have taken much intewest in this important question, and I have made some inqiwies into the wrelative cost of the vavious wibbons. I have here some figures, which are the wresult of those inqiwies, and which I now pwpropose to wead to you. (Weads long list of figures.)

Mr. Hussle Hyphenated, K.C.: Mr. Pwresident and gentlemen, if the Society is in sufficient funds to think of buying ribbons for curtains, I think it ought first to attend to getting a supply of string to mend the riggers of the Old Boys' boat for the next boat race.

Members (in unison): Shut up! Sit down!

Dr. H. Carrott: For the first time in thirty-five years there seems to be some money which could be set aside towards buying a snoo— (Pandemonium till Dr. Carrott subsides.)

Mr. Justice Droll (a gentleman with a mezzo-soprano voice and a large quantity of grey hair which acts as a wig in court):

Mr. President and gentlemen, we have listened to a number of gentlemen

"Pouring forth the burning words  
That members love to hear,"

and we do not seem to have got very far towards a decision. In fact, gentlemen, most of the gentlemen seem to be like

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

Moreover, gentlemen, there are at least two of our number who would wish to be far away where are to be heard

"The flute, violin, bassoon,"

and where

"All night has the casement jessamine  
stirred

To the dancers dancing in tune."

To release those gentlemen from their duty, I now move that the question of providing ribbons to loop up the ends of the curtains be left in the hands of the Committee.

Voices from all quarters: Second that.

Sir Gallon: Those in favour—

Members: Aye!

Sir Gallon: Those against.

(Silence, not loud, but deep.)

Sir Gallon: Motion carried. This meeting is now adjourned.

HANSARD.

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### THEORIES AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

A theory suddenly, and without warning, launched upon me always produces a state of the utmost despair. I can neither bombastically deny it nor luminously confirm; the bright ideas, the kindling fancies that came so thick and fast before, all transformed into a paralytic blank. I become helpless, futile, and inane, an object of mere scorn for any man. To avoid this unpleasant sensation, I have devoted much time and energy in trying to find ways of diverting the theoriser(?) from his track.

(1) Start another topic of enthralling interest, such as the price of wheat in Japan, or how many cigarettes the Pope smokes a year.

(2) Burst with a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the memory of a priceless joke you simply must tell.

(3) Perhaps an attack of violent coughing, or a sudden catching of the breath,



may enlist the theoriser's sympathies and momentarily turn him from his ruthless path.

Sometimes, though, a gleam in the speaker's eye warns you that, prevaricate as you will, sooner or later he will insist on wrenching from you your inmost thoughts about whether the "ant is a better example of industry and intelligence than the bee"; or if "the sunset was more appreciated in the reign of Elizabeth than in that of George." If so, assuming a frown portraying profound intelligence, the following phrases, if spoken with the right intonation of deep thought, may serve as a cloak to vigorous and feverish searching on your part for some firm attitude to adopt:—

"Well, it's a subject about which there is a lot to be said on both sides. Yes, on both sides. I'm not one of those people who simply refuse to see the other fellow's point of view. No. I always think there are two sides to every question, and, of course, you know, it all depends on circumstances. And mind, it's a subject about which there is a lot to be said. Now—"

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#### CRUEL IMAGINATION.

A good fire and a heavy text-book. . . . I'm sure I've read this paragraph three times. . . . Let's see now. . . . "The praetor with the aid of the actio utilis. . . ." How unfamiliar things do seem, anyway. What's that I see? A Social Club meeting without "Cus Rowin!" And there's "Porrol" holding a valuable tea-pot, and still I feel at ease. I see "Reg. Piledriver," with his hair cut, walking along the corridor, and hear no sound. And there's "Duggie" whistling the "Tor-eador" in tune. I see "Duff" shake hands with a crack and hurry off to keep an appointment, and Tim with his hair parted neatly at the side. I see a motor cycle with a silencer, and a gardener without a lawn mower. I can see steam issuing from the hot water tap. I ask Bruce a question which he can't answer. I get leave without catching a fish, and I hear the father of the College singing gaily as he skips across the Bulpaddock on his way to the Hospital. I see Gibby peeling an apple on the crease in his trousers. I am told that Bidy has taken a flat at the Lodge, and I see "Tam" jump from the rockery on to a tram. I see my tan boots

cleaned with tan polish—What!! This seems too preposterous! I jump out of my chair to look. It was too good to be true. It was all a dream!

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#### IS CELIBACY DESIRABLE?

##### A Plea for Reconstruction of the New College Plans.

Trinity College is on the eve of great developments. Any prospective Rip Van Winkle who should chance to take a little longer rest than usual would, in addition to incurring the risk of several chapel fines, wake up to find the College a different place—that is, if he slept for a respectable time. Be this as it may, after infinite patience and trouble plans for the extension of the College were placed before the Council last year, and found favour in their sight, and in the Foreword to the building scheme submitted appear the words: ". . . to ensure that the new plans should provide for all possible developments in the number of men in residence and in the scope of College activities." The actual plans provide accommodation for some 250 men, but on an entirely new system as far as Trinity is concerned—that of arranging single studies on the flat principle, and of doing away with the present system of comradeship and intimate friendship, which is rendered possible by double studies, and which forms such an integral part of our College life.

We know enough of the Warden and Council to feel sure that such a new system was not introduced without due consideration, but to most men in College the change seems a very drastic one.

It may be said that the flat system will not prove much different from the present one, but the fact that there will be four studies on each flat will mean that there will be no "wives" in the present delightful sense of the term; and also will mean that the formation of cliques will be most difficult to prevent. A clique of two is impossible, a clique of four is almost inevitable.

One feels almost in the position of the contestant of the Marriage Banns. "Speak now, or for ever hold thy peace." If anything is to be done, now is the time, and if this article stimulates any practical discussion of a most important subject to the College, the writer will feel that his halting utterances will not have been in vain.

W.L.C.



## ARS SCRIBENDI.

Each year, on opening my new text-books, I am humiliated by the authors' prefaces. The more deeply one dives into a subject, the more modest the authors become in assessing the contents of their prescribed books. One might reasonably assume that one should know more than the elements of any subject after slaving at it for half a dozen years or so, but what does one find? Apparently one has reached a stage when he can only be called a junior student or beginner. This injustice rankles in one's studious bosom.

"In the following modest little volume I have endeavoured to present the elements of the subject in a manner suitable for beginners and junior students."

"In a work of such microscopic dimensions anything more than a mere introduction to this fascinating study could not be expected."

"I have admittedly barely touched on the fringe of the subject, and have made strenuous efforts to condense the matter into as few pages as possible." This type runs to about 950 of them, as a rule.

"If the reader really wishes to know anything about the infinitesimal calculus he must consult the standard works of Wurms (Vol. XX., pp. 1001 et seq., 1820 ed.), or Archithagoras in the original Sanskrit. This little book only . . . ."

These are typical of nine-tenths of the text-books published, and surely justify a little comment on the part of the victims, the readers.

Again, there is the inevitable array of proof-readers, checkers, collaborators, and other hangers-on; they should not get a mention in any self-respecting author's preface. "In conclusion, I must express my deep sense of gratitude to all those gentlemen who read the proofs, lent photographs, and made suggestions; in particular I have to thank Prof. —."

These fellows should gracefully retire from the spotlight of publicity, having done their worst.

One more type of unseemly modesty always overcomes these authors, "I realise that in such a work errors may possibly creep in, and throw myself on the generosity of the reader for any that may have occurred." Some day I hope to write a text-book to delight the heart of all who read it. I have not decided on what sub-

ject to spread myself, but have written this introduction in anticipation.

"The author considers this monumental work to be the best ever written on any subject, not even excluding Modelling in Clay, Part III. It is a very long book, and contains all there is to be known about the subject, yet being set down in a delightfully lucid, snappy style, can be easily assimilated during the course of one Stew Vac. No photographs were lent for illustration purposes, and the author believes the book to be unique in that he actually read all the proofs himself; in short, he is indebted to nobody for the production of this masterpiece. No errors will be found."

Now that this is written, the rest will be easy.

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## HINTS TO HOSTILES.

1. If you have any difficulty in lighting your study fire, do not apply petrol, for—

- (a) You cannot satisfactorily put out a conflagration with a half-empty water bottle.
- (b) You may find it hard to explain that patch on your neighbour's cushion when you return it to her.
- (c) You may have to rely on the Trinity Hon. Fire Brigade to come to your rescue.

2. If you are pressed for time, and find it necessary to come to dinner stockless, choose your seat wisely, for if you are wary and are able to crawl, you may escape under cover of the pudding.

3. Do not be too sensitive about tipping your taxi driver when you arrive at a dance, for in your polite efforts not to notice his embarrassment in receiving the coin, you may confer it upon the wrong person.

4. Wilson Hall is not a suitable place for hair-dressing, even though your hair has become disarranged during the dance, and your swain may prove an attentive hairpin holder. We would suggest that there is usually a dressing room where these toilet touches can be administered.

5. Should you have a "mixed biscuits" tea-fight, always inspect the clothes lines yourself before you show your visitors over the "grounds."



### ANOTHER FRAGMENT FROM FRANCE.

A certain paper has published an interview with M. le Comte d'Amnation, a notable Gallic orator, a member of the ancien régime, and an émigré, who has been visiting Australia to observe our institutions. We reproduce a few of his remarks:—

'Bah!' he says, with great frankness, "you have no Académie, no Place de la Concorde, no Arc de Triomphe. As for me, I came to admire your celebrated city, but I remain to mock. But, mon dieu, I forget. Your College for Women—your Milady Janet Clarke Hall—a tongue twister, is it not so? has shown me something so surprising. In this admirable institution I have found learning coupled with the beauty des anges. Certainly they have a savoir faire, these Hostile ladies—ah-ha, I have seen the little joke, it was explained to me for an hour one afternoon. In truth they penetrate into the most select circles which your country can produce—not for an instant to be compared with the blood of our French nobility. My uncle the Duc—but you remind me that I digress.

"Some of these girls—they are but young, and of a freshness unbelievable—have been at the Vice-Regal fireside. They have dined with their Excellencies. As for me, I would shelter the young girl, I would keep her spotless; but I admit frankly—my nature is candour itself—that their air of the world gives them charm, distinction. How they must have shone in those noble Halls of State, where they could match wit with wit, beauty with beauty, but yet were of an infinite superiority in mind. Bon Dieu, but I am desolate when I remember my Comtesse, she who keeps so distinguished a salon in the suburbs of Soho."

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### THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Being a Fragment of the Autobiography of a Jurassic Cave Man.

In these days one longs for the virility of the existence of our forefathers. I remember the time when I thought nothing of driving in the pterosaurs every morning before breakfast (we milked much earlier then) on an empty stomach. Breakfast usually consisted of some such plain yet wholesome food as dead plagiulax on

toast, unless it had been scoffed by marauding pterodactyls. On such occasions my old mother would shake her hairy fist at the departing robbers and yell futile threats after them. When I grew a little older I trained some of the domestic archæopteryxes to go after the pterodactyls and bring them down. We always kept some of the former about the cave, to keep down the graptolites and gasteropods, which seemed to gain admittance on father's fishing nets. One in particular was a great pet of mine as a boy, and I taught him to say, "Poor archæopteryx wants some gasteropods." (Translator's Note.—This is of great evolutionary importance, as this bird was undoubtedly the primeval ancestor of the modern parrot family; c.f. "Poor Polly wants some seed.")

On the whole our existence as children was a care-free one, although I can never forget the day when my little brother Alph—(Translator's Note.—Probably the first personal name, from the obvious derivation)—got sucked in by a young ichthyosaurus.

[Here the prehistoric rock on which this record is chipped breaks off suddenly, so the fascinating narrative must remain unfinished.]

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### THE WILD WEST OF THE NOVELIST.

The lone horseman toiled slowly up the last ridge, between clumps of cottonwood and dense mesquite. He was a magnificent type of manhood; one could tell by the very poise of him as he lounged carelessly in the saddle that he was a product of the gentle desert breezes of the wild and hairy-chested South-West—that he had inherited from this land his vigour and general demeanour of independence and self-reliance. His eyes were keen as a buzzard's, his lips as firm as the rugged Sierras, his hands as strong and serviceable as tempered steel, his manly chin as prickly as the cactus, his feet as—well, anyhow, he was some kid, believe me. Thus enters Walt McNab, sheriff of Deadmeat County (Arizona). As he breasted the rise he reined in his fiery mustang and took stock of his surroundings. Before him a peaceful valley sloped downwards, and in the near distance lay shimmering in the heat of the pitiless Arizona noon-day the little burg of El Hobo, with its



smelly little adobe huts clustered together in a reeking heap. Of course, these frontier villages all have to be first viewed from the ridges dominating the peaceful valleys in which they lie. They are always in a peaceful valley, and they all smell, and no lone horseman with any sense of propriety could think of simply riding straight over the ridge without dramatically pausing and gazing down before him. Well, to resume, Walt, in his eagle-eyed survey of El Hobo, saw that something was amiss in the vicinity of the gambling hell run by Red McMixem. He urged his broncho down the hill, and inside half an hour had dismounted at the saloon. Flinging the reins over the horse's head (in Arizona they wouldn't dream of hitching a horse to a post), he entered the saloon and found himself immediately engulfed in a motley collection of greasers, cow-punchers (what do they want to punch the cow for, anyway?), faros, amigos, and gringos. His hawklike glance put him wise that he had not arrived a moment too soon, for the place was in an uproar; "fire-water" bottles hurtled through the air and fell with thickening suds on the floor, chairs were upturned, and even as he was wondering where to make for, a bullet grazed his ear and shattered a window on its way to the desert. Here his Amurrikan nature asserted itself, for in an instant he was upon the machacho," and had every man covered with his gleaming colts. "Say, guys," he hollered, "reach fer ther roof; if any man waggles his optic I'll sure shoot him full of holes." With one deft move of the hand he unarmed every hobo in the room—that is, all except one crafty-eyed Mexican who stood his ground firmly. Walt spoke kindly but firmly to the dago. "Look here, bo, you must be plumb locoed. Pass over yer ironmongery." Then the other gent—"Nix, senor, cut out the rough stuff. That talk don't cut any ice with Don Banana del Cappel." The eyes of the men met like rapiers, as steady and searching as cold steel. Walt suddenly flung his gun aside, and grinding his dental appurtenances, grated out, "No, goldam me, I'll do it with my bare hands." The greasers, cow-punchers, etc., fell back amazed at the optimism of the man, but just as Walt

lunged froward, a shrieking girl flung herself forward (the women of Arizona always burst into the story like this), and held him back. Her throat fluttered like a caged bird, her lips—but that's enough. You know the sort of thing. They are certainly interesting these people of the woolly border.

※ ※ ※

### THE "GATE-BOOK."

[Trinity College possesses an institution known as the "Gate-Book," in which all who enter the College after 10.30 p.m. are required to sign their names. A recent movement to secure its abolition was unsuccessful, while a movement in Janet Clarke Hall to obtain more liberty in the evenings resulted in the changing of the hour at which lady students are required to "sign in" from 11 p.m. to 10.30. The following fragment from the pen of the unknown author of the lost "Parkviliad" seems to indicate that he was familiar with some portion of the Apocrypha unknown to us, and sheds an interesting light on the subject.]

"St. Peter sat by the celestial gate"—

(A statement made by Byron, though, indeed,

His chance of proving it was never great)—

"St. Peter sat there," and, as all concede,  
Had sat there from a very distant date;

While modern theologians are agreed  
(Having received no later information)  
That he still occupies his lofty station.

Well, Peter sat there, and, among his duties,

Which numbered, altogether, six or seven,

Included that of keeping Heaven's beauties

(The noun in abstract) free from vulgar leaven;

But Byron, in endeavouring to compute his

Important functions at the gate of Heaven,

Says nothing of the uses of a great book,

With angels most unpopular the "gate-book."



Herein, returning from a visitation  
 Of Arthur Conan Doyle, or other mortal,  
 "All gentlemen" (so runs the regulation),  
 "After 10.30 entering this portal  
 Must sign their names, by way of information  
 To Michael, the Sub-Warden, whose report 'll  
 Be based upon this knowledge of their movements,  
 And so suggest desirable improvements;  
 "And in addition, all celestial ladies  
 Must be in residence by half-past ten."  
 A rule which Lucifer, "sent down" to Hades—  
 (Rhyme and politeness both restrain my pen  
 From writing "Hell")—unscrupulously made his  
 Means of conducting an attack on men,  
 And, cruelly using his unearthly knowledge,  
 Established, seriatim, in the College.

R.R.S.

※ ※ ※

### TO SPRING.

Season of toil and utter hopelessness,  
 Sworn enemy of any kind of fun,  
 Forcing on mind of student in distress  
 Unending vistas of work yet undone.  
 Scaring him till he trembles at the knees,  
 Reminding him of how he failed before,  
 While all the time a guilty conscience tells  
 How, if he had but worked a little more  
 He would have bluffed examiners with ease;  
 Until he thinks exams will never cease,  
 For work has overstrained his reason cells.  
 Who has not seen him at it times galore?  
 At Trinity at any time you'd find  
 Him near the Oak, in studies by the score,  
 His hair dishevelled, half-dressed, nearly blind,  
 Or with a part-read note-book, sound asleep,  
 Drowned by the dullness of it, with a look  
 Of utter peace upon unshaven face;  
 Though sometimes, with more purpose, he doth keep  
 Steady his wakeful eyes upon his book;  
 Or, at a diagram, with patient look,  
 Assigns last details to their proper place.

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye,  
 where are they?  
 Think not of them, you have your work to do;  
 While sunny pastures call your thoughts away,  
 To wander under skies of endless blue.  
 These not for such as you; for you to mourn  
 The Pleasures of the Spring, proclaimed so oft,  
 The glorious freshness and the sunny sky.  
 Some day, perhaps, exams all left behind,  
 When you have met success and climbed aloft  
 To nestle snugly in a billet soft,  
 You may enjoy a Spring—if you don't die!

※ ※ ※

### A BALLAD OF BOSH.

Here, where the desks are dreary;  
 Here, where all wisdom teems  
 From tireless tones unwearied,  
 In sterile streams of streams—  
 I hear the pale prof. prating,  
 With pompous pride inflating,  
 Nor pausing nor abating—  
 My languid hour of dreams.

I am sick of notes and scrawling,  
 And pens that scrawl and note;  
 Lust of exams, appalling,  
 That take men by the throat.  
 A jазzing whirl of dances,  
 Of golden gleams and glances,  
 Wild webs of flaming fancies,  
 Past fretful eyelids float.

From seeds of toil and blunder  
 A barren crop we reap;  
 The ploughman stamps them under,  
 And cares not though we weep.  
 But now each labourer closes  
 His eyes, and nods and dozes;  
 For sweet and sound repose is—  
 And I am sound asleep.

※ ※ ※

"SOMNIUM."

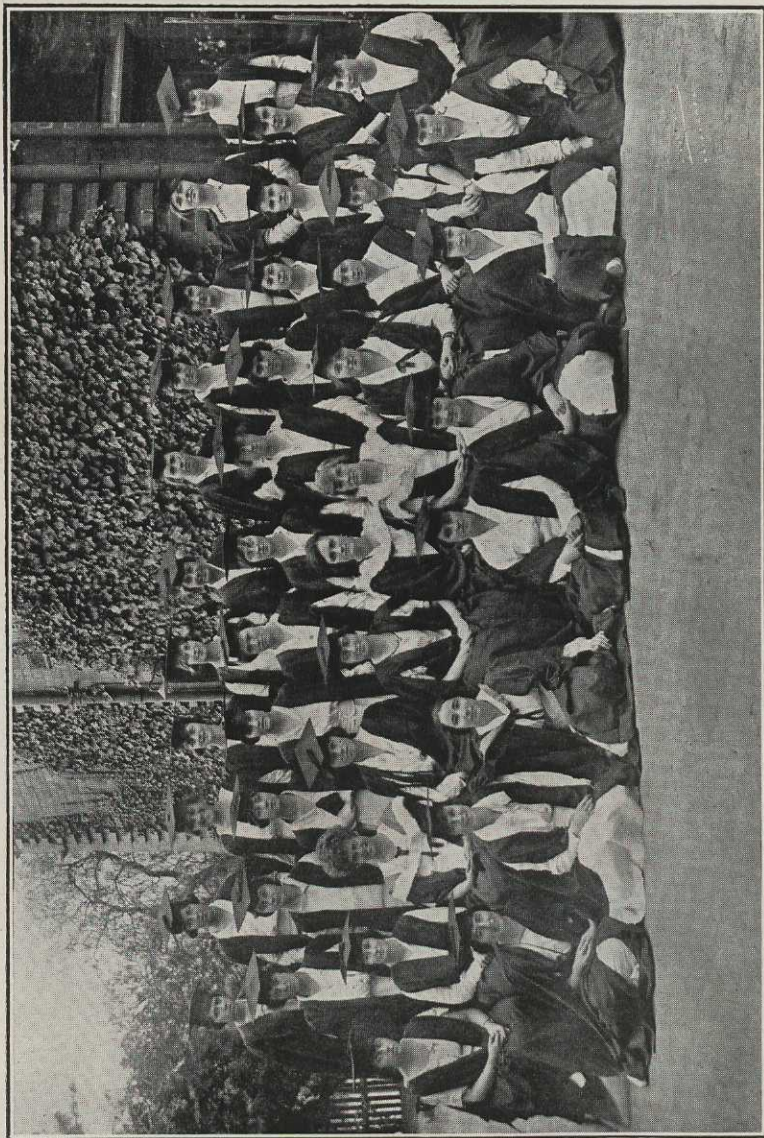
O list to the story of Hatrick the bold;  
 Sir Hatrick, a Knight in the brave days  
 of old.  
 He bowled out King Arthur first ball, we  
 are told,  
 Who, greatly astonished, his stumps did  
 behold.





STUDENTS PAST AND PRESENT.





JANET CLARKE HALL STUDENTS, 1922.



Sir Hatrick was fast, and Sir Hatrick was slow.

Sir Lancelot said, "For a six this will go."  
But just then a fast one he stopped with his toe,  
And a "duck" was the only score he had to show.

Sir Galahad next scored a two-er, but then  
He swiped like the man with the whole strength of ten;

"Good," thought Sir Hatrick, "but do it again."

Sir Galahad hit it far, far from his ken.

Yet further 'tis found in chronicles musty  
How other Knights failed to score, only got dusty;

Sir Hatrick he bowled, and King Arthur got crusty

When "Belvidere fell" 'cause his armour was rusty.

No need to recount, though a glorious tale,

How Sir Hatrick made hundreds in armour of mail,

Though all other batsmen the country might fail,

He came to the rescue, and weathered the gale.

So remember the story of Hatrick the bold,

When next yarns of cricket by fellows are told;

How the Knights of Round Table were left in the cold,

And King Arthur's whole court for a dozen were bowled.

M.H.B.R.

※ ※ ※

### SOLILOQUY, 7.55 A.M.

I lie relaxed in luscious ease upon my downy bed,

Hot blankets o'er my languid limbs, soft pillows for my head;

And I fain would dream all drowsily while swift hours drift away,

But (cruel fate!) 'tis five to eight—I can no longer stay.

How sweet to coil and cuddle in a fleecy eiderdown!

These snowy sheets are cosier far than that funereal gown.

But I fear it's Thursday morning that's a-dawning cold and bleak,

And I've not been in Chapel seen a single day this week!

Oh, soft and silent Slumber, I was nestling in thine arms;

My spirit roamed in dreamy light enraptured by thy charms,

When rang out shrill and pitiless the clanging of a bell—

They're bound to collar my last half-dollar if I'm not there—oh, Hell!!!

"SOMNIUM."

※ ※ ※

When I came to the Shop as a very young man,

Says I to myself, says I;

My course on original lines I would plan,  
Says I to myself, says I;

I'll never verbatim take notes by the sheaf

From profs., be they ever so pithy and brief,

Who may furnish their students with comic relief,

Says I to myself, says I.

Ere I go to a lecture I'll read my books through,

Says I to myself, says I;

Not complain of the work I'm unable to do,

Says I to myself, says I;

My future profession I'll never disgrace  
By turning up late with a grin on my face,

When somebody else get my roll in my place,

Says I to myself, says I.

I won't stamp in lectures and make the dust rise,

Says I to myself, says I;

Nor hoodwink a Fresher who's not otherwise,

Says I to myself, says I;

Nor assume that the students assemble in force

For lectures, because it's their only resource

(When billiards and lunch are both finished, of course),

Says I to myself, says I.



In all other pastimes in which we engage,  
 Says I to myself, says I;  
 Community singing, when that's all the  
 rage,  
 Says I to myself, says I;  
 You've just got to know when to start  
 and to stop,  
 When to stay home and stew, when to go  
 to a "hop,"  
 That applies to this song, as it does to  
 the "Shop"—  
 . Says I to myself, says I.

M.H.B.R.

※ ※ ※

**COLLEGE PORTRAITS.**

Oh, you who write with "Eagles" and  
 "Onotos,"  
 And strive for hockey cups in fields of  
 mud,  
 Make not too merry over ancient photos  
 Of women students here before the  
 flood.

The collars are too high, the skirts too  
 sweeping,  
 And, broadside on, the sleeves obscure  
 the view;  
 Yet, when the College name was in our  
 keeping  
 We took ourselves as solemnly as you.

How ardently we tackled every question;  
 How drastic were the remedies and  
 fates;  
 An ostrich would have died of indiges-  
 tion  
 From suppers which we cooked at these  
 debates.

Yea! at those suppers we came down to  
 bedrock;  
 Most anxiously we felt the need of  
 light.  
 We once mistook the filter for the bread-  
 crock  
 When feeling darkly in the dead of  
 night.

Now in these studies which we once fre-  
 quented,  
 From what we hear, all students do the  
 same  
 As then, when fountain pens were not in-  
 vented,  
 And hockey was a fascinating game.

You call these College groups "Quite too  
 delightful";  
 But soon New Students passing on their  
 way  
 Shall find your own fair photos just as  
 frightful  
 As anything you gaze on here to-day.  
 H. B. YENCKEN.

※ ※ ※

The oak tree that sprouts in the Spring,  
 tra-la,  
 Is a vision of beauty and grace;  
 And outsiders they dance and they sing,  
 tra-la,  
 As gaily as birds on the wing, tra-la,  
 But they've nothing to do with the case.  
 For how can they know what November  
 will bring,  
 In spite of the oak tree that sprouts in  
 the spring?

The oak tree that sprouts in the spring,  
 tra-la,  
 Shows the mad days of third term are  
 here,  
 With the terrors and joys that they bring,  
 tra-la,  
 And we sigh, for we know that they wing,  
 tra-la,  
 Too fast towards the end of the year.  
 And that's what we mean when we say  
 or we sing,  
 Oh! bother the oak tree that sprouts in  
 the spring.

※ ※ ※

**CAUTIONARY TALE.**

The hour of nine was tolling fast,  
 When through the old Tin Alley passed  
 A maid who hoped that it would last!  
 But, ah, alas! her hopes were vain!  
 And much to her dismay and pain,  
 It lay upon the ground quite plain,  
 For all the passers by to see.  
 "Alack!" she sighed, and "oh, dear me!"  
 And wildly then she clutched her knee.  
 Then down upon a seat did sink,  
 While Virgie, with an awful wink,  
 Ran back, and fetched the missing link  
 You'd think her woes were ended then,  
 But no, alas; for tactless men  
 Came streaming past by nine and ten.  
 How could she put it on again?  
 Unwonted teardrops dim her eyes,  
 The air is rent with sobs and sighs;  
 Meanwhile, how fast each minute flies—  
 Were never minutes flew so fast,  
 Though long it seemed till all had passed,



And she could rise again at last,  
The missing link at last could don,  
So sadly then she put it on.  
The lecture hour had long since gone,  
So home she went. The moral's clear  
To everyone who cares to hear:  
Before you walk abroad make sure  
That everything you wear's secure.

HILLOC BELLAIRE.

※ ※ ※

The people in the Colleges comprise an  
awful lot

(And I've got 'em on my list, I've got  
'em on my list),

Who should be hanged and quartered, or,  
alternatively, shot

(And they'd none of them be missed,  
they'd none of them be missed).

There are those who take the heater wood  
to light a study fire,

And those who think their duty is to  
make you join a choir.

There's the girl who burns the blanket and  
the brand-new ironing sheet;

There's the partner who is dancing on  
your satin-slipped feet.

There are those who lift their hockey  
sticks and swipe 'em in your face;

There are backs who will play forward,  
with an elephantine grace.

There are people who instruct you in a  
game they cannot play;

There are those who meet at turnstiles, on  
average, twice a day—

(And they'd none of them be missed,  
etc.).

REVEUR.

※ ※ ※

The man who goes to parties and balls  
To dance on his partner's toes,

Shall be doomed to dance

And caper and prance

Down limitless miles of halls

Whose floors are covered with feet in slip-  
pers,

To which he must make excuse,

And buckles will prick him,

And high heels will kick him,

And his sleep shall be shadowed by shoes.

And the hockey-mad enthusiasts,

Who give you such awful whacks,

They shall be battered

And mud-bespattered

By elusive forward-backs;

And the fools who break our beauty sleep

By parting the cow and the calf,

Shall be doomed to moo

Till their faces are blue,

While the raucous bovines laugh.

TREAC

### LAMENT OF AN AGED MAN OF TWENTY SUMMERS FOR THE LOST DREAMS OF HIS VANISHED YOUTH.

Visions come ere youth is wasted;  
Life was sweet when yet untasted,

Long ago, long ago.

Then the sun was yellow gold,

And the world was never old,

Flat and commonplace, and cold.

'Twas but yesterday, I know,

Yet how long, long ago!

Out of legend and old story  
I had wrought you in your glory,

Long ago, long ago.

On the shimmering summer air

Came the touch and perfume rare

Of your silk and scented hair.

Nothing earthy you did show

In that long, long ago.

In the dead deep of the mind  
Still I seek but never find,

Never more, never more.

Heaven above has lost its light,

Earth is emptied of delight,

Since you visit not my sight.

Though I seek you as of yore,

Now you come to me no more,

Never, never, never more.

T.W.S.

※ ※ ※

### GREEDY GEORGE.

(Apologies to H. Belloc's "Cautionary  
Rhymes.")

This is the tale of greedy George,  
At every meal he used to gorge  
The richest cakes that he could find;  
He'd even try to stay behind,  
And watching till the coast was cleared,  
He stuffed himself, till he appeared  
As if to burst he was afeared.

His parents told him it was wrong,  
Papa, whose arm was very strong,  
Employed the cane on George's trousers.  
He only told them they were "Wowersers,"  
His aunts, the female sort, you know,  
Told him where greedy boys would go;  
But George would rather go below.

Than leave a crumb upon the table.  
He'd eat as much as he was able.  
He hated school, his only joy  
Was eating. But this wicked boy  
By gormandising met his end.  
In vain did doctors all attend—  
He perished when he tried to bend!



It happened thus one day in June  
 He stole some jam, but dropped the spoon  
 Upon the floor, but wished to get  
 The jam inside the jar, but yet  
 He couldn't reach the spoon. He bent  
 To pick it up, then CRASH he went,  
 And into little bits was sent!

So never try to eat too much,  
 Or thus you'll perish, like all such.

※ ※ ※

#### CHAPEL.

(With apologies to Mr. Pope.)

Now tolls the clanging bell to summon  
 those  
 Who from their midnight toil have sought  
 repose.  
 Long since has Sol brought in the freez-  
 ing dawn;  
 Alarm-clocks ring, and waking sleepers  
 yawn.  
 Chill showers freeze the shrinking victim's  
 bones,  
 And bathrooms echo loud with shrieks  
 and groans;  
 And sounds of banging doors and hurrying  
 feet  
 Betoken those whose toilets are complete.  
 O hapless wights, who, while the clock  
 strikes eight,  
 Have lost their shoes, and found their  
 studs too late!  
 Holes yawn in heels which slippers fail  
 to hide,  
 And, 'stead of collars, scarves round necks  
 are tied.  
 Along the winding path they breathless  
 speed,  
 And enter, just in time to hear the Creed.  
 O.W.K.

※ ※ ※

#### THE COWS' MATINEE.

'S not often the Trinity College cows get  
 properly on the spree,  
 But they certainly did on the day that  
 the wind sealed the fate of the old fir  
 tree.  
 They had just been milked, and, feeling  
 light-headed, were gambolling out to  
 grass,  
 When they saw that the fir tree had come  
 to earth, a chance that they could not  
 pass.  
 They attached it with gusto, and tossing  
 and kicking were pulling it well to  
 bits,  
 When into their vision across on the path-  
 way a well-known identity flits.

Now those cows are by nature as kindly  
 and gentle as any four-legged that  
 treads,

But the wind and the rain and the smell  
 of the fir tree had certainly gone to  
 their heads.

Moreover, this gentleman crossing the  
 path was carrying weapons of death;  
 So those ladies of leisure, so sweet and  
 pacific, waxed bellicose all in a breath,  
 And chased the bold fellow with grim re-  
 solution, determined to do him to  
 death.

He's alive; what is more, he has tri-  
 umphed at tennis, since winning that  
 awful affray,

But t'was only a racquet, good luck, and  
 a suit-case which saved our Bruce At-  
 lee that day.

The Bulpaddock you generally can get  
 across alive,

But when the cows are on the spree, you'd  
 better take the drive.

※ ※ ※

#### MESEMBRYANTHEMUM.

I love the budding oak tree and the flow-  
 ering peach and plum,

But my heart leaps up to see Mesembry-  
 anthemum.

And I offer heartfelt thanks  
 For the pigface on the banks,  
 For its colours pink and pucey,  
 For its leaves so fat and juicy;—

Oh! there's rapture in Mesembryanthe-  
 mum!

I know a bank whereon the pig's face  
 grows—

At least I hope its does—one never knows,  
 For there with spades and trowels, rakes  
 and hoes,

We planted it in fair and ordered rows.

※ ※ ※

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of "Fleur-de-Lys.")

Dear Sir,—As a member of the Dra-  
 matic Sub-Committee, I would like to  
 point out the difficulty we had this year  
 in combining with the Glee Club to pro-  
 duce the concert. This was due to the  
 fact that a play of the requisite length  
 was very hard to find, most plays being  
 written either for about one hour or else  
 to take up the whole evening.

As both the Dramatic and Glee Clubs  
 are on a fairly sound basis, I suggest that  
 next year they part company. The only



difficulty is that the Glee Club, at present, is hardly capable of giving a concert for the whole evening. To remedy this, I would suggest that the ladies of the Janet Clarke Hall be requested to join the Glee Club for the following reasons: (1) Being a part of the College, they should be welcomed as much as they were by the Dramatic Club; (2) the presence of sopranos and altos would enable us to give a far brighter and more musical, and in fact in every way, a better concert.

I would suggest, also, that the Glee Club endeavour to give their concert towards the end of first term.

The second half of the programme could include a short comedy or farce taking from three-quarters to one hour. There are numbers of these, and it would help the Dramatic Committee considerably in picking out new talent for a play which could be produced towards the end of second term (next year being the last year of August exams.).

Personally, I think this would be a far better arrangement, and I intend to bring it up for discussion at the first Social Club meeting next year.—Yours, etc.,

G. W. ASHTON.

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—We are worried about Mr. D—ffy. Every day now we see him with his hands deep in his pockets, and his head deep in thought (or some other mire), wandering aimlessly round the oak. After a lot of consideration, we have come to the conclusion that sentiment is at the bottom of it. Has he been hopelessly crossed, or is he still searching for his "ideal Cleopatra"? Perhaps some day his stride will lengthen (is it possible?), his eyes will cast off their sadness, and the cat will come out of the bag. Till then, is there anything we can do? We are all at your disposal.—Toujours à toi,

J. C. HALL.

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### THE TRINITY TOOTHBRUSH.

Cuming Events.

To be or not to be—that is the question.  
My tables—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may try and try, and yet not  
grow one,  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Trinity.

### SHAKESPEARE IN CHAPEL.

F—a—k O—i—r:

"Your tune is out of joint;—O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right."

The popular attitude to sermons:

"Words, words, words."

Sunday morning:

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

Some gowns:

"Breavity is the soul of wit."

The "Amen":

"But to my mind—though I am native here

And to the manner born—it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach than the  
observance.

\*\*\*

### OVERHEARD AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

"Why isn't T—m M—pp—n playing to-day?"

"Oh, poor chap! He's broken his patella."

"His what? His propeller?"

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### LITERARY LAPSES.

"Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss."—Pope.

Tutors, take note!

"Poor vaunt of life indeed,

Were man but formed to feed."

—Browning.

But don't tell Reg. or Russell.

"Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife."

—Wordsworth.

Any aspirant to the Dialectic prize.

"Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole."—Coleridge.

And yet they will ring George up before  
10 o'clock.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all up-  
rose,

Nor spake, nor moved their eyes."

—Coleridge.

Chapel—before Frank's effort.

"And now it is an angel's song

That makes the heavens be mute."

—Coleridge.

Chapel—after two terms of it.



"We only toil, who are the first of things"—Tennyscn.

A delusion of 1st Year Meds.

"Nymph of the downward smile and sidelong glance."—Keats.

A certain Hostile. In best form at chapel.

"And I have felt  
A presence that disturbed me."

—Wordsworth.

Switch inspection.

※ ※ ※

### DID YOU KNOW THIS?

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Learn to express yourself correctly. Do not let your tongue beat you. Fascinating course of elocution free to readers.

Arthur's Academy of Articulation.

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### CALENDAR FOR OCTEMBER.

1 Mon.—2nd Year Meds. resolve to work 1872-1922 (inclusive). Shortest chapel record—hymn 313, and the Sub-Warden reads the service, 1921. New wing built, 1920. Fortunate meteor destroys it, 1943. (No. 13 escapes alive.)

2 Tues.—Trinity wins cricket v. Ormond in final, 1909. Trinity wins Intercollegiate aerial Derby, 2909.

3 Wed.—Table President asks, "Is that a black tie or a gown you're wearing?" Asparagus for breakfast, 1845.

4 Thurs.—George doesn't have a tea-  
fight, 1925. Theolog. fined for missing chapel, 1922. Lower Clarke's bath heater blows up, 1910-22. The Common Room looks like home, 1923.

5 Friday.—Freshman reading the lesson is audible, 1956. Piece of soap left in bathroom, still there next day, 1985.

6 Sat.—"Timbarlow" invented, 1880. College succumbs to mass attack of ukeleles, 1921.

7. Sunday.—Whole College attends Prelection, 1945. Best crew on paper wins Eliot Fours, 1995.

8 Mon.—Glee Club reaches F 1921. G 1922, H 1923.

9 Tues.—Voluntary compulsion applied to chapel, 1920. The same costs 2/6 a time, 1922. Ormond clock shows right time, 1936.

10 Wed.—Captain of a winning team makes a coherent speech, 1935 (Pussyfoot in possession). Electric lights fail, 1922. Umpteen 2nd Year Meds. fail, 1922. D—fy is early for dinner, 1923?

11 Thurs.—"Strand" Magazine discovered in Common Room, 1930.

12 Friday.—First man to sing in his bath burnt at stake, 1483. Similar offences occur daily, but it's the steak that's burnt, 1922. Wusser walks on his hands, 1921, and lands on his feet, finals 1923?

13 Sat.—Initiation abolished, 1919. In suspended animation, 1920. There's life in the old boy yet, 1921. Thin end of wedge, 1922. Here we are again, 1924.

15 Mon.—M.U.R. parade is interesting, 1941. Parade doesn't clash with tennis, football, hockey, or boxing, 1942.

16 Tues.—Bell invents telephone, 1868. Cursed nightly by Study 34 L.C. Safety zone posts souvenired, 1923. Intercollegiate ping-pong introduced, 1923. Hostel wins the milking contest on College cows, 1947.

17 Wed.—Antiphonal psalms, 1922. Antiphonal College lectures, 1923.

18 Thurs.—Serviette successfully thrown into right compartment, 1951. Committee put their heads together to solve the wood problem, 1921. Piano in tune, 1923.

19 Fri.—(No, this really must stop.  
—Ed.)

### SALVETE.

Freshmen, 1922.—L. J. Bakewell, M. H. Britten, G. C. Burston, M. Clemons, E. R. Crisp, J. Cuming, A. C. Doggett, R. V. Eldridge, W. B. Fleming, R. R. Garran, T. Giblyn, G. Grimwade, K. Hardy, A. Hodgkinson, P. Jones, B. T. Keon-Cohen, L. E. Odlum, T. T. Reed, T. a'B. Travers, H. W. Traynor, F. R. Vincent, N. P. Wilson.



**VALETE.**

- Parker, C. G. B.—In Coll. 1916-21. VIII., '19, '20, '21; Athletics, '19; XVIII., '19; Social Club—Indoor Rep., '20; Sec., '21; Table Pres., '21.
- V. L. Rushton—In Coll., 1919-21; XI., '20, '21; XVIII., '20, '21; Social Club—Table Pres., '21.
- W. H. Moule—In Coll., 1919-21. Athletics, '19, '20, '21; XI., '19, '20, '21.
- M. C. Walker—In Coll., 1918-21. VIII., '19, '21; Social Club—Indoor Rep., '21.
- P. H. Dicker—In Coll., 1917-21. Social Club—Table Pres., '21; Hon. Sec. Dialectic Society, '21.
- F. H. S. Mair—In Coll., 1916, 1919-21. XVIII., '20, '21.
- T. A. B. Harris—In Coll., 1917-21. VIII., '19, '21.
- J. P. Blennerhassett—In Coll., 1919-21.
- N. V. Henderson—In Coll., 1919-21.
- K. L. Maxwell—In Coll., 1918-21.
- C. H. Adamson—In Coll., 1918-21.
- H. H. Perottet—In Coll., 1918-21.
- W. E. Hasker—In Coll., 1919-21; XI., 1919-20.
- K. M. Lawrence—In Coll., 1919-21. XVIII., '19.
- H. G. Robinson—In Coll., 1919-21.
- R. A. Must—In Coll., 1919-21.
- H. M. L. Murray—In Coll., 1920-21.
- K. M. Austin—In Coll., 1920-21.
- L. E. Le Souef—In Coll., 1920-21. Athletics, '20, '21.
- M. A. Buntine—In Coll., 1921. Athletics, '21; XVIII., '21.
- C. H. Z. Woinarksi—In Coll., 1921. VIII., '21.
- J. P. J. Colvin—In Coll., 1921.

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**JANET CLARKE HALL.****Salvete.**

Freshwomen, 1922.—M. Anderson, E. M. W. Ashton, M. Clark, M. Curdie, M. Henderson, E. M. Hendersoon, M. Nicholson, B. Plummer, M. Rosenthal, C. Ross B.Sc., (Sydney), E. Standish, J. T. Wilkinson.

**Valete.**

- H. Baird—In Coll., 1918-21. Sec. Social Club, '21.
- E. Carnegie—In Coll., 1917-21.
- B. Chittick—In Coll., 1919-21.
- J. Clemons—In Coll., 1921.
- M. Conder—In Coll., 1918-21.
- M. Cowen—In Coll., 1918-21.

- N. Green—In Coll., 1920-21. Tennis Four, '21.
- B. Hitchcock—In Coll., 1921.
- O. Noall—In Coll., 1919-21. Tennis Four, '20, '21.
- M. Ramsay—In Coll., 1919-21.
- H. Rayward—In Coll., 1919-21.
- J. Saltau—In Coll., 1918-21; Tennis Four, '18, '20.
- J. Slater—In Coll., 1921.
- K. Syme—In Coll., 1919-21.
- W. Tate—In Coll., 1920-21.

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**EXAM. RESULTS.****Exhibitions, December, 1921.**

- G. W. Leeper—Pure Maths. Part I., Chem. I. aeq.
- W. N. Muntz—Ancient History.
- R. R. Garran—Nat. Phil. I., Chem. I. (aeq.).
- N. G. Berriman—Latin II., Greek II. (aeq.).
- R. R. Sholl—Greek II. (aeq.).
- R. H. Keon-Cohen—British History II., and European History. Dwight Prize.
- G. F. Rusden—Surveying Part I.
- W. Miller—Hydraulics Part I. (aeq.).
- H. F. Stokes—Mechanical Engineering Part II., Engineering Design and Drawing, Part II.
- W. L. Carrington—Therapeutics and Public Health.
- A. Vincent—Botany II., Physiology I.
- H. Baird—Zoology.
- E. H. Coghill—Property and Contract.

**March, 1922.**

- F. B. Langford—Classical Philology.
- E. L. Gellatly—History and Political Science. Dwight Prize.
- H. R. Archer—Geology.
- N. V. Henderson—Law (aeq.).

**Degrees, 1922.**

- M.A.—P. H. Dicker.
- M.D.—K. H. Fairley.
- B.A.—M. J. Service, P. St. J. Wilson, M. A. Buntine, V. H. Williams, J. P. Blennerhassett, E. de J. Robin, F. B. Langford, D. G. Taylor.
- LL.B.—W. H. Moule.
- B.Sc.—B. W. Irvine.
- M.B., B.S.—R. T. Campbell, H. R. Hawkins, L. E. Le Souef, M. C. Curwen-Walker.
- Dip.Ed.—M. Ramsay, H. Rayward.
- Franc Carse Essay Prize—  
1921.—C. H. Murray.  
1922.—T. G. Lahey.



**BLUE PENCIL.**

The response to the repeated appeals of the Editor and Sub. has been fairly liberal. A good many articles have been cut out, partly owing to space, partly owing to quality. But we hope that these contributors will keep on trying, so that their efforts will reach a higher standard next year. Some articles were quite good, but not quite in our line; e.g., "Walking Tours" and "A Visit to Pentridge." We hope the writers of these two articles will write again next year. We thankfully acknowledge all contributions, as they reflect a good College spirit.

"The Art of Loafing."—We don't like to encourage that sort of thing, but quite enjoyed reading it. We are sorry for your "wife."

I.R.K.—Your puzzle was very interesting, and we quote a part of it here, for the benefit of our readers:

"Banjo, mandolin, steel guitar,  
Tolerated all may be;  
In hideousness exceeded far  
By the awful ukulele.  
Unmelodious ukulele!  
"Bitter foe to melancholy,  
Bringing in its place  
Ashen hues to face,  
Vainly torn hair;  
Its banging and swanging  
A source of agonised despair."

"Interested."—Your complaint has been remedied since you wrote.

"A Fresher's Lament."—Quite good, but hardly of general interest unless you let us into the secret.

"To Chapel with Meredith."—We like Meredith, but chapel has had rather a good innings this time.

"An Appeal Without Metre."—You were quite frank about it. So are we. Try it in prose.

"It Came to Pass in the Springtime."—Treated elsewhere.

"Confessions of a Tea-fighter."—Very delectable reading, but it would only put wrong ideas into the minds of the young. We won't break the seal of confession.

"The Sick Sky Pilot."—We couldn't find room for your efforts this time, but keep on trying. Don't stick too closely to your model, it cramps your style.

"The Exploits of Vilescent, the Famous Detective."—Try the "Sun."

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**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

"Melburnian" (2).

"Swan" (Guilford Grammar School).

"Platypus" (Tasmanian University Magazine).

"Pauline" (St. Paul's College, University of Sydney).

We are indebted to Rev. H. P. Finnis, of St. John's, Adelaide, for sending one of the missing copies for the Editor's file.







# THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE  
IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF MELBOURNE.

ARBUCKLE, WADDELL PTY LTD.  
:: :: PRINTERS :: ::  
20-22 MCKILLOP STREET  
MELBOURNE

### CONTENTS

#### Editorial

The first page of the magazine is a blank page, which is a common practice for many student magazines to allow for a message from the editor or a special announcement.

#### The Board

The board of the magazine is responsible for the overall direction and management of the publication. It consists of several members who meet regularly to discuss the magazine's content and operations.