Calmahra

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of Queensland
Union

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FIRST TERM, 1932
Commemoration

To all of us, except the Second Years (who are a little bored), Commemoration is a fine institution. For a whole day we are small boys and girls again; and for a whole night we are Jazz Mad Youth.

We, as students, do not care what the public may think of us. Why should we? On Friday nights of term some of us debate and decide what is to be done to bring the University before the public eye. On Commem. Day we don’t debate—we act the fool and achieve the debaters’ object.

That people in the street disapprove, we don’t believe—the poor picture-fed throng welcomes our pageantry. Their attitude is not that of the ancient towards the young waster, squandering parental time and money, but rather that of the man who watches another being a happy idiot, and who wishes he could dare to do the same. Way back in Silas Q. Upan-attem’s heart (as he looks down from his office window) is the thought that life is good.

The reaction, then, to these feelings is a softening of a corner of the business heart for us—for us who are soon to be thrown out of the University upon a cold, hard world.

After all, this little “Defense of Idiocie” is uncalled for. Now and again we are told that acting the fool does us more harm than good. But we are not thus worried often; and anyway we don’t believe our worriers.
Professor Priestley

The Editor has honoured me by a request for some account of the late Professor H. J. Priestley and of his work in and for the University. If what I say takes at times a personal colouring, my readers, or most of them, will understand why and make allowance.

Priestley’s connection with the University dated from the beginning of its existence as a teaching institution. He was one of the four professors appointed as the first members of the staff, and with the other three took up duty in mid-February, 1911. He was then barely twenty-eight years of age, quite a young man, as most of us members of staff were in those early days, though we may not have seen it exactly so. He came equipped with a first-class English training for academic work—the public school foundation at Mill Hill; then the University superstructure at Cambridge in reading for the Mathematical Tripos and in a year of post-graduate study; and finally three years’ experience as a University teacher under the direction of an eminent mathematician, Professor Horace Lamb, of Manchester. I judged from Priestley’s talk that of the teachers and associates of his pre-Queensland period Lamb made the most lasting impression on his methods; while J. E. Littlewood, a contemporary and fellow-lecturer in Manchester, seemed to have aided not a little in forming, or at least in confirming, his general scientific outlook.

The first task that claimed Priestley here, a task that continued as an insistent charge on time and energy for several years, was one which he and indeed all of us had only in small part foreseen and one where we had our experience yet to gain. The whole University machinery had to be constructed; schemes of work, staffing, regulations, and a whole host of details had to be determined in the knowledge that each decision had the force of a precedent and might bind the future. In that work Priestley took his full share ungrudgingly. Administrative work did not appeal to him much, particularly on its inevitable controversial side. He could fight where his convictions were engaged; but it was always with some distaste and at a cost of some strain. In matters of University policy he was essentially a liberal. He would give a fair and even a partial hearing to new departures; but he would have none of them if he found they militated against thoroughness in education. Though, as I have said, not by choice an administrator, yet he did much and valuable work on the administrative side, not only in the original tracing of the lines of the institution, but also in filling various offices. He was Dean of the Faculty of Science for the years from 1911 to 1918, President of the Board of Faculties from 1922 to 1924—a particularly thorny period—with all the subsidiary chairmanships that fall to the holder of that office. He was also a member of the second and fourth Senates.

While in administrative work it was with Priestley a matter of duty, in his teaching work he was at home and felt at home. The strictest attention to that was an article of faith with him. I can remember times when he resented even hotly the encroachment of some other business even on the time he set aside for rapid review of the lecture to be delivered. The lectures themselves were subjected to a yearly revision and re-setting for better presentation and to keep them abreast of the latest advances in Mathematical Science. That meant hard and unremitting work; but he held that no less was due to his pupils. I believe that his pupils responded to this sterling honesty of effort; and his pupils meant the great majority of each generation of students, for no subject spreads its net so widely over the Faculties as Mathematics. He might well have had their affection, too; for, if sympathy begets sympathy, there was none lacking on his part. He knew a surprising amount about each of them and retained it all when they had passed out of his hands. Like all earnest teachers, he welcomed students who had the will and the capacity to advance far in their subject. It was a disappointment to him that, though students in the early stages of Mathematics were many, there were but a few who pursued
the subject farther. That disappointment was tempered, however, by the excellent performance of some of those few. While he was generous in his estimate of his pupils intellectually he was saved from over-generosity by his underlying critical sense. Swans and geese did not remain unassorted.

Priestley from the first took kindly and, as it seemed, naturally to his new social surroundings. In all that concerns everyday intercourse he became at once the Queenslander. If you scratched deeply—and can it be counted for blame?—you found the Englishman. But, while he was a good citizen of Queensland and interested in its affairs, yet the city of his intimate loyalty was the University. Lectures and laboratories do not sum up a University. It is a larger unity embracing all manner of lesser associations, sporting, social, and intellectual; and these composed of seniors or of juniors, or of both together. In such associations Priestley from the first played a great part, and, as the years went by, responded gladly to increasing calls. In this realm of varied activity where students and staff meet not as teachers and taught Priestley, by his temperament and predilections, was a rare and valuable bond of union, how valuable those best know who know best the inner life of the University. With him there was nothing of the unbending of senior to junior. There was simply nothing to be unbent. In human intercourse he was timeless, or, if one had to assign him to any one stage of life, it must be to youth. The praise of the peacemaker is due to his memory. He did very much to build up concord and good understanding within the University, a structure all the more secure in that it had not to be patched up out of fragments.

Life on the social side became for him fuller, too, as the staff increased in numbers; for to Priestley that meant just so great an increase in the number of his companions and friends.

So the years passed. In the final term of 1930 it became clear to all his colleagues that something was much amiss. To close observers there had been ominous signs for some considerable time before. That term saw the end of his active University work. His return from a visit to England found him much worse in health than when he sailed. There followed some months of gradual sinking, and then death came, mercifully, on the twenty-sixth of February last.

On his twenty-one years of association with the University, all but one of them active, we can pronounce a "Well done." Other men may in one or another department of activity have done more signal service. I doubt if any can be found who has been so singly and so true-heartedly of the University and for the University.

J. L. Michie.
"CONFERENCE"—how rich in associations is that word, what mingled feelings it evokes, what lasting memories!

How does one begin? It is hard to tell of it for a series of pictures flash across the mind till one's brain, it seems, must be a kaleidoscope. I think the first time I felt that Conference was on was when, in the Melbourne Express, just after we had left Sydney, a cry uttered by many voices came ringing down the corridor, "Where's Queensland? Any aboard from Queensland?" What joy! We were Queensland. It made one feel responsible for the whole of Queensland University. We must live up to this, we felt. Ha! Queensland was discovered. Thereupon was our compartment filled to overflowing with lively Sydney students, and, oh! the babel! Conference had begun.

It was more exciting when we were all aboard for Adelaide. Two long carriages were filled with delegates from all States, except W.A. Of course, we all knew each other, for we were duly labelled after leaving Melbourne, caring not for curious eyes.

We reached Mitcham, about five miles outside Adelaide, at nine o'clock in the morning, and half an hour later we were sitting at breakfast in Scot's College, a large stone building on a hill overlooking Adelaide and its Port.

Wonderful forethought had gone to the organisation of it all and the co-operation, joyous co-operation, of every member made events run with perfect smoothness. Every section of the programme was carried out with intense zeal. There was a spirit of "aliveness" animating one and all, quickening perceptions, invigorating thought. We worked hard and played hard, with whole-hearted concentration.

After reading an article by Professor K. H. Bailey, of Melbourne, in the Inter-Varsity student paper, "The Intercollegian," March issue, entitled "The Movement in Conference," I felt that the work of Conference could not be better described. The business of Convention and its far-reaching import also finds expression in that same issue by Mr. D. K. Picken, the Chairman of the Movement. Suffice it to say that of the two hundred and more students who took part in the Summer Conference, not one but was impressed with the potentialities of the Movement for significant developments on the lines of a Christian Constructive Revolution which formed the subject of the culminating address of the series.

It was a wonderful advantage that our Conference had its setting amidst such beautiful surroundings, and it was a fortunate coincidence that the most beautiful time was at the Silence Hour. Pen is inadequate to describe the glory of the sunsets unfolded before us. As twilight deepened a great stillness lay over stone pile, gardens, lawns, and trees on the hill-top, and calm inexpressible filled us with a sense of peace.

Everyone returning from an S.C.M. Conference enthuses about its fellowship, and certainly it is a vivid and precious gift. It finds great expression in recreation periods when all are utterly merry together, especially if "stunts" are the order of the day. One of the Conference treasures is the Inter-Varsity Cup, just a small battered tin cup of fanciful shape whereon are inscribed, besides the names of the victorious Universities, such great names as Wendouree, Mittagong, and Toowoomba, where Conferences have been held in past years.

The last night of Conference was memorable. After the Closing Address and Devotional, followed, of course, by supper, we all tramped out into the foot-hills, past a creek lined with weeping willows, casting eerie shadows in the moonlight. We filled the night with our songs and "Green Grow the Rushes O'" echoed among the hills, so dry and brown in the daytime, but now dusky and in parts misted over. At length we found an appropriate setting far from the noise of men and city, and over two hundred of us, grads. and undergrads., professors, lecturers, preachers, and teachers from Universities and Colleges in Perth, Adelaide, Hobart, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane joined hands and sung beneath the stars,

"Lo, here is fellowship," that most beautiful of all student songs.

M.M.
Strawberries

Strawberries are the politest of fruits, self-effacing to a fault, dainty and conservative and shy like little old maids. If strawberries were able to speak, they would have English accents, and would shudder at the thought of American talkies, of Sinclair Lewis, or Henry Ford. They would be a little affected and standoffish even. But always ladies and gentlemen.

The perfect week-end is well begun when you find that immediately within the kitchen garden there is a bed of strawberries, asking you to make yourself at home among them. In the sunshine, after breakfast, you and your host are putting on the lawn, and around the house generally, when your ball rolls wickedly away and leads you to the strawberry bed. You have been for an early morning stroll, and as you saunter in (by the back gate and up past the kitchen garden) you are quoting bits of Chaucer to yourself and feeling jolly pleased with yourself generally. Then the Corner of Your Eye nudges you. "Well?" you say cheerily, "what's worrying your little brain?" Whereupon the Corner of Your Eye goes on nudging and then whispers and says: "What do I see in the strawberry bed?" with an intonation copied, you suspect, from Tom Walls (at one of those moments when he is raising his eyebrows at you).

Then, of course, there are those strawberries-de-luxe, those strawberries in evening dress, by which I mean Strawberries-and-Cream.

Then there are poems about strawberries to be written. Couplets about strawberries seem to come so gracefully (though we see it ourselves as shouldn't), and the most shy amongst our number need not fear to show his feelings to the world—his feelings on the subject of the strawberry. Everybody likes to read about things to eat.

There is never a last strawberry: there is always another to be found nestling away in the straw and dead leaves. So that, far differently from what holds in the case of the last cigarette (so touching a sight in its overcoat of silver paper all crinkled about it), there is no tragedy looming ahead. There is none of the sadness of the highest pleasure in looking for strawberries.

TO ECHO

Thy plaintive note ne'er strikes upon my ear
Without it steeps my soul in deep regret,
As I recall thy fate: I see thee yet
Together with a throng of maidens near
The throne of Juno. I behold that seer
With Argus by her side. The fate thou met,
Oh, Echo, by the Furies was abet,
They filled one with disdain whom thou held dear.
Alas, in vain I watch thy rocky cave
To greet thee when thou makest thy return.
A frail body must thou have possessed
To house so frail a voice. Yet tempests rave,
Rocks quake—your voice lives on. O could I learn
The secret of the power at thy behest.

Una G. Bick.
DURING the Long Vacation, the newspapers kept up a steady flow of statements of Prominent People to the effect that we had turned the corner, touched the bottom of the trough. One, more inspired than the others perhaps, informed us that the Economic Blizzard was slackening in intensity. However, the political ship seems to have sprung a good many leaks under the stress of the blizzard. In Australia, the Commonwealth Government has entered upon a bitter struggle with the Government of Mr. Lang, while a scarcely less bitter internal struggle is going on in South Africa. There has been a revolt against British rule in Malta. In Ireland a fresh contest over independence appears probable, while in India a new ferocity accompanies the demands of those who desire independence from England. Despite the conciliatory attitude of England, Ghandi and his followers will be satisfied with nothing less than full self-government, and much rioting and discontent has resulted from England’s refusal to grant this. England herself has been forced off the gold standard; and she has had a revolution—the reversal of the Free Trade policy of eighty years—carried out in the English style—at the polls. All these things, each of them promising or effecting fundamental changes in history, have been brought to maturity by the economic depression. And so far, we have not gone beyond the British Empire. Raising our eyes to the international sphere, we immediately perceive a line of political volcanoes down the Central and South American coast. In Spain there has been a very recent eruption in which a church, established for centuries in pride and power, has been overthrown along with the monarchy. These are important events, but there are others of such importance as completely to overshadow them.

The spectacular seizure of Manchuria by the Japanese is probably more in the public eye than any other recent international event. In 1905, and again in 1915, the Japanese secured rights under treaties made in time of war which have enabled them to establish commercial and financial control of Manchuria. Thus, although that province is peopled almost completely by Chinese, its mines and fields are dedicated to the Japanese factories; it gets its manufactured goods from these same factories; and in addition, it serves as a favourite field for the investment of Japanese capital. It will be seen that the position is very similar to that of England in India. Nor does the parallel cease as the story unfolds. For a long time the Japanese traders and administrators in Manchuria have been dissatisfied with the turmoil and confusion that exists under Chinese rule and, like the British in India, are fearful of Russian intervention and plotting. The Chinese Government, they declare, is incapable of keeping order, and bandits inflict intolerable damage to Japanese interests. Moreover, were it not for the inflow of Japanese capital and business men, the resources of Manchuria would not be exploited to anything like the degree that they have been, and the great immigration of Chinese—thirty millions since 1900—which has taken place, would never have been possible. These are the very arguments which Britain uses to justify her position in India. It is not surprising, therefore, that Japan has taken advantage of the financial and economic troubles of Europe to set up in Manchuria a puppet king, carefully pointing out at the same time that they have no territorial ambitions.

China, like India, is a huge nation impotent through lack of unity, and the Chinese have reacted to the aggression in the same way as the Indians—by boycotting the trade of the invading race, and murdering such of its representatives as they dare lay hands on. The struggle at Shanghai was more or less an accident. Many similar incidents can be found in the history of British dealings with India. Japanese marines, landed to deal with a Chinese mob, met a Chinese army instead, and suffered a complete check. The Japanese had to pour
an expedition and much money into the Yang-tsze Kiang River, inflame Chinese patriotism and alienate the sympathies of the world before retrieving their prestige.

There is, however, one great difference between the Manchurian and the Indian situation. The Japanese aggression is recent, and the Chinese Government can appeal to the League of Nations. It has appealed, pointing out Japan's violation of Article 12 of the League of Nation's Covenant (by which all members agree to refer disputes likely to lead to conflict to arbitration, and not to resort to war until three months after arbitration) and of the Briand-Kellogg Pact of Paris. The member states of the League were anxious to avoid being implicated in the Manchurian affair. Consequently the Council was confined to diplomatic efforts to secure its ends, and there is no doubt that Japan ignored, as far as it dared, these efforts to bring the dispute to arbitration. The indications now are that neither America nor the members of the League are willing to allow further aggression. Japan, meanwhile, clings obstinately to her peculiar attitude of excusing her aggression on the grounds that China has no real Government capable of keeping order; while refusing to deal with anyone but this Chinese Government. It can be seen that the Manchurian affair is by no means at an end.

The problem of Reparations is far more technical—also, infinitely more important. At Versailles, Germany stood charged with assault and battery while the Allies, in the time-honoured manner of victors, were at once plaintiffs and judges. Naturally judgment was given against Germany for a quite incredible amount of damages. This agreeable task over, the question arose: How is Germany to pay? The Allies considered two methods. The first, payment in goods, it did not take them long to reject. Obviously, if Germany was set to produce a huge amount of goods, her factories would hum with employment. Conversely, the industries of the Allies, with part of their market already supplied by German goods, would slow down and the workmen of the victor nations would look with envy on the defeated Germans in full employment. It was decided therefore to force Germany to pay in gold as the best means of making sure that Germany would be hurt and that the Allies would not. This solution had one main defect, which, if not fully perceived at the time has since been made clear by the inevitable logic of events. The defect was that it was quite impossible for Germany to pay in gold. Apart from the gold mined in the country and that in use as a currency reserve, the only means which the Germans had of securing gold from their own resources was by obtaining a surplus of exports over imports. These three sources proved about sufficient to pay the interest on the money which the German Government borrowed from English and American private investors for the purpose of paying reparations! Of course, this meant an addition to the interest burden each year, which would soon make it intolerable; hence there have been progressive reductions downwards of the sum which Germany is called upon to pay.

This became particularly marked after 1925, from which year the tariff barriers of all the main countries save England were steadily raised. The reduction in Germany's export trade caused by this slowed down her industries, with a consequent increase of unemployment and the diversion of more of her export surplus to the bolstering up of industry and employment. Then in 1929 came the crash on the American financial market which completed the work so ably begun by the tariff war. Panicky investors in America refused to supply any more loans to the shaking German market and withdrew what previous loans they could. The French also withdrew all their short term loans (i.e., money lent for short periods and renewed each time it falls due so long as the investor feels that his money is safe). These were mainly invested in the English market. England, with her export trade already hard hit by the tariff war, withdrew her foreign short term loans, many of which were invested in Germany; and the flow of English money for investment abroad practically ceased. The cumulative effect on Germany was inevitable and immediate. She became totally unable to pay foreign debts of any kind. The Government, there-
fore, assumed dictatorial powers, prohibited any further export of funds, and sent an urgent appeal for help to the American Government as the ultimate international creditor.

The result of this appeal was the Hoover moratorium whereby Germany was allowed to postpone payment of her reparations. To enable the continued payment of interest to private foreign investors, the English, French, and American Governments combined to lend the German Government, through the Bank of International Settlements, a huge sum of money, and have so far renewed the credit each time it fell due. This was the point at which the nations arrived nine months ago, and there they have stuck while the situation has gradually become more and more charged with political explosives. France sees herself deprived of her “sacred reparations” so that English and American investors can be paid, and proclaims her determination to yield not a little of her rights. Germany loudly proclaims that she can never again pay reparations, and as the deadlock drags out, more and more German support is attracted to Herr Hitler, who declares that he will repudiate the Versailles Treaty and lead Germany out of the League of Nations. The Franco-German position is paralleled by that of America and Europe. The European nations are no more able to pay their war debts in gold than Germany is, and they clamour for America to wipe out these debts. America demands that Europe co-operate in a genuine reduction of armaments which represent a sum four times as great as Europe’s total war debt. From this position, there is no very hopeful prospect of change. Meanwhile the peoples of the earth live in misery and bitterness.

Enough has been said to indicate that there is taking place at this moment a world struggle every bit as grim and disastrous, and more widespread, than that which convulsed Europe from 1914 to 1918. Right through the British Empire, in America, in Asia and in Europe people are starving and struggling, while statesmen strive to fit outworn and inadequate economic and political organisations to a rapidly changing world.
PANIC—AN IMPRESSION.

He saw their gaunt and spectre arms outstretched,
Saw their tall livid forms against the sky,
One moment stood they thus, and shook their hands.
He knew their fingers rattled, heard it not,
For all the earth gave a great sigh of fear
And the tall shapes screamed thinly, wail too fine
For other ears to catch. He wheeled his horse
And galloped swiftly down the moon-white track.
Hearing their padding tread behind his way.
And swift he fled, his eyes were wide with fear,
His horse could go no faster, still he urged.
And the dull pebbles lit beneath the hooves
As river wave-crests catch the golden light
Of the rising moon, when all the rest is dark.
These ghouls pursued, no ghouls, but shapes of dread
More fearsome than named terrors, and they came.
As silent swift as scurrying wreaths of mist
White on the great green bank of thunder clouds.
In the south-west, before the rain begins.
So sped these shapes, relentless as the tomb.
They hastened not nor ever slackened pace;
And all around the breezes of the night
Were hushed, caressing lilies as they bloomed.
Blue on the moonlit water, and the winds
Dived deep among the lilies, bushed with fear.
The cattle dogs, asleep among their bags,
Awoke and bristled, bayed aloud, then sank.
Their powerful backs crouched taut in covering dread.
And whimpered low; the horses trotted close
Huddled like frightened sheep beneath the trees;
And still these shapes sped on, swift as speed boats.

Skimming as light as air the rising waves
Desecrated by the obscenity
Of noise and oily fumes, but none of that.
The watcher sees, none but their noiseless speed.
Thus did the shapes run, till the icy stars
Burned still, unwinking, in the passionate gloom
And purple blackness of the summer night.
No movement was there in the universe
But only naked terror, and the man
Who fled—his mind was void of power,
A dull, uncomprehending madness
With one sole object—to pound on and on.
There was no life nor death for him, but flight.
Steady and swift and dulled with endlessness.
And still these spectres padded on behind.
The white road streaked beneath the horse's hooves.
The grey grass ran in lines to meet his coming.
The trees were dark and silent, helpless too.
He thought of catches of some foolish song.
Some silly, childish thing he had forgot
Until this hour. The gallop beat it out
And it grew one with galloping. He thought
Now only thus to gallop ever on
Dully and wearily to the endless tune.
And still the spectres padded on behind.
He came at last to where the white road dipped
Into a gully, suddenly, a creek
Girdled with moss and fringed violets.
And cool with running water, flowed along.
He crossed, and at the top on the far side
His horse swayed back with weariness, sank down;
And overpowered and stiff and weak he fell.
And rolled, down, down the yielding bank.
And lay at peace to wait the end. At last
He heard the terror coming, knew they came.
And closed his eyes, too weak to lift a hand.
They passed him in their stride nor broke their pace.
LOVERS of the classics could not fail to be interested in a little book of Medieval Latin selections which was edited by Miss Helen Waddell last year. The selection was made for use in schools, being an experiment in the presentation of a living language to pupils for whom the Latin language is "dead," while Rome has suffered several deaths; and for whom the majesty of Vergil, the eloquence of Cicero hold little or no interest.

In her introduction, Miss Brock quotes a statement made by Miss Broughall, who says: "There is a simplicity in the medieval mind that is nearer to the mind of children than the sophisticated outlook of the first centuries." That may account for Vergil being to many, as Miss Brock says, "a set-book" for ever, instead of a poet. His original majesty and mysticism are hidden behind the labour of construction—or, more correctly, of destruction.

Of course, there is the objection that the learning mind would be led astray by the occasional departures from classical syntax. But putting that aside, it must be said that in much of this medieval verse there is something of charm and a lovely simplicity that must bring the "dead" language into closer contact with life itself, and that, after all, is the most satisfying point of contact we can establish.

Every one is familiar with the Christmas hymn

"Adeste Fideles
Laeti triumphantes."

whose author has never been discovered.

Then there is the mystical invocation, written probably by Stephen Langton in the thirteenth century,

"Veni sancte Spiritus,
et emitte coelitus,
lucent tuæ radium."

and the sixth century hymn of praise, probably of Nicetas, a Dacian bishop,

"Te Deum laudamus:
Te dominum confitemur."

The English translations are well known. They are beautiful. But they inevitably lose some of the rich simplicity which, in the original tongue, marks the pleading prayer, the burst of praise, or the shout of triumph that greets the Christmas air.

W. J. Irons has translated the well-known "Dies irae." The metre of his work is an attempt to initiate the original. Excellent as it is, we have only to compare the solemn, inexact roll of

"Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeculum in Favilla,
Teste David cum Eibylla."

with the mourning chant,

"Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning!
I've fulfilled the prophets' warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!"

and wonder what the subtle difference can be.

Leaving the hymns, we come to many fascinating prose passages, containing legends and medieval stories; and to the lighter type of verse—lyrics—and laments. Two of these I have endeavoured, though inadequately, to translate. I quote the first verse to illustrate the rhythm and simple beauty.

"De ramis cadunt folia
nam 'Vil'Or totus periit,
nam calor liquit omnia et abiit;
nam signa caeli ultima sol petit."

The leaves from branches flutter down,
For all their verdure now is o'er.
Now has the warmth forsaken all and gone afar,
For farthes' signs of Zodiac the sun has sought.

Now cold assails all tender things:
The bird is maimed by winter chill:
The nightingale unto his mates makes low lament
That warmth for them has from the sky been taken away.

No river bed for water lacks
Nor grassy meadows shoot with green.
Our golden sun has fled away from this our land,
The day with snow is covered in, and night is chill.

The other lament, called "The Lament for the Cuckoo," is, Miss Waddell tells us, the mourning of Alcuin, in the late eighth century, "for one of his scholars who had left him and fallen into evil ways."

Again, I quote the first four lines, which will at least show the spirit of this charming piece.

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“Heu, cuculus nobis fuerat cantare suetus,  
Quae te nunc rapuit horæ nefandæ tuis?  
Heu, cuculus, cuculus, qua te regione reliqui,  
Infelix nobis illa dies fuerat.”

Alack, the cuckoo, wont to sing for us;  
What cursed hour has torn thee from thine own?  
Alas, cuckoo, cuckoo, where have I let thee go?  
Yea, hapless, hapless was that day to us.

Let all men everywhere mourn my cuckoo;  
Lost is my cuckoo, alack, my cuckoo gone.  
Let not my cuckoo die. He’ll come with spring,  
And coming, he will sing us blithesome songs.

Who knows if he will come? Ah, me! I fear  
He is submerged beneath the watery deep,  
Snatched by the surge and slain in ocean’s bed.

Ah, woe is me, if Bacchus in the waves  
Has plunged my Cuckoo—he who seizes youth  
And holds them in the baleful eddy’s whirl.

If yet he lives, once more to kindly nest  
May he return, nor may the cruel claw  
Of raven tear in sunder my cuckoo.

Alas, my cuckoo, who the one who tears thee,  
Tell me, from thy parent nest? Alack,  
He has taken thee, taken thee!  
I know not yet if thou wilt come again.

Dost thou love song, then, cuckoo, quickly come,  
Oh, come, I pray thee, quickly, quickly come . . .

Once we were three, one spirit joined in one.  
Now but two remain, the third has fled.  
Woe, he will fly, will fly . . . .

Wherefore for us remains but bitter tears;  
Our dear cuckoo has fled.  
Songs let us send for him, our song of grief.  
Haply my song may bring my cuckoo back.

Happy mayest thou be always, whereso’er Thou fleest. But always remember us.  
Always and everywhere, fare well.”

Miss Waddell continues: “Songs did ‘bring the cuckoo home,’ for in 801 the young man was with him, and he sends him to England with messages to his old friend, the Archbishop of York.”

There are many more delightful extracts, but I can do no more than conclude with a verse of a hymn to Rome belonging to the ninth century. I attempt no translation, but leave it to speak for itself.

“O Roma nobilis, orbis et domina  
Cunctarum urbis excellentissima,  
Roseo martyrum sanguine rubea,  
Albis et virginum liliis candida;  
S’alutem dicimus tibi per omnia,  
Te benedicimus—salve per saecula!”

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**Words**

1.

**CONSIDER** a stairway, and an ant at the top. To get to the bottom he must travel down a steep cliff, across a broad plain, down a cliff, and so on. Now double the number of steps so that each step is now half its original breadth and depth. The ant thinks less now of the single cliffs and single enormous plains: the idea strikes him that after all through all this up-and-down business, he is getting there. Next let our mathematical carpenter (who sends no bill) pull down these steps and build a set, each step of which is a thousand times as small as before. Mr. Ant sees the bottom of the stairway now as across a rocky plain (to his small son the steps are still cliff and plain!). The carpenter, with fretwork this time, reduces the size of each step in the ratio of a few millions to one. Mr. Ant now walks straight down, and his son makes a slippery slide.

Words are a crude stairway: we hear each word in a sentence, think immediately and automatically of its general meaning, then of its specialised meaning in this special context. And so on by a series of jumps and slidings. The perfect medium would be a flowing thing, never behind the thought, never ahead.
NOVELETTE. . . .

O once there was a comely maid,
The comeliest was she,
Of a street that was famed for the comeliness
Of its femininity.

There was a lad, and a willing lad,
Whose dwelt in a suburb nigh;
He laid his siege upon her heart,
But always—"Oh!" she'd cry,

But always cried she in despair:
"You're young—you don't know how!"
And all he thought to do was go
With a little frigid bow . . .

One day he cried: "An end to this!
I shall do as I do wish!"
And strange—the maid was quite content,
And—aquiescentish!

STEAM. . . .

Third Term Drivel and a Warning
(in Several Ways) to Freshers.
I used to think I loved you quite a lot,
But nowadays
I haven't really time my dear . . . I swot . . .
And if I gaze
Wistfully and long into the vacant air,
My dear, the texture
Of my thoughts is not fine woven (like your
golden hair),
It's some damn lecture
That's troubling me. That it is. Merely that,
At best I dream
Of beer and cigarettes . . .
This rhyme grows flat,
Being but STEAM.

LINES TO A LOCAL CELEBRITY.

Madam, you bade me smoke not, doff the
cady;
And I was smitten with a dumb surprise
Whose pipe was out, whose hat to greet a
lady
Was poised betwixt me and the peaceful
skies;
And when I asked you tremulously for
History
You held me on sharp questioning
impaled—
"How, when and where?"—guarding, it
seemed, a mystery
Too, too discreetly veiled.

I am, alas, of them whose wit rehearses
The swift reply when the occasion's o'er.
Oh, to have then extemporised these verses,
Jammed on my hat, lit pipe, and to the
door!
I did not, and the sum of this poor measure
Is less to labour at belated wit
Than to inform you that a modest pleasure
On you was simply split.

I can forgive you that you don't like
smoking
(Although I must insist I did not smoke),
And I can even think that you were joking
When, heedless of my years, you rashly
spoke
To chide a fault you thought I was
disclosing,
And uttered your bon mot about my hat:
But you despoiled my hour's bookish
nosing—
I can't forgive you that.

PEACE. . . .

I have no thoughts of LOVE . . . .
It is summer afternoon,
And the pale moon
Behind the slow-swaying palm,
And the sunny calm
Is all I'm dreaming of . . . .
ART is not like sugar—a suave, pleasant concoction that melts in the mouth and is gone; its taste forgotten as soon as it is gone; and art in life is not episodic, but should be a part and parcel of it. All the better if it is at first repellant, for to be repelled is at least to be roused out of that tropical langour into which it is so fatally easy to sink.

This fact, if borne in mind, will help us to understand more fully modern verse—and when I say modern I do not mean poems which are so simply by virtue of being written in this century, but those which are new in thought and treatment. The facile cynic will tritely remark that there is nothing new under the sun, forgetting, in his self-absorption, that all these mechanical inventions of ours—different means of transport, for instance—must needs have some influence both on thought and on the form in which thought is expressed. Hexameters and blank verse serve very well to describe the rhythmic and ponderous rumble of chariots and lord-mayors' coaches; but these measures are far too portly to keep pace with the swift rush of an aeroplane or of a high-powered car; and although Shakespeare can imagine a fairy setting a girdle round the earth in forty seconds, he had to keep such speculations strictly to the realm of fantasy. That man would ever be able to travel faster than a horse can gallop was to him and to all but the modems a dream.

The poets of this century have set their hands to fashioning some new medium in which to impress not only the new ideas, but the whole atmosphere of the chaotic age in which they live. They try, at times, to link the old beauty of phrasing to the new intolerance of glossing—whether this latter is a pose or a mood is not, of course, their affair. We may be startled, even pained, to find such lines as these:

"A high born maiden
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand
And puts a record on the gramophone."

This, after all, is only a modern way of saying:

"A lovelorn maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower."

Nowadays love-lorn maidens do not have that habit of repose which allows them to be soothed with sweet music and the other trappings of an outworn romanticism, and this is what the poet has tried to express.

From the works of poets, critics have ferreted out the information that the greatest of them have been "poetes contumaces," ill at ease with life, always seeking something they can never find, and so on. Now, when poets, as Tennyson, accepted a dogmatic Christianity, or like Shelley, found escape from their woes in an imagined world of beauty, they found some rock of steadiness amid the "perplexed and viewless streams." With the collapse of this dogmatic creed, and at the same time the clearer realisation that the beauty of the world is quite overshadowed by its hideous cruelty, poets find themselves at a loss.

It is not pleasant for a young poet to know that

"Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed
Rolling and rolling there,
Where God seems not to care."

There is no faith left in any of the old ideals; the poet is tortured by his lack of it, but is powerless to alter it.

The war, crashing into an ordered, placid world, left it sterile and spiritually bankrupt. The older people went back, to seek "peace, than knowledge more desirable," the young have launched out into chaos. Thus between the old ideals and the attempt to find new ones there is an enormous gulf, and so older people have even less time for our poetry than we have for theirs. Should they see such lines as

"When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table."

they are far more likely to close the book in disgust than to read on to see the reason for them. No doubt, when poets have recovered their faith, poetry will relapse.
into mellifluous platitudes; until then it will be a gallant attempt to crystallise the various conflicting moods of the time. It is not easy to see the point of much of this poetry, even after patient study; often we are tempted to explain it away by suggesting that the man is drunk.

"There is not even silence in the mountains, But dry, sterile thunder without rain. If there were water And no rock, And water— A spring— A pool among the rocks. If there were the sound of water only, Not the cloudbursts And dry grass singing. But sound of water over a rock, Where the hermit thrush sings in the pine trees. Drip, drop, drip, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop. But there is no water."

Possibly these remarks would be much more effectively made in some conventional stanza scheme; but one would have to read the whole poem to find that out. However, this sort of thing is far more in touch with modern life and modern language than formal poetry; the quick, restless lines, the desire to have all experience in as small a space as possible, the attention to significant detail—all this is found in reality. And if art is to have any contact with life, it must surely move with the times. The best modern poetry has much in common with the best phases of the modern spirit; it is compounded of hard thought and frank emotion, scorning the cheap appeal of meretricious poetic adornment.

University Antiquities

NO! This does not mean the Staff. The Staff is as young as the running brook—students come, students go, the Staff goes on for ever. (If only it would stop!) Nor does our heading refer to those strong supporters of University finance, who like their subjects so much that they must study them again and again. Hardy annuals these, flowering perennials perhaps, but not yet antiques. The term has here its ordinary meaning—our University already has its antiquities! It (she) is of uncertain age—twenty-one to-day, say some; perhaps twenty-two, or maybe twenty-three come next December—but at any rate she has seen seven generations of students fleet their swift three years under her care, and seven ordinary generations of human history would take us back to 1700 or thereabouts. It is then not too early to recall to the present generation some of the things already gone out of mind, and, for a beginning, we cannot do better than give some account of the University building itself.

All know, of course, that it was built to be Queensland’s Government House. When Governor Sir George Ferguson Bowen landed in Brisbane on that hot 10th December, 1859, which marked the beginning of Queensland’s separate existence as a colony, he proceeded to the home of Dr. Hobbs in (now above) Adelaide Street, and for three years this was the Vice-Regal residence. It is now the Deanery of St. John’s Cathedral. The present University was first occupied as Government House on the 26th April, 1862. The foundation stone of Parliament House nearby was not laid for another three years; Parliament first met there on the 4th August, 1868. An old diary has the following entry under date 18th August, 1862:

"In the evening I dined at Government House, and sat next to the Bishop Tuffnell. I had a long talk (about land for settlement) with Mr. Herbert, in whose honour the dinner was given. The Governor was most affable and agreeable... Government House is a very fine building, and has a spacious hall and very fine rooms." On the 23rd there is the entry: "In the afternoon I took Annie and Julia to call on Lady Bowen. We left cards, thence went to hear the band play in the Gardens."

Lady Bowen’s maiden name, by the way, was Diamantina Countess Roma.

No doubt the “spacious hall” could tell of many a stately function held within its
walls or of political crises debated there. Among the visitors who were entertained at Government House was the Duke of Edinburgh (Prince Alfred) in 1868. He laid the foundation stone of the Boys’ Grammar School on the 24th February. Then the Princes Albert and George arrived in 1881. The contemporary photograph shows a tall Albert and a short George in light suits and grey bowler hats alongside the Governor, Sir Arthur Kennedy. Prince Albert died young; his brother is known to us as His Majesty George V.

The last Governor actually to reside at Government House was Lord Chelmsford (1904-1909). He left in May of the latter year, and Sir William McGregor, already well known in Queensland and New Guinea, arrived on the 3rd December. One of his first official functions was the ceremony of the 10th December, 1909, when, 50 years after the establishment of responsible government in Queensland, the University of Queensland was founded and Government House dedicated as its first home. The tablet under the portico marks this consummation.

Of the vice-regal splendour of the past, not much remains. Perhaps indeed it has but one survival, apart from the fabric of the building. For some twenty years the University Janitor’s laundry was provided with an extremely awkward stand for the wash-baskets. It was far too long, it was far too high. When certain structural alterations made its removal absolutely necessary, it was at last taken out and sent to the furniture polishers. For this awkward laundry stand was really the buffet which formerly stood in the entrance hall of Government House! It is beautifully made of one long thick board of Queensland red cedar: those interested may see it in the Senate room.

Everybody knows that the University has long since outgrown its present accommodation. That fact however should not make us forget that the house we occupy is architecturally one of the finest in Queensland, and the surroundings, with their wealth of green growth and pleasing views, will be hard to equal elsewhere. We are indeed fortunate to have begun the tradition of academic life in Queensland with such associations of dignity and beauty.

F.W.R.

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**QUEST OF THE WANDERER.**

Far have I sailed through islands fair,
While oft their beauty held me long,
Where days flame high with love and song.
Yet left them—bound, I knew not where.

Long have I stood with bleeding hands,
And kept those reeling, drunken ships
Afloat, and e’er upon my lips
The question—seeking nameless lands?

Oft have I been in deepest gloom
Of tangled forest, fighting there,
Exulting when the dull, low boom
From native drummers mocked my care.

Still are my wanderings leading me
Across the world; nor yet
Have found that Paradise I see
Each evening, where the sun has set.

A. Murray Smith.

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**SUMMER SONG.**

Come and sit beside me here
Where the summer breezes play,
Where the sun shines warm and clear
On the silver fountain’s spray;

Hearken to the trill of birds;
Linger, listen to my words;
Gaze with me from flower-gemmed
Meadows
To the mountains far away.

Well-beloved, wait and listen—
Life flows on its placid way.
Seek the dewdrops where they glisten,
Ere they melt in ageing day.

See, our life is all before us,
Gold and blue the sky spreads o’er us,
Let us take the gift that offers
Ere our youth shall pass away.

M. de Visme Gipps.
IT was an evening of pure pleasure, each of us luxuriously enjoying the companionship of the other two, a companionship such as we had not enjoyed, any one of us, since those years together (some time back) in college. Colledge was our host and the re-union was in his room at the Calverley Grammar School. At school and college, when we had known him, he had been an Epicurean in everything and his amazingly comfortable room showed that he still was the same man. The Colledge we had known at King’s had been a fellow rather out of the ordinary. At school, of course, his eccentricity (though this word is too strong and too harsh) was little noticeable for he had had enough sense to ape the ordinary to the required degree. At college, where the rudeness of school was suddenly lifted from about us and where we were free—there he let himself go a little more.

He was essentially a poet. His soul was troubled, and his mind responsive to impulse, and to these things was added a command over word and rhythm, and to this a fitful liking for the putting down on paper of his thoughts.

A fair-headed boyish man he was at that time, quiet and tending to weary of things easily. His eccentricity was in his attitude towards music. Music could bring him from himself or stir him to madness or to an ecstasy of joy or fear or hatred. That this attitude should have been considered eccentricity reflected (he would say bitterly) on a world of chilled emotions, a world afraid to let itself forget itself. His course included work in physics and in some rather interesting parts of mathematics, and he turned all his knowledge towards music, trying to explain its power. He could not play any instrument himself and, apart from occasional concerts (at which he could enjoy only the tranquil pieces), he had to rely entirely upon his gramophone.

In the Grammar School room there stood an excellent machine, and I had just risen and crossed the room to it. Turning to Hansen, the third of us, I jokingly suggested—

"Col’s the same fellow!"

Hansen smiled and answered.

For many reasons I cannot understand why we three should have been such friends, or at least why Hansen should have appealed at all either to Colledge or to me. He was crude in so many ways. And he had coarsened still more since we had parted on our ways those years ago—as I was to discover this night to my everlasting sorrow. This is what he said—

"Gramophones again! Musical boxes! The gramophone teaches affectation to those who listen to what they know must-be-good-music, having read the label.” He was openly, rudely and unnecessarily contemptuous. Colledge put down his coffee. “I’m afraid I can’t listen to you speaking like that,” he said, and he seemed to me—though perhaps I have imagined it in retrospect—he seemed to turn pale as he spoke.

"The gramophone, humble and mechanical, can reproduce the best, the very best of what is in music. I’m afraid I’m going to hold forth—O greatest sin in college days! (he laughed nervously and became immediately serious again: a trick of his this, to fly off at a word or phrase in the midst of deadly earnestness). The machine with its so simple mechanism of the needle and the disc reproduces exactly the sounds produced by the instrument played ‘at the other end,’ and as the artist transformed his emotions, as he played, into sounds: so when these sounds are exactly reproduced—lo! there are the emotions waiting to be ‘picked up’ by listening, really listening hearers. You could express the musical sounds he makes in terms of mathematical formulae. You quickly ask me: ‘There is in music a something quite intangible, and there are mysteries in music unsolvable—can they be expressed in symbols?’ That something beyond our comprehension so often, eluding us almost, is the artist’s feeling, or his interpretation of the composer’s, and it is only natural. I suppose, to confuse the medium and the art. Think of it this way: emotions are turned into sounds—mechanically made
sounds—and sounds are turned back by the hearer's nerve and brain to emotions corresponding a little or perhaps a great deal."

He stopped, rose from his chair where he had been leaning so eagerly forward, and went to the window. He turned to us, almost on the defensive, all his eagerness gone.

"I'm afraid I've been dogmatic upon a subject that doesn't seem to you two to be worth the breath. But I think there is an importance in it all. Music itself is—is an article in my faith."

"Oh!" he burst out later in the evening (we had been talking of other things), "I must tell you. I think I must be going mad. There is a record in my cupboard of which I never can play more than the first two or three bars. I know what is coming, and it would bring back that other terrible time I heard that second movement... Perhaps when I am middle aged and prosy I will tell you the whole story, but I will never even then tell you all."

I have never seen a man so overwrought, so caught in the toils of thought, that net that can close around us so surely and terribly.

The evening had slipped back to peacefulness again and there we sat, amazingly comfortable and happy, exchanging reminiscences of college, with "its wild days and its mild days," as Colledge had once phrased it; and telling of our various doings in the last few years.

Suddenly Hansen stood up and strode across the room to Colledge in his swivel-chair.

"Man," he said, "could I see—and touch—that record."

"All right," said Colledge, and brought the damned thing to us.

One of Hansen's crudities was his desire, leading to direct action, of improving other people, of getting them past their weaknesses, "over their silly stiles," as he picturesquely put it. I trembled now—literally trembled and shivered as though a cold draught had crept by me. The niceties were not for Hansen. And I wondered what project he had in his crude mind.

He walked over to the gramophone and, as we watched him—unmoving because we could not understand such an action to be real—he lowered the record to the disc, and then the needle to the record.

Before the first note was struck Colledge broke from his trance and sprang towards the instrument. But Hansen was ready for him and almost carried him backwards and held him pinned against the writing desk. He laughed lightly through his panting breath:

"Come on, old fellow—listen to it and kill your hoodoo. It's like getting a tooth out—"

My senses had come to equilibrium again and I had lifted the arm of the gramophone. In another moment I was beside Hansen. He loosened his grip from Colledge's wrists and turned to me with angry eyes. But Colledge had slipped to the floor—I see him now—and he was dead.

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THE DOOR. . . .

There was a door,
And as I stood before
Its ebon panelling,
A silver trumpet to me did sing
To batter it down,
Down, down.
This Year's Rhodes Scholar

FROM five applicants for the Rhodes Scholarship for 1932, Mr. Lister George Hopkins was chosen, after careful study of records, and personal interviews.

Mr. Hopkins was born in Toowoomba, and passed the State Scholarship (at the head of the list) in 1923. Proceeding to Toowoomba Grammar he passed the Junior in 1925 (with first place and gold medal again) and the Senior in 1927, gaining First Scholarship. In the Junior he collected ten merits, and in the Senior seven A's (from nine subjects).

At the University he has just completed a most brilliant course in the School of Engineering. News is to hand that he has been awarded a First in his Honours School. At Oxford, Mr. Hopkins will give a great deal of time to the study of Mathematics, and will also keep in touch with the National Institute of Industrial Psychology and the International Industrial Relations Associations.

On the sporting side, he has had varied interests, and has played College football and cricket (for Emmanuel).

May he continue his triumphant march!
THERE was once a time when free love was a favourite subject for the sportive dalliance of a few intellectuals, much in the style of atheism and agnosticism, for which men were sent down from their universities. Now, however, it is an economic and social necessity, as can be readily demonstrated.

That modern marriage is a failure the records of increasing divorce show. There are two reasons for this—apart from the fact that two people living together must inevitably be bored with one another. One reason is the servant problem. In the past, the staff was generally large enough and capable enough to oil the wheels of domestic life, so that the husband, coming home from work, was not driven to a quarrel over burned dinner. That soul mates can be separated by a difference over such mundane matters is one of the depressing commonplace of life. Moreover, the pleasures of the staff were simple. A little flirting with the postman, a gossip with a fellow servant, and below-stairs was content. Not so now. In the houses which employ a servant, the girl usually is anxious to go off to the talkies, or to a dance and does not bother about her duties, so her pleasure is safe. Hence a tearful or enraged wife to greet the weary bread-winner, and, in time, a family brawl. Where there is no servant the position is even worse; for the woman, unwilling to forego her social life to pander to her husband's love of good food, comes in almost as late as he, and is consequently flustered and harassed. Granted that in the early years of marriage such disturbances can be laughed away in good comradeship, before familiarity has staled the mutual desire to live in harmony, later they make for the ever-recurring fits of unhappiness which ultimately cause a tragedy. Children are only an aggravation of the trouble. Let husband and wife be tired and a little frayed as to the nerves, there will surely be a quarrel among weeping, squabbling children.

There was once a time when they were controlled by a nurse, and exhibited to their fond and loving parents only when on good behaviour.

It is largely to these petty quarrels and brain storms that divorces are due. The wife cannot see the hero she married in the bad-tempered man before her, nor can the husband find his dream woman in the tearful, smudged being who distressfully displays a reeking saucepan of some burned remains of food. There neither is nor can be any romance in this sort of life—how could a couple be romantic, even under the solitary palm of some suburban garden, a little ugly pocket handkerchief of ground, overlooked on all sides and overblown by the dust of passing motors. Nor is there much scope for cheerful comradeship in the dullness and lassitude that comes from overwork and the strain of modern life. Then, as an anodyne, both parties go to the talkies, where they learn that it is possible for husband and wife to separate and still live—and that happily.

The second reason for the failure of modern marriages is to be found in the slipping from faith in religion and chivalry. Marriage was once a religious bond; now it is a State contract. If the license is not paid to the State—a form of taxation which is particularly opprobrious to all right-thinking people—the couple are ostracised, a most unjust proceeding, since the man who successfully evades the income tax is honoured rather than shunned. But the couple who omit this formality are condemned for loose living, whereas they should be revered because they have had the courage to defy convention. For most marriages are convention, a survival of our mediaeval love of pageantry and gorgeous costume, or, still worse, an example of social rivalry between mothers, who wish Pamela's wedding to have a more fulsome report in the paper than that of someone else's Patricia. Very few of those brides whose dresses are described for the envy of other women believe in the religious significance of the formality they have fulfilled. They promise to "love, honour, and obey," "until death do us part," but they murmur the words, their attention occupied with the silhouette they present to the onlookers.
behind. If they happen to think of the meaning of these words, it is with the mental reservation, “for just as long as suits me.” The religious aspect of the marriage farce has now no hold over the great majority of those who go through with it, for few people fear the special corner of hell that is kept for the divorced or unmarried.

Moreover, the veil called chivalry, that once served to hide so much cant, has been torn away, for since the Married Women’s Property Act came into force, the wife has had no need to surrender her all to her husband, to become entirely dependent on him, and thus to be tied to him for the term of her natural life. So in his turn the husband can no longer keep up the fiction of having to support and cherish his lawful wife; she can support herself on her own property, if her husband is too mean to pay the woman who works for him and entertains him. Thus, as things are now, the married woman does not need the useless formality of the marriage service to ensure for her comfort in old age; she can have that, and peace and quietness as well, from her own private resources.

The case is different of the woman who has no property of her own previous to marriage. She is dependent on the generosity of her husband, but, here again, only so far as she likes. If the state of marital bliss becomes too much for her, she can show her independence by working for an employer who will pay her a fixed wage, instead of for a nagging brute of a husband. And then, on the other hand, if the husband can no longer endure his wife, he can separate from her with a clear conscience, confident that she, whom he once loved, can earn her own living in freedom. Thus all parties are happy, the remnants of chivalry are satisfied, and all is well.

The position of marriage in the present day is thus clear. If the argument be pursued to its logical outcome, it will be seen that there is no solution to it but free love. A man and a woman could live together for such time as they were both happy, and then separate and go their own ways, without bickerings to mar their happiness and with no regrets when the separation was complete. They would have tasted joy for the time they were together, and then, afterwards, there would be the joy of bachelor independence again. There would be no awkward questioning of the dilatory husband by his exasperated wife; each, because of their own love of complete independence, would be able to recognise the rights of the other.

Large or small institutions, State controlled, could care for the children of such unions, training and educating them along the most modern lines. To those who would object to this on the grounds that family life is the best for children, and that boys and girls reared in institutions are of a lower mentality than those reared along more conservative lines, we can retort that the modern family leaves much to be desired, since the disorderly, hurried life of most households plays havoc with the nervous systems of children; and also that we could have as heads, or at least as inspectors of these institutions, professors of psychology, who would study the mental organisation and complexes of the children, and prescribe special treatment for each. In any case, safety being in numbers, there would be little scope for the unfair favouritism shown to the eldest child and to the youngest, whilst the middle ones are altogether insignificant.

Once the great mass of suburbia became accustomed to this idea of life, they would find in it the escape from their daily annoyances, which gradually mount up until they turn into either hatred or, worse still, indifference. This free love would rapidly become respectable, just as agnosticism has done. Then, being respectable, it would probably lose its savour, and the world would turn back to the marriage ceremony. And the most potent factors in this backward swing of the pendulum would be those fond mothers who wished their Pamela’s wedding to outshine that of someone else’s Patricia.
EXPERIMENT IN RHYME.

Jacinth and malachite, chalcedony
And ropes of deep sea pearls to deck my sweet;
Topaz and sapphire, lapis lazuli
And moonstones far less white than her small feet,
And rubies that are red as her heart’s beat.
Or shall I bring bright flowers to deck my sweet?

Hibiscus flaunting red so wantonly,
Or hyacinth a-swooning in the beat,
Or jasmine, luring as the sirens three.
Ah, take your flowers and gems away from me.
All unbedecked my love will come to me
And empty banded shall I find my sweet,
For fairer far than all of these is she,
And gauds like these are not for my love to meet
Not e’en to strew the ground below her feet.

LAMENT.

I saw a flower beside my path,
In richest garb arrayed;
More fragrant gem was never yet
To human view displayed.

E’en were its form but half so fair,
And half so deep its hue,
My soul had still the praise outpour’d
To such sweet incense due.

I came again this flower to see,
But what was my dismay
To find that this resplendent form
Lay prostrate o’er the way.
Alas! so do all beauteous things
Shed on this earth their light
But for a season, ere they fade
And pass into the night.

H.G.B.

WORDS.

II.

He who can lead (as a king) his word-army, and control the movements of every battalion, as he goes to battle, has great power throughout the land, perhaps throughout the world. He advances his standard to far-off lands and makes mandates of the strangest territories. Sometimes even, if so he wish, he can win the day when Right is not his cause.

But woe betide him if his men mutiny (and a worse-tempered and more irritable troop it would be difficult to imagine), and he cannot win back his power. He is swept away, and to the world seems to be marching in other directions than that he had intended; perhaps he is made mock of; perhaps, worst of all, he does not realise that he is no longer in full command, and he blunders on happily enough, until one day in a difficult engagement he knows at last how his power has ebbed away.
Portrait of a Lady.
It is quite a probability that "Free Love" wrote his article, partly at any rate, to get a "rise" from one of the old faithfuls— I refer, of course, to the contributors of "Galmahra." If that is so, I have risen to the bait, and shall be glad to provide him with that little pleasure.

When he says that modern marriage is a failure, I agree—who would disagree who has seen so many examples of the state in question. But when he advocates free love as an adequate substitute, in fact as an "economic and social necessity," I fail, in spite of many sincere attempts, to see his point.

The statement that it is an economic necessity, he does not go on to support further, either because he was at a loss for arguments in favour of his side of the question, or because he considered it a self-evident fact. To me it seems that its economic consequences would prove its rock of disaster. "The husband," he says, "who can no longer endure his wife, can separate from her with a clear conscience, confident that she whom he once loved can earn her own living in freedom." Does he realise how much more unemployment his scheme would cause in a world where this is the greatest evil to be contended against. It is fairly obvious that a great proportion of the present marital unions in the world would be dissolved provided that this were "the thing" to do; and the result of such dissolutions would be that tens of thousands of people would be thrown again on their own resources, and be added to those looking for work. For very few people nowadays have sufficient private means to supply their wants entirely. It is by women leaving their work, for the most part to be married, that room is made for younger people coming on; and that same work would not be waiting for them when they chose to dissolve their state of bliss. A sudden increase of unemployed of this kind would throw most countries off their feet. In addition, besides this evil affecting our own times, there would, until the practice of free love became definitely respectable, be a considerable falling off in population which would adversely affect the next generation.

Further, the plan of State homes to bring up the children of such unions does not seem to be practicable. Apart from the enormous expense which would be involved in the mere building and upkeep of these institutions, the kind of children they would produce would be, as a general rule, anything but the best type. Such systematised upbringing on a large scale may be the best plan for animals, but not for beings with thinking minds. Professors of Psychology, whose attention is divided amongst hundreds could hardly be expected to have a great amount of interest for the children individually. As usual it would be the black sheep of the institution who got the most care. Granted that they are the most interesting, it is nevertheless most unfair to the others. The idea of having institutions run by professors of psychology seems at its face value very sound and scientific, but I still maintain that a normally intelligent mother is the best psychologist for her own child.

In the case of their mental upbringing too, higher education, even beyond primary and certainly that of the Universities, would be well-nigh impossible, especially from a financial point of view. The average product of an institution is at best plodding, industrious, and sensible, but not amazingly intelligent.

I presume that "Free Love" means all children to be brought up in these homes. If not compulsory the building of such institutions would be an impossible financial gamble for the State. Also, if education were going to be systematised so far, it would have to be universally compulsory, and this is where, so it seems to me, the impossibility of such homes is most evident. Firstly, the children would presumably be born of a couple who had not yet tired of one another, and who therefore would be likely to have some considerable affection for their offspring, and very unlikely to want to give them up to a State incubator. Even when the parents had ceased to love, the instinctive love of, at any rate, the mother would not automatically come to an end also. Unfortunately for "Free Love's" scheme, maternal affection is not a
sentimental misconception, but a psychological fact. Admitting this then, if a certain union ended in separation, the mother would be left unemployed with children on her hands as well, unless she were willing to give them up to an ordinary State home.

Putting aside the question of children, let us consider the people themselves. With regard to the freedom, on which “Free Love” lays so much stress, men do appreciate it, but most women are psychologically so constituted that they do not love the complete independence which he holds out to tempt them, and would be acutely miserable in leading such a life. So his hope that women in their old age would find peace from their own resources, would turn out in many cases no more substantial than a dream. Too many would spend their time in discontented and vain regrets for Tom, Dick or Harry, who, viewed in retrospect, do not seem so unbearable after all. Now, when divorce, or even separation, involves so much trouble and reflection, only people who find it quite impossible to live together go through with it; but if it were merely a case of dissolving a union of free love, people whose temperaments were not really incompatible, would be too inclined to separate as a result of slight disagreements. I know many couples, who obviously would be unhappy apart, yet who bicker so that they would have drifted apart long ago had separation been merely a matter of impulse.

Finally, though modern marriage seems so undesirable a system, it has (so they say) its consolation and its happinesses too, and the trouble, confusion, and irresponsibility which would inevitably follow on the introduction of free love, seem to weigh the scales in this century at least, heavily in favour of the former.

Sub-Ed.

ONE-ACT PLAY COMPETITION.

In order to stimulate interest in Australian drama, the Dramatic Society of the Workers’ Educational Association of Brisbane offers a prize of ten guineas for the best One-Act Play submitted on or before the 30th June, 1932. In the past there have been competitions for full length plays, while the shorter, but no less important, form has been neglected. It is with the object of encouraging writers of one-act plays in Queensland that this competition is being arranged. Entries are free, but the competition is open to Queenslanders only. Full conditions will be forwarded to intending competitors on application to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Gwen Harrison, Rialto Street, Coorparoo, Brisbane.
The proposed stock route from Injune to Rolleston will probably make the Carnarvon Ranges familiar to many who barely know of their existence and public interest in its magnificent scenery will increase considerably. At present it is comparatively unknown and its sweetness wasted on the desert air. It is accessible from Injune and Rolleston with some little difficulty. It has been a source of gratification to Queenslanders that their State is by no means deficient in scenery of remarkable beauty. In view of this by no means unjustifiable pride, it is surprising that the Carnarvon Ranges have been so thoroughly neglected. About thirteen miles from Rewan is a gorge containing superb scenery undesecrated by human hands and rarely visited by sightseers. Approaching the gorge the large upstanding rock known as Devil’s Elbow appears on the right somewhat, and to the left is seen a high mountain facing towards the lakes. Directly one enters the gorge and crosses Early Storm Creek the geological formations and beautiful scenery are alike extremely interesting. To one side the strata of a large precipitous rock make an angle of forty degrees with the level ground. Under a ledge may be seen, by close scrutiny, a few blurred and indistinct rock paintings. Almost underneath, the clear crystal waters of the stream glide over its rocky bed and for a space run south-eastwards.

Proceeding farther up one crosses the creek occasionally, and the pastel tinted gum trees, with their graceful trunks, grow side by side with slender cabbage palms of remarkable height. On each side they are hemmed in—on the right by rugged hills and on the left by perpendicular sandstone cliffs. The eagle hovering near the crest may be seen with difficulty. The tall ironbarks and gum trees near the top seem but the merest shrubs by comparison with the large trees close at hand. The vegetation becomes denser as one proceeds; the lofty palms, the different varieties of trees, are a delight to see and an invitation to linger. But upstream a little is a junction where two translucent streams, fed by the springs of crystal water from mountain side and rock, unite to make Early Storm. A little distance up the right-hand stream on the side of an overhanging sandstone cliff are aboriginal rock paintings, assuredly as clear as any in Australia. The sandstone is so soft that it may easily be rubbed away with the fingers, but the paintings are as clear as if they had been executed but yesterday. Were they not sheltered from the wind and rain they could not have remained. They have been made by placing an object against the white sandstone and blowing around it fine ochre dust. There is no originality in these decorations. They represent mainly the hands and feet of aborigines, with weapons of war and chase—boomerangs, knives, spearheads, fishing nets, and primitive axes. It was not to have been expected that any great originality would have been displayed, though we would have preferred it otherwise. Their main interest lies in their remarkable clearness and in the fact that they are important relics of a dying race. Here in the mountain homes of the vanishing aborigine just as they were when the last native deserted them years ago. They are well worth preserving intact.

At the right of these paintings is a cave, at one time used by the aborigines. It is not, however, large or of great interest. The floor is flat and dusty; lying strewn upon it are a few shells of zamia nuts and bones that may be human.

Returning to the meeting of the waters one sees a thin stream falling over a large rock on the mountainside to join the more important two below. If this tiny stream is followed almost to its source, one is privileged to see a sight over which the most stolid observer would enthuse. No more than ninety feet above the creek bed it runs for about a hundred yards on the level. At no time is the space on each side of the spring waters as much as thirty yards across. It is delightfully cool, little sunlight pen-
trating owing to the rocky wall on either hand. The moss-covered trunks of dead trees are lying on the ground and there are ferns and shrubs in a glorious profusion. Innumerable orchids and staghorns grow upon the sides to add a little to a glorious scene. The graceful tree snake, which gazes unblinkingly at the rude intruder in this sanctuary, seems to harmonise completely with the surroundings. One kills him on established principle, but it seems a pity.

As evening approaches it is time to leave, but one does so with profound reluctance and pauses to drink in the scenic beauties of a place where every prospect pleases.

Not very far up the left-hand stream is a sandstone wall, some twenty yards long, covered with rock paintings in red and yellow ochre appearing like the photographic negative on a silhouette. There are numberless paintings in these ranges where aborigines were once plentiful and there must be hundreds of secluded burying places. Someone has proposed to make a national park of that part of the ranges, and no place could be more appropriate. The climate is dry and healthy, the scenery almost unrivalled. Those who are competent to give their opinions on the matter claim that it is not inferior in picturesqueness to the Blue Mountains. Most people would be more than astounded to see the beauty of that section of Queensland generally rated as uninteresting. We may yet see the day when the beauty of the gorges will draw thousands to admire its wonders, to obliterate its aboriginal paintings and to defile with unsightly hoardings the advertised beauties of Carnarvon.

Desmond McCawley.

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A VOICE.

There is a voice that comes to me,
Soft, sweet and low,
A gentle, breathing whisper
To cheer me as I go.
How solemn and how lovely!
My only guiding star!
Like the moon's pure light
On a winter night
Streaming down afar,
The voice descends from Heaven,
And takes away Life's fear.

A WISH....

O that I this morning might
A dainty, simple sonnet write
About my Lydia's loveliness,
And about her cool blue dress;
And about her coiled hair,
Black above a forehead fair,
Black and beautiful like night.

O that I like Keats might write
All about her loveliness
And all about her cool blue dress.
Student Benefactions

As the “Galmahra” for which this report is being written is to appear, by favour of gods and men, on Degree Day, and sold to a guileless public, it may be as well to state again what is meant by Student Benefactions.

The name belongs to a plan adopted by the University of Queensland Union in 1925, which is unique among Australian, and indeed among British, Universities. It rests on the confident belief that there will always be students, past and present, of every status and Faculty who feel a debt of gratitude and loyalty to the University. By establishing a number of funds appealing to various University interests, the S.B. plan makes it possible for small gifts as well as large to be received and, in the main, to be kept for all time as capital, while the interest on round hundreds, as they are achieved, may be expended yearly.

Of course the existence of these funds does not preclude gifts in kind, or for suitable specific objects. The identity of the individual benefactors is then kept for all time by signature or inscription in the Book of Student Benefactors, parchment between carved maple boards, which may be seen at any time in the University Library.

Thus much in general: it remains to record progress since last issue of “Galmahra,” and to suggest aims for the present year.

The respective totals in all funds on the 30th September and the 31st December, 1931, were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund</th>
<th>30th September</th>
<th>31st December</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>£262 14 10</td>
<td>£272 13 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arts</td>
<td>98 16 3</td>
<td>115 5 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science</td>
<td>42 1 3</td>
<td>47 12 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineering</td>
<td>65 8 3</td>
<td>74 4 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law</td>
<td>14 1 10</td>
<td>15 17 10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Commerce</td>
<td>2 7 0</td>
<td>2 7 0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>12 0 0</td>
<td>15 4 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Union</td>
<td>117 18 11</td>
<td>131 0 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sports</td>
<td>45 9 2</td>
<td>52 8 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evg. and Extl.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Students</td>
<td>8 18 3</td>
<td>11 4 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Specified Gifts</td>
<td>190 5 10</td>
<td>199 5 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unspecified</td>
<td>6 13 6</td>
<td>9 4 1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total         | £875 15 1      | £946 7 7      |

In addition, gifts in kind represent a value of £428.

The increase of over £70 indicated above is not due to student gifts, but to a miracle—in other words, to the conversion of all Australian internal loans which was effected last October. It will be remembered that existing interest rates were reduced by 22½%, and the proceeds reinvested in loans bearing interest at 4%. This meant that, in the case of the 6% loan for instance, £100 of old capital represented £100 + X in the new Consols. In this way the amount of S.B. capital has been increased, although the rate of interest has been reduced.

The time before Degree Day has in past years always been marked by an increase in the Student Benefaction Funds. It is hoped that progress will be made on this occasion, despite the shorter time in which to get things going. The aim suggested by the S.B. Committee for Degree Day and the current year is: bring up each of the Faculty Capital Funds to the minimum working capital of £100 (or, in the case of Arts, bring it up to £200). Until these funds reach £100 the interest on them must be allowed to accumulate. Already the Library Capital Fund provides £8 per annum (it used to be £10/10/-) in perpetuity for the purchase of books which would not otherwise be bought out of University funds, while it has £72 towards the third hundred. The Faculty of Arts enjoys from the present year onwards an income of £4 per annum from the S.B. Capital Fund. Of course, to minds accustomed to borrowing in millions these amounts may well seem contemptible, but to those knowing the starved condition of University institutions at present they are a most welcome asset, as well as the mark of a healthy University spirit.

Some students may prefer to give a specific gifts to that department of University life in which they are most interested. Without doubt, members of Staff and others could suggest many objects for such gifts. Two perhaps may be mentioned, as being not merely of particular interest to the writer, but general in their appeal. One is the second volume of the History of Music, illustrated by phonographic records,
published by the Oxford University Press. The first volume was given by a graduate last year, and has proved most useful. The second illustrates the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and is said to be better than the first. The cost is about £2/2/-.

The other object is the Fryer Memorial Library of Australian Literature. To this, as the memorial of a student, gifts may be made by any person. It cannot be repeated too often that we need to take stock far more than we do of our Australian possessions, spiritual and cultural as well as material, and for this purpose Australian libraries are essential. There are quite a large number of new books waiting to be bought before they disappear from the bookseller’s shelves. There are new Australian novels by Hatfield, Miles Franklin, and Brent of Bin Bin; also Helen Simson’s “Boomerang,” which was praised in a special cable from London some weeks ago. There are the two stirring descriptive books by Ion Idriess: “Lasseter’s Last Ride” and “Flynn of the A.I.M.” There are books of historical reference such as ”A Century of Journalism”—the story of the “Sydney Morning Herald,” or of science and artistic beauty both, such as Grimwade’s “Anthography of the Eucalypts.” “Tom Petrie’s Reminiscences of Early Queensland” is to be reprinted this month—a copy is wanted.

Finally, there are the Art books—the Art of J. J. Hilder, Blamire Young, Conrad Martens, and the rest, which, with a complete set of “Art in Australia,” should go alongside the literary efforts of our poets and writers to interpret Australia.

Perhaps that will do for a beginning!

No student, graduate, graduan, or otherwise, is told that he or she “ought to give something to Student Benefactions.” Gifts must be voluntary. But every Queensland student ought to know of this characteristic institution of his University, and be able, being interested, to interest others. Here is one way of fulfilling the challenge of the song—“Pass the Torch Eternal!”

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**The New University**

The world has lost its equilibrium—what are the Universities doing to set it right? Restlessness and instability, conflict and the psychology of crisis are the signs of our times in the intellectual as much as in the material sphere. In the realm of industry, unemployment has created a problem which the world has not as yet begun to appreciate. In politics, the insufficiency of sovereignty, a nationalism which is a positive danger, and a hindrance to all international progress, casts the shadow of racial enmity over the peoples of the earth. What have our Universities, what have their students to set up against this desperate state of chaos in which we find ourselves plunged? The Universities, which should stand united, seeking ever the truth and the harmony which knowledge of that truth must bring, have here their opportunity. Time was when the Universities dominated the world of culture by the largeness of their ideals and their thought. That, however, is changed to-day. The technical world rules the world of man; the creator serves the creature, the human spirit which these material discoveries should serve is no longer master in his own house.

The general education which was a feature of the University has largely been sacrificed, to make way for vocational education, dictated by economic needs of the day. There is little sense of the more fundamental things of life. There is no unity in modern University life, and it is, after all, the unity of true fellowship, the life in a corporate sphere, that is one of the bases of a free University life.

The New University, then, is the ideal towards which thinking men and women are striving in these days. It is no far-fetched theory, this new, ideal University, it is an ever-growing fact in the modern world. It
has begun—it began some thirty years ago—with a fellowship of students whose study is all tending in the same direction—the seeking of Truth, and of the ultimate purpose of the University, and the Power behind it. To-day there are several hundred thousand students in this fellowship, students, who by intensive and devastatingly candid thought, have recognised the limitations, as well as the great contributions, of modern science and philosophy, and who have realised the full implications of the challenge of Christianity. It has often been said that Christianity should be cast in the scrap heap, with so many other worn out theories and ideals, because of its failure in the modern world. That is not true. Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and never tried. It is, indeed, the other ideals to which men have pinned their faith that have been found wanting, for it is they which have landed us in the slough of despair in which we flounder to-day.

So, in this New University, in the World Student Christian Federation, students are joined in a great fellowship of Christian faith and Christian thought. Great things have been done in the name of this movement, and great lives have gone to the making of it. To-day there are men and women in every country of the world, of every creed and colour, who are linked together by their common loyalty to its beliefs. Individual contacts between people of different races and ideals, such as are brought about by conferences, and utterly frank discussions, lead to an understanding and a readjustment of ideas which is surely the beginning of international reconciliation.

The international mind, the mind which outships the boundaries of nations, and makes for the breaking down of racial and class hates, is being moulded by these contacts and these fellowships. That a conference of Chinese and Japanese students could meet, during the darkest hours of the recent struggle, to discuss the Manchurian question fearlessly, yet without rancour, is some indication of what the World Student Christian Federation is doing in the world to-day. It is the only hope for a unified and permanently peaceful world. Only by the ties of a higher loyalty can men and women be brought to a full realisation of the essential oneness of the human race, and the desperate folly of disunion and hate.

It is only when these people, who have seen in so world-wide an organisation the spirit of internationalism, and the spirit of Christianity working towards love and fellowship, go out into the world and carry with them those principles whose essential rightness they have proved that any hope of reorganisation of world machinery can be found. Temporary patchings can, without doubt, be effected, but the power which rules the world to-day is not merely weak, it is positively wrong, and as such it must make way for another power, with the surer basis of life, and a living adherence to Christian principles. The Universities will come into their own again—men and women will go out from them to take their place in the work of the world, to speak with authority of their faiths, and put into action the only machinery which will turn the world aright—the living practice of the life of Christ—and there will be hope for the world.

Talking About Bridges—

BRIDGES, being as they are at present, in the air, so to speak, my mind irresistibly travels back to another bridge where in the recent past was enacted a scene which, if not official, was certainly historical.

Many, long and dusty were the miles that the Marathon Ten had tramped—miles fraught with much pleasure and no pain, except, of course, for a few raw blisters. And now hope beat high in their sturdy breasts, for lo, ahead of them rose the rusty grandeur of the S—bridge—a fitting goal after a forty-nine mile trek. No longer do their heavy footsteps resound with a dull
thud along the weary route, but they approach as a band of seraphim roaming the airy spaces. What an imposing sight—worth at least a column and a half in the local newspaper! Ten sturdy damsels with faces weather-beaten but resolute, for whom all though of shiny noses and unruly marcells are forgotten. Theirs are the spirits of iron filled with the urge and triumph of the explorer.

As that sun-burned, travel-stained cavalcade passes before the open-mouthed gaze of the semi-civilised inhabitants one is enabled to scrutinise closely each particular unit. First come two sturdy maids with physiques that would put any self-respecting Amazon to shame, clad very simply in shorts and blouses of different hues, the whole surmounted by large straw hats. Their feet, those patient plodders, are encased in McDonnell and East’s men’s half-hose, sale price, and Vic Jensen’s unsurpassed crepe rubber-soled shoes. With wonderful sobriety they set foot on the bridge, and then slowly behind them, “dragging its slow length along” comes the celebrated buggy loaded to capacity with every conceivable object necessary for the physical comforts of a well-organised hiking party. What a superb example of the coach builder’s art of the last century is this antique vehicle! Those towering back wheels with their graceful slough-like movement, immediately proceeded by two smaller brethren who are fearful of being outdone! But, alas, there is a slight hitch in the majestic progress of the procession. Pegasus, that revered veteran, has allowed his excitement to overcome the blaze of his courage and stands, trembling and irresolute with one hoof on the first plank of the bridge. With a little encouragement from a horsewoman of the band Pegasus at length breasts the tide, so to speak, and the caravan moves on once more.

In the rear of the buggy comes a very modern vehicle on two wheels drawn by a bosom friend of Pegasus and driven by a fine example of Queensland womanhood. Gradually, with an apparent nonchalance, the rest of the party, in little knots of twos and threes, pass before our astonished gaze. Proudly and sedately they march along, conscious of the scrutiny of many eyes. Nearer and nearer they come, up the sloping incline of the bridge, until—there is a decided and undignified halt followed by no little confusion. The elderly Pegasus, losing his momentary flare of courage, stands a trembling coward on the now narrowed height of the bridge. The clang of hollow iron under his feet and the rusty looming arches strike terror into his manly bosom. In short, he is in the worst throes of stage-fright. With neck outstretched, quivering nostrils, knocking knees, and staring sclerotics, he stands there an errant coward while the rest of the company with fair words and cajoling promises exhort him to action. Alas, all in vain; Pegasus stands as if turned to stone by the dread sight of Gorgon’s many heads, while scores of irate gentlemen hang out of the ever-increasing line of cars blocked by the caravan of the Marathon Ten. The damsels, however, show great presence of mind and self-possession, remaining unperturbed even when the old gentlemen degenerate from expostulation to virile abuse. Gradually the confusion becomes more intense; Pegasus’s partner, infected by his colleague’s behaviour, becomes uproarious and has to be dealt with firmly. Confusion it would seem is as ambrosia to the spirit of Pegasus, for lo, there comes a great change o’er him—his eyes gleam fire, his muscles relax, and now he steps forth gaily! Triumph! the supreme test is over, and Pegasus, to the enormous relief of all the female hikers, as well as the male motorists, shows that he is worthy to carry the illustrious name of his celebrated predecessor. And now once more, the bitumen road rings with the clear, animated tread of the girl hikers. Zus.
Attention Please!

GEOLOGY TRIPS.

GEOLOGY I.

1st TERM.—Saturday, May 14th, excursion about city—half-day.

2nd TERM.—Saturday, 18th June, excursion to Tamborine Mountain—one day.

Saturday, 9th July, excursion to Taylor Range—one day.

Saturday, 30th July, excursion to Ipswich—half-day.

SECOND VAC.—Excursion to Tewantin and Noosa, August 5th—August 7th.

3rd TERM.—Saturday, September 10th, excursion to Sandgate—half-day.

GEOLOGY II and III.

FIRST VAC.—During the first week a motor car excursion of approximately 350 miles in length will be held over the regions of Beaudesert, Mount Lindsay, and the southern flanks of MacPherson’s Range to Koreclah and Acacia Creek, the Silverwood area north of Warwick, the Darling Downs and Herjen Creek areas.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Commem. Dinner and Dance .... April 8
Boat Club Dance .... April 16
Women’s Tennis Dance .... April 30
Women’s College “At Home” .... May 7
Athletics .... May 11
Women’s Club Dance .... May 14
Women’s Hockey Dance .... June 18
Evening and External Students June 25
Men’s Tennis Club .... July 2
John’s College “At Home” .... July 8
Men’s Hockey Dance .... July 16
Engineering “At Home” .... July 23
Emmanuel College “At Home” August 3
Men’s Club Dance .... Sept. 3
Christian Union Dance .... Nov. 26

INTER-COLLEGE FIXTURES.

At the annual general meeting of the I.C.C. held at St. Leo’s College on March the 18th last the following list of fixtures was drawn up:

CRICKET, 1932—

March 23rd ..... Emmanuel v. King’s
Sept. 14th ..... Emmanuel v. John’s
Sept. 21st ..... John’s v. King’s

CRICKET, 1933—

2nd Wednesday in 1st Term:

John’s v. Emmanuel
King’s v. Leo’s

SWIMMING—April 13th.

ATHLETICS—Same day as ‘Varsity Athletics.

TENNIS—

April 20th ..... Emmanuel v. John’s
April 27th ..... King’s v. Emmanuel
Leo’s v. John’s

The third match to be held on the Wednesday succeeding the Athletics.

FOOTBALL—

June 15th ..... Emmanuel v. John’s
June 22nd ..... King’s v. Emmanuel
June 29th ..... John’s v. Leo’s

ROWING—July 30th.

If tide not suitable, 23rd of July for preference, otherwise suitable date arranged by secretary.
DURING 1931 there were three hundred and forty Union members, an increase of thirty-one over last year's figures. The increase assisted in showing a credit balance of £50 for the year.

A new club, the International Relations Club, carried out a full programme of activities during the year. We hope to see all the Clubs continue their good work during the present year.

The change from a plain school badge to one bearing the University colours, maroon and blue with a third colour gold, has been more than justified. The new badges are very popular.

The first Friday evening in this term was set aside for the "Freshers'" Welcome. About three hundred and fifty dancers graced the floor, a record number. It is to be hoped that some of the introductions effected will ripen into friendships, and that these friendships will be cemented as time progresses. The elimination of programmes called for some criticism. However, the experiment was well worth trying. The function is essentially a welcome to "Freshers" and every endeavour should be made to make it so. If one or two "Freshers" have happy memories of their first social function at the University, then something has been achieved.

A new issue of the Handbook was brought out this year. There is no need for a description of this useful book. The last issue came out in 1929, and we should have sufficient copies of the new issue to carry us into 1935. Each year an appendix will be published, so that everything will be kept up-to-date. Amendments to the Union Constitution and Regulations passed last year are in the new issue.

Commemoration preparations are well under way. Practices are being held regularly. Jack Richards is doing good work as conductor. There is the usual influx of new songs. The tunes are familiar. However, the new words must be committed to memory before Commemoration Day.

Last year it was decided to discontinue the Graduates Circular and in lieu thereof to avail ourselves of the opportunity of having Union matters printed in the Brisbane newspapers. The editors of these papers were anxious to give us sufficient space, and through this medium we might have interested those not in any way connected with the University and also many Graduates who would not receive the circular. However, it was difficult to find somebody ready and willing to undertake the responsibility, and after one attempt the matter was dropped. That is most unfortunate, and this year something must be done to revive the excellent scheme fostered in 1929.

By way of suggestion, more care might be taken of the piano. While the piano is Union property, we are co-trustees. Any abuse is an injustice and a breach of trust, which must react, not only upon the present body of members, but also upon those who will succeed. This applies to all Union property.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society, in accordance with its usual practice, began its activities on the second Friday of term. The subject for this debate was "That Modern Education Fails to Produce Public Spirit." Mr. Schindler adjudicated, giving the verdict to the negative side, which was led by Mr. E. Smith. Mr. D. McCawley led the affirmative.

A large crowd attended at this debate, and we were pleased to see a fair proportion of "Freshers" amongst them. In addition, several of those "Freshers" spoke from the body of the hall, giving promise of upholding the Society in future Inter-Varsity debates.

Two more debates are scheduled to take place in the near future. The first is a lunch-hour debate on Wednesday, 30th March, the subject being "That this Orgy of Commem. should cease." It is expected that this debate will proceed on humorous lines. Next we have the Freshers' Debate on
Friday, April 1st. On this occasion the teams will discuss the subject, "That U.S.A. is a Menace to Civilisation."

This year, we would remind you, is most important for the Society for the annual Inter-Varsity debates are to be held in Brisbane this year during Second Vacation. Up to the present Queensland has not won any of these contests, but we have been second on three occasions. Hence we are desirous of breaking our long run of ill-success, especially as the contests are to take place here.

This year the University is contemplating entering a team in the competitions carried on by the Queensland Debating Societies' Union. The team which represented us in Melbourne last year will form the nucleus of this team, but others will be necessary to help them on occasions, and we must stand behind them if the venture is to be a success.

**EVENING AND EXTERNAL STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**

The Annual General Meeting of the Evening and External Students' Association was held in the Men's Common Room on the evening of Tuesday, 15th March, and was well attended.

In moving the adoption of the Annual Report, the President, Mr. H. F. McGrath, took the opportunity of pointing out to the meeting the scope of the University Union and what it actually was, the good work it was doing, and the relation of the Evening and External Students' Association to the Union. He also pointed out the various advantages which evening students could enjoy by becoming members of the Union, and advised all to obtain the most out of their Varsity course by doing so.

The election of officers for the year 1932 resulted in Mr. H. F. McGrath and Mr. M. J. Burke being re-elected President and Vice-President respectively, while Mr. F. T. Borchardt was elected Hon. Secretary. Others appointed to the General Committee were: Misses C. M. Doneley, W. Walker, G. Burke, R. Felsman, M. Fredericks, O. Strickland, and C. Wittar, Messrs. R. McAlpine, E. Smith, K. Roden, A. Perkin, and V. Wilson.

The remainder of the evening took the form of a Freshers' Welcome. Dancing was indulged in, and the outgoing committee provided refreshments.

The Annual Ball will be held on the 25th June, and it is hoped that the event will prove as popular this year as it has been in previous years.

**WIDER EDUCATION SOCIETY.**

The Wider Education Society began its activities in the second week of term with a lecture by Professor Goddard on "Marine Problems of Torres Strait." This lecture proved most interesting and gave all present a better knowledge of the potential wealth of the Strait region, and the difficulties that must be overcome before its natural resources can be successfully utilised.

The second lecture was delivered on Thursday, 24th March, by Rev. E. H. Burgmann on "The Challenge of Communism." This address, given as it was by one who has a considerable reputation in New South Wales as a public speaker, proved of great value to the large audience.

The W.E.S. will hold its lectures on all available Thursdays throughout the year, and it is hoped that the list will comprise numerous addresses on various topics, Art, Science, World Affairs, etc. Notices of these lectures will be posted in the Main Hall. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary (Mr. W. A. Mahoney) or from any member of the committee.

**WOMEN'S CLUB.**

The last activity of the Women's Club in 1931 was the farewell to the third year students, which took the form of a boat picnic down the river, on Monday, 23rd November.

On Saturday, 15th March, the Freshers were entertained at morning tea in the Main Hall. This is the first time the function has not been held in the Common Room, but the increasing numbers of the Club demanded the departure to the Main Hall. There was a record attendance, and the function was most successful.

The Annual Dance, the second of the Club's activities for the year, will take place on Saturday, 14th May. It is hoped that the attendance will prove the function as popular as usual.
EVANGELICAL UNION.

The Evangelical Union is engaged this term in quiet but steady work. Our ranks have been somewhat depleted owing to several of our leading members being unable to continue their daytime study at the University, but some of the gaps thus caused have already been filled by the Freshers who have linked up with us.

Our work will consist largely in daily Prayer Meetings, a weekly Study Circle, and public addresses by prominent Christian men. Also we intend to circularise all members of the University with suitable literature, which will bring before them the Claims of Jesus Christ.

Our Crusader work in the Secondary Schools has restarted this year and is progressing favourably. Members of the Evangelical Union take charge of various groups in the prominent Secondary Schools of Brisbane. Here they seek to lead the pupils first to a knowledge of Christ as their own Personal Saviour, and then into the fullness of the Christian Life. An Evangelical Union exists also among the trainees at the Teachers’ Training College.

This year we hope to extend our work considerably, especially in connection with the schools, and to continue a witness to a living Jesus Christ.

AUSTRALIAN STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 6th October last year, and the following are the officers for 1932:

President, Mr. N. W. Gillam; Vice-Presidents, Miss K. Sully and Mr. J. F. Morris; Men’s Secretary, Mr. J. L. Buchanan; Treasurer, Mr. H. Bond; Literature Secretary, Mr. F. D. Curlewis; Women’s Secretary, Miss N. Shaw; Treasurer, Miss J. Lecker.

The Annual Dance was held in the Men’s Common Room on November 22nd, and according to accounts everybody had a very enjoyable time.

On November 29th a party of about thirty-three children from the Spring Hill Mission were taken to Sandgate, and we wish to thank all who helped us by lending their cars for this occasion.

Study circles have been started again, and Canon Barrett is leading a circle on Tuesdays at 1.20 p.m. The book being studied by this circle is “Purpose.” A circle led by Mr. Ian Stewart is being held for Freshers, although Freshers, if they so desire may attend the “Purpose” circle. It is the desire of the executive to form a circle to study Social Problems, such as Unemployment, and it is hoped that a great number who are unwilling to come to the other circles will attend this circle. In any case, we wish to advise that students may come along to the circles without being a member of the A.S.C.M.

A feature of the A.S.C.M. activities is the Easter Conference, which was held at the Brisbane Boys’ College, Toowong. About fifteen persons were present for the whole conference and many other members came along for the addresses.

Rev. Burgmann, M.A., Th.Soc., of St. John’s College, Morpeth, N.S.W., was with us and gave a series of three tutorials on “Religion in the Life of the Nation,” Mr. Hamilton, M.A. (Principal of B.B.C.), gave a lecture on the “Students’ Part in International Affairs.” Canon Barrett, M.A., addressed us on “Jesus the Supreme Revelation of God,” while Mr. Joughin, M.A., contributed an address on “God in the Bible.” The conference was opened by Mr. Wallace Pratt, travelling secretary of the A.S.C.M., who has been with us since the beginning of March and has been of invaluable assistance in arranging our programme of activities.

A series of weekly mid-day addresses is being arranged, and these will be held in the Mods. Room each Friday at 1.25 p.m.

Another feature of our activities is a short devotional (about ten minutes) which is held at 8.50 a.m. each Monday in the History Room. This devotional is led by a student.

The A.S.C.M. now has representatives from the Colleges, Faculties and evening students on its committee, and it urges all students to come along to its activities and see for themselves what is being done by the movement.
DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Two readings have been held since last publication of “Galmahra,” and both these functions were highly successful.

At the end of third term, 1931, two of Gilbert’s plays, “The Princess” and “The Palace of Truth” were read by quite a large gathering of members in the Women’s Common Room.

On March 23rd “The Passing of the Third Floor Back,” by Jerome K. Jerome, was read in the Women’s Common Room. Though this function was well attended, the Society was rather disappointed in the number of men freshers present. The talent of a number of fresheresses was excellent, and the Society looks forward to an interesting year in dramatic production.

On May 5th and 12th One-Act Plays will be produced in the Men’s Common Room. Eight plays are being produced, and this means that the number of persons taking part will be large. A notice will be placed in the Main Hall about this function, and any member who is able to take part in the plays should inform the committee.

Later in the term a reading of the play to be produced in a Brisbane theatre will be held, and since the cast is chosen at this reading, there still remains a chance for the undiscovered actor or actress to appear. All members should attend this function, as it is regarded as the most important in the year’s proceedings.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

The activities of this Club have just begun, and a new method of studying international affairs has been initiated. Last year’s meetings showed that the greatest advantages were not being derived from discussions, partly because there were not, at these meetings, persons of sufficient authority on the subject in question and partly because the students themselves as a whole had not a very comprehensive view of the subject. The last-mentioned state of affairs can be rectified by a perusal of some of the excellent reading matter in the special I.R.C. library, provided by the Carnegie Institute. Therein are some of the most up-to-date books and periodicals dealing with world affairs, and fortnightly summaries of international events are also available, so that no one may plead a lack of information on any subjects considered at Club meetings.

This year it is proposed to hold a series of addresses, each of which is to be followed the ensuing week by a discussion group on the subject of the address under the guidance of the lecturer responsible. Discussion should be far more profitable, both because students will be enlightened by the address, and because there will be in the group a leader with expert knowledge. If members use the library in addition they should be able to turn the work of the Club to good account.

The subjects to be dealt with the remainder of this term include The League of Nations and Reparations.

Mr. Molesworth, on March 18th, gave a very interesting account of the political and economic causes of the struggle in Manchuria. The excellent attendance at this address and at the discussion meeting the following Monday was most encouraging. It remains to be seen whether this interest will be maintained in future meetings. It rests with the students themselves.
University Sport

WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

The Inter-Varsity fixtures are to be held in Adelaide this year, and the team has commenced regular practice at Milton. The Club dance will be held on April 30th, and a dance will also be held at Lennon's on Friday, 13th May, to augment funds. Q.L.T.A. fixtures commence after Easter, and the Club has combined with the Men's Tennis Club and entered two teams in A2 mixed division.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

This year there are a number of vacancies in both the "A" and "B" teams. However, the "Freshers" seem to be full of enthusiasm, so these should be easily filled and we should be able to field the two teams in the Queensland Women's Hockey Association fixtures. The Inter-Varsity Carnival will take place in Sydney this year. We hope to increase our funds for the Sydney trip by our Annual Dance, which will be held on June 18th.

The election of officers for 1932 resulted as follows:—
Captain, V. Dent; Secretary, E. Bickerton; Fourth Member of Committee, E. Birkbeck; Fresher Member of Committee, M. Hill.

FOOTBALL.

At the Annual General Meeting held on March 9th, 1932, the following officers were elected: Patron, the Chancellor (the Honourable Sir James Blair, Kt.); President, Mr. J. F. Lynam; Vice-Presidents, Professor Richards, Professor Murray, and Professor Parnell. Dr. Whitehouse, Col. Cameron, and Mr. R. H. Risson; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. G. White; Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. F. McGrath; Delegates to the Sports Union, Messrs. W. G. White and J. Callaghan.

Last year the Sports Union awarded full "blues" to Messrs. J. Clark, Footo, Chan, Nixon-Smith, P. Clark, Vincent, Hamilton, Whyatt, W. G. White, and Hall, and a half "blue" to Mr. R. H. Risson. Mr. W. G. White has been awarded his Australian "blue." We congratulate all recipients.

Training commenced in earnest on March 10th, and the keenness shown throughout the greater part of last season is evident. We have many experienced players from last year. They should stimulate other players and thereby prove great assets to their club. Already many players are in excellent form, the result of settling down to hard work. Form counts, and form is acquired by hard training. It is very noticeable how the "Freshers" have taken training. That is the spirit we look for. Every "Fresher" should make the "A" team his ideal. At the present juncture the provisional selection committee is experiencing great difficulty in grading players. As many as forty men have been training on the Domain at the one time. It speaks well for our prospects. However, the number of "Freshers" increases the selectors' trials; it is difficult to judge a man in such a short time; more especially if his merits are unknown.

This year "A," "B," and "C" grade teams will represent the University. There is every indication that we have excellent material and every player should be held. Again a third team will be of great assistance to the "B" team. Vacancies in the "A" team must be filled, and the usual thing is to call on the "B" team.

Fixtures commence on April 2nd. University will meet Valleys, and when the first issue of "Galmahra" is issued the season will be in full swing. We are looking forward to a very interesting and successful season. Several of the other teams have been greatly strengthened and are expected to make reputations for themselves. The University teams have already made reputations and there is a strong desire to sustain same. There will be five strong teams playing fixtures this year, consequently the standard should be higher and the fruits of victory all the sweeter.

The advantage of having Mr. J. F. Lynam as coach should not be overlooked. He has had a long and varied experience.
and if players co-operate with him they will know more of the game.

We will miss Tomlinson this year. He worked hard for the "B" team, putting his heart and soul into the game for the love of the game. As a leader he will be difficult to replace.

This year we are to have the University Football Carnival in Brisbane. No date has been fixed. However, we expect teams from Sydney and Melbourne during the first vacation. It will be necessary to raise funds to entertain our visitors and we expect strong support when the next dance is held at Lennon’s Hotel.

Playing on the Exhibition Ground will make a big difference both for players and spectators. Next year we hope to have three fields available. When we look back on New Farm ground we begin to appreciate the change and wish the Queensland Rugby Union every success.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

After a rather inauspicious revival last year, the Swimming Club is on its way to regaining its former prestige. At the same time, the support is still rather weak, and the Committee would like a far better attendance at the weekly swim and Polo matches.

Last year a carnival was staged, which was very successful from the social point of view, but not from the financial. This year another carnival will be held on April 13th, and it is hoped that it will be much more successful in every way.

Next year the Australian Inter-Varsity Swimming Carnival is to be held in Sydney and we have the talent but not the cash. Give us the cash and we will produce the talent.

At the Annual General Meeting the office-bearers elected were: President, J. Cran; Vice-President, D. S. Stephenson; Secretary and Treasurer, H. Hassler; Additional Member, F. R. Vincent.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the Men's Club was held on March 16th, the election of office-bearers resulting as follows: President, H. T. Priestley; Vice-President, S. T. Blake; Hon. Secretary, W. S. G. V. Bettridge; Hon. Treasurer, G. H. M. Birkbeck; Committee, Messrs. B. P. Mahoney, C. G. Greenham, B. Martin.

It is proposed to field one "A" grade team and one "B" grade team; and as the Inter-Varsity Hockey Carnival is being held at Melbourne in second vacation, freshers are practising assiduously with a view to obtaining representation in the "A" team.

As usual, the Annual "7-a-side" Hockey Tournament was held at the commencement of the season, a well merited victory being gained by Miss E. Bickerton’s team.

CRICKET CLUB.

The curtain has been rung down on what might be called poor scenes of University cricket.

The "A" team was weak on its first entrance, and maintained a high degree of “stage fright” throughout its entire performance. On one occasion D. Mossop and H. Cafferky played brilliant cricket, but this only proved a flash in the pan.

There was no flexibility in the team on the field, and the rigid postures that were adopted took heavy toll in the number of catches dropped. The bowling could be compared favourably with any other “A” grade team, but the bowlers received little assistance from the field.

E. R. H. Wyeth bowled well throughout the season.

The “B” team commenced the season with great promise, but failed to follow up its advantage. The batting was of good “B” grade standard, and it was perhaps the luck of the game that its batsmen did not all strike form in the same match.

The bowlers were mediocre and suffered greatly from dropped catches.

J. E. Biggs was the most successful bowler.

The fielding was very spasmodic, and on several occasions, an excellent, but unexpected return caught a "set" batsman napping. H. T. Priestley worked very hard on the field, and on coverpoint exhibited a zeal which the whole team could well have copied and used to great advantage.
The annual match with Sydney Uni. was a failure for the home team, and a win for the visitors by an innings and 400 runs. The most concise and apt description of this match is given in the words of a well-known Q.C.A. member, "Sydney just managed to scamper home."

The next excitement for members of the cricket club is the annual meeting, which will be held in July. Here is provided an unique opportunity for all those interested in cricket to see and hear well known players in action.

ATHLETICS CLUB.

The Eighteenth Annual 'Varsity and Inter-College Sports were held on Exhibition Oval on May 13th. The standard was slightly lower than 1930, but competition was keen throughout the day. The Wilkinson Cup was won by R. Hayes, John's College, with J. Channer a close second. The Inter-College contest resulted in a win for St. John's with 14 points, King's second with 12.

The 1931 Inter-'Varsity contest was held at Hobart, but owing to distance and the consequent expense, we did not send a team to contest.

The contest for 1932 is to be held in Melbourne about the end of May, and we hope to be competing with a team of four or six. We ask all members to back us up financially in this. The best way to assist is to make our own Annual Sports on May 11th a success.

ELEGY . . . .

This it is for a country girl to die:
This green hill-side and the glistening trees
She shall not see: nor such as these:
Nor the new-washed blue of this evening's sky.

This it is for a country girl to die:
These golden clouds across the sun
She shall not see: cloudlets that run
In the wind (to float in quiet sky).

This it is for a country girl to die:
The cricket's careless chirruping
Shall she hear not, nor hear the magpie sing.
These things must she leave when she comes to die.

O FAUN WITHIN ME . . . .

O faun within me
Leave me to my thoughts of running brooks
And meadows green
And wonder books.

I would not listen
Thus through long hours to her soft chattering lies,
Caress her hair,
Look in her eyes.

O faun within me
Leave me: for I would pierce the starry sphere,
I would gaze in streams,
Running, clear . . .
Dear Mr. Editor,

I just want to tell you how much I enjoyed those Commem. Practices. As I used to say to Elsie, they were just too marvellous. I mean, when those lovely big men used to throw stones on the roof I could just feel little thrills running up and down my spine because it was so manly and strong and courageous of them wasn't it. I mean, it takes real nerve to go out into the dark all by yourself and throw stones on a roof doesn't it. Then I nearly died laughing when they threw that tomato. I mean they do think of the most unusual things don't they. I'm sure no one else could have thought of doing that. It must be just wonderful to have that kind of brain that can think of such screamingly funny things to do. But it was really about the water that I was thrilled to little bits. Don't you think they were just too magnificent. I mean, they knew us women were there and so they felt it was their duty to be reckless and dashing and bold and so they just threw water all over themselves. As Elsie said, the days of chivalry are not over yet. Because I mean don't you think its wonderful how the presence of us women spurred them on. Anyway Mr. Editor I hope they see my little letter because I would like them to know what we think about them.

Sue.

The Editor, "Galmahra."

Dear Sir,

I would like to draw your attention to the present parlous condition of the noble and beautiful art of dancing, especially within this University. I write certainly as an elderly graduate, one who has passed the bloom of youth and the days for dancing, but with all the fervour of one who has seen in the one week a 'Varsity hop and a minuet danced on the stage, I did not stay long at the dance, but what I saw shook my deepest sensibilities, for, Mr. Editor, what I saw could only have been engendered by years of decadence. Not only did the decay of manners offend me—I have been in China for over twenty years—but the exiguity of feminine appeal shocked my unaccustomed eyes—had I wandered by mistake to some house of shame?—but no, the governor's arms hung before me, and this was the Main Hall of Queensland's seat of learning, these the cream of Queensland's youth—self-styled—shamelessly dancing their weird dances to tunes which are nothing but an adaptation of African sexual rhythms. Not only was the sight morally revolting—aesthetically it was worse. To one who had just gazed upon the stately grace and ceremonial of the minuet the contortions even of those who were evidently expert, were an unbearably ugly sight. But most, or so it seemed to me, were far from being masters of the "art"—they trampled on one another's toes, they collided, their feet meandered one way and in one step, their partners in another direction and a different step, until I turned in disgust and revulsion from the hideous sight. I am not of this University, and have no influence herein, but surely you, and the heads of other bodies, could somehow put a stop to the degeneration and decadence which I saw displayed that night. Will you not, Mr. Editor, make an attempt to save your fellow undergraduates from utter moral and aesthetic ruin? I am, Sir, etc.,

"Shocked."

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to encroach so far on your valuable space as to suggest a few improvements which might be made in the cosmos of the Students' Christian Movement. If I may say so, the inclusion in its midst of a few violent atheists, agnostics, materialists, and Aesthetes would greatly benefit the movement. At present, in this University at least, the members are all too much of one mind; there is not enough competition, enough challenge to it. Inside the movement, the members do not disagree among themselves except on small and insignificant side issues; by those outside, the institution is treated with an indifference more
or less tinged with contempt, against which it is impossible to fight with any enjoyment.

The thing which does most to keep atheists from the study circles is the wide-eyed and pained astonishment with which their propositions about the non-existence of a deity are received. Is it that the Christians have so little vision that they fail to imagine that anyone can exist without presupposing the existence, not only of a deity, but of one who is intensely interested in the affairs and life of every individual human being? The trouble is, that all arguments are based on this presupposition. The contestants are not allowed to argue to the conclusion that there is no deity; they must start from the premise that there is one, and thence draw beautiful and logical conclusions in regard to his goodness. This is well enough when all are convinced, but merely irritating to one who is still looking for truth. And after all, this complacent agreement on the main points brought up for discussion is far less stimulating, and thus less interesting, than a fight in which the two sides really disagree.

Atheists require intellectual pep, and will not waste their time following the meanderings of a discussion about the meaning of one word, nor do they like being regarded more in pity than in anger, the while someone exclaims: "Oh, but if you had faith." The fact is, the atheist has no faith, and would like to know how it is acquired.

What I have mentioned above may be a strength, in that it holds the members banded together against the world of doubt; but it is also a weakness, in that it tends to make the movement a somnolent one. There is another weakness which tends to repel the more sensitive Christians, and this is that the members must as it were stand up and testify to that which they hold most sacred. We are, it is true, exhorted to let our light shine before men, but in this there is an element of the self-advertisement of the soap box type, to which the more reticent among our number are averse. At study circles and other meetings of the movement there is often a sentimental emphasis laid upon those emotional experiences which are generally veiled in reserve; and in this lack of reticence there is a certain voluptuousness from which we naturally shrink. It is difficult to believe that anyone really thinks it right to indulge in displays of this type; an appeal is made to the protective emotions of otherwise Fabian Christians; they are challenged to stand up like Crusaders for their faith, against the swarming hoards of those who would mock their beliefs; and, answering this appeal, this challenge, with the emotion of a moment rather than with a rational course of action, they are driven to testify in a manner alien to their true selves. Once started, native obstinacy does the rest, and cold reason is forgotten. Surely this form of hysteria is not a good thing in a Christian movement.

If the Movement is to justify its existence, it must help to the way of belief those people who would not otherwise find it, instead of merely serving as a happy opportunity for those people to meet who would in any case be Christians.

Pro Bono Publico.
Vestibularia

Wallace Pratt, the travelling Secretary of the Students’ Christian Union, has been here for the Easter Conference at Toowong, and has stayed at St. John’s College.

There is a long list of engagements to be announced in this issue—we congratulate them all.

Elizabeth Nimmo to Dr. Sandy Trout; Ken Carmichael to Freda Barbous; Jimmy Nicklin to Miss Le Grand; Evelyn Auriac to Dr. Michlin—for this pair the state of matrimony should be gilded, as they intend to go on a world tour for their honeymoon; Cec. Ellis to Miss Stockdale; Naida Backhouse to Andy Thompson; Thelma Nissen to Walter Weeks—who, with Betty, his sister, hopes to be in Brisbane in June; John Oxnam to Leila Barker; Eileen O’Hara to Tom Barry; Britta Osborn to a contractor in Mackay, whose name, we are sorry to say, we do not know.

Lucy Shaw is head of the Clarendon Ladies’ College in Ballarat.

Topsy Bell—nee Bartholomew—went off in a flutter to spend a fortnight in California before returning with her husband.

Marjorie Hopkins and Walter Harrison are married now and flatting in South Brisbane. Mrs. Harrison is lecturing in History at the ‘Varsity.

Ferg Wood and his wife (nee Hazel Fisher) have hied them to Warwick, where Ferg is teaching the young idea.

Dave Atherton is also far from the metropolis. He is at the cotton research station at Biloela. Edmon Behne, on the other hand, has been transferred from Mackay to the Brisbane Department of Agriculture.

Vebe Gardner and Marjorie Popple are both on the staff of St. Faith’s School, at Yeppoon. Rumour hath it that they find the ecclesiastical atmosphere rather wearing. Barbara Shields seems to have felt the same restriction, for she resigned from St. Mary’s last year, and is teaching at the Ipswich Grammar School.

Don Dunstan and Phyllis Fullarton are married and live in Gympie, where Don teaches.

Reg. Groom and Jessie Butcher also got married during the long vac.

Mary Bennet—one of the first grads.—is the proud mother of four on a farm outside Mackay.

Alan Summerville and his wife—nee Betty Barker—have a daughter. Congratulations.

Daughters seem rather popular this year: for Mrs. Brotherton (nee Hilda Cleminson) and Mrs. Horner (formerly Mavis Sumner) both have them.

Joan Cue is in clover now, and can look forward to a comfortable old age with a Government pension—she is Science Abstractor on the Prickly Pear Board.

Julia Hulbert—nee Birkbeck—has returned to her natal shores from Khartoum, bringing with her her son and daughter. She is staying at her home in Brisbane at present, but expects to go to Rockhampton shortly.

Cec Hadgraft has joined John Hardy on the staff at Orange, N.S.W.

A popular resort for Grads. this year is the Training College. Among the crowd in the Common Room were noticed Mary Trotter, Isabel Blue, Kath Atherton, Mairi MacKillop, Kath Watson, Beryl Brown, Betty Mills, Eunice Hanger, Gloria Reid, Dora Harding, Crissie Cameron, and Bill Williams and David Orr.

Dice Mills, who has been converting the heathens in Papua, is now on a trip to Melbourne. Patience Rowe is also carrying on the same good work.

Gordon Miles is in America meeting the big men in plant breeding there.

Mary Stephenson is back in Brisbane teaching at the Grammar School.

We have an apology to make. Bill Young is not rat poisoning; he is a sugar chemist who in his spare time does surveying, from the back of an ancient crock. George Wilson is spreading the death among rats.

Harry Russell has finished his exams., and we hear that he’s denting people in the city somewhere.
The engagement was announced early this year of Alice Stockdale and Cec. Ellis, a pillar of Kings, both being U.Q. grads.

Ken Hooper (3rd year Medicine in Sydney) continues to shine in the cricket world.

The Rev. Canon W. E. C. Barrett, who tended the St. John flock throughout 1931, has been made Dean of Brisbane. We offer our congratulations.

The Rev. C. C. Hurt, an Honours Graduate of Cambridge, has been appointed in his place.

BLESSING . . . .
[Sung by the Poet one First Term Night.]

O H-riet!
Thou who around the L-moon
Dost carry't—
Jugs of The Best to men, and
Daintiest glasses
For the dancing lasses
O, tarry yet
And hear me out!

[Here the Poet considereth long and at last pronounceth his blessing, which appeareth so amazingly good to his sodden ears that he laugheth till he is taken home at dawn . . . .]

Bleshed thou art!
Frien' H-riet!
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND UNION

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS

From 4th October, 1930, to 2nd October, 1931.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RECEIPTS</th>
<th>PAYMENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>RECEIPTS</strong></td>
<td><strong>PAYMENTS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>f s. d.</td>
<td>f s. d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Balances on 4th October, 1930—</td>
<td>By General Account—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Account</td>
<td>Annual Report, 1930</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men's Club</td>
<td>Repairs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's Club</td>
<td>Petty Cash Advance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debating Society</td>
<td>Honorarium to Auditor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Society</td>
<td>License (Procession)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wider Ed. Society</td>
<td>Boracic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Even. and External Students' Assoc.</td>
<td>Badges</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic Society</td>
<td>Entertainment Tax Bond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineering Undergrads' Society</td>
<td>Crockery Purchased</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Repairs to Spectacles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Photos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cheque Book</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Freshers' Welcome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rhodes Scholar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Telephone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Stationery, Stamps, and Duplicating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Circular to Graduates, Paper, Postage and Duplicating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“Galmahra” (Expenses from 1930)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Exchange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Australian League of Nations—Affiliation Fee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amounts Received</strong></td>
<td><strong>Amounts Received</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Account—</td>
<td>Grants—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outstanding Accounts, 1930</td>
<td>Men’s Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest</td>
<td>Women’s Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song Books</td>
<td>Debating Society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subscriptions</td>
<td>Musical Society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Badges</td>
<td>Magazine Committee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hire of Crockery and Piano</td>
<td>Even. and External Students’ Assoc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sales of Paper, etc.</td>
<td>International Relations Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>Gattun College Students</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Profit on Commem. Dinner</td>
<td><strong>Supplement to Handbook</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petty Cash Re-banked</td>
<td>“Galmahra” Subscriptions—340 @</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Galmahra” (1930)</td>
<td>“Galmahra” Life Members’ Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collection, Commem. Pracs.</td>
<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Galmahra” Excess Receipts over</td>
<td>Trans. to Piano Sinking Fund</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Payments</td>
<td>Trans to Crockery Equipment Fund</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Constituent Bodies</th>
<th>Expenditure</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Debating Society</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic Society</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Musical Society</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Evening and External Students' Association</td>
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<tr>
<td>Engineering Undergrads.' Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>International Relations Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wider Education Society</td>
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<tr>
<td>Men's Club</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's Club</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Bank Balances on 2nd October, 1931**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Account</th>
<th>Balance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General Account</td>
<td>£1033 8 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men's Club</td>
<td>£101 1 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's Club</td>
<td>£96 8 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debating Society</td>
<td>£2 4 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic Society</td>
<td>£32 1 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Society</td>
<td>£115 18 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wider Education Society</td>
<td>£1 1 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Even. and External Students' Assoc.</td>
<td>£2 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engineering Undergrads.' Society</td>
<td>£8 1 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>International Relations Club</td>
<td>£1 0 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Less Musical Society (overdrawn) £4 13 0

£1033 8 3

Audited and found correct.

A. F. HEYNE, F.C.A.,
Secretary-Treasurer.
2nd October, 1931.

NOTE.-The whole of the interest from Life Members' Fund, amounting to £1/15/2, has been transferred to the General Fund to meet other expenses of Life Members.
It has been suggested to me several times during the last few weeks that the first term issue of "Galmahra," being issued as it is, on Commem. Day, might be considerably lighter and more like the Degree Day "Rags" of certain other Universities. But it would be a dangerous experiment, to my mind. The standard of "Galmahra" as it stands, the good old conservative of years, is high and its cultural value definitely existent. Whereas the suggested form might so easily fall flat. Have you ever been to, say, an Arts III meeting, where everyone is trying to think of witty things for the procession display? It's hard work! Still the idea is worth thinking on. Some future and braver Editor, perhaps . . .

The standard of the verse included in this term's magazine is a little above the average. "Panic" is beyond our criticism, and the "Lines to a Local Celebrity" are jolly good, while some of the shorter pieces are dainty. The prose was not so pleasing, and gave the staff some worry. We would like to thank Professor Michie for his obituary article on Professor Priestley.

The "Portrait of a Lady" will be the first of a series, we hope, and contributions of this nature are always welcome.

People have handed in their copy in fairly good time—but the laurels are too flimsy for them to rest upon them next term.

Once again we have a new cover design. It is a pity that the Union cannot standardise some one design and stick to that.

Lastly, please start writing for the second term magazine straight away. You are invited to send the manuscript in as early as you can—even this term.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges: "Tamesis," "Hermes," "Honi Soit," "The Australian Intercollegian," "The Magazine of the University of London"; and several others were also received which, he regrets, he cannot name at present.