

U

Per
LH
9

.U6G35

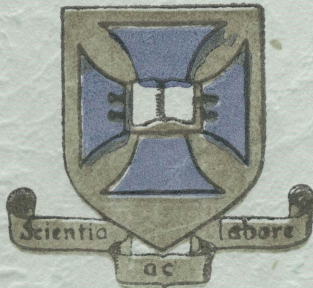
FRYER



GALMAHRA



The Magazine of the
University of Queensland Union

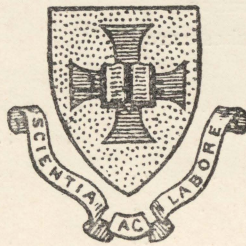


AUGUST, 1930

Published Once a Term by the University Union

GALMAHRA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND UNION



AUGUST, 1930

EDITOR :

W. A. L. T. HYDE

SUB-EDITORS :

J. S. HARDY

N. S. STABLE

WOMEN'S REPRESENTATIVE :

J. HEALE

BUSINESS MANAGER :

L. F. WHITE

The Carter-Watson Co. Ltd., Printers.



	PAGE
Of our Generation	3
I Dream	4
Atheism in our Universities	5
Books	9
Eugenics and Race Salvation	11
Speech, Chaucer and Shakespeare	14
To Anne	15
One We Knew	16
Quest	18
The Falling of the Star	19
Young Woodley	21
Us	22
Quiet	24
The Taming of the Shrew	25
Immortality	26
Mother Love	27
Spring	29
Growing Up	30
Fragment	31
Jazz	32
To Death	33
Come Now Zeilah	34
Eating	35
Soames Forsyte, Man of Property	37
The Colour Scheme	38
Thrills	39
Student Benefactions	41
Vanities	43
Vestibularia	44
University Societies	45
The Cynic Tries Idealism	48
University Sport	49
?	51
Ex Cathedra	52

GALMAHRA.

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Hor., A.P. 334.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1930.

No. 5

Of Our Generation

Somewhere in this issue there is to be found a more or less jocular reference to this "neurotic age" by a contributor who, in this little phrase, wrote more wisely than he probably imagined. For plainly there is something wrong with our generation, something that goes deeper perhaps than it would be pleasant to fathom, something dependent on causes so numerous and so widely spread, both in the past and in the present, that it would perhaps take half a lifetime of study and observation to grasp and enumerate them all. And in saying there is something wrong, we have no wish to appear unduly pessimistic, or in showing what is wrong to seem unnecessarily morbid in our illustrations—we merely draw attention to a fact which confronts us, and if that fact is highly unpleasant to look upon, this is all the more reason why we should face it squarely and do our very best to remedy it.

To say that this generation is neurotic is to make an extremely serious statement indeed, but it is a conclusion to which more and more the observer of society is forced to come. Let it be understood, of course, that "neurotic" is used in the widest sense that can be given to it, nerviness, melancholia, perversions, absolute insanity at the farthest limit—all these and other similar states might be included within the meaning of the term as we would have it understood.

For even an approximate comparison in such a subject of our generation with those that have gone before, we of this age can speak with little authority, because we are only of the present and of the future—and of past generations

we can have no personal experience. At all times "neuroticism" has no doubt been found, but although queer and sometimes dreadful things have happened in the rolling centuries of old-time, it would be difficult to say whether neuroticism was the cause, or merely thoughtlessness, or beastliness or half a hundred other things. But we can and must observe the part, and the large part, that this neuroticism plays in our own generation. It is a menace both terrible and insidious; widely, almost universally, spread, it frequently hides behind a laughing face unseen by outsiders and scarcely recognised by the individual himself. It adopts a thousand forms, and sometimes develops from insignificance to absolute rule. It is a menace no whit less serious than that of cancer, or consumption, or complications of the heart. Indeed, it is even possible to say that it is more so. However elusive in the grasping, physical disease is at least something tangible, something material; but this disease of neuroticism—not neurosis—is something invisible, immaterial, insidious, born of a thousand causes sometimes, and capable of dying a thousand deaths.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more frightful than a generation collectively afflicted to a greater or lesser extent by some form of mental or nervous disease. It would be absurd to suggest that this is at present the case, but we can only repeat that there is something wrong with our generation as a whole, something that instead of improving is growing steadily worse. Perversions of all sorts are amazingly common; plain moodiness is more and more

met with in young people who should be filled with absolute joie de vivre, and young people filled with that element are frequently found to be so highly strung that any sense of proportion is wholly lacking in them; suicides for the most trivial of causes startle us more often than we care to calculate; death pacts were a little while ago quite fashionable; crimes of murder and mutilation of features occupy police attention month after month. When a man kills himself because of a passion developed for an actress he beheld once on the screen, we may be inclined to say that the world is well rid of a fool, but the dark fact looms up and grimaces at us: he is only one in kind. When a man, to all appearances sane and respectable, murders a woman because she cannot care for him as he would wish, we call him a beast, and then pause to consider what a number of beasts

we have heard of in our time. When a man—but why continue the melancholy thought? Let the above suffice for a few of the countless examples that might be set down.

The subject is by no means the most cheerful with which to open a healthy magazine, but it is one to which attention must be drawn, and we as students should have our eyes steadily fixed on all the serious problems of our time. They are numerous enough, heaven knows, but few of them afflict each and every one of us so personally and so vitally as this of neuroticism. It eats into our very hearts, and is a menace to us not only as individuals, but as a body on whom the future race depends,—on a generation that badly needs to pull itself together, and while exercising a little more courage and self-discipline, to breathe at the same time a little more fresh air.



I DREAM—

I dream, as I sail o'er the misty waves
 Of the sea of slumber, of you alone,
 And my boat dips down to the amber caves
 And the sandy floor with its dream-shells
 strown;
 And I enter in where my spirit craves
 The palace of Faith, where is true Love's
 throne.

And you, you enter that cave with me,
 And we kneel, hand in hand, by the throne
 of Love
 In the palace of Faith in the dreamland
 sea
 And the vault of the cave is high above
 And gemmed with the jewels of Araby.

Must it always be in the misty land
 Of the realm of slumber our souls unite,
 By the throne of Love, on a jewelled strand?
 My love is yours in the broad daylight,
 And my life is yours, would you understand—
 But still I wait for the dreams of night.

M. de VISME GIPPS

Atheism in our Universities

Some time back there appeared in the press a report of an address delivered at a Church Assembly held at Ballarat, that our Universities were turning out every year hundreds of atheists. The statement naturally caused a stir, for the speaker went on to point out that the system of education adopted at our Universities was of such a nature as to exclude religion altogether. The students were instructed in a science and a morality which held no place in them for God, whatsoever. He called on those who heard him to do all in their power to alter our University system and protect the youth of our land from insidious doctrines which would ultimately lead to the destruction of our morality, our religion, and our present civilisation. The attack was chiefly launched against the Sydney University, and a storm of protests from the University authorities was the immediate result.

The Chancellor, who himself is a great churchman, and a devout Christian, answered on behalf of his fellow-senators in deploring the attack, and gave an explanation which, at least, satisfied the University graduates. He stated that the tirade was really one based on a very flimsy foundation. The speaker was influenced by his own notions of what religion might be, and its interpretation in modern life. The Chancellor remarked that often, indeed, men have entered the University with the traditional religious ideas, and have left without them, but he considered they exchanged them for ideas on religion which were infinitely better and more suited to an educated man or woman who must perforce put religion to the test in the world of men.

It is rather easy for one who does not know University life and education to jump to conclusions and infer that since men and women within the University have not the childish innocence and implicit belief in all they are told, they are, ipso facto, free thinkers and even worse, Atheists.

Many men and women enter the University and meet there, for the first time in

their lives, the enquiry of a healthy mind bent on exploring all things, no matter how sacro-sanct, and striving to establish them on a firm and reasonable basis. The University embraces all enquiry into all things. There is nothing which is altogether free from criticism, or can escape on the grounds of its antiquity.

The modern age of rationalism does not brook that religion shall escape the searching criticism to which every other realm of thought has been subjected. For, just as science searches the origins of the human race and life in general, and philosophy strives to find the *raison d'être* for life, so religion also is searched by the student, who is intent on finding the reasons why the religious beliefs are held at all.

To a certain type of mind, the approach to religious matters is that of a man who must believe and not have any reason given why he should. This implicit faith is a beautiful thing when found in a child, or in a person who has not the capacity of thinking for himself, but it is odious when found in a man or a woman who is in search of knowledge. It has been said with a great deal of heat among the educated classes, that an intelligent attitude is impossible when approaching religious doctrines for they are so impossible—not on account of their impossibility of belief, but because they seem so childish and superstitious, and as such will not bear the light of reason. However, this attitude towards religion is not a needful requirement. For a man may, if he so desire, approach religion in a reasonable frame of mind, and criticise that which he finds there, discarding the traditions and searching for the fundamental beliefs.

We know that it is necessary, on account of our lack of complete knowledge, to accept some religious beliefs on their face value. This does not mean implicit and blind acceptance, but the reasonable acknowledgement of the student that there are still some things beyond his ken. However, there is much in religion which

is reasonable and which is based not on superstition but upon the sure foundation of Truth.

There is always found some man who deploras this reasonable search into religious matters, on the grounds that religion is too sacred to be criticised. This, however, is an attitude of fear and superstition. For it has always been maintained that what is true need never fear criticism. When religion or its exponents strive to shelter behind its sanctity, it immediately arouses the suspicion of the intelligent, who wants to know what there is to fear in an honest enquiry.

Fortunately, however, there is no need for religion to shelter itself behind its sanctity, but it may come forth into the light and instead of wilting under criticism it tends rather to thrive. True religion has nothing to be afraid of. True, there are traditions, I will not call them beliefs, which are at present accepted and practised in the church, forms of worship, and church government, and the like, which, if not galling to the educated, at least make him restive. But these are the changeable parts of religion. They are useful so long as they serve their purpose, but when they cease to be useful, then they must be cast off for something better. Behind these traditions lie the truths, the irrefutable truths of religious experience. These are such that a man may approach them with all reasonable knowledge, and aided by his education understand their meanings better than before. Some people are very perturbed to think these old traditions should be abandoned in favour of something more concrete and reasonable. The result has been that any who have found sufficient courage to break away from traditionalism and have sought to find the truth in a somewhat unorthodox fashion, have brought down upon their heads the vituperation of those whose cherished traditions are thus attacked.

Those who have sought liberty have been called "Free Thinkers," "Rationalists," and even "Atheists." This brings us to consider what actually is a Free Thinker, a Rationalist, and an Atheist.

Of course, in all changes, there are extremists who, in their joy to be free, go the limit in their new-found liberty, with the consequence that all who have sought liberty have been branded as extremists and have been held in opprobrium by all who were not influenced sufficiently to change their old beliefs. To think freely does not mean that all that is held sacred must of necessity be discarded, but rather that we should think freely and reasonably on all things in the light of knowledge.

Too often extremism in thought on religious matters has been led, not by those who have the best knowledge in religious matters, but by those who have only a surface knowledge of religion, and by reason of the shallow nature of their knowledge, they are naturally led away into occupying an extreme position which would have been made untenable if they had only taken the trouble to learn a little more about the doctrines which they so hastily abandoned. However, much of the old extremism is no longer held, and men are tending to become more reasonable in their approach to religion and their criticism of it. They are beginning to see that, just as in all other matters, we cannot attain to complete knowledge, so also in religion there are some matters which must be accepted on faith, whilst other matters of which they have more sure knowledge can be accepted or rejected according to their truth or falsity.

To brand a man an atheist is also rather an extreme step, for who can really judge whether a man's belief precludes the possibility of a Deity or not? However, the tendency to-day is, not for men to reject the idea of God when they obtain more knowledge, but rather for them to be more deeply convinced of the necessity of the belief in God, the more knowledge they have. Scripture is fulfilled indeed when it states "The fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God,' " implying that he who is wise will not hesitate to acknowledge the existence of God as the First Cause of the Universe. Only those with small knowledge would controvert the necessity of belief in a Divine Being, which would bear out the old proverb, "A little

knowledge is a dangerous thing." For a little knowledge is indeed dangerous when it leads to such disbelief.

It was a popular form of heresy in the 19th century to have oneself accounted an atheist. But nowadays men are much more enlightened, and whilst they do not doubt the existence of God, they have other forms of heresy which are just as pernicious.

Probably the speaker at Ballarat was confusing his terms, not meaning that the University did not believe in God, but rather that it had unorthodox methods of interpreting the Deity and his purposes in the world of men. If this be so, it solves many of the difficulties which otherwise would surround the question.

When is a man an atheist? is a hard question to answer. But when is a man unorthodox or heretical is comparatively much easier.

Orthodoxy and heresy depend very largely on one's own viewpoint. If one person holds a cherished belief, then all others who do not hold his belief are accounted as being erroneous, or to put it more strongly, as heretics. It has been almost ludicrous, if it were not so tragic, to find religious sects vying with each other to brand those who happened to hold a different viewpoint as heretics. We find one sect branding another as heretical, and the heretical sect in its turn branding some other sect as heretical also.

The reason for this involved reasoning is to try to point out that heresy is largely dependent on a man's own belief. So that when a man rushes madly into print with the accusation that someone else is heretic, most men wait to find out exactly what is the heresy before they judge the accused.

The days are fortunately past when all men had to conform to a certain fixed doctrine and never deviate from it under pain of death or torture. In these enlightened times it is as unnecessary as it is foolish to expect that any person should conform to the prevailing belief—if he has some better conception of his own to follow.

The present age is one of prolific theological speculation—not the speculation of

the feeble-minded, who only speculate to amuse themselves, but the reasoned research of the wise and sagacious seeking not to overthrow old beliefs and doctrines, but rather by speculation to lead their readers to seek for a better understanding of the doctrines already held. In years gone by, men were told by the Church what they must believe, and they accepted the judgment without question. Those days are past, and now men are not willing to accept any doctrine unless, first, they can be given sufficient reason why they should. Implicit belief was essential in a time when the clergy and a few, very few, fortunate nobles possessed any education whatsoever. But at the present time, there is no excuse for such blind belief, for most people can read for themselves and in their own way reason things out. Especially is this the case with our Universities. They are said to be the homes of culture and learning, where men may acquire knowledge, and, if need be, frankly criticise the statements of old teaching, and reject dogmatism.

In religion, it is this type of dogmatism which views with disfavour, and even with alarm, the growing tendency of the educated to ask questions in religious matters. No longer can the church veil herself in mystery and give vague and unsatisfactory answers, but must, if she is to keep her hold on men's aspirations, give satisfactory explanation for upholding certain doctrines.

For instance, when the first breath of the Doctrine of Evolution swept over men, there was an immediate outcry on the part of one branch of the Theological School, denouncing the idea as blasphemous. A great deal of hot air was expended on both sides before each began to see that although science explains the origins of the world as a slowly evolving plan it does not of necessity refute the story of the creation found in the first chapter of Genesis. At first, it was thought that a man who held the scientific view could not hold the Biblical view, and vice versa. However, it gradually became apparent, that whilst science had proposed an explanation of the physical formation of the world, the author of the Book of

Genesis was not concerned with the scientific point of view, but rather with showing his readers that God was the Creator. So now it is becoming established that although on the surface the account in Genesis and the scientific view seem to contradict each other, actually they are complementary and explain each other.

The University has no time for humbug. If anyone prevaricates, the student mind abandons him immediately, and refuses to listen. Reasonableness is the keynote of belief.

Personally, I have no fear that University graduates must, of necessity, cast religion overboard. For any man who states with assurance that scientists and philosophers are not Christian, is taking a great deal for granted. For one thing, a man must have experienced University life to understand all its foibles. To the non-University man, the University system is Terra Incognita, and in his ignorance he denounces what he does not understand. On the same plane is the man who has never had a University training, and who blatantly disparages it, by telling any who will listen, that it is unnecessary. Just as initiates to an Order are the only people to understand its mysteries, so the University student is the only one who understands completely University life and learning.

By reason of the contact of one man's mind with another's, and the resulting conflicting views, the raw crudities of each man's ideas are rubbed off and his conceptions become more polished. Also, instead of his belief being one of easy acceptance and shallow foundation, it becomes, by reason of the assaults of sceptics, more deeply rooted and grounded in truth. Because of his continued need of a sure foundation, he analyses his belief in the light of reason and, where in his erstwhile simplicity he accepted the doctrines of childhood and youth with faith and without question, now on account of

his reasonable analysis, he accepts his old faith, no longer implicitly, but with surety, because he has searched and tried it himself and has found it to be true.

Religion has nothing to fear from education. In fact, religion welcomes education on sound lines, because by educating the people, religion is able to raise herself from the trammels of ignorant superstitions which have often veiled the truth from enquiring eyes, and establish herself as the leader of truth and reason for the uplifting of man.

True religion does not wish to debase men to a low level of understanding, but the exponents of sane religion rejoice to know that the world is becoming more enlightened, and look eagerly for the day when religion will be able to discard all except the Truth and the sane reasonable exposition of it. That day may still be far away. However, until it comes, there is no need to be despondent because men are becoming more cultured, and so look with distaste upon the crude and superstitious. That they do so is a sure sign that truth is about to cast off her coverings of tradition and appear before men unfettered by superstitious awe and free to lead on toward the attainment of the Ultimate Reason.

The educated have left the exposition of religion too long in the hands of the ignorant. It is time they took it upon themselves to place religion back on the pedestal, the pedestal of truth, from which she has been displaced to lie in the mire of superstition.

The so-called Atheism of the Universities will, if governed properly, and directed into the right channels, not uproot religion, but rather more firmly establish it and free it from the clutches of the foolish and ignorantly superstitious who would seek to have their cherished ideals left undisturbed to be a stumbling block in the path of those who would attain unto true religion undefiled.

E.T.M.



Books

Printing is usually regarded as an unmitigated blessing bestowed by a beneficent Providence upon an undeserving world, but from the point of view of the books, at any rate, it must have been a sorry day when Gutenberg set up the first printing press. The cheapness and commonness of books to-day is generally considered a matter for great satisfaction, but it has its disadvantages. Books are so plentiful now that we hardly value them. What a world of difference between Chaucer's attitude towards his books, and ours! We take our books so much as a matter of course, look upon them simply as a means to an end. We take what we want out of them, then stuff them into a bookshelf to lie forgotten until we need them again. "Twenty bokes clad in black and red" were riches beyond the dreams of avarice once upon a time. Men loved their books in those days. How many of us have them "At our bedde's head" to-day? Books were not always the chattels, the mere things of their owners; look how Lamb loved his "midnight darlings"; people were interested in them for their own sake, and looked upon them as something more than the lifeless medium of another man's thoughts.

Books have their own personalities just the same as other things; some of them are queer, and some of them are charming, and some of them are commonplace, though there aren't nearly as many of the latter as you'd think. Most people know in a vague sort of way that their Spenser is different somehow from their Browning, and that the difference isn't merely a matter of binding or the work inside. But when it comes to text books and dictionaries and things, we lump them all together as a necessary evil and turn our backs on them whenever we can. I had an old Trig. book at school; it was battered and disreputable when I bought it, but it had the look of an old veteran who has fought a good fight, and survived many a flight across the classroom. On the fly-leaf I found the long list of its former owners, all boys, and I respected

its dog-eared pages, blotted and torn, and decorated after a schoolboy's notion of art. I tried to freshen it up with a brown paper cover, but it grew lonely and forlorn away from the battlefield of a boys' schoolroom, and I'm sure it longed for the chance to end its days in the thick of the fight. Is there a valhalla for old books, I wonder?

Buying books is about the pleasantest occupation I know. There's a quiet happiness in wandering through a book shop with a view to purchase, which comes at no other time. You step into the shop with the happy consciousness that any one of all these books is potentially yours. Then the satisfaction of choosing, fingering one and then another of rival candidates for your favour and your precious shillings; then the irresistible attraction of leather and the delicious hesitation over the additional expense, with the wicked consciousness all the time that extravagance will win the day; how you caress the good green leather in anticipation! How triumphantly you march out with your prize, and what an age it seems before you reach home and can "get acquainted" as the Americans say!

Getting to know new books is very like getting to know new people,—you don't always know how to take them. Some of them, like "The Romany Rye," are hail-fellow-well-met, and are ready to be friendly straight away. With some you have to go very carefully, you can't force their confidence. I found Blake one of these, though I suppose it sounds rank heresy to confirmed Blake-lovers. I'd heard so much about Blake and from a sense of duty almost I went and bought him. Frankly I was disappointed, and I thought, "Pooh, anyone can write this stuff"—needless to say I didn't try—and I thrust him away in an odd corner and thought I'd forgotten all about him. But little bits kept coming back, like

"When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears"

and gradually it dawned on me that he wasn't as puerile as I'd thought, so I

pulled him out and gave him another chance, or rather let him give me one.

Then there are others that are gruff and bullying until you know them properly; "Heroes and Hero-Worship" was one of these. I started to read it because I had to, obviously not a propitious attitude for forming a new friendship—and sure enough it was resented. Hence I speedily found that my aggressive acquaintance was clearly getting the better of the encounter; fortunately the next time we met I was in a humbler frame of mind and we became quite sociable. So you see how you have to humour them until you know them, and then it's wonderful how friendly they get. I had a "David Copperfield," a gift from a generous uncle when I was far too young to appreciate it, for I remember pressing leaves and flowers between its pages, which left them stained and brown. Inside the cover was gummed a gaily-coloured label with the name of a little Welsh Sunday school, embellished with scrolls and lettering that, in my youthful eyes, was the last word in art. Underneath in thick uncompromising handwriting—the superintendent's, I suppose—ran the familiar legend, "Awarded to —," for Biblical history or something, followed by the date, not of this century. It had a few pictures in black and white—not many, but good. The ones I remember most clearly were David sitting on the box-seat of the coach for the first time, and Miss Betsy Trotwood standing hands upraised, and positively bristling with amazement, before the apparition of the tattered and bedraggled David. I read my David, for some reason which has always been a mystery to me, because the small close type and thin pages must have looked very formidable to a child, and I couldn't have been more than nine or ten; perhaps it was from a sense of duty, perhaps I took a pride in reading a real 'grown-up' book. Anyway I read it, not once, but many times, and I grew to love my David, as I called it, not as kiddies usually like a book, but rather with the sort of affection one bestows upon a doll or a kitten, though there was another element as well. It grew up with me, it comforted many a childish sorrow

—the part where Miss Betsy defied the Murdstones held a never-failing appeal; secure in the knowledge that she would never let David go, I quaked deliciously at the thought that perhaps she might. Traddles was a very attractive figure too, and there was for me an unholy fascination about Uriah Heep. But perhaps the past tenses have puzzled you, reader? I lost my David, not through carelessness, I cherished him too well for that. It came about in this wise. The uncle who had given him to me had a wife, and this wife, prowling round our place one day, espied David, and pounced on him eagerly. One of Uncle's old prizes was it not? How nice. Uncle wasn't a bit sentimental or he'd never have given them all away. How little Johnny would value his old prizes! She knew I wouldn't mind. So sweet of me—and gripping David firmly in both hands she departed. Long I mourned his loss, and I could never find it in my heart to replace him; but some day, by guile if necessary, I hope to get him back. What is my David to little Johnny?

I'm not one of those people who regard a binding as incidental, and in pained and pious tones remonstrate that, "As long as I have the noble literature dear, I'm sure the cover doesn't matter," when anyone suggests the reverse. All very well on the proverbial desert island, but decidedly not the thing in the midst of civilisation. Milton is not Milton in a two and six-penny edition; there is undeniably the suggestion of a decayed gentleman, whereas he should always look what he is, among the first ranks of our literary aristocracy. A cheap Milton has a reproachful look, and I'm sure it feels that for the stingy philistine who purchases it there is absolutely no hope. Besides, think how much more interesting it is to sit down to tackle a new book which is beautiful outside as well as in, and some of our poets require very resolute handling indeed before they consent to exert themselves at all to be attractive. But before you cry out against my extravagant doctrine, let me warn you to beware of the sophistry which proclaims in aggressive tones that it would rather buy half a dozen books in cheap editions than spend

the same amount on one handsome copy. It's a sound theory, but it has a marked tendency to break down in practice. Buying books in bulk isn't very satisfactory because you either skim through them rapidly and suffer acute mental indigestion, or you take the necessary time over them and then find that the fellow who buys them good has nearly as many as you

have. Of course I know that we can't have our shelves filled with leather, and there'd be little virtue in it if we had, and that cheap editions are a godsend to the impoverished student, but leather for the special favourites, particularly the poets, is still my plea. And above all, get to know your books.

: 0 :

Eugenics and Race Salvation

A REPLY.

Before answering in detail the objections to Eugenics brought forward by some person who hides himself behind a long Latin *nom de plume*, the writer wishes to make it clear that there is very little opportunity for dealing with such an important subject in the 1600 words which the Editor considers the ideal length for an article in "Galmahra." Hence he would like to name several books which give a good idea of modern eugenic thought, in case any reader wishes to extend his knowledge of the subject. A small book by Leonard Darwin, published in the Forum Series, gives a very good summary of Eugenics; for more detailed treatment, "Applied Eugenics" (Popenoe and Johnson), "Genetics" (H. E. Walter), "Evolution, Genetics, and Eugenics" (H. H. Newman), and "Hereditry and Eugenics" (W. E. Castle and others), may be consulted; the last three are probably obtainable from the library in the Biology Department.

In spite of what unscientific critics may think, many noted thinkers, both specialists in the study of heredity and men concerned chiefly with the welfare of the race, are ardent advocates of Eugenics; among these may be included the above-mentioned authors, together with Karl Pearson, the eminent mathematician, C. B. Davenport, R. Pearl, and many other geneticists among the specialists, and J. A. Thomson, H. G. Wells, A. G. Bell (the inventor, with Edison, of the telephone), and Dean Inge, among those interested in science in general. Wordsworth,

Ruskin, and Herbert Spencer express similar opinions in their writings. The careful researches of the specialists have led large numbers of thinking persons to take a great interest in Eugenics and to unite with them in advocating its application.

The critic with the Latin name makes many statements which have no foundation; Eugenics does not provide a condemnation of birth control, but the latter rather unmentionable practice is necessary in any complete eugenical programme, as a means of reducing the numbers of offspring of the inferior, unless we are to substitute the methods of abortion and infanticide used by many uncivilised races.

The argument which he associates with pig breeding does not strengthen his case, unless we assume that a subnormal mentality is always associated with the development of good physique, and vice versa; but this is not found to be the case. How, then, are the subnormal children of his hypothetical case produced? For a person to be up to the standard required by Eugenics for an ideal parent, he or she must be at least up to the average in both physical and mental characters; an excess of one cannot make up for a deficiency of the other. Again, I ask the critic to explain how "the dislocation of our national life and inevitable lowering of the standard of morality" could be caused by the application of Eugenics, which aims at raising all human standards. One would think that he was attacking some awful bogey of Communism or Bolshe-

vism, instead of a doctrine which has been developed and accepted by leaders of thought in every part of the civilised world.

Now for the Jukes case. I will admit that this suffered somewhat by lack of space, and that the influence, or rather absence of influence of environment was not stressed sufficiently. In 1877, the histories of 540 members of this family were fully investigated by Dugdale, and that of most of the others was partly known. About one-third had died in infancy, 310 were paupers, and 440 were physical wrecks. In addition, over one-half of the females were prostitutes, and 130 were convicted criminals, including seven murderers. Not one of the entire family had an ordinary education; only 20 learnt a trade, and 10 of these did so in prison.

Those who refuse to recognise the importance of heredity will say that this was due to the environment, but the work of Dr. A. H. Esterbrook, published in 1915, shows the influence of heredity in later generations. By this time, the Jukes had become scattered over fourteen states. Of 748 members of the family over 15 years of age, he found only 76 who were socially adequate; 255 doing fairly well; and 323 typical degenerates; 94 were left unclassified owing to lack of sufficient information. C. B. Davenport, commenting on this work, says, "The most important conclusion that can be drawn from Dr. Esterbrook's prolonged study of the Jukes is that not merely institutional care or better environment will cause good social reactions in persons who are feeble-minded or feebly-inhibited. . . . The chief value of a detailed study of this sort lies in this: that it demonstrates again the importance of the factor of heredity." Another indication of the inheritance of moral and mental characteristics in this family is the manner in which three of the daughters of its founder impressed their undesirable traits on their offspring; Davenport says, "Thus in the same environment, the descendants of the illegitimate son of Ada are prevaillingly criminal; the progeny of Belle are sexually immoral; and the off-

spring of Effie are paupers. The difference in the germplasm determines the difference in the prevailing trait."

A striking case of the inheritance of high mentality is the family of Erasmus Darwin. He himself was a famous naturalist; Charles Darwin was his son, and Francis and George Darwin are his grandsons; these have both held the position of president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The great Eugenists, Francis Galton and Leonard Darwin are cousins of Charles Darwin. The pedigree of Jonathan Edwards, detailed by H. E. Walter, is an even more striking example from America.

Numerous studies of the inheritance of feeble-mindedness have been made by H. H. Goddard; in many of these, the character shows typical Mendelian segregation, as occurs in simply inherited characters of plants, animals, and man. The case of Martin Kallikak is particularly interesting, as it shows the effects of both good and bad heredity in related lines. Any good book on Eugenics deals with these cases, and many instances of inheritance of physical defects, such as colour-blindness and brachydactylism.

The example from Denmark, due to Dr. Lange, is rather confused, and does not present an argument against negative Eugenics; rather the reverse. It seems that among the parents of the asylum inmates were numerous cases both of subnormal and supernormal mentality, and that, in the mating of a subnormal person with a normal or highly gifted person, the defective character appeared in at least some of the children. If Eugenics had been practised in Denmark at that time as it is now, the subnormal persons would not have transmitted their defects to posterity, and the others would have had children of average or high mentality instead of being injuriously affected by mixture with the subnormal types. Hence this case becomes an argument for the segregation of the unfit, showing, as it does, how these can weaken superior or normal strains; it is possible that it was used as such when a system of sterilisation similar to that of California was introduced in Denmark last year.

Scientists are order-loving, but they are still more truth-loving, and understand as well as anybody that the family is not a straight line; if it were, inherited defects would not be a serious danger to the community, as they would not tend to spread into other families. As it is, the mixture of degenerates with the normal population is dangerous, as in many cases the defect is a dominant character and is thus spread through the community, and its evil influence extended. This very fact is an important argument in favour of negative Eugenics. Our critic is again at fault with regard to the transmission of a taint; various forms of degeneracy were present in the Jukes, even in the eighth generation, and showed no reduction in virulence. If a taint were only transmitted for four generations, all such characters would be much rarer than they actually are. If there is anything in the words of Exodus outside what is concerned purely with the effects of environment, it refers to passive transmission, as occurs sometimes in some diseases, such as tuberculosis and syphilis.

In reference to the Binet intelligence tests: These are acknowledged by many to be of little value in determining skill, but are the most satisfactory index of intelligence devised up to the present, and in the absence of anything better must be used for this purpose.

The article under criticism dealt with the use of child endowments as a eugenic measure, and dismisses it in the following words: "Hence the only result of allowances of this type would be to accentuate the present disproportionate birthrates, and thus increase the evil." All the references to Doubleday and the Suez Canal are therefore irrelevant.

The critic objects to the fact that in dealing with sterilisation there was no attempt to particularise as to who the unfit are and how they are to be discovered; if he had read carefully, he would have seen that, in California, the inmates of the State Asylum who are most likely to transmit their defects to posterity are thus treated. As for any further discussion of the matter, there is no space to go into the questions of genetics,

psychology, and ethics, which are raised when considering this matter. There is no mention of identifying them with the poor, although MacDougall has found a strong correlation between social status and native ability. With regard to sterilisation, the Californian practice has lately been adopted in 23 states of the U.S.A., Denmark, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia, Alberta (Canada), and Vaud (Switzerland). This makes one think that there is more in the moderate practice of this measure than its opponents realise.

The "bottom" is not the bulk of the community, but only those who are definitely below the average in undesirable social qualities; it is the latter class which must be reduced by eugenic methods. The illegality of sterilisation would not prevent its practice in any class which desired it; it is not its legalisation, but its enforcement in certain cases, which is desired by eugenicists and has been obtained in some progressive countries.

In conclusion, I hope that I have dispelled the mistaken notions of a certain critic who refuses to divulge even his initials, and perhaps those of other readers also. These notions are due partly to an attempt at shortening the original article, and partly to the reader's hasty perusal and lack of further knowledge of either Genetics, on which Eugenics is based, or of Eugenics itself. This knowledge may be obtained from any of the books mentioned above.

Eugenics has been called "the dismal science" by romantic people who chafe under the restrictions of common sense, and by conscientious individuals who are depressed by the appalling hereditary blunders made by mankind, but, as a matter of fact, Eugenics presents the brightest hope for the future of humanity. It is a lofty ideal of altruism and patriotism, and in the words of Leonard Darwin, "an ideal to be followed like a flag in battle, without thought of personal gain." To quote H. F. Osborne, "To know the worst as well as the best in heredity; to preserve and select the best;—these are the most essential forces in the future evolution of human society."

C.S.

Speech, Chaucer, and Shakespeare

Some scholars claim that they know how Chaucer would have read a page of his *Canterbury Tales*. Some scholars claim that it is nonsense to talk about the beauty of Shakespeare's verse, unless we are able to read it in 16th century English. Let us consider Shakespeare first. There is in the library a very interesting volume entitled "Keats and Shakespeare." It is really an examination of Keats's own copy of Shakespeare. He underlined and picked out lines that seemed especially beautiful to him. More than that we are able to find all over his work, echoes of Shakespeare and Shakespearean cadences beautifully reproduced. Are we to believe that Keats could not do this, because a philologist holds that it would be impossible unless Keats could pronounce English in 16th century manner? Are there no Shakespearean cadences, no metrical obligations to Shakespeare in the blank verse of Shelley and of Tennyson? Were these men deaf to the music of Shakespeare's verse? For myself I prefer to believe what Dr. Bridges has written; and surely the author of the "Testament of Beauty" should be listened to with respect. "I believe that the common way of reading Shakespeare's plays has in some essentials, more likeness to the actual speech of his time than most of the learned reconstitutions which our antiquarians offer us."

As far as pronunciation goes, how are we to pronounce 20th century English? How many gradations are there between these two examples given by Mr. Galsworthy? I quote from his presidential address to the English Association in 1924. "A meriner navigytin' the endless waters of the gry Etlentie in a Canydian canoe could feel no more lorst than the speaker venturin' on a stunt laiike this. An' yet aow pleasant to know that it daont metter aow yer steer, for in no kyse can ver arrive." Here is the effect of the milk-boy using the speech of the culchahed. "Heah you are! A quart of milk, half a pound of buttah, and a bushel of eggs?"

That raight? Really! I'm frightfully bucked. Good-bay!"

Mr. Daniel Jones gives us the pronunciation employed by the people who have been educated at the great English boarding schools. Dr. Bridges will have nothing to do with it as a standard. Professor Greig holds it up to ridicule. He writes, "But one thing is clear, this single standard must not be the one now officially countenanced and propogated through English dictionaries. Public school standard is a gross travesty of English speech, and the sooner it is eliminated the better. Practically the only virtue it can boast is its variety of intonation, and this it shares with Irish standard. For the rest, it is artificial, slovenly to a degree, absurdly difficult for foreigners to acquire, and, except to ears debased to listening to it, inharmonious."

Since there is such harmony concerning our own speech, how sweetly reasonable is it to suppose that we will be able to read Shakespeare in good authentic 16th century English! Let us consider Chaucer. I indulge in no cheap sneers at philology, no levelled malice infects one comma in the course I hold. I reverence Skeat for the work he has done in Chaucer. But I believe that his rules for Chaucerian scansion are unnecessary; that it is easier and safer to trust to one's ear as Quiller-Couch says. Before philology can talk with any authority on the pronunciation of Chaucer, it must produce an authentic Chaucerian text. We must not forget that we do not possess a single line of Chaucer's own handwriting in the MSS. Here is what Saintsbury says of the present editions of Chaucer. Of course I know that it has been said that Saintsbury is out of date. Did he get out of date so quickly that we did not have time to cut the pages of his "History of English Prosody" in our library? To indulge in a cheap sneer that Saintsbury is out of date, is at once a confession of ignorance; and an insult to the greatest and most erudite academic critic of our generation. "The editions of Chaucer

now current are constructed with a view of piecing together from this MSS. and that, even (where the MSS. will not help) from this printed text and that 'critical' text, things that shall comply with the notions as to Middle English grammar, prosody and pronunciation, which have been excogitated by guesswork, or, if that seems too uncivil, by inferential hypothesis, during the last half-century or more."

Take the following line from the prologue:—

"That he wold vouche-saufe for to do so." The variant readings for "wold" are, wolde, wol, wolen, wiln, wil. Now, which is correct and who is competent to select the correct word, and with it the correct pronunciation?

Here is a line from the Knight's Tale:—

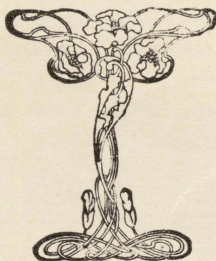
"Biforen, in his celle fantastyk".

The variant readings are, Biforn his owene, before hese owene, and four other

MSS. have biforn his, and one, byforne in his. If I find "moste" in one MSS., "moot" in another, and "muste" in a third, will it make me dogmatize concerning the pronunciation? The plain fact of the whole matter is that we have no means of ascertaining with any certainty what exactly Chaucer wrote, and still less in what exact spelling he wrote.

And in conclusion, let us make an intelligent use of philology, but do not let us forget that it is at the best but the humble hand-maiden of literature. Chaucer did not write the Canterbury Tales for the amusement of the twentieth century phoneticians and philologists. With Professor Weekley I say, "do not regard the laws of the philologist as though they had been delivered to mankind on Mount Sinai."

A.K.T.



TO ANNE

While twenty gracious Springs have fled away,
Each leaving thee more lovely than the last,
The Gods have wondered how thy mortal clay
Could vie with that by their designing cast.
Thy flower-like cheek the blush of Hebe
stains,

Diana's grace sways in thy lissom form,
And those dear eyes that bind men's hearts
in chains

Bright are as stars that shine out after storm.
But yesterday, it seems, thou wert a child,
Now speeding years their subtle change have
wrought

And blooms thy beauty, like a flower the wild
Has gently nurtured, to perfection brought:
Yet thou wilt not be a woman till the years
Have thawed thy heart with understanding
tears.

JUNIUS

One We Knew

Some of you who read this sketch will recognise the character, no doubt; it is not primarily for you that I write, for your ideas of the man are your own, and you have a perfect right to them. You may have liked him—you may have disliked him, but one thing you will grant me, I feel sure: you found him at any rate most entertaining. If you did not you are very exceptional. There was no one in my day who was not amused by him, and as far as I know, no one who is not now.

He was, and still is, a short stout man. He was, and still is, a schoolmaster. When I first met him I was a shy animal of fourteen, and he was a hearty soul of thirty-six. I liked his heartiness at first. It was warming. His jokes were all new to me, and I appreciated them accordingly. That he could or could not teach I never at that time considered very much, but I did consider his kindness, his cheerfulness, his heartiness, and although in the years that followed many other attributes, good and indifferent, were revealed to me, these three never waned or sank to a level whence I might derive a poor opinion of them.

He was a cultured man, as some schoolmasters are. He had travelled in his time, and had kept his eyes open during his voyages. He was a genuine lover of music, but his passion was the scientific study of education. We used to laugh at this, because we did not consider that his theories always went well with his practice. He spoke quickly and fluently, and seldom did an hour pass during a lesson when his voice was still for more than thirty seconds. He was behoven, so it seemed, to no one for his way of doing things, or of getting things done. One of his favourite pastimes out of school hours was arguing with the headmaster. He frequently got his way in such disputes, but whether or not it was always the best way is a thing after the lapse of these years not worth while considering.

He was very fond of boys, for the most part, and took an interest in any whom he

saw genuinely anxious to progress. This was only proper, but he also interested himself, at times in a somewhat violent fashion, in those who were not so anxious to progress. These cordially disliked him. I myself saw him use the stick on only one occasion—I forget the reason why he did so—I think it was impertinence, which he could never tolerate. “Do you want me to cane you?” he shouted to the tall, lanky youth who drooped sullenly out to confront him. “Yes!” gritted the rebel. “Very well, I will!” and he thrashed him back to his seat. We were duly awed—those of us who were not amused.

As was said before, he was very stout. He was also master-in-charge of rowing. Many a humorous incident has happened upon the pontoon or in the pair. He would take two poor children out in the latter to coach them. Wrapping the rudder strings round his massive waist, he would settle himself down comfortably in the stern, and issue his instructions. Bow would be high up in the air, doing his utmost to get his oar into the water amid the scathing comment of the weighty cox, and the scared ejaculations of the panting stroke. But he trained them. There was the sad occasion when he slipped off the pontoon in 1923. It was remarkable that the earthquakes and floods in Japan occurred shortly afterwards. Some professed to attach importance to the fact, but I don't think anyone really gave it serious consideration.

He had as a colleague, a tall dark-eyed man, who was an M.A. in Mathematics and Lieutenant-in-charge of cadets. The latter fact was in itself distressing, because the Lieutenant frequently interrupted classes for afternoon training. But as you may well guess, the Lieutenant had a Lieutenant's voice, which he not only exercised in the playing fields, but also in the class rooms for the express purpose of terrorising some sleepy-headed youth who failed to see the manifold beauties of the binomial theorem. Now the louder the Lieutenant shouted, the

softer grew the voice of the subject of this sketch, softer and softer until it was in all truth nothing more than a secret whisper, which we may or may not have been expected to hear. In despair he would slam down his books, muttering: "We're not five miles away!", tramp as heavily as he could from our room to the verandah, close a window with a bang, and with a basilisk glare into the Lieutenant's room, stamp back into his own. He would sink down exhausted, toy with his pen, gaze at us hopelessly, and intimate generally that he had a splitting headache. We didn't always believe he had, but we tried to suppress our inward gurgles and look sympathetic. The climax came later. The Lieutenant one afternoon was amusing himself with our algebraical ignorance, and the one we knew was playing at Latin next door. Somehow or other, one of us let slip the whole story of the window slamming, the shouting, the whispering, and the splitting headache. The Lieutenant listened with an amused grin on his lean face. No sooner had the youngster finished the narration of the sad tale, than there came from the adjoining room a bellow as of a charging bull—our friend was annoyed. The Lieutenant gave us one look, and sank into the chair, faintly murmuring "Oh, my poor head!" I don't know whether the one we knew ever heard the story of that episode.

I remember another amusing incident in which he was the principal actor. At dinner-hour one day he was resting in the masters' room, when he was disturbed by the shouts of youths apparently emanating from the depths below him. Adopting his most official air, he sallied out and down to the basement below, to stop the riot. After soundly reproofing them, "Are you aware," he cried, dramatically pointing upwards, "that **this** is the masters' common room?" There was one wild shriek of laughter. Unfortunately he had misjudged the distance, and he was indicating, not the masters' common room, but a very different place where one is supposed to wash one's hands.

He was a bachelor, and built himself a peculiar little home where he lived with a friend, a housekeeper, his books, and

his music. He would never buy himself a car—why we could never quite make out. Some uncharitable persons used to say it was because he could not possibly get behind the wheel to drive it. He was quite wealthy, we always believed, and why he took upon himself the trials of a schoolmaster we never could understand. We all agreed that he would die if he had nothing to occupy his attention. He kept fairly good discipline, but the difficulty was to take him seriously. He boxed a youth's ears on one occasion—the youth put his fists up to him, for he was seventeen, and youths of seventeen don't care to have their ears boxed. It makes them feel small, I imagine. We sat and shivered with excitement, expecting any moment to see a rough and tumble over the desks all for our benefit. But nothing happened and both drifted frizzling away.

He was undoubtedly what you would call a "smooger." He could never bear being enemies with anyone. If he dressed you down, he would not rest until he was sure your feelings were no longer sore. This was distinctly irritating at times, because although you mightn't be a chap to bear malice, still you never knew when humiliation would occur again. On the whole it was pleasanter in such circumstances and more dignified, to remain an enemy. But the man was so very funny at times that although you could willingly have choked him, you had to join the rest in laughing at him.

Being a Sydney M.A., he had, and still has, I fear, a considerable contempt for our University. This didn't worry us in the least. We used to say it was because our standard was so much higher than Sydney's, although no one, as far as I knew, ever told him so to his face. Life simply was too precious for that. He referred to our 'Varsity as "The place down in the gardens," and objected to our using slang because the place down in the gardens didn't like slang. However, we still used it, I fear, in spite of all this.

He was always a man to do startling things suddenly. There had been vague rumours for a long while that he was engaged to this person or that person, but no one ever really credited them. Not

one of us but believed he was the most confirmed of confirmed bachelors. As a consequence, the shock was numbing when we found the day was fixed for his marriage. Those of us who were women-haters felt that the world was tottering about our ears. Nevertheless, some of us ambled along to the church to see if it really could be, and we found it was. He married a charming bride, but those of us who looked on found ourselves sighing

gently that the bachelor days of this remarkable man were over. We wished him all luck and happiness, but from that day we have heard little of him and seen less. A kindly man, at times eccentric and not easy to understand, generous to a degree, we doubt not that he is still the same as ever, living up to the motto he once applied to himself, "Semper eadem," with never a change either in nature or physique.

— : o : —

Quest

Once in a distant land there dwelt a prince whom men called Theages. And he dwelt in a marble palace beside a purple sea whose face no storm e'er ruffled. And about his palace was a grove of poplars, and among them fauns and nymphs, and everywhere was peace: everywhere except in the breast of Theages, who hungered after happiness with a great-longing, and found it not. . . .

Often he heard the flute-players, and their plaintive melodies moved him with a strange madness so that he wept, and knew not why he wept. And he beheld dancing girls, and their sensuous grace stirred him not, but he walked among the marble courts of his palace and his heart was big with sorrows which it had never known, and his mind was oppressed with shadows of things which were to come.

Then one day came before Theages the woman that soon or late cometh once before all men, and he gazed upon her and loved her, and lo, the maid was very fair. Sea-green were her eyes, and wild as the tameless sea they gleamed; and in her cheek a sweet blush bloomed, delicate as the shadow of a rosebud in the snow; and like snowy hills her little breasts half showed beneath her silken gown; and she swayed towards him vital as a flame.

And Theages spoke to her saying, "If thou wilt tarry awhile with me I will give unto thee a pair of golden slippers for thy feet, so that thou shalt tread more lightly than a feather resteth on the sur-

face of still water; and I will give thee the heart of a salamander closed in a box which is a single ruby, and, so thou dost guard it, thou wilt be ever beautiful; and more, I will give thee rings set with cold emeralds to mirror thine eyes, and a necklace of bees in amber, and a golden girdle woven of living hair." But the maiden laughed at him; so he seized her and ravished her; but he knew not her sweetness and tasted only in his mouth the ashes of a dead desire. . . .

And Theages again sought after happiness, and he sought it of many men of many lands, but they knew it not; so was his brow clouded again with doubt and his eyes turned inwards to his soul.

Then came an afternoon when he slept beside the sleeping purple sea, and he dreamed that there came to him a spirit, and the spirit drew back from his eyes the curtain of his mortality, so that he looked and saw as in a dream within a dream a fair island. And in the midst of the island he saw an happy valley where there reclined a youth. On a bank of yellow crocus he lay, and his brows were girt with passion flowers, and he moved not but stayed, smiling, like one that sleeps and has a pleasant dream.

"Behold," the spirit spoke, "that youth,—as a mote suspended in golden light, even so is his being suspended in time; he looketh not forward into the future, nor hath he remembrance of the past, but he dwelleth always in the pre-

sent. . . . In the morning he seeth the springing East grow light, and his soul is dissolved in an ecstasy; and the crocus nod their saffron heads and the sweet birds sing, each his own song, and the sun riseth up to high heaven. And the youth beholdeth these things and is happy in the hour; and when the long shades of evening gather round him, and far away the night wind murmureth, he sleepeth and is happy; for only those are happy who lust

not after things that shall come nor repine for those that have passed away."

Then faded the scene from the eyes of Theages and died the words on his ears, and he slept without dreaming; and, lo, when they would have waked him in the evening, he awoke not, but stayed, smiling, like one that sleeps and has a pleasant dream.

—JUNIUS.

— : o : —

The Falling of the Star

In an untidy yard four untidy little children were playing. Outside the back door of the house an old man sat in the sun. The wind stirred the white hair on his head. His hands lay motionless on his lap, and his eyes very bright and dark were fixed on the hill opposite. He was a miner too old for the hard work of the mine. He had bought a horse and dray and occasionally carted firewood for the neighbours. His horse, like himself, was white and old. He was a very neat old man, and one would not have thought to have looked at him that sometimes he drank too much. There was a look of the absolute about him, which was accentuated by the whiteness of the hair that haloed his head. It was a strange sight to see the patriarchal old man, sitting in front of the dray, swaying slightly, and the old white horse slowly and solemnly stepping out along the road. The mere fact that he drank was a desecration on the haloed head. Yet when upbraided he would answer, "What can I do? It is either that or thought, and sometimes thought is more horrible than drink." The questioner would retire baffled by the look of pain in his dark, clear eyes. He did not look as if he could have anything in common with the children who were playing not far from him, and yet he was their grandfather, and they were the children of his only son, Martin.

Just now his eyes were heavy with thought, and fixed on the hillside opposite where the saffron wattle was

flowering. He watched it till all the deep yellow ran together and swam like molten gold in the rich sunlight. And as he looked beauty stirred memory within his brain. He ran over a sentence that had unaccountably lingered with him. He had heard it at the funeral of his wife. "He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower." Back and back flew his thoughts till in the place of his grandchildren it seemed that he saw himself, a little child playing. How vividly he could remember his own mother! How short a thing is life when a man over 70 may remember clearly the woman who bore him! There was a strange sweetness about it all, like music heard at bedtime.

A woman came to the back door with a basin. The sound of thrown water cruelly broke the spell. It splashed like something unclean. That was his son's wife. Time was heartless too. It had bloated and changed Martin's wife from a neat laughing girl to a slatternly woman with unstockinged feet, and huge gaping slippers. A fierce anger surged within him. His mother had not been like that, neither had Martin's mother. The untidy children had become suddenly repugnant to him. He sat brooding, the warmth had left the sun, and his old eyes were filled with pain.

The woman shouted out that tea was ready. The old man rose slowly and climbed the steps. It was a noisy meal. A child in its impatience beat on the table with a spoon. He looked at the children. Never before had they seemed

so greedy and dirty. One of them stretched out for bread, and a cup of tea was overturned. The tea crept over the soiled linoleum that served for a table cover, to the edge of the table and trickled slowly to the floor. The dropping reminded him of the water that had been thrown out. The mother hitched the baby on to her knee, and began to complain in a high-pitched querulous voice. The child cried. He rose in disgust, and went to his seat outside. His horse crossed the yard and stood with hanging head, its hind-quarters turned to the wind that had arisen. A sudden resolution took hold of him. He would go to the hotel. He yoked up the horse and started out.

There was a good crowd of men in the hotel. They clustered round the bar, talking noisily. He pushed through them and took his place at the counter. No one heeded him. He listened to them talking about football. He tried to join in the conversation but they laughed at him. Why, he could remember most of them as barefooted lads! He fell silent, his heart super-charged with bitterness. He gazed at his white withered hand on the bar counter, with its enlarged joints, and he knew it would never be young again. He emptied his glass and called for another. A comfortable warmth filled him. But what was this queer feeling that was stealing over him? Everything grew misty. Everything was spinning round. The men in the room had grown blurred and indistinct. He passed his hands over his eyes. The room was clearing, the spinning had stopped, he could see men plainly. But there were men and shadows, and for every man there was a shadow. He looked again. The room was filled with men who were young when he was young, and it was the real men who were shadowy and indistinct. They slowly faded into nothingness. He started to talk volubly, and gesticulated violently. "Football, Jimmie Carruthers was a great back, the finest footballer that ever drew on a boot!" An unexpected strength welled out in his voice. He was conscious of onlookers staring at him. There was another change. The spinning and the greyness had commenced again. The real men spun slowly

out of the background, and took on distinctness and reality. The faces of the men, who were for the most part dead, were fading away, and their faces were very sorrowful. A voice answered him, and at its sound the last vestige of the phantoms vanished. It was the son of Carruthers who was answering him. "Yes, my father was good in his day."

Where had the men of his youth gone? He looked old, distraught, and puzzled. Carruthers took hold of his arm kindly, and said, "Old Davie, it's time you were going home." Another man laughed, "Seeing things, old timer?"

Carruthers led him outside to his dray. The old horse whinnied as he approached. He rubbed its nose with unsteady hands. He slowly climbed on to the front of the dray. He sat there, and the horse plodded slowly along the uneven road. The wind tossed the gaunt arms of the trees, and made strange harmonies among them. The wind blew cold, and clouds rushed across the face of the moon. Slowly the sound penetrated to the man's brain, and he listened to the voices that wailed. "When a man is past work he should lie down and die, for towards the old men among us there is neither honour nor respect."

But why, when his heart was filled with the tragedy of age, did the face of his mother appear clear in front of him? He stared at her, and suddenly across the sky where it seemed she stood, a star fell swiftly, leaving in its train the merest trace of light. All was dark and the face had vanished. But what was the tale he had learned at her knee? When a star fell, some soul entered heaven. He sat wrapped in thought. Could it be true? Still the wind wailed around him, and his hands grew cold, till the reins slipped from his fingers. He leaned over to recover them. He fell forward. The wheel of the dray rose sickeningly and fell. For a moment or two the old horse stood still; then it plodded on.

In the morning the old man was found. The star that had fallen had been his own.

A.K.T.

Young Woodley

There appears to be a tendency in modern literature to deal with problems of sex in a way that is not altogether healthy. It will be readily admitted that some consideration of this important problem is rendered necessary by the ever-increasing freedom of modern social life, but this fact should not be made the excuse for a number of recent publications which rely for their sales upon an ill-concealed appeal to the baser instincts of their wide circle of readers.

A number of examples of work of this nature can be cited, such as Remarque's popular "All Quiet on the Western Front", and John van Druten's successful play, "Young Woodley". Of these, the former has been widely discussed and criticised, and has now been improved tenfold in its new form as a "Talkie". It is my intention here to give some brief consideration to the latter.

"Young Woodley" has not been produced in Brisbane, but has met with considerable success in the Southern capitals. I have not seen the stage production of the play, but recently I had the misfortune to read it, and can only conjecture that the credit for its stage success must be given to the excellent acting of those who produced it. This must be the case, for those who gave such a fine appreciation to that splendid play, "Journey's End," could scarcely so degrade their taste as to patronise "Young Woodley" for the sake of the play itself.

The story, for a start, is manifestly absurd. Imagine the situation! Young Woodley, a boy of 17, passionately declares his love to his house-master's wife, a woman of some 30 years, and is caught "flagrante delicto" by the house-master himself.

Woodley is a very weak character, as utterly unlike the normal public school boy of that age as is Simmons unlike the normal house-master. He is a prefect, and something of an athlete, who revels in the voluptuousness of Swinburne, and spends his leisure hours in frequent attempts to write sensuous verse. Ainger, the house captain, is his friend—their

friendship, incidentally, being one of the few good points about the play—and with Ainger Woodley discusses this question of sex relations, which to him is of exaggerated importance.

Simmons is a school-master of the worst type, seldom, if ever, met with in Australia, and—let us hope—no less uncommon in England. He possesses, according to his wife, "that domineering, self-conscious attitude of the pedagogue that hangs around him like a halo." Laura Simmons, on the other hand, is the type of understanding woman one can admire—until she commits the final absurd indiscretion of discussing her domestic affairs with the angel-devil Woodley, and declaring her love for him.

The play reaches its acme of absurdity when Woodley blandly remarks to the righteously indignant Simmons, "I am in love with your wife." And this ludicrous situation, which is most fitting for instant action, and the production of a long and resilient cane, merely draws from Simmons the remark, "Indeed, and you have the face to tell me that!"

The denouement of that which, for lack of a better name, we must call the "plot", involves a murderous attack by Woodley, armed with a bread knife, on Vining, a particularly poisonous individual who has provoked the "saintly" young hero by his somewhat coarse remarks concerning Mrs. Simmons. The brawl is interrupted by Simmons, and, of course, results in Woodley's expulsion.

The series of sordid and ridiculous situations draws to a conclusion with a maudlin farewell scene between the "languorous Laura" and our hypersensitive young friend, and, to our relief, Young Woodley passes beyond our ken to launch out on a new career as office boy in Woodley's "Wildflower" soap factory.

It is with mixed feelings of disgust and amusement that one sets down this play of puerile passions, and if it were not for the fact that the situations are so obviously absurd, one would be tempted

to term the play an ignoble attempt to capitalise that which is base and sordid in human nature.

It was, as I say, with relief that I read "curtain" at the conclusion of the third act of "Young Woodley," and I turned thankfully to my interrupted reading of a delightful and interesting novel by the whimsical Maurice Walsh. Let us thank

the powers that be that there are still those amongst modern authors who find it both desirable and profitable to write works which can pass the most Puritanical criticism without the slightest taint of suspicion, and which can still find a reading public to appreciate them for what they are.

E.A.F.

— : o : —

US

"Undergraduate!" The very word is exciting, it brings before us all manner of pictures which, with the cap and gown, are somehow woven into the word itself. We see serious youths hurrying through the snow to lectures, gown trailing in the wind—a gown almost threadbare, scarce sufficing to hide the shabby coat below; or in the wee small hours studying by lonely candlelight in a bare attic, forgetting hunger and cold in the search for the truth to be won. Or, more clearly, we see a cosy study where a policeman's helmet proudly ornaments the wall, and where in a haze of tobacco smoke a merry group of men are laughing uproariously as they plan to upset Oxford town with the greatest hoax yet. Yes, these are undergraduates,—full of originality, bubbling over with high spirits, throwing convention to the wind, ever trying to make fools of others, not fearful of making fools of themselves. Last of all we see ordinary-looking men in the ordinary grey flannels walking rather hurriedly down George Street to lectures, soberly, even sleepily, taking down lecture notes and, except for a few who make loud noises, dancing on Saturday nights in the usual respectable way. Are these undergraduates too?

Premier, Chancellor, and Professor all delight in telling the public of "the leavening influence of University life," of "the University spirit, the seeking of the truth at all costs for its own sake," and of us, the University, who are "responsible for the uplift of man from bestiality of civilisation." To show how well we know this we completely drown

the speaker with interjections, occasionally witty.

As well as our lectures, of which these are quite enough, alas, we have our Dramatic, Musical, Debating, and Wider Education Societies, and a Christian Union. Surely with such activities we cannot become other than real university men, observant, eager, and able to learn, well informed in our special subjects, and able to talk intelligently on any, appreciating honestly music, literature, and art—just what the public expects. Such an ideal perhaps is impossible, but if the university is more than a super-high school, if it is exemplified by those fleeting glimpses of the poverty and earnestness of old Edinburgh or Vienna, if it really does represent man's quest for the eternal, then such is the only fitting ideal for a university man. Above all we should have that gay unselfconsciousness which is the strongest suggestion in the word "undergraduate."

We have at times gone so far as to be sensationalised in the weekly press, we do entertain all Brisbane once a year, but could we, would we, hoax the city to cheer a bogus Amy Johnson or to welcome officially a fancy dress Don Cossacks Choir? Can we even entertain ourselves? Quite recently a gathering of some thirty undergraduates determined to while away a wet Saturday evening with a concert. After a few minutes of polite chatting the show started with a chorus (not very spirited), item two, a gramophone record, was followed by a somewhat painful silence and a more embarrassing period of

giggling until performer number three, who can sing, favoured us with a verse and a half of a song when the gathering subsided into general conversation. The comparison with a crowd of small school-girls is inevitable, yet this seemed quite representative of normally bright and intelligent 'Varsity people. Perhaps, when from a distance we can look back on the fun of undergraduate days, the jokes in the lib. or lab. or the drawing office, the mad old stunts at college, the gay abandon of Commem. may have grown into as enviable a life as we have ever imagined among the merry Oxonians. And after all, the jollity is only an external appearance which it is hard for us to cultivate, for the Australian is naturally serious-minded.

We may not show a wild joy in life, but at least we cover up our seriousness; we are bright enough to be able to say: "Swotting? Good Lord man, it's not even August!" and then go home for a hard night's grind. There are always reams of lecture notes to stew and tall piles of books to read; there is practical work to get done and to write up; there are seminars to prepare; despite the cramming for examination which we all really deplore it is unthinkable that graduates go out into the world without good foundation knowledge and practical ability in their subjects, let Wells rant as he pleases. It must be remembered that the first two years of most courses savour somewhat of scientific mollycoddling—students are shown what to do, given the apparatus fitted up, and told the results to expect. It does not seem to leave much room for originality or development of the scientific intellect, hence the objections of such men as Wells that a university education kills self-reliance. But a great many time-worn sayings support the idea that this practical work is not so simple and mechanical as it may appear to the casual observer. We may fairly claim knowledge, but does that raise us above a super-high school? In our technical colleges there are hundreds who come in to lectures after a long day's work, who have very little time for frivolity for five or more years, and who

go out at the end with a wide practical experience to back up their knowledge. As an example think of the metallurgical students at Newcastle, as jolly a crowd as could be met, working forty-eight hours a week on shift work, doing three hours a night at Technical College of a very stiff course for three or four nights a week and keeping it up for five years. Then think of the virtuous feeling we would have if we swotted for six nights a week in first term!

Think, too, of men at the Ipswich workshop, extensively, if not well, read, with a W.E.S quite as active as ours and with fine ideals of a social system. Then think what we know of social systems, of Communism, we who profess to represent the intellect of the State. We may claim that it is beneath us to meddle with politics or we may honestly admit, that we, as a body, have not taken the trouble to think. In any case we cannot evade the subject. We cannot dismiss the Communist as a loud-mouthed malcontent, as a rapacious ne'er-do-well, eager to share all things equally as long as he has none, or even as a misguided fanatic, for a great many are educated men, and thinking men whose ideas and ideals would put most of us to shame. The ideal of Communism is fine, not absurd as it is regularly painted, nor as unworkable as it appears; if we are sincere in our quest for the truth, we must, at least, consider it seriously. Further, consideration of such an alternative must shed a great deal of light on the weaknesses of our present system; weaknesses which are rapidly becoming failures,—increases in unemployment, "over-production," political corruption. And yet we just go on perfectly satisfied with life; we who exert a "leavening influence" on the community do not trouble to think about the problem which looms largest in its thoughts.

Perhaps of even more importance is our attitude towards religion. Here too, we should be on a better footing, for we have a great organisation, the Student Christian Movement devoted exclusively to study religion, or as it says in its constitution: "to seek God and the truth by which to live to test the truth of Christ's

way of life." At Opening Addresses and Freshers' Welcomes and other suitable occasions we hear again this idea of the university spirit ever seeking the truth, which is perfectly right. The unfortunate fact is that after the opening addresses and what not the university spirit modestly retires. Instead of a great crowd of thinking people joining up and offering ideas, helping to build up a faith which can proudly stand side by side with the great scientific truths, which is as dependent on reason as on feeling, instead of a healthy university organisation we have a meagre few who come along to "study" circles. But after devoting so much of their time to enjoyment and to swotting they are too tired to study or to think, leaving that to the poor leader. This is an unfortunate fact not because religion is nice, or good for one, or the thing to do, not because we may be damned if we have not the right sort of religion, but because a religion is as necessary to man as bread and water. Man cannot live without some code of conduct and some faith to back it up; no scientific discovery has been made, no truth has been gained, without first a theory and then a faith in it; yet university students cannot spare the time to bother about the truth by which to live, unless they are afraid of it, afraid that the light they professedly seek will illuminate only too well the blemishes in their garments of thought.

Certainly so-called scientific training is inimical to our old blind faith in an infallible Bible, is even a severe strain on a faith in Christ; but if the scientific spirit

demanding the truth makes a man relinquish his faith surely that same spirit will drive him to show others the truth, especially when opportunities are provided. If the scientific spirit makes him reject an old hypothesis surely it will urge him to try another. And that is what the C.U. aims at—"to test the truth of Christ's way of life." Is it a desire for truth alone, is it a fear that a faith in Christianity imposes obligations, is it the childish idea that anything with "Christ" in it is "soupy," or is it sheer intellectual apathy that keeps people from joining the Student Movement, which is incidentally the only universal inter-University organisation? Religion is not effeminate; it is not a subject of which we can smugly say, "I'm not very interested" or "It's the 'C' keeps me out," as we do. Even a knave has a code of conduct and only a fool rejects a possible chance of help to carry it out. Yet undergraduates, the "Intellectual Cream" of the State, cannot be bothered with trying to find a code and a relief that will work consistently alongside the knowledge that is dinned into them.

After all we do learn sufficient to become in due course useful to an employer. We do not trouble him with those most uncomfortable Communistic ideas, we do have quite a nice social status and, I suppose, if each Commem. day we sing enthusiastically:

"Why we're the University,
Of Queensland we're the crown, sir!"
we may remain in the pleasant state of believing it.

— I. McC.S.

— : 0 : —

QUIET

Be still my restless heart,
And roam no more.
Crouch low,
And humbly know
That here on earth all Beauty lies
In two grey eyes.

Be still my beating mind,
And seek no more
That quest.
O humbly rest,
For here on earth all Beauty lies,
In two grey eyes.

The Taming of the Shrew

It has for some time past been recognised that the talking screen can deal more fully with the plot of a play than can the legitimate stage, for which the play was written. This fact is so evident, and has led to so much mis-directed controversial writing that I have no intention of enlarging on the theme at this moment, and will devote my energies to a consideration of "The Taming of the Shrew," as presented to the world by a dollar-hunting Hollywood.

It is only fair to stress the fact that this picture was released not as a faithful reproduction of Shakespeare's comedy, but as an "adaptation" of that work for screen purposes. On consulting the Oxford dictionary I found that the word "adaptation" means "the process of modifying a thing so as to suit new conditions—alteration of a dramatic composition to suit a different audience," neither of which definitions was, I dare swear, in the producer's mind when he undertook the work of "adapting" "The Taming of the Shrew." In my humble but candid opinion even this wide definition can afford no excuse for direct alteration of the plot of the play. The word "adaptation" may with perfect adequacy cover a multitude of sins, but can it afford protection to flagrant addition to the meaning of the play, to the exaggeration of Shakespeare's humour into Yankee laughter-catching farce, and last but not least, to the almost complete cutting out of the under-plot dealing with Bianca and her three ardent suitors? No, most decidedly "adaptation" is not the word to convey the significance of the changes made by Hollywood to the work of the Bard of Stratford on Avon—"violation" would be a much more truthful term.

Let us consider "The World's Most Rollicking Comedy by England's Greatest Dramatist—William Shakespeare" in a manner in keeping with the American producer's treatment of the play. I may be called to task for using that handiest of weapons, destructive criticism, in place

of the constructive method so highly praised by those who have themselves been criticised, but I do so by way of retaliation against the American treatment of Shakespeare's work, a treatment amounting in itself to destructive criticism of "The Taming of the Shrew."

To enumerate all the departures from the plot of the play contained in this "joyous picture of rollicking British entertainment" would take more time than is worth wasting on the subject. I should like, however, to say that in Shakespeare's version the wedding scene is only reported, and is not actually presented to the audience. The opportunity to introduce the pantomime element was evidently too seductive for the Hollywood mind to resist, and the result was a ludicrously nauseating exhibition of sacrilege which should have earned for some of the participants a week in the pillory followed by immediate deportation to the cannibal isles. A little later all semblance to the play disappeared before the producer's overwhelming desire to introduce a bedroom scene, without which no American talking picture could possibly be complete. No doubt the gentleman who had taken it upon himself to "adapt" (I thank thee, sir, for teaching me that word) the work considered that he had followed Shakespeare far enough and decided to give his own imagination free play. He did. The audience laughed enough to satisfy any producer, but it was the laughter of people who did not know and appreciate the work of William Shakespeare. It was the mirth so easily aroused in any picture show crowd by the spectacle of a couple of clowns throwing paint pots at each other and scoring a bull on the police sergeant, glee that displayed an ignorance of the finer literary products of their Mother Country as abysmal as it was pitiful.

Impossible as it may seem, even worse was to come. Katherine was an honest shrew, and when she was defeated by

Petruchio and decided to mend her ways, she did it by complete and honest surrender. This was much too tame an ending to find acceptance on the American talking screen, so by a single stroke of misapplied genius the producer turned fair Katherine into a plausible and mentally disgusting hypocrite. When Shakespeare penned the lines

"I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for
peace
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love,
and obey",

he could never have intended that "Sweet Kate" should wink broadly at Bianca after uttering the word "obey".

Above I have dealt with only three points, which in themselves are sufficient to condemn "The Taming of the Shrew" as a talking picture giving any idea of the worth of the play. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks made of Petruchio a mannerless boor, and in the hands of Miss Mary Pickford, Katherine, as Mr. Punch so neatly terms it, became "not so much a shrew as a harridan." Still we know both these artists far too well to allow us even to suspect that the blame rests on their shoulders. Since witnessing Miss Pickford's accuracy with glass vases at a

range of 20 yards, I have revised my views on the question as to whether women can throw straight. In the courting of Bianca it is my opinion that Hortensio had matters far too much his own way, especially in consideration of the fact that Shakespeare married Bianca to Lucentio, and Hortensio to a widow. The thrill of delight I experienced when the fair Katherine smashed the lute on his head was marred only by a vain regret that he did not choose to present himself as a teacher of the Paduan equivalent to the grand piano.

Baptista, father of Katherine, was, perhaps, the most likeable of all the characters, in spite of the fact that he so far forgot his dignity as to take a seat on the steps of the church before the admiring gaze of the assembled wedding guests.

To end, I might suggest that if Shakespeare had never written "The Taming of the Shrew," the picture, as an original effort on the part of the Hollywood story manufacturers, would have been acceptable, but as an humble admirer of Shakespeare's works I must confess I left the theatre with black rage in my heart, plus an ardent desire to found a society for the Prevention of Mutilation of the works of English Dramatists by the Hunters of the Dollar.

ZEILAH

— : o : —

IMMORTALITY

A mystic word, whose wonder-raising sound
Has ever caused the mind of man perplexed
In seeking answer to the problem vexed
To range imagination's fields around,
Find meaning where no meaning was before,
Interpret Life and Death with foolish guess,
And, beaten, run at last in dire distress
To search for truth in tomes of classic lore!

Can mortal fools whose eyes may scarce
discern
The Way of Life, see further than the place
Where Death and Worldly Life come face to
face
And find the answer that means Death to
learn?
The only answer is what Time will show,
And more than that we fools can never
know.

ZEILAH

Mother-Love

John Adair during the discussion had said nothing. He sat with his feet stretched out in front of him, moodily gazing into the fire. His pipe had gone out without his noticing it. Finally he said, 'I think that most parents make a mistake. They are very careful what they say to their children after they have half grown up, whereas it seems to me that they should be more careful when the children are quite young. An incident happened to me when I was about nine or ten that has had the most profound effect on my whole outlook. I can remember it very vividly, for a queer traitor is the memory. The things we would forget, we remember, and the things we would remember, we forget.' Here he sat silent for some time as though he were turning over half-forgotten memories in his brain. We knew Adair and sat waiting patiently for him to go on. He pulled himself together like a man preparing for a plunge into icy water, and commenced again. 'It can do no harm now for the people in my story are all dead these many years. I had a cousin named John, whom I worshipped when I was little. He was about four or five years older than I, and he was my leader and idol in all things. On Saturday mornings I had to do a certain amount of work before I was free for the day. How I hated it! But childlike, although I hated doing my own work, I looked upon it as a privilege to be able to help John. This Saturday I made an early start and hurried over to John's place. They lived about two miles away from us. I think, looking back now, that he used to wait so that he could have my help, but I never thought of that then. His mother made him tidy up the yard once a week. Tidying the yard consisted in sweeping all round the house with a large broom, and carting the dirt away in a wheelbarrow. When we had wheeled a load of dirt to the tip, John would give me a ride back in the empty barrow. We worked hard until the work was finished, then we lay under a tree. It was very hot and it was pleasant to lie in the cool-

ness of the shade. John said, "What about a swim?"

"Oh, I don't care, but where shall we go?"

"The old quarry will do."

'The quarry was one that had long been disused. The water lay in it deep and silent, except in one place where it was shallow, up to a boy's waist. Once I went swimming in it by myself, but I soon came out shivering, and terrified by the silence and the brooding water. I huddled on my clothes and fled from the silence of the place. Most of the boys liked it, and indeed it was very different when the high banks, almost cliffs, echoed back on some summer day, the merry cries of boys. But not even the bolder spirits would go up on the quarry hill when it was dark, for years ago a woman had drowned herself in the quarry with her little child. But that was a long time ago before any of our parents even had been born, and the incident had become a story for the winter nights. The water in it was always cool, even in the hottest day of summer.

'Before we set out John said, "Wait and I'll get a couple of cigarettes." He vanished into the house. He soon returned and said, "I got two when they weren't looking." He pulled his shirt open and let me peep at the two cigarettes. It was a typical Queensland summer day. Dust lay thick on the road, and the heat quivered above it. We amused ourselves making herring-bone patterns in the dust with our bare feet. John could make them twice as quickly as I. Soon we left the road and entered the quarry paddock. There were a lot of white butterflies about, they drifted along in dozens. We broke a bunch of twigs from the trees and ran among them swiping right and left. After we had knocked a lot of them we stuck them all round our hat bands. Half-way across the paddock we met a man. I had never seen him before, and I never put eyes on him since. He was dressed in rough working clothes, and

carried a billy-can in his hand. He stopped us and asked where we were going.

"Over to the quarry for a swim," said John.

"If I were you I wouldn't swim there; my two boys went there swimming, and afterwards they came out in boils all over. I'm only telling you for your own good."

"We talked to him for a while, and then he said, 'Well, I suppose I'll have to be getting home for a bit of dinner.'" John and I went on a little way, and then we sat down under a tree. There was no one in sight so John pulled out the cigarettes. We lit up. I didn't like mine, but John seemed to be puffing his with enjoyment, so I smoked mine too in silence.

"It isn't much use getting boils, is it?" said John.

"But where else can we swim?"

"We'll go down to the creek and have a swim in Payne's hole."

"I haven't had a swim there before."

"That's all right, it isn't far away. I've often gone in there."

"So we turned and set out for the creek. It was about a mile away. Four hundred yards or so from it there stood a farm house. I could dog-paddle a little but John couldn't swim a stroke. At one end of the hole just under the water, a log stretched across. It was black and slippery. On one side of the log the water was shallow, on the other side it must have been ten feet deep at the least. We undressed and played about in the shallow for a while, throwing sand at one another, and sky-larking. Although I could swim I couldn't dive, but John could. He said, 'I'll show you how to dive.'" He stood on the log with his hands poised above his head, swaying his body to and fro. His feet slipped on the treacherous black surface, and back he went with a cry. He started to beat the water frantically with his arms. At first I thought he was fooling. I cried to him, "John, are you playing?" Then I became frightened, and not knowing what I was doing, I went out to him. He clutched me and then followed a struggle, that even now, after all these years, sometimes haunts my dreams. He clutched me.

Often we were right under the water. I can feel yet the horrible touch of the dead leaves and twigs on my naked body, as we at times went to the very bottom of the pool. We got further and further from the log in our struggles. There were bells ringing in my ears, and I know not how, we separated. I scrambled to the edge crying and frightened. I lay there for a little, then I ran screaming to the farm-house. A man reading on the back steps jumped to his feet, and called to someone inside as soon as he saw me, distraught and naked. Another man came running out and we ran back to the hole. As they went they pulled a long paling from the fence. When we reached the creek, the pool was still. A few bubbles rose lazily to the surface and burst. Without taking off his clothes, one of the men plunged into the water, but he couldn't find John. They went back to the house to ring for the doctor, and they sent me to tell my uncle. When I reached my uncle's place they were all seated at dinner. My aunt was going to find fault with us for being so late, but at the sight of my face the words died on her lips. My uncle half rose, "Where's John?"

"I burst into tears, 'He's in the creek.'"

My uncle got to his feet and then collapsed. But he got up and we ran to the creek together.

"When we arrived there was a crowd on the bank, and men were in the pool diving. After a little the doctor came across the paddock, a brown bag in his hand. A man shouted that he had touched the body. He dived again and brought it to the surface. They took it and laid it on the grass. Very white and still and limp it looked on the green grass. My uncle flung himself beside it with a hoarse cry. Men pulled him away; the doctor knelt beside the body. For a long long time they worked the poor arms. The doctor got to his feet, and shook his head. I realised that all was over and stole away. I walked slowly home and it was almost dusk before I reached our gate. I was frightened to go in. I pushed open the gate. My mother was pruning a peach tree in the garden. I went and stood in silence beside her, feeling, oh, so miserable!

'She doubtless knew by my silence that something was wrong. I wanted to throw myself into her arms and weep and weep. She said sharply, "Well, what have you been up to?"

"John's drowned."

'She dropped the shears, and looked at me with burning eyes. After a silence that seemed to last for years, she said slowly and deliberately, "You're John Russell's murderer." Each word as it fell from her lips pierced into my breast. I looked at her and it was as if I were looking at a stranger. Was this tall dark stern-looking woman my mother? All the mystic veils that love drapes about the figure of a mother had suddenly fallen away and crumbled for ever. She turned

and left me. In a few minutes she hurried out. She was going to my uncle's place. Without looking round she said, "Don't you dare to go out of this yard till I come home."

'From that day I never looked on my mother's face without the lips seeming to frame themselves to utter those dreadful words. Sometimes she would say, "Why are you so frightened of me, son?" Then I would lie and say, "I am not frightened of you, mother." And the day, years later, that I looked on her face for the last time, over the cold dead lips seemed to hover those dreadful words, and I turned dry-eyed away.'

A.K.T.



SPRING

It's the magic of a day when the golden air
is broken
Like wine upon the tree-tops and on the
hills beyond;
It's the steel-blue fire
Of the dragon-flies' desire
Flowing and flashing on the lily-muted pond.

It's the airiness of white boughs breaking
into blossom,
It's the clean eager swoop of the swallow's
wings
How the sweet things marry!
No one heart was born to carry
This maddening echo of so many vanished
springs.

J.M.H.

Growing Up

Mr. Amy Good-bye, Fanny; I suppose you think of the pair of us as in our second childhood?

Mrs. Morland: Not your second, George. I have never known any men who have quite passed their first.

Barry's "Mary Rose".

It's a queer business, this growing up. It's queer because it never seems to finish. Mrs. Morland never knew any man who had quite passed his first childhood. She may have been exaggerating a little for the amusement of Amy and her own husband, but neither she nor any other woman ever saw a man who had grown out of his teens. It's not done. Oh, it takes more than one lifetime for a man to grow up!

When we were all very little fellows, you chaps and I, in our tiny suits—I don't think they were sailor suits, but the equivalent for our generation—when we were all very little, how much a man of the world elder brother Tom and his friends used to seem! Though they were all still in shorts, nevertheless they played with razors, and smoked cigarettes, or pipes if they could get them, and they were frightfully heroic in all sorts of ways. They were fourteen or fifteen, and they knew something we had no notion of—they knew the world, and all that was in it. They could swear in such an original way, while we could only stand back and wonder. They could belt us if we annoyed them, which we seemed to do often. They could lead and we could only follow. We hated them at times, we loved them at others, but we always respected them as being persons superior in so many ways, but most of all because they were grown up and we were very small.

And then, somehow or other, we came to their age, and they passed on to the twenties. Funny, isn't it, how a chap doesn't seem to wake up until he is fourteen or so. Of course, he is tremendously important, and it annoys him to find that brother Tom still regards himself as superior in an aloof and graceful fashion. Shaving is no novelty to brother Tom,

he doesn't seem even to take such a profound interest in swearing. Of course, for us who had a brother Tom, we knew in our heart of hearts that he was superior to us. We were important and we made our presence felt when we were fourteen, but somehow we never could quite understand the debonair way Tom had of doing things—when he was twenty or so. He never had to blacken people's eyes, but he got things done. He never felt or seemed to feel a perfect fool when he was with a girl. Dash it all, in fact he was as happy as Larry, and so was the girl. But then, girls always giggled for very little—so it seemed to us in those days.

Then we washed two years from our slate and turned sixteen. Some of us started to write poetry about this time. We knew all we possibly could know about everything there was to know. We made no secret of the fact either. We seemed to get on other people's nerves a good deal, but that didn't matter. At sixteen it was absurd, we were convinced, to consider anybody but ourselves. We loved ourselves too much. We turned a pretty bat at cricket, and we could do the hundred (so we considered) in under eleven, we could raise a smile from pretty faces that came to watch our victories, we could eat three full courses and still go back for more, we could glare satisfactorily in our displeasure, we could condescend to talk in a friendly manner with schoolmasters and offer advice to prefects if we weren't prefects ourselves. What more did we want of life? Nothing much, except a larger income possibly. At sixteen the world consisted wholly of our splendid selves.

When we turned eighteen, brother Tom was probably married, which made us consider that it was high time we had a really proper love affair. So most of us had. It was really proper, but somehow it seemed so stupid afterwards, because—well because we soon got back to where we started without being married or anything. So we decided, if I remember rightly, you chaps, that we would go back

to our former methods and confine ourselves to flirtations. This usually was eminently satisfactory. What a glorious thing to be eighteen and feel it! We were still as important as ever, but by this time perhaps we were looking back to young brother Johnny, and his antics at fifteen were possibly annoying us. The young ass needed a good hiding. Why, he was so swelled headed and so cock-sure, the little reptile, that he even refused to take much notice of us. So brother Johnny put graver thoughts into our heads, and we began to understand that we had some sort of responsibility upon us. We had an example to set. It was such a bore, of course, but it had to be done. We reprovved him for swearing, and tried to say nothing stronger than "Bother" in his presence, but when we lost our temper with him, which we so often did, we forgot ourselves and cursed him roundly. And we were careful of the companions he made—we were grown up, of course, and he was only a kid. He didn't like us very much, but all the same he always stuck up for us, and beamed in our reflected glory. Dear old Johnny! We were so superior and so advanced in the world, being fully three years older, that we couldn't possibly hope to see or understand his young point of view.

And so when we had climbed to the very peak of fame, grown up and all that, we left school, and went out into the world of men. We were surprised. Indeed, we

were astounded. It took us nearly two years after that, if you remember, to find out that we were neither so grown up nor so important as we had thought. Some of us went to a university. Some of us are still there. Some of us are wondering whether or not we are receding, and going back to the mild days, the dear, quiet happy days between twelve and ten, when all the world had a most delightful care-free atmosphere. Because youth is so very seldom care-free. When we are twenty, we laugh at our teens and the worries we had in them. But the teens can hurt, and it is only because they can hurt that we are strong enough to bear more serious issues later. The troubles of the twenties are borne on shoulders strengthened by the little worries of the 'teens.

No, we haven't grown up, it seems, you fellows and I. Perhaps if there were a war, and we who are twenty were whirled into the storm of blood-rain and shrapnel-hail, we would grow old and worn perhaps with memories we would try to smother. But youth dies hard in a man's breast. At forty he is still a boy, at fifty, sixty, seventy, he can still be one.

What then, can we say of you girls? Yes, it seems you do grow up. Because the eternal mother in you makes you ever wise beyond your years. There are no fathers in this world. There are only mothers and children—and every girl-child is a mother, to whom the hoariest grandsire must bow his reverend head.

— : 0 : —

FRAGMENT

Fairies, bring me sleep, I pray,
 Deep sleep and soft, enchanting dreams
 Presenting pageants of each day
 I've lived, and flashing elfin gleams
 Of boyhood's joy and boyhood's sorrow:
 And then, advancing through the years
 Lead forth once more the thoughts of youth,
 With untamed passions, unshed tears—
 The vain blind groping after Truth—
 The sighs of yearning for "To-morrow":
 And then, sweet fairies, speed ye hence,
 My happiness your recompense.

ZEILAH

Jazz

Have you ever had your pet dog kicked? Then you may well understand my feelings. It matters not that it is only a mongrel terrier, it is my Fido after all, and the outrage must be avenged.

What's the fellow talking about? He heads his article, "Jazz", and then begins by gabbling about mongrel terriers. Steady reader, don't turn over yet, I am coming to jazz, but I had first to put you into that state of mind which is responsible for this defence of my favourite. For when I opened last term's "Gal-mahra", and read the unwarranted attack on jazz therein, I felt like one whose pet dog had been causelessly kicked by a stranger who did not appreciate his advances.

The chief fault that jazz seems to have imputed to it, is that it destroys the appreciation of the masterpieces of music and so drags down our musical tastes. Now I conceive that this world is divided into two great classes, the musicians and the non-musicians.

To the former, these masterpieces of genius as they are magniloquently termed, are fabled to be an unfailling source of soul-stirring inspiration, while to the latter (I speak from experience) they are a confused jangling of multitudinous notes that confuse and finally bore with their inscrutibility. It is to these latter that jazz is of value. Now manifestly there has been something missed in our education. Call it a tragedy or a stroke of good fortune as you will, I care not, but it has been missed and now we have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to acquire it, namely, a musical education. So that to us these fabled masterpieces of genius are and ever must remain untouched pastures. What matter then if in truth jazz does spoil our appreciation of them? However, my grievance is that the writer would do away with my mongrel terrier, even though I cry out that I have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to learn to appreciate her forbidding Alsatian. Am I to be forced to love? Where then has British justice gone? Is not a man a

master of his own ears, a judge of what he shall listen to and what he shall not? I am quite content that she should dream away in the clouds of inspiration with the everlasting souls of the past, but I do object to be dragged with her. I am content to leave her to her tastes, but British justice demands that I be left to mine. I am not going to be any the worse citizen for being a lover of jazz. I can fulfil my vocation in life and still love jazz, and I shall not be damned because I love jazz. Why then should I not love jazz? It is surely better than nothing. I cannot love the Alsatian or the St. Bernard—why not let me love my little terrier? Surely the lad who evokes so much contempt because he stands outside the music shop and hears the latest "hits" nasalised in finest "Ammurican," is better employed than he who is learning to play two-up or something infinitely worse. A boy must do something with his dinner hour, and if he is not employed in the innocent amusement of listening gratuitously to jazz, he must find something else, and the odds are that it will not be innocent. Besides, it gives him an interest in life—a hobby; to be quite truthful, an education; for surely the writer will agree with me, that jazz is not so thoroughly bad that it has not a single good point. If it has that single good thing to teach, its simplicity will allow it to teach it to all, which is far more than most of our masterpieces can do. It has justified its existence.

So much for a consideration of the rights of anyone to interfere with jazz. Conceding that jazz is bad, is in poor taste, is destructive of musical appreciation, whatever else you will, we have shown that no one has a right to interfere with jazz as jazz. But we have now reached this point. Is jazz as bad as it is painted? Is it any worse than any of the vogues of the past which have died away—and still these alleged masterpieces are appreciated by the enlightened writer of the slander on jazz? No! No! And yet I do not commit myself to an assertion that it is without blemishes. I do not

want to hear that jazz is not in good taste, is not this, that, or the other thing. Tell me what it is, what good points it has, and then perhaps we may reach a conclusion instead of being left in the air by long-winded and lofty condemnations which leave the reader cold because he cannot understand what you are talking about.

Now, I belong to what the writer would term the unfortunate class of non-musicians, but this much I know about jazz though I may not phrase it in the best classical musical terminology. I don't want to and I won't, because, like classical music, I don't know what it means and what it stands for.

Jazz has a clear metrical stress that somehow stirs the soul of every man; it has the natural appeal of the hammer rhythm of the ballad, which is the fundamental pleasure in all poetry, be it written in words or in notes. Your foot taps it out in spite of yourself. The pleasure is a natural one for which every soul craves, and jazz is capable of satisfying it adequately. Jazz has the quick, lively movement of youth, of love of life, of laughter, of all that is joyous, natural, and unrestrained. It sets the blood pulsing faster through your veins, and to the humblest it brings its message: "You are alive, live." It has a clear, wholesome, optimistic atmosphere. Did you ever hear a piece of jazz which depressed your spirits? Did you ever want to sit with

your head in your hands and Hamlet-like cogitate on the inscrutability of this world, on the hard life of genius, on the futility of existence? No, and yet we are told that such thoughts are embodied in the masterpieces of our musical classics. If so, surely jazz is not to be decried in comparison with it. Such inclinations and thoughts are unhealthy, and more credit to jazz if it can keep us from such things! But a more vital point is raised by our second question. Is jazz any worse than the popular music which has been the vogue for nearly a century with destroying taste? Jazz is admittedly a post-war product, and yet if the writer wishes to make a test she will find that it compares more than favourably with the popular music of the first decade of this century. To go back two decades further still, and select the cream of them all in the music of Sullivan. Now his was far ahead of the rest of the popular music of the day, and yet it is by no means above some of our own—I did not say all, or even most.

The truth is that this outcry against jazz is the old scholarly tradition of sneering at the popular in art. Jazz may be crude, but at least it is heartfelt and spontaneous, and it has this virtue that it is made to meet the needs of the people—it makes the leisure hours pass pleasantly and beneficially. It more than justifies its existence if innocent pleasures need to justify themselves at all.

JAZZ BABY.

— : o : —

TO DEATH

No, Death, thou art not terrible to me
 For I have seen the many-columned hall
 Of thy high citadel, the pale lily,
 The diamond fount whose waters never fall,
 The marble court where agapanthus bloom:
 And down thy twilit cloisters have I strayed
 Walking beside thee in the scented gloom
 Brushed by thy robe, and yet was not afraid.
 Thou didst not know me though I saw thine
 eyes
 Dark with the sadness of eternal life,
 And felt with thee, though swift my short
 life flies,
 Soul-weariness of never-ending strife:
 Give me thy cup for I am fain to drink
 Forgetfulness; fill it—I shall not shrink.

JUNIUS

Come now Zeilah!

I also have been to the Talkies—not with Zeilah, for reasons quite obvious. In the first place he has never asked me, and in the second I am not so sure that I would frequent such shows as he does. Of course this is a neurotic age, and it is of no use arguing, as our fathers have settled the question for us. I really think our parents stood over our fat little selves (at the age of three months) and remarked, "How neurotic he is going to be!" But what about this highbrow business?—we have had quite a lot of it you know. Last year a writer ventured into print with a somewhat shamefaced but ultimate condemnation of "The Patsy", and now Zeilah comes along with the effervescence of the mentality of the neurotic and highbrow youth. Get it out of your head old chap, you want invigorating: I recommend that you should stand in front of your mirror at night and three times say, "Damn! Damn! Damn!"—unless you are afraid of offending your highbrow cat.

The truth is that the Talkies are not very bad; in fact some of them are remarkably good and no commonsense person will deny it. Every week I spend a most enjoyable three hours listening to, and seeing, American pictures: At a rough estimate two hundred thousand people in Brisbane do the same, unless they go out of duty or are in love. (Has the American capitalist bribed Cupid?)

We will go right through your article, paragraph by paragraph, and I hope we will expose some of its absurdities.

You begin, "I have been to the Talkies," and proceed to say that this is quite a good opening—that it took you a quarter of an hour to think of it. You are quite wrong, it is a thoroughly rotten opening, for you had rights to be ashamed of yourself if you had not been there; every normal person, unless infirm, has been there; but the fact that you had to spend a quarter of an hour in deciding it leads one to suspect that you may not be a normal person.

You next claim that you appreciate most English productions. I am not aware,

Zeilah, that you had an opportunity of seeing any English Talking pictures up to the time the May "Galmahra" went to print. And you "wholeheartedly detest and distrust all American attempts at vocalisation." Nothing, if not thorough, in your condemnation! Have you heard Clive Brook, William Powell, Ruth Chatterton, and Ronald Coleman—in American productions? I am inclined to agree with you that some voices are hideous to cultured ears, but some are delightful in a land with an accent such as ours.

In choosing pictures we should exercise our powers of selection. There are lots of horrible things on earth, but "de gustibus non est disputandum." Perhaps you argue that your developed taste is offended, but not influenced by the objectionable features in Talkies, whereas it does harm to the less discriminating. This probably is so—and it is up to us, the select few, to try to wipe out these catch phrases; but I am not so sure that Talkie slang is any worse than our own—personally I think it less obscene.

You do not know what attracts people to the pictures: well, it is simply that they desire to be entertained; to be taken away for a brief moment from their surroundings, and live for a space in a world that is foreign and different. They seek the quaint, the exotic, the bizarre—they would seek your article, Zeilah, if there was anything new in it. Nor is U.S.A. sentimentality any worse than British, if you go deeply into it, and the canned music is better stuff than that provided by some of our local orchestras. The curly-headed Apollo is often a very fine-looking chap, and a physical specimen far above our standard: nor is there anything new in his passionate embraces—it is an old, old story—just as old as Eve and slightly younger than Adam. Sometimes I think this generation is too neurotic for this sort of thing—even the Victorians had moments off stage.

What American sound pictures have mutilated books of either past or present authorship? I fear that they will do so but we cannot help it, and I fancy that

you had little evidence for your assertion. I have answered your complaints about "slang", and have granted you half a point on the mutilation theory.

Finally, it seems "The Taming of the Shrew" is worrying you. This picture is funny, but it is not Shakespeare. I lament that they do not make this particularly obvious, but surely the discerning person will see this fact before he goes to the theatre, and the person who does not know Shakespeare will have little harm done to him—all of us have some intelligence.

You finish your article with a paragraph that is really clever and amusing. You are a little narrow-minded, as usual, before the final burst, but there is some truth in what you say. Yet I fear that you must worry yourself to death.

Here lies the body of Zeilah
A social evil revealer,
Prematurely acquainted
That our tongue would be tainted
By the use of "buzz-wagon" and "sheilah",
He sought by sarcasm to quell
The flood of abuse, and he fell;
Now we pray that his bones
May not burn to the tones
Of a Wurlitzer organ in hell.

When you pass will vanish the last vestige of an age that prefers red flannel next its skin to red blood in its veins. Let us not part with a note of sadness. While we are on the Wurlitzer question I must admit that I cannot tolerate them—but then it took me many years to acquire a taste for caviare.

N.C.T.

Eating

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," and there is something curiously levelling about eating. It is true though trite that we must eat to live, and though we may differ much in our ideas and occupations, king and peasant, bishop and criminal, we meet on common grounds when it comes to meals, those "three solid pillars of the day."

A hungry man is an angry man, as woman long ago perceived, and there is no more to be said. They tell a story about King Richard I of England eating with both his hands and tearing his food like any wild beast,—so that it seems that even kingly dignity cannot stand between man and his hunger.

"Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
"A flask of wine, a book of verse, and thou."

Some men might particularly want the book of verse, some might lay strong emphasis on the "thou," but one and all they would agree to include the loaf of bread and the flask of wine.

Eating is not uninteresting, I will risk the appellation of gross materialist, and say that it is interesting; I will go further and say that it is sometimes romantic.

Even bread is interesting. We don't give bread its due. We make a lackey of it and keep it in the back quarters, while its aunts and cousins and less staunch relations, buns and currant loaves and milk rolls, are vaunted to the higher places. The truth is that we see too much of it, it is always there like a member of the family whose virtues pass unnoticed because we see them so often.

We are scarcely fair to bread; we use it as a peg to hang things on, when indeed it can stand alone, forming the perfect marriage with butter. Doesn't the "strong crust of friendly bread" that Rupert Brooke talks about strike a happy chord in your memory, in your experiences of picnics and open-air meals, fresh bread in a goodly company of hard-boiled eggs and tea tasting of bracken? Eating is romantic because behind food there is life and history, and industry. There is maple syrup. Have you ever thought as you watched it sliding gently, smooth and golden, from the spoon to your plate, that it was once the life-blood of a living tree, holding so much good from the earth, so much stored and concentrated sunshine?

There is tea, steaming and fragrant, in delicate cups in the delicate ringed hands of languid well-dressed women, tea-speaking of wide hot fields, and dark-skinned workers, with their huge baskets, of hours of bending and picking by skilled brown fingers, of the returning with piled baskets when the blue sky was darkening.

There is something of tragedy in some eating. There is the small tragedy of the Strausberg goose (not, to be sure, in the eating of the *pâté de foie gras*—there is anything but tragedy in that), but when you come to think of the life the unfortunate goose lived before you were able to eat his *pâté*. How very tired he must have been of eating, how wearily he must have turned his head away when so often in the day he saw his feeder coming and knew that it was time to have his food “thrust upon him!”

There is as much national atmosphere about eating as there is about clothes or language, or scenery. Little old England, hearty and substantial land of roast beef, and plum pudding, France, ever so much more delicate, coffee and rolls and light wines. Germany, guttural and just a little greedy, sausages and beer (two mugs of beer, because as the German explains you have two hands); America, efficient, ostentatious, and disturbingly novel, food that is very hot or very cold, and is alarmingly mixed as to its flavours; Australia, humorous and unadorned, damper and cold corn-beef and scalding tea; Italy, languid and sunny, spaghetti and ripe figs.

The right way to travel is, of course, to cast off your own nationality and adopt that of the country through which you are travelling; it is rather the only way, otherwise you are but a puppet moving without feeling through so many foreign lands.

When in Rome do as the Romans do, and if your constitution will stand it, eat as the Romans eat. It may be hard to do this, because in so many places civilisation has laid her heavy hand, and you find to your horror that the Romans for your especial benefit have learnt to speak English, to

cook English foods, to disguise somehow their Rome until it is as nearly as possible like England. But do not let this discourage you, find out some small and Roman cook-house and steep yourself in a Roman atmosphere, and eat the most Roman of spaghetti.

The traveller in England will find some of the old English spirit suffering a sea-change. We do not make the fuss about our solid English meals, that we used to. In this age of speed there is more of the quick lunch type of meal, and less of the groaning board. Gone are the days when families met in hundreds and tens of hundreds for every festival, while under the parent roof for weeks before there was a great cleaning, and baking, and preserving, until the storeroom showed multitudes of mince pies and cookies and fruit cakes, and rows of jams and jellies, and kegs of home-made hop-beer. Gone, too, is some of the splendour of our home life, for this is not the age of the clan, it is the age of the individual with his precious rights.

All of our associations are bound up with eating; indeed there is not much of the day into which some corner of a meal does not intrude. It is hard to separate our existence from that which materially supports it. There are fishing parties when, with a splendid sense of accomplishment, you roasted your catch, the times when as a child, with heart beating furiously, you stole through the gate of the vegetable garden and filled your pockets with radishes and tomatoes, the times when you walked up a long hill, and sat on the summit and admired the view and ate sandwiches.

Eating,—just eating may be a piggish sort of necessity, a shameful something to be kept dark, a shackle laid upon us by reason of our animal natures, but eating with all its attendant memories, and circumstances, and associations, and moreover the good company that eats with you, is a pleasant, even delightful, part of this short life.

—J.M.H.

Soames Forsyte, Man of Property

"The Forsyte Saga," the novel without a hero—or heroine—has one outstanding figure. It is that of Soames Forsyte, solicitor, connoisseur, and man of property.

Soames, I think, fascinated Galsworthy. A true artist, of course, is sympathetic towards all his characters, but Galsworthy gives Soames a little more than his fair share.

In reality Soames is a rather tragic figure, for nobody ever understood him. Not that he cared. He was the most reticent person imaginable, never showed his feelings, and hated other people to show theirs.

The person who came nearest to understanding him was his sister Winifred. Like Soames she made a bad matrimonial match, and this may have formed another bond between them. We like Winifred, the society she entertained, and her summing up of everything as "so amusing." There is more in her than she would have us think, and she, more than all the other members of the family, felt the loss of Soames.

Soames was a family institution. If any of the family had money to invest it was "We'll see what Soames thinks about it." When Val Dartie had trouble with the scamp who had been at college with him he went to Soames. When young Michael Mont wanted to form a slum committee Soames was the man they wanted on it to give sound advice.

And Soames wasn't the sort to smile pleasantly and give an opinion. He usually looked sour, grunted, bemoaned something or other, and then gave his opinion rather grudgingly.

I suppose Soames was always a little like that, though Heaven alone knows he had been through enough to account for it.

First there was his marriage with Irene. There is no doubt about his being in love with her. She received his affection with indifference. But, as someone has said, he got her as he got most of his valued possessions—by patient diplo-

macy. Perhaps he thought she must come to love him in time, and he assuredly tried to make her happy. But she received his attentions coldly, without ever a smile or a word of thanks. Little wonder Soames tried eventually to assert himself in his rather crude, proprietorial way.

When she left him we can't help feeling sorry for Soames and think of him as a man "more sinned against than sinning." That the house he built for Irene and himself, though, should come to be lived in by Irene and young Jolyon was cruel irony.

Soames' second marriage was not a very happy one either. Annette is very French and Soames is very English. They have little in common and Annette's episode with Prosper Profond is not greatly to be wondered at. Soames tolerates Annette and Annette Soames, and that is all that can be said about it.

Soames' next misfortune is when his daughter, Fleur, falls in love with Jolyon, the son of Irene by her second marriage. The irony of fate again! and Fleur seems never quite to forgive her father for their being torn apart, though Irene was surely responsible for that.

Unfortunately it does not end there, and Soames suffers frightful torment when he suspects Fleur is being unfaithful to her husband, Michael. It had been bad enough to have had a daughter when he would have given half of what he possessed for a son. It now seemed likely that the grandson to whom he had hoped to leave his all and on whom he had founded we know not what dreams would be snatched away by the divorce court and given to the custody of the father's family.

Poor Soames! And Fleur is not to be argued with. She will see no reason. She could not get Jon for a husband so she would have him for a lover. Who cared? Her father must not know, of course, but then, need anyone? Need even her husband?

Spoilt child! Her father suspected what was going on in her mind, but what

could he do? Argument was useless: she was as one possessed. One thing only she wanted. Jon, Jon, Jon!

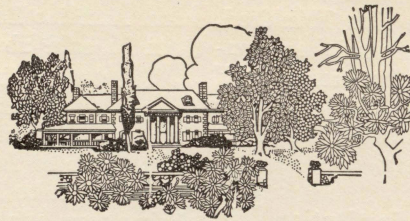
The only thing that could bring her to her senses would be the loss of Soames. And so there is the fire in Soames' picture gallery. Soames works like a madman to save his precious pictures. At last he is dragged exhausted on to the lawn, and firemen throw the pictures down from the window of the gallery. One is about to fall on Fleur when Soames darts forward, thrusts Fleur away, and is struck on the temple himself. His death is inevitable. He is an old man, and we feel he could not long survive the excitement of the fire. So he dies and a heart-broken Fleur goes back to her Michael and Kit, and they are, presumably, "happy ever afterwards."

I admit that I felt a strange pang when Soames passed. He seemed to be going to outlive all in his generation. While others die off Soames survives all his troubles and disappointments and seems almost as vigorous as ever at the end.

Mr. Galsworthy's drawing of Soames is superb. Soames is never disappointing for a moment. Irene and Bosinney, for instance, are. Both are shadowy, unsatisfying people. Soames is a creation in the flesh.

Few people really like Soames, and I suppose that is natural. Cold, impassive, and easily disgruntled people are poor company. I often wonder how different Soames might have been if he had had a son like Jon. His whole life might have been different. But then life is like that.

S.P.



THE COLOUR SCHEME

A pair of brown eyes must, they say,
Find their mates in blue or gray,
But hey nonny, I
Cannot see why!

I know two eyes that twinkle blue
Like stars that summer elves peep through.
But hey-a-ho-dee,
Never for me!

I know two eyes of sad sea-gray
That still can laugh when sunbeams play.
But hey-a-ho-dee,
Never for me!

But I know where the evening lies
When she comes rustling from the skies—
When she comes rustling from the skies.
O soft brown eyes!
Hey-a-ho-dee,
Brown eyes for me!

BARON X.

Thrills

During the long vac. which, to the greaser, is a period of hard work, my friend Tycho Brahe and I used to spend such spare time as our employers allowed us in exploring the wonders of the great steelworks. So much of it was new to us, and we were interested to recognise practical applications of all that we had been learning during the year. Seven million pounds had been invested in plant and the effect was as fascinating to the engineer as a library of like value might be to the artist. It was hard work trying to understand the workings of it all, and the explanations offered us by obliging workmen were often more picturesque than helpful. I must confess that in our exploration we were actuated as much by the craze for sight-seeing as by the thirst for knowledge, and we vied with one another in unearthing novel and interesting things.

Of all our doings perhaps our climbing excursions were the most notable. The ground itself is flat, as the whole site had been reclaimed, some years before, from the mangroves, but the buildings rose to varying heights above it. It was our delight to climb to these heights. There is a thrill in being at a height above surroundings. Who has not felt that giddiness that comes when one looks out from a train crossing a deep gully, or from the upper floors of a tall building for the first time? We climbed together the tallest of the blast furnaces by a slender steel staircase on the side. The furnace was "down" for repairs, and hence there was no danger of our being burnt or suffocated by escaping gases. The reward for the long climb (we counted one hundred and fifty steps) was a widespread view of the city, river, and sea, and we spent some little time in picking out landmarks. Yet we were dissatisfied, for a hundred yards away stood two tall chimneys which overtopped our present stand by a good sixty feet. A wisp of white smoke hung above one, but the other showed no sign of life. It belonged to a bank of boilers which, owing to trouble

between coal miner and owner, were taking a forced rest. At the top of each chimney was a circular platform, perhaps three feet wide and surrounded by a parapet, and the way up there was by means of an iron ladder. We felt that life would not be complete until we had mastered them and resolved that before we left Newcastle we should climb to the top.

For some time after that I did not see my friend, Tycho Brahe, and I contrived to steal a march on him. My work took me past the foot of the chimney many times during the course of the day, and it began to call, to fascinate me. Accordingly, work for me being slack, one afternoon I set foot upon the first rung of that narrow unsheltered ladder and began to climb. I kept my eyes fixed on the body of the chimney in front of me, fifteen feet in diameter. After some seventy steps I stopped and looked down. The ground was far below. I was high above the neighbouring buildings. The feeling of giddiness passed. Then I looked up. I was no nearer the top than when I started. It gave me a feeling of awe to look straight up above and see the chimney stretching away into the sky with the top as far away as ever. It was impossible. I decided to come down, and did, gripping the ladder very tightly.

But it was too much to be beaten by a chimney. It had been done, I argued, and it could be done again. Several days later, therefore, I tried again, this time firmly resolved to get to the top. I started up in fine style, gripping the ladder firmly and advancing one rung with each step. This was tiring, and I soon found myself taking two steps to each rung, bringing the right foot up to the left before advancing. I soon reached my former turning point, and as before I looked down. A sense of insecurity assailed me. I lost faith in the strength of fingers to hold me on the ladder and embraced it with both arms. I refused to look up, but went slowly on, counting the steps. I knew there were about one hundred and eighty

all told, so I could tell my position without looking up or down. I reached the hundred. Should I go on? Was it worth while? I reflected. After all, it was further now to the bottom than to the top, so why not make for the nearer haven? I advanced about fifty feet more; and then—oh horror!—I felt the whole structure moving through the air. I clung desperately to the ladder. One consolation in that moment of dread: "If I come down the chimney will come, too." All this in a moment, and then—we were moving in the other direction. I had not felt the chimney swaying before, I had not realised that it did sway. But in a big wind it can sway as much as five feet, and a sudden gust had caught it. Reason came to my aid. I looked up. There were nineteen steps to go before I reached the platform and safety. No thought of turning back now. It was the longest part of the climb. I did not know before that nineteen could be such a large number. The wind was very strong, and the swaying did not add to the sense of security. I felt like a beetle on a blade of grass. But the beetle has wings and if I were to get any it would be too late. At long last I crawled on to the platform. I looked over the edge of the chimney. It was a huge, bottomless pit. I turned and grasped the parapet firmly lest I be blown off. For the wind was terrific up there, nearly two hundred feet above the ground.

The view was magnificent. The blast furnace, hitherto height of our achievement, was far below. The steel works were spread out like a map. Looking down over the edge one gets a curious perspective of the chimney, and a feeling of being on top of a huge pedestal, like Nelson on the famous monument in London. Yet we were not alone, that chimney and I, for scarcely twenty feet away was the twin chimney top with its issuing cloud of smoke borne rapidly away by the gale.

I gradually regained my sense of security, and after a brief survey of the world within my view I was able to climb down slowly and carefully, but without the same "thrill" as before. And a short time afterwards, on a still clear day, I

was able to pilot my friend, Tycho Brahe, to the top with all the nonchalance of a professional guide.

We worked in pairs in the department of the works in which I was stationed, and when one day my mate was absent owing to an attack of the 'flu, I found myself at a loose end. On applying to the leading hand for something to do, I was told to "go and have a look round." I was not slow to accept the offer, as this task was always an interesting one. It was my last opportunity to go and inspect the new coke ovens, then under construction. In these ovens, which are to cost a million pounds in all, the coal will be roasted to drive off all the gas and valuable by-products, leaving coke, a vital necessity in the smelting of iron ore. I was curious to trace the path of the gases which will flow in and around the ovens, and I examined the construction with all the care of a fictional detective in search of clues. I learned on answer to enquiry that the spaces round the ovens opened downwards into the main flue, and immediately I wanted to explore. "It is all rats and bags of cement down there," they said, but it only made the prospect more interesting.

I discovered that the entrance to this main flue was by means of a vertical shaft at the end of the bank of ovens. After climbing down about eight feet I reached the mouth of the tunnel and entered. I could not see far into it, for it seemed to end in darkness. The bags of cement were there. I stumbled over them at first, but then began to feel my way sometimes round and sometimes over them. The rats were not in evidence, and for this I was thankful. I had seen some of them a few days previously underneath the wharves; sinister looking creatures that slink noiselessly out of sight, loathsome too, with teeth nearly an inch long.

I advanced into the tunnel, and soon the bags were left behind. I knew it must lead eventually to the chimney, and so I was encouraged to go on into the blackness. The light in the tunnel mouth behind me was now only a distant speck. Progress was very slow. I had to feel the ground with my foot before putting any

weight on to it. The darkness began to be oppressive and the stillness, too. There was not a sound to be heard, and in such circumstances one is loth to make any noise oneself. So I trod lightly lest I disturb the silence. There was a humble feeling of solitude. The darkness, the stillness pressed on all sides. Yet there was no escape, nothing to do but just go on.

At length I reached a turning, and felt my way round. I was now cut off from even the distant glimmer of the tunnel mouth and the blackness was more intense than ever. On a little farther, and then—bang!—I collided with a wall. It was a little unnerving for the moment. I felt along the wall, this time groping with hands as well as feet, and discovered that the tunnel continued to the right. I followed it. Another bend, and then I seemed to see a suspicion of a light. Just a lessening of the blackness. I went forward, still feeling with my hands before me, until—bump!—I was both startled

and pained to collide with some object which in my groping I had missed. I had walked right up to a large iron disc, like a huge penny standing on its edge. It had taken a mean advantage in coming up between my outstretched arms to strike me. I was considerably alarmed, but could do nothing about it, and the explanation soon came clear. It was nothing but a huge valve which would turn about a vertical axis, thus either closing the tunnel or leaving it open to the passage of gases. I pushed against it and it swung round, easily, uncannily so. I could now see a faint glimmer of light ahead, and made my way carefully towards it. At last I reached the end, and looking up I saw a small circle of blue sky. I was in the base of the chimney and had reached the light at last. The prospect of the return was not altogether pleasant, yet the thrill of it drew me to retrace my steps rather than seek a more direct and less adventurous passage to the open air.

—GREASER.

Student Benefactions

Since the last report was sent to "Galmhara" Degree Day has come and gone. In that report the aims suggested for the advancement of Student Benefactions funds before Degree Day and during the current year were set out as follows:—

(i.) Bring up the Faculty Funds each to the minimum capital £100, on which the yearly interest can then be spent regularly.

(ii.) Build up the Sports Oval and Equipment General Fund to a usable total for any present needs of a more permanent nature, or for the needs of the new University at St. Lucia.

The result has been an increase in all totals. On Degree day, May 2nd, these reached:—

	£	s.	d.
Library	248	4	10
Arts	65	19	6
Science	34	5	6
Engineering	45	7	9
Law	11	18	10
Commerce	2	1	0
Agriculture	5	4	6
Union	105	19	11
Sports	36	15	8
For Specified Purposes..	185	2	4
Total	£741	19	10

Since then, further gifts have come in, and the general total stands now at £746/14/10. In addition, gifts in kind now reach the value, on a conservative estimate, of £427, making the student contributions to University funds well

over £1150 since the institution of the Student Benefactions plan late in 1925. This result is good; it will be still better when the total contribution in money gifts, apart from the generous gifts in kind, tops the £1000.

It will be seen that all Faculties have now at least the beginnings of a Faculty fund, but none has yet reached the minimum working capital of £100, on which alone interest can be used. Arts stands nearest with £68/11/6. It would be a pity to lose the present opportunity of getting 6 per cent. on a government investment for student money; moreover, the sooner S.B. gifts begin to bear fruit, the better for the University. It is not then unreasonable to hope that the Faculty funds will increase greatly within the year, and some at least reach the £100 mark.

A pleasing feature of S.B. activity this year has been the interest taken in the plan by graduands and young graduates. One graduand, for instance, wrote to his friends by way of reminder, and a number showed by their replies that they welcomed the reminder. Several gifts and promises of gifts have been received in consequence. A further plan was suggested, that graduands not at present in funds might like to combine to make one gift from small amounts in the name of the whole number. Gifts are still coming in for this purpose, and the plan itself seems a good one. At any rate, it is on the right lines, nobody is being urged to give, but the graduands themselves are adopting the initiative in suggesting and planning ways and means.

Another new move concerns the Book of Student Benefactions. When this book was presented to the University by the Union, the Senate agreed to display it in the library and in every ceremony of Commemoration or Conferring of Degrees. This has since been done, but on last Degree Day the book was not only displayed in the City Hall, but at a time appointed on the official programme the President of the Union came forward,

opened the book, and read out the total of gifts received up to that day. As can be seen by the size of the committee and the number of country representatives, the scope of the plan has been greatly enlarged since its inception as the idea became better known and understood. It gives an opportunity for a student to show his appreciation of the University and so in making the idea better known, this presentation is a move in the right direction.

The Student Benefactions Committee functions from the beginning of second term in each year till after the Degree Day celebrations in the next. Its nucleus is appointed by the Union, and members are added to represent various bodies of students and those of different academic status. Any students desiring information about the S.B. plan can apply always to the appropriate representative on the committee. The present committee consists of the following:—

Dr. F. W. Robinson, M.A. Ph.D. (chairman), A. A. Morrison (secretary), Dr. J. V. Duhig ("ad eundem gradum" graduates), H. H. Hopkins and N. C. Tritton (union representatives), Mr. W. M. L'Estrange (representative of Senate and Council), T. J. Bale, B.A., and C. N. Barton, B.E. (men graduates), Miss D. Dennis, B.A. (women graduates), the President and Secretary of the Union (ex officio), Dr. Robinson and Mr. W. M. Kyle, M.A. (staff representatives).

In addition the following Brisbane members were co-opted to the committee:

C. Bingham, Esq., R. L. Hertzberg, Esq., E. J. Dunlop, Esq., H. J. J. Sparkes, Esq.

Country representatives are as follows:

Southport, M. R. Walker, B.A.; Ipswich, Miss C. E. Hodgins, B.A., F. S. Thomas, B.A.; Gympie, T. Hangar, B.A., Townsville, D. C. Hamilton, M.Sc., T. Milfull, B.A.; Warwick, R. C. Hamilton, B.A.; Toowoomba, Miss F. Scott, B.A., Heeter Dinning, B.A.; Rockhampton, Miss B. Ludgate, B.A.; Charters Towers, E. A. Francis, B.A.

Vanities

VANITY FAIR

Every day we see them
 On the tram and on the train
 A-powdering their faces,
 Then a powdering them again,
 With here a little lipstick,
 And there a little blush
 (Quite a wonderful invention---
 That artificial flush!)
 Just a touch of eyebrow pencil,
 And then the coup de grace,
 They view the whole confection
 In a tiny looking glass.
 Meanwhile the puzzled male
 Sits astounded in his seat,
 Wondering what's the purpose
 Of each artistic feat—
 Is the object captivation
 Of his simple, guileless heart?
 Or does facial decoration
 Give the female's mind a thrill
 When she's seeking for a cave-man
 To bend beneath her will?
 Now, the answers to these questions
 Mere man can never know,
 For the female brain is flighty
 While the male is sure and slow;
 So with ponderous cogitation
 He finds his only hope
 In the girl whose shiny features
 Show she knows the use of soap.

ZEILAH

—: o:—

MY LADY NICOTINE

I found a lady smoking, smoking,
 Lily white and pale she lay,
 Cigarette—cigarette!
 Languid, soft and fair she lay,
 Let me forget!

I found a lady smoking, smoking,
 Midnight black and large she lay,
 Old clay pipe—old clay pipe!
 Languid, soft and dark she lay,
 And spat, by Cripe!

BARON X.

—o—

CAVE FEMINAM

Read poetry, my friend, but do not dream,
 Face facts, not letting facts blot out your life,
 Think twice before you speak, tho' thought
 may seem

A task too hard, you'll find it best, I deem
 To think three times before you choose a
 wife.

ZEILAH

History as taught, could do with much
 More of the simple human touch.

We're apt to think of any king
 As an extraordinary thing,

Sitting with a most placid face
 Upon a high important place,

A jewelled crown upon his head,
 And carpets for his feet to tread—

But monarchs it is ten to ten
 Turn our quite ordinary men

And even queens have seemed to be
 Illogical and womanly,—

Much more than battles, dates, or acts
 Are interesting minor facts.

For instance King John bit and tore
 The rushy carpet on his floor

(I don't know whether to assuage
 His hunger or his royal rage)

And it's a fact as history stands
 That Richard ate with both his hands,

And also too that Henry 'huit'
 Though quite a cheery soul to meet

Was rather prone to take the life
 Of any old or awkward wife.

Now Charles the Second walked around
 As if he owned the very ground,

And Queen Eliza used her looks
 To keep poor men on tenter-hooks,

And Clarence had a dreadful thirst
 And in a barrel fell head-first—

(Now, very quietly, don't you think
 That was a wicked waste of drink?)

There is no doubt these things were so
 And it is comforting to know

They were as bad as me and you,
 Although their blood was royal blue.

J.M.H.



Vestibularia

King's and the Women's Colleges were en fete on the afternoon of Friday, July 18th, for the wedding of Monty White, a stalwart of the former, and Jessie Smart, an ornament of the latter home of learning. The Master of King's tied the knot. We should like in these columns to echo the admiration that has been expressed on all sides of a most excellent couple, and the acclamation of their union. Monty has been awarded an 1851 Exhibition, and goes to London to do research in Bio-Chemistry.

It is with much pleasure also that we learn of the engagement of "Sam" Weller and Dora Harding, two of the most popular Grads. of yester-year. We applaud the taste of both of them.

Next month John's say good-bye to Canon Robin, who, during the four years he has been Warden, has made himself most popular, not only in John's, but with the whole 'Varsity. His happy after-dinner speeches will be particularly remembered by University men. Accompanied by Mrs. Robin and their family, he goes to England for a term, and then returns to West Australia as Warden of the Perth C. of E. College.

The Rev. Barrett will be the new Warden of John's.

Rumour hath it that Cec. Ellis has grown a **MO!** Naturally he had to go to England to do it, where he is delving further in the mysteries of forestry after a year spent in Wisconsin, U.S.A., learning how they grow and despoil forests in the States.

Gordon Berg, formerly with the General Electric Co., Scenectady, New York, has also moved from U.S.A. to Britain, and now toils for Fairey Aircraft. We have no reports concerning his facial adornments, but believe he would prefer a full beard—to keep his features warm.

Howard Berg has left the Brisbane Grammar School and the pedagogic profession to become a cadet in the Royal Australian Air Force. He reported at Point Cook on July 16th, and so knows ere now most, if not all, of the many unpleasant aerobatics that can be per-

formed on the "machine" that adorns the mess for the particular benefit of cadets.

We are pleased to see in town again the only man in the world to crash an Amphibian in the proper manner and get away with it—Gordon Grant. Though he still walks with a stick and a limp, he is still the same irrepressible Gordon, and is looking forward to returning shortly to duty.

"Snow" Andrews is evidently not one of those who believe that leaving the 'Varsity should mean giving up vigorous sport. He devotes his leisure to coaching a football team near Mossman, N.Q., and captaining it on Saturday—or is it Sundays up there? The team is at present at the head of the premiership table.

Ned Kelly, who spends his working moments at the Bundaberg Sugar Experimental Station, came to Brisbane for John's Ball. He is still, we are told, a confirmed misogynist.

Johnny Lavery and Cec. Kerr adorn Wadham College, Oxford. Cec.'s cricket is reported to be well up to form, and his former colleagues here have high hopes of his securing a 'Varsity Blue. Johnny's interests seem to run to mountaineering; at any rate, he finds Switzerland attractive.

Balliol houses Alan Hoey and Jim Mahoney, the former being first string in his college tennis six. James devotes his energies to cricket, and owns quite a respectable batting average. Rumour, lying jade, tells us that the pair of them have taken up ye ancient game of bowls.

Con. Hirschfeld has distinguished himself by securing Firsts in the School of Physiology. Congrats, Con!

E. C. Tommerup, B.Sc., is now at Rothamsted, England, pursuing soil biology studies there, under the terms of his Commonwealth Scholarship. He has also renewed acquaintance with former colleagues.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Elizabeth Nimmo, who was recently admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Queensland. May Allah shower briefs upon her!

University Societies

THE UNIVERSITY UNION.

Commem. celebrations this year were once more very successful, the procession being unusually good, and one that interested and amused the large crowd who followed it.

About 330 members attended the dinner and dance, this number being just slightly less than last year's total. The subscription was fixed at 10/6 this year, thus enabling the Dinner Committee to carry out the arrangements on a more generous scale. The dance commenced shortly after 10 p.m., and finished at about 3.45 a.m., and, of course, most agreed that it was "the best Commem. yet."

This year there was no need to hold a Rhodes Scholar farewell, since Mr. Kerr left for England in November last, after being farewelled at the Christian Union dance.

Much difficulty has been experienced in the publication of the Graduates' Circular. After a good deal of negotiation with several advertising firms, it was found impractical to continue with the Union Chronicle. Consequently we have been obliged to revert to the old Circular, which was printed for the first time at the beginning of the term.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

On Saturday, May 10th, the Women's Club held its annual dance in the Main Hall of the University.

In spite of unfavourable weather there was a large attendance of members of the staff and their wives, graduates, and undergraduates.

The guests were received by the President, Miss Archibald.

The hall was decorated, as in former years, with canopies of red streamers; music was supplied by an excellent orchestra, and supper was served in the Men's Common Room.

Unfortunately, the visit of Miss Amy Johnson to Brisbane fell during vacation, so the Women's Club, as a body, was unable to take part in the welcome

afforded her. However, it was represented by two delegates at the reception given by the National Council of Women in the City Hall.

The next social activity of the club will take the form of an evening to be held on July 23rd, to afford the members an opportunity of meeting women connected with the university, or taking a prominent part in social work in Brisbane.

Since "Galmahra" last went to press there has been added to the Women's Common Room a notice-board, a letter rack, and four lounge chairs purchased with money set aside for Common Room improvements by the Provisions Club in 1929. With what remains of this sum the committee in charge intends to purchase, among other things, several waste paper baskets and vases.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Since last "Galmahra," the two series of one-act plays, mentioned in last issue, were produced in the Men's Common Room with considerable success. The audience on both occasions was both large and appreciative.

Following on these productions the cast for the Society's Brisbane performances of John Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" was selected, and is now busy rehearsing. The play will be presented at Cremorne Theatre on the nights of August 1st and 2nd, and during this term's vacation, the play will be taken on a tour of the Downs. The cast selected for the "Bird in Hand" is Misses D. Evers and D. Hooper, and Messrs. N. C. Tritton, N. S. Stable, W. A. L. T. Hyde, L. S. Russell, J. S. Hardy, and H. Russell. Professor Stable is producing the play.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society has been unfortunate in losing for a time the services of the president, Mr. Castlehowe, owing to an injury to his knee. Our sympathy is with Mr. Castlehowe and we wish him a speedy recovery. During his absence

Mr. Schindler has been kind enough to take the chair at meetings and debates.

A parliamentary debate was held towards the end of first term. Owing to several counter attractions the attendance was not all it might have been. The leader of the opposition, Mr. Gredden, moved that the House adjourn to discuss the unemployment question. After a long and interesting debate the motion was withdrawn.

The chief feature of second term debating so far has been the inter-faculty contests. Science defeated Arts on the subject: "That class distinctions are inconsistent with Australian ideals." The following Friday Engineering lost to Law on the subject: "That the time has come for a dictatorship in Australia." In the final Law defeated Science, the law students being successful in proving "that we are satisfied with the result of the Naval Conference." This was perhaps the best debate of the year. The society is grateful to Mr. E. J. D. Stanley, Dr. Robinson, and Mr. McCaffrey, for their services in adjudicating the inter-faculty debates.

The Inter-'Varsity debates are to be held in Sydney during the August-September vacation. Some delay has been experienced in Sydney, and consequently at the time of writing the programme and the subjects allotted are not known. As soon as they reach Brisbane the committee will be able to select the team to represent Queensland.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

In last issue of "Galmahra" a spirit of optimism for the year's success was expressed. So far that optimism has been justified. The numbers present each Wednesday are now fairly constant, which is a great aid. Members are to be congratulated on the regularity and punctuality of their attendance this term, and it is hoped that such will continue.

Nevertheless new members are always welcome, and all are invited to attend the practices in the Men's Common Room every Wednesday at 4.30. In this connection intending members are urged not to allow any false modesty to keep them

away, and are requested to give the Society a fair trial.

The tentative programme for the Bach Festival, to be held in October, as published in last issue, has now been fixed, as was then set out, and will commence on October 18th, and end on the 25th.

In this connection progress is being made, and the work is well in hand. A large portion of the "Mass" has been done, while the "Peasant Cantata" and "Christmas Oratorio" have by no means been neglected. The practices have been promising, and if the present co-operation of all members continues a successful season seems likely.

The Society owes much to the able leadership and never-failing efforts of the conductor, Mr. Dalley-Scarlett, who gives up so much of his valuable time in order to be present every Wednesday. The best recognition of this is a full attendance, and we hope his considerateness will continue to be recognised as it is now.

W.E.S.

Since the publication of the first issue of "Galmahra" the W.E.S. has had several lectures of more than usual interest.

Mr. A. H. Conrad spoke to us on "Architecture—Ancient and Modern," and in the course of his remarks gave us a good, though necessarily brief, account of the development of architecture, leading up to the modern styles in different countries. Mr. Conrad brought with him an excellent collection of illustrations, most of which he generously explained after the conclusion of the lecture.

Mr. Nicolai Nadejine spoke to us on "The tragedy of the Russian Revolution." This lecture met with general approbation and much regret was caused by the shortness of time available for this wide subject. We had hoped to have Mr. Nadejine conclude his remarks at a later date, but his departure for America prevented this.

The Hon. H. E. Sizer, M.L.A., next spoke to us on the important question, "Unemployment." The remarks of the Minister for Labour and Industry gave us much information on this pressing question.

The final lecture for first term was given by Dr. Cilento, whose particularly interesting address on "Developmental Work in New Guinea" showed us the importance of New Guinea in future problems of the Pacific.

The last lecture heard before these notes go to press was that of Captain Max Wardall, B.A., LL.B., on "Personal Impressions of Mahatma Gandhi." Captain Wardall, who is at present on a world lecture tour, was able to throw some light on the character of Gandhi, whom he had met some eighteen months ago. In the course of his lecture Captain Wardall made some very apposite remarks concerning Anglo-American relations.

We are to hear at a later date Mr. Paterson, Prof. Brigden, Mr. Confa, Mr. Trist, Mr. Hayne, and others.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The most notable feature of second term activities has been the annual Southport conference, held at the Y.W.C.A. Hostel in the week-end, June 27-29. The total number present was thirty, a decided improvement on last year. We were fortunate in having with us Canon and Mrs. Robin, Dr. Robinson, Prof. Alcock and "Jonah." An innovation in Queensland Conferences was the introduction of tutorials. Two tutorials were run; one led by Prof. Alcock on the subject: "Modern economics in relation to morals," the other led by Jonah on "The authority and prophetic tradition of the Bible." Three circles were held, and each night an address was given bearing on the subject of the study, "Ethics and religion." Members willing gave their best thought to the study, which proved very interesting. The lighter side of conference was provided by sing-songs, and on Saturday afternoon a little impromptu theatrical that might have done credit to the Dramatic Society, was staged. It was unfortunate that it should rain, yet the rain was not felt to be a serious handicap to the success of the conference.

Monday mid-day addresses are being held as regularly as possible. The con-

cluding addresses of first term were "Judaism as the religion of law," by Rev. Nathan Levine, and "The story of the Covenanters," by Rev. A. Mackillop.

We are indebted to Prof. Scott-Fletcher for a most interesting and inspiring address on "Psychology and religion." This term we are to have several addresses on mission work.

A devotional service was held in Ann Street Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, July 9th, and was led by Rev. D. S. Brumwell.

We are very sorry to have to say goodbye to Jonah, the travelling secretary of the A.S.C.M. We shall all miss him indeed, and remember his cheerful smile. Our best wishes are with Mr. Cunliffe-Jones for the success of his sojourn at Oxford. It is with equal regret that we farewell Canon Robin. We are deeply indebted to him for what he has done for the C.U. this year, and we hope that his visit to the Old Country may be a happy one. We hope to hear more of Canon Robin when he returns to Australia to take charge of a college in Perth.

It is the intention of the C.U. to hold a Work Day in third term to raise funds towards our contribution to the A.S.C.M.

ENGINEERING UNDERGRADUATES' SOCIETY.

For the first time does this society send an account of itself to "Galmahra." A meeting of Engineering undergrads. was held on the 28th March this year, when it was decided to form the abovementioned society. The Constitution was ratified by the Union on April 15th, and so we gained the status of a fully affiliated club of the U.Q.U.

Our activities commenced with the arrangement of lunch-hour lectures in the Engineering Building on subjects of interest and utility to all members. To Mr. Wilson, a representative of International Combustion Ltd., we owe a debt of gratitude for his instructive lecture on "The Pulverisation of Coal," and our thanks are also due to Mr. K. Irvine, who delivered an interesting address on "The activities of the Queensland Gliders Association."

At present the main functions of the society are the arrangement of lectures by leading business men of the city, the conducting of the ever popular Engineers' Ball, which was held on the 25th July, and the selection of teams to uphold the fame of Engineering in inter-Faculty contests. Under the auspices of the Engineering Undergraduates' Society much can be done for the welfare of the undergrad. members, and it is hoped that when these have completed their course the society may be of value to them in their professional careers.



THE CYNIC TRIES IDEALISM

If I must have a friend, then he must be
 Strong in his love, his faith, his sympathy;
 I want no pury plot of dry flat ground,
 With no sheer steeps to scale, nor depths to
 sound,
 But I must have the mountains and the sea,
 And climb, and dive, and ever wander free.

If I must have a friend, then he must know
 All that I know, and help reap what I sow;
 I want no timid weakling in these things,
 Nor yet an angel putting by his wings,
 But he must take me, good, indifferent, bad,
 Nor ever after wonder fool like why he had.

If I must have a friend, then he must hold
 Me his whole self, cast in another mould;
 I want no luke-warm offerings of faith.
 Nor love half-hearted, flimsy like a wraith—
 I must have friendship throbbing-warm with
 life
 Or I'll have nothing—save the substitute, a
 wife!

University Sport

CRICKET CLUB.

The annual meeting was held on July 10th. Election of officers resulted:

President, A. B. Chater;
Secretary, H. T. Priestley.

A large credit balance was disclosed.

The season begins in 3rd term. As there is a possibility of entering a C grade team, it is hoped that all interested in cricket will attend the first practice to be held on the first Tuesday of 3rd term. It is also proposed to arrange scratch matches on Wednesday afternoons.

A successful dance was held at the end of first term, and a profit of £4/10/- was made.

U.Q.R.U.F.C.

The Football Club is enjoying a fairly successful season. The A grade team was leading on points at the end of the Buffers' Cup Competition, but suffered defeat at the hands of Y.M.C.A., the first round, which constitutes the Old runners-up, in the play-off for that cup on June 3rd. Until then the team had won every match played, except the first one of the season.

In the premiership competition, which commenced with the match against Y.M.C.A. on June 3rd, we have not been so successful, the first two of the six matches so far played having been lost. The team, however, now stands third (there are eight clubs engaged), and hopes to finish the season in a higher position.

Towards the end of the first vacation a team was sent to Sydney to engage with Sydney and Melbourne Universities in the first triangular Inter-Varsity Rugby Union Carnival held in Australia. A few regular A graders were unable to make the trip, but the side sent was quite a strong one. It was unexpectedly defeated in the first match by Melbourne, the scores being 16-11, but retrieved its reputation by later defeating Sydney, a much stronger combination, by 16-14 in a very even and sternly-contested game. Sydney and Melbourne met before the arrival

of the Queensland team, the former winning by 30-9. During the carnival a match was played by a combined Universities team and a second N.S.W. team, the former winning 16-8. We congratulate Messrs. Vincent, Clark, Mines, and McAdam on their inclusion in the combined Varsities team, and Messrs. Nixon Smith, Risson, and McGrath on being chosen as reserves.

Congratulations are also due to Messrs. Brown, Channer, Lawton, Clark, and Whyatt for having represented Queensland against New South Wales, to Messrs. McGrath and Risson, who were reserves, and Messrs. Brown, Channer, Clark, Whyatt, Mines, who were included in the Brisbane team against Toowoomba.

The B grade team has been much more successful than a University second team has been for many years. As usual, of course, they have suffered occasionally from demands of the A team for players and reserves, and from the inroads on Saturday afternoon leisure made by Geology and other picnicking sciences. The powers that be in the team, however, are confident that they will be included in the premiership finals at the end of the season.

The club, being in straitened financial circumstances, has decided to endeavour to replenish its coffers by holding a dance. Lennon's Ballroom is the place chosen, and the evening of August 5th next the time for the purpose. The committee is anxious to make this function a success both financially and socially, and looks to members of the University to accord it their support.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The premiership round in all grades is now in full swing, and although none of the teams are at the head of the list, all are showing improved form.

So little difference is there in the standard of teams playing in A grade that the former plan of dividing the grade into two divisions has been reconsidered and the separation not effected.

Throughout the wet weather games have been played as usual, notwithstanding the fields being veritable quagmires, and the standard of hockey has suffered accordingly.

The inter-'Varsity hockey this year will be played at Adelaide, and it is expected that the team will leave here on the Thursday of the first week in long vac. The team, although perhaps not up to the last year's standard, is fairly strong, and should give a good account of itself against the other universities.

MEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

Though rain has prevented Q.L.T.A. fixtures, the enthusiasm of the club is maintained. The metropolitan team has had three matches, however, winning two and losing one.

A dance held in June was poorly attended, and failed financially.

A match against the staff will be arranged in the near future.

BOAT CLUB.

The Boat Club has not been over-active this term; this is largely due to the fact that the annual Inter-'Varsity race was held in Perth this year, and thus the U.Q.B.C. was unable to send a crew. The race was won by the Westralian University. Since the Inter-'Varsity race will probably be held in Brisbane next year, the club may be able to make up lost time.

The annual Boat Club dance was held early this term, and was a great social success. A profit was obtained, and this has been used to augment the funds of the club.

The projected Boat Club ball has unfortunately had to be abandoned, but we hope that it may be successfully carried through next year.

The principal activity at the present time is the Inter-College boat race. At the time of writing all the Colleges are boating promising crews, and the race should be a good one.

ATHLETICS.

Inter-'Varsity Championships.

During the first vac. a team consisting of N. C. Tritton (capt.), J. G. Harrison, D. N. Gredden, and T. Strong travelled to Adelaide to compete in the Inter-'Varsity Championships. Although the team was not very successful, the Athletic Club appreciates the gallant efforts of the various members of the team. J. G. Harrison is to be congratulated on his run in the half-mile, in which he ran second to Fenton-Bowen.

Throughout second term, several members of the club have been representing the University in the Inter-Club competition. In this competition, Tritton, Harrison, and Young have been consistent place getters, and not infrequent winners. Besides these there have been several enthusiasts whose help is fully appreciated. The only regret is that there are not a few more of them to enable the club to field a full 'Varsity representative team and thus divide the events up and enable the various members to concentrate on their best distances.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

This year the Inter-'Varsity Carnival is to be held in Adelaide, from 19th August to 24th August. We are sending a team to compete, but still have a good deal of money to raise. We did not take much at our annual dance this year, as it rained, and the attendance was not what it should have been. However, to make up for this, we held a bridge party in the Women's Common Room, which was most successful.

In the Q.W.H.A. fixtures this year we are doing fairly well, as we have lost only one match. This was against Taxation, the team that beat us for the premiership last year, but we meet them again, and hope to reverse the last result. Our two wings, Misses Dent and Spurgin, have been chosen to represent Queensland, when the New South Wales team comes up in August. Our team is also very fortunate as it has obtained permission from the Q.W.H.A. to have a match against

New South Wales, which should give us some good practice.

Our B team has improved considerably, and has won two matches. It has yet to make up a few matches which it has missed on account of the wet weather.

WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

During the first vacation the Inter-'Varsity Women's Tennis fixtures were held in Hobart, and the team which represented the Queensland University was Misses A. Mackay (captain), G. Griffin, B. Shield, N. Elphinstone, T. Nimmo (emergency). The cup was won by Melbourne, who proved far superior to all the other teams, and the winners are to be congratulated on their fine display. Queensland met Tasmania in the first round, and were defeated by eleven rub-

bers to one, but the contest was much closer than the scores indicate. A match was arranged between Adelaide and Queensland also, and in this match each team secured six rubbers, but Queensland won by the narrow margin of two games. As these matches were played on asphalt courts which were strange to our team, we expect to do much better on the lawn courts in Sydney next year.

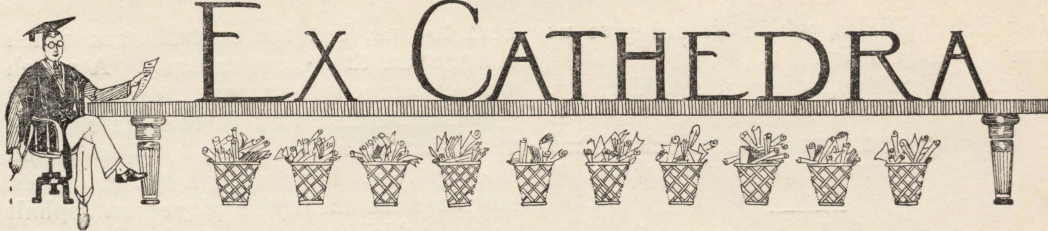
No matches in the Q.L.T.A. fixtures have been played this term, as the weather has been unfavourable.

"Extra-Collegians" challenged the "Collegians" to a match on July 9th, and as the Extra-Collegians were represented by the Inter-'Varsity team, it was expected they would win, but the Collegians made the winners fight all the way, and the final scores were 47-36 in favour of the Extra-Collegians.



?

What reason can there be that I should sigh
 And tear my hair in deep excess of grief
 Because some wench perchance has caught
 mine eye
 And bound me in such serfdom that belief
 In all the time-worn cantings of my kind
 Totters to ruin when I but behold
 Her body's sensuous grace that was
 designed
 To damn men's souls and wring their
 painful gold
 From ends that might have spared them
 happy days?
 Why is it love can never be returned
 When oftentimes a lover tearful prays
 That Death shall take him ere his love be
 spurned?
 The reason? 'Tis that my inspired dust
 Prates loud of Love, and only knoweth Lust.



There is absolutely no doubting the fact that we of this University are typical Australians—we are delightfully casual. So much so, indeed, that two days before "Galmahra" is due to go to print, we have only two articles to make up the forty pages or so. The material certainly came in at the last moment, which is better, we suppose, than not at all. It is perhaps just as well to inform the world yet once again that "Galmahra" is for every member of the University, and as such every member of the University should offer reasonable assistance in the production of the magazine. As things stand only about a dozen of the seven hundred students of this University ever bother to send in an article or two. As a result, "Galmahra" becomes the magazine, not of the whole University, but of a tiny circle, which does its best to make up a reasonably good magazine that must provide interest for six hundred and eighty-eight persons, presumably intelligent, whose apathy so far as literary effort is concerned is nothing short of appalling. If "Galmahra" means "Spokesman of the Tribe," the name is by no means happily chosen, since the tribe, it appears, has never anything to say from year's end to year's end.

A word or two to those who still have a lingering interest in the production of "Galmahra." It would assist the magazine staff to an extent that only the magazine staff can appreciate if contributors would observe the following requests:—

(1) To number, name, and pin together all the pages of an MS.

(2) To type the articles, if possible; but when impossible, to print in the MS. all NAMES when they occur. This applies particularly to accounts of sports and of societies.

(3) To give the approximate number of words in the article.

(4) Most important of all, to send in material well before the time given as the latest date by the Editor in his notice at the beginning of each term. Next term, this date will be October 3rd.

Last May we spoke of an endeavour to introduce into the magazine a somewhat lighter tone. This must not be taken as meaning that we interest ourselves in matters of pure frivolity. The standard of "Galmahra" as a University magazine is very high indeed, and it is one that must be maintained, whether the particular tone is heavy or light. What we are also looking for—at the present time at any rate—is lightness of touch both in prose and verse, irrespective of the matter dealt with. We consider that in the present issue of "Galmahra" such lightness of touch is apparent, and we look forward to finding it again in the October number.

Finally, the attention of readers is drawn to some very important remarks printed hereunder at the Business Manager's request:—

DISTRIBUTION OF "GALMAHRA."

Business Managers of the past have often received belated, piteous complaints from members who did not receive their "Galmahra" throughout the year. But the lists of addresses of external and evening students belonging to the union, available to those responsible for the distribution of the magazine, are not at all comprehensive. The business manager would thank the reader for the address of any member who has been overlooked this year.

L. F. WHITE,
Business Manager.

EXCHANGES.

Honi Soit; Melbourne University Magazine; The Black Swan; Adelaide University Magazine; Tamesis (University of Reading); Magazine of the University College, London; The Platypus; The Australian Intercollegian.

