

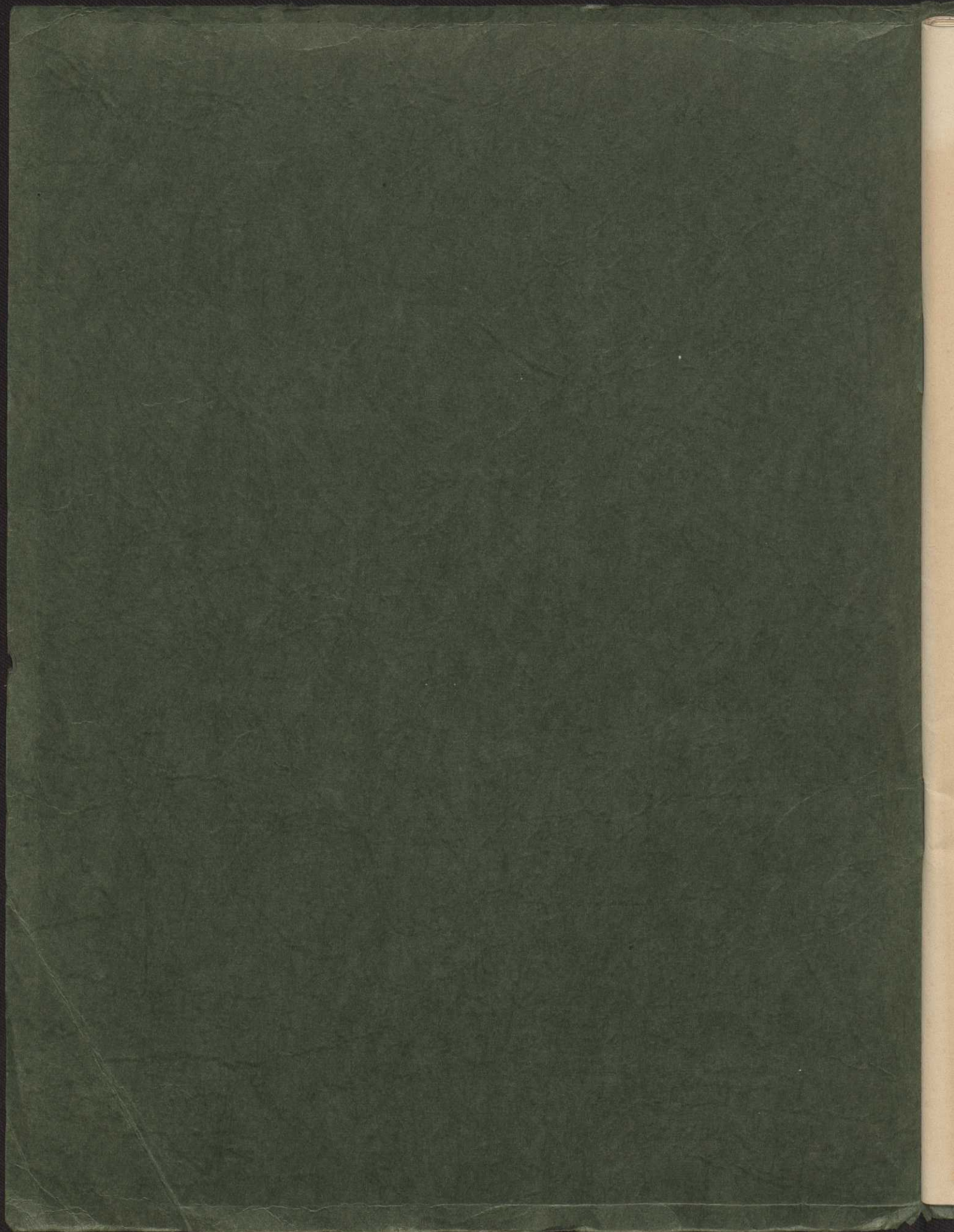
1935  
October




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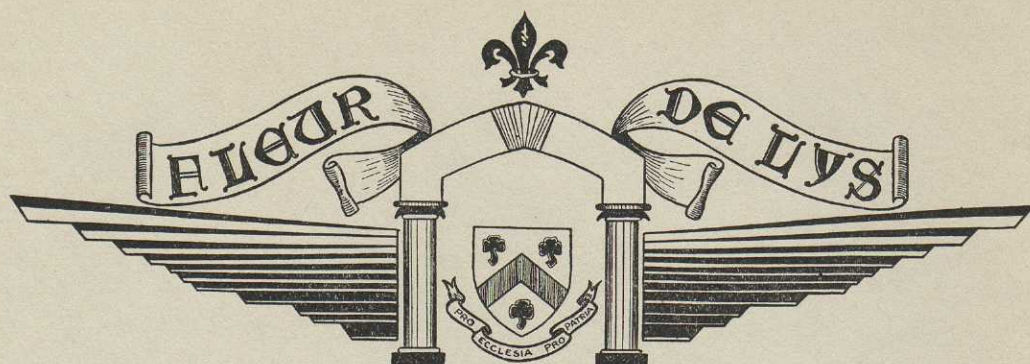


The  
Fleur-de-Lys

Vol. IV., No. 35

TRINITY COLLEGE  
MELBOURNE





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## Editorial

"The year is going; let him go," sang the bard, with true magnanimity signifying his acquiescence in the solar process. But in their context Tennyson's words mean more; they indicate a consciousness that the past has not been all that it might, and belief in a better future.

In the past four years of College life changes have been many, and it is perhaps a fitting time to consider gains and losses, if either have resulted. The new constitution, substituting for the rule of the Fleur-de-Lys Club government by the Warden, Dean and Tutors, with student committees and captains of teams, is now an accepted and generally acceptable fact. Some indeed lament the passing of Democracy, on the ground that members now have a less intimate and essential part in the life of the College. But the general feeling is that College business now occupies a more reasonable segment of the heavens, leaving members more time to devote to their own interests and also to College activities. Club politics and club business made exorbitant demands upon time and energy. Under the present system the majority of the College are happy, and gladly surrender the routine of administration and the small jobs incidental to it to those appointed to perform them, while they occupy themselves with matters more deserving of their time and energies.

Initiations have passed away with the briefest of obituaries, and seniority, as it was once practised, is rapidly sinking into an unwept grave. The two are closely connected, and were fundamentals in the old order. An unsigned article in the "Fleur-de-Lys" of 1930 contained the following paragraph:—

If every year twenty people drop into Trinity, off the street, as it were, there will be no substantial tie between them and the bulk of the College. They will not have the College outlook; they will both act and think in a way that is not Trinity's. Even among themselves there will be no community spirit, for they are recruited from quite a number of different schools. Only one thing can force them together: only one thing can bring them close to the rest of the College. That thing is common emotional experience. The more severe this is, the stronger its binding force.

The most obvious fallacies implied by this sort of attitude, which is the basis also of seniority, are three. Some respect for those who have given long and honourable service to the College is clearly due; but the last two years have not shown that unless freshmen are oppressed and isolated till they have "proved themselves" they will be ill-mannered and assertive towards their seniors. Precedence in Hall, telephone duty, and such traditions, are emphatically to be maintained. Freshmen must continue to demonstrate that they can be better maintained without segregation and hostility.



"Tradition" and "community spirit" are words which recur frequently in support of the old order. That these are most effectively fostered among newcomers to the College by forceful methods is, if nothing more, a patent error. Senior men can hand on the torch of tradition more quickly and safely if they mix in friendly fashion with those who are to receive it than if they insist upon a permanent gap between themselves and the recipients; while the segregation of freshmen, though it might enforce a dubious and temporary camaraderie among them, prevented a true community spirit in the College by dividing it into cliques according to years. This year's freshmen do not appear to have needed the assistance of "a common emotional experience" in their efforts to get to know one another.

Last, the belief that the newcomer should be compelled even to think "in a way that is Trinity's" is little short of monstrous. Surely the worth of a tradition is tested by its ability to stand up to new ideas and fresh points of view. Members of a body such as this best serve neither themselves nor the College by submerging themselves in the life they find and accepting without question the standards it has to offer. That members should regard the College as "no better than a boarding house" is obviously undesirable; but even that is preferable to an enforced and insincere "community spirit." In practice it is difficult to live even one year in an institution such as ours without acquiring an affection for the place and a strong sense of corporate life. But these are all the better for being spontaneous. A university is, after all, a place of education, and the community must not demand of the individual more than he is prepared to give, trusting rather that he will see the mutual advantage of giving freely.

Such are among the chief changes of the last few years. A superficial indication that they are not the advance guard of Decline is that in sport Trinity has done

certainly no worse, and in work very much better, than of yore. Working hard is no longer regarded as slightly scandalous. But there are other signs of the dawn of a new civilisation. The weekly practices have achieved a vast improvement in the Chapel singing, and surreptitious crooning of hymns and psalms has even been heard about the College precincts; an active music society has been formed, for the hearing and making of music; while the improved standard of the play, and its enthusiastic reception by the College, seem to indicate a worthier ambition in that direction. Generally, it appears that Trinity is preparing to take a more fitting place, no less as a nucleus of civilisation and culture than as a school of good fellowship. If so, a happier future awaits it; a future which we hope will demonstrate that freedom for individual interests is the essence rather than the negation of true community spirit, and that devotion and loyalty do not necessitate a vision circumscribed by the College walls.

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### OBITUARY

Thanks are due to the University Council for permission to print the two following notices from their records. The deaths of Sir John MacFarland and Dr. Sugden, who with Dr. Leeper formed the "great triumvirate" of the early days of our University and College life, coming so close together, are an incalculable loss to the University of Melbourne and the Colleges connected with it.

#### Sir John MacFarland

The Council places on record its profound regret and deep sense of loss through the death of its Chancellor, Sir John MacFarland.

Having as a man of 30 years come to Melbourne in 1881 as the first Master of Ormond College, he became a member of the University Council in 1886. He at once made his influence felt, and in 1902, when the University's finances and administration had fallen into a state of chaos,



he was the leading member of a committee which, with infinite labour and pains, restored order and put the University once more on a sound footing. This led to the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and he became the member of the Council with the most intimate knowledge of all aspects of University work and administration. From that time until illness incapacitated him towards the end of last year he was, first as Chairman of the Finance Committee, then as Vice-Chancellor, to which office he was elected in 1910, and then as Chancellor, to which he was elevated in 1918, the central authority in all matters of the University's administration. His practical wisdom, his unswerving singleness of purpose, his faculty of quick decision and his intimate academic knowledge, made him a leader in the Council's deliberations.

As Master of Ormond College, along with his great colleagues of Trinity and Queen's, he helped to establish the collegiate system in the University, profoundly believing that the interests of the University and of the Colleges were one. After 32 years, he retired from that office in the expectation of a less strenuous life, but that expectation was not, and, in a man so mentally active, could not, be fulfilled. It has been said that every student in College who came under his care has regarded him with life-long respect and admiration, mingled, it may be, with a little awe, but certainly with a great deal of love.

And the same can be said of everyone who came into contact with him as Head of this Council. If he was sometimes stern, he was always just; if he was decisive, he was wonderfully wise; if he was terse, he was definite; one knew exactly where he stood; and we forgot the little brusquerie of demeanour in our respect for the strength and prudence and unquestioned integrity of the counsellor, and the high, courageous, and withal sweet and gentle, character of the man.

His genius was essentially practical. With rare insight he saw what should be

done, but with rare commonsense he saw with equal clearness what could be done and straightway did it. We may say of him what a great historian said of a great Athenian: "A man whose natural force was unmistakable; this was the quality for which he was distinguished above all other men. By native genius, and with the least preparation, he was of all men the best able to see in a moment the right thing to be done." Those of us were fortunate who were able, in times of difficulty and distress, to call upon his sagacity and his kindness. Whatever the problem, it was a sound rule to "ask Sir John."

Few men in any community, and almost no man in this community, can have won such universal esteem. No evil was ever spoken of him, or could be thought of in connection with him; before him evil quailed. The greatest disciple of the greatest of the Greeks called his dead master "our friend, whom we may truly call the wisest, and the justest, and the best of all the men we have ever known." And many of us can sincerely say that of John Henry MacFarland.

#### Rev. Dr. E. H. Sugden

The Council desires to place on record its deep regret at the death, on July 22nd, 1935, of Rev. Dr. E. H. Sugden, Master Emeritus of Queen's College.

The Council recalls the great services which—along with his colleagues at Trinity and Ormond—Dr. Sugden rendered to the University as first Master of Queen's College (1888-1929). The three original Heads of Colleges laid the foundations of a sound collegiate system, adapted to the needs of a largely non-resident University. They made and kept their Colleges an integral part of the University, the home of the most vigorous life, intellectual, social and athletic, to be found in the University. Dr. Sugden's exceptional gifts of scholarship, imagination, tolerance and humour abundantly fitted him to take an active and distinctive part in this work. His interest in



games would alone have made him to the students one of the best-known figures in the University. The tradition of broad and humane scholarship which his literary work established has meant much not only to his Church and his College but to the University.

For many years Dr. Sugden was intimately concerned in University administration. A member of the Council from 1900 till 1925, his musical and literary interests found natural expression in such activities as the chairmanship of the Conservatorium Committee (1905-1925), and the first chairman of the University Press (1922-1925). He was a member of the Faculty of Arts, and for a time also of the Extension Board. He stood always for high standards of learning and culture, and he was one of the stoutest defenders of academic freedom. His wide interests and his Church connection brought him into close contact with many sections of the community, and he exercised for years one of the really effective cultural influences in Melbourne.

#### **Edward James Stock**

By the death of Mr. Edward James Stock, Trinity College has lost a most valued friend. He had given 39 years of service to the Council, and was thus its oldest member. For 35 years he had held the office of Honorary Treasurer, and his contribution to the College in that capacity was inestimable. He brought an expert knowledge to bear upon the financial affairs of the College when it was in dire need of such help. He gave his services freely and unstintingly, and disliked even to be thanked for them. No man stood higher in the estimation of the business men of the city than E. J. Stock. No man's advice was more frequently sought, no man's judgment more relied upon, and no man's help more generously given. A strong, modest, God-fearing man, a notable citizen, and an outstanding Churchman, he will be missed by many, and certainly by all who have to do with Trinity College.

#### **Clive Langlands**

Clive Langlands died on April 4th, 1935. He first entered College in 1916, but left shortly afterwards, at the age of 18, for the war, where he served with the Artillery until the armistice. On returning to Australia he again entered College and completed his medical course. One of the features of College life immediately after the war was the presence of those older men who had returned to finish their course, and their more matured outlook on things in general had a very lasting influence on their fellow students. He did a distinguished course at the University, and after a term as Medical Officer at the Melbourne Hospital he entered into general practice at Malvern. He was one of the most successful cricketers the College has had since the war, and his bowling was for many seasons a tower of strength both to the College and the University. Among his contemporaries he will always be remembered with affection and respect, and his death at such an early age has been a great shock to all of us.

#### **Sir Harrison Moore**

Though Sir Harrison Moore's official connection with Trinity College did not commence until, a few months after his resignation from the Chair of Law, he was elected a member of the Governing Body, from a much earlier stage he exercised unofficially a profound influence upon the course of College policy and administration. As far back as 1922, when proposals for the re-organisation of the endowment funds were under consideration, he gave invaluable help in shaping the new line of policy; the arrangements for the formation of the Trinity College (Melbourne) Trusts Corporation—in which the major part of the funds is now vested—took their present shape largely as a result of the criticisms and suggestions which he put forward in a private consultative capacity. Again, in 1926, when a sharp controversy arose upon the question whether, under the terms of the



Crown Grant, the College could, in accordance with the practice which had been deliberately adopted in 1870, lawfully continue to admit to the benefits of residence and education within its walls any but Anglican students, a solution was ultimately reached as the direct consequence of an opinion delivered by Sir Harrison Moore and the late Mr. R. H. Gregory upon a case submitted to them on behalf of the Trustees under the Grant. In their joint opinion Sir Harrison and Mr. Gregory indicated that the legality of the practice was open to serious doubt, and, inasmuch as numerous benefactions had in the past been accepted by the Governing Body in the faith that its legality could not be questioned, the College must either be prepared to face the possibility of forfeiting these endowments or obtain from Parliament legislation which authoritatively settled the issue in the affirmative. The outcome was the enactment of the Trinity College Act, 1927, which, in its original form, was drafted by the authors of the joint opinion just referred to, and in its final form provided that the Crown Grant should be construed as though it were and had at all times been lawful to admit students to the College without distinction of religious belief. By this measure the perpetuation of the liberal policy which had been enunciated in the first prospectus of the College was for all time assured. Finally, when in 1928, consequent upon changes in the composition of the Council which came hard upon the enactment of the Trinity College Act, 13 co-opted seats were established, Sir Harrison Moore was chosen one of the first group of co-opted members. During the years which followed he took a leading part, first in shaping the broad outlines of proposals for the incorporation of the College under a Warden and sixteen Fellows, then in drafting the details of the Statutes embodying these proposals, and ultimately in guiding their passage through the Council. All who served with him upon the Governing Body set high store upon the wisdom and judgment, and the knowledge of problems of College policy and government which he made available to

the Council during this critical period, and felt unqualified admiration for the skill, patience and tact which he displayed, most notably as Chairman of Committee, while the bill was being discussed in detail. He regarded the draft Statutes as a most important piece of work, and spared himself not at all in the discharge of a responsibility which made a heavy demand upon a man of his physique and temperament. To the College his passing is a grave, perhaps irreparable, loss.

To write of his personal qualities is a task of special difficulty. To those who knew him words alone must seem inadequate, if not a mere impertinence. To those who did not know him no words, however happily chosen, can give a living picture of so rare a personality. There was about him something elusive, which it is impossible to capture and describe. To compile a catalogue of his outstanding qualities—his innate kindness, his ever-generous estimate of the abilities of others, his readiness at all times to make allowance for their failures, combined with his stern censure of anything that was crooked or unclean, his whimsical humour, his quick sympathy and withal a certain agelessness which enabled young and old alike to look upon him as their own contemporary—is merely to add detail to detail and leave the essential thing unsaid. As well might one seek to make clear to others the beauty of some precious stone by recounting the particulars of its colour, size and weight.

I have a memory crowded with vivid recollections of Sir Harrison extending back over the last thirty-five years—every one of them a singularly happy recollection upon which there is no single shadow. There are few indeed of whom any man can say such a thing as this.

#### **Sir Richard Stawell**

Over 50 years ago Richard Rawdon Stawell entered Trinity College. Quiet, diffident, and precise, like his father, Sir William Stawell, before him, yet personality and a fearless love of truth gradually forced him to the forefront.



An infinite capacity for taking pains, which is close akin to genius, marked his career at College, and the University, and in everything he undertook.

In athletics he led a brilliant tennis four, and together with a small coterie of fellow-students in the Social Club and the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys, he helped to lay well and truly the foundations upon which after generations have built up the traditions which rule our College life.

For a long course of years he was an active member of the College Council, in which sphere his judgment proved invaluable.

In the medical profession Sir Richard Stawell attained great eminence. He raised the clinical teaching at our hospitals to a standard unknown before his day.

At the war his work has been highly praised. The climax of his life seemed to have been reached when his confreres sought to give him the highest honour in their power by electing him President of the British Medical Association for this notable year. But their wish was not attained; his strenuous career was suddenly cut short. However, in the life of Trinity College, in the medical world and in the community generally, he has left his mark.

A master has fallen, and not only Australia, but the Empire, is the poorer for his loss.

**Alexander Wigram Allen Leeper, C.M.G.,  
C.B.E.**

died on January 25th, 1935, after a long illness, aged 48 years. He is survived by his widow and one child. The passing of Allen Leeper in the prime of life, and height of his fame, came as a great shock to his many personal friends in Melbourne and to former students of Trinity.

But the loss is nation wide, as a brief survey of his truly brilliant career will show.

He was the elder son of the late Dr. Alexander Leeper, first Warden of Trinity College, Melbourne University.

His early education was at Melbourne Grammar School, and in 1904 he entered upon a brilliant academic career at Trinity College. In his first year he gained first class Honours and Exhibitions in both Greek and Latin, Part I.; next year, first class Honours and a half share of the Exhibition in Classical Philology; in his third year he graduated B.A., with first class Honours and gained the Scholarship in the Final School of Philology and also the H. B. Higgins Scholarship for the Study of Poetry.

He then entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he gained first class Honours in "Greats."

One writer truly says that his career now reads like romance. "He and his younger brother, Rex, also a former student of Trinity, who is now First Secretary at Warsaw, were discovered during the war, when they were working in Lord Gleichen's Intelligence Bureau in London. Their extraordinary linguistic abilities and their still more astounding knowledge of South European politics made them indispensable to the Foreign Office, and, though they never passed the usual examination, all the barriers were removed to admit them!"

The writer further comments that "they must have known every political 'plotter' in London. Venizelos, Take Jonescu, Trumbitch, Benes, all the leaders of the unknown nationalities flocked to their rooms, glad to find someone who could understand their language and present their views to the Foreign Office.

"Even the Communists came within their ken, and Litvinoff, Rothstein and Chicherin were always willing to unburden their souls to them."

After very distinguished service on the British Delegation to the Paris Peace Conference, 1918-20, and Lausanne, 1920-23, Allen Leeper was appointed Second Secretary in the Foreign Office and



assistant private secretary to the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston. In 1924, he was promoted to first secretary. He was then seconded for work in the Australian Prime Minister's Department in Melbourne, under Mr. Bruce, when many of us renewed our early friendship.

In 1924-28 he became First Secretary to His Majesty's Legation in Vienna. He then was appointed as foreign affairs tutor to Prince George, now Duke of Kent. At the time it was stated that "His Royal Highness could hardly have a better mentor, for in addition to being a brilliant linguist, Mr. Leeper has a professional knowledge of foreign affairs."

Continuing his work, he was appointed in August, 1933, a Counsellor in the Foreign Office, a position similar to that still held by his younger brother, Rex.

Let us close this description of an all too short but brilliant life by returning to his earlier days as a student of Trinity College, Melbourne.

Though Allen Leeper was of a quiet and unassuming disposition, yet he always played a full part in the life of the College, and his influence was felt throughout the College.

He was a member of the Dialectic Committee for two years, and won the President's Medal and the Fleur-de-Lys Prize for Oratory; also the Bromby Prize for Biblical Greek. He was Editor of the Fleur-de-Lys Magazine, and in his last year he was on the Tennis Sub-Committee, and, with W. Miller, won the Doubles Championship.

Though mourning for the untimely loss of such an able and well-beloved son, Trinity may well be proud of the fact that that early life of promise which began within her halls developed into one of such brilliant and successful service to the Empire at large.

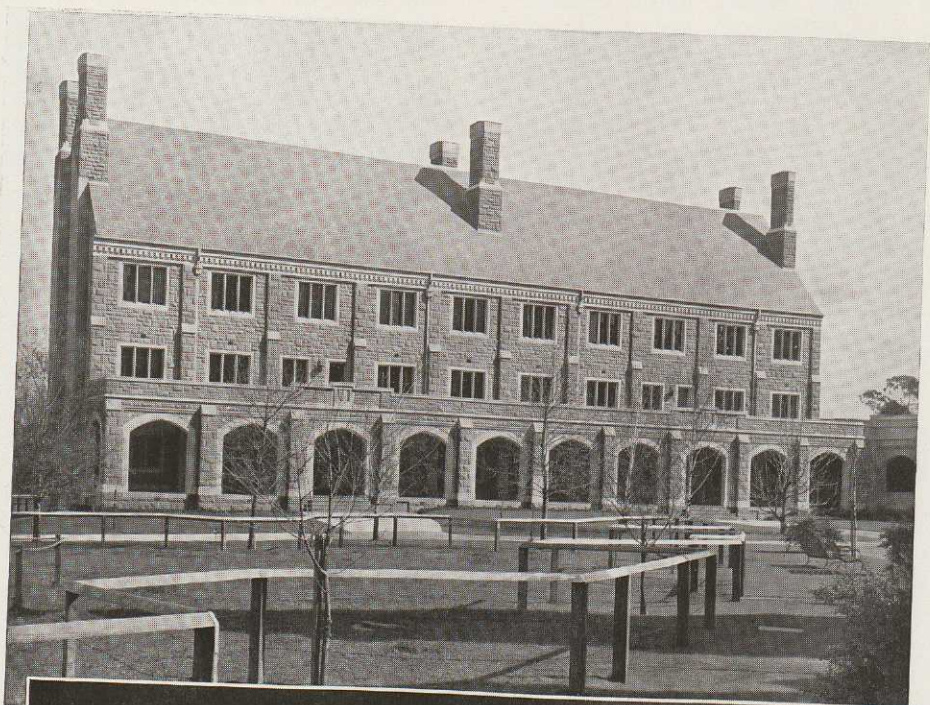
E. R. W.





THE BEHAN BUILDING, FROM SYDNEY ROAD.





THE BEHAN BUILDING



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## COLLEGE NOTES

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**Students' Club**

President: J. G. Mann.  
 Hon. Secretary: M. R. Ham.  
 Hon. Treasurer: R. L. Gilbert.  
 Secretary of Sports Club: J. E. Lewis.

**Common Room Committee**

The Dean; J. G. Mann; R. L. Gilbert;  
 M. R. Ham; J. E. Lewis

**Finance Committee**

The Dean; J. G. Mann; R. L. Gilbert;  
 M. R. Ham; J. E. Lewis.

**Sports Committee**

The Dean.  
 Athletics: J. E. Lewis.  
 Cricket: T. R. H. Clark.  
 Football: F. R. H. Macdonald.  
 Tennis: F. D. Stephens.

After having been lost in oblivion for a number of years, the War Memorial has at last found a worthy place among the photographic records of the College in the billiard room. The Memorial takes the form of photographs, suitably mounted, arranged round the carved wooden crest above the fireplace.

The end of second term saw a notable event when the Warden's usual end of term dinner was made the occasion of saying farewell to J. G. Mann, the Rhodes Scholar of 1935, as well as an occasion to do honour to the teams of the year. A most conspicuous event was made even more so by the presence of Professor Scutt, and by fierce rivalry between F. D. Stephens and the Warden in recounting personal experiences.

Owing to the enterprise of a few ardent enthusiasts, a College golf tournament was held at Commonwealth Golf Links in the second week of third term.

Amazing enthusiasm was shown, the Bulpadok for the week previous being a tumult of whirling golf clubs. For a time it looked as though the pasture would disappear completely. The actual tournament was conducted with the very best of spirits, and although the golf was not of a very high standard, every circumstance conspired to make the event a success. The College Championship was won fairly comfortably by D. C. Pope, who played very steadily to lead the field in both morning and afternoon rounds.

On the invitation of the Warden, a number of old Trinity men who came over from other States for the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association had lunch in the Hall on one or other of the last three days of the Conference week. They very much appreciated the opportunity of renewing personal contacts dating back in some instances for many years. Among practitioners who are settled in Melbourne a very large proportion had so many other engagements that it was impossible for them to accept the Warden's invitation, but some few were able to take part in these gatherings and meet visitors from other States.

The visitors from other States were: Professor Harvey Sutton (Sydney), Dr. Harry Gilbert (Adelaide), Dr. Frank Gill (Perth), Dr. D. M. McWhae (Perth), Dr. Leslie Le Souef (Perth), Dr. S. F. McDonald (Brisbane).

Among "locals," the following may be mentioned: Dr. Alan Mackay, Dr. Shirley Francis, Dr. Geoffrey Owen, Dr. John Shaw, Dr. Cecil Tucker, Dr. Harry Furnell, Dr. Edward White, Dr. Kenneth Cross, Dr. W. W. Lempriere, Dr. G. M. Haydon, Dr. Keith Fairley, and Dr. Basil Kilvington. Apologies and regrets were received from many others.



In conclusion, we have to congratulate the following on inclusion in University teams:—

Cricket: C. M. H. Clark, F. R. H. Macdonald.

Rowing: C. P. Sherwood, F. T. A. Foster (emergency).

Football: I. C. C. Galbraith.

Rifles: S. L. Townsend.

Further congratulations are due to I. C. C. Galbraith on his inclusion in the Victorian Amateur Football Team.

### TWO DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

We reprint the following from the report of the College Council for 1934-35:

"A year which would in any case have been a noteworthy one in the history of the College was made even more memorable by the presence of two distinguished visitors. Some months previous to the opening of the Centenary Celebrations His Majesty the King expressed the wish that H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, when he came to the University to receive an honorary degree, should be entertained informally at lunch at one of the Colleges. The University authorities referred to the Heads of the four Colleges the decision of the question which College should receive His Royal Highness, and it was agreed that this honour should fall to Trinity as the senior College in point of foundation. The luncheon accordingly took place in the College Hall on Wednesday, November 7th, after the conferring of the degree. The other distinguished visitor was the Poet Laureate, who, with Mrs. Masefield, spent the first ten days of his stay in Melbourne at the Warden's Lodge as the guest of the Warden and Mrs. Behan. His presence at Trinity was a source of pride and delight to members of the College. His wonderful personality was an inspiration to all who had so exceptional an opportunity of coming into contact with him; he and Mrs. Masefield left behind them not only a very pleasant memory but a deep and abiding impression."

### VALETE

L. E. Parker; J. E. Romanis; H. W. H. Andrew; J. M. Piercey; L. Langmore; A. T. T. Daglish; J. E. Newton; B. F. G. Apps; E. R. A. Wilson; S. A. Sewell; J. D. Millar; J. R. Stawell; L. A. Langley.

### SALVETE

Badger, G. M.—Science II.  
Banks, W. J. C.—Arts I.  
Barker, W.—Medicine I.  
Blamey, T. R.—Law III.  
Cameron, D. R. M.—Medicine I.  
Connell, W. F.—Arts I.  
Crombie, A. C.—Science I.  
Deasey, R. H.—Arts I.  
Fell, S. F.—Commerce I.  
Fleming, D. W.—Medicine I.  
Galbraith, I. C. C.—Science II.  
Hall, W. J. K.—Law I.  
Hamer, R. J.—Law I.  
Kimpton, D.—Arts I.  
Leach, J. S.—Arts I.  
McMillan, R. B.—Commerce I.  
Patrick, J. F.—Arts I.  
Pope, D. C.—Medicine I.  
Selleck, H. F. H.—Arts I.  
Shaw, A. G. L.—Law I.  
Thornborrow, J. O.—Science I.  
Voumard, L. C.—Arts I.  
Williams, G. H.—Arts II.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS

(Including Janet Clarke Hall)

#### COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1935

A. M. White Scholarships—Charlotte M. Anderson, Margaret M. Henderson, D. R. Leslie, J. M. McMillan, M. R. Thwaites, A. T. Smith.  
Charles Hebden Scholarships—C. M. H. Clark, H. F. H. Selleck.  
Charles Hebden Bursary—R. L. Gilbert.  
Henry Berthon Scholarship—R. J. Hamer.  
R. & L. Alcock Scholarships—W. F. Connell, D. J. Shale.  
Clarke Scholarship—A. G. L. Shaw.  
Perry Scholarship—S. J. Leach.  
F. L. Armytage Scholarship—P. J. Parsons.  
Mrs. L. L. Lewis Scholarship—Anna Dane.  
Florence Colles Stanbridge Scholarship—Phyllis R. Crozier.  
Florence Hawdon Chambers Memorial Exhibition—Emily F. M. Stephenson.



Council's Scholarships—Mary A. Whitehead, Eder A. Lindsay, Yvonne Aitken, Kathleen W. Badger, Heather M. G. Jones, Margaret J. Rylah, Vivienne R. Silcock, Marian R. Wilson, Phyllis E. McDonald, Kathleen K. Blackwood, Kathleen L. Brumley, Winifred M. Burrage, R. B. McMillan, H. P. Brown, J. A. Gibson, G. M. Badger, N. C. Carroll, A. N. Fraser, R. L. Hodge, F. M. Robinson.  
 Kew Studentship—D. C. Kimpton.  
 Henty Studentship—G. H. Williams.  
 Richard Grice Studentship—A. P. B. Bennie.

### CLASS LISTS

(November and December, 1934, including Medical and Dental Examinations held during the year)

- Greek, Part I.—M. R. Thwaites (1st Class).  
 Latin, Part I.—M. R. Thwaites (1st Class); H. P. Brown, N. C. Carroll, Hilma D. Lodewyckx (2nd Class).  
 English Language and Literature, Part I.—M. R. Thwaites, Hilma D. Lodewyckx (2nd Class).  
 French, Part I.—Hilma D. Lodewyckx, N. C. Carroll, Lesley Vincent (1st Class), Alison J. Botterill, Mary C. Breen (2nd Class).  
 German, Part I.—Hilma D. Lodewyckx (1st Class).  
 British History B—Merrill P. Colebrook, Phyllis R. Crozier, C. M. H. Clark (1st Class), I. D. Mackinnon (2nd Class).  
 Mixed Mathematics, Part I.—T. S. Moffatt (2nd Class).  
 Ancient History—C. M. H. Clark, Phyllis R. Crozier (1st Class), Merrill P. Colebrook, Janet F. Dixon, H. H. Speed (2nd Class).  
 Greek, Part II.—G. B. Kerferd (1st Class).  
 Latin, Part II.—G. B. Kerferd (1st Class).  
 English Language, Part II.—Kathleen W. Badger (1st Class); A. P. B. Bennie (2nd Class).  
 English Literature, Part II.—A. P. B. Bennie, Kathleen L. Brumley (1st Class), Kathleen W. Badger (2nd Class).  
 French, Part II.—Honor M. S. Good, Grace Martin, J. A. Gibson (2nd Class).  
 German, Part II.—J. A. Gibson (1st Class).  
 Political Philosophy—T. H. Timpson (2nd Class).  
 Advanced Logic—T. H. Timpson (2nd Class).  
 Comparative Philology—G. B. Kerferd, J. G. Mann (1st Class).  
 British History, D—A. P. B. Bennie (2nd Class).  
 Economic History—E. R. A. Wilson (1st Class), Margaret J. Rylah (2nd Class).  
 Economics, Part I.—H. P. Brown, Margaret J. Rylah (1st Class), Helen M. McCulloch (2nd Class).  
 Constitutional and Legal History—T. R. Blamey (2nd Class).  
 Education—Mollie G. Wells (1st Class), Maude K. Deasey (2nd Class).  
 Natural Philosophy, Part I.—Nancy L. Gent, J. S. Smith (1st Class).  
 Chemistry, Part I.—T. S. Moffatt, Nancy L. Gent, T. P. Gill (1st Class), D. Rutter (2nd Class).  
 Botany, Part I.—Phyllis E. McDonald (2nd Class).  
 Zoology, Part I.—Phyllis E. McDonald (1st Class).  
 Physiology, Part I.—Charlotte M. Anderson (1st Class), Nancy J. Hayward (2nd Class).  
 Botany, Part II.—Charlotte M. Anderson (1st Class).  
 Bacteriology, Part I. (Science Course)—Charlotte M. Anderson (2nd Class).  
 Jurisprudence, Part I.—R. L. Gilbert (1st Class); I. D. Mackinnon (2nd Class).  
 Law of Wrongs (Civil and Criminal)—T. R. Blamey (2nd Class).  
 Law of Contract and Personal Property—T. R. Blamey (2nd Class).  
 Constitutional Law, Part I.—R. L. Gilbert (1st Class).  
 Natural Philosophy (Medical Course)—A. N. Fraser (2nd Class).  
 Chemistry (Medical Course)—G. F. Salter (2nd Class).  
 Zoology (Medical Course)—A. N. Fraser, L. B. Witts, H. C. Pope (2nd Class).  
 Botany (Medical Course)—A. N. Fraser (2nd Class).  
 Anatomy (including Histology)—B. L. Hellings, D. R. Leslie (1st Class), Kathleen K. Blackwood, J. L. Gild, Jean A. Hutchings (2nd Class).  
 Physiology—B. L. Hellings (1st Class), D. R. Leslie (2nd Class).  
 General and Special Pathology with Bacteriology—J. G. Brown (2nd Class).  
 Medicine (including Clinical Medicine)—W. T. Agar (1st Class), Rona M. Panting (2nd Class).  
 Surgery (including Clinical Surgery)—W. T. Agar (1st Class), Rona M. Panting, Mary J. Heseltine (2nd Class).  
 Obstetrics and Gynaecology—Mary J. Heseltine (1st Class), W. T. Agar (2nd Class).  
 Graphics—J. S. Smith (1st Class).  
 Strength and Elasticity of Materials—T. S. Moffatt (1st Class).  
 Surveying, Part II.—K. S. Black (2nd Class).  
 Second Year Bachelor of Music.—Heather M. G. Jones (1st Class).  
 First Year Bachelor of Dental Science—R. N. McMullin (1st Class).  
 Agricultural Entomology, Part I.—Winifred M. Burrage (1st Class).  
 Agriculture, Part II.—Eder A. Lindsay, Yvonne Aitken (2nd Class).  
 Agricultural Chemistry—Eder A. Lindsay (2nd Class).  
 Agricultural Botany—Eder A. Lindsay (1st Class), Yvonne Aitken (2nd Class).  
 Agricultural Entomology, Part II.—Yvonne Aitken (1st Class), Eder A. Lindsay (2nd Class).  
 Agricultural Biochemistry—Margaret J. Dann (1st Class), P. S. Lang (2nd Class).

### FINAL HONOURS

December, 1934, and March, 1935

- Classical Philology—J. G. Mann (1st Class).  
 History and Political Science—E. R. A. Wilson (1st Class), Margaret Lawrence (2nd Class).  
 English Language and Literature—Elsie M. Hill, H. M. A. Soilleux (1st Class), Lorna M. M. Mitchell, Elwyn A. Morey (2nd Class).  
 Latin and French—Margaret Knight (2nd Class).  
 French and German—J. M. McMillan (1st Class).  
 English and Latin—J. W. Stubbs (2nd Class).  
 English and French—E. W. J. de Steiger, Joan M. Gardiner (2nd Class).  
 Laws—R. L. Stock (2nd Class).  
 Mechanical Engineering—K. S. Black (2nd Class).



**EXAMINATION FOR HIGHER DEGREES,  
ETC.****Master of Science**

Natural Philosophy—W. N. Christiansen (1st Class).

**Diploma of Gynaecology and Obstetrics**

E. A. C. Farran.

**ANNUAL EXAMINATION—MEDICAL  
COURSE, DIVISION IV.**

March, 1935

Medicine, including Clinical Medicine—Sydney Sunderland (1st Class), N. V. Youngman (2nd Class).

Surgery, including Clinical Surgery—Sydney Sunderland (2nd Class).

Obstetrics and Gynaecology—Sydney Sunderland (1st Class), S. L. Townsend (2nd Class).

**UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS,  
EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES**

(Annual Examination—November, 1934, including Medical and Dental Examinations held during the year)

M. R. Thwaites—H. B. Higgins Exhibition in Greek, Part I.; John Grice Exhibition in Latin, Part I.

Hilma D. Lodewyckx—Baillieu Exhibition in French, Part I.; Exhibition in German, Part I.

G. B. Kerferd—Exhibition in Greek, Part II.; Exhibition in Latin, Part II.; Half-share of Exhibition in Comparative Philology.

A. P. B. Bennie—Half-share of Edward Stevens Exhibition in English Language, Part II. and English Literature, Part II.; Half-share of Alexander Sutherland Prize in English Language, Part II., and English Literature, Part II.

J. A. Gibson—Half-share of Exhibition in German, Part II.

T. H. Timpson—Hastie Exhibition in Advanced Logic; Exhibition in Political Philosophy.

J. G. Mann—Half-share of Exhibition in Comparative Philology.

Phyllis E. McDonald—First Brunning Prize in Botany, Part I.; Georgina Sweet Exhibition in Zoology, Part I.; Baldwin Spencer Prize in Zoology, Part I.

Charlotte M. Anderson—Exhibition in Physiology, Part I.; Half-share of E. F. Millar Exhibition in Botany, Part II.

R. L. Gilbert—Sir George Turner Exhibition in Jurisprudence, Part I.; John Madden Exhibition in Constitutional Law, Part I.

B. L. Hellings—Exhibition in Anatomy (including Histology); Exhibition in Physiology.

J. S. Smith—Half-share of Howard Smith Exhibition in Graphics.

T. S. Moffatt—Herbert Brookes Exhibition in Strength and Elasticity of Materials.

Heather M. G. Jones—Ormond Exhibition in Second Year Bachelor of Music and Third Year Diploma of Music.

Eder A. Lindsay—J. M. Higgins Exhibition in Agriculture, Part II.; Half-share of James Cuming Prize in Agricultural Chemistry; Exhibition in Agricultural Botany.

Margaret J. Dann—Half-share of James Cuming Prize in Agricultural Bio-Chemistry.

R. N. McMullin—Second John Iliffe Scholarship in First Year Dentistry.

Helen M. McCulloch—Chamber of Commerce Exhibition in Economics, Part I.

**FINAL AND FINAL HONOUR  
EXAMINATIONS**

December, 1934, and March, 1935

J. G. Mann—Half-share of Final Honour Scholarship in Classical Philology.

Elsie M. Hill—Dwight's Prize in English Language and Literature.

W. N. Christiansen—Professor Kernot Research Scholarship in Natural Philosophy (1935).

K. S. Black—Dixson Research Scholarship in Mechanical Engineering.

J. E. Newton—J. T. Seward Prize in Senior Operative Dentistry; One-third share of John Iliffe Scholarship in Fifth Year Dentistry.

**ANNUAL EXAMINATION—MEDICAL  
COURSE, DIVISION IV.**

March, 1935

Sydney Sunderland—Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship in Medicine (including Clinical Medicine); Fulton Scholarship in Obstetrics and Gynaecology; Jamieson Prize in Clinical Medicine.

**SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.**

J. G. Mann—Wyselaskie Scholarship in Classical and Comparative Philology.

J. M. McMillan—Half-share of Wyselaskie Scholarship in Modern Languages (German); Half-share of Higgins Prize for Poetry.

J. I. Hayward—Alwyn Stewart Memorial Scholarship in Medicine.

Q. B. Gibson, M.A.—Bartlett Research Scholarship in Philosophy.

D. G. Taylor, M.A.—Bartlett Research Scholarship in Commerce.

Florence V. Murray—Margaret Catto Scholarship in Zoology (1933).



## TWO GENTLEMEN OF TRINITY: An Elizabethan Fragment

Rudiarus: may be translated "Old Boy."

Famigerator: translatable only into the vernacular.

Scene: The College Oak.

(Enter Rud., followed by Fam.)

Rud.: These walls and precincts after many months  
Once more I visit (sees Fam.). But stay, an I mistake not,  
Famigerator, 'pon my word!

Fam.: 'Tis he.  
'Tis he indeed. Nor squint nor meddlesome gnat  
Blears your veracious vision, Rudiarus.  
What would you?

Rud.: News, good friend. How fares the College?  
Pray you, retail such light and skipping gossip  
As may without just censure be repeated.  
'Tis long since I heard aught.

Fam.: The Elliott Boors—

Rud.: (aside): Good! "Elliott Boors."  
Oh, famous good, i' faith!

Fam.: In contest watery and otherwise  
Did sport them as of old. The Common Room,  
Tastefully decked by Mrs. Ryall and staff,  
Thrice cleared and garnished, thrice received a throng  
Of dancers gay—

Rud.: Here let us crack the jest,  
The accustomed one 'bout no one on the floor.

Fam.: Unfitting quite. Since Superintendent Ham,  
So rhythmic and mellifluous a band  
Had hired, each foot was set immediate jigging,  
His own not least.

Rud.: Proceed.

Fam.: The College Ball—

Rud.: At the Palais held?

Fam.: St. Kilda—likewise proved  
Triumphant in th' extreme, a feast of colour,  
Beauty, youth, joy, and sandwiches; wherein  
Our secretaries, Stephens and Mackinnon,  
Earned high and merited praise.

Rud.: Their worth is patent  
As any medicine bottled. I was there.

Fam.: Indeed? And the play also—saw you that?

Rud.: I did, and, on my oath, vastly enjoyed it.  
A worthy play, full of strange turns and humours,  
And worthily enacted. Chief, one Banks  
Of aspect ghastly, beard horrific, black,  
Curled my coursing blood. And the producer,  
Was he not Crisp?







Rud.: Aye.

Fam.: Rumour reports  
Destruction shall o'ertake them presently,  
And in their place the Dean's new house be built.

Rud.: And the cows? Shall they—oh, what sweet sound is that,  
As of a gramophone that needs some winding,  
Or quiring angels slightly off the note?

Fam.: "Slightly" last week were understatement gross.  
It is the Musical Society.  
Weekly they sing, in parts; and, I have heard,  
Greatly delight therein, and grow proficient;  
One Martin 'tis instructs them.

Rud.: He, men tell me,  
Likewise the Chapel singing, woeful once,  
By devious care, cunning contrivances,  
Hath notably bettered.

Fam.: 'Tis so, and we do thank him.  
Much he hath done to quell cacophony,  
And more will do. But is there aught else of gossip  
You crave? I must away.

Rud.: First tell how fares  
The Wooden Wing?

Fam.: Shade of its former greatness!  
It is but sparsely populated. More,  
Freshmen possess entirely Lower Clarke's,  
As fish the teeming ocean, stars the heaven.

Rud.: Or grubs an apple. Pray you, pardon me,  
For I was reared in older days than this,  
'Mid customs different.

Fam.: That may well be so.  
All's change. No umbrelliferous Morbidus,  
No honest Thum, your generation knew.  
But you've known supper fights in Upper Bishops,  
And will excuse me now.

Rud.: Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest. (Exit Fam.)  
I, too, must off—(looks at his watch)—  
There's nothing makes one later  
Than visiting once more the Alma Mater. (Exit Rud.)



### RHODES SCHOLAR

At the end of Second Term the College said good-bye to Mr. J. G. Mann, Senior Student during the past year and Rhodes Scholar for 1935. Mr. Mann came up from Corio with an A. M. White Scholarship in 1932, and during his four years in Trinity more than lived up to the reputation he had won for himself at school. Among other things, he took a First in Classical Philology, won a Wyselaskie Scholarship, and played cricket and football for the College. But a full catalogue of his achievements would be out of place in these columns; we can only affirm our confidence in the selection committee's judgment, and wish their choice the success he deserves. Balliol's gain is Trinity's loss. Mr. Mann is the twelfth member of the College to win a Rhodes Scholarship.

### THE PLAY

Extract from an intercepted letter:—  
 . . . . . And now, after so much irrelevant chatter, for the Play. Oh, I know what you're saying; you're saying, "Please don't bother. I've been to dozens of the things, and they're always the same; you go feeling pessimistic and come away being tactful. No; don't tell me about it." Well, you're wrong this time. The Trinity Play of 1935 was not only a signal exception to an almost infallible rule, but was actually the outstanding event of the year. People were audible, gestures were natural and convincing, the voice of the prompter was softer than that which breathed o'er Eden, and the excitement of a difficult play was brilliantly sustained to the end. Its title was "Libel," and it was by Edward Wooll.

The College has had the assistance of good producers in the past, but there is no question that full marks must go to Mr. Crisp. Thanks to him the players avoided over-acting and under-acting; they succeeded in being natural without being themselves. There was a smoothness about the production, too, that was

almost professional. As for the theatre, well this year social considerations were offered up on the altar of Art and Charity, and—strange gods though these are in Trinity—the sacrifice was met with its due reward. The Garrick may not have the intimate boudoir atmosphere of the Melba, but it is comfortable, its seats are soft and don't squeak—which gives one a chance to alternate, as it were—and its stage allows the actors to swing the proverbial cat without incommoding each other.

Comparisons, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, are odious—especially when the general standard is high; but few will cavil if the bun which is the reward of all good boys is awarded to Messrs. McMillan, Smith and Ellis. The first of these, as the so learned judge, had a past to live down (only a term before he had been posturing as Cinderella), but in this he succeeded quite triumphantly. Few actors have so meticulously discarded the tricks which have brought success in the past, and no judge has ever discoursed more delightfully to a jury. Mr. Smith and Mr. Ellis, as the leading counsel, the one pompous and bland, the other acid and excitable (who will ever forget the gesture with which he consigned his fumbling junior to perdition?) were equally effective. Rod Barrett and Honor Good had difficult parts as Sir Mark and Lady Loddon. It is no mean feat to appear convincingly distracted through three whole acts, but both achieved it. Even more remarkable was the performance of Numero Quinze, known in private life as Wm. Banks, whose appearance sent a sigh through the audience like wind through standing corn, and who continued to tear at our heart-strings until he did his final pathetic shamle to the wings—a wonderfully sustained piece of work. It was indeed thoughtful of the author to counterbalance this infliction on us with a comforting lump of comic relief, adequately provided by John Leach, Helen McCulloch, Blue (or miraculously enough, Harold) Steward and Finlay Patrick, whose striking costumes and variegated accents were





**J. G. MANN.**  
Victorian Rhodes Scholar, 1935.





Quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae  
Tempora di superi?

Horace Odes IV. viii.

XXX  
II



a great popular success. It has since occurred to me that it was rather box-office of Mr. Wooll to bring a French doctor, a Canadian with a public school veneer and another with no veneer at all, and a Cockney street-walker together in a play about an English baronet; but perhaps I am wrong, and perhaps coincidences of this kind do occur within the grim pur-lieus of the law.

I almost forgot to explain my remark about charity. The entire net proceeds of the two performances, which were of course witnessed by distinguished and appreciative audiences, were devoted to the Union Building Fund. It might surprise you to know that they amounted to £80, and could have been two or three times as much had the show been attended in anything like reasonable numbers by the extra-Collegiate fraternity. Still, it was their loss—and it is their Cafeteria; if they like eating in it, let them. As far as Trinity was concerned, a good time was had by all.—

Yours ever,  
CYCLOPS.

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#### DIALECTIC SOCIETY NOTES

President: The Warden.

Vice-President: Mr. C. D. Wiseman.

Secretary: A. P. B. Bennie.

Committee: J. G. Mann, J. Voss-Smith, F. F. Thonemann.

Eight meetings of the society were held during the year. An attempt was made to choose very general subjects, that the society might have a wider appeal, and become an instrument through which members might express views upon the major issues of life. Consequently there was a great variety of speakers. We could wish that those who spoke once or twice had attended more frequently and made of the society a more flourishing institution.

Trinity was represented in the Inter-Collegiate Debating Contests by F. F. Thonemann (leader), A. P. B. Bennie, and H. H. Speed, but was defeated in both debates. An unsuccessful attempt was made to induce Ormond to enter the competition.

The awards showed that F. F. Thonemann had won the President's medal for Oratory, and R. L. Gilbert the Leeper prize. The Wigram Allen essay prize was shared by F. F. Thonemann and Finlay Patrick.

At the annual elections Mr. Wiseman was re-elected vice-president, while F. F. Thonemann was elected secretary, with A. P. B. Bennie, D. C. Jackson and J. M. McMillan on the committee.

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#### MUSIC SOCIETY

Early in second term some attempt to provide for aesthetic needs in the College was made in the formation and formal constitution of a Music Society.

It was hoped to organise the musical talent, of which there is some in the College, albeit latent, into a society which might sing a little, play a little, and listen to good music well played.

Accordingly, singing sessions are held in the Common Room every week, and small spaces of time are snatched every now and then to play the instruments together, while several excellent recitals of recorded music have been given.

The singing has been most successfully conducted by Mr. A. W. Martin, who graciously consented to assist in the enterprise; and, despite the fact that there is no crooning, this branch has gained considerable support. The singing in parts of sea chanties and similar popular melodies has been excellent, even at this early stage. The orchestra, a small company as yet, has been rather more secretive in its activities, but is nevertheless a fine and, we hope, healthy child. It meets when—and plays what—it can. Professor Bernard Heinze has given substantial support, morally and in the form



of music. Our concerts so far have all been of recorded music, for which we are indebted mainly to the Warden, who in his official capacity as patron has proved most zealous in his connection with the society. Such concerts are to be regular features of our activities, and have perhaps more universal appeal than either singing or instrumental work.

The future of the Music Society is in the lap of the gods. As far as we have gone, we have been most successful, despite apathy in certain quarters, but only time can show whether the infant, which grows apace, will come to a happy maturity.

The success of an orchestra in the College necessarily depends very much on chance, but there appears no reason why organised singing, once started, need ever languish, and even less reason why people should not continue to gather together to hear good music.

### THE CHAPEL

The chapel ornaments have been augmented this year by a pair of candlesticks presented by Canon E. S. Hughes, and by a silver box for wafers presented by Mr. F. D. Cumbrae-Stewart, a former secretary of the Guild of the Sanctuary.

The candlesticks, each about four feet high, are exact replicas in brown of a pair dating from the sixteenth century, in St. Mark's, Venice. Ruskin is said to have praised them as the finest of their kind produced in the Italian Renaissance. Our pair was made during the war, when there was a risk of St. Mark's being

bombed. We are very thankful to Canon Hughes' generosity as a past student of this College.

The box given by Mr. Cumbrae-Stewart contains the wafer breads placed on the credence table before the service of Holy Communion, from which the wafers are taken and consecrated as our Lord commanded in His service. We thank the donor for his continued interest in the chapel, for which he did great work while in residence in Trinity.

Singing in chapel at the beginning of the year was very bad, as usual. Our efforts have been directed to better purpose, however, by the able coaching of Mr. Albert Martin, organist of Christ Church, St. Kilda, who has taken singing practice for some months with great success. We have made a few hesitant efforts to sing the glorious melodies of Blessed Gregory, but their unfamiliarity has been an obstacle. We have appreciated the services of Mr. Marshall at the chapel organ. His accompaniment has been truly helpful to singing and worship.

The attendances at the Terminal Corporate Communion have been good. Thanks are due to Old Boys in Holy Orders—Revs. F. L. Oliver, A. E. Winter and E. K. Leslie—for their assistance.

It has also been a cause of thanksgiving that the attendance at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist on Sundays and week-days has been slowly improving. The quiet dignity of the chapel service and the reverent assistance of the voluntary servers is doing much to enrich the spiritual life of the College.



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## SPORTS NOTES

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### Cricket



For those immediately concerned, it was a keen disappointment that we did not succeed in winning the cricket championship this year. It is the second year in succession in which Newman have defeated us, but the considerable improvement of Trinity cricket during the last few seasons, coupled with the experience we have gained in these defeats, gives us every reason to believe that we should be strong contenders for the distinction next year.

During third term last year, which is really the most valuable time for practice, Colin Keon-Cohen, our coach, displayed his customary enthusiasm in offering us his services. Great keenness was displayed at this stage, because with nearly all of last year's team coming back to College, and the report that two or three good freshmen were coming into residence, it was realised that we had a good chance of success, if everyone did his share. In the long vacation we played practice matches against Wesley, Scotch and Melbourne Grammar, each of which was at once valuable and enjoyable.

In the first round of the Inter-Collegiate matches we met Ormond, and the following side was chosen to represent

the College. T. R. H. Clark (capt.), F. R. H. McDonald (vice-capt.), C. M. H. Clark, B. F. S. Apps, I. C. Galbraith, R. J. Hamer, J. S. Leach, J. G. Mann, H. D. Steward, J. Voss Smith, L. B. Witts.

Winning the toss, we sent Ormond in to bat on a soft wicket. It was not a difficult wicket, but Inter-Collegiate teams invariably fail on soft wickets, whether tricky or not. We dismissed them for the modest total of 100, chiefly through the steady bowling of Steward, Witts and Clark. It was pleasing to see a great improvement in the fielding, which was really good; one of the catches taken by Leach was brilliant.

We did not make a very confident opening, as at stumps the score was 4 for 48. On the following morning we succeeded in passing their score, mainly through the very solid batting of C. M. Clark. As rain interfered with play for the rest of the match, we won on the first innings.

In the final we met Newman, who had one of the strongest sides fielded in Intercollegiate cricket during the last ten years. Two changes were made in our team. F. D. Stephens and I. D. MacKinnon replaced Mann and Apps. Again Trinity had the good fortune to win the toss and batted on a perfect wicket. Misfortune overtook us early, as Steward received a nasty blow over the eye and had to retire. Witts and C. M. Clark began steadily, but with 62 on the board Witts was bowled by Doyle. Unfortunately, McDonald failed to get a start, but Leach batted very soundly with C. M. Clark till the score reached 201. With 3 wickets down for 201, and an excellent wicket the College was in a position which should have been made unassailable. However, there was a drastic collapse, and the side was all out for 294,

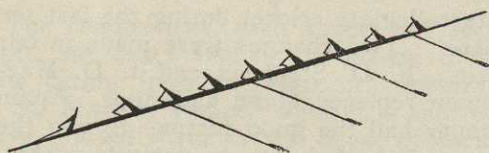


of which C. M. Clark contributed 184. His was a magnificent innings, including shots all round the wicket. When necessary, as at the opening of the innings, he defended solidly, and at the other stages of the innings he was very forceful, with occasional flashes of neat strokes. He had absolute control of the situation from the time he commenced his innings till he was dismissed. Doyle and Gillespie both bowled well, taking four wickets each.

Newman began shakily, losing three wickets cheaply, largely due to the good bowling of Witts. The next day was a black one for Trinity. Newman played very solid cricket, and before we were able to return to the wickets they had scored 546. Doyle and Peters both scored centuries, each worthy of our congratulation. Our poor fielding at this critical stage was the deciding factor in our defeat.

In our second innings, C. M. Clark again displayed ability in his score of 83, while F. D. Stephens showed some of his "old time" dash in compiling 55.

Newman won the match by an innings and nine runs. We take this opportunity of offering them our congratulations in winning the cricket championship.



## Rowing

In reviewing the Boat Club's activities during the last year it is perhaps well to ask ourselves how much real rowing is done outside the few weeks' training for the Intercollegiate boat races.

It is the foremost aim and duty of the Boat Club to set and maintain Trinity Head of the River, but no member of the

Boat Club is worthy to be called an oarsman if he considers his work is done when the race is over. It is the duty of every rowing man to keep alive the rowing spirit in the College, and to ensure that it will be kept alive in the future, and he can only do this by continued hard practice rows under experienced coaches, undertaken because he revels in his sport and seeks always to make himself more proficient. The man who has nothing to learn is of no use to us.

It was to foster this spirit that Dr. Murray presented the Murray Challenge Cup, which was competed for by two eights on Elliott Fours day, after about three weeks' enjoyable training. The winning crew was: I. D. Mackinnon, bow; N. G. Molloy 2; G. E. Fell 3; N. C. Carroll 4; R. E. Stephens 5; C. P. Sherwood 6; F. A. Foster 7; D. C. Jackson str.; L. A. Langley cox.

It is worthy of note here that the Elliott Cup itself was originally presented for a similar purpose, and it was only in comparatively recent years that Trinity imitated other Colleges and instituted the present form of contest.

Last year we succeeded in selling the old Fleur-de-Lys, and by the generosity of the club were able to order a new racer. This was completed early this year by Jerram, and is a beautiful boat, built to our coach's design, and fitted with swivel rowlocks. The boat has proved very stiff, with a beautiful run, and is a joy to row. She was christened "Fleur-de-Lys" by Mrs. R. H. Keon-Cohen on the day before the races.

Towards the end of last year we were further cheered by the news that a generous Old Boy had donated a second eight, and this has been built on the lines of practice boats in use in New South Wales—best and best with fair beam. She is fitted with swivel rowlocks, and has proved a very comfortable boat to row.

Early in February five men began training for the maiden eights at Ballarat.



and Barwon regattas. We would like to thank those extra-collegiate oarsmen who so sportingly rowed with us. The crew was unsuccessful, but the experience and training proved of great value in view of the short time available for training for the Intercollegiate races. The College crew was again coached by Mr. Russell Keon-Cohen, assisted by Dr. K. M. L. Murray, who, with only four weeks to go, nevertheless produced a crew well up to the standard of previous successful crews, despite the handicap of illness in the later stages of training. The crew selected was finally seated as follows:—

|                             | st. lb. |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| D. C. Jackson (bow) .....   | 10 2    |
| T. B. C. Patrick (2) .....  | 11 0    |
| A. N. Fraser (3) .....      | 12 0    |
| I. C. Galbraith (4) .....   | 12 5    |
| D. R. Cameron (5) .....     | 12 9    |
| F. T. A. Foster (6) .....   | 12 3    |
| R. E. Stephens (7) .....    | 12 7    |
| C. P. Sherwood (str.) ..... | 11 12   |
| B. Nixon (cox) .....        | 8 10    |

We met Newman on the first day in a cruel head wind, to which, however, our style was suited, and we won by some lengths.

Despite our hopes, the weather did not hold for the final, when we met Ormond in a flat calm. They jumped away from us at the start, and by the big bend had nearly two lengths lead. At this point, however, our crew began to draw up, and responding splendidly to an increased rating, treated the crowd on the banks to a splendid finishing spurt, but were beaten by about two-thirds of a length. The Trinity oarsmen congratulated Ormond on a fine race.

The second eight were coached by Mr. Whitney King, who had better material to work with than usual. They trained well and keenly, and we had great hopes in them also. It was a disappointment that a bloomer was made in getting the crews away at the start, but the Seconds

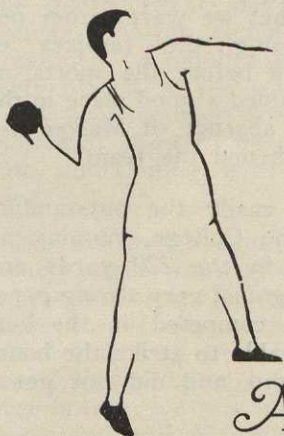
are to be congratulated on a good race and finishing second to Ormond. The crew was as follows:—

|                             | st. lb. |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| J. F. Patrick (bow) .....   | 10 10   |
| H. C. Pope (2) .....        | 10 3    |
| R. N. Clarke (3) .....      | 10 6    |
| D. W. Fleming (4) .....     | 10 11   |
| J. S. Elder (5) .....       | 11 0    |
| S. Fell (6) .....           | 11 0    |
| P. J. Parsons (7) .....     | 10 7    |
| P. J. Robinson (str.) ..... | 10 2    |
| L. A. Langley (cox) .....   | 8 1     |

We have in College this year material such as has been denied us for many years, but what we need is experienced oarsmen. With the boats and coaching now available it is hoped that men will set about remedying that defect.

In an old "Fleur-de-Lys" there is to be found an echo of the golden age of Trinity rowing—a song sung in the days of those giants of the nineties. The tune, alas, is lost to us, but the words ring in the heart of every Trinity oarsman:

"Swing, swing, pull her along,  
Send her to victory steady and strong.  
So to the end may there ever be seen  
First on the river, the old Dark Green."



## Athletics

Our report this year is once more a disappointing one. Athletics in Trinity seem in a bad way. The run of failures appears to have sapped the general interest of the College, which in turn leads inevitably to further failures. We can



only hope to win the Cato Shield by bringing to our task, not natural ability only, but a keen and general enthusiasm.

As far as the personnel of the team is concerned, no complaint can be made on these grounds. The amount of steady training carried out under the most dismal weather conditions was most gratifying. The pity is that this band of enthusiasts is so small. It is interesting to note that more than half of the team are freshmen. While this is encouraging for the future, it is a sad commentary on the athletic interest of the College in general. We feel sure that many other members of the College, possibly through false modesty, are hiding quite adequate lights under a bushel.

It was early apparent that Newman had the strongest Intercollegiate team seen for many years, and with Ormond much weakened, it appeared very probable that the Cato Shield would change hands for the first time in eighteen years. Newman showed that rumour was for once correct by winning comfortably with 92 points to Ormond's 50. We congratulate them most heartily on their victory. Queen's (16) and Trinity (14) provided a very close struggle for third place. We cannot but feel that we were rather unfortunate in losing the services of McDonald a week before the sports, as he should have gained a good place in the high jump. The absence of Mason also considerably weakened the team.

Thwaites was easily the outstanding performer for the College, running an excellent second in the 220 yards and third in the 100, against very strong opposition. He also competed in the long jump, but was unable to strike the board until his last jump, and did not get a place.

Molloy's third place in the mile was due to previous hard training and unlimited determination. This result was most gratifying to everyone, as he has always set a very high standard of keenness.

Voumard also trained very hard, and thoroughly deserved his place in the half-mile. Galbraith and Thornborrow performed well to be placed in the 440 yards and weight putt respectively.

We have most heartily to congratulate M. R. Thwaites on winning the Old Boys' trophy for the second year in succession.



## Football

As is usually the case at the beginning of the season, we were hopeful. It is a long time since Trinity last won an Intercollegiate football match, let alone the whole competition, but any freshman would, of course, be able to give the precise year. Suffice it to say that the passage of time has somewhat blurred our memory of that radiant and blissful day.

Dr. Furnell again was good enough to spare us some of his valuable time, and came up here as often as he could, thereby doing much to teach us such system as we afterwards showed in our match with Queen's. To him we are particularly grateful. The Dean, too, was most enthusiastic, and his advice and criticism, after watching our practice matches, was most helpful, for it is impossible for anyone playing in a match to have the same broad impression of both good and bad moves as may be gained by a spectator.

There was plenty of discussion as to the merits and demerits of individuals, and several radical changes were made in the placing of the side before the team seemed to settle down and work with some sort of precision. Then, again, when



things seemed to be going well injuries would conspire to keep men out of the practice matches for one or two weeks, all too long for the short period at our disposal. To crown these misfortunes, Leach, who had been showing exceptionally good form, was unfortunate enough to tear a leg muscle the week before our match with Queen's, and so was prevented from playing.

The team finally selected was:—

Backs: S. F. Fell, D. R. Leslie, D. W. Fleming.

Half-backs: T. R. H. Clark, I. C. Galbraith, J. G. Mann.

Centres: M. R. Thwaites, T. S. Moffatt, H. C. Pope.

Half-forwards: L. B. Witts, C. M. H. Clark, N. C. Carroll.

Forwards: D. C. Pope, F. R. H. Macdonald, R. J. Hamer.

Followers: H. D. Steward, J. O. Thornborrow.

Rover: A. P. B. Bennie.

Wednesday, July 10th, the date of the match this year, was the last of a series of four or five perfect winter days, and conditions were ideal for football, save for a stiffish breeze blowing across the ground from the north. It was the breeze in combination with a good display of fast, open football by the Queen's team during the first fifteen minutes of play—when they scored three goals before we started—which lost us the match. The effect of the wind was to force the ball into the forward pockets on the south wing, from which position scoring was almost an impossibility, except towards the close, when the breeze had died down.

As indicated above, we were slow off the mark in the first quarter, and although our backs defended strongly our forwards seemed to be listless. Our ruck work, which had appeared weak in practice, was the most encouraging part of our early display, and indeed the rucks kept up the good work throughout the match.

After we had recovered from our slow start, we settled down to much better football, but from then on, although we continued to hold Queen's, we could not make up the leeway. The Queen's forwards were decidedly better than ours, Mason-Cox, their full forward, kicking 8 goals. Otherwise the teams were evenly matched and the game throughout was interesting.

The final scores were:—

Queen's, 12 goals 8 behinds (80 pts.).

Trinity, 7 goals 6 behinds (48 pts.).

Goal-kickers. — Queen's: Mason-Cox (8), Holmes (2), Cook, McCutcheon. Trinity: M. Clark (3), Macdonald (2), Hamer, D. Pope.

## SECOND XVIII. FOOTBALL NOTES

Trinity College football can never drift into the doldrums so long as there is an enthusiastic Second XVIII. This year's team, although not extraordinarily scientific, managed to finish with a better record in Intercollegiate matters than the Firsts.

At the beginning of the season, the veteran Ham was elected captain, with the gentle Prent and the snappy Melbourne follower McNuts as his right-hand men. A number of practice matches were played, in the course of which the team was moulded from a collection of individual stars to an organic constellation, functioning with clockwork accuracy.

For the match against Queen's, particularly rigid training was adopted, and it was an inspiration to followers of the game to see the methodical manner in which this was carried out. The match itself was a triumph of football sense over brawn; we ran out easy victors. Dr. Townsend and Mr. Foster played their usual strong game, while Messrs. Gibson, McMullin and Barker performed as Titans. As usual, the Dean was the best man on the ground, but owed much of his success to the remarkable co-operation and co-ordination of the team.



The final match was played about a fortnight later, against Ormond, and although our men shone above the Presbyterians, the latter managed to sneak a victory after an enthralling and breathless match. With such a team as ours, it is invidious to mention individual players, but on this occasion Corriss Barrett, like his brother Ironsides in the early 30's, played a spectacular game, and won the House Cup, which he later drained without drawing a breath—a magnificent feat.

Dr. Townsend astounded the huge gallery by not only taking a mark, but also by kicking a goal—both actions taking place within the space of one minute. All the players again were outstanding above their fellows and opponents; and the result of the match merely illustrates the truth of the old maxim: "You cannot count your chickens before the worm has turned."

M. R. H.

### THE ST. MARK'S TRIP

The first week of the vacation was brightened by the visit of 19 St. Mark's College gentlemen, who arrived on the first Sunday, and were all billeted at Trinity. The keynote of their visit was informality. The Dean was the leader of a very smart golfing set which catered for those who liked this diversion. Numerous carloads also were trundled around the Dandenongs from time to time. Another popular trip was to Carlyons, where the University team were staying.

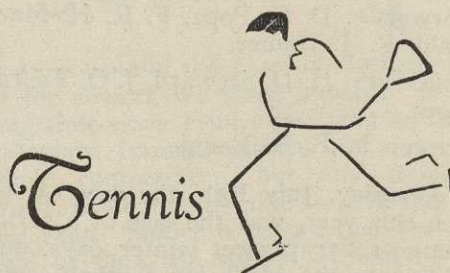
On the Wednesday night there was a Common Room dance at Trinity. Although Trinity men were conspicuous by their absence, the function was very successful, and there were no complaints, at any rate from the student body.

The climax of the trip, the football match, took place on the Thursday. A well-contested match was won by the veteran, Bill Baudinet, and his St. Mark's Crow Eaters. The morale of the visitors was tested that night at the Intervarsity Ball, which went off swimmingly.

A few haggard souls were seen next day, and piled on to the Adelaide train. Wacker Dawe, with his flair for the dramatic, timed his arrival with the train's departure, and was hoisted on just in time by a howling mob of friends. Thus ended a very enjoyable week, in fact, an "extra sweet roaster," to use our visitors' own idiom.

But the success of these visits really depends on co-operation among College men, and this was sadly lacking on this occasion. Practically all the entertaining was done by about 10 members of Trinity, a thing which our visitors could not help noticing, and was not to the credit of the College.

M. R. H.



Amidst the rousing cheers of ten or twelve ardent but wind-swept supporters the same four stalwarts—Stephens, Ham, Parsons and Gibson—took the court to represent Trinity against Newman in the Intercollegiate tennis.

The wind blew at 10 a.m.; and the wind blew at 4 p.m.; and the wind was a howling northerly. The tennis, therefore, was not of the highest standard. Several sparks of brilliance, however, broke the monotony of the morning's play. Stephens and Ham, facing Newman's first and third representatives, McLean and Lynch, with the knowledge of two earlier defeats of the day, fought hard and defeated their opponents in a manner worthy of Trinity men. Gibson and Parsons did not show their best





**TENNIS FOUR, 1935.**

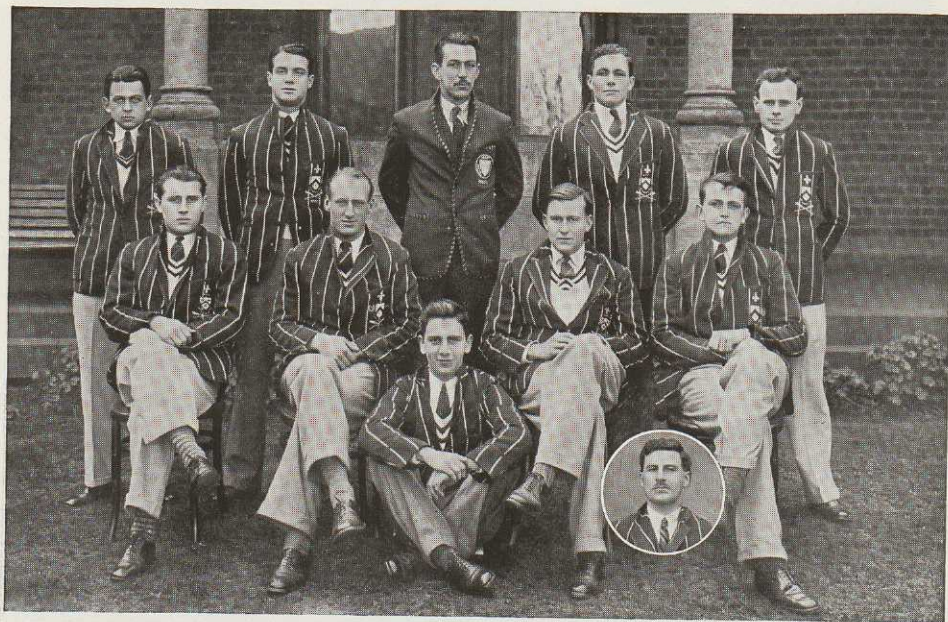
J. A. Gibson   P. J. Parsons   M. R. Ham   F. D. Stephens (Capt.)





**CRICKET XI., 1935.**

Standing—I. D. McKinnon; J. G. Mann; J. Voss Smith; I. C. C. Galbraith; R. J. Hamer; J. S. Leach.  
Sitting—H. D. Steward; F. R. H. Macdonald; T. R. H. Clark (Capt.); C. M. H. Clark; L. B. Witts.



**THE CREW, 1935.**

Standing—T. B. C. Patrick; I. C. C. Galbraith; R. H. Keon-Cohen (Coach); A. N. Fraser; D. C. Jackson.  
Sitting—F. T. A. Foster; C. P. Sherwood (Capt.) R. E. Stephens; B. R. M. Cameron.  
In front—B. Nixon.  
Inset—Dr. H. M. L. Murray (Coach).



form in the morning, owing chiefly to the anger of the tempest, but also to the guile and experience of their opponents.

At lunch, the matches were even. Trinity, as hosts, urged their guests to consume large quantities of fruit salad and cream; but to no effect. The first match after lunch, Stephens, Parsons v. McLean and Riorden, appeared at first to be very one-sided, the first set being 6-0 to Trinity. The next two sets, however, went to Newman, although every point was fought out to the bitter end, and the sets won by narrow margins. Score: 6-0; 4-6; 4-6.

The second pair were defeated in three sets, again by McLean and Riorden, but the tennis was much improved on the morning matches.

Stephens and Parsons won their second match in two sets, and the result of the day was: Newman 5 matches; Trinity 3. All the players enjoyed the match, and we congratulate Newman on their win.

Ormond defeated Queen's in the first round, and subsequently defeated Newman also. The Cup thus went to Ormond again, and we congratulate them also.

Next year, however, without Stephens, but with the help of Dr. Clive Fitts, as coach, we trust that the Tennis Cup will be gracing the wall of the Trinity dining hall.

#### Scores

Stephens v. McLean: 6-4; 6-4.  
 Parsons v. Riorden: 0-6; 1-6.  
 Ham. v. Lynch: 6-2; 6-4.  
 Gibson v. Mornane: 4-6; 3-6.  
 Stephens and Parsons v. McLean and Riorden: 6-0; 4-6; 4-6.  
 Stephens and Parsons v. Mornane and Lynch: 8-6; 6-1.  
 Gibson and Ham v. Mornane and Lynch: 5-6; 6-4; 1-6.  
 Gibson and Ham v. McLean and Riorden: 4-6; 4-6.

#### THE BEHAN BUILDING

On Saturday, 23rd March, in the presence of a large assembly of friends and supporters of the College, the new residential wing was formally opened. The service was conducted by the Archbishop, and we were also privileged to have with us the Premier, Sir Stanley Argyle. The building has been fittingly named the Behan Building, and is a lasting testimony to the devotion and energy of the Warden on behalf of the College. Its completion adds greatly to the appearance and facilities of the College, giving it more privacy and a greater appearance of architectural unity.

The Warden in his speech reminded his hearers that the completion of the new building was no more than the first step in a far wider scheme for the College, to the achievement of which he confidently looked forward. After detailing the plans for this he continued:

"It is upon the fact that to-day we inaugurate a new era of development that I desire principally to dwell. To-day you are witnessing something of much greater moment than the dedication of a new building—for this building is at once the result and the standing proof of something vastly more significant. The ceremony in which you are taking part is the symbol of the change which has come over the position and prospects of the College, and equally of the change which has taken place in our conception of collegiate life."

He then gave a brief summary of the early history of Trinity and the ambitions for it of its founders; and explained why it had been decided that the buildings in the new scheme should be constructed solidly and for all time.

Owing to rain, his speech had to be curtailed, but it is well to print below the chief reason for the use of stone in the new building.

"If it be suggested that the cost of building in stone, which represents the



most striking difference between the old and the new, may prove to be a definite obstacle to the realisation of our architectural conceptions, I reply that stone is the only material appropriate to buildings on this model; and I have long since propounded to myself a practical solution of the problem involved in the unavoidable increase in cost. I propose to leave nothing undone to set up a substantial fund, which will be subject to an inflexible trust, requiring the capital to be kept intact until the entire scheme is completed. Income received from the investments of this fund will be accumulated for successive periods varying in length as circumstances dictate, and devoted, under the trust, to the sole purpose of defraying the difference of cost between building in brick and building in stone whenever benefactors come forward with donations for some significant extension of Trinity College."

The Warden closed on a more personal note, with the words: "You will have realised, without my saying it, that for me this is not only a proud but a very happy day. For your sympathy on this occasion, which is demonstrated by the very fact of your presence, for your recognition of the wisdom of waiting through all the long years until the dream that I had dreamt could be realised precisely as I had dreamt it, I am most truly thankful."

### THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION

An account by the Warden of the proposed constitution appeared in "The Church of England Messenger" of September, 1934. After an outline of the history of the College, stressing the invaluable work of Dr. Leeper as its first Warden, the article continues:—

Trinity reached its present state as a "one-man" institution. From its very foundation undivided executive authority has, of necessity, been vested in the Warden. It is impossible for an external Council, however it be constituted, to exercise effective direction of the affairs

of the College. Even during the early days, when the College was about half its existing size, control by an individual was not always conducive to its welfare. Despite its increase in size during recent years, and its development in many directions, having no connection with the mere question of size, its Head is called upon to discharge functions which, in a well-governed institution, ought to devolve upon as many as four or five executive officers. Such an arrangement is not right, nor fair—either to the Warden, or to the Council, or to members of the College. It is not fair to the Warden because he carries a burden of responsibility far too great for any one man to bear. It is not fair to the Council because their only regular contact with the affairs of the College is through the Warden, who, like any other man, is liable from time to time to commit errors of judgment. It is not fair to members of the College because decisions affecting their life and interests have ultimately to be taken by a body whose personnel is not, and cannot be, in vital contact with the men in residence. Most significant of all, it is not fair to Trinity College because it is not well that its fortunes should depend upon a combination of qualities for a single office which could rarely be found in one man, and which one man, though he possessed them all, could not exercise in an evenly balanced and effective manner. I have dwelt upon the factors which contributed to the initial success of the College. I was most fortunate in the fact that my predecessor in office combined in himself just those qualities which enabled him to shape aright the activities of the College at the formative and consequently decisive stage of its history. It is my unshakable conviction that the practically unlimited authority which he bequeathed to me must come to an end. During the 17 years of my tenure of the Wardenship the original arrangements have continued, despite unceasing efforts on my part to effect a radical alteration. By and large I have omitted no single opportunity of attaching to the resident Tutorial Staff men with whom I might share some significant portion of my responsibilities, be-



lieving as I do that the services of men qualified to discharge executive duties, in addition to undertaking teaching work, are necessary to the due development of Trinity College. I have failed to bring about a revolution in the internal management of the College so urgently to be desired; that failure has been due simply to the fact that the conditions essential to success were lacking. The merely pecuniary inducements which I had it in my power to offer to candidates for appointment, were such that it was a most difficult matter to secure a man competent to serve the College in both an executive and a tutorial capacity. Where the search was successful, no sooner had the man in question gained the experience and the knowledge of Trinity which were necessary to make of him a valuable officer, than he found a more attractive post which opened up the prospect of a permanent career, and so was lost to the service of the College. This outstanding problem and the failure, under existing conditions, to discover a satisfactory solution, provide the key to the explanation of the new proposals. As the result of those proposals the Warden will be divested of a large part of his authority; instead of wielding powers tantamount to those of an autocrat he will, in effect, become a limited monarch. The position now proposed for him is aptly described in the draft Statutes as one of "general superintendence" over the affairs of the College. Many of the powers now exercised by him will be transferred to a body of sixteen persons, of whom eight will ultimately live in constant touch with members of the College, and in relation to whom the Warden will be merely **primus inter pares**. That body, in its turn, will act upon the advice of smaller groups—the Educational Committee in matters affecting the instruction to be given to students, and the Board of Finance in matters affecting the power of the purse; the members of these smaller groups will be in close contact with all matters affecting the questions committed to their charge. Parenthetically I should observe that, under the existing dispensation, the

Warden is the only member of the Council who has an opportunity of gaining an adequate knowledge of every phase of College finance. Were he, at any time, to commit a grave error of judgment, the consequences might be most damaging to the College, and the fact that the error had been committed would not become apparent until the damage had passed beyond repair. Finally and above all, under the new regime, the College will, by reason of the improved status and permanent prospects which it will be in a position to offer, most assuredly attract to its staff men qualified in all respects to serve upon the several bodies for which provision is made in the new Constitution; and the mode of their election will insure their being men of precisely the required stamp. Naturally the transition from the old to the new will be an extended operation. No sudden break is either possible or contemplated. We shall have to proceed by easy and well-considered stages; it is for this reason that elaborate provisions are incorporated in the draft Statutes for making up the full tale of sixteen Fellows by the original nomination of five Supernumerary Fellows. Their replacement by Stipendiary Fellows, which will raise the number of the latter to the maximum of eight, in all probability will not be completed within 15 or 20 years—so far-reaching are the safeguards provided in the draft upon various aspects of the problem of transition.

The main purpose of the new Constitution being what it is, there is matter for surprise in the fact that, in certain quarters, it should be affirmed that the immediate design is to create for the present Warden a new position as dictator of Trinity College. The truth is exactly the reverse.

. . . . .

Since the War the scale of remuneration for tutorial work has increased greatly. This has fortunately been counterbalanced by substantial endowments; but in addition many new degree courses have been added to the University curriculum, and the scope of the old courses has been much extended. This



affects the College system in two distinct ways. First: The greater number of subjects taught at the University involves a substantial increase in the number of University lectures and demonstrations; the demand consequently made upon the time of students, who in many courses are expected to keep a certain number of attendances, means that they have little or no time left in which to avail themselves of College tuition. Second: The University has established a system of tutorial classes the scope of which is being steadily extended. In each of its two phases this expansion of the activities of the University has, for the future of the College, a grave implication. Students who, under the old conditions, would have come to Trinity almost as a matter of course, are not infrequently confronted with the definite problem whether they can afford the time for College work; more than that, in those departments where the University now provides tutorial classes, the student may be content with what the University offers and look upon College tuition as a luxury which he can forego. To state this new position is a sufficient demonstration of my previous assertion that the College cannot simply remain in a static condi-

tion. The new position manifestly demands a fresh examination of the problem—"What is to be the future function of the College?" Should we be supine, should we be content slavishly to adhere to old ideas, nothing is more certain than that the College must be steadily eliminated from the educational life of the University; in the long run it must be relegated to the position of a mere house of residence for students attending University lectures, University demonstrations, and University tutorials.

It is in view of these facts that the new Constitution has been drafted. We must adapt our teaching arrangements to the altered conditions and take measures which will enable us to secure and retain for long periods men whose qualifications will permit of their making the adaptation of methods which has become inevitable and thereby serving the interests alike of the College and of the University. They must be men of wide training, endowed with the academic outlook; they must be men willing to dedicate themselves to the service of the College; in other words, to find in Trinity a life-work.



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## OLD STUDENTS

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

The Annual Meeting of the Union was held at the Wentworth on Friday, 26th April, 1935. The following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Dr. H. F. Maudsley.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. Robert Fowler and Mr. E. F. Herring.

Committee: Drs. H. Furnell, Rex Sweetnam, Gardner, Fitts and Field; and Messrs. Bloomfield, Sholl, Sutton, Keon-Cohen, Wimpole, Armstrong, King, and Grimwade.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. W. H. Moule.

The Annual Dinner was held immediately after the meeting, and in the speeches which followed considerable discussion arose as to where future dinners should be held. The chief drawback to the dinners held in the past at the Windsor Hotel has been that they were too expensive, and during the depression years had caused considerable depletion in the funds of the Union. The 1934 dinner was held in College, and the saving during the last two years has resulted in the Union's financial position being back to normal again, although the cost per head was reduced to 10/-. The Union, of course, does not wish to make a profit out of its dinners, and it is important that we should revert to some fixed standard of luxury so that we may know beforehand that we are neither squandering nor hoarding. At the last dinner the majority of the speakers were in favour of the dinner being held in College in future, and the Committee have been requested to again go into the question of catering.

The Hon. Secretary would like to remind members who have not paid their

subscriptions for this year, 1935-36, that payment may be made to him as follows:

Annual Subscription, 7/6.

One or more year's subscription may be paid in advance.

Life Membership, £5/5/-.

Members are requested to send all notices of change of address and other communications to—

The Hon. Secretary, Union of the Fleur-de-Lys, c/o Messrs. Moule, Hamilton & Derham, 394 Collins Street, Melbourne.

### OLD BOYS' NOTES

Note.—The information supplied under this heading has been gleaned from various sources, and the Secretary wishes to be excused for any apparent familiarity which may occur in connection with items concerning persons with whom he is not personally acquainted.

NED HERRING has had a busy year, and has been before the public eye, first in a closely contested political campaign, and latterly as "persecutor" in a matter of heresy.

K. E. REX, one of the donors of the College Ice Chest, has set up his plate in Malvern Road, Toorak.

TOM GRAHAM has become a partner of Madden, Butler, Elder & Graham. In spite of the fact that he can now have very little spare time he nevertheless managed to win the monthly medal at Metropolitan the same week as his partnership was announced.

TOM WEIGALL, who forsook the fountain for the sheep pen in the early 1920's, and since then has been almost everywhere, is now ranching near Torquay.



MAX CLEMONS married, and settled in Launceston.

The HASKERS, JACK and TED, still in foreign parts.

FRED KNIGHT is a big noise in the moving picture business. He devotes his spare time to teaching the Flying Corps law and/or playing golf with it.

ERIC KYLE is a G.P. in a suburb of Perth, or was when last heard of.

PERCY WHITE still manages to make life brighter in Fremantle, W.A.

We hear of "BOB" SUTTON at Nundah (Queensland), bringing up the young theolog. in the way of knowledge.

JIM AINSLIE continues to flourish in Perth, and may be over for the Medical Congress.

ARTHUR WIMPOLE is said to be forsaking football for golf. He puts in his spare time as a city solicitor.

BRUCE HUNT has our sincere sympathies on the death of his father, with whom he recently returned to the West, after a short visit to Melbourne.

"BILL" PURVES is adding to his stamp collection as well as to his financial security.

GRAEME SKINNER is assisting Reg. Blakemore in the pursuit of costs—each has a side line in metal work.

We congratulate JOHN McKIE on adding a First Class in Finals to the glory of the Lucas Teeth.

ANDREW GARRAN is still giving H.M. Judiciary something to think about by drafting Statutes.

R. R. MARSH is still a force in the political world. A future framer of budgets?

HAL ODDIE has married Miss Taylor.

LES LE SOUEF is a pillar of St. George's Cottage, Perth.

LIONEL BAKEWELL is in Melbourne on furlough from Tanganyika.

"BOY" FETHERSTON is practising in Ireland.

FRANK OLIVER has been seriously ill with flu' and complications. We trust he is now well on the way to recovery.

### MARRIAGES

John Malcom Piercey to Margaret Morrison Smellie, in the chapel, by the Chaplain, on Sunday afternoon, 11th August. A few of his more intimate College friends were present. The bride arrived from Tasmania the same morning. She was attended by her bridegroom's sister, Miss June Piercey. Purves Sherwood was best man, and John Newton gave the bride away. Blue Steward was the congregation. There was a jolly little party at the Windsor after, and it was altogether a very happy little affair. Jack has a practice at Yal-lourn, and both report that they are completely happy. They have the best wishes of their friends.

Kent Hughes—Jepson, 11th May, 1935, in the chapel, by Rev. Canon E. S. Hughes (uncle of bridegroom), Montagu Owen Kent Hughes to Eleanor Jepson. About 30 relatives were present.

### PAST STUDENT NOTES

On Saturday, June 1st, a dinner was held at the Villa-Villa Café, Soho, at which ten Old Trinity men were present, namely, P. L. Brown, H. C. Hine, N. C. Howse, B. C. D. Jones, W. W. Lempriere, L. E. Odlum, R. F. Ritchie, M. H. B. Robinson, J. B. Somerset and R. G. Stephen. There were two guests, Messrs. J. W. Hackett and G. J. Jones.

The doors of the "Villa-Villa" open somewhat furtively on to Gerrard Street, and the wine, the waiters and the furniture all have an air of decayed gentility, a kind of frivolous gloom.



The success of the party was due to Charles Howse, not only for arranging the dinner, but for scouring England for a quorum.

Apologies were received from Messrs. Clive Baillieu, Peter Garran, George Ewing, John McKie, Carl Resch, Stewart Weir, Bryan Keon-Cohen, and E. V. Mitchell. A number of others made no reply; one gentleman sent a chain-letter.

The dinner was "quasi-formal." Lempriere was thrust into the chair; and Ritchie, by virtue of a seniority even greater than Odlum's, proposed the toast of the College. Responding, as in private duty bound, Lempriere outlined the

events of the College year, as received by air mail from the Warden.

Some innate virtuosity of the Villa-Villa must be responsible for the amazingly clear and sonorous rendering of the College Song, which began about an octave lower than usual, and continued without once changing gear, until the cheers shook the Villa-Villa to its very vaults, and the Tiger went screeching out into Soho.

Inspired, no doubt, by the music, Philip Brown then proposed the health of the Warden, which was honoured with much enthusiasm; and a spirit of complete bon-hommie overcame the rather mucous quality of the Villa-Villa port.



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## ● ..... JANET CLARKE HALL ..... ●

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### OFFICE-BEARERS, 1935

President: Miss R. Williams.  
 Secretary: Miss K. Blackwood.  
 Treasurer: Miss B. Stenhouse.  
 Reference Librarian: Miss H. Jones.  
 Fiction Librarian: Miss P. Crozier.  
 Auditor: Miss H. Lawson, M.A.

### Debating Club

President: Mrs. Emmerson.  
 Secretary: Miss M. Henderson.  
 Committee: Miss P. Crozier, Miss M. Rylah.

### Tennis Club

President: Miss E. Joske.  
 Secretary and Treasurer: Miss H. Good.  
 Committee: Misses K. Brumley, C. Anderson, R. Farrer, M. Rylah.  
 Dance Secretaries: Miss A. Deasey, Miss L. Williams.

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### NOTES

"The one remains, the many change and pass."

They do indeed. At the end of last year we lost many old friends; but, upon our return we found ourselves with our full complement, and more. At least, to judge by the additions in the dining room, and the congestion around the bathrooms on Chapel mornings. This phenomenon—the full complement that is—is explained by an unusually large batch of freshers—twenty-two, no less. Changes in our numbers have also occurred since the beginning of term. We would like to take this opportunity of extending our sympathy to Marjorie Harris in her bereavement, and our hope that, though she will not be coming back to join us again, she will find time to look us up whenever she is in Melbourne. We trust that Tui Coto, who was also obliged

to leave us during first term, will be with us again next year. Margot Ardlie and Mary Lormer joined us in second term, so that we still have our full number.

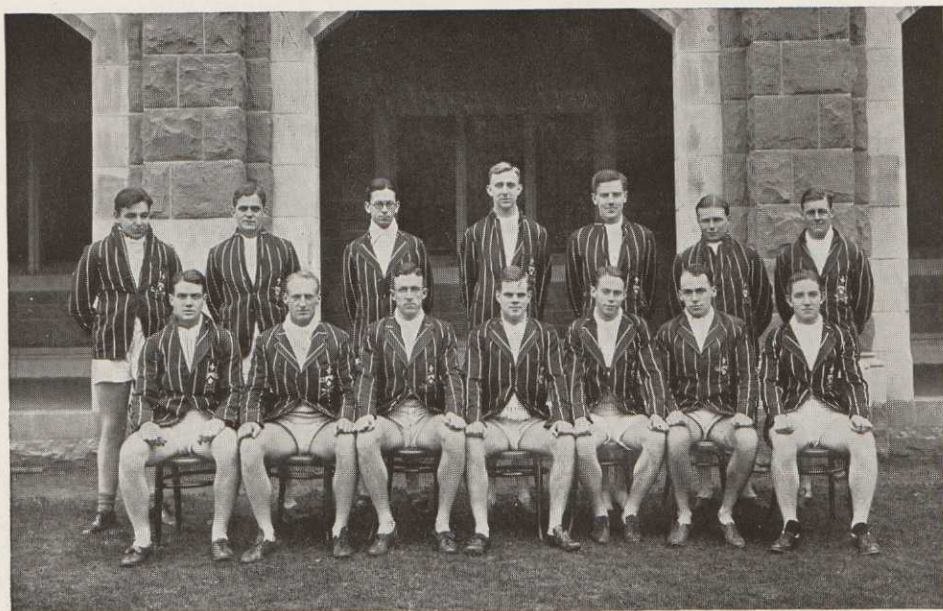
Last year, Miss Law, so long our special guide in science, left for England, and Miss Howell returned to us as Miss Joske's secretary for a term. At the end of the year, however, she also left, and in her place we now have Miss South, who has taken a position at the Walter Eliza Hall Institute.

It has always seemed strange that in a place such as this there were so few nicknames. This year, with the advent of several outspoken freshers, there has been an amazing crop, most of them apt, some verging on brilliance. Such enterprise is decidedly to be encouraged.

We are pleased to announce that at the Graduates Luncheon, held early in first term, we entertained a record number—to wit, twenty-four. Long may this admirable state continue.

We feel legitimately proud of our Stunt Night effort this year—an "opera" of extraordinary power, produced by the famous firm: B. G. Stenhouse. Not only did it gain us first prize, a large certificate informing the world of our merit, but it supplied us with a multitude of catchwords and some really delightful songs. Even at this late date, mournful voices can be heard issuing from the bathrooms, emphatically insisting that: "Corsets and curlers could not amend her!" or that they intend to "Cradle thy head, and caress thy moustaches!" While for several weeks any member of the Hostel, upon encountering another might be expected to salute Fascist-wise, saying: "Hail! hearty soldier"; the correct reply being: "Slave to no new whim."





**ATHLETIC TEAM, 1935.**

Standing—J. O. Thornborrow; J. S. Leach; P. J. Robinson; W. F. Connell; R. H. Deasey; T. H. Timpson; W. Barker.

Sitting—I. C. C. Galbraith; C. P. Sherwood; T. R. H. Clark; J. E. Lewis (Capt.); M. R. Thwaites; N. G. Molloy; C. F. Voumard.



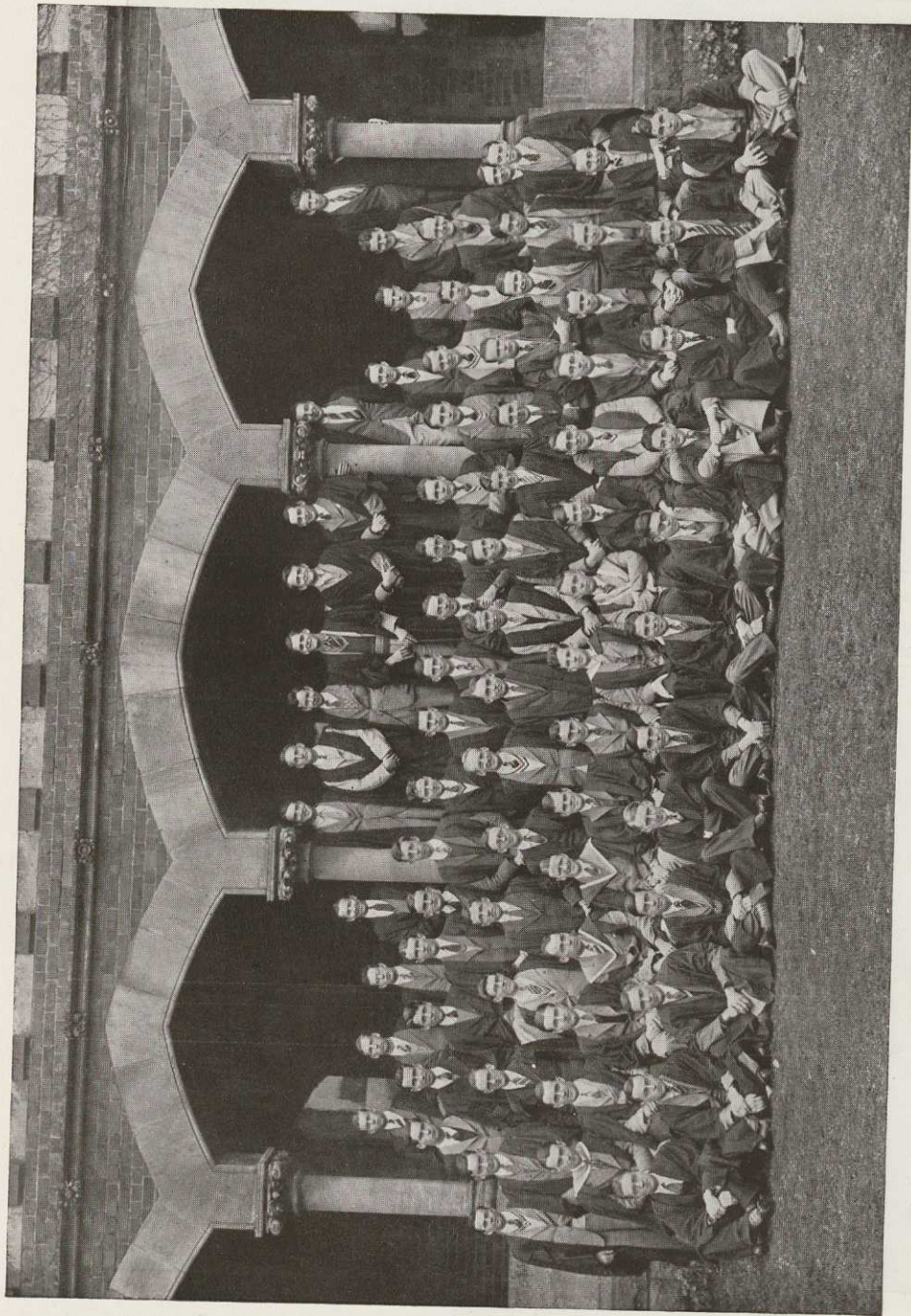
**FIRST XVIII., 1935.**

Standing—T. S. Moffat; L. B. Witts; M. R. Thwaites; N. C. Carroll; J. G. Mann; D. Fleming; R. J. Hamer; J. O. Thornborrow.

Sitting—C. M. H. Clark; T. R. H. Clark; D. R. Leslie; F. R. H. Macdonald (Capt.); I. C. C. Galbraith; H. D. Steward; H. C. Pope.

In front—D. C. Pope; A. P. B. Bennie.





**THE COLLEGE, 1935.**

First Row—K. F. Hall; F. S. Fell; W. T. C. Banks; D. Fleming; I. C. C. Galbraith; D. C. Kimpton; A. G. L. Shaw; J. S. Leach; D. R. M. Cameron;  
 F. F. Thonemann; J. O. Thornborrow; W. F. Connell; R. H. Deasey; K. Mason; A. T. Smith.  
 Second Row—H. H. Speed; T. S. Moffat; I. D. McKinnon; C. M. H. Clark; G. Sutherland; N. C. Carroll; L. B. Witts; J. C. Oppenheim; H. P.  
 Brown; L. M. Howell; P. J. Robinson; A. N. Fraser; F. T. A. Foster; R. E. Stephens; H. C. Pope; A. H. Robertson.  
 Third Row—A. L. Coutanche; R. N. Clarke; A. S. Ellis; D. J. Shale; T. R. H. Clark; A. P. B. Bennie; C. P. Sherwood; J. Voss Smith; F. R. H.  
 Macdonald; J. S. Elder; J. A. Gibson; B. Nixon; H. D. Steward; T. H. Timpson; T. B. C. Patrick; R. N. McMullin; M. R. Thwaites.  
 Fourth Row—L. F. Whitfield; D. R. Leslie; P. J. Parsons; N. G. Molloy; K. W. Prentice; J. E. Lewis; M. R. Ham; J. G. Mann; R. L. Gilbert; E. B.  
 Drevermann; S. L. Townsend; J. N. McMillan; D. C. Jackson; J. R. Stawell; R. C. Barrett.  
 Front Row—C. F. Voumard; T. R. Blamey; A. C. Grombie; H. F. H. Selleck; R. B. McMillan; G. B. Williams; H. Badger; J. F. Patrick; F. W.  
 Robinson; D. C. Pope; W. Barker; R. J. Hamer.



We wish to thank Trinity for their kindness in supplying us with uniforms and military boots—particularly the boots. The ballet was an entirely original effort, the noun applying to its practising hours, the adjective to its snappy evening frocks. Other members of the Hall seemed very envious, and even suggested wearing them to a C.R.D., but the ballet were firm.

Second term saw the opening of the path which the Warden has provided for our use. After much discussion it has been decided to adopt Trinity's suggestion, and it is now known as the "Behan Boulevard."

We have once more retained the Women's Intercollegiate Tennis Cup, after a stubborn struggle with Ormond. At the Tennis Dinner, which celebrated the event, Misses Mollison, Kathleen Stobie and Betty Nankivell were our guests, as well as the non-resident members of the club. Miss Nankivell entertained us with a very lively account of initiations, now things of the past, at least in the form Miss Nankivell knew them.

In memory of Lady Maudsley, her many friends have subscribed to a prize to be known as the Grace Maudsley Prize. It is to be awarded annually to a resident of the Hall for conspicuous ability in every walk of life. We are not sure what this means, but we are certain that the selectors will have a very difficult task.

We would like to wish Alice Deasey, who recently announced her engagement to Grant Pringle, every happiness for the future. Also Jane Harper. We were particularly pleased to see Jane gracing our first term Common Room dance. For the benefit of their many well-wishers, we pass on the news that Jane, Beth, and Louise are inhabiting a flat in South Yarra—an extremely attractive flat, appropriately enough. Jane, we are told, is head cook and general housekeeper; this unaccustomed domesticity, could, no doubt, be described as "training" for the future.

The Hall has been bitten by the hockey bug with a vengeance this year. Although a few ardent devotees still cling to basketball, and several people have been known to play Pennant tennis, by far the greater number can be seen on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and even on other days too, flourishing hockey sticks. Although we have lost such outstanding players as Yrsa Osborne and Jean Hutchings, Margaret Rylah and Rachel Farrer are still with us, and with the addition of many keen enthusiasts, fresher and otherwise, who have taken up the game this year, we trust that we will be able to field a really good team in the "annual Titanic Struggle of the Trinity Toughs and the Hostel Harpies." Skiing is also in favour with a select few, who make up in enthusiasm for what they lack in numbers. Lacking the facility of a sloping lawn, one or two have even been detected practising on the stairs. Although the personnel has changed almost completely, the Hall still boasts a flourishing fencing class. These priestesses of an ancient cult were surprised, nay, mystified, by the flowery pasts their rather prosaic foils were given by several imaginative members of the Press when reporting upon the sudden revival of this historic sport in the University. Swing-ing, an invigorating exercise much in vogue in the days of mushroom hats, has made its appearance amongst us, we trust to stay. Oblivious to the charms of other indoor sports, the Hall has taken to knitting with a vengeance, and, to the mingled gratitude and embarrassment of the benefact-ees of the Red Cross, we have been constructing sweaters out of wool kindly provided by Miss Traill.

Apart from our usual entertainments, generally spoken of as "open house," which have been more than ordinarily successful this year, our social activities so far have been Common Room dances. They have been characterised by their usual air of Bacchic abandon, where spirits have been high and unfettered. A fact worth noting is that the fruitcup has been much less solid this year,



though the partakers still find it necessary to "strain it with their teeth." Our first term Common Room dance was a very successful evening, and much to the credit of its organisers, Lesley Vincent and Norma Simpson, who managed everything with professional results, though their manner was casual in the extreme. At the moment of writing the secretaries for the Ball—Alice Deasey and Leslie Williams — are deluged every day with an outsize in mails. They have yet to look worried or harassed, so we are confident of their ability to ensure us an enjoyable evening. The Debating Club, after an inexplicable slumber of one year, has again awakened to life, and budding public speakers have been laying about them with sparkling wit and biting sarcasm.

The Trinity play called forth our best efforts, dramatic, social and culinary. To advance the Clubhouse Fund, the Hall decided to make a vigorous drive with their sweet-selling—a drive ably sponsored by Mrs. Behan and Miss Joske, and nobly assisted by friends of both Colleges. The Domi. Econ. kitchen was the scene of much activity, and there were frequent cries of delight when the uninitiated dipped their first chocolate, under the capable direction of Kathleen Brumley. Our effort was crowned with success—to wit, £30. Although few people from the Hall took actual part in the play, undoubtedly they ensured it much of its success. Honor Good looked very appealing as Lady Lodden, giving a restrained rendering of a very difficult emotional part. Her hysterics were particularly convincing. We are sure that the motherly succour Janet Dixon rendered her in her more distressed moments was as helpful as it looked. One member of the Hall was afterwards heard to remark that "she wished she could have a fit, so that Janet could comfort her!" Helen McCulloch was an extraordinary success, as a species of out-of-work Mae West. So was her featherboa. What we really want to know is, what does she do with **the** curl

in ordinary life? It is undoubtedly kindest to congratulate her and her companion (Phyllis Crozier) on their superlative acting. Marie Gardiner and Nell Ramsay looked extremely decorative on the stage, which was chiefly what was required of them. Trinity's new departure in holding the play at a city theatre, and choosing a more ambitious play, has been fully justified by the success of "Libel," and we trust that they will continue in this policy.

This year we have had many distinguished people to dine with us. Miss Traill, ever our benefactress and friend, was first among them. Many professors have found time to visit us, and, we are glad to say, not only the Warden and Mrs. Behan, but all the masculine adjuncts of our tutorial staff.

Both the fiction and reference libraries are functioning well, and there has been a little friendly interchange of books between them. The reference librarian has but one fault, and that is her diabolical glee in fining us. The Verdon Library gratefully acknowledges the late Dr. Leeper's generous bequest, some £50, to be spent on books of permanent literary value; with this liberal gift many valuable books have been added, and we believe that there are still more to come.

Since the same energetic person—Heather Jones—is in charge it is here appropriate to mention our projected song-book. This interesting volume is to contain all the songs written for fresher's plays and J.C.H. stunts. The songs are all of a surprisingly high standard—too good to be lost—and we trust that our effort at preservation will be greeted with the support it deserves.

This year the Guides are in the capable hands of Margaret Henderson, who looks very natty in her uniform. Kathleen Brumley and Winifred Burrage are again responsible for the Brownies. After this long chronicle of our varied interests and achievements, it would seem impossible for anyone, however malicious, to call us either idle or single-minded.



### TRINITY WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB NOTES

President: Miss E. Joske.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Miss H. Good.

Committee: Misses C. Anderson, K. Brumley, R. Farrer, M. Rylah.

Together with new members in Janet Clarke Hall, we are very pleased to welcome to the club a number of non-resident women. In spite of unpropitious weather this term, we hope they will yet be able to avail themselves of the court. Since Mrs. Behan has been so kind as to grant us the use of her court as well, there should be every opportunity for much tennis as the days grow longer.

The team chosen for the Intercollegiate matches this year was as follows: Misses Hutchings (Capt.), Farrer, Cameron and McAlister. After a hard fight with Ormond in the final round, they succeeded in beating Newman in the final, the cup remaining with Trinity for its seventh year of residence. The team played some excellent tennis, and thoroughly deserved their victory.

The special Tennis dinner given by Miss Joske was again greatly appreciated by members of the club. The guests of honour were Miss Mollison, Miss B. Nankivell and Miss K. Stobie.

Miss Mollison once more entertained members of the different teams at dinner at her home early in second term.

The Singles Championship has yet to be played; also the annual doubles tournament, which will take place during swot vac.

The D. Pennant team, captained by Miss Brumley, has not had much success up to date, but we hope they will regain lost ground in the doubles matches.

Miss Joske, as ever, has shown a very live interest in the club and its doings, and we thank her most sincerely for the help she has given us.

The following are the scores for the Intercollegiate matches:—

### Trinity v. Ormond

#### Singles

- R. Farrer lost to H. Balfour, 0—6, 3—6.  
 J. Hutchings d. F. Balfour, 4—6, 6—4, 6—0.  
 B. McAlister d. B. Burton, 6—1, 6—2.  
 M. Cameron d. P. Cutting, 6—1, 6—3.

#### Doubles

- R. Farrer and M. Cameron lost to H. and F. Balfour (O), 2—6, 3—6.  
 J. Hutchings and B. McAlister lost to H. and F. Balfour, 2—6, 2—6.  
 J. Hutchings and B. McAlister d. B. Burton and P. Cutting, 6—0, 6—2.  
 R. Farrer and M. Cameron d. B. Burton and P. Cutting, 6—4, 6—3.

Total: Trinity, 5 rubbers, 10 sets, 76 games; Ormond, 3 rubbers, 7 sets, 62 games.

### Trinity v. Newman

#### Singles

- R. Farrer d. M. Watson (N), 6—2, 6—1.  
 J. Hutchings d. S. Thornton, 6—5, 6—2.  
 B. McAlister d. J. Hennessay, 6—4, 6—1.  
 M. Cameron lost to H. Brown, 3—6, 4—6.

#### Doubles

- F. Farrer and M. Cameron d. S. Thornton and J. Hennessay (N), 6—1, 6—3.  
 J. Hutchings and B. McAlister d. H. Brown and M. Watson, 6—1, 6—2.  
 J. Hutchings and B. McAlister lost to S. Thornton and J. Hennessay, 6—2, 5—6, 6—8.  
 R. Farrer and M. Cameron d. H. Brown and M. Watson, 6—1, 6—4.

Total: Trinity, 6 rubbers, 13 sets, 96 games; Newman, 2 rubbers, 4 sets, 55 games.



**VALETE**

- Miss M. Heseltine—in College, 1929-1934; President, 1932; Dance Secretary, 1931.
- Miss M. Murray—in College, 1930-1934; President, 1934.
- Miss J. Dann—in College, 1931-1934; Treasurer, 1933.
- Miss A. Hicks—in College, 1931-1934; Secretary Students' Club, 1934.
- Miss J. Hutchings—in College, 1932-1934; Treasurer, 1934.
- Miss Y. Osborne—in College, 1931-1934; C.M.U.W. Representative, 1934.
- Miss M. Wells—in College, 1931-1934; Reference Librarian, 1934.
- Miss J. Glover—in College, 1931-1934; Fiction Librarian, 1934.
- Miss B. Saul—in College, 1931-1934.
- Miss M. Ashley—in College, 1931-1934.
- Miss L. Cullen—in College, 1931-1934; Ticket Secretary, 1934.
- Miss J. Gardiner—in College, 1932-1934; Fleur-de-Lys Representative, 1933.
- Miss J. Harper—in College, 1932-1934; Fleur-de-Lys Representative, 1934.
- Miss P. Lawrence—in College, 1932-1934.
- Miss J. Kelsall—in College, 1933-1934; Tennis Secretary, 1934.
- Miss P. MacIlrath—in College, 1933-1934.
- Miss J. Tonnie—in College, 1933-1934.
- Miss M. Breen—in College, 1934.
- Miss E. Templeton—in College, 1934.
- Miss J. Williams—in College, 1934.
- Miss F. Levy—in College, 1934.

**Second Term**

- Miss M. Harris—in College, 1933; and 1st Term, 1935.
- Miss T. Coto—in College, 1st term, 1935.

**SALVETE**

- Miss C. Baker—1st year Arts.
- Miss M. Cameron—1st year Law.
- Miss C. Carter—1st year Science.
- Miss T. Coto—1st year Science.
- Miss A. Dane—1st year Arts.

- Miss M. Findlay—1st year Music.
- Miss R. Gatenby—1st year Arts.
- Miss M. Grutzner—1st year Arts.
- Miss M. Harris—2nd year Arts.
- Miss P. Macleod—2nd year Medicine.
- Miss M. Maxwell—1st year Science.
- Miss B. McAlister—1st year Arts.
- Miss L. Melke—1st year Arts.
- Miss E. Miller—4th year Medicine.
- Miss B. Oldmeadow, B.A.—1st year Massage.
- Miss E. Parker—1st year Science.
- Miss N. Ramsay—1st year Science.
- Miss H. Randall—2nd year Medicine.
- Miss V. Silcock—1st year Arts.
- Miss F. Stephenson—1st year Science.
- Miss M. Wilson—1st year Arts.
- Miss M. Wheeler—1st year Science.
- Miss M. Whitehead—1st year Arts.

**Second Term**

- Miss M. Ardlie—1st year Arts.
- Miss M. Lormer—1st year Arts.

**DEBATING CLUB**

- President: Mrs. Emerson.
- Honorary Member: Miss Jennings.
- Secretary: M. Henderson.
- Committee: M. Rylah, P. Crozier.

The Debating Club, unaccountably moribund throughout last year, has been resuscitated, and our aspiring public speakers have shaken themselves into activity. The activity has chiefly confined itself to supper-debates, delightfully informal affairs, with plenty of room for brilliant repartee, of which the speakers fully avail themselves. Some of the best sallies bear a distinct resemblance to political heckling, but this merely adds spice to the evening. Although meetings have been well attended, and a lively interest in proceedings displayed, the actual speaking is generally carried out by a few members, who are fast becoming expert. The aim of the club is not to produce some brilliant speakers, and a large number of very fine listeners, but to



encourage all members to learn to face a critical audience and express themselves intelligibly.

Early next term we shall meet a team from the Teachers' Training College. The subject has yet to be decided, but we feel equal to emergencies. This will probably be our only big effort for the year, for our revived society is still somewhat shaky on its feet, and shy of making any prolonged exertion. However, we trust that next year we will be able to plan a more energetic programme.

### TRINITY WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

President: Mrs. Collins.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. Murray, Miss Traill.

Secretary: Miss V. Leeper.

This year it was decided that a column of news about past Trinity women should appear in the "Fleur-de-Lys." For this, the first attempt, news is somewhat scanty, but we hope that in the future we shall be able to collect more. In view of this, we would be grateful if those who can help us would please communicate with either the secretary (Miss V. Leeper, 11 Kensington Road, South Yarra), or Miss E. Joske, Janet Clarke Hall.

The Trinity Women's Annual Dinner will be held on the second Saturday in October. At the last one Mrs. Collins was elected President. Mrs. Collins, who is also known as Madame Balara, has recently returned to Australia after thirty years abroad.

Early in second term, many past students returned to Janet Clarke Hall. About fifty-five were present for bridge and tennis. The bridge was held in Miss Joske's sittingroom and the Commonroom. Mrs. Bakewell again very successfully organised the tennis. This afternoon constitutes a big link with the College, and we hope that as many as are able will come next year.

### SNIPPETS

Miss Betty Wilmot is to be congratulated upon her appointment as Railways Dietitian. As such, she has all the culinary and dietetical arrangements of the Victorian Railways under her supervision; it sounds a gigantic task, but she is coping ably with it, and seems very happy in her work.

Miss Jean Dann has secured a Research Scholarship at the Veterinary School.

Drs. Mary Heseltine and Rhona Panting are at the Melbourne Hospital.

Bea Woodcock writes from Rushworth, where she is looking after the teeth of children, under the auspices of the Education Department.

Dr. Dorothy Gepp, until recently at the Children's Hospital, has sailed for America. Her first objective is Boston.

Dr. Gwynn Villiers, who is also at the Children's, is ill at present. We hope she will be about again by the time this appears.

Dr. Ella Macknight has put up a plate in Collins Street.

Dr. Mollie Robinson is still at Prince Henry's Hospital.

Miss Fay Murray will leave in September for a three months trip to Ceylon.

Misses Betty Allen and Wylfa Long are in Canberra at present.

Miss Mollie Wells is teaching at the Hermitage, Geelong, and Miss Helen Lawson at St. Margaret's, Melbourne.

Miss Etheline O'Dwyer was last heard of in South Africa.

Miss Alvie Hicks is doing a dietitian course.

Miss Jean Robertson is engaged in research work at the Agricultural School.

Miss Amy Skinner has gone back to Korea to continue with her missionary work there.

Misses Jean Hutchings and Yrsa Osborne are to be congratulated upon gaining places in the Victorian Interstate Hockey Team.

Miss Jean Hogarth is, we believe, the first woman to gain an Oxford Blue for hockey.



Miss Kathleen Law is working at the Lister Institute there.

Miss Hazel Jones left for England a few months ago.

Misses Mildred Barnard and Barbara Cohen are continuing their studies at the University of London.

We have three representatives at Cambridge—Misses Kathleen Deasey, Nancy de Crespigny, and Elizabeth Shaw.

Miss Evelyn Owen has opened a jumper shop in Bond Street, and Misses Charman Cherry and Elizabeth Shaw are also in England.

After holding the position of principal at the Women's College, Sydney, for 15 years, Miss Williams has retired.

We would like to congratulate Mrs. a'Beckett on receiving her C.B.E.

It is with regret we record the death of Mrs. Alan Tait (Dorothy Tate), daughter of the Director of Education. It came as a shock to her friends, and we extend to them and her relatives our deepest sympathy.

We wish to extend our sympathy also to Jean Kelsall on the death of her sister, which occurred early this year.

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### ENGAGEMENTS

Jane Harper recently announced her engagement to Guy Sewell.

Kathleen Stobie has recently become engaged to C. Nairn.

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### MARRIAGES

Edith Perry to Vic. (Ginger) Neilson. They have made their home in Balwyn.

Betty Love to Ken MacIntyre.

Kathleen Thomas to Hugh Sutton. At present they are living in Caulfield.

Mary Nicholson to A. A. Phillips, who is teaching the young idea how to shoot at Wesley.

Helen Macdonald to Geoffrey Vellacott. They left for England a short while ago, and are living in Cambridge.

## Wigram Allen Essays

The adjudicators this year were unable to decide for first place between the essays of J. F. Patrick and F. Thonemann.

### Fear

(J. F. Patrick)

Right from the start a dissertation on fear is handicapped by the fact that it is not an absolute. We cannot define fear and say, "It is this" or "It is that." Nor is there any standard or gauge whereby to measure it. Nor is it ever the same on any two occasions, as regards either itself or its consequences. And yet, for all that, it seems to be ultimately unanalysable, each instance of it indicates that it is elementary in man's make-up.

Elementary—there is no doubt that it is that. There, at least, modern psychology is consistent, for what other conclusion could be drawn from the evidence? In every phase of life, and at some stage of almost every activity, a fear of some sort becomes involved. Only a few spontaneous actions are free of a tinge of fear; and every planned or prolonged activity is inevitably influenced in greater or less degree by considerations arising from an uncertainty as to the future, and a hope that events will proceed in one direction rather than another; arising, that is, from fear.

But though we can never completely get away from it, though it is an essential element in our behaviour, yet fear defies analysis. It is easy enough to call it an emotion of pain or uneasiness—which it undoubtedly is—but to go beyond that, to split it up, as it were, into atoms, and then into protons and electrons, is not possible for us. We can, indeed, say with tolerable certainty what gives rise to fear and under what conditions it is likely to be felt, but to define it precisely with regard to an absolute standard is more than we can do.



We must accept it as something more than merely physical, as something of the mind, as something that is imposed on us from above, and as something we must face and make the most of in spite of its mystery. For it is clearly good that we should face up to the fears that confront us. It may be going too far to say that fear is an essential element in all great minds, but it is with positive certainty that we may say that the great bulk of heroes owe something to their fears and the way they have opposed them.

Let us, then, consider fear as an adversary. It is a trite saying that "Familiarity breeds contempt," but its hackneyed quality detracts nothing from its truth—at least, when it is applied to fear. For we are apt to give too little consideration to the true, the essential significance of fear, and are much too prone to deride, scorn, or pity our fellows when they show that they are afraid. For what is easier than to pour forth a virulent attack on the man who finds himself unable for the moment to stand square to a problem immediately before him? What is easier than to condemn and vilify a fellow creature who, through doubt and uncertainty, is flinching from a difficulty? Even in that sphere of all where we seek to put down all uncharitable feeling—in the arena of sport—we jibe at him who shrinks from danger, condemn him as a poor, weak specimen of manhood. And all this is simply because we see it so often.

Now I hold no brief for the man who finches, but most certainly I feel that we do him a grave wrong when we condemn so mechanically for his act. It is so often an unthinking condemnation, and rather than possessing any value, it is apt to be detrimental, both to ourselves and to others. For fear is not to be overcome by brute force, or by threats, or even by superimposed fears; it is overcome only by training and by knowledge. But perhaps overcome is not the

right word; rather is fear made to change and become something else; it is, if you like, sublimated by experience into its opposite, sublimated into faith and confidence.

This is illustrated by the fact that what may inspire one man with abject terror is, to another, the source of the greatest happiness.

Why is it that one man fears the sea, and another never feels comfortable unless he is on board a ship? Why is it that one man glories in the tempest, and feels the springs of life surge up within him when the wind and the rain and the spray lashes at his face, and the ship beneath him sways, shuddering and creaking madly, and why does he see the lightning flash and hear the thunder roar and yet feel glad to be alive, when at the same time another man, perhaps his superior in many respects, is cowed and quivering, terror-stricken by the very battle of the elements which the first man loves? And why is it that one man can walk through the bush at night, seeing nothing but trees and scrub, hearing nothing but the call of night birds and the rustle of leaves in the wind, while another is dogged at every step by strange terrors, by imagined shapes, and fantastic creatures ever ready to leap at him and seize him?

Was God, the Creator—call it what you will—was He cruel in making such distinctions between man and man? Was it not unjust to make one man tremble where another finds his chiefest joy?

To him who seeks the answer is plain—for that very reason fear is no evil but a great good. It serves an invaluable purpose; it is a guide which, intelligently interpreted and assimilated, will never fail us. It warns us when we are passing through regions of which we know nothing, that danger may be lurking, and that we must not go blindly on, regardless of all about us and careless of the outcome of our deeds. It bids us take precautions to defend ourselves from



untoward attacks, and it makes us look around, and by giving our attention to the things about us, learn just where our peril lies. When we have learnt all there is to know, fear will leave us, and confidence will fill its seat.

And that is the secret of the seaman who loves the ocean and its perils, and of the bushman fearless of the night; they have learnt what is to be known, and secure in that knowledge and experience, they forget the clammy hand of fear. With ignorance gone, fear, too, is gone.

But what of the intervening space, before the sublimation of fear? Let us consider fear from this point of view, i.e., fear in its relation to courage.

History is full of stories of men whom fear in its most appalling guises has attacked and almost made surrender all that is worth while in life, but who rose to the heights of greatness, and by summoning all their strength of will, have turned back fear's advance, and by winning control over themselves have written their names indelibly on the pages of time. Think only of the story of the Christian Church; it has come down the ages replete with records of great men like this, whom fear has compelled to abandon their faith, but who, through revelation and meditation, have overcome fear till it was no more, and they were able to turn back on their surrender. Through knowledge of themselves and of their faith, they overcame fear of pain and torture, of physical and mental anguish.

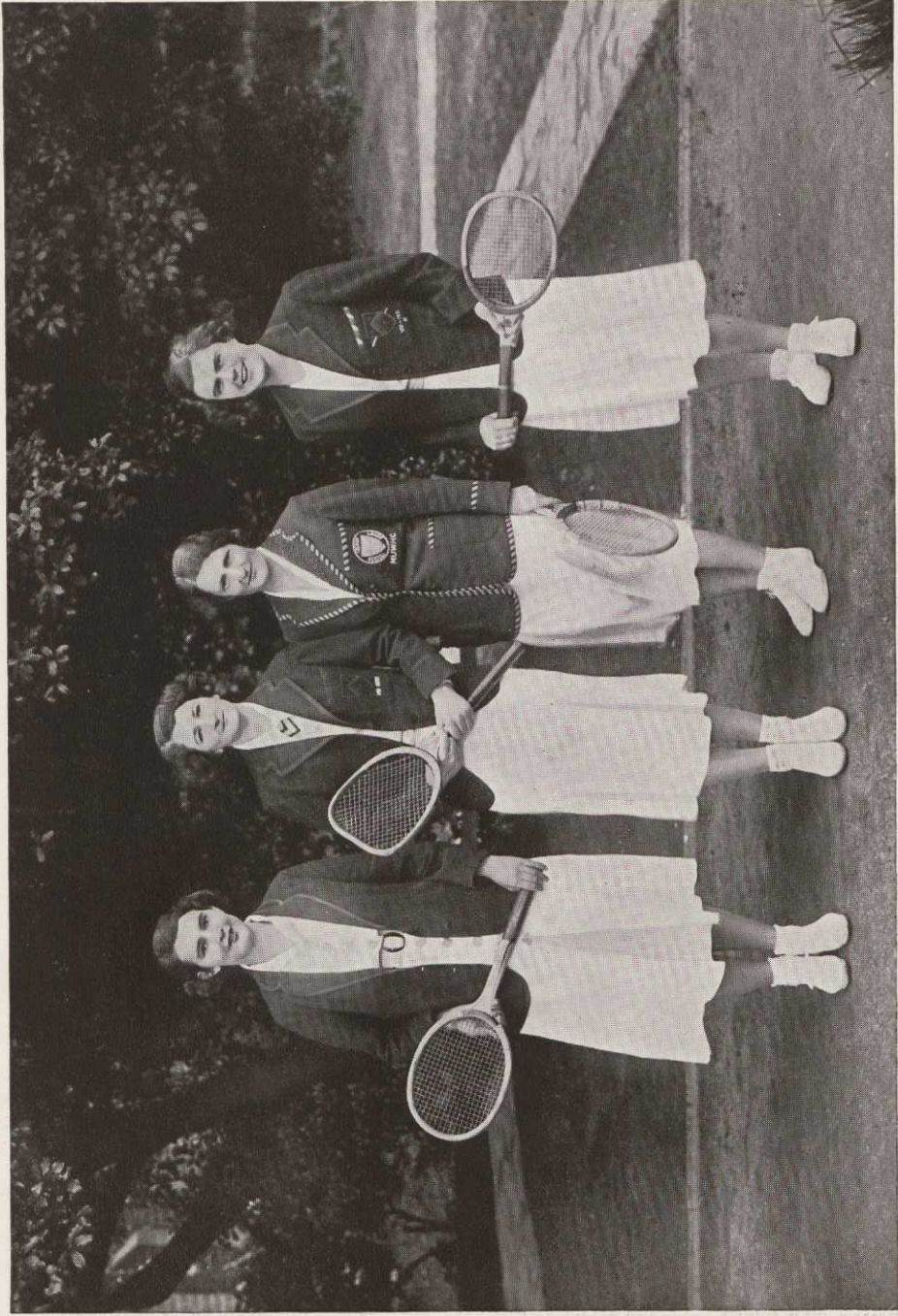
But it is always a slow process, demanding the utmost courage of the man who does it. Is it not at times like this, when fear and dread have the upper hand, that the greatest bravery is needed? And is there not some quality, in the man who wavers through fear, which makes him at least as noble as, if not nobler than, the blazing fanatic whose white-hot heart has never felt fear's icy chill?

But do not think that I suggest that he who has so trained himself that he is impervious to the insidious attacks of fear is a lesser man than he who falters. What I do think, though, is that the man who, as the result of circumstances, has not known fear in a particular context, can lay no claim to valour or nobility of mind in respect of those circumstances. Consider him who, under the influence of an issue of rum, attacks single-handed a machine-gun position, and by some freak of fate—for only by a freak of fate would it be possible—is directly responsible for the capture of that position. Is his a nobler act than the mere obedience of him who gives up his liquor to a more bibulous comrade, who jumps over the top only by dint of straining his mind almost to snapping point, and who, in a cold sweat of fear, presses on toward the enemy, only to fall the victim of a bullet, and die a ghastly death in No-Man's-Land? Which is the greater of these two; he who simply did his duty in spite of an almost overmastering fear, or he who, blinded and crazed by drink, has done far more than just obey his orders?

Now, in spite of all these considerations, there are many who see in fear something of which to be ashamed. And indeed, if one were only to judge from the general reluctance of men to admit to being afraid, then there would be only one conclusion possible—that fear is a shameful thing. But surely this is a most unreasonable ground to take; is there any taint in a potential defence from danger? or is there any fault in the existence of that emotion which alone makes courage a possibility?

To those who are still of the opinion that fear is a shameful thing, I suggest that if they believe that Christ was perfect man, they are basically inconsistent. For even Our Lord was not untouched by fear. The temptation in the wilderness, the temptation by Peter, and the prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane—what is their significance? Was there not lurking in Christ's mind some fearful suspicion and dread of failure? Was not fear knocking at the gate?





**WOMEN'S TENNIS, 1935.**

B. McAlister   M. Cameron   J. Hutchings (Capt.)   R. Farrer





**JANET CLARKE HALL, 1935.**

Back Row—B. Robinson; B. Oldmeadow; N. Simpson; B. Anderson; B. Darby; M. Rylah; M. Gardner; M. Henderson; P. Macleod.  
 Second Row—E. Lindsay; C. Carter; M. Wheeler; F. Robinson; I. Packer; H. Good; A. Deasey; E. Ainslie; P. Crozier; P. Macdonald; H. McCulloch; A. Botterill; H. Randall; M. Maxwell; M. Whitehead.  
 Third Row—L. Williams; W. Burrage; K. Badger; K. Brumley; H. Jones; K. Blackwood; R. Williams; B. Stenhouse; Y. Aitken; C. Anderson; J. Dixon; M. Kaspar; A. Dane; R. Gatenby.  
 Front Row—C. Baker; M. Ardlie; B. McAllister; M. Wilson; E. Parker; M. Grutzner; M. Cameron.



By fear in such a context, I mean uneasiness and doubt as to the future; a feeling, barely definable, perhaps, but none the less real, that failure might be impending, and that a false step would ruin all; perhaps, too, it involves revulsion from the thought of pain, of physical and mental anguish.

When Christ was tempted by Satan in the wilderness, what were His inmost thoughts? Perhaps this world is worth while for itself and apart from the kingdom of heaven; perhaps the adoration by men of a fleshly king was worth while; perhaps the end will remain undone, in spite of every effort. And with that thought of a life in vain, comes fear. But it is fear which Christ, through knowledge of God, is able to thrust away. "Get thee behind me, Satan."

But once again comes fear and temptation. This time it is from Peter—Peter the Rock. Jerusalem and its menaces is the crucial centre. To go on or to go back? Is the time ripe? Will the pain of scourging and of the cross, the torture of doubt and sorrow, be too much and compel His spirit to give in? But once again knowledge of His Father's will clears the way, and once again it is "Get thee behind me, Satan."

And in Gethsemane—the hour approaches fast—it is nightfall, and soon the priests with their horde will come, for He must be seized to be crucified and to die before the sabbath. Fear comes again—Our Lord is now alone on the hillside, and all He has to help Him is prayer—prayer for the cup to be taken away. Almost too strong is fear now, but once again the way is opened—"Not what I will, but what thou wilt."

If in these great tempests in the mind of Christ there was something of fear—and can we not believe that from the gospels?—then that which we so glibly call a weakness, has been taken up by God in human guise, and proved, once and for all, to be a grace not unbecoming heroes.

### The Fast Life

(By F. F. Thonemann)

The problem of time need baffle philosophers no longer. An unknown business man solved this major problem of philosophy when he said "Time is money," and only an economist would be baffled by this solution. Men quickly recognised the truth of this aphorism, and, loving money above all things, developed a philosophy of life that in comparison with those that preceded it was straightforward, concrete, and easy to obey. Since time is money, a votary of the school will assert, we must save time in order to obtain from her the greatest gain. We must induce people to live rapidly. We must convince them that the fast life is the happiest life, that speed, being synonymous with progress, should be worshipped for its own sake. By saving our own and our fellows' time we shall become wealthy, for if our fellows live rapidly they will consume more of our goods than if they live slowly; with our wealth we shall be able to rid the world of those who disapprove of us, those charlatans who seduce the people with false doctrines, and we, respectable business men who believe in progress and practical common sense, shall become the rulers of the world. These are the objects of the business man that have been realised, because at their inception scientists and inventors were offering machines that could make money by saving time.

The method of invention which has been called the greatest of all inventions has been particularly fruitful in inventing machines that do quickly and easily what was done slowly and laboriously before. It is indeed remarkable that the predominant effect of the application of science was a sudden acceleration in the tempo of our lives. The business man, with the help of his dupes the scientists and the engineers, built railways, steamships, motor cars, and telephones, and founded mass production factories, so that at the end of the industrial revolution the living rate and the birth rate had increased,



though perhaps unfortunately the death rate had decreased, giving the world a race of old men, some of them enormously wealthy business men, who spend their time complaining that the pace of life is too fast for them, and exhorting their children to lead less hurried lives, forgetting that the very things they complain about are consequences of their own youthful exertions, and that the children are used by rather more than they use, the machines which the fathers brought into being.

Business men, politicians and unemployed airmen tell us again and again that we must speed up our communications; for fast communications indicate a progressive civilisation. These men find no difficulty in convincing a public whose mouths gape open in astonishment and adulation on hearing of a new speed record that their arguments are sound, that if we annihilate distances so making the world a smaller place, the nations will be linked together by a common bond of friendship and understanding, and will merge ultimately into a world-state. But surely the world is a small enough place already, and if we strive to make it still smaller, we shall soon be living on a noisy and somewhat smelly anthill; we shall have to forego the cherished pleasure of being alone, for sometimes solitude is more sought after than company.

To Communists and Pacifists and modern sentimentalists the world-state is the only political ideal worth striving for. These people understand that it can only become a reality when the world is covered by a network of fast communication and transport channels, which must result finally in the leading race or nation at that time imposing its language and even its culture and customs upon all other nations.

To-day we can see this process at work in the East, where European methods of production, fashions in clothes, and other vices, have been copied. Commerce has forced the Western tongues on many an

Eastern port. The Oriental, particularly the Japanese, is relinquishing his own culture and becoming a discoloured European.

The European is proud of his work. He believes he is civilising the East. A Japanese writer summed up the European attitude when he said: "The European was wont to regard Japan as barbarous when she indulged in the gentle arts of peace; he calls her civilised since she began to commit wholesale slaughter on Manchurian battlefields."

Soon we shall have the Tibetans adopting American slang, counter lunches and the mass production of toy Yaks. If the regimentation of the world continues, we shall have a race with speed the idol of materialist Efficiency as its god. A. N. Whitehead said, "Other nations of different habits are not enemies, they are godsend. Men require of their neighbours something sufficiently akin to be understood, something sufficiently different to provoke attention, and something great enough to command admiration." We must not, however, expect all the virtues. We should be satisfied if there is something odd enough to be interesting, and we can be sure that a world-state would be far less interesting than a world of states.

How much a part of our daily lives has the passion for speed become? Our newspapers acclaim as miracle machines that perform commonplace tasks at high speed. Not long ago they called a letter stamper that could stamp ten thousand letters a minute a "miracle machine"; the post office clerk, of course, who can only stamp a hundred letters a minute was called "one of the proletariat." My baby brother learnt to say car before he learnt to say mamma, and when he grows older it will be his ambition, like that of every other youth, to own a fast car. Even if a young man cannot realise his ambition he will at least like to pretend that the secondhand five horse-power car he buys is capable of high speed. A young man of my acquaintance carried the pretence to the extreme limit when he attached a



bass organ pipe to the exhaust of his car so that it would emit a deep boom, and give the impression of great power. In all departments of life it is the fast worker who is worshipped. The man who can drink ten pots of beer in ten seconds is hailed as a superman, but the man who spends ten minutes enjoying one pot is avoided.

The average man finds his greatest enjoyment watching men, animals, and machines racing on large paddocks, and is pleased that the man who raced the fastest receives the prize. One is sorry that Mr. Schneider did not introduce a little variety into sport and award his trophy to the pilot of the world's slowest seaplane.

Even to-day life is too fast for some people. An American complained that they make laws so fast in his country that you can't keep up with them. It is this kind of complaint that will become commoner in the future.

Physiologists claim that the length of a man's life is not measured in years but by the speed he lives at, by the number of experiences he has in a lifetime. The physiologist is right only so long as a man lives at such a rate that his experiences do not become impressions. "Experience is not what happens to a man, but what he does with what happens to him." Aldous Huxley once said: "If things happen to a man too quickly he will not experience them, he will merely come across them. Ostensibly his life will be speeded, but the rate that he can think fully about what happens to him will not increase beyond a limit." Today we live in a world where impressions follow one another so quickly that a man can hardly think about one before another claims his attention, so that each impression only leaves a vague blur on his mind. Often in our lives of incessant activity the limit we can best think at is exceeded, and consequently the world is full of absurdities, a world reverberating with meaningless arguments, a world pouring

out thousands of books each month containing the jerry-built philosophies of men who write not because they have something to say but because they want to say something, books that fortunately disappear into the pulping machine as fast as they appear from the press. The innocent youths at schools and universities are stuffed with facts and fictions as though they were starving for them. Our teachers do not work on the principle that it is better to learn how to contemplate facts than to learn how to absorb them.

People to-day lead lives full of events but empty of meaning, and if the acceleration of the rate of living continues, one can predict a world where new things will grow old ever faster and faster, until life becomes a hurried passage from nothing to nothing, and finally we might expect that man will be sunk in a gloomy apathy that nothing can enlighten and nothing can exasperate. A paradoxical world that offers all the possibilities of gratifying desires that are never experienced. A race of men, "not lost, violent souls, but only the hollow men, the stuffed men."

What a triumph for the cupidity of man.

But perhaps this awful future is not inevitable; perhaps we shall curb the uncontrolled speeding up of things and learn in time to live as fast as thought. What measure of control will have to be applied one cannot say, but one can be sure that it will not be necessary to abolish machinery and return to nature, the flint axe and the spinning wheel, as Ghandi would have us do. Such drastic action would cause the deaths of millions by starvation and disease, and only warmongers have the desire to turn the world into a cosmic slaughterhouse. No, we need not forego the machine, we may still enjoy the exhilaration of fast travel—a pleasure our ancestors never knew. But we must convince people that speed does not mean progress, and teach them that civilisation resembles the cinematograph camera—the faster one turns the handle the slower the motion.



## BOOK REVIEWS

**Holy Deadlock**, by A. P. Herbert.

Two people who have married on an imperfect understanding, who are the best, the truest of friends still, but who could never hope to share all the love, the sympathy, the sense of full companionship that go to make up a happy marriage, seek to free themselves from the miseries of a union with no unity, from the bond of matrimony dissoluble, according to English law, only by adultery. Man and wife have found themselves really in love, and perfectly matched, with another woman and man. There is every reason in human happiness, and little objection in social desirability, that divorce should be given in such circumstances. But the law, as it stands, says No. Herbert's book is one of the most powerful pleas for a particular social reform that has been published for many years, depicting the struggles of decent people in the toils of a law that demands indecency as a pre-requisite of happiness. Full as it is of the elf-like humour so well-known to us, it has, too, delicate and sensitive delineation of the chief characters, who seem true indeed to life, and its strange vagaries; while, so far from indulging in easy satire of those called upon to administer the laws of England, it shows humorously, and sympathetically, the position of His Majesty's judges in their enforcement of a law contrary to common social opinion. Altogether, the book is as notable in its way as anything similar of Dickens'.

R. L.G.

**The Bridge of San Luis Rey: The Woman of Andros**. By Thornton Wilder.

At a time when novels become longer and longer, it is with relief that we discover one which can give us so much in so short a space; and Wilder is able to do this not only by a clarity of style and significance of matter, but by strict adherence to a form. This form gives him a restraint characteristic of a master of technique in great art; it is this that

allows emotion without sentiment, that made Shakespeare in his purplest patches put off his tragedy boots and let Anthony say: "I am dying, Egypt, dying," or Othello simply, "Desdemona! Dead!"

In Wilder's style there is this same classical restraint, together with a simplicity that chooses one word, and the only word, for what it wants to say. Take this, for instance: "She arose, and, binding up her hair, prepared to ascend the slope. But just as she turned to leave the place there visited her the desire to do something memorial, to mark the hour. She stood up straight and held out her arms to the setting sun. 'If you still hear prayers from the lips of mortals, if our longings touch you at all, hear me now. Give to this Pamphilus some assurance—even some assurance such as you have given to me, unstable though I am—that he is right. And oh! (but I do not say this from vanity or pride, O Apollo—but perhaps this is weak, this is childish of me, perhaps this renders the whole prayer powerless!) if it is possible, let the thought of me or of something I have said be comforting to him some day. And . . . and . . ."

"But her arms fell to her side. The world seemed empty. The sun went down. The sea and sky became suddenly remote, and she was left with only the tears in her eyes and the longing in her heart. She closed her lips and turned her head aside. 'I suppose there is no good,' she whispered. 'We must do these things ourselves. We must drag ourselves through life as best we can.'"

Or this: "It was the hour when bats fly low and the smaller animals play recklessly underfoot. A few solitaires lingered about the gardens, gazing dreamily into the sky that was being gradually emptied of its colour, or leaned upon the balustrade and looked down into the valley, noting in which village a dog was barking."

His form and sensibilities are one side of Wilder, and these go to make his names. The core, the spring within the



spring, is love; not as sex or mere affection, but what Uncle Pio would have called a "cruel malady through which the elect were required to pass in their late youth and from which they emerged, pale and wrung, but ready for the business of living." Love is a kind of initiation, a growing up, from which this aristocracy emerge to see life glowing in its aurora, but incapable except for a few uncommon moments—the only moments in which we may be said to live—of communicating itself to others. It is this incommunicability of love that is the tragedy of Wilder's, and indeed of all our characters. In the "Bridge of San Luis Rey" each set in turn learns to love, and is hurt by love; Dona Maria, Esteban and Manuel, Uncle Pio and Camilla, the Abbess, Brother Juniper; some love and are loved, some love too late, and some, like the Woman of Andros, find no love in return.

But we are not left with the bitter taste of futility in the mouth. There is something greater for Wilder than this human love, or the lack of it; something because of which Brother Juniper, although he could not understand the sin of a scientific investigation of God's will, although burned as a heretic, fell smiling into the flames; something for which the dying world of Greece, and Pamphilus and Chrysis with it, looked longingly towards the East; and this is it:

"On the sea the helmsman suffered the downpour, and in the high pastures the shepherd turned and drew his cloak closer about him. In the hills the long-dried stream-beds began to fill again, and the noise of water falling from level to level, warring with the stones on their way, filled the gorges. But behind the thick beds of clouds the moon soared radiantly bright, shining upon Italy and its smoking mountains. And in the East the stars shone tranquilly down upon the land that was soon to be called Holy, and that even then was preparing its precious burden."

A. C. C.

**The Coming Struggle for Power**, by John Strachey.

Everyone, from the most exalted Church dignitary down to the merest credit-crank, has his own remedy for the ills of the world to-day. If we are religious we can trust in the beneficial effects of true Christian love and brotherly friendship; if not religious, we may rely on the process of reason and of a sane and balanced outlook to produce a more equitable state of affairs.

In his book, "The Coming Struggle for Power," Mr. Strachey has given a good exposition of the defects of the present capitalist system in Great Britain according to the Marxian analysis. He attempts to show that the only justification for capitalism is that it works, and how since the slump it has ceased even to do that, when poverty prevails in the midst of plenty. If he is right, war, Fascism, slumps of increasing severity and frequency, and constant attacks on the workers' standard of living, are the only prospects which capitalism has to offer.

He asserts, further, that capitalism has proved fatal to religion, science and literature to-day. The present faulty system of distribution makes impossible the fullest application of science to industry. Science, from being the protégé of capitalism, has now become its enfant terrible. After reviewing modern writers—T. S. Eliot in particular—he comes to the conclusion that they are inferior to the writers of "the vigorous youth and high noontide of capitalism," because, "since they do not extricate themselves from present day society, since they are unable to stand outside it, conceiving of a new basis for human life, they are themselves inevitably infected by the surroundings of decay."

The Communist answer to the world's needs is given in the following words: "There is only one thing which can avert the prospect of destruction and secure a broad and plentiful civilisation. And that is the workers' powers. The destruction of every vestige of this hateful system,



and the construction in its place of a planned Socialist economy, is the one possible basis for modern civilisation." It is difficult to argue or try to criticise such a contention. Either you accept it, or you do not. But the chief question would seem to be whether a planned Socialist economy will produce a change in human nature and a "transvaluation of all values." Will it mean that man, who, acting as a group or a class or a nation, now acts immorally will then act less selfishly and with a truer love for his fellows? Certainly the value most prominent to-day, the accumulation of money on money, will be less patently emphasised. But it is for the Communists and Mr. Strachey in particular not merely to analyse the defects of the present situation, for they seem fairly obvious, but convince us that the rule of the once exploited proletariat will be more disinterested than the present rule of capitalist exploiters.

I. D. M.

### HANDS

The movements of his sandalled feet were slow and shuffling, and once when he stopped at a corner undecided in which direction to proceed, a mangy dog trotted up and began to lick his sores. Several times he knocked at the doors of houses, and several times strong, hairy arms shot out and thrust him sprawling onto the dusty pavement. A life of debauchery and chattering had left him withered in body and mind, a mere shred of a man; and a recent turn of events which had precipitated him homeless into the world convinced him that the gods at last had set their finger upon him, and he felt ready for death.

He laid himself down in a place where he thought it fit to die, and by a chance his gaze fell upon his hands—thin, drink-shaken hands, but once elegant and shapely. "Hands," he muttered, "what have I to do with hands?" Nevertheless the hands of the passers-by continued to swing past him in the street, and he lay and blinked at them through the dust;

hands, myriads of hands—fat hands, thin hands, long hands with painted nails, short grubby hands, expensive, beautiful hands, gnarled, useful hands, old agued hands, hands passing wearily through hair, hands gently holding babies; and, once, dead hands on a litter folded across the breast. For a time he blinked at the hands, but soon his eyes closed. For a moment he lingered in that transitory state between waking and sleeping, where the real becomes vague and nebulous, and the unreal assumes an increasing solidity. When the eyes flickered open again they beheld not the dusty city street with hurrying people and eager faces, but the deep vault of Hades; and the hands which swung so steadily past were not the vigorous, fleshy hands of the living, but hands that glided, flitted, sped shadow-like before his face. Through the gloom he drifted down long corridors, drifted before that very splendour of blackness, the King himself. "You must judge our hands," came the astonishing voice; "you who have never had hands of your own; and then you must tell me what is a hand. If you succeed, for you may, you shall paint the hands of fair women on earth, and the wings of swans; and if you fail, well," he nodded slowly, "you shall know what it is to fail."

The man wandered slowly back through the corridors, and watched the hands as they glided past his face. "All these hands," he thought, "and what do they do? Nothing but glide, flit, shadow-like. They are not hands, but shadow-shapes, insubstantial, useless." Then he who had never used his hands saw that his own also were vague and indefinite, like drifting vapour, and he thought of the hands he had watched through the dust in the sunny street: hands pulling ropes, carrying loads, wielding brooms, hands weaving, hands gesticulating, hands doing things. Hands of the creator! The man stopped short, then rushed up through the shadow-haunted corridors shouting with all his breath, "Hands of the creator! Hands of the creator!"

A. C. C.



### THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE

The time has come—and passed and come again—for the Dance to take her place among her sister arts, to be considered seriously. Poetry, despite the despairing cries of devotees that very few read or care for her, has thousands of enthusiasts. Sculpture, painting and music—these are not neglected; but dancing, the most spontaneous, and at once the most difficult and the easiest of all arts, is relegated to stuffy halls where numbers of pained creatures propel themselves and their partners over glass-like floors at a stiff walk, which may or may not be in time with the braying saxophone. Occasionally a troupe of Russian ballet visits us, and some of the pained creatures sit in the theatre with what they fondly suppose is a rapt expression, and come out again to say: "Wonderful. Marvz. Trained from youth of course. . ." and go their ways. How many people in Melbourne can dance—how many know that such a thing exists, outside the bastard form called "ball-room"? How many realise that dancing is just as much an art as poetry or music? an art, too, to which poetry and music have been subsidiary complements? The Greeks knew this. Their dancing was dancing with a purpose behind it—the expression of some inner idea, as poetry is; they looked upon dancing as an art. Let the advocates of the rumba or carioca laugh at the stereotyped Greek attitudes; they are at least graceful, and no more stereotyped or stiff than the movements of the rumba itself.

First of all, what is art? It is a much maligned word, so bandied about that it is a miracle that it has any meaning left at all. Surely art is the expression, in the best manner possible, through the particular medium the artist has chosen, of some vision or intuition which he wishes to communicate to others. The vital words in that definition are "expression" and "communicate." Unless an artist desires to give expression to his intuition, there will be no work of art;

and unless he communicates that intuition successfully, he has failed in the purpose of art. The same intuition may be expressed through different forms of art, each having its own media; thus, what poetry expresses through words and rhythm, music may express through sound and rhythm, and dancing through movement and rhythm. Different media undoubtedly express different ideas better; thus music goes on from the point where poetry must leave off, expressing in sounds what is inexpressible in words. Dancing has much in common with painting, since it is bound by space, and makes its appeal through the eye; but it is not a pictorial art. Movement is its most essential feature, and movement is foreign to the pictorial arts. Since it is also bound by time it has much in common with both poetry and music, and that is why "rhythm" features large in them all.

When Greek culture was submerged the art of dancing was lost. Rome caught much from Greece, and re-discovered more, but dancing was beyond her. The possibilities of colour and movement, as revealed in the dance, were not perceived by European minds until the Russian ballet burst on their startled vision. For some years dancing came into her own, but not for long. Unless innovators and reformers provoke a counter-movement, the inspiration fades, and as technique is perfected, rules become too rigid, and art dies. The Russian ballet roused no such healthy opposition, and it has become stereotyped. This is immediately evident to anyone who saw the troupe which recently visited Melbourne, and cast his mind back to the work of Pavlova's company. The Russian ballet today is not, essentially, any different from what it was twenty or thirty years ago. Yet how the world has changed! An art cannot be a living force unless it is in touch with the realities of the world around it; and the Russian ballet, reproducing the same ballets as those in which Pavlova made her debut, or devising new ones in the same dead spirit and with the



same movements as the old, has lost touch with the world, and survives really as an interesting museum piece.

More than technique and inspiration are necessary to keep a great art alive; Pavlova, for all her amazing technique and undoubted inspiration, had not the creative ability to save her art from asphyxiation. Only Nijinsky could have done that. Had he lived to force his extraordinary ideas and ballets—stillborn, because they were so much in advance of his times—upon a slow thinking public, the story might have been different; but Nijinsky did not live. Nevertheless it is from this source that salvation may yet come in the person of Kyra Nijinsky, a brilliant young ballerina, heiress to her father's genius as well as name. We must wait and see if this young dancer can lead her fellows back from the blind alleys they are following and enrich the new world with a new art.

J.D.

### TRYST

All day the crooked sapling by my gate  
Has quivered, as the fingers of the rain  
Fondled her drooping head as though the  
pain  
Of some dim memory should make her  
hate  
The wanton touch. Instead she seems to  
wait  
For some lost lover, who will come again,  
Stealing at dusk, unnoticed down the lane  
To keep his tryst, although the hour be  
late.

Surely he comes at last. The rain is still.  
The tree bends forward, breathlessly to  
hear  
His steps approaching. Sudden tremors  
fill  
Her waiting limbs with ecstasy and fear.  
Then swift she sways, and lifts her tear-  
wet face,  
Motionless, in the rough wind's warm  
embrace.

M.R.W.

### THE BEHAN BOULEVARD

[Apologies are due for the misplacement of the following account, which should, of course, have appeared with the other official news.—Ed.]

Dignified as was the opening of the Behan Building, it could hardly be expected to inspire a ceremony as solemn or as impressive as the opening of the Boulevard of similar name. The throwing open of a highway destined to bear the feet of generations not only of College cows but of young ladies of Janet Clarke Hall, could hardly fail to fire the imagination and provoke exalted thoughts as the inauguration of a mere addition to the residential facilities of the College could never hope to do.

The ceremony did justice to the occasion, and evidenced the care and discrimination of its organisers. Gorgeous pageantry, academic and episcopal; music selected as particularly befitting the time and circumstances; inspiring addresses embodying the loftiest and most appropriate sentiments—all contributed their share of felicity and dignity.

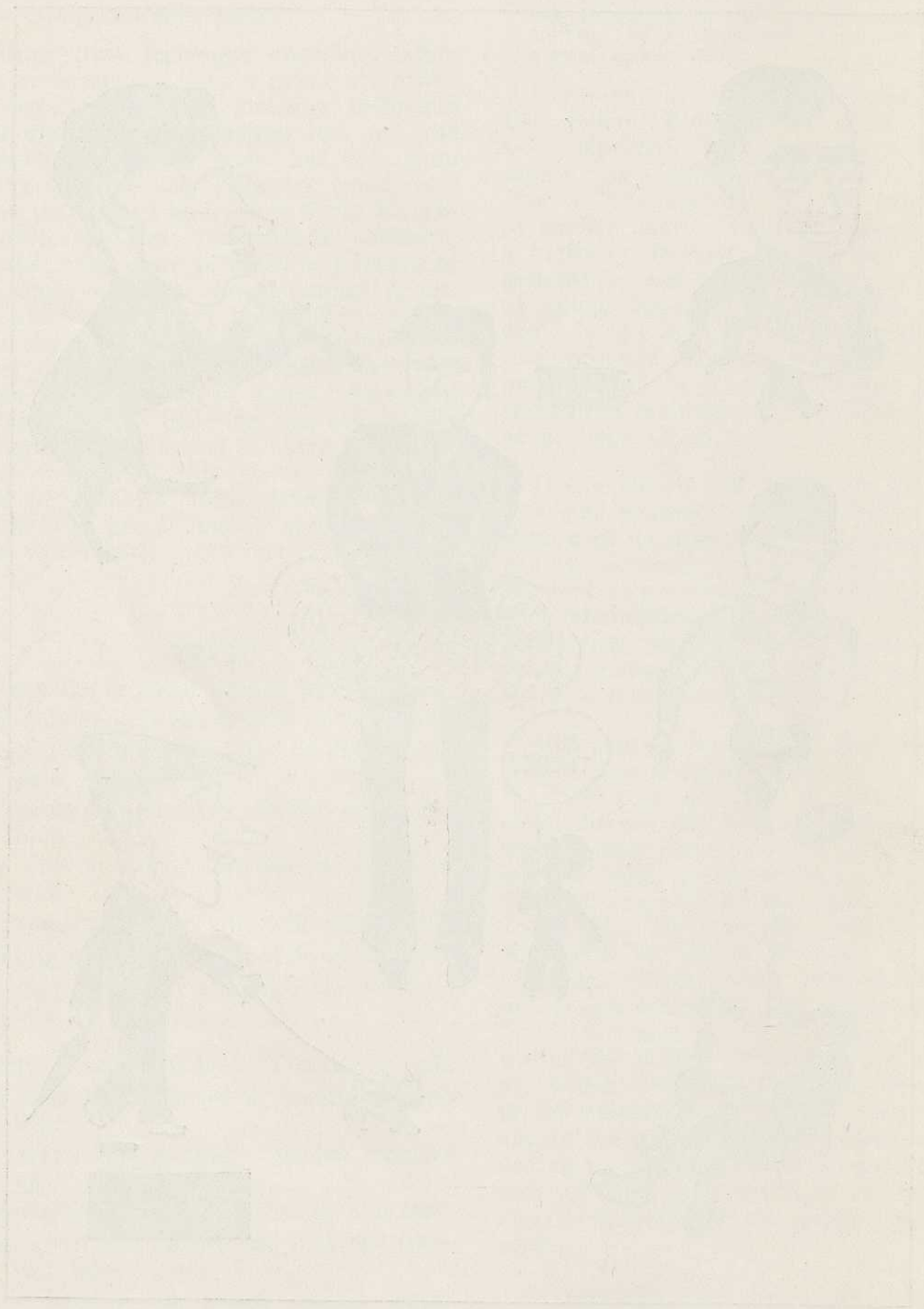
At 5 p.m. on the 24th of May the Procession moved off from the College Oak. By 5.025 p.m. watchers in Sydney Road could discern the flowing vestments and commanding person of His Grace rounding the bend, accompanied by the Warden, and preceded by the Dean and Miss Joske, Mr. Dunstan, Sir John MacFarland with Sir James Barrett, and the Chaplain. With fitting deliberation the procession advanced and halted at the South Entrance to the Boulevard, where waited the hushed and awestruck assembly, which, while not taking an active part in the ceremony, yet paid a silent homage to the glamour and solemnity of the occasion. Perhaps the most delicate tribute of all was a tendency to hysteria, clearly induced by the great emotional strain.

Proceedings were opened by a respectful singing of the Warden's Song. Scarce a heart but was stirred to the depths by











the unaffected simplicity of the words and the simple grandeur of the tune, neither rendered less moving by their familiarity. After a characteristically inspiring address by His Grace, urging young men and women of to-day to realise the importance of boulevards as Links of Empire and Avenues of Service, all joined in the familiar "For Old Time's Sake"; then amid subdued applause the Warden ascended the platform and began to speak.

At this point occurred what can only be described as a regrettable incident. From behind the demure and vestal ranks of Janet Clarke Hall appeared a masked rider, whose unmasculine form was clad in a uniform of the New Guard. Riding boldly forward, she severed the tape which had been stretched across the entrance to the Boulevard. There was a moment of confusion and excitement, in which the steed manifestly shared. Amid the lines of Janet Clarke Hall a banner, bearing the strange device "Liberté, Égalité with Trinité," was raised and borne into the entrance of the Boulevard. For a second it seemed that those feet for which it had been in part designed were to snatch the office of opening the Boulevard. One man saved the day. Trencher was met by trencher, and quailed. The Warden, towering almost to heroic stature, stemmed the presumptuous tide of femininity and rescued the decencies. Proceedings were resumed with a minimum of disturbance, and an attempt manifesting deplorable insensibility to the dignity of the occasion and the fitness of things generally, was thus effectively quashed. Later the banner was quietly appropriated, torn up, and thrown over the fence.

The ribbon joined, the Boulevard was officially opened by Miss Joske. The Chaplain, in a delightfully unconventional address, including anecdotes of service, impressed all, the homely vigour of his language admirably suiting the manly qualities which he chose as his theme. As a fitting conclusion the Dean, in a terse and whimsical speech, directed the assem-

blage to the rendezvous, not far from the College precincts, where material refreshment was to be obtained.

The procession then moved along the Boulevard and out by way of Janet Clarke Hall. As it dwindled into the distance the hushed multitude dispersed and sought the Spot indicated, already spiritually refreshed, and bearing in their aspect marks of a calm exaltation comparable to that which breathes in the final chorus of "Samson Agonistes."

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### TORCHBEARERS

With the same joy that shines now in  
your eyes

We trod this earth, breathed greedily  
this air;

And, knowing as you that all in Nature  
dies,

Felt more than mortal sunlight in our  
hair.

Like you we gazed on trees that tranced  
stood,

Drank the rich incense of their laden  
boughs,

And in sweet answer to each idle mood  
Watched passing ants, or tranquil-sail-  
ing clouds.

Deliciously distressed by that bird-song

You hear with tight'ning throat, we  
listened too;

While this intent stream hastening along  
Burbled the ancient tale now told to  
you.

Just so the sun kissed with his wester-  
ing rays

Our lips to gold, and left our hearts  
aglow;

Brave laughter, fond-sweet words, celes-  
tial days—

Dear dreamers, they were ours a while  
ago.

H.M.G.



### A STUDY OF THE SITWELLS

"Escape! There is, O Idiot, no escape."—  
Ezra Pound.

Brothers and sisters are notoriously at variance. It is a strange thing to find a family so united in sympathy and aims as the Sitwells. They are amongst the more famous of the English modern writers, and have been satirised by the vapid Noel Coward as Hernia, Gob and Sago Whittlebot, for their eccentricity in dress, and unusual ideas of rhythmic melody.

They are three poets apparently very different in style, but there is a definite attempt in the work of each to escape from the modern industrial world. We gather that they passed their childhood in a lovely park-like home. They were often left alone as children, and their minds became saturated with the imaginative world of fairy tale and legend so real to a child. Edith is never tired of describing how

"Life was so still, so clear that to wake  
under a kingfisher's limpid lake

In the lovely afternoon of a dream  
Would not remote or stranger seem."

Edith gives a delightful picture of herself and her brothers in "Colonel Fantock."

"But Dagobert and Peregrine and I  
Were children then; we walked like  
stray gazelles

Among the music of the flower bells. . .  
They had my childish self for audience,  
Whose body flat and strange, whose  
pale, straight hair

Made me appear as though I had been  
drowned—

(We all have the remote air of a legend)—

And Dagobert, my brother, whose  
large strength,

Great body and grave beauty still reflect

The Angevin dead kings from which  
we spring—

And Peregrine, the youngest, with a  
naive,

Shy grace like a faun's, whose slant  
eyes seemed

The warm green light between eternal  
boughs."

When the three of them—Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell—were rudely forced out into the world, their disgust, though it had different poetic manifestations, led in each case to an attempt to get back to the Faery Palace of "Frog Park" and "The Sleeping Beauty."

H. R. Williamson has described Edith as thoroughly anarchic. Her immediate reaction to the world was a retreat to a hysterical humour. "I try to see humour in everything," she said. She had to. And so she wrote this sort of thing, when

"Sir Beelzebub called for his syllabub in  
the hotel in Hell where Proserpine  
first fell,

Blue as the gendarmerie were the  
waves of the sea

(Rocking and shocking the bar-maid)."

But she gradually trained her ear to catch glimpses of the old song, and of the old beauty. Her daring metaphors are the result of a most delicate use of the musical element in phenomena. The morning light **does** creak, if you listen.

Osbert is the most intelligible of the three. His is the sturdier reaction. In his "Argonaut and Juggernaut" he speaks freely of the damnable effects of the war, and vividly places side by side the golden fleece and the man-killing idol-monster. He is bleaker, more masculine, more powerful than either of the others.

Sacheverell, whom Edith thinks to be one of the greatest modern poets, is in many cases almost incomprehensible. He lacks Edith's rhythmic subtlety and Osbert's nobility. His humour is weak. His "Hundred and One Harlequins" would make an excellent soporific for the average reader.

A. P. B. B.



### ITALY AND ABYSSINIA

In the last war, neither side was victorious. This statement is especially true of Italy. With an enormous war debt, a terrific budget deficit, an inflated currency, and high cost of living, with 700,000 men lost in battle, and with little of her expected territorial gains except the Southern Tyrol, no wonder Italy, though one of the victorious allies, felt herself defeated; no wonder unrest was prevalent, secret societies were formed, bolshevists, nationalists, terrorists of all sorts, were rampant. Strikes, sabotages, lootings, bombings, private vendettas, were everywhere, and the government seemed powerless to check the anarchy.

On October 27, 1922, the Fascists, with Mussolini at their head, seized power. For a year terrorism continued, but by 1925 Mussolini was firmly in the saddle, and all opposition to him had faded away.

But he had to make Italy more or less self-supporting and remedy her exceedingly unfavourable balance of trade. Agriculture was stimulated; every square foot of arable land was seized on; terraces were built up hills and mountains almost perpendicular, so that by 1932 Italy was producing wheat sufficient to feed her forty million people, a stupendous achievement, due chiefly to the government's work in land reclamation, in manufacture of fertilisers, and in training the farmers in modern scientific methods.

Dependence on foreign fuel was greatly reduced by huge hydro-electric works whose power was distributed throughout the country. A considerable portion of the railway network has been electrified, including most of the strategic lines. Only last year a new line was built under great difficulty from Florence to Bologna, tunnelling the Appenines, and which is all-electric—a great engineering triumph. The whole railway system has been improved, until now it is certainly among the best in the world. The great new

central station at Milan, the largest in the world, is a permanent memorial to Il Duce's work in this sphere.

Commercial treaties with foreign powers, and government assistance, have helped to develop secondary industry, and in addition to her traditional products of wine, leatherwork, woodwork and glass, Italy has built up a large trade in motor cars.

Much has been done to improve living conditions. Towns have been re-built and drained, slums greatly reduced, and modern tenement homes for the workers substituted, while the public health has been greatly improved. Education has been extended, and there are now practically no illiterates in Italy. Roads, ports, aqueducts have been rebuilt or improved, no less than 18,000,000,000 lire—£200,000,000 at par—having been spent on public works during the decade of Fascist rule. Even the half-century old dispute with the Church was settled by the Concordat of 1929. In place of the corruption and stagnation of pre-war Italy, in place of the dissension and humiliation of post-war Italy, the Fascists have built up an Italy which is efficient and prosperous compared with other nations, and in which her people are happy and well cared for.

And now, it seems that Mussolini is going to risk losing all this gain. A campaign in Abyssinia will be no small matter. Fighting is difficult in any tropical climate, even against a half-civilised power, when far from one's base. Britain had great difficulty in subduing Egypt and the Sudan fifty years ago, and Italy has been defeated by the Abyssinians in the past. We can only hope that a man who has wrought such a transformation at home will realise the difficulty and futility of such a campaign, and will agree to accept some settlement before it is too late.

A. G. S.



**"THE CASE OF THE FOREIGN AGENT"****McDillon's Greatest Coup**

By Philgar Wallenheim

## I.

July, and dirty weather. The oak, its boughs raised heavenward, cursed its immigrant forbears.

But in Walnut McDillon's modest Upper Clarke's apartment a different atmosphere prevailed. The world-famous detective was not the man to be cast down by any temperamental outburst on the part of the weather. Ever an athlete, he was now engaged in circumventing the combined efforts of wind, rain and cold to keep him from the track. Arrayed in shorts, singlet, spikes and spectacles, he was running vigorously round and round his desk, which he had placed in the centre of the room. In one corner of the study stood a large Bundy clock, which he energetically punched at the conclusion of each lap.

He had just completed his 499th lap when he was arrested by the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. Instantly donning a false moustache and extracting a catapult from the drawer of his desk, McDillon prepared to receive his visitor. The door was flung open, and revealed a large, stout gentleman of somewhat florid aspect. His manner was agitated in the extreme.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir!" he began.

"Well?" said McDillon, his spectacles gleaming encouragingly.

"Oh, sir! Please, sir, do save him! I know he didn't do it."

McDillon, famous as he was for his quickness at grasping the essential facts of a case, was, it must be admitted, for the moment somewhat baffled. Perceiving, however, that his visitor was not a hostile one, he removed his moustache, and parking the catapult, went to his cupboard and poured the visitor a stiff ginger ale.

"Now, sir," he said, "if you feel better, perhaps you will permit me to ask you a few questions. First of all, what is your name?"

"Thistlebotham, sir," was the reply.

"And what, Mr. Thistlebotham, is the nature of your problem? Kindly begin at the beginning, omitting nothing, however irrelevant it may seem to you."

"Well, Mr. McDillon, it's like this," began Thistlebotham, "my friend Manx——"

"Ah!" interrupted the detective, "so it's come to a head, has it." His spectacles gleamed mysteriously. "I think," he continued, "that most probably I know more of this case than you do, Mr. Thistlebotham. Of late there has crept into this College a spirit of doubt and unrest, a spirit that threatens to strike at the very foundations of our well-tried co-operative system. The authorities have come to the conclusion that this spirit has been deliberately fostered by the agents of a certain malignant foreign power——"

"Yes, sir! That's it, sir!" cried Thistlebotham, "and they suspect my friend Manx! They're going to deport him! In fact they're in his study now——"

"What! already!" shouted McDillon. "Come on, Thistlebotham; if we are to save Manx there's not a minute to lose!"

## II

In Manx's study a grim scene was being enacted. The unfortunate suspect, bound hand and foot to a chair, was undergoing a searching cross examination at the hands of the Warden, the Dean, and the Mathematical Tutor.

"I think, Mr. Manx," the Warden was saying, "that you will find it the more advantageous course to disclose, without reservation or resort to subterfuge, the subversive influence——"

"Come clean, you cad!" hissed the Dean.

"I remember at Cambridge . . ." observed the Mathematical Tutor reflectively.



At this moment the door opened, and Walnut McDillon, closely followed by Mr. Thistlebotham, rushed into the room.

"Good afternoon, Mr. McDillon," began the Warden, "I had not been so optimistic as to anticipate—"

"Thank heaven!" interrupted McDillon, "we are not too late." Turning to the Warden he continued: "No doubt, sir, my sudden appearance at this juncture occasions you some surprise. Unofficially, however, I have been conducting an investigation into the causes of this unrest which of late has been troubling every thinking man in the College." He paused for a moment.

"I remember at Cambridge . . .," said the Mathematical Tutor.

"Like you," continued McDillon, "I perceived that some definite agency was at work, and at first, I must confess I, too, suspected Mr. Manx. His voluminous correspondence, and his strange appearance at the College Play were cogent reasons for suspicion. However, these facts have now been explained to my satisfaction. Manx is innocent. The real culprit . . . ."

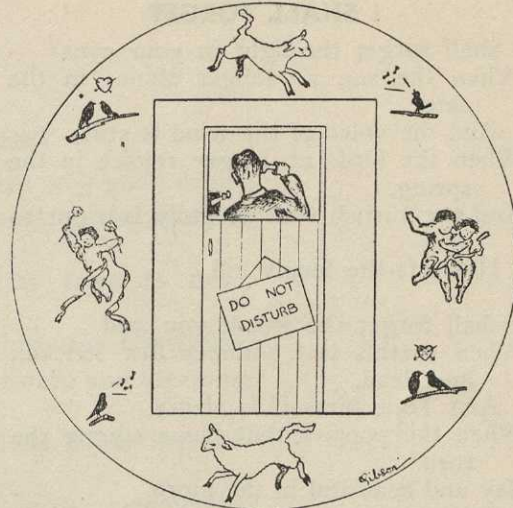
McDillon paused. The atmosphere was electric. The detective's spectacles travelled from face to face until they confronted that of the Dean, who quailed beneath their gleam. "His hair, the colour of it!" cried McDillon, pointing dramatically. "Gentlemen, can you doubt the nature of his politics. There is the—Stop him! Stop him!"

But it was too late. The Dean, seeing the game was up, had instantly produced a bottle of Stone Ginger, drained the contents, and lay dying on the floor.

"Now at Cambridge," began the Mathematical Tutor.

But no one heard him. Thistlebotham, the Warden, and Manx were already crossing the road to celebrate.

And Walnut McDillon? Walnut McDillon was back in his study, his famous spectacles gleaming with an almost religious fervour as he punched the Bundy clock at the conclusion of his 500th lap.



The Russell of Spring.

### SONNET

Out of this questioning eventual truth;  
 Out of this doubt faith rooted in the rock;  
 Out of these impotent loins men shall  
 come forth;  
 Out of this troubled sleep the world  
 awake.  
 After we querulous ghosts are laid shall  
 rise  
 Men drunk with life, full-bodied and full-  
 souled;  
 Death shall be then the fugue's trium-  
 phant close,  
 And Love the trembling turbine of the  
 world.  
 After; not for us. We have no life;  
 Only Lathean vague despairs that crush  
 Our strengthless spirits; our faith a con-  
 fident brook  
 Dried into mud-holes; man a wind-blown  
 chaff.  
 Death is the butt-end stubbed to perfunc-  
 tory ash,  
 And Love a wretched scuffling in the  
 dark.

M. R. T.



**I SHALL FORGET**

I shall forget the light in your eyes  
 When the sun no longer shines in the  
 skies,  
 And the voice of the wind is still;  
 When the birds no longer rejoice in the  
 spring,  
 And the thrush that so gaily is wont to  
 sing  
 Has left the lonely hill.

I shall forget the words you said  
 When earth's last summer lies stricken  
 and dead,  
 And Time himself is slain;  
 When the poppies that flame among the  
 corn  
 Gay and beautiful in the morn  
 Shall never come again.

I shall forget your young delight  
 When the silver stars have deserted the  
 night,  
 And the moon has lost her way;  
 When the sea is dry as the sandy shore,  
 And the chant of the waves is heard no  
 more,  
 And the wavelets cease their play.

I shall forget this love of ours  
 When fallen low are the hills blue towers  
 And the valleys are lifted high;  
 When the wings of the Angel of Death  
 are furled,  
 And his sword no longer threatens the  
 world,  
 And men forget to die.           A.D.

**PROSPICE**

Solutions all too sweet  
 Soon precipitate;  
 Fire, breathing oxygen,  
 Burns brave, and ashes then;  
 Sun throned in chiefest state  
 Most dreads the coming night.  
 So joy most safe, most full,  
 Aches, ignorant yet of ill;  
 So, rapt, at life's hushed peak,  
 We hear the watch's tick;  
 In the summit song of Youth  
 A quiet, quick catch of the breath.

M. R. T.

**THE OLD CHURCH, PORT ARTHUR**

A grey reminder of God's grace,  
 By a blue winking sea,  
 The church stands in a green place,  
 Green as Calvary.

The convicts built it, stone by stone—  
 Wall, window, tower, arch;  
 "Build or we break you, flesh and bone,"  
 And so they built the church.

Irons clank; the lashes crash and skim;  
 They quarried, hewed, and hauled.  
 Straightly they built the church to Him  
 Who made their crooked world.

They built and spilt their hate, a  
 flood  
 Their hearts might not disburse:  
 For every beam a drop of blood,  
 For every stone a curse.

They built a church, the living praise  
 Of mercy from on high,  
 Their blistered hands they dared not  
 raise  
 To curse the cruel sky.

The sweat they poured, the blood they  
 spilt,  
 Earth drank long since; and gone  
 Long since the guards and they that  
 built—  
 Only the church stands on.

Built by the convicts' hating hands,  
 Still by the quiet cove  
 In gracious dignity it stands  
 Praising the God of love.

M. R. T.



## SONNET

To-night the gods were very good to me,  
They came soft-footed on the skirts of  
sleep,  
And whispered to me tales to make  
men weep;  
Of loves and wars, forgotten minstrelsy,  
Of gods, and men, the deep and dreaming  
sea,  
And steep-hilled Hellas; and that an-  
cient keep,  
Of song, where birds innumerable  
cheep,  
And all the past is living memory.  
But all those tales are spent, and now no  
more  
The rowers bend and sway above the  
oar,  
A long brown line beneath the burning  
sun:  
But still the sea along the rocky shore  
Far echoing beats with slow, unceasing  
roar:  
The oars are shipped, the rowers' task  
is done.

R. L. G.



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