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The University as the Home of Taste

There was a time when the Universities stood for the centres of culture throughout the world. They were a power sufficient not only to fashion taste but also to induce people to follow the lead they had set. This they could do because their points of contact with the public were numerous and the area over which they were spread vast. Now it is utterly different, at least in Queensland. The influence of the University on the tastes of the State is trifling, its attempts in this direction are negligible. The trouble lies in the fact that the students themselves have no chance of cultivating their own tastes, and therefore can scarcely be expected to turn towards educating the public taste. The University has come to be merely a degree factory. This is the inevitable unhappy result of the dreadful combination which dominates the whole outlook of the students, especially in the Faculty of Arts, from which any movement towards the education of the popular taste should emanate. The examination system is combining with the system of units to defeat the objects for which the University was established. To achieve the hallmark of a degree students regardless of where their interest lies choose such subjects as are undoubtedly easiest from an examination point of view, and are therefore best for securing the necessary number of units. The joyous game of tipping the questions goes continuously on and, by the publication of sets of examination questions, is condoned, even promoted by the authorities. In the variety of his subjects the student can only hope for a rapid, sweeping survey in which he swallows, half-digested, the ideas of commentators and the opinions of his lecturers. In November, as the inevitable result of a bad digestion, the half-assimilated ideas are vomited back, and on this are degrees awarded, as intellectual as a test for arsenic poisoning. The Faculty of Arts has become a hideous misnomer.

The students themselves attempt to preserve only two points of contact with the public. These are the Musical Society and the Dramatic Society. The former is doing much to introduce the rare and the beautiful in music to the public, and though its sphere of influence is not at present great it will nevertheless grow, particularly with the annual participation in the Music Week concerts. On the other hand the Dramatic Society has ready to its hand an excellent instrument in the public performance of the drama for the fashioning of public taste. But it has cast this opportunity aside and prefers to catch pence by pandering to cheap tastes with nasty plays. To a society composed of what are generally regarded as being more than ordinarily well-educated men and women, the production of such plays as “Mrs. Gorringe’s Necklace” and “The Private Secretary” should be an eternal shame. In their hands lay the means for a proper exposition of the function of the University. They preferred, however, to produce for the crowd and not in its interests. Consequently the production of the better class of drama is now almost completely
in the hands of an outside body, the Repertory Society

Nor is art under the shelter of the University. Alone the Art Society fights its battle for a better lighted and a better placed gallery, and produces its own exhibitions under difficulties as great in this respect. There is, it may be excused, no art school at the University, but it does not require an art school to inspire an appreciation of the beautiful. The true reason is that the University is apathetic. Its contacts with the public are few, and it really does not care if these are decreasing in intensity.

Rupert Brooke: An Interpretation

It is hard to believe that if Rupert Brooke had lived he would have been forty-one years of age in two months' time. Rupert Brooke's father was a master at Rugby, and the boy entered with zest into the ordinary life of the place. He was a good scholar and a good athlete, as one of his school-mates put it, "always with a ball in his hand and a book in his pocket." In 1906 he went to Cambridge, where he entered King's College. In 1909 he graduated with second-class honours in Classics. In 1909-10 he was president of the University Fabian Society. He described himself as a William Morris sort of socialist, and says, "I sometimes wonder whether Commercialism, or Competition, or whatever the filthy infection is, hasn't spread almost too far and whether the best hope isn't in some kind of upheaval." But Brooke was too much a lover of the beautiful to become a social reformer. The iron never entered his soul, as his life was spent in pleasant places. The world was a wonderful place to him, crammed with interesting people, and rare beauty. Here is what he himself says, "I roam about places—yesterday I did it even in Birmingham!—and sit in trains and see the essential glory and beauty of all the people I meet. I can watch a dirty, middle-aged tradesman in a railway carriage for hours, and love every dirty, greasy sulky wrinkle in his weak chin, and every button on his spotted unclean waistcoat. It's the same with the things of ordinary life. Half-an-hour's roaming about a street or village, or railway station shows so much beauty that it's impossible to be anything but wild with suppressed exhilaration." That is how Chaucer and Shakespeare, we may guess, passed through this world. That is what made Brooke write the "Great Lover." In that poem he casts over the most ordinary things a brilliance, as the sun shining on a tin on a rubbish heap will make it glitter like a diamond.

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines;

The strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many changing food.

He can make poetry out of such an ordinary thing as a bed:

The cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets.

The poem is a very remarkable one, just because the glamour of poetry is so successfully thrown over everyday things.

Faith, and a belief in the immortality of the soul is a curious thing. To some men it is as clear as day, they can be absolutely sure, while the problem tortures other men. They try hard their whole lives to believe, and yet they cannot. Their inability to believe strangles them poetically, as we see in the case of Arnold and Clough. Other poets plod along darkness until they come to believe that—

That which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Brooke ponders the question. Sometimes in a sad way he gently jests at the belief in immortality. When he was 26 he went on a tour of America and the South Seas. He came to love the gentle, beautiful, bronzed people of those seas very much, and to half-envy their idyllic existence. In a poem entitled "Thare
In Tahiti, he tries to explain to one of the brown girls named Mamua, the conception of heaven. It is a place where the "Types," or the moulds perhaps, of all the beauty that is in the world, are kept. There will be no lovers there, he says, only Love, no songs there, only Song. It is all rather misty and hard to understand, and perhaps he feels that, for he tells the girl.

There, on the Ideal Reef.

Thunder the Everlasting Sea:

That, at least, would be an image she would be familiar with. He goes on to explain that there will be no actual bodies — no actual anything.

All lovely things, they say,
Meet in Loveliness again.

And then comes the whimsical thought, rather sad, from the earth-lover, or in his own words, the Great Lover:

And there's an end, I think of kissing,
When our mouths are one with Mouth.

So he says to the girl in the moonlight:

Crown the hair, and come away,
Hear the calling of the moon,
Down the dark, flowered way,
And in the waters soft caresses
Wash the wind of foolishnesses.

It is all very charming, slightly tinged with humour, but there is an underlying sadness.

There is another fine sonnet on the same subject, entitled "Mutability," that is change or motion. Heraclitus long ago, before Christ was born, taught this same doctrine of motion. Everything changes, everything is in motion. Every human eye in the world is dying, the light within it is going out, and the sun itself is dying more slowly, but just as surely. The system, of which it is the centre, moves uneasingly, and rushes through infinite space nowhere. The Alps drift down the rivers into the plains, as still lofier mountains found their levels there long ages ago. Races, laws, and arts come into being, and pass away, ripples merely on the great river of life, and language changes on our very lips. In the first part of the sonnet Brooke again sketches the idea of Heaven:

They say there's a high windless world and strange,
Out of the wash of days and temporal tide,
Where Faith and Good, Wisdom and Truth abide.
Æterna corpora, subject to no change.
There the sure suns of these pale shadows move;
There stand the immortal ensigns of our war:
Our melting flesh fixed Beauty there, a star,
And perishing hearts, imperishable Love.

Now, notice that the octave of the sonnet starts, "they say"; but the sestet starts, "we know":

Dear, we know only that we sigh, kiss, smile;
Each kiss lasts but the kissing, and grief goes over;
Love has no habitation but the heart.
Poor straws! on the dark flood we catch a while,
Cling and are borne into the night apart.
The laugh dies with the lips, Love with the lover.

The metaphor of the straws is very beautiful, and quite original. You have often seen two pieces of straw rushing along a brimming gutter. They come close to one another, and join together, but sooner or later they are whirled apart. People love one another, marry and live together for some years, and then one dies and is whirled out into the darkness, and later the other one must follow.

Brooke in a very entertaining poem called "Heaven," imagines what sort of place would constitute heaven for a fish. We vaguely imagine heaven as a vastly better earth, and men in their greed, have even imagined it as a place with golden gates and golden pavements. The Oriental mind has conceived it as a place of sensual delights. But the fishes, who have faith, say—

We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not wholly Dry.

They know, too, that there is a better land beyond:

Somewhere beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimmer slime.

The idea of God that a people has, is usually a being who has all the qualities that that race mostly admires. God, to a fish, will be a very large Super-Fish.

there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
And heaven will be a very superior river,
full of fine things to eat, and the Super-Fish, or the God Fish, will have banished all fishermen to Hell.

Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And paradisal grubs are found;
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say Fish.

Brooke was a great lover of the English country-side. In 1912, after a nervous breakdown, he went to Germany for a few months, and there wrote the poem, “The Old Vicarage, Grantchester.” Grantchester is a very pleasant village about two and a half miles from Cambridge, and people often go in a punt or a canoe from Cambridge to Grantchester. Chaucer’s Mill is there, and a deep pool where Lord Byron used to swim. The Old Vicarage, which was Brooke’s home in 1911 is a long, low, one-storied place, with a very beautiful garden, so beautiful that Brooke used to say, that in walking in it, he felt like a fly crawling on the score of the Fifth Symphony. And in a cafe in Berlin, surrounded, he tells us by German Jews drinking beer, he wrote this poem.

It finishes:

Oh! yet
Stands the church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

For some years after the death of Brooke, the clock was stopped so that it stood at ten to three. However now it goes on as usual

It seems strange that it is when we leave a place, that we love it most. All Brooke’s love of this village, where he lived and studied, comes out in this poem:

But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
There’s peace and holy quiet there.
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?

He never seemed to get beyond the physical side of love. Love never was to him, “the marriage of true minds.” Some where he writes:

In your stupidity I found
The sweet hush after a sweet sound.
He never found it—

An ever-fixed star,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

Perhaps he did not live long enough. Some of his love poems are frankly cynical.

Your hands, my dear adorable,
Your lips of tenderness,
—Oh, I’ve loved you faithfully and well.
Three years, or a bit less.
It wasn’t a success.

In one poem, “Kindliness,” he laments that the surprise of love must pass away. At first to the young man the beloved is a goddess, everything about her is wonderful and strange. But that must pass away, and he shall find in her—

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food.

Brooke never got reconciled to that. He laments that the time will come:

When all is over, and
Hand never flinches, brushing hand;
And blood lies quiet, for all you’re near;
And it’s but spoken words we hear,
Where trumpets sang
And infinite hungers leap no more.
In the chance swaying of your dress;
And love has changed to kindliness.

In 1914 the war broke out, and Rupert Brooke got a commission in the Royal Naval Division. War is a murderous business at best, but yet somehow out of the slush and filth and blood are born noble emotions; and foremost among them is the love of the homeland. This was given expression to by thousands of our soldiers, for it is astonishing how much soldier-poetry was produced in the years 1914 to 1918. Brooke’s most famous sonnet I shall not attempt to discuss, for the meaning is transparently clear. I shall content myself by slightly altering a sentence of another great soldier-poet, Sidney,

“I never heard this sonnet that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.”

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there’s some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England’s, breathing English air.
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

War is waste, waste of material, waste of men. The worst waste of all is the waste of the unborn. As Brooke puts it in his noble sonnet, the Dead, the men themselves—
perhaps the best words of all to bid farewell to brooke, are the words from one of his letters, “not a bad time and place to die, belgium, 1915. better than coughing out a civilian soul amid bed-clothes and disinfectant and gulping nectars in 1950.”

he sleeps in a more beautiful place than belgium, in the rocky island of seyros, under the blue ægean sky. here theseus was buried, and it was from here that achilles and pyrrhus sailed for troy. on the anniversary of the day that shakespeare was born, on st. george’s day, rupert brooke was buried.

and now can never mourn
a heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain.

a. k. thomson.

lullaby.

little maiden,
a tiny boat flies
on the sea of sleep,
pered up to the skies,
all laden
with wonderful things,
for little closed eyes.

press the pillows,
little head,
close your eyes,
now prayers are said,
and billows
from dreamland
shall break o’er thy bed.

when the morning
opens his eye,
spray from that sea,
over all things shall lie,
adorning
all lovely things,
under the sky.

a. k. thomson.
David McKee Wright

In the recent death of David McKee Wright, modern poetry has sustained a great loss. Although not a native of our country, he spent so large a part of his life in it, that we are justified in claiming him as an Australian poet; and much of his later work, like that of Adam Lindsay Gordon, is typically Australian.

As all true poets he is a visionary, a dreamer; and to a greater extent than most he has the power of weaving his dreams into verse, and of capturing his airy visions in words, without losing any of their magic. And it is in the idea behind, that the greatness of his work lies, not in the music of his rhymes and the beauty of his poetic diction. These are there, but they are forgotten in the grandeur of the thought they help to express: they are regarded only as a means to an end, not as the end itself.

It is difficult to fasten on the characteristics of David McKee Wright’s poetry—to say that in this or in that, he is different from the rest; and it is more difficult still to select quotations from his work to illustrate these differences. When one seeks to do so whole poems with their atmosphere crowd on the mind—and the intangible elusive atmosphere is as essential a part as the graceful phrases to which it clings. Take for instance the “Vision of Ethney,” one of his most beautiful poems:

“In arrow-flights of sunlit rain
Young April pattered on the pane,
When God has drawn his glory-bow
Across the darkened vale below;
And flashing gems the leaves were seen
A-drip upon the glowing green.
About the chapel on the hill,
The sweet wet place was very still,
Save for half songs the birds would sing.
Dipping a swift and shining wing,
And some soft murmur on the air
That told of pious folk at prayer.”

Almost any single verse of it is a vivid word-picture like this, but unless the poem is taken as a whole much of its peculiar beauty is lost. Unlike any other of the poet’s works, it flows along with a dreamy lifting music, to the sound of goblin laughter, and the trip of fairies’ feet, while all through it drips the April rain, “singing against the window pane,” and whispering of forbidden delights to Ethney of the race of the Danaan gods. A gossamer, whimsical thing it is, full of Celtic mysticism, and a little reminiscent of Shelley—as indeed are many of David McKee Wright’s poems.

Quite different and more typical of the poet, are the “Sonnets of a Winter Moon.” Although written in graver mood, they lack the haunting melancholy of the “Vision of Ethney,” and they express the high optimism of a mind that will not let cold scientific fact crush the romantic allusions popularly supposed to belong only to youth, nor dim the strains of fairy music borne on the springtime breezes:

“Earth is too young for all its heavy clay,
Too full of mirth for this great weight of stone
That weigh the mountains down to yield no tone
When smitten with the bell tongues of the day.”

The whole poem is a protest against the staid semi-materialism that plays so large a part in our daily life, a passionate vindication of the fairy embroideries that Fancy weaves around cold Truth, veiling its starkness, as moss veils the rock, without altering its outline:

“Thought is but dust when it forgets its wings.”

But when it does not, it is a living force that makes Life “a singing of the air,” a wonderful thing full of infinite possibilities, and the dull routine of everyday flashes into beauty as a jewel of the sunlight. Adventure waits “beyond the grey gates of familiar days,” and the open way stretches forth beneath an infinite arch of blue to the unknown:

“I have a thousand thousand songs to sing,
I have a thousand thousand paths to find;
There shall be warm swift movements of the wind
And the vast worlds of my imagining
Are close behind the doors.”

The optimism that pervade nearly all his work, and the ability to see beauty in everything and catch echoes of the “harmonies of the spheres” are perhaps the most striking of the poet’s characteristics. In his imagination the “bell-tongues of the day” are ever sounding the ethereal immortal strains that the
people of all ages have heard and endeavoured to fix through the inadequate medium of human speech, with varying degrees of success. The sight of a wild flower brings great thoughts in its train; a beautiful sunset is a revelation—and he would have nothing but scorn for the materialist who ascribed it merely to the smoke arising from the factories!

Modern Australian poetry, like that of the Romantic period, finds in Nature a fruitful theme. M. Forrest, E. M. England, Myra Morris, and nearly all our present day poets burn incense on her altar, and David McKee Wright is no exception to this rule. His work is full of allusions to natural things, and scarcely a poem but takes its similes and metaphors from Nature. Human friendship is compared to a tree with its roots firmly fixed in the ground and "blossom branches in the sky," prayer to "upward flights of eager shining birds," and truth to a lonely mountain summit. And yet the poet uses nature rather as a background than a theme in itself; it is the scenery around the stage, an ever varying tapestry behind the train of thought, which has no other connection with it. Even in such poems as "Evening in a Garden" one feels that the garden is there only to set off the idea that occupies the foreground:

"The grand procession of the year,  
With dancing steps and laughter light,  
Moves by forever; but I hear  
A stranger music."

In a century or two, when the present age is far enough away for its literary works to be neatly classified and pigeonholed, David McKee Wright will be assigned his rightful place among the poets of our day. He may be called the exponent of the period or the exception to its general trend. He may even be the herald of the first really great epoch in Australian poetry. Who can tell? All we can be sure of now with regard to him, is that his name will not be forgotten, and that his work will always hold an honoured place in Australian literature.

Z. Stables.

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WHEN THE JACARANDA IS IN BLOOM.

Winter's breath has long since gone  
And given place to Spring,  
A north-east wind is blowing soft,  
And I hear the woodland ring—  
Ring with a happy melody,  
Full of life and joy,  
Ringing like some silver bells,  
Sweet, without alloy;  
And life and love are all awake,  
No spectre near me looms—  
'Tis the gladsome happy season when  
The jacaranda blooms.

There's a wondrous thing in the gentle breeze  
Something that grips the heart,  
Something that speaks of things unknown  
And doth to me impart  
Of gladsome thoughts and eager hopes,  
A new-born joy of life.  
The end of the year is drawing near  
With all its weary strife;  
I think of what it's meant for me,  
The good that I have done,  
And with regret I realise  
That I had scarce begun.

But the jacaranda's blooming now,  
And there's no other sight  
Can spur my flagging footsteps slow  
And make my darkness light,  
As the crown of living lavender  
That rests on mighty limbs,  
A glowing mass of gorgeous light  
That by its brilliance dims.  
And countless bees are swarming there  
Seeking stores they prize,  
While flowers fall like fairy bells  
To die before my eyes.

Soon, soon, thy flowers fair  
That now are falling fast  
Will strew the ground around my feet—  
Thy beauty cannot last;  
And where there hung those tiny bells  
Will be thy laurel leaves  
Victory's crown about thy brow—  
My heart in thee believes.  
But now I glory in thy bloom  
Like specks of tinted foam,  
Graceful and ethereal,  
That speaks to me of home.  

A. M. S.
On the Influence of Popular Taste in Literature

What do we mean by “Popular Taste”? We say that Edgar Wallace strikes the popular taste. His books sell by the hundred. Indeed so great is the demand for his novels, that the booksellers order them even before they are written. The demand is greater than the supply. Zane Grey was an extremely popular writer, but his sales are on the wane. Jack London was popular five years ago, but is practically unknown to-day. Again it sometimes happens that a writer will achieve fame and fortune by a single novel, while his other works will remain unread. Hutchison’s “If Winter Comes” is an example of this. The most striking thing about the best-seller is its short life. In this fact lies the explanation of its evanescent appeal. The cause of the sale is the never-failing quest for novelty and sensation. And since sensation can last for a very short time, since novelty must be a short-lived thing at best, it follows that the vogue of the best seller must be short. The popular novel of to-morrow will live just as long as the latest craze in fashion of yesterday. The same thing is to be observed in music, which since the advent of the gramophone is rivaling the novel as a means of passing the time.

Among the lesser writers imitation flourishes. Writing novels has become a game of chance, like taking a ticket in a lottery. London makes a hit with a book in which a dog is the hero. Immediately a hundred novels make their appearance, all with dogs as heroes. Since, and before the success of Zane Grey, there have been countless books dealing with life in the Far West of the United States. Almost all the cheaper books for boys are influenced by R. M. Ballantyne or Jules Verne.

If one examines a number of books by a writer who has struck the popular taste, and keeps on striking it, one finds a remarkable similarity in all the books by that writer. The books seem to be all written to a formula. On a very cursory examination of the mass of popular writings, three facts seem to be prominent:

a. The books last a short time.

b. A successful book gives rise to a host of imitations.

c. The books of a successful writer are all very similar.

Bearing these points in mind, let us consider how these books differ from established classics. What makes a book a classic is the fact that it appeals to men in every generation. A classic is a classic because it is long-lived. Again some classics are pregnant books, that is, succeeding writers find in them a mine of ideas, and a fund of inspiration. Such books are not imitated, they are assimilated. Indeed, one of the marks of true genius is this very faculty of assimilation, not imitation. Both Spenser and Shelley owe a lot to Plato, but it is only through patient research that this fact becomes evident. Again it is impossible for an idea to pass through the mind of a supreme artist, without taking a peculiar flavour from that artist’s brain. Shakespeare left an indelible mark on everything he ever borrowed. If one examines the whole mass of work left by a great writer, it is generally speaking, possible to trace out his growth of ideas and his outlook on life. The man’s work improves and deepens as he matures and becomes wiser, and then there is usually a falling away when the decay of age sets in. It becomes evident then, that the classic has little in common with the book of the minute, since—

a. A classic lasts through many generations.

b. Classics are assimilated rather than imitated by future writers.

c. It is possible for the books of the one writer to vary greatly.

It is hard, indeed, to compare the huge mass of shifting, tawdry writing, that battens on the very worst form of popular taste, or rather, lack of taste, with the enduring literature that outlasts the very buildings of the cities in which it was
written. One thinks at once of the lines of Horace:

"odi profanum volgus et arceo,"

and then of his proud boast:

"Exeget monumen tum aere perennius regaleque situ pyramidum altius."

When we turn to our greater writers is there any evidence to show that they have consciously striven after popularity, or have they obeyed Longinus and written with an eye on posterity? Quite a number of them have busied themselves with the question of the best diction to use. Wordsworth and Dante are perhaps the two classic examples. They want, at once, to use the best artistic medium for their thoughts, and the medium that will appeal to as wide an audience as possible. The second, however, is a very secondary consideration.

Wordsworth tried to write a popular poem once, popular in the sense that it would have a large sale. Speaking from memory, I believe he was rather embarrassed for money at the time, and conceived the idea of writing a poem dealing with feudal times. The idea was sound, for was not Scott making a fortune out of such poems. But listen to Wordsworth. Here is an extract from the preface to the "White Doe," which also contained intimate particulars touching upon a blistered heel. "Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe. The course I have attempted to pursue is entirely different." The pecuniary reward was entirely different, too, for it was with the utmost difficulty that he got 100 guineas for 1000 copies.

It will be instructive to hear what some of our writers have to say on the subject of striking the popular taste. We shall quote from their letters, where we shall catch the men, as it were, in their shirtsleeves, with all their little foibles laid aside. Wordsworth writes: "I have expressed my calm confidence that these poems will live. Be assured that the decision of these persons (the public) has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges." Shelley says of his two greatest longer poems:—"For 'Prometheus' I expect and desire no great sale," and of "Adonais": "I have little hope that the poem I send you will excite any attention, nor do I feel assured that a critical notice of his (Keat’s) writing would find a single reader." Keats’ "I hate a mawkish popularity," has become almost a proverb. I find also the following sentences in his letters: "I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public"; "I never wrote a single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought." And here is a letter I like to dwell upon, Carlyle’s answer to Disraeli’s offer of a pension and the Order of the Bath: "Titles of honour, are, in all degrees of them, out of keeping with the tenour of my own poor existence hitherto in this epoch of the world, and would be an encomium, not a furtherance to me: that as to money, it has, after long years of rigorous and frugal, but also, thank God, not degrading poverty, become in this latter time amply abundant, even super-abundant." It would be a pleasant, though not a very profitable task, to imagine how a little great man like Hall Caine would have answered such a letter.

It is proved, sufficiently, I think, by these extracts that these men did not worship the great public nor its tastes. But the question at once arises, how are we to deal with the great writers who have also been very popular in their lifetime. The names of Dickens and Tennison at once occur. Dickens was a child of the people. The people’s tastes were his tastes, and the weaknesses of the people were, to a large extent, his weaknesses. One has only to ponder a moment over Dickens’ love for the theatrical, his very uncertain touch on pathos, and his love for the mysterious. They are all, to a large extent, failings of the everyday man. In the case of Dickens we have a very rare occurrence, a great artist who wants, and strives after, those very things that his readers want. Or more clearly, the public’s and the writer’s tastes are the same. However I do not know, even when his novels were appearing in serial form, that Dickens ever deferred to public taste so far as to alter his conception of a story. He was deluged with requests, for in-
stance, not to let little Nell die when the "Old Curiosity Shop" was appearing. It will be remembered, that a writer who bothered so little about popular taste as Thomas Hardy, altered the ending of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," when it appeared in serial form. It is a point worthy of consideration that those very writers who are popular in their lifetime are dealt harshly with by posterity. It is said of Byron, for instance, that his work is slip-shod, that it was turned out too quickly. But in the case of Tennyson, we have the very opposite. Tennyson is nothing if not supreme artist. Tennyson stood in peculiar relation to his age. He was almost the symbol as well as the mouthpiece of Victorian England. When the wheel came full circle, and Victorianism was damned, Tennyson was damned together with the horse-hair furniture. As a matter of fact, Tennyson's poetry suffers from the same complaint as the Victorian drawing room, excess of ornament.

Now we come to Shakespeare. Here, at last, is a writer who consulted popular taste, and our very greatest writer at that. At least that seems to be true on the face of things. But if one runs over the list of outstanding criticisms of Shakespeare, in English alone, there is not one that does him justice as a playwright. Lamb, in a letter the same concerning the lyric poets cast in the mould of the drama. But he was not nearly so great a dramatist as he was a poet. In Shakespeare we have almost a perfect balance. The peculiar greatness of Shakespeare lies in the fact that he united action and language almost perfectly.

A very important consideration concerning Taste, is whether it is static or evolutionary, or in part both. Personally I think it is both. But we have no means of finding out just how popular the plays of Shakespeare really were in his own lifetime. There is an undertone of bitterness in Ben Jonson's critical works that seems to suggest that Ben was not as popular as he should have been. I find it hard to believe that the Tempest was as popular with the groundlings as the Spanish Tragedy. But we know for certain that the 18th century tampered with Shakespeare's plays, gave some of them like "Othello" happy endings. So that they evidently did not suit 18th century taste, even if they did Elizabethan England. Then the question occurs, had taste changed during that time? Be that as it may, it is plain to see that Shakespeare worked out his own conceptions of life. The plays were, in some ways, the mouthpieces of the man, through which he must give, popularity or not, his views concerning life to the world, just like any other supreme artist. But the merits of the man as playwright carried all things off. He uses Hamlet as a vehicle for a dramatic lecture, and the thing passes unnoticed. There are gross improbabilities in the story of the play of Hamlet. But they are all carried off, because Shakespeare, the playwright, understood and carried out what Goethe preached in his prologue to Faust almost three hundred years later. I quote from Austin's translation:

"But above all give them enough of action:
He who gives most will give most satisfaction;
They come to see a show—no work whatever,
Unless it be a show, can win their favour."

And in a play such as Hamlet, it is Shakespeare's unique distinction that he gives enough action to charm his iron-nerved audience in the pit, the Falstaffs, the Nyms, and the Bardolphins, but the
Pistols culled no quotations from that play, no quotations such as “All Hell doth gape, and doting Death is near, therefore exhale,” and at the same time this playwright welded on to this barbarous action, poetry to charm the most exacting lover of poetry, in the calm seclusion of his library.

The merit that makes Hamlet appeal to the navy in the “gods,” is not the same merit that makes Hamlet appeal to Coleridge, or Lamb.

The very shackles that custom placed upon Shakespeare, he turned them to advantage. Take the case of the boy actress, Quiller Couch blunders near the truth in his book on “Shakespeare’s workmanship,” but then gets cold. He talks of Shakespeare never letting his young lovers come close together on the stage, and then he loses the scent and flies off with some rubbish about Shakespeare and young love. The thing is as plain as a pike-staff. Nowhere in Shakespeare can you find, say a young mother crooning over a child, and the point is this: Shakespeare is continually on the watch to demand nothing from his boy actresses that might turn to ridicule.

But it is evident that since classics endure there must be a good popular taste, using popular in the sense of appealing to a number of people in each generation. The number is, I believe, a small minority compared with the total population of any country at any given time. But it is also, I believe, a very influential minority. It is composed, perhaps, of what Carlyle calls “mute poets,” and I think, further, that if we could only get suitable interpreters we could interest the majority of mankind in literature. It is for that audience that the great man writes, to their popular taste he defers, and them he endeavours to please.

But what popular taste really does, using “popular taste” in its wide vague meaning, is to determine the form a work must take. It is hardly possible that had this century produced Shakespeare, he would not have turned to the novel. It is ominous, too, that the novel wins over men like Masefield and Davies. If a man does not use a prescribed form, his work suffers, and the very critics themselves hardly know how to deal with him. Criticism is still at sixes and sevens over Whitman, as Edmund Gosse has the honesty to admit. Carlyle’s “Past and Present” suffers sorely from the same defect. The public asks rightly that poetry should be poetry, and a novel a novel. If a writer embeds a very good novel between two sermons, he can hardly blame mankind for passing over the novel because it happens to dislike sermons.

But we must not lose sight of the fact, that the supreme artist-thinkers cannot be influenced by any form of taste, for they themselves create the taste by which they are to be appreciated. Man is ever suspicious of a new idea, and the better the idea the more suspicious he is. But an idea or an inspiration, if it be only a universal one, will win through finally. Shelley, in his lifetime, cannot be heard for the great men, Moore, Byron, Scott, and Mrs. Hemans, but what is more important, every English poet after Shelley listens to him, and strives to catch at least a note from his angel voice.

And all our writers of classics have been profoundly moved by the phenomenon that moves us all, little or great, poets or deaf mutes, and always interests us, and will continue to interest us, until this “fretful midge” the earth ceases to move.

“The life, which all men live, yet few men notice, Yet which will please (‘tis very strange but ‘tis),

Will please, when forced again on their attention,

More than the wonders of remote invention.”

And with these words of the wisest poet of the nineteenth century, let us close.

A. K. Thomson.
With Alpenstock and Rucksack
The Perfect Holiday.

Of the many beautiful spots in this world one of the most enchanting is the group of mountains in the north-eastern corner of Italy, known as the Dolomites. These “Coral Mountains” owe their name to a Frenchman, Monsieur Dolomieu, who made a study of the rock of which they are composed and pronounced it to be a form of limestone very rich in magnesia, to which the name of “Dolomite” has ever since been given; their origin is believed to be due to the uplift of a coral formation of the ancient seas.

The Dolomites are little known to the average tourist, but the scenery is magnificent and entrancing. The high, rocky peaks present an amazing diversity of form, varying from slender jagged pinnacles to solid fortress-like blocks; the valleys, in spring, are carpeted with flowers; the little lakes are set like gems at the foot of the mountains; the villages are quaint and unspoilt, and the people so charming and friendly that all combine to make this district a real mountain paradise.

But the Dolomites have yet another beauty. The Dolomite rock has a soft powdery surface of a pinkish grey, which reflects with subtle delicacy every changing light of the sun so that the mountain heights are forever changing their hue from pale yellow to deep gold, from palest pink to flaming red, and always, on account of the powdery surface, with a softness of tone that has been aptly likened to “the bloom on the grape.”

Amidst these wonderful works of nature is a wonderful work of man, the Great Dolomite Road, built by the Austrians before the war, and passing through the heart of the Dolomite country and through some of its finest scenery. The existence of this road with its smooth surface makes the region ideal for motorists, but in addition the whole area is intersected by tracks and paths which make a walking tour a joy. It was by means of a walking tour that we, a party of four, two of whom were Queensland Varsity graduates, proposed to see it. We were amply rewarded for our resolve, for where could one spend a more joyous holiday than in the midst of the natural beauties of the Dolomites.

Bolzano was the starting point, and deserves mention on its own account. It is a picturesque, old-world market-town, but, unlike many of its kind, is not sleepy. It is always full of life, situated as it is in a prosperous fertile valley of vineyards and orchards. Its market place with stands piled high with luscious and tempting grapes, peaches, and all kinds of fruit, presents a refreshing sight, not easily forgotten, while its arcaded shops and picturesque streets are interesting and nicely clean, which may not be said of all Italian towns.

Soon after leaving Bolzano the road enters a deep and rocky gorge, one of the few narrow valleys in the Dolomites. Emerging from this, after about twenty miles it reaches the exquisite little lake of Carezza, where there is one of the best appointed and most modern hotels to be found in the Dolomites. As there is no village at Carezza the hotel constitutes quite a little township in itself, with its shops, electric baths establishment, doctor in residence, and so on. In addition it has a “tourist house” for people like ourselves who, travelling light with rucksack on back and not always over tidy, do not wish to mix with the gay and fashionable throng, but where they will yet receive as much comfort and attention as those who frequent the fine salons and ballroom of the hotel proper.

Along the road one sees innumerable crucifixes, crude and grotesque, and often strangely decorated, for example with small models of the instruments of the Passion. Occasionally they are inscribed with the name of some unfortunate individual who has been killed on the spot, and these are sometimes further ornamented with drawings depicting most realistically how the fatal accident occurred.

Our next stop was at Canazei, whence we set out on our first real mountainous
expedition. Climbing up by a narrow bridle path, we gradually came nearer and nearer to the great rocky masses which we had been gazing at from below. Close beside us was the solid fortress-like mass of the Sella group, to the left the three bold peaks of Sassolungo, and to the left the snow-covered top of Marmolata, the highest of the Dolomite Mountains. Reaching the Sella Hut we discovered with great self-satisfaction that we had achieved the feat of climbing two and a half thousand feet in two and half hours, the time prescribed by the guide-book, which we thought was only for experts. After a short rest there and refreshment on coffee and rolls, we went up a little further, and sat down in the shadow of the very peaks that had been drawing us upward so long, the great Sella group in front of us and the three pointed minarets of the Sassolunga behind, and the white clouds drifting around and between the peaks above our heads.

It seemed a pity to leave such a spot, but there was still the descent to be made. The way at first led in and out between the shattered rocks and boulders, strewn about in wild desolate disorder, then over more peaceful grassy slopes and through pine trees and so down by a last steep, stony, slithery bit to the bottom of the Val de Gardena and tea, and then completed the last three miles of the journey to Ortisei.

Ortisei was perhaps the most attractive town we visited. Wood carving is its winter occupation, and in its shops one may buy most fascinating wooden figures, perfect little animals, toys and models of all kinds. But not only are small statuettes made. There are life-size ecclesiastical figures also, for to our amazement we saw two saints being trundled down the main street in a wheelbarrow! When the actual carving of these figures is finished, they are put outside in the open air for some days for the wood to harden and dry before it is painted, so that it is no uncommon sight to see two or three apostles and saints reclining against the outside walls of a house in friendly attitudes.

We were loath to leave this little town, so stayed there two nights, and then returned to Canazei by a different route.

Next day we started by car on the second half of the journey. From Canazei, by a series of about one hundred complicated hairpin bends in seven miles, the road winds its way up to the Pordoi Pass, from which it descends on the other side by nearly as many twists, but a more gentle gradient to an open valley. The villages here were nearly destroyed in the war, and though most of them have been rebuilt, others still present a heart-breaking picture of shattered ruins. Through the Falzarego Pass we descended to the beautiful Ampezzo Valley with Cortina, the "Queen of the Dolomites," resting on its eastern slopes.

Here more than anywhere else one realises the peculiar formation of the rocky peaks. Below are gentle grassy slopes and green pine forests, but above always rises the sheer lofty heights of utterly bare red rock. Here, too, one sees the picturesque Tyrolese costume, but only on holidays and festivals. However we did not stay long. Setting out eastwards over the Croci pass we came to Lake Misurina. It is oval and not big, but it is set in the heart of the mountains. At one end it mirrors a snow-covered range and at the other the arrestingly beautiful Three Sisters of Lavaredo, and the flat-topped Monte Piana.

Starting early next morning, we decided to climb over the top of Monte Piana and down the other side to Carbondin. It was a dull morning, the air wet and misty, and as we went up we came more and more into the clouds and swirling mist. But we came to something else, too. Baedeker had said, "Keep to the path with the blue marks, for this is an old battlefield, and it is easy to lose one's way," but we were in no way prepared for what we were to see. Monte Piana, standing alone and commanding an unbroken view along each of the valleys which meet at its base and which are the gateways in the north to Austria and in the south to Italy, occupied a position of strategic importance. Hence it is no wonder that it became famous during the war as the scene of fierce hand to hand fighting for its possession, and it was taken and re-taken many times. Its sides were studded with guns, which must have rendered impossible any movement on a large scale.
of hostile troops over the roads beneath. As we ascended on the southern side, we kept coming on gun-pits and dug-outs, remains of trenches and barricades, till by the time we reached flat ground on the top we found it to be a perfect maze of trenches and shell-holes, barren, desolate, utterly untouched apparently since the day when it had been evacuated, not even softened by the kindly touch of nature; for there the wind blew bitter and cold and scarcely any living thing was to be seen. Tin hats and barbed wire, shattered wood and shoes, bullets and shell cases, even the dried boughs used for camouflage, were strewn all about in disordered profusion as though the war had finished but yesterday. Coming after many days of the beauty of nature, all these signs of ghastly horror could not but make a profound impression on us. Near the edge of the plateau was one solitary grave, and right at the summit stood a lonely monument, a simple pyramid built strongly of grey stones, its base surrounded by the ghastly remnants of war, pieces of shell and shell-cases, barbed wire and tin helmets. On one side was a metal case which upon opening we found to contain a book, for the names not of those who perished, but of those who came to this lonely, desolate, wind-swept spot to visit surely the most poignant war memorial we had ever seen.

Going down on the other side we kept passing excavated caves where guns had been stationed and dug-outs, and as we slithered down over the loose stones and zig-zag path we wondered however the guns had been brought there at all.

It seemed very cold that night at the Carbonin Hotel, and there was rain in the valley, but to our amazement when we got up in the morning we saw that what had been rain for us had been snow on the mountains. Gleaming above us we saw Monte Piana and all the others covered in a mantle of white, the very paths down which we had come covered with snow. The world was new, so we started off with renewed zest to walk back to Cortina. The road was wide and winding and very beautiful, but as we walked along we passed little fenced areas of wooden crosses; in one each cross bore a wreath and the wreaths were made of barbed wire.

For our last day at Cortina we decided to go up to the beckoning pillars of the Cinque Torri, which stood up against the skyline like the great watch towers of some ruined castle. Following a bridle path that took us up three thousand feet of slippery red track, we eventually reached the "Rifugio Cinque Torri," where our lunch disappeared with exceeding rapidity. It was quite interesting to be having lunch at a "Rifugio" even though we had not performed any very remarkable feat to reach it.

After resting there awhile, two of us decided to try and reach the Saddle of the Nuovalau, a little higher up. It meant a climb over a very rocky path where snow still lay in patches and icicles hung from the under sides of the rocks, but at last the top of the ridge was reached, and what a panorama lay before our eyes! Range after range of mountains stretched out beneath us away into the dim distance, with deep valleys between, and away on the left was the summit of Marmolata all white with snow. It was such an expanse as one dreams of, but rarely sees, and we seemed to be sitting above the world and looking down on it.

Reluctantly at length we turned our backs on this magnificent expanse and wound our way downwards to Cortina d'Ampezzo, bidding adieu to our beloved mountains, feeling that we had drunk deep of the delights of a "walking tour" in its happiest form, and very regretful that we must leave behind us perhaps forever, the striking beauty, the capricious changefulness, and the altogether fascinating loveliness of the Dolomites.

E.N.H.
The Great Mother

Returning late one day to his home John received a considerable shock, for his wife was not there to welcome him. Late that night the full realisation that he was utterly alone descended upon him. After the first shock had passed he began to reason why he should have been forsaken. He had always been happy with his wife. True, he lacked ambition, and this had been a source of sorrow to her; but it was not sufficient to explain her departure. There must have been some deeper reason which as yet he could not understand. This he determined to discover, at whatever price.

During the years that followed, hard work brought success in business, but it carried no joy with it, for he seemed unable to go further in his search. But one day, on a sudden inspiration, he bought a station in the far West. Here again hard toil was bringing him success, though the struggle was severe. The country was, for the most part, undeveloped, though round about were one or two other stations. Had he only known, his wife's original home lay next to his. He had never before been interested in the bush and hence his ignorance of this.

Suddenly drought descended upon the land, causing suffering to man and beast alike. Again John toiled, day after day, doing what little he could to relieve the suffering of his stock. It was indeed little, and he was beginning to despair. Often at night he sat in weariness upon his verandah, looking out into the night. For quarter of a mile perhaps there was a clear space. Beyond that there rose the trees, dark and silent, standing clear-cut against the sky. To John these trees seemed terrible, awe-inspiring. At first it seemed that wild animals or snakes were hidden there, and he shuddered. Then again he felt that demons were concealed in the darkness of the trees, beckoning him to come to them. As a child he had been told of the banshee, and it had frightened him. Now the same feelings came upon him as he gazed. At times he almost answered that insistent call, but always he restrained himself. Yet he felt that there was something more than mere fancy in it.

Now the drought broke, and in the bounteouness of a good season, the hardships of the drought were being rapidly forgotten. But John, never very strong, was now broken in health. In his enforced leisure he had time for reflection. One night he was again sitting and looking into the bush. His thoughts turned to his search, which, after all, had not progressed very much. He still did not know why she had left him. He did not even know where she had gone. It seemed as though he would never hear from her again.

He sat up with a start. Had he been dreaming? Surely he had heard her calling him. He looked out into the bush. Gone were all hard thoughts concerning it. Calm and peaceful it seemed, but still it beckoned him on. Guided by that same impulse which led him to come to the bush, he now arose and went towards the trees. On and on he went, on and on. Time had no meaning for him. Just before dawn he came to a clearing in which was a grave. Here, exhausted, he sank down, but he was at peace; for here was the end of his search, the fulfilment of his longings. Much indeed was unexplained, but this he knew. The bush had claimed his wife, as now indeed it was claiming him, and willingly he surrendered himself to the Great Mother.

J.G.H.
Les Diables Rouges

There is no more potent antidote to one's feeling of national pride than to peruse the files of a foreign newspaper; one may look, for instance, through several months' copies of a leading Belgian newspaper to find but three references to this land of ours. A few lines about a dreadful serum tragedy at Bundaberg; half-an-inch announcing the arrival of Hindley at Darwin; and a photograph of the American aviator, Charles Kingsford beside his "Southern Cross" ("Croix du Sud").

But there are compensations. Now that international football is in the air, one is glad to light on a description of this year's first Belgian international Soccer match, which was fought against Austria at Daring Stadium (Brussels) on Sunday, January 8th, at 2 p.m. For the football writer of the "Indépendance Belge" the first struggle was not between the rival teams—it was between himself and thousands of other Belgians all equally intent on reaching the ground. "The 'Chocolate' buses, mechanical rattletaps, bend under their human burden. Clusters of men hang precariously out of the doorways, clinging by their eyelids. The taxis are rushed as well. Speeding, jarred by sudden applications of the brakes, belching forth clouds of blue smoke, they rush into that horrid nightmare the Gand Highway." Our friend must have been crushed on the way out, for he feeling exclaims: "The only people who arrived fresh and calm at the grounds were big, strong, weighty fellows." Still he is at last safely seated in the press-box and, there being no 'curtain-raisers' he gazes upon the empty field, which, in his opinion, has thawed remarkably well. The attendance is 35,000, and the time is beguiled for the impatient "fans" by music which our friend describes as "agreeably discordant. Evidently the Brussels police are not as solicitous for the public welfare as the Brisbane force were at the recent Test Match, for the roofs of the stands are well patronised, and a cigarette advertisement provides a perch for two or three equilibrists. The roving eye of our scribe discerns in a dark corner of the main stand a group of gentlemen, pale and trembling—the selectors. He sees them comforting one another with chocolate ices; their chosen eleven has been roundly criticised—they are, we may imagine, murmuring the Belgian slogan corresponding to our famous: "It's moments like these you need Minties!"

But the teams are filing out. First the Austrians—greeted by "applaudissements d'une courtoisie condescendante." Then the Belgians—"Clameurs! Cris d'affection pour ces onze lascars qui supportent nos espoirs." The teams line up in mid-field (standing stiffly to attention, we see by the photo), and Blum, the Austrian captain, hands a most delightful bouquet to Swartenbroeks, the leader of the home side. There follows a barangue by M. Hugo Meise, "the Buddha of Austrian football," who emphasises his words with the bowler hat which he holds in his hand. The Buddha's speech is heard only by the players; the spectators must perform he content to watch the effective employment of his bowler hat.

The game begins. The ball proves very elusive, but our critic notes as a bad augury that the Austrians are less often gibed than the home team for their unsuccessful attempts to control the leather sphere. After nine minutes the Austrians score the first goal of the match. The next incident of note is provided by Franzl, the Austrian "goalie," who rushes out and has the pleasure of testing the hardness of his head against the boot of Gillis, a Belgian—as our scribe daintily puts it. Needless to say, "Franzl est knock-down." Half-time comes without further score, and the players retire to refresh themselves with a bowl of tea.

Soon after the resumption the visitors score again. Things look bad for the "Red Devils" (for this is the name with which the Belgians hail their champions—the "Hill-ites" might think of adopting it for our maroon-clad Queenslanders). However, Francois Ledent secures near the Austrian goal and seems certain to score when Hoffman overtakes him and puts him out of action with a trip which
our friend, inspired either by polite sarcasm or by artistic appreciation, records as "charmingly cunning." But the technique of the trip is lost upon the Dutch referee, and the resulting penalty enables the Belgians to open their account.

There follows an incident which our writer honours with a special headline:—

**"Bizarre Attitude du Keeper Autrichien!"**

Rene Ledent speeds down the wing and centres the ball which is headed into the goal-mouth by Gillis (of head-testing fame). But the Austrian keeper bounds out and stops the shot. Moreover, he lies down on the ball, the better to guard it from the boots of three or four Belgians who seem most anxious to kick it. He refuses to let it go, but, when the Belgians turn to appeal to the referee, suddenly makes a dive and lies down again a little further from the menaced goal. The referee awards a free kick to the Belgians, who think themselves entitled to a penalty—and do not hesitate to say so. Great discussions between the referee and the players of both teams ensue, and finally the Belgians take their free kick, which does not yield the much-desired equaliser.

Full time comes with the Austrians still leading 2—1, and our critic recognises the superiority of Austrian science over Belgian individual energy. Still there is a consolation: the Central Europeans are professionals, football is their trade—"c'est pour nous une circonstance atten­uante."

In the next day's paper he analyses the game and quotes the opinions of his brother sporting writers. The general impression is gloomy—past prowess is recalled—"Declinons-nous."

Politeness requires him to deal first with the performance of each of the Austrians. Then he passes to the home team. Before the encounter he considered that sportsmanship required him not to criticise the home players, but rather to inspire in them the courage and confidence necessary to perform their duty to the nation. But now! "Coenegraft was absolutely useless. At a disadvantage owing to his small stature, he ran from one of his opponents to the other, and always arrived after the ball had gone." Poor little Coenegraft! One wonders whether the crowd poured its abuse on him. Unfortunately, on the score of barracking our writer is silent. Though we read that the Austrian keeper in his efforts to "stopper un shot" effected "un beau save," we have no indication of the Belgian equivalents of those well-known Woolloongabba exhortations: "Ki' it wi' yer heid, Jock!" and "Shoot mon, Sondy, shoot—ca' ye noo see ther gool poost!"

As usual, the selectors are not forgotten when ways of regaining the national prestige are discussed, and our critic expresses the hope that "before the next engagement of our 'Diabes Rouges' the selectors will see fit to abandon the method of choosing players to suit certain influential persons."

And so we leave our Sporting Page to search for M. Poincare's latest dicta on financial rehabilitation.

J.C.M.

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**FLIGHT.**

Time, patient, sets his cunning snare
In all the places where
The feet of Beauty pass.
Yea, every man and lass,
The strong, the rare,
Shall swiftly fare
To the great lover Death.
He clutches each falling breath,
And takes in his embrace,
All that's lovely in this place.

A. K. Thomson
The Man who shook hands with the Corpse

It was late when I walked the road between the Old Township and the New Settlement. But the moon was full and high and the reflected glare from the dusty whiteness of the summer road added to the brilliance of the night. Still, I found it singularly unpleasant traveling. In the brief period in which I had lived in the New Settlement business had never before kept me so late in the Old Township as to occasion this walk home, and I was not over pleased to do so then; still, one cannot always consult one's own convenience. Ahead the road stretched for four good miles of uninteresting whiteness; on either side it was flanked by a fringe of trees which stood between the actual edge of the road and the post and rail fence which marked the boundaries of the bare paddocks beyond. Anxious to change this uninviting prospect as soon as possible to retrospect, I swung into a long striding pace, which was yet easy, and which carried me forward with a surprising rapidity, and in its mild vigour was pleasantly exhilarating.

It was only after I had gone along in this manner for about a mile and a half that I became aware, for the simple reason that he seemed to materialise at my side rather than catch up with me, so very much was the sound of his footsteps deadened by the white dust that lay thick on the road. Not expecting this sudden companionship, I was somewhat startled, and being in consequence faintly hesitant of making the first conversational opening, we paced together for a few minutes in silence each waiting for the other to speak. It was he who spoke first.

"You walk late, friend," he said.

I turned to reply and for the first time regarded him fully. He was a middle-aged man, moderately tall and fairly solidly built. He wore no collar and his clothes were of an old-fashioned cut such as one will often find in the country settlements to which the refining influences of modern tailoring do not penetrate over-rapidly.

"True," I replied, "but business is business, and when it leads far out, to return one must walk late."

"Yes," he said, "I used to do it often enough once, but it is only on the rarest occasions now that I walk this road."

The conversation momentarily lapsed, but having in some measure recovered from the first shock of surprise at his sudden appearance I began to feel more at my ease. I realised, too, that I was pleased to have his company as there was a faith breath of wind which set the trees whispering to the shadowy unrealities which took clinging shape about them, and at such times it is almost terrifying to be alone. As a means of reviving the conversation I accordingly told him as much.

"I am fortunate," I said, "to be favoured with your company."

And then in a burst of honesty which unhappily will intrude into polite conversation in spite of all one can do to prevent it, I added, "Though I feel compelled to admit that my good fortune lies principally in the fact that a desire was almost instantly gratified. It is not really any peculiarly endearing characteristic in yourself that commends itself to me, but merely that you are a fellow human being. It is to be regretted, but I have a childish fear of being alone."

"Ah, yes," he replied, "I used to be troubled that way myself once, but I got over it. I can readily imagine it to be a trait inherited from our grandfathers whose every journey was a hazardous venture between the pistols of the Gentlemen of the Road."

"Then, of course," he continued, "there is the fear of not being alone. Some people believe in ghosts, you know. Do you?"

"I," I exclaimed, "do you credit me with so little common sense, most certainly I do not."

"No?" he said, "well, each man is entitled to his own opinion in matters of that sort."

At that the conversation lapsed again, and we swung through several minutes in
almost complete silence. Even in the surroundings there was only the breeze drifting the branches about, and the soft pad of our footfalls in the dust did not strike even above this.

Then he picked up the thread of his argument again: “It’s not always anything so unusual as ghosts either. Look at the way people are for the most part slightly afraid of a dead body. A corpse is a common enough occurrence surely. What occasions the fear? It must be because it is something they do not quite grasp. A mere stoppage of the machinery certainly, but beyond that no one precisely can say. What I mean to imply is that it is not so much the unknown that we fear as the unknowable. If you merely don’t know it is not so alarming, because there is always the chance that you may know; but if you can’t know it’s a different matter. The trouble about a corpse is that the jaws of death were not constructed for speech.”

“Do you know,” he continued, “the last thing I saw on this road was a corpse. It was lying in the dust looking limp and dirty. Unromantic as a dead cat. I wasn’t afraid, I just bent over it and shook it by the hand. ‘My congratulations,’” I said. “Why not? You get congratulated on your twenty-first birthday, on your engagement, on your marriage; surely you should be congratulated on dying. Especially when the release is so happily and rapidly effected as to take place in the middle of the road.”

I looked at him curiously, for the conversation had taken a strange turn. I glanced away and my gaze fell on a building on the outskirts of the New Settlement; its blank whiteness shone in the moonlight, and it was vivid with lighted windows. Recognition supplied me with what I thought was a revelation. It was the lunatic asylum, and my companion I believed to be an escaped inmate. I turned on him swiftly and asked abruptly: “And when did they let you out?”

“Let me out?” he screamed, “damn you, they hanged me for the murder.”

It was then that I ran, and as I ran I realised why the thing wore no collar, but not why I should be damned for the processes of the law.

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TO SLEEP.

O Sleep, thou herald of peace and joy divine,
Who guards the gates of dreamy wonderland,
Where ever dwells, by softest breezes fanned,
In flowered fields, asleep in sweet sunshine,
Eternal Peace, Forgetfulness sublime!
Come now with me and to that sunny land
Lead me with kind and loving gentle hand
That I may rest and lose all count of time.
For I have been in bondage to the mighty
And cruel power of Relentless Fate,
And weary now with my vain losing fight,
I come to thee for rest, perhaps too late.
O Sleep! O Sleep! if thou canst come to me
Bring in thine arms, the balm that is of thee.
Education under Ferry great Difficulties

Of course we all knew it had to come; some of us had been saving up, but yet we hoped even while we bought sixpenny money-boxes at Woolworth's, and having labelled them "ferry," stood them up on our desks. We talked about it in subdued tones, then we tried to forget. Some of us succeeded until yesterday, when a little freckled-faced urchin, white with anxiety beneath the freckles, approached us with, "Is the ferry still free?" There was agony in that small voice. Then we realised what it was to mean to us.

We have come to look on those ferries as ours; for years we have run for them, and they have rewarded us by running for us. We have climbed on them from the back, jumped at them and found them there; at times we have sworn at them, but always loved them. You see it is not the paltry penny that hurts, though, later, we may come to feel the pinch of poverty: it is just the degrading effect it is going to have on College life. Oh, yes!

"For I dip into the future far as human eye could see."

No longer were there joyous bands of students standing, sitting, laughing on the Merthyr or the Maree: no longer was there that rapt look in a student's eye as, gazing at the receding bank, he thought with satisfaction of intellectual feasts past or to come. The root of all evil had made itself felt. Some had forgotten their pennies, some couldn't find any, and some—oh, horror of horrors! some are in debt. They are doomed to sit throughout a whole lecture with the bitter realisation that they should be standing on the other bank of the river.

And how will an undergrad, ever be able to look into the bright, sunny face of an undergradress, when he bids her good morning if he is not quite sure just what are her ideas on the Age of Chivalry. Of course he could put up a notice in the vestibule to the effect that ferries are like Commem. dinners, and that might simplify matters; but you, who come by terra firma, don't you realise what an unpleasant atmosphere all this is going to create?

And worse is to follow. We actually know of a case where just the thought of the pending disaster has led to theft. For two months a penny had reposited on the hat-rack of a College hall. It was a very ordinary penny—no one wanted it, no one coveted it. That penny has gone now, and—well, we're not talking about it.

Of course, there is a brighter side to the question. It will tend to make the University much more popular. If you are going out at night, you can always take your tea, and wash in the common-room sink. Then again, just a suggestion. Each college might indulge in say, half a dozen season tickets. They could be hung on nails in the hall and be general property. This might result in a few of us being late for lectures; but then, professors are human after all.

Of course, for the first week it would be quite a good plan to go unprepared; have some of your most impressive-looking lecture books on obvious parts of your person, and try the effect of intimidation. Or you could disguise yourself to look really artistic, just look as if "in simplicity and freshness and enthusiasm, and a fine guileless inaptitude for all worldly affairs," you are a perfect child, look as if you have no idea of time or no idea of money, if "the bare word money should never be uttered near you." It might work.

Perhaps if we could come to some agreement about the sharing of expenses, the lecturers might like a change of environment every alternate week: it would be great fun to see some one running up ferry-hill to a lecture.

But no, the most enterprising idea of all would be for the University to purchase a ferry. Why not? If it wanted us it would be worth its while. Besides, when we move house, a ferry more or less won't be much in the way. It might be invaluable for transferring desks and professors. It called be called Lucia, and then "outsiders" would gradually come to realise there was some connection between Lucia and University. Perhaps some graduate would like to take it on.
The Rhodes Scholar

The Rhodes Scholarship for 1928 was awarded, at a meeting of the Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee, held at the end of last year, and at which his Excellency the Governor was invited to preside, to Mr. John Hardie Lavery.

Mr. Lavery was a scholar at the Brisbane Boys' Grammar School, from which school he passed the Senior Public Examination in November, 1922, and at the same time he was awarded one of the Government open scholarships to the University. He enrolled at the University in March, 1923, as a member of the Faculty of Science, but in the following year he transferred to the Faculty of Engineering. Here he rapidly distinguished himself as an able scholar, as his meritorious examination record shows, and was finally admitted at the Degree Ceremony this year as a Bachelor of Engineering with first class honours in the civil branch of that Faculty.

During his time at the University, Mr. Lavery has also taken an active part in the social and sporting life of the institution, and has held office in several undergraduate associations. In the years 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927 he was one of the Engineering representatives on the Union Council. In 1924 he was elected to the offices of Treasurer of the University Sports Union, and the Secretary of the Men's Club. In 1926 he occupied the positions of President of the Men's Club and Secretary of the Sports Union, and in the following year was elected President of the Sports Union. In these offices he carried out his duties ably and well, particularly in the last of these when it fell to his lot to effect the complete revival of the Sports Union constitution.

In the sporting side of University life Mr. Lavery has been particularly prominent as a member of the football team, with which he played consistently from 1924 to 1928. He has also successfully represented the University in cricket and has taken part in several of the other branches of sport.

It is Mr. Lavery's intention to enter the School of Engineering and Science at Oxford, and to continue his studies in engineering, specialising in structural design and its application to architectural work. It can be truly said that there has not been a more popular choice made for the Rhodes Scholarship, and Mr. Lavery will leave for England with the good wishes of innumerable friends.
Three Modern Biographies

Perhaps it is merely the desire for finding the spots where the brilliance of public men has been tarnished that has provoked the recent revival in the difficult art of writing biographies; the twentieth century expression of the faculty for minding other people’s business which in the eighteenth century found its form in satire. It cannot, however, be altogether so as there has been at the same time the publication of innumerable memoirs; indeed it seems that on becoming famous or notorious one has but two alternatives left for keeping in the public eye, write a book of memoirs or else go into the films. And it is not because of the chance of discovering patches of mould on famous reputations that these are read; they won’t be found there, for however proud a man may be in private of his nasty past, its public display is not always for the best. It is because people are realising that man is an intensely interesting animal as man and not as the species of minor deity into which he has been elevated by women novelists and the cinema. This, too, explains the rise of the intensely realist school of novelists, whose work is coloured throughout by a deep psychological tinge. The Forsyte Saga, William Clissold, The Spanish Farm, and unnumbered others are mainly biographical. Of strict biographies the last five years has seen the production of several, three of which are truly great, i.e. they give a fair and unbiased estimate of their subject’s character in excellent style both as regards arrangement and the construction of the work and as well, the use of their prose. It is curious also to notice that hand in hand with this taste for biography has come a taste for epigram.

These later biographies are, in the order of their publication, “The Second Empire,” by Philip Guedalla, published in 1922; “Queen Victoria,” by Lytton Strachey, published in 1924; and “George IV.,” by Shane Leslie, which appeared in 1926.

Guedalla’s “Second Empire” gives to Louis Napoleon the fairest treatment he has ever had at the hands of historians. He changes him from a little bearded figure faintly grotesque, running about the country opening railways in Napoleonic attitudes to a singularly shrewd and competent statesman, and converts the sorry spectacle which at the hands of historians he makes at the surrender at Sedan, to an amazingly poignant and even tragic scene, when the Emperor stricken in health surrendered his Empire and his dream of the rehabilitation of Bonapartism. The work is an able contribution to French history, besides being a contribution to literature: Guedalla is a stylist, and in the Second Empire he succeeds in preserving a nice balance between his style and the matter, neither is ever sacrificed for the other. This cannot be said for his more recent biography of Palmerston, where there is over much frothiness and things are said brilliantly rather than well. In a previous essay Guedalla referred to those historians who wrote with an obvious view to later translation into Latin prose. This accusation could never be levelled against him, as the following masterly character sketch will illustrate: “The Emperor had a faintly raffish cousin named Pierre Bonaparte, who lived in the suburbs after a somewhat violent career in the more congenial air of the Balkans and South America. His private life, in spite of a taste for minor poetry, was mainly morganatic; and his energies, which were frequently offered to the Imperial service and invariably refused, were principally devoted to the more dangerous forms of sport.”

Strachey represents a slightly different type. He is just as fair and impartial in his estimate of the subject of his biography, but he has not the tinselly brilliance of Guedalla in its presentation. He writes a smooth prose and colours it with a gentle irony very necessary to dispel the mist of intense goodness, almost goody-goodness, in which tradition has shrouded the approaches to the Victorians. Strachey omits nothing and adds nothing for the sake of effect. He makes the Queen very human, with her imperious temper, her love of dancing, her devotion to her Prime Ministers. “Dear Lord M.,” Peel whom she at first disliked, and Dis-
raeli, to whom she wrote as he was dying, "Everyone is so distressed at your not being well," and signed herself, "Ever yours affly., V.R.L." Under Strachey's pen we see the Queen in every aspect: when the mob shouted "Mrs. Melbourne" after carriage at Ascot; her almost ridiculous affection for Albert; her long mourning on his death which came near to affecting seriously the management of Home affairs.

What is more, he gives one of the truest accounts of the Prince Consort yet written. He has lifted him from the position in which he has long been held by popular conception, that of "Mr. Victoria," and shown him in his true light as the guiding hand behind Victorian policy (neglecting perhaps, the consideration of the influence of Stoeckmar). He draws attention to this most powerfully, and we realise how fortunate for Parliamentary Government as it is understood to-day, was the death of the Prince Consort at an early age, when all he could leave behind was the great Exhibition and the Albert Memorial.

Shane Leslie's "George IV." comes as very refreshing after Greville, Thackeray, and Justin McCarthy, who have damned him as utterly as the conventions will permit in the matter of public damnations. The dust cover announces it as a challenge to long held views and the challenge is ably maintained. The realisation is rapidly forced on the reader that the "first gentleman in Europe" had other and more admirable characteristics than a varied taste in mistresses and clothes.

Of the three Shane Leslie is the true epigrammatist. The work abounds in passages such as this: "Once again the King of France was entertained by the Majesty of England, and the Regent's 'exquisite courtesy to the exiled royal family of France was the theme of universal admiration.' The son of the demented entertained the family of the beheaded. It was noticed that the Regent's two wives stayed at home, the Princess because she was not asked, and Mrs. Fitzherbert because she was offered a lower place. Mrs. Fitzherbert visited the Regent in advance to know her place, and was told, 'Madam, you have none.' It was the official severance."

These epigrammatic phrases are deftly welded on to the narrative and with such neat unobtrusiveness that they never as is often the case with such, become cloying. It is to be hoped that Mr. Leslie will, not, having written one excellent biography, revert from this form to the novel.

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**THE INEVITABLE.**

You do not know, you cannot know the love, The sweet desire you arouse in me; Or else your curious eyes were bright to see My comings and my goings: would approve My presence with a glint such as would move My laggard lips to speeches bold. Then free From all restraint, in pulsing ecstasy Would we together sit, this world above, Encompassing imperious Time's defeat By weaving round about us amorous spells Which to the passing moments make us blind, Instead we talk of trifles when we meet, Of books or work or idle gossip else, Nor can I speak what's topmost in my mind.
Mr. Eric Partridge is a distinguished graduate of this University. In 1912 he gained first-class honours in the school of Modern Languages and Literature, the first graduate to gain such a distinction. He was the travelling scholar for 1921, and gained his B. Litt. at Oxford by a book on "The Romantic Movement in France." He gained his M.A. by a book on the "French Romantics' Knowledge of English." The latter work was favourably commented on by the late Sir Edmund Gosse. Copies of the books are to be found in the library of this University. They both show a wide reading, and considerable research. After his studies at Oxford were completed, he returned to Queensland. Then he went back to England, filling the position of lecturer in English at the University of Manchester, and later a similar position at University College, London. He became a member of the Fanfrolico Press, which was founded by Norman Lindsay, the famous artist, and his son Jack Lindsay, a poet of genius, though perhaps wild and unrestrained. Mr. Partridge became a publisher on his own account, founding the Scholaris Press in 1928. It is to his credit that he has not forgotten his old University, nor "Galmahra." We have been favoured by contributions from his pen. He is an authority on Ambrose Bierce, an article by him on that writer appearing in one of the recent issues of the London "Mercury." He has also sent us a book issued from his press, "A Journal of Summer Time in the Country," by R. A. Willmott. The printing and binding are excellent, and now for the contents.

It consists of a series of charming essays ranging in length from one page to five or six, written evidently, one on every day between May 1st and August 12th, 1849.

It was with a feeling of gentle melancholy that we put the book down. There are too many books in this world, and a man who reads too much loses his own originality in learning the original thoughts of others. Perhaps it may be that many a man is a poet in his youth, but not in his age. It may be that some men write poetry in their youth because they are true lovers of poetry, though not true poets. Be that as it may, this Willmott was a true lover of literature. English literature was to him like a loved one's face, the features of which are fastened in the memory by repeated and deep gazings. He was so deeply versed in the poets that the sight of a bird or a flower, or any other natural object, immediately recalled to his mind all the poetry he had read about them. He writes, "I never saw so many glow-worms together as on this balmy evening," and off he rambles into a delightful essay on Glow-worms in English Literature. He quotes from Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and twenty others. There are some quaint turns in this country parson, thoroughly impractical, we may be sure. He says, "In any anthology about glow-worms, Shakespeare would scarcely be allowed to compete for the prize." We have seen all sorts of anthologies, good and bad, but the idea of an anthology about glow-worms is certainly original. However, Willmott goes on to write, "He (Shakespeare) never notices them without some incorrectness. His strangest mistake was placing the light in the eyes; whereas a momentary glance would have convinced him that it proceeded from the tail." We have not seen many glow-worms, but the ones we did see did not throw a strong enough light to enable us to distinguish head from tail. As a slight contribution to Shakespearean scholarship, we put forward, with due reverence, the same excuse for the Bard.

In this book there is one of the most interesting essays on "Nightingale in English Literature" we have ever read. It is really a commentary by a man who knows all about nightingales, and all about poetry, on nightingales and poetry. He tells us all sorts of interesting things about nightingales, such as the song of a nightingale can be heard over a diameter of a mile.
It must have been a happy summer in the country indeed for this man.

Exempt from public haunt,
Finding tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

He was happy watching the birth and death of a rainbow, or the leaves mirrored in a deep calm pool, or the throbbing throat of a nightingale, and he has left us a thoroughly happy book.

A. K. Thomson.

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The Fruitful Granite

If Mr. Dinning had only taught us that the ‘Granite Belt’ was not one of Eugene Sandow’s ingenious appliances, but an amazingly fertile tract of country, he would have performed a highly creditable act. But he has done more, he has converted fruit-growing from just another way of earning a living to a highly romantic and a faintly idyllic existence.

Sir Matthew Nathan prefaces the book and remarks: “This is the sort of book of which we could do with a number in Queensland. I scarcely advocate that it should be made one of a series of uniformly prepared works dealing with the different districts and forms of primary production in this country, because a series of this nature is apt to sacrifice vitality to uniformity. But I should certainly like to see writers with knowledge and enthusiasm corresponding to those which Mr. Hector Dinning has brought to bear on his picture of decided fruit orcharding in the Granite Belt apply these qualities to an account of citrus fruit growing on the North Coast, dairying at Gympie or on the Atherton Tableland, mixed farming on the Brisbane River, or on the Darling Downs or in the Dawson Valley.” These are the words of a man who probably has a wider knowledge of Queensland, a better understanding of her needs, a keener appreciation of her possibilities than most of her life-long inhabitants. His judgment can therefore be regarded as extremely sound. The movement for the better advertising of the beauties of Queensland and the resources of Queensland has long been afoot, but it has struggled half-heartedly forward encouraged by borrowed slogans — Buy Queensland Products, Know Your Own Country, etc. Mr. Dinning comes forward as the first spokesman of the movement, a true spokesman because he has an immense enthusiasm and the easy, fluent delivery which marks an accurate and intimate knowledge. It would be interesting to know (if, of course, such things can ever be discovered) now that popular opinion is favourable towards an advertising campaign for the State, whether any copies of “The Fruitful Granite” went away with the Resonian Tourists, or whether the Government has purchased any for distribution among the influential, but ill-informed, in the other States of the Commonwealth.

This, of course, does not mean that “The Fruitful Granite” is a species of guidebook to the Granite Belt or a fruit-growers’ handbook. It has interest not only for those who wish to know something about fruit-growing, but also for the merely casual reader. It is the plain, straightforward tale of taking a living from the soil. Mr. Dinning is no conscious stylist, but writes with a simple directness which combines with his faculty for keen observation to achieve an absorbing narrative. It is this eye for detail which serves him well in his descriptions. In these he wields a vigorous pen; the following is typical: “So you lead your horse away, gently. The first sign is a slight tremor of the tree’s body and a quivering of its feathery top. Then it begins to bend, and with the bend comes the first groan of cracking roots. The trunk inclines more sharply. The cracking of roots grows more strident. Great wizard-like mounds of earth rise up about the tree’s base, where the roots are bursting cover. Now the quivering of the trunk ceases because the big roots are all snapped. That eases the strain on the cable. The horse has reached the end of his tether, and you must bring him back for a fresh
pull. He starts off again—more sharply
now, for his pull is lighter. As he
quickens his pace the great gum heels
over, rushes down, and with a heart-
shaking crash lies there, its upper branches
quivering, its huge under-branches crushed
and doubled beneath it.”

Naturally, Mr. Dinning is strongly
of the man-on-the-land type, and as
such has a hearty contempt for the unfortunate
city-dweller who can luxuriate in at least
one bath per day, and who cannot know
the delights of a basket picnic. But
fortunately he is without, or at any rate
does not display the most common charac-
teristic among the men-on-the-land, he
voices not one word of complaint about
the hardness of his lot, nor the poor prices
which he receives in the market. Rather
he displays a pleasant optimism: “If frost
takes the peaches, the apples are there.
And if hail takes them both, the thoroughly
feckless will fail to have his
seed-beds of cabbage and tomato in re-
serve. Or, if he has them not in reserve,
he will set about laying them down as
soon as the blow has fallen. The drought
that withers his cabbages is good for his
grapes, and his tomatoes will thrive where
his cabbages wilt. There are alternative
sources of income on these uplands. But
the reader must not infer that drought,
hail, and early frost are normal scourges.
The average of such visitations is low. In
the long run the grower can look confi-
dently to his years of plenty to swallow
up the lean ones.”

Mr. Dinning expresses his indebtedness
to the Editor of “The Brisbane Courier”
for the necessary permission to republish
these sketches, but it should be a national
debt. Not every one reads the “Courier,”
and those who do so will know that “The
Fruitful Granite” is well worth buying.

[“The Fruitful Granite,” by Hector
Dinning. Our copy from the Publishers, The
Carter-Watson Co., Ltd.]

A BALLADE OF THE INSURGENTS.

Long had they planned: no likely aid
Neglected. They had turned to bay,
This was no trifling escapade.
They said, “We make our first affray
When morning glimmers red and grey.”
They passed the word, “Prepare! Prepare!”
Foreseeing much yet saw not they
The corpses stiffen in the square.

All day about the barricade
Onwards from morn with scarce a stay,
Bravely they fought and unafraid
While momently their fortunes sway.
Bitter has been each street foray,
Hotly contested each affair,
Now stained with red is every way
And corpses stiffen in the square.

Against them soldierly arrayed
The regulars; what chance had they
With these apprenticed to this trade,
And skilled in schemes wherewith to slay.
When Death had wearied of their play
With sword and black-lipped rifle, there
Dead as the hopes of yesterday
The corpses stiffen in the square.

ENVoy.
In truth, it makes a brave display,
A masterpiece of dull despair,
The children weep, the women pray
The corpses stiffen in the square.
**Virus Diseases**

Science is at present tending towards the investigation of smaller and smaller particles of matter, and apparently towards an attempt to explain the problems of life and matter in terms of ultimate particles. A few years ago, the molecule was the problematical indivisible particle, but that was soon split into constituent atoms, and later these into electrons and nuclei, minute universes of suns and planets. The element Radium was found to shoot off particles which proved to be atoms of Helium, etc., and Nitrogen has been made to yield Hydrogen gas, thereby discounting the immutability of those things which we were accustomed to regard as "elements."

The same progress is being made with regard to living matter, for it was found that the cell or unit of plant and animal life among the higher plants and animals was not the only form of life that was capable of existence. For bacteria were discovered, and as far as can be seen they have not a cellular structure. Then during the past fifteen years it has been found that some diseases of plants and animals have no visible causal organism, and that a filtered extract of the toxic material, passed through a filter which would remove the smallest known bacteria, can still produce the disease.

Diseases of this type are known as virus diseases, and a virus has been defined as a "contagium vivum fluidum" or "infectious principle," but it is an organic principle, and unlike ordinary poisons, can multiply itself indefinitely inside its host. If one gave an animal a dose of poison, and made a serum from that animal to inoculate another animal, using each time a minimal quantity of the serum, it would soon be possible to exhaust the poison. Not so, however, with a virus, for a minimal dose will produce a maximal effect. The contents of a minute aphid's beak can kill a tobacco or potato plant, and furnish enough of the virus to wipe out a whole field.

The virus itself is invisible under the highest powers of the ordinary microscope, and is probably about the same size as a molecule of the protein matter of which plants and animals are composed. It can, it is said, be seen by the use of light reflection by the particles.

Popularly, the words virus and vitamin are in constant use, and people talk glibly about them without understanding in the least what they really mean. As regards vitamins, there is a controversy which may result in the overthrow of the vitamin theory altogether, and we are quite in the dark as to their structure and functions.

The same remark applies to the virus. We know that the principle exists, that it is minute, and organic but nothing further. Some try to explain it as a ferment, or organic compound which can cause reactions resulting in the disorganisation of the cell which produces them; others regard it as a minute living entity which acts as a parasite, and has a definite life history, and there is some evidence in favour of this view. The third well known hypothesis is that it is a component of a cell of an origin related to the host, but capable of reproduction at a different rate from the host cell, so that a disorganisation of the host ensues from its presence.

Recently it has been found that a principle can be isolated which causes the dissolution of disease producing bacteria, and can thus be used to combat diseases such as Plague. This principle was called by its discoverer the "Bacteriophage," and is regarded as a virus.

Some of the plant diseases of this type are readily transmissible by artificial inoculation, while others can only be transmitted by a particular insect. The explanation which suggests itself is that the former type has a life history which completes its cycle in the one host, while the other type has a definite cycle in the transmitting insect. This theory is supported by the necessity in many cases for a period of incubation before infection can take place.

Another peculiarity of virus diseases is the presence in the diseased cells of bodies which are not present in the healthy cells, and strangely enough these resemble...
certain minute animals in general form. At present no one knows whether these are living bodies or merely decomposition products due to the disease.

Among the principal diseases of this type are Typhus, Rabies, and possibly the greatest scourge of all, Cancer, among animals, and the Mosaic diseases of plants. Bunchy Top of bananas is a disease of this type which occurs within our ken.

New virus diseases are being discovered every day, and most "degenerations" amongst garden crops where varieties are "running out" are due to this type of trouble. For this reason it is essential that research should be undertaken on them, and just at present two diseases which are probably of this type are under investigation at the University.

"Lemlara."

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**Student Benefactions**

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Grand Total ...... £475 4 9

It is a point of particular interest that the total on Degree Day, 1926, was £210/0/7. On the following Degree Day it had risen to £306/10/3—an increase of £96/9/8. By Degree Day, 1928, the total reached the admirable sum of £467/16/9—the increase for the year in this case being £161/6/6. The figures speak volumes.

The total for students' voluntary collection at the Commemoration Dinner was £11/0/6—the "Bucks" table contributing a substantial sum with a "bob in."

We again remind donors who have failed to sign that spaces have been left in the book for their signatures. We would like the entries to be kept well up to date, and trust the earliest opportunities will be taken of doing so. The special pen and ink is in the care of the Assistant Librarian. The book is always accessible both for signatures and for inspection.

The special design for book-plates is being executed by a Brisbane artist, and will shortly be at hand.

A chance mention of the S.B. plan in conversation, with subsequent explanations which were asked for, recently caused an ad eundem graduate to write a cheque for 2 guineas, and promise to repeat this amount annually. This fact is mentioned because it suggests that information about the plan always causes interest and prompts action which would not otherwise be.

Information about the movement is to be found in the monthly circular of the U.Q. Union, and also in the Handbook. The various representatives, too, are to be found in the following centres, viz.:

- Miss B. Ludgate, B.A., Rockhampton.
- Mr. H. Berg, Maryborough Grammar School.
- Mr. D. C. Hamilton, M.Sc., Townsville.
- Mr. R. C. Hamilton, High School, Warwick.
- Miss Scott, Toowoomba.
GALMAHRA.

Vestibularia

Reg. Groom, we believe, is contemplating becoming a bridegroom in the future. Congratulations, Reg. and Jessie.

Ruth George, after having given Thursday Island a trial, is back once more in Brisbane. We hear she is going into residence at the High School.

We always thought Toni Rohde would be given a free passage somewhere. Congratulations, Toni.

Jessie Butcher is about to join the staff of the Rockhampton, and Alma Dent, of the Maryborough Grammar School.

Th. Olsen has left Mt. Morgan, and is now science master at the Townsville Grammar School.

F. H. Williamson has a son, Christopher Robin. It is reported that as yet there are no signs of red hair.

T. B. Wight is now teaching at Newington, Sydney.

Tom Milfield celebrated Easter by getting married. W. J. Chamberlain also made use of his last holiday for the same purpose.

W. H. Kerr, now Ph.D., devotes his time to the Queensland Sugar Industry.

J. Mulholland, Walter and Eliza Hall Engineering Fellowship, is going to the U.S.A., Germany, Norway, Egypt, India, studying water supply.

Bob Barbour, Rhodes Scholar, 1920, has been appointed Master of the just founded St. Andrew's College, Adelaide University.

Tom Barry, recently "called," bags briefs in Cairns.

Howard Berg has deserted Maryborough and returned to town as science master at B.G.S.

George Boulton is building or about to build Brisbane's new bridge at Grey Street.

Felix Brazier, City Engineer, Townsville, swears by, not at, the North. Frank Dunstan (representing the Toowoomba Foundry Co. in Townsville) and George Bailey (Shire Engineer, Atherton) agree with him.

Doug. Henderson has joined the staff of Messrs. Rapson and Dutton, automotive engineers, and is putting to practical use his long acquaintance with the "inwards" of a polyglot assortment of motor cars.

"Jerse" Burton and Bill Henderson have sworn away their liberty and are now but lesser halves. "Jerse" is at St. Peter's, Adelaide, and Bill at Ipswich Grammar.

Ernie Holdaway has deserted the Teachers' Training College for a school of his own. We are rather weak on geography, but "somewhere near Childers" locates him.

Fred ditto is packing his bags in U.S.A. preparatory to flitting to Europe. For two years he will spend his summers in England and winters in Southern France, doing research work in viticulture. We are not covetous, but

Herb. Knight leaves shortly for England to learn how Britain's cars are built.

Ron Mundell is about to join the globe-trotters, having been awarded a scholarship by the Council of Science and Industry to study prickly pear abroad.

Harry Roberts has left Ipswich for Sydney, where he teaches at Scots' College. Before going he asked the eternal question. The answer was satisfactory.

Cec. Ellis recently deserted the Irrigation Commission for the Forestry Board. He expects to depart for U.S.A. in about three months to study forestry and American belles.

Frank Moorehouse has been appointed oceanographer with the Barrier Reef Expedition.
University Societies

THE UNION.

The Freshers' Welcome was mentioned in last term's "Galmahra." In this issue we have to record the Commemoration ceremonies. The Procession, which was this year marshalled on the Drive in the University grounds, left on time, and attracted greater interest than ever before. So eager to see was the crowd in Queen Street, that a laneway for the Procession had to be cleared by driving two cars abreast. The Students played their usual boisterous part in the Degree Ceremony, and assembled in large numbers—more than three hundred were present—for the dinner and dance which passed off in the usual excellent spirit.

The farewell dance to the Rhodes scholar, Mr. J. H. Lavery, B.E., was held in the Men's Common Room on Wednesday, July 11th, about 100, including several graduates, being present. The President (Mr. T. R. Groom, B.A.) presented the Rhodes scholar with a solid leather travelling case on behalf of the Union. Mr. Lavery also received a B.R.L. medal as a member of the Pike Cup Football Team.

Mr. Lavery was to have represented the Queensland University Union at the Second Imperial Conference of Students in Canada, but unfortunately, just before his departure, and after had made all arrangements for his passage, a radio gram announced the postponement of the Conference for a year.

At present a committee is making arrangements for the visit of the University Debaters in August.

The card index system of records is gradually being established, but many students have not yet completed questionnaire forms. The work would be considerably lightened if students would bestow on this matter the little attention required.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

This year we held our annual dance on May 5th, which was a great success. We were very glad that so many of the staff and their wives were able to accept invitations. Our thanks are due to the men, who by helping with the decorations, moving of chairs, etc., did much to lighten the work of the committee.

Our third social function was held on Thursday, July 12th, and took the form of a social evening. The evening is given so women undergraduates may meet Brisbane women, doctors, those doing public welfare work, etc. Musical items and recitations were rendered by Misses Perrett, Warde, Spurgin, Fardon, Gubby, Hives, and Archibald.

Since the last issue of the magazine the beautifying committee has done much to improve the condition of the common room. Four new cane chairs have been provided, which are greatly appreciated.

MEN'S CLUB.

Since last issue of the "Galmahra," the club's activities have been practically nil, but the committee have not been altogether idle. We have called a general meeting to consider whether the Men's Club's most popular function—the fancy dress dance—will be held this year. There is little doubt as to whether it will be held or not, considering the success it had last year. We will not easily forget the laughs we had over last year's function. It is to be hoped the staff will be as well represented this year.

It will not be out of place here to add a word about the annual dinner. Really the only drawback to this excellent entertainment is its lack of support from the undergrads, and the committee are expecting this year to even better last year's record in that respect.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The period of the year which the Debating Society regards as its harvesting season is approaching with the second vacation, when we expect to have in Brisbane representative teams from the Universities of Sydney, Melbourne, Tasmania, and Adelaide to take part in the Inter-University Debating Contests. These are to be held on the 16th, 17th, 20th, and 21st of August, and Brisbane debaters will be presented with an opportunity of hearing some of the best southern speakers upon topics in which Queenslanders and
Australians generally should be particularly interested.

Attendance at our weekly debates has not been the best during this term, but there is little difficulty in finding men to speak from the table, and on one unusual occasion, all the speakers at the table were men. The women continue to show their interest, and we hope next year to have some very excellent performances from the lady members of the Society.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

As these notes go to press the Dramatic Society will be in the midst of its big undertaking for the year—the production of "The Private Secretary" at His Majesty's Theatre. This production has at last been fixed for July 26th and 27th, having been three times postponed owing to inability to secure a theatre. We note that the Brisbane Repertory Theatre Society has been faced with the same difficulty, and after much trouble has managed to engage the Bohemia Theatre for its second production. The difficulties which these Societies have had to overcome only serve to emphasise the fact that lovers of music and drama in Brisbane will shortly be faced with a dilemma—either they will have to face the task of building a small theatre to be used exclusively for amateur performances of both music and drama, or they will be obliged to watch with resignation the spectacle of amateur societies being excluded from theatres and thereby crushed out of existence by bigger professional organisations.

Within the University the Society has made good progress this year. Four readings have been held, and a small stage has been erected in the Men's Common Room for the production of one-act plays within the University.

Readings have disclosed an active membership of about 40, and of these twelve have been chosen for the production of "The Private Secretary." Rehearsals are being held regularly, and as the play seems well cast, a good performance should result.

A tour of Ipswich, Toowoomba, and Warwick has been again considered this year, but lack of time interferes with this as with many other contemplated extensions of University activities. However that is a difficulty that will eventually be overcome by the growth of the 'Varsity, and at present we must eventually as best we can and look to a future generation of students for the realisation of such projects.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Musical Society opened its programme for 1928 by giving a highly successful performance of the "Gloria" section of Bach's "Mass in B Minor," in the Main Hall on Saturday, 7th July. The Mass is admittedly one of the greatest choral works in existence, and a complete performance has never yet been given in Queensland.

The society is now endeavouring to give a complete performance of the work in September or October. A start has been made and excellent progress is being made with the remaining portions of the Mass.

The concert itself attracted a great deal of public attention. The seating capacity of the Main Hall was taxed to its utmost by a large and enthusiastic audience.

In fact public support and interest have now reached the stage when it is no longer possible to hold our concerts in the main hall, and we must now find a larger and more accessible hall for the next concert.

In any case the acoustie properties of the main hall render it completely unsuited to such a performance.

The solo items in our last concert were given by Mrs. L. Kingsford, Miss I. Andrews, and Messrs. J. Hunter and R. Head, to whom we wish to express our appreciation and thanks.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Since last issue of "Galmahra" the chief event of the C.U. year has taken place, namely its annual week-end conference, which was held at the Y.W.C.A. Hostel at Southport, from June 15th to 18th. The attendance was nearly as good as last year's conference, a total of fifty members being present. The work of the conference centred on the study prepared by Mr. A. R. Wyllie, which dealt with the faith and confidence revealed in the life and action of Jesus, with its consequence for us and the value of such a
faith in every aspect of our own lives. The study work was led by Mr. Wyllie, while Canon Robin and the Rev. C. S. Mills also addressed the conference on particular aspects of the subject of the study. To these leaders we are greatly indebted for the success of the conference, and also to Miss Bage, whose assistance as hostess of the conference was greatly appreciated. The studies brought forth some interesting and thought-provoking discussions, and, though leaving some questions unsolved, brought us all closer to the C.U.'s objects of knowing Jesus and the truth which He puts before us.

The lighter side of the conference was enjoyed to the full in the usual manner, with the singing and jollity of the gatherings in the spare hours, the jokes at meal-times, and the other manifestations of the happy spirit which pervades such conferences, so different from and yet, one feels, in such harmony with the central purpose of the gathering, and all contributing to a full realisation of the fellowship and friendship which is such a big feature of the C.U. and, indeed, a most important phase of its activities.

Mid-day addresses have been held regularly on Mondays, the interest in this phase of the work being well-sustained. These addresses have covered a fairly wide range of subjects, dealing with many different aspects of Christian life and its problems.

The 1929 General Conference of the Australian Student Christian Movement has now been definitely fixed for the first week in January, to be held at the Glennie Memorial School, Toowoomba. The significance of this can hardly be stressed too much for the members of the U.G.C.U., as the General Conference is to the A.S.C.M. what the Southport Conference was to our own Christian Union, namely its chief annual activity, and more than that, the event on which depends the whole of the year's work of the Student Movement in Australia. Just as one cannot claim really to know the C.U. without attending a local conference, so one has but a poor acquaintance with the main movement of which our C.U. is but a small part, unless one has had the experience of being one of two or three hundred students at an All-Australian Conference; and this is a chance that has never before come to Queensland Students, and will not come again for four years at least, of being able to attend the "biggest inter-varsity event of the year" in their own State, without the expense and travelling involved when, as has always been the cases previously, the Conference is held in one of the Southern States.

WIDER EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The officer-bearers for 1928 are:—President, Mr. J. C Mahoney; staff vice-president, Mr. Kyle; secretary, Mr. R. Head; committee, Messrs. Lowe and Jenkins, and Miss Blue.

The Society has been hampered, as usual, by the difficulty of persuading lecturers (other than members of the staff) to come down and talk on their respective subjects. To this stricture there are, however, some notable exceptions. M. le Comte de Tournouer, patron of the Alliance Francaise, has given two lectures, one on the Foreign Legion, and another on the Bastille, that ancient bulwark of the aristocracy. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Longman, have been helpful on social subjects, while the lecture by Mr. Norwood on "Railways" was instructive as well as enjoyable. Dr. Whitehouse broke entirely new ground when he lectured on heraldry early in the year, and the literary side of culture has been safe in the hands of Canon Robin ("The Child in Literature"), and the Rev. J. Scott Macdonald ("The Poetry of Burns"), while no account of our activities would be complete without mention of Professor Alcock's splendid lecture on "History as the Study of Character." We hope to have a lecture on the Roma oilfields, by the Professor of Geology, and also to begin, and if possible, carry through, a series of lectures on the fine arts by persons expert in several of them.
UNIVERSITY SPORTS UNION.

The annual general meeting of the Sports Union was held on April 20th, the following office-bearers being elected for the year:—Patron, his Excellency Sir John Goodwin; president, Mr. C. E. Kerr; vice-presidents, the Chancellor, Professors Priestley, Parnell, Michie, Richards, Mr. W. Young; hon. secretary, Mr. K. M. Carmichael; secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. F. Hess.

In accordance with the new constitution Mr. A. F. Hess was appointed secretary-treasurer of the Sports Union, and has taken up his duties as such.

Several of the constituent clubs have completed their inter-Varsity contests for the year, and have met with considerable success in most cases.

We congratulate the Football Club on its victory over Sydney University and also extend our congratulations to Harrison on his record half-mile in the inter-Varsity athletics held in Sydney during first vac.

The Boat Club met with a good deal of misfortune in its trip to Mannum, the temporary indisposition of members of the crew at various periods of training being, doubtless, responsible for their failure in the race.

It can safely be stated that there has been a marked improvement in all branches of University sport, and indications are that this improvement will be maintained for several years.

While the standard of sport has increased considerably, the membership has not increased in proportion, which is difficult to explain.

Blues have been awarded in cricket to Messrs. H. M. Yeates, J. Ball, and M. O. Biggs, to whom we extend our congratulations.

The second vacation will be taken up by Inter-Varsity Hockey for both the Men’s Club and the Women’s Club, and we wish them success.

WOMEN’S TENNIS CLUB.

In first vacation a tennis team was sent to Melbourne to take part in the inter-Varsity women’s tennis fixtures. The team consisted of four players and two emergencies—Estelle Graham (captain), Grace Griffin, Phyllis Burdon, Thyla Nimmo, Isabelle Elue, Joan Patterson. Queensland met Adelaide in first round, and were defeated after a very close match. Melbourne succeeded in winning the cup from Sydney by 1 set. Next year the fixtures will most probably be held in Brisbane.

A doubles handicap tournament is at present being run and will most probably be finished before the end of term.

WOMEN’S HOCKEY CLU.

The A team of the Women’s Hockey Club has so far been successful in every match this season. There have been two fixture matches; on June 30th they played St. Helen’s, the score being 7—2 to Varsity; and on July 7th St. Andrew’s was defeated 3—0. Previous to this there were several practice matches, the teams played including St. Helen’s, Taxation, and St. Andrew’s.

There have been several breaks in the fixture list owing to first vacation and the test match, England v. Queensland.

The B team has also been very successful, having won two out of three matches. They defeated Taxation II. 2—0, and Wanderers 2—0, but Wynnnum II. defeated Varsity by 4—0.

As the result of a dance held on June 9th the Club cleared over £23. To this is added a grant from the Women’s Sports Union of £18/4/3.

A fete will be held in the University Grounds on the afternoon of July 25th. The proceeds of this together with the funds mentioned above are for the purpose of meeting the expenses of the inter-University hockey contest and the entertainment of the visiting teams. The teams will arrive on August 21st, and the matches will take place every day from August 22nd to 25th.
These matches will be held in the Exhibition Grounds, which will be open to anyone who would like to come and barrack for the Queensland women.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

For the first time for many years, the Varsity Athletic Club fielded a team in the inter-club fixtures. Owing to an unfortunate, yet unavoidable weakness in field games, the team was unsuccessful. An effort is being made to procure materials for practice in field games, so that in future years the club will have a better chance of gaining a place in the competition. The keenness shown by freshers this year speaks well for the future of the club, and if continued during succeeding years will make this club a power to be reckoned with both in inter-club and inter-Varsity fixtures.

The Varsity athletic meeting was held on May 2nd. Considering the general lack of training, performances were fair. The Wilkinson Cup, awarded to the best individual performer, was again won by J. G. Harrison. In the women’s events, Miss D. Hill was the outstanding performer. Miss B. Robertson was also prominent, her broad jump of 14ft. 11ins. being, as far as can be ascertained from imperfect records, a Varsity woman’s record.

In the inter-College competition, John’s was successful with 21-1/3 points, followed by King’s (5-2/3 points), Leo’s (4 points), and Emmanuel (2 points).

Thanks to the generosity of many business men in the city, and to other friends, a team of four members was sent to Sydney to take part in the inter-Varsity athletics. Harrison won the 880 yards, creating a new inter-Varsity record of 1min. 59secs. Later in the day he also ran third in the quarter mile. The other members were unsuccessful. Next year the inter-Varsity athletic meeting will be held in Brisbane.

The club wishes to thank those who have helped it this year by their generous donations. It also wishes to express its warm appreciation of the invaluable services of Mr. W. Thomson, who at great inconvenience to himself has coached the team.

THE BOAT CLUB.

Since the publication of last “Galmahra” the boat club has sent away an Eight which has rowed and lost and returned. Previous to their departure, an attempt was made to raise funds for financing the trip, and a Regatta and a Dance were held with tolerable success, though they were by no means the functions they might have been, and in this respect socially rather than financially.

The race for the Oxford and Cambridge Cup was held this year at Mannum in South Australia on the River Murray. Before we left Brisbane the seating of the crew was altered slightly, five and three being interchanged. Arriving early at Mannum we were left with a full fortnight in which to train and settle into the boat which had been borrowed for us. We were hampered at the outset by the delayed arrival of our oars, and the consequent delay in getting the swivels on to the boat which was poppet-rigged. Training went on with comparative smoothness until the day before the race, when five developed a severe strain in the back which effectually prevented him from rowing in the race. The emergency (J. MacKillop) was put in at the last moment and stood up to the strain of the race extremely well, especially when it is considered that his condition was by no means that of the other members of the crew. Although we had some very windy weather on the days previous to the race day, we were favoured for that particular day with good racing conditions. The day was cool and dull and there was little breeze. We drew number five position with Adelaide in number six and Tasmania in number four. We get away well at the start, but commenced to drop back shortly after the start. Melbourne led till about the mile and a half peg, where West Australia with a determined effort sprinted and overtook them. This lead they maintained to the finish, increasing it by then to two lengths. Melbourne were three-quarters of a length ahead of Adelaide, who were four lengths ahead of Tasmania, Sydney and Queensland were unmentionable lengths away, with Queensland occupying the last position by about half a length.
Western Australia rowed an amazing race, striking on an average about thirty-nine over the whole distance, and are to be congratulated on defeating a crew containing as many experienced men as Melbourne.

Though strictly not a boat club affair, the rowing event of this term will be the Inter-College race, when six crews will be boated, one from each of the colleges—Emmanuel's, King's, St. John's, St. Leo's, and two extra-collegiate crews. This should be an excellent race to watch with so large a number of crews competing.

CRICKET CLUB.

The Cricket Club held its annual general meeting on the 10th of July and elected its officers for the 1928-29 season. The policy of the club was discussed and it was decided that because of the success of the A team last year which was due in great measure to the performances of its undergraduate members, we should continue to play not more than four graduates in this team. There are consequently at least seven vacancies to be filled in this team by undergraduates, and the committee hope that all those wishing to become active members of the Club will show all enthusiasm possible in turning out to practice regularly when it begins in third term.

Any information about the Club may be obtained from the hon. sec., Mr. R. Allan.

THE FOOTBALL CLUB.

So far this season the Football Club has had a most brilliant record. In fact, it is experiencing its most successful season since its inauguration.

We were successful against Sydney Varsity, winning the McLeod Shield in a match which was one of the most spectacular seen in Brisbane so far this season. In B.R.L fixtures the A team were runners-up in the knockout round for the City Cups, and scored a decisive victory against Carltons for the Pike Cup, which goes to the winners of the first round. Together with the Pike Cup were a set of 17 gold medals for the winning team. This is the first time that the Football Club has ever won a final, and it is a credit to the team and the University. The A team are now second on the premiership list, and are likely to get into the finals. The B team has not been so successful, for many of its players are from time to time taken to play in A grade fixtures.

Carmichael, Brown, Mines, and Irwin have represented Brisbane in the two Bulimba Cup contests held up to date against Ipswich and Toowoomba. Brown, Lockie, and Broadfoot have also been selected to tour the Central West with a Brisbane side. The fact that so many players have earned for themselves representative honours speaks volumes for the coaching abilities of Mr. Bob Williams. We extend our congratulations to all of these.

In the Baxter Cup match the Collegians were successful, winning by 13 to 5.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB NOTES.

Both teams have shown great improvement since the beginning of the season, and the A team should do well in the inter-Varsity carnival. The carnival is being held in Melbourne this year, the exact date not yet being known.

At the beginning of the season the annual general meeting was held, and the following officers were elected:—President, M. A. Simmonds; vice-president, C. L. Kerr; hon. secretary, R. K. Fardon; general committee, Messrs. J. S. Oxnam, G. H. Jenkins, C. L. W. Berglin.

The inter-Faculty contests for the Steele Cup should prove interesting and of great benefit to the club.

THE RIFLE CLUB.

Though this club is the youngest offspring of the U.Q.S.U., it is making satisfactory progress. It was not represented in the Venom-Nathan shoot owing to change of date of this match. However it will be represented in the Imperial Universities shoot and in the Albert Trophy.

Its first annual ball was a success.

MEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

The M.T.C. has carried its activities into 1928 with a variegated record of success and failure. The success is shown by the increased number of members, enabling the club to enter four teams in competition fixtures, two in the lower grade at Milton and two in M.M.L.T.A.
Success on the courts has hardly been commensurate with the players’ enthusiasm, though the No. 1 team at Milton has been beaten on only one occasion, and that by the only undefeated team in the competition, Wales.

Lack of success has again marked attempts to secure a court or courts for the students’ permanent use, and our lack in this regard is emphasised this year in that we have none except college courts on which to play the Interfaculty matches. These matches take place on August 1 and September 5, while the date of the final match is yet to be fixed. Five teams have been entered for this competition—Arts, Law, Science, Engineering, and Agriculture.

Once more we are unable to stage a tournament.

It is hoped this year to play a match against the graduates for the first time, and if this eventuates it will probably become an annual fixture.

The annual dance will be held on September 1.

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**Ex Cathedra**

We offer our apologies for the regrettable lapse which omitted from the article on W. H. Davies in the April issue the name of its author, Mr. A. K. Thomson.

There is, of course, the usual complaint to make on the fewness of the contributions sent in for publication. The complaint appears in successive “Galmahras” with such unfailing regularity as to become distinctly monotonous. There have been numerous reasons put forward for this, poverty of ideas and so forth, all of which are more or less true. We would add a fresh one. Surprising, though it may seem, even improbable to some, this lack of contributors may be due to shyness among the undergraduates. If this is the affliction of any, we would request them to put away such childish things; shyness is never an undergraduate characteristic. Still it is frequent enough. For most people to be discovered in authorship is almost indecent; to display the result is to them like confessing to illicit smoking in extreme youth. We therefore impress on the infirm of purpose to overcome any diffidence they may have about displaying their work and thrust it into the editorial hand, without worrying as to whether it is good enough for “Galmahra.” It is not on the opinions of the authors that the selection for publication is made.

Criticism has been cast upon the “Galmahra” committee for the thinness of the first issue. We plead, as an extenuating circumstance, the existence of a literary famine, and in a literary famine we cannot hope for a magazine with bulging covers. Criticism as to the quality of the contents we properly ignore. The critics on this score usually are those who neither write nor read “Galmahra,” or else read only the engagement notices.

We would welcome any information about former members of the University. The amount of this matter we receive is amazingly small. When you hear anything new, come and gossip with the “Galmahra” staff.

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**EXCHANGES.**