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On Helping Ourselves

The University always has been in need of money; and since the need is now greater than ever before we are now more than ever concerned how to obtain it. Necessarily, since the University is so young, the outstanding argument to be used in any campaign to raise funds would be the all-too-obvious fact that our present limited facilities and outgrown accommodation do not allow us to carry out all those important functions that we could and would willingly undertake: that, while we are carrying on cheerfully and giving of our best, we could do more and give more under more appropriate conditions.

Such arguments largely are based on promises for the future. But the public is more interested in our achievements and in our activities of the moment; and by these we have a much more satisfying means of gaining interest and support. There was a time when we felt that our efforts were ignored, perhaps even despised. There was current a popular catch-phrase about the University being the home of the idle rich—an amusing title when one considers the finances of the average student. But, little by little, we have been creating an interest that promises much for the future. And this is very largely due to the keen and whole-hearted concern for the welfare of the University that has been taken by every member of it.

Of the obvious public interest that is developed by the good work of our graduates, and that which is created by the activities of the staff in the University Extension Movement, little need be said. But there is one other influence at work which is doing for the University a vast amount of good—an influence that is all the more effective since it is prompted essentially by the interest of the workers in the work itself.

Most of the departments of the University are carrying on research. Much of this has no popular appeal and the public, consequently, knows little of the quiet and valuable work that is going on within our walls. Other lines of research, however, have caught and are holding public attention in that they have a direct economic bearing. The energies of the Biology Department in its work on pest control and eradication, plant and animal breeding, and other aspects of Economic Biology, have attracted attention throughout Australia. The University has given its services to the Brisbane cross-river problem, the petroleum investigation, and many other problems in the scientific and economic development of the State. Such lines of research have aroused a large public interest in the University.

The undergraduate efforts have been just as well received. This year the Union has given three entertainments to the public of Brisbane—the Commemoration procession, the Dramatic Society's performances and the Musical Society concert. All three have aroused most favorable comment. The procession was excellent. The topical sketches were well arranged and appealing; and those in charge have cause to be congratulated. The Dramatic Society has staged the best performance in its history—a performance for which there has been nothing but praise. The Musical Society
also has given the best concert in its record. At both the Dramatic and Musical performances the audiences were larger than ever before. That in itself is a sign of growing public interest. And there are other signs—the second half of the musical concert was broadcast from 4QG; the Musical Society has been asked to take part in the forthcoming Brisbane Musical Festival; while there is a rumour that the same society, with a little outside help, is soon to give in Brisbane the first performance in Queensland of the Bach B minor Mass.

With such an excellent record, both societies must have even larger audiences next year. And if they can maintain this high standard, or even improve upon it, there will be no difficulty in building upon this interest already aroused, a permanent public interest in and appreciation of undergraduate effort.

Thus, although it may be necessary for us to seek financial support by public "drives," there can be no doubt that all bodies of the University—the staff, graduates and undergraduates—are gradually and very surely arousing a much more lasting support of and interest in University work by their very efforts to produce something very well worth while, mainly for the joy of doing it.

It was this spirit that created the Book of Student Benefactors whereby students personally help the University; and it is this same spirit which surely will build up a body of benefactors from people who have otherwise no connection with the University.

MY SONG.

I wish that I could write a song,
A song like tremulous, low laughter
That lingers, haunting, so that long
Long years after
Both you and I are nothing more
Than so much dust whirled by the wind,
Some searcher of an ancient store
Of books will find
My verse and marvel at its loveliness:
And how one could in words such thoughts express.

How shall I write this song of mine?
In words that ring, in words that clash
Loud-sounding words? Or words like wine
That drug the soul? Or words that flash
Brilliant, swift-winged, like jewels flung
Under the noon-sky? Should they be
Old, well-worn words, or words yet young,
Or simple words like "you" and "me"?

With you the subject of my rhyme,
Cannot I write one that will live—
A sounding gong that rings through time?
Can I not make of what you give
To me a monument of praise,
So, that when we are swiftly gone—
Thin wind-blown dust of later days—
You and your beauty will live on?

N. E. Moore Raymond.
This year the University suffered a very great loss in the death of its Chancellor, the Hon. A. J. Thynne. In our short history we have had a series of remarkably brilliant and able men holding the chief office of the University; and it is in no small way due to their talent and industry that the University has made such excellent progress in the short seventeen years of its history.

Sir William MacGregor, Sir Pope Cooper, Sir Matthew Nathan, and the Hon. A. J. Thynne. To any Queenslanders these names bring to mind four remarkable personalities—men who always will be remembered for their great services to the State. To us they mean something more personal than that; for all four men have given much to the University, and for all that the University means. It was, therefore, no light task to choose a fitting successor to the Hon. A. J. Thynne.

The choice of the Senate has fallen upon the Chief Justice, the Hon. J. W. Blair; and one cannot but feel that we have in our present Chancellor a man who will carry on well the work that so well has been begun. It is also of no little significance that now, as Chancellor of the University of Queensland, we have a man, born in Queensland, whose energetic public life ever has been devoted to the interests of this State.

James William Blair was born at Ipswich in 1871, and was educated at the Ipswich Grammar School. After his school days, though his interests lay largely in the directions of literature and engineering, he chose the Law as his profession. In 1894 he was called to the Bar and entered the chambers of Mr. T. J. Byrnes, then Attorney-General. As a barrister he quickly established a reputation in the profession for his work in criminal cases.

In 1902 he entered politics and represented Ipswich as an Independent during the Philip Ministry, and for thirteen years retained his seat in Parliament as member for Ipswich. In the Morgan Ministry he was appointed Attorney-General—this at the early age of 32. This office he continued to hold in the succeeding Kidston Government until its defeat in 1907. From 1907 until 1912 Mr. Blair sat as a private member; but, from 1912 until 1915, in the Denham Ministry, he held the office of Minister for Education.

In 1908 Mr. Blair was offered a northern judgeship, but this honour he declined. Looking back it seems well for Queensland that he did so, for there was much useful work that he was destined to perform in the political world. As Minister for Education he was able to introduce many reforms and improvements in the educational policy of the State; and the present system of Extension Scholarships is one of the innovations for which he was responsible.

On his retirement from political life Mr. Blair again began his practice at the Bar, and his ability as a lawyer, his keen intellect and his remarkable gifts as an orator soon built for him a flourishing practice in which he soon was recognised as the leading member of the Bar in the Court of Criminal Appeal.

In 1922, on the retirement of Sir Pope Cooper and Justices Real and Chubb, Mr. Blair was appointed a Judge of the Su-
preme Court in the Central and Northern divisions. On the death of Mr. Justice McCawley in 1925 he succeeded as Chief Justice of Queensland. It is a fine tribute to the man that this appointment was made unanimously by a Cabinet of the Labour Party, notwithstanding the fact that earlier, in his political career, he had been a strong opponent of the party.

Mr. Blair is no newcomer to the University. He was a member of the first Senate of the University in its later years and was appointed to the present body in 1925. Further, as Minister for Education in the early days of the University, Mr. Blair was brought in very close contact in that anxious time when the policy of the University was being moulded.

Such, in very brief outline, is the career of the man whom the Senate has chosen to be its fifth Chancellor. And his personal characteristics are no less remarkable than his achievements. The Chief Justice is known throughout Australia as one of the most brilliant speakers of the day. His rare gifts, genial personality and lively interest in men and affairs have made him a familiar figure throughout the State, and no more popular person could have been chosen for the position as Chancellor. Long before his appointment to the Judiciary his sporting activities and love of music made him a prominent figure in the social life of Queensland.

Since his recent appointment to the position he has shown his very active interest in our affairs in many ways. He is laying the foundations for future work by seeking a close personal acquaintance with all members of the University and with the activities and methods of all its departments. His personal influence in other directions already is being felt; and we confidently await the good results which must surely come to us from his association as Chancellor of the University.

**

Graduates versus Under-Graduates

Once each year the Men Graduates Association challenges the undergraduates to a debate. Their objects are to get into closer touch with the present students and to aid the University team in its preparation for the inter-university debates.

This year the chosen subject is "that, under present conditions, celibacy is preferable to married life." The pleasure of moving this motion will fall to the graduates. It will be their aim to dispel undergraduate delusions about the happiness of married life. The teams taking part will be: for the graduates, Dr. F. W. Whitehouse, Messrs. L. D. Watson and R. L. Cooper; for the undergraduates, Messrs. Hardie, Bradford, and Banditi.

For the undergrads, the debate is most important, as the subject is one which they may have to debate against the Southern universities. The Debating Society, with the consent of the Men Graduates Association, is taking advantage of the opportunity offered to raise a little money towards the expenses of the Southern trip of the University team. The debate will be held on Thursday evening, August 4th, in the Geology lecture theatre.

The occasion alone should ensure a good attendance. Those who last year heard the amusing debate between the Graduates and the Imperial Universities' team on an allied subject, need no further encouragement to attend this debate, which promises to be no less amusing and entertaining.
The University has now the promised bust of Sir Matthew Nathan, its late Chancellor. This magnificent piece of work, cast in yellowish bronze, stands on a fine pedestal of maple in the Senate Room. It is the work of Miss Daphne Mayo, herself a Queenslander, and is in every way a most fitting ornament to the University and a tribute to the man whom it represents.

The University asked for a bust of Sir Matthew; and we would have been pleased with a portrait in bronze. But the work is very much more than that. It speaks eloquently the character and personality of the man who served the University so zealously as Chancellor during the last few years. Sir Matthew’s head is an interesting study for a sculptor and absorbingly interesting character study Miss Mayo seems to have found it. We have every reason to be proud of possessing such a treasure—a fine work of art to express the individuality of a man who has done much for the University.

Of Miss Mayo’s work in general it is not necessary for us to speak. Her reputation is international. We congratulate ourselves sincerely that the University is the first public body in Queensland to have and house a work of her creation.
A Memorial to Kenneth ffoukes Swanwick

Members of the University will be interested in the following extracts from letters written by Miss Dorothy W. Jones, Secretary to the World Association for Adult Education, 16 Russell Square, London.

Mr. Swanwick, a graduate of Sydney, was associated with the University from its earliest days, being evening lecturer in mathematics, and, at various times, part-time lecturer in other departments. During the war he was connected with the Ministry of Munitions in London. On his return to Queensland he again took up work at the University, and continued to lecture in the Department of Mathematics until his sudden death in 1925. His colleagues and students remember him chiefly as a man of most unselfish character, keenly anxious to help all with whom he came in contact. It is very pleasing to us to know that his memory is being kept so fittingly in the heart of the Empire.

Miss Jones writes:

8th July, 1926.

"We have been thinking about a memorial to Mr. Swanwick. At a meeting of the Council held recently, it was agreed that the memorial should take the form of the furnishing and equipment of a room which is to be placed at the disposal of our members and visitors from overseas:

"We have in our roomy and well-lighted basement, a big kitchen from which we have removed the kitchen range and inserted a reproduction of an old-fashioned dog-grate. The dresser and other fixtures have been painted bog-oak shade, and the walls are distempered in a cheerful orange tint.

"Leading out of this room is a large scullery, where all the necessary preparations can be made for the supply of tea and so forth. When finished the room will be entirely at the disposal of the members and visitors from overseas whenever they choose to use it, and we hope it will also be used at some social gatherings in conjunction with our committee-room upstairs.

"Those of our members on the Council who know Mr. Swanwick feel that there could be no more fitting tribute to his memory in this house than a room consecrated to good fellowship, because in all his activities in the Adult Education Movement over here, he always emphasized the necessity for the social side. We hope very much that this idea will appeal to his friends. Our object is to furnish the room suitably yet quite simply in a style which we feel he would have approved. On a rough estimate it will cost £120."

5th April, 1927.

"The Swanwick Memorial room is to be opened formally to members on Thursday next, April 7th. It will, I think, be very comfortable. We have a nice tiled lino. on the floor. The furniture is of natural cane, with little glass-topped tables, and we have pretty chinz curtains on the windows."

The World Association for Adult Education was founded by Mr. Albert Mansbridge, who is Chairman of the Council, to promote better understanding amongst the peoples of the present generation and citizens of all countries. Mr. Swanwick, who was in London when the movement was inaugurated, by being wholly in sympathy with and enthusiastically interested in it, did much to help on the good work. The central office was first at 13 John Street, Adelphi, Strand, but as the movement grew and the work increased enormously these rooms were found to be far too small, and in July, 1926, the new premises in 16 Russell Square were occupied, and it is here that the Swanwick Memorial room has been opened."
August, 1927.  

The Duke of York

The University has now upon its list of members the name of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The degree of LL.D. (honoris causa) was conferred with all that pomp and pageantry that befit the occasion. There was the procession, the Latin oration, the Prince’s reply. There was also the music of the State orchestra. And there was the undergraduate part of the proceedings, without which any degree ceremony might be dull.

It is not often that a University chooses to enlarge its list of graduates with honorary degrees. It may be decades before we can have again the opportunity of welcoming a member of the Royal Family. It is no wonder, therefore, that the hall was crowded—crowded with people who carried away thoughts of interest in the ceremony, and amusement at the undergraduate comments. And judging from the letter of appreciation which the Union has received from his private secretary, no one was more interested and amused than the Duke himself.

We congratulate ourselves that now we can regard His Royal Highness as a member of our University.

**

Charles Robert McLean

A Memorial.

The University lost one of its finest graduates at the death of C. R. McLean, M.Sc., early in November last year.

After eight years at the Townsville Grammar School, of which in his last year he had been head boy, and captain of cricket and football, Charles Robert McLean entered the Queensland University in 1918, having won a scholarship at the early age of sixteen. He straightway entered thoroughly into Varsity life, played in the first XI and the first XIII, and was treasurer of the Men’s Union in his final year. He graduated in March 1921, with second-class honours in Biology.

Following graduation he taught for five years at his old school. His success was brilliant. To him in large measure was due the consistency, remarkable for a small school, with which the Townsville school gained a position in the scholarship lists, while at the same time he laid the foundations of many bright cricket and football careers. In 1926 he was appointed Science Master at Scot’s College, Sydney, which position he continued to hold until his death.

So much for his career, of which sufficient has been related to indicate that it was one of fine achievement for a man of his years. Those who knew him best while deploring a bright future too early cut short, are harder hit by the deep personal loss which his death inflicts. Undergrads. of the 1918-1920 period will remember the sturdy, self-reliant, energetic youth whom they knew as “Podge” McLean, whose overflowing spirits led him into every “rag” from the ordinary college raid to playing ring-a-rosy round unimaginative policemen—they will remember him as he was then, and will find it hard to think of him as dead. Some of us were privileged to know him in the maturity of his gifts, and to discover, in more intimate friendships, qualities which even the continual encounters of the undergrad. period may not have revealed. And we remember a manly fellow, determined, courageous, generous: a fellow who worked hard and played hard; ever ready for a jest, yet quick to sympathise and quick to help. To us it is but the best of poor consolation to reflect now that he is gone, that it is an honour to have called him friend.

F.H.W.
Student Benefactions

As the intention of these reports to "Galmahra" is to make them into a continuous history of the Student Benefactions plan, it is inevitable that some things appearing in them will seem like ancient history.

To take up the parable, however, from last report, it will be remembered that the aim suggested by the sub-committee was: fifty pounds at least in each of the Faculty funds before Degree Day! This aim was not realised, for two very good reasons. Firstly, student benefactors preferred to gang their own gait and give to funds other than those of the Faculties, which is quite a healthy sign of interest. Secondly, the time remaining after the Duke’s visit was too short to allow the committee’s aim to be widely known. But the results were very good in spite of this; even on the very morning of Degree Day a newspaper paragraph brought in several gifts by telephone. A total in all funds of £306/10/3 was reached on this day, when the Book of Student Benefactors formally was presented to the Chancellor by the President of the University Union.

Amounts in S.B. Fund.

Since Degree Day more gifts have come to hand, and the separate totals then and now (23rd July) are as follow:

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<th>Fund</th>
<th>£</th>
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<tr>
<td>Library Fund</td>
<td>174</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arts Faculty Fund</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Engineering</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>16</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sports</td>
<td>15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Specified Gifts</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unspecified purposes</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
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Grand Total        | £306| 10 | 3
|                    | £356| 1  | 1

As the total gifts on the 1st January were £255/12/5, it is highly pleasing to record an increase over £100 in the first half of this year.

The Book of Student Benefactors.

The S.B. Book has aroused general admiration and satisfaction, not to say surprise, at its artistic quality. The Union is to be congratulated on having added a unique work to the few artistic treasures as yet in Queensland, a work wholly Australian in materials and craftsmanship, and having an increasing significance as the years roll by, and the signatures of students fill up its pages. Both the City and the Country Press of Queensland published paragraphs and appreciative articles on the book, which was exhibited in Paling’s window in Queen-street. Before coming to Brisbane it had been shown also in the University of Sydney and in the Mitchell library, besides receiving full notice in several of the Sydney papers. A paragraph from the "Sydney Morning Herald" is worth quoting:—"The work is truly magnificent, and the glory of having one's name written indelibly on parchment between these marvellous covers should coax money even from people as traditionally penniless as undergraduates. With supreme optimism the University (i.e., Union) has made an enormous volume of this work, sufficient to hold thousands of names, but one with a knowledge of the economics of University students is inclined to fear that when the last benefactor signs his name he will look back on the first inscription with something of the incredulous wonder we bestow on the Piltdown skull and other prehistoric things."

The fears of the writer of the last sentence need not worry us, nor even our own danger of becoming in some sense "prehistoric." The book is calculated to hold the signatures of about two centuries of students: if by giving each one half an inch of immortality instead of three-quarters, it lasts longer, so much the better! Moreover, the essence of the S.B. plan is that it is continuous, developmental, cumulative. It is also oblivion-proof: the hand-written sheets at the beginning of the Book of Benefactors contain all the essentials of the plan, so that
if it marked time for a century it could begin again merely by a student opening the book and carrying on.

The congratulations and thanks of the Committee have been expressed to the

Some Details of Gifts.

The usual undergraduate voluntary collection on Degree Day added £1/2/6 to the Union Furnishing Fund. The women students of Second Arts had 10/-

artists, Miss Eirene Mort and Miss Nore Weston, who have regarded the work of two months rather as a labour of love. The cost of the book to the Union in materials and workmanship is about £65.

over from their procession display. They thought of giving this to the Arts Faculty Fund, but in so doing they made it grow by some mysterious process to £1/10/-.

An external student, who had already
given a contribution, felt impelled to send a threefold sum on graduation.

**Fryer Memorial Library.**

This welcome gift of a reading library of Australian literature was initiated by the Dramatic Society, as described in the last report. Since then the University has purchased a bookcase big enough for the needs of some time to come. The book-case is well-made, of well seasoned Queensland cedar, and has an individuality in keeping with its purpose. The next step is to buy books with the Dramatic Society’s gift, and to receive as many others as students, past or present, desire to give. Temporarily, there will be room in the case for the Union Library of books of academic interest initiated by the gifts of H. J. J. Sparks.

The Dramatic Society deserves well of the University. Their last performance was not only most enjoyable, but also, one hears, most profitable, and the Society has already decided to allot as much as possible of the proceeds to another Student Benefaction—this time the Union Furnishing and Equipment Fund. It looks as though U.Q.D.S. is getting the habit!

**S.B. Policy.**

The next need is a table for the display of the Book of Student Benefactors in the Library. Of course, any old table with a glass case would do, but there is prospect at present of something much better being acquired by the University—a table of Queensland bean tree of special design, suitable for the particular purpose, and for use in ceremonial functions. This is worth waiting for.

The S.B. committee are also planning to secure a suitable book-plate and design for inscription on brass for all Student Benefactors. Once again, only the best will do for this purpose. Further, the committee desire that all Benefactors who have not yet signed the book should do so as soon as possible, or authorise proxies to do it for them. Students are asked to bring the matter to the attention of any whom they know from the list posted in the vestibule.

Finally, the committee are compiling a “book of needs” and possible sources of supply. Suggestions of either needs or means of fulfilling them, will be welcomed.

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**RONDEAU.**

I cannot say to you what I
Would gladly say. And, though I try,
Though thoughts of music, lovely things,
Surge in my breast, their music brings
No words, no token of my cry.

My voice is still, its accents die,
There are no words for my reply.
My thoughts, that beat their prisoned wings,
I cannot say.

And songs within me drifting by
Fade as I try to sing them—fly
And leave behind mere echoings,
Paint ghostly emblems—why, oh why
I cannot say!
For the members of the Eight the last week of the First Term went out in a mad orga of two courses a night; and the standing jokes of the earlier weeks, “just up to the corner” and “make it a steady paddle, get a good catch, and a hard finish but don’t do any work”—an unfailing source of ironic mirth—came to be regarded in the light of the good old days of the centenarian. Our final Sunday in Brisbane was the occasion of a most excellent three mile, which gave us tremendous encouragement. On the Monday Four and Seven departed, and were followed next day by the remainder. An earlier start would have been made but for the fact that Bow and Six, inspired by the call of duty and a fear of Lytton, were attending, their intervals between rows, their annual camp.

On the journey down we acquired a roll of rugs and a suit case. A suspicion of kleptomaniac tendencies in one of our members was, however, finally allayed by the assumption that our findlings had come to us during the usual display of incompetence to which the railway officials treated us at the Border. Eventually, after more than the usual allowance of unaccountable stoppages, the express arrived in Sydney many minutes late; with the result that such of our friends who had gathered to meet us had to be contented with carrying on a rear-guard action of caresses and conversation between platforms. Shortly afterwards we were being welcomed to Emu Plains by our advance party with tales of the luxuriousness of the apartments that awaited us at our hotel.

It was labelled “The Orient,” either from the truly oriental slovenliness of its management or merely from the fact that it lay on the west side of Penrith. In the house itself we discovered all the more modern inconveniences; but the conduct of the bar trade was apparently something more than ordinary. However, there were redeeming features, principally quantities of food. Nevertheless, it was on the occasion of our first meal that Mr. Watson circulated his first “bon mot.” Prompted by the information that the Tasmanians were staying at the “Red Cow,” and by the delicacy of the table appointments, he felt assured that we were living at the “Fair Cow.”

That afternoon we went down to try out the boat which was housed, together with the others, in what one of the Sydney papers later described, either by mistake or in a burst of heavy sarcasm, as an “improved shed.” We made a favourable impression on the other crews (at least from their point of view) by our first showing. This, however, was to be expected. New oars, different swivels, and, most of all, an entirely different type of boat, helped out by a long train journey, combined to achieve the most uncomfortable of rows. But on the following day a general overhaul and an adjustment of riggers alleviated most of these discomforts, though the weight and the width of the boat was still a cause of much comment, and “barge” was one of several more pointed but less refined epithets which were applied to it.

On Thursday night our training work ended in a visit to the picture theatre. Here the visiting oarsmen were civicly received by the Mayor of Penrith, who welcomed us as “noble boat-pullers,” “naval oarsmen,” and “giants of sport,” with a fine disregard for all the accepted views on the position of the “h” and the use of the “g.” He was followed by another member of the all-star cast which had gathered to receive us. His brother alderman, a confident in the recollection of the discreet “Hear! Hear’s” of church bazaars and school prize-givings, expounded the many wonders of Penrith, for which he appeared to be largely responsible. He concluded by reading a sheaf of paper cuttings which he produced from somewhere about his person with all the air of an amateur conjuror, giving expert and highly complimentary opinions on the Nepean as a course, in which he, in common with all the citizens of his village, displayed a pride, sinful because it was
unjustifiable, seeing that they were in no way responsible for its undoubted excellence. For our further entertainment recitations, solos and monologues were perpetrated, as well as a gymnastic exhibition in the guise of a drum solo with band accompaniment.

Such was our first taste of the lavish hospitality of Penrith. Nothing like it had happened for years and the inhabitants, as Mr. Watson put it, were ready to give us the town. We were free to all entertainments, we were honorary members of the Golf and Tennis Clubs, and had a standing invitation to the School of Arts to read or play billiards. So great was the stir created that the local milliner produced a special line of "Vartette" hat with which the rural beauties might more easily intrigue us. On Saturday night we were entertained to a dance by the residents of Emu Plains, who, since we were the only crew quartered there, seemed to regard us as their special property. Of their kindness we cannot say too much. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, in particular, seemed to regard us as a band of adopted prodigal sons, and treated us accordingly; while, for our part, we were only too ready to exchange the husks at the Orient for the fatted calf of "Yodalla."

In the meantime training rows were indulged in twice a day (though as a form of indulgence they are not to be recommended) and our rowing improved tremendously. But here we struck trouble. Our shoulder lift failed to produce a corresponding lift in the boat, and in desperation Mr. Watson decided that late as it was he would try to obtain a lighter boat. Our obliging friends in Emu Plains took us up to Parramatta; and after much telephoning we returned disappointed to Penrith. This was not the end. Other troubles appeared for which we laid the blame on the change of conditions. Though not apparent to the outward view they were nevertheless extremely serious. Whereas in Brisbane it was the bottom of the eight which received our attention, it was turned, in Penrith, to the plural of the term. Cotton wool and sticking plaster of an incredible acreage were requisitioned and the minor operations which were now part of the necessary preparation for a row would have provided a more interesting picture than mere bathing—for which press photographers frequently invited us to pose in the icy shallows of the Nepean with a callous lack of feeling for the lack of feeling which such a proceeding produced.

It was while bathing that we had our first experience of the majesty of the law. Its embodiment, the local policeman, with all the officiousness of a newly appointed school prefect, delivered the ultimatum that, in view of complaints received, we must either shelter ourselves with the inadequate indecency of a cotton bathing suit or be gaolèd. However, he did not concern himself with us again and we were happy in the realisation of the humanity of policemen. But we were not so happy when we realised that the excoriations which betray sufferings on a sliding seat, were really more than their owners cared to make out.

We filled in a morning, which was to give them a chance to heal, by a trip to Katoomba, where our friends of Emu Plains had offered to take us. Here we gazed at precipices and waterfalls with the admiration of would-be suicides, expressed our wonder to the best of our ability and to the satisfaction of our guides; and then returned to row. Seven had not healed so we took out a Melbourne emergency in his place.

Next day, with the support of five thicknesses of cotton wool, we were able to resume our usual course of life, unmoved by the competition which was going on between the rest of the crews—a twofold competition as to who should race highest, and who should be most untruthful as to the time over the full course. In both West Australia was easily first: they always paddled at a steady forty and nightly lied monstrously and unconvincedgingly about their time and their clearance.

The day before the race was spent in a light row in the morning and a rest in the afternoon, during which some of the crew managed a trip to Minchinbury cellars. The day of the race dawned—or rather
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did not dawn but remained miserably dull and cold with a fine mist of rain. In the afternoon we left our variegated outer coverings which had evoked the witticism that we should have been called St. Joseph's, and took our new singlets and clean shorts under our overcoats to the shed. Here there was some delay in leaving and more on the way down, with the result that the start was forty minutes late. Once the crews got into position, all went smoothly. All doubts as to space at the start were set at rest as each crew had more than enough room. In a few minutes we were all lined up and the start was made from as perfect an alignment as could be wished. We got off the mark well, leaving West Australia and Tasmania, but the positions were not maintained for long. West Australia began to move out with Sydney close up. At the mile mark they were leading comfortably from Sydney, though Melbourne was close and rowing strongly. Between the others there was little to choose; and since we expected to be behind at the mile we were little deterred. At the mile and a half Melbourne was making a determined effort to catch West Australia, and succeeded in decreasing their lead. Tasmania was rowing a vigorous third, with Adelaide, who had sprinted, close up. Sydney was gradually falling back; and here striking the double wash from Adelaide and Sydney, we were unsettled until we drew level again. West Australia still maintained a good lead from Melbourne, who repeated the process on the remainder, whom very little separated. At the two mile mark we realised that our chance of winning was gone. The strain of dragging our barge through the water was telling heavily against us. West Australia, Melbourne and Tasmania maintained that order to the end, while Adelaide beat Sydney (who had recovered somewhat) into fourth place. We came in a not inglorious last. Needless to say we were keenly disappointed.

Before we left that night for Sydney, where the Sydney Boat Club was consoling us with a dinner, it was Four's unpleasant duty to settle with our host the amount of our indebtedness to him, and to finish an argument on the subject which had commenced before we left for the race. With a somewhat feminine belief in the infallibility of the police he requested them to interfere on his behalf. The force, however, refused (with an oath or two) to take any action and qualified its refusal with a few well chosen remarks on extortion. Four then proceeded to finish with our host, and we were enabled to make an unobtrusive departure from Emu Plains.

The dinner that night was the usual dismal combination of forced hilarity and unaccustomed intoxication, at which we maintained our reputation for arriving late; but we also left as early as possible. Next afternoon we entrained for Brisbane. Our welcome to Queensland was not what we expected. We had left with stories still ringing in our ears of the splendid generosity of certain West Australians who by paying much of their crew's expenses had helped them towards success. The Press informed us that "Queensland had been hopelessly outclassed;" and, while showing that convenient trait characteristic of the Press for rallying to the winning side, had yet condescended to give the under dog a kick. Then it was we realised that in Brisbane we must follow the Shakespearian precept and remember with advantages what feats we did that day; though propriety forbade us from adhering too closely to that which also demanded that we "show our scars."
Impressions

When we were at school we were, many of us, given a composition to write on "Town and Country Life." At least I was, and I wrote it. Laboriously I wrote it, and know not now what I wrote. But oftentimes there come to me thoughts which perchance would fit the theme. Today I am hustling home from the city between the hours of five and six and thoughts on town life are insistent. Whence the fascination of forming one unit of a crowd? Yet fascination it is, most certain. But in some moods only can I enjoy, nay revel in the rush, the noise, the ordered confusion of the city's din. Here are countless beings, constant movements. Each one acts for himself, none appears to think of any but of himself: each has his own purpose, immediate, absorbing, compelling, filling his horizon to the exclusion of all else. Haste seems the keynote of the scene; eagerness glows on every face.

To-day I can enjoy it all; as I, too, hurry on my way, in the approaching dusk, I can dissociate myself, as it were, from the crowd, can feel as something apart, and can respond to the inexplicable fascination of the lights, the noise, the very cries of the newspaper boys, with a feeling of elation. And I wonder again what really can be the mysterious force that draws me thus, that thus quickens my feelings in regard to these many other atoms of humanity. They are here, I am here. I am with them, am among them yet I am not of them. I wait for my tram; many others wait for trams—mine or another. Quickly I scan their faces: workmen are there, one smoking his pipe, hands in pockets; one listlessly poring over his paper, new-purchased; another devouring his with avidity. Other two carry on an animated conversation on the improvements they could effect in the management of the tramway system; the woman behind, her arms filled with groceries, listens earnestly. A little girl sits on an ungainly suitcase upon the footpath, her eyes round and questioning, glued on the policeman who regulates the traffic. What intense admiration, what profound queries fill her mind at this moment? Anxiety, weariness, languor, boredom, self-satisfaction, benevolence, condescension—what do these attitudes and expressions not represent?

Ah, my tram—the typical city "cram-car." Crowded though it is I climb in, deposit my small bag, plant my feet astride it, and with a sigh of relief, grip the one available space on the bar above. I turn my attention to my companions. My thoughts are arrested by the concentrated gaze of an old man with white, shaggy beard. His eyes are fixed on me, piercing me—no: rather, they are focused beyond me, searching into Infinitude, the boundless realm of thought. Both his work-worn hands grip the bar before him, he leans forward in attitude intent, his seamed time-whitened locks blowing in the wind, as he gazes. His gaze is the gaze of a seer. What career lies behind him? Whence is he? I have never seen him before, to my knowledge: most probably I shall never see him again. "Ships that pass in the night—" My thoughts riot on. Yes, white felt hats may be nice, but they soon become soiled. Two ladies with hats of varying shades of red sit side by side. The reds are both violent, and how they clash! What a number choose to wear such reds just now—most trying colours for the average woman! Such is the game of fashion—a sort of crystallised rendering of "Follow the Leader," or possibly "O'Grady says—"

Such determination in the face of that young man yonder. One could imagine him a world leader, an advocate for the highest and best or—for what.

But my gaze reaches the sky. Out over the hill, far beyond the city's haze is the sunset—one mass of crimson cloud-flecks floating in a sea of gold and red, which spreads its loveliness half-way to the zenith. My racing thoughts are quelled: in passivity I look and look again, as that beauty reaches my soul. At this moment thoughts of my home in the country are near and dear. There tram-cars are unknown, unnecessary.

But—I have ridden past my stop! Darkness is almost here, I must walk back. Anticlimax! B.A.T.
Eugenics and Civilisation

Among the problems which confront Australia to-day, perhaps that of population is the most fascinating and most important. A study of our population curves reveals that we are surely upon the threshold of a tremendous increase in population similar to that which has taken place in England since 1800, and to that in progress in U.S.A. A study of the agents which influence the increase of population brings us to an understanding of quite a number of problems which concern us at present.

The power of multiplication is vast; but to population density there is a limit at which people would be upon the verge of starvation. Actually it is desired to limit a population at its optimum density, so that the average man’s lot is the best obtainable. A fairly dense population aids agriculture and secondary industry alike, because of low costs of transport and distribution, permanent demand for goods, and an adequate army of workers to allow of economic division of labour and mass production in industry.

For many years we have been anxious because of the declining birthrate, but it is now evident that this is not in itself a real difficulty. The trouble lies in the fact that there is a decline in the birth-rate of the mentally and physically fit, whilst that of the feeble-minded, mediocre and ill-cared for people remains high. Indeed, there is a steady increase in the number of mentally deficient people in Australia.

Further, population increases with increase of knowledge, and of skill in the arts and sciences. In modern times man is striving to shape his own destiny, and not to leave it to chance. He is striving to understand eugenics— the science of learning how to live well. He is engaged upon the task of subduing his surroundings to suit himself. He has to move warily or he becomes tangled in Nature’s mesh, and is lost. Man set out upon this task many thousands of years ago, and found that the first necessary step was the elaboration of a method of limiting his increase. He achieved this by several methods without really understanding what he was doing. To-day he is beginning to see the necessity for this action in a far different light from that in which he ever saw it before.

There are grounds for thinking that birth control can do much to alleviate the suffering and misery arising from a rapid sequence of childbirths. Birth control in itself has been shown not to be a cause of the falling birthrate, rather does it tend to bring about a fall in infant mortality, and so to increase the effective birth-rate. In India the birth-rate is 40 and the death rate 30 per thousand; in England the figures are 24 and 14, so that the survival rate is still 10. In Australia it is 23 and 10, survival 13. Raising the status of women, better living conditions, higher wages, and a more equitable distribution of the pay envelope are found to be causes of the falling birth-rate rather than incentives to raise large families.

So much for the factors influencing the quantity of our population; but what of its quality? This is the crux of the whole question. All people are not born with the same innate mental and physical endowment. It is obvious that we should endeavour to foster only those people who are desirable because they lack defects. Mens sana in corpore sano! Who is to judge the talented, the intelligent, the energetic? Most of our present day tests are crude and unreliable. True culture—activity of thought, receptiveness to beauty—is just that vital part of education which cannot be tested by the ordinary examination. The culture of science is not for the examination room. Indeed democracy itself is at best a system for mediocrities, its only impetus is an occasional leader who combines original thought with the necessary energy to defy convention, and to force—or coax—his fellows to see his view. Worlds are made of little men who have no time for the dreamers, the architects of greatness.

However, imperfect as they are, our systems of judging intelligence are sufficiently advanced to make a start in the
objective of bettering the human race. It is assumed on fairly accurate grounds that the unskilled and irregularly employed workman is on the average less highly endowed mentally than are the so-called upper and middle classes. A century ago these two classes multiplied at much the same rate; indeed, probably more of the better endowed survived than of the less intellectual members of society. Nowadays the position is reversed. For every two children of intellectual parentage there are three from the mentally inferior strata of society. In the next generation the ratio will be two to four, in the next two to six, and so on. Much of the slum population of cities—the criminal types, chronic drunkards, and such like—are not only blessed with a hereditary defective mentality, but these people are extraordinarily prolific as well. At one time the majority died; but now, under our philanthropic schemes, they are carefully nurtured and allowed to breed recklessly, increase their numbers, and throw the support of their children upon the State. Surely Society has a right to protect itself from a repetition of these hereditary blunders. A notable case recorded is that of a man, fictitiously named Kallikak, who had 480 direct descendants by a feeble-minded girl, the great majority of whom were below normal intelligence. Later the same man married another normal girl, and had 496 more descendants, all of normal mentality. These two families lived under similar environmental conditions, so that the conditions approximate to a scientific experiment. It has been shown, too, that genius is also heritable to a surprisingly high degree.

The traits of man are heritable; the race can be improved by judicious breeding; the prevention of racial degeneration is of transcendent importance. Such are the claims of the science of eugenics. Eugenies has been most aptly defined as "the agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial faculties of future generations physically and mentally." The study was first begun about half-a-century ago by Sir Francis Galton in England. Much research has been done since that day by Galton and his followers. Masses of family records have been gathered and examined, record offices and laboratories have been established, and numerous valuable deductions made. Human performance always lags behind human knowledge. The lives of the yet unborn do not force themselves upon the average man or woman with the same insistence as the lives already begun. In the midst of the overwhelming demands of the present, the appeal for better blood seems vague and remote.

How is human conservation to take place in practice? Probably more difficult than the problem of preventing undesirable from increasing rapidly is that of inducing a relative increase in numbers of that portion of the population which seems to carry the germplasm associated with mental gifts and other good characters. At present intellectual parents have an average of less than two children, as against nearly twice that number bred by other members of society.

The eugenic problem calls for action under four general heads, of which research is the most urgent. We want to know a good deal more about the inheritance of racial characteristics, more about the factors governing marriage selection, the effects of war, of immigration, of social conditions in vogue, and of the effects of birth control. What is the influence of education? Are modern medicine, sanitation, philanthropy and religion conducted on eugenic lines? These are some of the questions.

Accurate and serious information should be disseminated, not only to bring about the development of an enlightened public conscience, but also so that lawyers, Ministers, the Press and diplomats shall know more of these all-important matters.

A good deal of ground work has yet to be accomplished before any drastic legislation can be introduced. Our White Austrilia policy and careful immigration laws are better even if they err too much on the side of caution, than if they are too lenient. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for the introduction of such drastic measures as sterilization of defectives or control of marriage. Nevertheless, the spirit of laissez faire is to be discouraged. The problem is a pressing one, and in a few years will be very much more real in Australia than it is to-day.
To some people, not biologists, interference with matters of sentiment or passion is little short of sacrilege. Prejudice plays no part in the philosophy of sciences. The scientific attitude is not necessarily opposed to the romantic way of looking at things. Science is simply "organised common sense," and surely romances are based upon common sense even though their passage is sometimes a little stormy.

The chief causes of the decrease in numbers of superior thinkers are economic in nature. Rearing a family interferes with the pursuit of an attractive mode of life: Not only is the bearing of children a physical hardship, but the attention which they require militates against the enjoyment of the cultural joys of life. The expense involved in bringing up children in accordance with intelligent modern standards of health and education is so great that most people cannot afford more than two. The long and expensive education which intelligent children may justly claim delays the time when they in their turn can marry. The parents, too, find that their children are a serious economic liability, not an asset in their old age. Of course, relatively wealthy people are often governed by selfishness, and avoid marriage and children upon that score alone. If this is a heritable characteristic, these people are possibly doing the race a service by allowing their line to be extinguished.

The object of this article is an attempt to draw attention to a number of points of interest which require study in Australia, and to show that the nation’s best thinking powers are being surely swamped by numbers of minds of lesser ability. The best educational endeavours cannot succeed if the material is faulty. We should not delay taking steps to conserve our desirable man and womanhood, to restrict the undesirable, and to guide our present generations, so that posterity shall inherit any improvements which our knowledge and research are capable of giving them.

"Ita domum saturae, venit Hesperus; ita capellae."

E.C.T.

* * *

A Long Vac. in the Gulf

Not many Queenslanders have an opportunity of visiting those two great features of our State, the Gulf of Carpentaria and Cape York Peninsula. They form possibly the most interesting part of Queensland. I was invited to spend a long vacation with a friend, who is superintendent of Mapoon, a Mission Station on the west coast of the Peninsula. So, examinations over, I booked a passage to Thursday Island on S.S. St. Albans. The trip north of Townsville is particularly interesting, as the ship sails within sight of land practically all the time. North of Cairns the Barrier Reef is frequently seen, sometimes only a few hundred yards away.

We arrived at Thursday Island early on Christmas Day. Seen from the deck of a steamer it is a very pretty place. The hills were covered with green foliage. Scores of pearl-lugging luggers were anchored just off the shore. After a few hours ashore to get stores and mail we were rowed out to the comfortable Mission lugger, the "J. G. Ward." The crew consisted of six: three aborigines, Mamous, Benni, and Charlie, and two half castes—Dan, the captain, and George.

Owing to the adverse tide, which is very strong in Torres Straits, we did not clear till dark the group of islands in which Thursday Island is situated. Christmas dinner consisted of camp pie, bread and tinned butter, tinned peaches and black tea. George made the tea. He made it black and we could hardly stir it for the sugar. When the tide turned, the islands were cleared and steered South, straight for the Southern Cross. I tried to talk to the crew, but, with the
exception of Mamous they were too shy. Mamous told me his name meant "head man"; but, after some hesitation he said "He no my proper name." His "proper name" is Yahmandumana, which means "a bird settling on a beach at low tide." His father's name is Yahmacooti, a beach at low tide. Happy idea isn't it? They all speak broken English, but I was more interested in their own language. The dialect spoken at Mapoon is Choongoonji. It is a very soft and musical tongue, and they convey many ideas by signs. They count to four only: pinni, one; aduita, two; chumium, three, and in ritukula, a great number. They have three numbers, singular, dual and plural. But to proceed.

My bed consisted of a fibre mattress stretched across the top of the cabin. Lulled by the motion of the boat I soon fell asleep. I was awakened in the morning by peals of laughter. The crew, except the steersman, were overboard, clinging to a rope trailing in our wake, having their morning bath. Several bucketsful served me. Breakfast consisted of toast and coffee and fresh fish, caught during the night on a line towed behind the boat. About two p.m. Benni called out "There Mapoon!" I could see nothing but water; nor did I see the tops of cocoanut trees for nearly an hour. Towards sunset, which is a sight worth seeing in the Gulf, we entered Port Musgrave.

Mapoon is situated on this bay, in the middle of a large cocoanut plantation of about five thousand trees. On landing I shook hands with, I'm sure, two hundred and fifty people. The main industries are copra making, beche-de-mer fishing and cattle raising. There is a school conducted with eighty pupils. The girls are taught domestic science, and the boys the use of tools, as well as few ordinary school subjects, such as Geography, Arithmetic and English.

Mission work is hard, but it has its humorous sides. One day a man, Yuki, came and said he wished to marry a woman, Chugi. The missionary said, "Are you sure you want Chugi?" because the blacks, also, sometimes make mistakes in their choice. Yuki was prompt in his answer, "Me bin try him." They were married of course. Their wedding garments! Chugi wore a dress of some bright green material; Yuki a lava lava (two yards of material wrapped around the waist) of turkey red, and an old blazer with blue and black stripes!

We heard one day, that there was a tribe of blacks encamped on the banks of the Batavia River, some sixteen miles away. It was a good opportunity to see them in their native conditions. So taking Mamous, Benni and another man we sailed in the cutter. The Batavia is a fine river, fully a mile across at the mouth. It is swift flowing and lined with mangroves. As we proceeded up the river the mangroves gave place to high, densely covered banks. Early one morning some natives were seen camped on the left bank. On landing, the first thing we saw was a long bundle wrapped in ti-tree bark; it was slung on a pole resting in two upright forks. The odour soon told us what was in the bundle. It was the remains of a native who had been dead for nearly three weeks. His wives have to sit under the body with their bare backs facing the sun. Imagine that in the tropics! This is their way of honouring the dead. They carry the corpse with them for a month. By means of tobacco and sweets, we prevailed on the tribe to bury him.

Higher up, the river became very shallow and was dotted with small islands. The language spoken by the tribe here seems entirely different from Choongoonji. It is called M'bahquati, the language of the islanders. We anchored
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here for a few days. Game was plentiful, 
kangaroos, wallabies and emus on land ducks, geese, and an abundance of fish 
on the river. Numerous alligators floated silently by. The nights on the river, 
though at first eerie, soon became most enjoyable. There is practically no twilight; the owls and curlews start their melancholy cries; the beautiful little fire-flies soon dart about. Nearer the sea 
the water rushing past the sides of the boat becomes a flowing phosphorescent mass. We had five perfect days on the river, but there was work to be done at Mapoon.

The time passed all too quickly. I had arranged to catch a steamer in Thursday Island on the 16th February. So on the morning of the 12th, I said good-bye to all my friends at Mapoon. The sea had been very rough, but showed no signs of becoming worse, so we set out. Once outside the bay I soon succumbed to the usual malady—so did most of the crew. A strong wind blew on our quarter, so we made great pace. The more pace the better, thought I! About two p.m. the wind began to increase so much that the crew took down the foresail. Dark clouds began to bank up, and almost before we realised it, we were in the grip of a fierce storm. The crew were in the act of lowering the mainsail, when a small waterspout swept round our stern. The wind from this broke the mainmast in three pieces. It was a source of great danger, hanging overboard, so no time was lost in chopping it clear. It rained in sheets; and the wind swung about from various points of the compass in true northern fashion. This lasted till night fell, and we tossed about like a cork till after midnight, when Mamons thought he heard breakers. It was a case of go ashore or trust to the anchor, so we cast anchor in six fathoms. The chain held till four or five a.m. when it parted with a crash, I thought we were aground. Nothing could be done till daylight, so we hung on and waited. Daylight showed us a large bay with a long sand bank stretching out to sea to the north of us. It was fortunate for us that Mamons heard the breakers. The wind abated, so we hauled up a reefed foresail and jib. It was almost impossible to keep the boat up to the wind, as the steering on a lugger depends on the main-sail. After trying to tack for a couple of hours, we decided to run back to Mapoon. Early afternoon saw us in the bay again. They did not recognise us at first with only one mast.

The problem now was to get a tree suitable for a mast. The mast was forty five feet long, and about ten inches in diameter at the base. The nearest we could get was about thirty five feet long. When this was rigged we sailed again, too late for the steamer, but in hopes of catching another one. This time we had a steady south east breeze behind us. On the way we were becalmed near the Red Wallace Islands, about thirty miles southwest of Thursday Island. The crew in one voice chanted, Turtle! Four of them took the dinghy, and returned in an hour with a kerosene case full of eggs. These eggs are spherical, about two inches in diameter. They have no shell but a leathery skin. I was not tempted to taste them, as they smell very strongly.

We arrived in Thursday Island next day. I was told that there was no steamer going south for nearly three weeks. The first week on the Island was very interesting, but the novelty wore off. I was sorry to say good-bye to the crew of the "Ward"; I had made one or two fast friends. The blacks are kindhearted, lovable people, just like children. People that say "leave them alone they are happy" are far from the truth. They do respond to Christianity and are worth doing something for, if only from a sense of justice.

Choongoonji
Idly turning over the pages of the "Innocents Abroad" one warm afternoon my mind awoke from its accustomed lethargy and an unusual thought struck me. Whence came Mark Twain's inspiration for this droll production? He must surely have had some similar idea on which to base it.

For we have heard many times that there is nothing new in this world. A cataclysmic change is the exception, rather than the rule, and gradual evolution is the characteristic of thought. Consequently, all our latest ideas and inventions are conditioned by what has gone before. They are, as it were, but the improvements on the Ford of 1890.

So after some little thought I decided that Mark must have found some wanderers in earlier times, similar in certain respects to his eager and expectant Yankees, who set out into the unknown as he imagines, on an "Excursion to the Holy Land, Egypt, the Crimea, Greece, and intermediate points of interest."

But the Holy Land! Egypt! what do these names call to my mind. Yes! Yes! I have it. They have given me the clue. What ingenious, eager, inexperienced bands of people went through the north of Greece or by way of Egypt to Jerusalem in historical times, but the Crusaders!

They were the simple, trusting innocents of the Middle Ages, who went forth to a far land to fight the "Bad Men" of their day, with no equipment for their journey but empty stomachs: and for their campaigns no material but the most profound contempt for the best military advice of the time, given to them by the relentless foe of the Saracens, the Byzantine Emperor.

So went forth these simple folks of seven and eight hundred years ago to a foreign and hostile land, hundreds of miles distant, thinking they were urged on by divine inspiration and trusting at times to the guidance of a mad woman, a goose or even to its companion in stupidity, a goat.

An expedition which to-day would be circumspectly undertaken with all the facilities of steam transport, highly organised commissariat and scientifically developed machines and tactics of war would be entered on by fifteen thousand pilgrims, inspired by the fervour and preachings of Peter the Hermit and led, significant fact, by one, Walter the Penniless.

On they journeyed through Hungary, where they were kindly treated by King Coloman, to Belgrade the town of the Bulgarians. Here Walter the Penniless begged (with that name what else could he do?) the Bulgarian chief to supply him with provisions, and, on refusal, ordered his followers to pillage the land. But the rude chieftain mustered his forces. Walter's host showed little resistance and were hurriedly scattered or slain, many preferring to die by the weapon of the enemy rather than by the slow torture of hunger.

However, a less unpractical band of the first Crusade reached Asia Minor and won—it is hard to believe—the battle of Dorylaeum. But that's only half the story. Listen to the ancient chronicler Raymond of Agiles. He gives no credit of victory to the Crusaders. "A wondrous miracle is reported to have taken place, but we did not behold it: for it is said that two knights of wonderful appearance and clad in shining armour went before our army and pressed the enemy in such wise as to leave them no chance of fighting."

After this great victory these folks set out again with their customary and deliberate lack of provisions through a waterless and uninhabited region "where we scarcely issued with our lives." to quote the bearded sire, Abbé of Aix. What a tone of amazement we discern in his words when he relates their sorry plight—forethought is unknown to these men. Verily, were the Crusaders the Innocents Abroad of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

What doubt still remains in the minds of my readers that Mark Twain found his
material in the adventures of these men will vanish when I quote a few of the remarks of our modern author on the experiences of his travellers on board the good ship "Quaker City."

"The expedition was a success in some respects, in some it was not. Originally it was advertised as a pleasure excursion, but certainly it did not look like one; certainly it did not act like one. Three-quarters of the ‘Quaker City’s’ passengers were between forty and seventy years of age . . . Is any man insane enough to imagine that this picnic of patriarchs sang, made love, danced, laughed, told anecdotes and dealt in ungodly levity?"

"When they were not seasick, they were uncommonly prompt when the dinner gong sounded."

"Wherever we went in Europe, Asia or Africa we made a sensation and, I suppose I may add, created a famine. We prowled through the Holy Land from Caesarea Philippi to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, a weird procession of pilgrims."

But the advertised title of the expedition ‘The Grand Holy Land Pleasure Excursion’ was a misnomer. ‘The Grand Holy Land Funeral Procession’ would have been better, much better."

R.I.L.T.

**

Nocturne

The battery was slowly moving up towards the line to take up a new position, In five weary hours it had crawled as many miles. The night was cold—with the cheerless cold which makes every bone ache wretchedly. A drizzling rain was falling, and as Eustace Clarke, late of the Bank of South Queensland, lurched forward with each awkward plunge of the limber, a few chilly drops trickled down his neck. His steel helmet sat with rigid heavi ness on his dejected head, and his right hand, which clutched the guard-iron, was half frozen.

"I say, Nobby," grunted the man by his side, "Did you ever see that picture of a battery galloping into action?" Clarke did not deign to reply, and "Bluey" Harris chuckled cynically and relapsed into silence.

The battery ploughed unsteadily through the mud for another hundred yards, halted for no apparent reason for five minutes, and lurched on again. On the left, the splintered remnants of a stately wood loomed solemnly through the night. Far ahead little lights appeared in the sky, gleamed steadily, and then went out. At a point nearer at hand towards which the battery was moving a sudden glare appeared at intervals, followed by a muffled crash.

The guns and wagons crawled on for half another dreary mile, and then, in response to an order from ahead, pulled as far off the road as they dared, and halted once again to allow the passage of a battery moving out. A voice came from the gloom, "You Aussies are going to find there’s a war on." Clarke was immediately alert. "War be damned," he called irritably, "there’s only one bally gun working in the whole sector." "Yes," came the retort, "but it is dropping them in the right spot. You wait!"

Once more the battery moved on, the periodic flashes grew steadily brighter, and the accompanying crashes less subdued. Word found its way down the column that "Fritz" was dropping a 5.9 on the road ahead every five minutes, and that the outgoing battery had lost the best part of a team, and had been forced to abandon a wagon.

"I say, Nobby," said Harris, clumsily facetious, "Your going for a commission, you should know. How long does it take a battery to pass a given point?" "About half as long as that old bullock team of yours, back in the Bunyas," replied Clarke, whereat Bluey was moved to prophesy. "You’ll wish you had that team here before you’re through."

As the battery trailed its length along the muddy road, the systematic shelling of the point ahead continued with monotonous regularity. This unhurried advance towards a spot which was being
deliberately shelled gradually had a disquieting effect on all save the most hardened. Even they had the uncomfortable feeling of facing an approaching storm without an umbrella. It was the centre driver’s first visit to the line, and Clarke wondered if his nervousness had been conveyed to his horses, for they were not pulling steadily.

At last the leading team entered a shallow cutting partly blocked by a deserted wagon. As it did so a faint “pop” was heard in the far distance, followed by a whine, which quickly increased to a shrieking crescendo, ending in a blinding flash and thunderous report. It seemed to Clarke, from his position near the end of the column, that the shell had fallen right on the foremost gun team. But no, the battery moved stolidly on, and several other teams got safely through.

The leaders of “D” gun team, in their turn, reached the cutting, and the horses slipped and stumbled in their endeavours to find firm footing on the ploughed-up remnants of the road. Harris heard Clarke mutter, “With any luck we’ll just squeeze through before the next arrives,” and laughed derisively, for the words were scarcely spoken when the inside gun-wheel sank into one of the larger shell holes, and the team halted with a jerk. “How do you like your eggs cooked now, Nobby?” he shouted, as he scrambled off the limber to put his massive shoulder to the wheel. The team plunged forward unevenly and ineffectively, and the gun wheel slid slowly deeper into the hole. In the scramble which followed it seemed impossible to get even two of the six horses pulling together, and to make matters worse, the centre offside got over the traces. Clarke ploughed his way forward, found the trace, and fumbled along its muddy length until he felt what the army authorities in an excess of optimism or irony had dubbed the “quick release,” and struggled with numbed fingers to wrench the tough leather strap out of its hard steel buckle. It was done at last, and (the horse once again in position) Clarke went to its head and tried to soothe the sweating, shivering beast. While the team made hurried preparations for a further effort, Clarke too prepared for action. Placing all his weight upon his right foot, he succeeded in freeing the other from the mud, and swung it to and fro in anticipation. “Walk, march,” yelled the sergeant. In went the drivers’ spurs, down came their whips, and up went Clarke’s left boot. thump! thump! thump! into the ribs of the erring off-side centre. “Keep them moving, keep them moving,” implored the sergeant, as inch by inch the gun moved forward. But it was the punctual arrival of the inevitable shell which really got the gun out. Striking the bank a few yards from the team, it buried itself deeply, and, bursting, threw great cascades of mud over horses and men alike. “Good as a tonic to those nags,” spluttered Harris, as the team plunged ahead with the gun bumping along behind.

Meanwhile, Clarke tried in vain to extricate himself. His right leg was firmly held in the tenacious mud. The team brushed past him, the wheel of the limber bruised the toe of his boot, and the spokes wiped themselves across his chest. “I’m hogged,” he called. The sergeant, hearing, rode to his aid and moved his mount alongside. Clarke grasped the stirrup-leather with both hands. “Walk, march,” cried the sergeant facetiously, and Clarke was once more a normal if muddy biped.

A few minutes later, when the immediate danger was over. Clarke and Harris were both seated once more on the limber, the latter said, with a grin, “It’s a great life! Isn’t it, Nobby?” But Clarke was in no mood to reply. He was remembering the glorious if deadly visions of his enlistment days. Yes, things were pretty bad. But they were even worse at home. Only that morning he had received a letter telling him that the little flapper from across the way now filled his position at the bank. Ugh! he grunted with heartfelt disgust.
The Koran leaned against the slumbering Sayings of Confucius, listening to Mrs. Bible as she lamented:—"Well, yes, I generally have been misunderstood, and am not at all the sour old thing so many people think me. Poor me! Either patronised, neglected, or else so pestered by the same few that my charm must fade a little. Such a dull lot most of them are, my dear; really, they believe every word I say, even Ussher's 4004 B.C. for the creation of the world. Still, I can pull their legs a bit sometimes, and that's one consolation, for they never think me inconsistent. Even when I tried to brighten things up a little with the Song of Solomon they beat me by calling it an allegory of the soul. Both they and I get the most fun out of the prophets: especially Daniel and Revelation. Do you know that it has been fairly proved by texts, statistics and history, that the Beast is not only the Devil, but also each Pope, Lory Vyron, Charles Darwin, Kaiser Wilhelm II, King George V and Miss Pankhurst! They can calculate that the world will not end only in 1926, but also in 1927 and 1931. I know very well that many of my ideas are old-fashioned, but do you think my jealous adorers would admit that? Why, with them I'm the first and last word in history fulfilled and unfulfilled, science, economics and ethics. The great modern philosophers count for nothing unless they represent or only very discreetly modernise my meanings.

"Now to-day I was out at a gathering where I was discussed at great length. The text, from Revelations, was about the fowls of the air devouring the flesh of kings and captains. A ranter almost made me believe that it referred to the next great war in 1999, when fleets of aeroplanes would make fearful havoc of the Chinese. But on the way home I nearly died laughing; because only last week I'd heard the same text used the prove, and quite ingeniously too, something altogether different. A man claimed that God was allowing radio waves (fowls of the air) to destroy the souls and, incidentally, the bodies of those kings and captains of commerce who indulged in capitalistic war by means of radio, thus misusing the great gift of wireless. For wireless should be used only to broadcast church services. By a neat concluding touch, the devouring fowls of the air were compared with carrier pigeons, thereby establishing their practical identity with a newsbearing wireless. Shades of St. John! Aeroplanes, wireless, How he would have stared!

"The other day we had a new text:—"And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, a measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine."

"For an hour (this was in America) I listened to a discourse on trades unionists, price-fixers, petrol, and prohibition. Really, sometimes I'm sorry I took many of these old prophets under my wing, inspiring though they may be. Nowadays they do as much harm as good.

"What did you say... O don't mention modernism, please. Between the insults of some higher critics, and the more intolerable servility of all the fundamentalists, it's as bad as the days when Catholics burnt me and Puritans loved me better than they loved their God, as many still do. But their children don't, when they have to learn me as a punishment. No wonder they hate me, no wonder others hate me when I am forced upon them as the whole and only truth, the first and last totally inspired Word of the unchangeable God. Why, in that case, should God write himself here a God of pity, there a sulky, vain, bloodthirsty despot, which, of course, He is not?

"Still in many ways I can't complain. Though misunderstood and neglected, I'm more popular than ever I was. Do you know, lately I've been touring the Pacific Ocean, with the result, though I say it myself, that there is rather less cannibalism and brutality there than formerly. So you see I still have some virtue left..."

As the Koran was beginning to stir fretfully, Mrs. Bible continued...
briskly: "If some busybodies would stop swallowing me whole, and making my ancient Hebrew ideas tyrannise over all advanced thought, then perhaps more people would come to see that I can be historian, inspiring poet and also a wise friend and guide, though not the only possible guide, to truth . . . if they do not allow custom to stale my infinite variety."

At last the Koran muttered something gruffly, and peered at Mrs. Bible to see the effect. He had been made jealous by even her genial tolerance and was no gentleman. She rustled ominously.

"Why do you persist in reminding me of that? To think of those horrible movie stars, condescending to come to me when they want a plot for some gorgeous sensational super-production! Of all indignities that is surely the worst!"

And she relapsed into further lamentations.

Hezekiah.

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The Simple Life

It was with the fullest appreciation of the carefree spirit of vacation, with its opportunity of leaving for a time the complications and worries of city life, that a party of seven undergrads, set out from Southport on a glorious autumn morning to abandon themselves, for a couple of days at least, to the joys of the simple outdoor life—though hardly the simplest, for they did make use of the comforts of civilisation, such as tin-openers and seaside cottages, when they offered. But, on the whole, simplicity was the outstanding feature of the trip. Their mode of travelling was certainly the simplest, and—quite incidentally—the cheapest known; and the clothing worn was as simple—I do not say as scanty—as the fashions now most popular among women. The tourists had in fact, achieved the ideal suit for warm climates—jersey and shorts, with the less essential hat and shoes optional—though we found eventually that, with so many miles of stony roads, the latter were scarcelysuperfluous.

From the Jubilee Bridge a passing glance revealed in startling detail the ridge of mountains and plateaux lying not so far inland, with Springbrook prominent among them; and as far as we went still Springbrook's cliffs stood out from the mass, the grandest of them all. But soon smaller and nearer things claimed our attention. As we advanced along the road we derived considerable entertainment from the various vehicles which met and passed us; almost as much amusement, in fact, as their occupants seemed to find in such an extraordinary party of pedestrians as we must have appeared. All classes were represented, from the rattling Ford truck, with its typical driver, to the heavy closed car, whose driver might well have been the original "bloated capitalist" of the "Worker's" cartoons—from New South Wales, of course, and apparently more intent on tearing up the surface of the Queensland roads than on seeing the country through which those roads led him; in fact, the occupants of this particular car seemed to refuse even to notice us, even with the smile of amusement which some of the travellers gave us. On the other hand, there were the workmen at the roadside, and the one or two horsemen who gave us the cheery "good-day," which seems quite natural from perfect strangers, apart from motorists, as a rule, in "the bush."

But the tarred road was becoming rather warm underfoot, and we completed the journey to Burleigh on the cool sands of the beach. Arrived there, we lunched in style—almost as one does in the city—at a central cafe; for thus early in the trip the "company's" funds could afford such luxuries. Next we attacked the steep track up Big Burleigh with a vigour worthy of the combination of the good meal and the ideal weather; and rested at the summit to revel for a while in the splendid view along the coast, which rewarded our efforts. The black rocks at the water's edge below us, the clear waters of Tallebudgera Creek meet-
ing the deeper blue of the sea, and the long line of breaking surf stretching from the rocks above which we stood, towards the distant Point Danger—it was Sunny Queensland at its best, and for once we were able to forget all else and abandon ourselves to the full enjoyment of it.

But we had a few miles yet to cover that day, so to the road again, and in a couple of hours dusk found us roundingCurrumbin Point with Big Burleigh but dimly seen through the cloud of spray which hung over the intervening curve of beach. Next came Tugun, and we sought first the grocer's store and then the cottage which was our objective for that night.

Ere this we all had agreed that such a trip was too good to be limited to two days, so the following morning saw us again headed southward, first for Tweed and then—for just where we liked. Arrived at Tweed after about an hour's walk, we met the train bearing another 'Varsity party who intended to do a walking tour on a somewhat larger scale, and then steered for Razorback, from which still looking forward, we chose as our stopping place for lunch, a fertile ridge some miles away, covered with cane-farms. So crossing the creek below us by the ferry—free, being in New South Wales—we followed the dusty and stony Murwillumbah road along the only monotonous stretch of our whole journey, till it took us from the plain to the ridge above Chinderah, where we dined heartily on dry bread and camp pie, for the state of the Company's finances now demanded economy. This was where the tin-opener, which we had not omitted to bring, proved useful; we had, however, forgotten to take a knife, so the bread had to be broken in a truly primitive manner.

It was just at this stage that the four walkers whom we had left at Tweed passed along the road in front of us, and after detaining them long enough to exchange cigarettes (rather a one-sided exchange, perhaps) and to photograph them with some of our own party, we farewelled them with sundry good—and other—wishes, more pointed than polite, and soon set out to follow them for the last half mile or so of our forward journey, which ended on the summit of a prominent bluff beside the road, whence we took a last look at that great panorama of that corner of our country—the coastline from beyond Fingal lighthouse in the south to the low and dimly visible ridge on the northern horizon, which marked the region of Southport, towards which we were now turning back; inland Mount Warning, yesterday so distant, and now not much more than ten miles away; and still that mass of mountains with Springbrook lifting its head above them as with the insistent challenge of so much—to us—unexplored country on and about it: a challenge which we decided to accept in some future vacation when the opportunity offered—for how can one claim to know one's country without having seen something of the beauties of that small corner of our land, only too little known to the majority of Queenslanders.

The walk back, with the "chews" of sugar-cane, the one lift in a passing "bus" (not that we wanted more) and the hour spent on the rocks at Point Danger, was no less enjoyable and interesting; and it was with unabated high spirits that we reached Southport at noon on the following day, having proved the exhilaration yet to be derived from the most primitive mode of travelling, and having discovered yet another joy of 'Varsity life in the glorious experience of a few days of carefree life in the open air, with congenial companions—if not the ideal 'holiday, something very nearly so; and where, without the friendships and surroundings of 'Varsity life, could the opportunity for such be found? G.H.J
There is an impression abroad—indeed it amounts to an obsession—that the engineer is a man temperate in thought and deed, and reliable in all things; that he is regular and methodical, a good citizen, and a model father. In short, that he is more mechanical than his machines.

It is in protest against this popular portrayal of the engineer as a person of precision living a prim life on a diet of prunes and prisms that I have taken up my indignant pen.

The engineer has so long suffered under these unjust aspersions that he has become by degrees reconciled, acquiescent and complacent, until now he sees himself as essentially the man of regulated action rather than of fanciful thought or aesthetic feeling. The scientist may represent the brain of the community, the artist its heart; he is content if he be regarded as its hand—the steady hand that does the world's work. Deny him his brain and he becomes petulant, deny him his brawn, and he becomes pondersously indignant.

But the engineer is, in spite of public opinion, a dreamer of dreams, a man of extremes and—incidentally—a little less reliable than the absent-minded scientist of fiction. Despite his own utilitarian protestations he knows that a fairy castle in the air is of far greater human import than a brick morgue by the murky river's bank. Were the engineer as strictly practical as he is generally represented this would indeed be a sadder if a saner world.

The greatest engineering structures are often monuments of futility rather than utility—and the earth is the better for it. The largest of Egypt's many mighty pyramids was designed by an engineer to house a mummy some five feet in length. The Eiffel tower served no useful purpose whatever. It was an engineers' grand gesture heavenwards and the world was content to pay for it as such, just as it is content to keep in luxury the poet who writes one good sonnet in ten years.

Who but an engineer could have conceived the idea of breaking through a continent and mingling the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific? And who but the same temperamental and sensitive soul would have abandoned the project owing to the discomfort of mosquito bites.

There was once an eminent engineer in South America who was commissioned to design a tunnel through a mountain range in order that an inland mine might bring its ores to the coast. As the result of his labours he produced a most spirited and attractive plan of a scenic railway across the mountain range. The tunnel was relegated to Appendix A, where such dull things properly belong.

A moment's thought will show that the moderation with which the engineer is so often invested is mostly mythical. Observe him at his work. In the morning he is happily but hideously coated with grease and soot, "black as the pit from pole to pole." In the afternoon we see him carefully erasing imaginary blemishes from a virgin sheet of drawing paper.

It is customary nowadays to hear a great deal of confused talk on the standardisation of engineering practice, and elaborate schemes of simplification are in the air. Fortunately, few if any engineers allow these pestilential principles to affect their mode of life to any noticeable extent. A glance at the library of any eminent engineer or at his vegetable garden will soon dispel any illusion in this respect, although, on the other hand, one has heard of one early convert to standardisation who now has a family of six boys each with red hair and blue eyes. But if we place cases such as this in the category where they belong, and treat them as the exceptions which prove the rule, we must, I think, conclude that the engineer is no steady disciple of stodge pacing through life with mechanical precision. Living he flits from flower to flower, and dying earns the epitaph:—

Here lies a Giddy Greaser
Who has reeled across the Bar
The Eccentric was his God
And the Crank his Guiding Star.

W.P.B
Note on the Increasing Interest in Biological Science

It is generally admitted that the years since the publication of Darwin’s Origin of Species have been characterised by a rapid development of Biology as a subject of scientific research; but in the seclusion of our academic banana groves we are apt to overlook the marked increase of outside interest in the subject. Nevertheless, unmistakable signs of such interest are there for all who wish to see.

The question, “Where do flies go in the winter-time?” agitated the music halls and dancing saloons before the research fellows of our University devoted their attention to the habits of those interesting and semi-domesticated insects; and those amongst us who have friends recently returned from Europe know that, in the heart of the Empire, there are places of public entertainment where amusement is blended with speculation on the psychology and economic possibilities of a creature still higher in the scale of life.

As the problem under consideration is stated with a completeness and conciseness rarely found outside professional scientific circles we cannot do better than quote it in full, in spite of the unusual verse form:

How can a guinea-pig shew he’s glad
If he hasn’t got a tail to wag?
All other animals you will find,
Have got a little tail stuck on behind.
If you could put a tail upon a guinea pig
You will finish off a decent job;
And the price of a guinea pig would
quickly rise
From a guinea up to thirty bob.

A comparison between the second question and the first reveals a striking development in appreciation of the essential points of a scientific enquiry. The interest in the fly may not even be scientific, but may be prompted solely by vulgar curiosity; on the other hand the question about the guinea-pig shows a thorough understanding of modern biological research.

Let us consider it in detail!

The main question is stated in the first two lines; and the introduction of the psychological element marks it as essentially a product of the twentieth century. That the investigator possesses sufficient breadth of outlook is indicated in the third and fourth lines, where he calls attention to relevant phenomena, before embarking on the solution of his problem. This general survey suggests an extension of the original enquiry, and like many of his predecessors, he finds that a question of purely scientific interest has led to a problem rich in economic possibilities. The estimate of profit to be expected from the proposed experiment in animal breeding is somewhat sanguine: this suggests that the originator of the whole scheme is an amateur; though we may not overlook the possibility that he may be a youthful graduate in science, a view supported by the slang in the last line. However, this point is comparatively unimportant. The main fact that emerges from our discussion is that in recent years there has been a rapidly increasing interest in biological science combined with sound appreciation of methods and economic possibilities of research. Strong in the realisation of this knowledge and interest, our new Faculty of Agriculture can undertake with confidence its task of living up to the reputation of the rest of the University, and filling in the life of the State a space commensurate with the area it has annexed in the University grounds.
For many years after the settlement of Australia it was customary to regard the native population as being one of the most degraded races in the world. Latterly, however, this idea is disappearing, and we are forming a higher opinion of the abilities of the Australian black. Of the many causes which have contributed to our change of opinion concerning him, perhaps none has had a greater effect than the discovery that, despite our former belief in the lack of self-expression among the natives, they possess a native literature which may yet prove to rival that of our great Elizabethan age. The person responsible for this remarkable find is Professor Trikem, of the University of Nullusubi, who, while strolling one day by the banks of the Barcoo, came suddenly upon a cave. Entering therein he was both surprised and delighted to find the walls decorated with native characters. Having deciphered these writings he learnt that beneath his feet lay buried a great mass of native literature of a period corresponding to our sixteenth century. Naturally he was greatly delighted at his find, which proved to be several thousand manuscripts of poems and plays written on yalika paper (the essence of ironbark boiled, then rolled, and finally toasted). After several months of laborious work, he succeeded in translating some poems which, strange to relate, are in a form none other than that of the English sonnet. Moreover, the sentiments and style are both very similar to that of Sidney, Daniel, Drayton and their sonneting friends. Thus, at the very time when literature, and particularly the sonnet, was being so well developed in England, far away in distant, unknown Australia, native bards were singing their songs and addressing their sonnets by the banks of the Barcoo, just as were the English poets in England.

My love has eyes as clear as Barcoo’s streams; Above, her eyebrows curve like boomerangs; Her goodly hair adown her forehead hangs And round her swan-like neck it clings and gleams; Her goodly cheeks are matchless, so me seems, And, twixt those luscious lips, two shining gangs Of teeth, as white as pearls from Kamarjangs, Peep forth when she so sweetly on me beams. Wherefore to her my wand’ring heart has flown, To her I’ll cling as doth the prickly pear Unto the skin of him who sits thereon, Or as the ‘possum to the native bear. So dear I love my Brugawallagoo To please her I would give her my nardoo.

Note in this sonnet the likeness to those of most of the Elizabethans in both theme and style. Note the same in the following sonnet also, the writer being Gibbit Tchillin:

Koalas gaily gambol in the gums; The curlews carol mournful melodies; The carpet snakes chase ‘possums up the trees; Among the wattle blooms the wild bee hums; While through the bush the gay goanna comes, A-frisking gaily in the evening breeze; The dingoes chase the wobbly wallabies; The bunyips battle with the gooligums, All things are gay save only me alone. In me naught is but bosom-rending pain, No room is there for snake or ‘possum bone. No room for aught save woe at her disdain, To make me suffer thus my mistress dark. Must have a heart as hard as ironbark.

Again, take this song:

The kangaroos kang, The wallabies wop, But ah, poor me! At home, I stop. No more I make the speedy tortoise start, With hunting yell, for broken is my heart.

But enough! To write more would be unfair to Prof. Trikem by spoiling the sales of his intended publication, and also this should be quite enough finally to extinguish that wrong old idea concerning the ability of our native race.

Bowie G.
University Societies

THE UNIVERSITY UNION.

As usual, first term has come to an end. The freshers have been welcomed, and the graduates cast out into the world, both with the best wishes of the Union. Commem. was a great success. The spirit of the gathering at the dinner and dance was as excellent as the attendance. The procession, in the morning, was “on time,” and was hailed as a success by the Press in general; and the Degree Ceremony, held in the Exhibition Hall in the afternoon, certainly made up in mirth anything it may have lacked in wit. Due to the decision of the Senate to confer on H.R.H. the Duke of York the Degree of L.L.D., we are blessed with an additional degree ceremony this year. The undergrads. were very magnanimously admitted to this ceremony, and their presence did not detract in any way from the jollity of the proceedings. A letter of appreciation was received from H.R.H. some days afterwards.

Apart from these social activities, the Union Council has been very busy engaged since the commencement of the year.

The S.B. sub-committee now has had its constitution definitely set out, its status, formation, etc., being therein defined.

The regulations of the Union, which were drawn up by a sub-committee appointed towards the end of 1926, have now been considered, and where necessary amended by the Council, and are to be published, after a final consideration, in conjunction with the revised constitution, for 1928.

At present, a sub-committee is engaged in revising the Union constitution. Its report will be presented to the first Council meeting in third term.

The Union accommodation committee is still considering suggestions for Union buildings, etc., in the new University. It is hoped to have this work completed by the end of the year.

The only remaining social activity is the Rhodes Scholar farewell dance, to be held in the last week of second term.

MEN’S CLUB.

Since the fresher’s welcome in first term the Men’s Club, as a body, has been more or less dormant, but is about to spring to life again on July 23rd, when a masked fancy dress ball will be held, at which the Club will entertain members of the staff, the women’s club, and the men and women graduates’ associations. This event, which proved such a success last year, is something novel in the line of social events at the ‘Varsity, and, it is hoped, will be well patronised especially by members of the Club itself.

WOMEN’S CLUB.

The Annual Club Dance was held this year on May 7th, and was a great success. During the Royal visit the National Council of Women held a reception for the Duchess. Our President, among others, was presented, and thirty undergraduates were asked to assist. We have since been presented by the N.C.W. with a facsimile of the address which the Duchess received, and we are duly proud of it.

The beautifying committee have procured a couch whereon we may recline with comfort, and their efforts in other directions are greatly appreciated.

EVENING AND EXTERNAL STUDENTS’ ASSOCIATION.

The expression of a long-existent feeling, among both day and evening students, has been achieved in the recent attempt made to draw evening students into the corporate life of the University. An Evening and External Students’ Association was formed tentatively, and will serve the purpose, for the remainder of this year, of enabling evening and external students resident in Brisbane to meet and know each other socially. That this integral part of University training has been desired by evening students is evidenced by the enthusiastic reception the first effort in this direction was accorded. The first evening students’ dance was a social and financial success.
It is anticipated that the combined efforts of the Evening Students committee and of Union officials will result in the acquisition next year by the Union of a great increase in strength and numbers. In order to give day and evening students an opportunity to meet, the evening and external students of the University extend a cordial invitation to the University staff and the day students to attend their next dance and general meeting. Evening dress is optional.

WOMEN GRADUATES ASSOCIATION

The executive committee of the Women Graduates Association for 1927-1928 is as follows:

President, Miss Beryl Steedman; Vice-Presidents, Misses Dora Lockington and Dorothy Denniss; Hon. Secretary, Miss Gwen Hughes; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Jessie Smart; Members of Committee: Misses Freda Bage, Lexie Macmillan, E. Frances Craig, and Ruth George.

CHRISTIAN UNION

The programme which was roughly outlined in the first issue of "Galmahra" this year has been adhered to as far as possible. The series of mid-day addresses has, we regret to say, been rather irregular; but the lectures that have been given have been greatly appreciated and have provided a stimulus to the religious thought of the Union. Arrangements have been made for addresses to be delivered every Monday during the remainder of the academic year, two or three series being included.

Eight study circles are being conducted this year, six at the University and two in Colleges, the total number of students attending being about seventy. This shows a gratifying improvement on former years.

We were glad to have the opportunity, this year, of giving a helping hand to the newly-formed Christian Union at the Teachers' Training College, where two of our members conduct circles every week.

The first week end of July saw what has probably been the most successful Christian Union Conference held in Queensland. This year the Y.W.C.A. Holiday Home at Southport was chosen and proved an ideal spot for the purpose. Over fifty, most of whom were undergraduates, gathered there to study the ideas underlying the aims of basis of the Student Christian Movement. A sincere endeavour to get at the truth about central realities of life was attended by a considerable amount of success in the study circles, the addresses and the general discussions. The same happy spirit of comradeship that characterises all Christian Union activities prevailed throughout the weekend, and although time for recreation was rather limited everyone made the most of the lighter side of the conference life.

In conclusion we wish to reiterate that the Christian Union wants more members—not for their subs, but for themselves. Our aim is to unite ALL students in a friendship which shall give them opportunity and help to test the Truth of Christ's Way of Life. There is room in the Christian Union for every student at the University. If you have not yet joined, think it over, get more information if necessary, and then join up and become one of us.

WIDER EDUCATION SOCIETY

It is pleasant to contemplate the possibilities of the period between one and two o'clock, when, after swallowing nutritious substances, one may dream in blissful contentment. But a large number of students prefer (on Thursdays) to forego these after-lunch fantasies and to come to the half-hour lectures of the Wider Education Society.

Since last issue of "Galmahra" we have had some excellent lectures on various subjects. In April, Miss Freda Bage, Principal of the Women's College, gave us a delightful account of her "Experiences among the Students of Europe," and described the hardships of many students in those countries which were so terribly affected by the Great War.

Then we had a most interesting address on "Italy—Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow" by Count di San Marzano, the Italian consul for Queensland. He showed how Italy had risen and fallen in the past.
and then spoke of modern Italy and its administrators.

Mr. P. M. Hamilton, Principal of Scott's College, Warwick, delivered a lecture on The League of Nations. It was a lucid and comprehensive account of the nature and the work of the League, and humorous touches made it all the more enjoyable.

Mr. W. Kyle addressed the Society on "Freedom of the Will." He pointed out that although the basis of our character was given to us at birth, yet the development of that character rested in our own hands.

In the lecture "Forestry—from behind the scenes," by Mr. E. H. F. Swain, of the Queensland Forestry Service, we were given an idea of the vast wealth of forests in our country. Forestry, he stated, is yet in its infancy and while a few aspects have been touched upon there remains a large and almost unexplored field for study.

A lantern lecture was given by Dr. H. C. Richards on "Stones and their Microstructure" in the Geology lecture-room. Dr. Richards dealt in an interesting and instructive manner with the various forms of rocks, illustrating their structure by means of lantern slides.

The lectures have all been well attended, and enthusiastically received, and we are very grateful to the lecturers for their excellent addresses.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

After a period of comparative inactivity the Society has at last something to show as the result of the past year's work, in the highly successful concert held on July 16th in the main hall. This concert, combining revivals of old favourites and first performances of other pieces, both in choral and solo numbers, was highly gratifying to the Society, and (as far as we have heard) to the audience. The programme concluded with our second performance of the "Peasant Cantata," which was broadcast by station 4QG, thus, we hope, making the existence and objects of the Society known to a number of people who had not heard of it previously. We are much indebted to the soloists for their assistance with items which were in keeping with the nature of the choral numbers, and which were much appreciated. We are especially grateful to Miss Isobel Andrews and Mr. Jas. Hunter, whose splendid work in the solo parts of the cantata did much towards the success of that item. We might also express here our appreciation of Mr. Dalley-Scarlett's enthusiasm and energy as conductor, which made such a successful concert possible, also of Mr. Denmead's valuable help as assistant conductor since the beginning of the year.

In response to an invitation from the Combined Musical Festival Council, the Society has agreed to assist in the Festival to be held in October in the Exhibition Hall, in aid of the Queensland Ambulance Brigade. As this will be a rather bigger undertaking than anything we have yet attempted, we shall be glad of the assistance of any past members of the Society who can rejoin us for the next two months and help us to justify our inclusion in this festival with the leading choirs of the city. This will be a suitable time, too, for any would-be new members who are still hesitating about joining the Society to come in. We shall be glad of any increase in numbers, which will help to make the second effort of the year as great a success as the first has been.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

During first term the activities of this society were confined, chiefly, to reading plays that might possibly be produced. Since no producer could be obtained it was necessary to abandon the idea of playing "The Private Secretary." In its place it was decided to stage three one-act plays:—"The Dumb and the Blind," by Harold Chapin, "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs, and "The Man in the Bowler Hat," by A. A. Milne. When final arrangements had been made only four weeks were left to rehearse.

The staging of one-act plays is a departure from previous practice; but the performances were certainly most successful. On both nights the actors played before
large and appreciative audiences. As a result, the productions have proved a great financial success.


The Society wishes to take this opportunity to thank those whose work so largely was responsible for the success of the performances, especially those who acted as producers.

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DEBATING SOCIETY.

During first term the society held six ordinary debates and one inter-society debate. The attendances were not as large as might be expected, but all present showed keen interest and a willingness to take part in the activities of the society. Because so few Fridays were available only two debates have been held during the present term. Of these one was a contest between the Women's College and the Women's Club on the subject "that the Australian is lacking in appreciation of Art." At this, as at nearly all the debates held during the year, the decision was given by adjudication and not by the vote of the house.

An inter-society debate was arranged with the Queensland branch of the Australian Journalists' Association on the subject "that the modern newspaper press is pernicious." The Debating Society, represented by Messrs. Thomas Neville and Bradford, supported the motion. Mr. E. J. D. Stanley, who acted as adjudicator, gave his decision in favour of the Journalists.

At the present moment arrangements are being made for a debate against the Brisbane Grammar School Old Boys' Association on the same subject: while on August 4th a debate will be held against the Men's Graduates Association on the subject "that under present conditions celibacy is preferable to married life." The society will be represented by Messrs. W. Hardie, A. Bradford, and H. Banditt, who will be our representatives also in the Inter-University debates which will be held in Adelaide in the last week in August. We wish our team every success in their forthcoming contests; and we hope that they will be even more successful than previous teams.

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TRAGEDY IN TRIOLETS.

I.
She was most circumspect
When I asked for a kiss;
She didn't object—
She was most circumspect—
But she said: "Our home's wrecked
If my husband knows this!"
She was most circumspect
When I asked for a kiss!

II.
He got a divorce,
And I was co-re;
We were caught, and, of course,
He got a divorce.

I was filled with remorse
To think that through me
He got a divorce,
And I was co-re.

III.
I see it all now;
She has gone to her lover.
I was duped—and oh! how
I see it all now . . . .
If I get him, I vow
He shall never recover!
I see it all. Now
She has gone to her lover . . . .

N. E. Moore Raymond.
BOAT CLUB.

Since the last issue of "Galmahra" we have rowed a race and we have lost. We trained every day for twelve weeks, we travelled 1500 miles, we spent £150, we rowed in the Australian Universities Boat Race and we came last. Yes, it was disappointing; and it was some time before those eight men who represented the Varsity managed once more to raise their tails from between their respective legs. For this year our chances were good, the crew were keen and we really expected to do better than we did—but Fate and five other crews were against us and our hopes were dashed to the ground. None of us saw very much of the race, but we all were able to appreciate that it was a ding-dong struggle. For the first half of the course less than a length and a half separated all the crews; but, soon after the half-way mark, the wonderful condition of the West Australian crew took them well into the lead, and although once challenged by Victoria they kept ahead for the remainder of the course. Victoria followed them over the line half-a-length away. Tasmania arrived next, a length further back. Adelaide came fourth, leading Sydney by a length, Queensland being half-a-length behind Sydney. This is the first time that a Queensland crew has come last in this race.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the West Australian crew and hope that when next we have the pleasure of measuring blades with them we will see a good deal more of them than we did in the race at Penrith.

The ordinary work of the Club has been progressing favourably, much keenness being shown by both old and young members. On April 9th a crew, stroked by T. E. Collins, won the combination fours at the Commercial Club's regatta, and on the day after Commen, the eight was beaten by two feet in the "Senior Eights" race at a similar regatta. On May 14th we managed to pull off the "Senior Eights" at the G.P.S.O.B.R.C. regatta, and on June 11th an untrained crew won the Junior-Senior fours at the Commercial Club's regatta.

It is most gratifying to note the keenness of the new members who roll up every day for a paddle, and are, in most cases, making good progress. We are considerably hampered in our efforts to coach new members by the lack of a suitable heavy practice four; but we hope that by the end of the year we shall have one or even two of these boats added to our fleet.

The Boat Club Dance was, as usual, held at the end of first term and was attended by about 250 persons. The evening was, as all Varsity dancés are, a complete social success and the profits derived from it proved a substantial addition to the club funds. The thanks of the Club are due to those ladies who rendered such invaluable assistance in carrying out the arrangements for the dance, and to those members whose "publicity-campaign" was no doubt largely responsible for the record attendance of undergraduates.

FOOTBALL CLUB NOTES.

It cannot be said that this has been a very successful season from the point of view of winning matches, but an estimate of the standard of football cannot be obtained from a review of the results of matches played.

We have won only two games in local competition this year, but we have not been hopelessly outplayed in any of the other matches.

The Club had an enjoyable, if not over successful, trip to Sydney and Newcastle during the vacation. We played Sydney University on May 25th. After an even game Sydney University emerged victorious by 20 points to 16, the half-time scores being 13-8 in favour of Sydney. By losing this match we lost the McLeod Shield for 1927.

On May 28th we opposed a representative Newcastle team, but our team was
weakened by the absence of two players injured in Sydney and the effect of travelling was apparent in the match, in which we were beaten by 30 points to 9.

We have not been extremely fortunate as regards the personnel of the teams. Our Captain, Jack Lynam, acting under medical advice, was obliged to resign, and his services, both as Captain and player, were much missed. Hulbert was elected Captain in his stead and has done credit to himself in his position.

Earlier in the season we lost one of our best forwards in Gerrand, who migrated to Point Cook. Hickey, too, has been out of action for some time, owing to a broken ankle.

These losses unfortunately necessitate bringing up from "B" grade ranks players who had not completed a season in that grade, and consequently they are getting their experience in the "A" grade instead of "B" grade.

There has been a great improvement in the interest in football displayed by the Colleges. The majority of the Club members are Collegians; as a result of this, there was a marked improvement in the standard of Inter-College Football this year. All the games were very even, and Kings', Johns', and Leo's ended up equal in points, each having won two matches.

The Baxter Cup match resulted in a win for the Colleges by 24–14.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

The annual general meeting of the Athletic Club was held on April 4th, and the following officers were elected:—President, Professor Michie; Vice-Presidents, Professor Parnell and Dr. Bryan; Captain, Mr. J. M. Hulbert; Vice-Captain, Mr. H. R. Berg; Secretary, Mr. J. G. Harrison; Treasurer, Mr. M. White; Delegates to O.A.A.A., Vice-Captain and Secretary; Delegates to U.Q.S.U., Captain and Secretary.

The annual sports were held on the Exhibition Oval on May 11th. Apart from the staff and students of the University, however, there were few spectators.

In the Inter-College events John's recovered their supremacy, which they had lost to King's in 1926. The final results were: John's, 22 points; Leo's, 9½ points; King's, 3½ points; and Emmanuel, 1 point.

The Wilkinson Cup, for the best performer of the year, was awarded to J. G. Harrison. In the women's events, Miss D. Hill was the outstanding performer.

The Inter-'Varsity athletics were held in Melbourne, and were won by the home team. Sydney was second, and Adelaide third. Mr. Harrison was Queensland's sole representative.

It is to be lamented that there is so little interest in 'Varsity athletics at present. This, no doubt, is due to the small numbers of the University, and to the requirements of such bodies as the Football Club. Certainly interest is shown on the day of the sports, but there is very little keenness and activity throughout the year. Inter-Club contests are held periodically. Active competition on the part of the University Athletic Club would be welcomed in these competitions. It may be stated here that Mr. W. Thomson, who in 1926 captained the Queensland Inter-State Athletic team, is willing to help the Club in any way that he is able.

It will be necessary next year to send at least three competitors to Sydney for the Inter-'Varsity athletics, in order to have the Inter-'Varsity contests in Brisbane in 1929. All athletes, therefore, are earnestly asked to train for our next meeting, that the University be represented adequately next year.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Although our hockey teams have not met with much success in fixtures, both have steadily improved, and we believe the A team will perform well in Sydney next month. The B team, as usual, has suffered considerably owing to trips and vacations.

The inter-University Carnival has been fixed definitely for Sydney from August 24th, which means that 'Varsity players will be unable to take part in the Inter-State matches to be held in Brisbane during the same week. This seems rather
a pity, but the deciding body should know what is best.

In Brisbane fixtures this year there was not the usual grading round, and this helps to account for the A team’s low position in the competition table—the team always being very unsettled for most of the first round. However, the personnel suffers little change now from week to week, and the able coaching of Mr. Badham is having effect. The main fault at present is that the forwards are rather slow when in the circle. They reach it often enough, but too seldom does a score result.

Fixtures were cancelled on July 23rd owing to the visit of the Englishwomen’s hockey team. Their combination and control over the ball seemed wellnigh perfect, and were object lessons to all of us. We offer our congratulations to the three University women who represented Queensland against them.

Our Club dance, held on July 25th, was a very enjoyable function, and therefore a success. In addition, we are pleased to state that the financial result was very gratifying.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM IN DIGS.
Oh, to be with mother
Now that winter’s there,
And whoever stays with mother
Finds his woolly underwear
In the lowest drawer of the bedroom chest,
While the tickly side of the undervest
By its chafings brings to the shivering brow
Pained wrinkles—now!

And after dressing, think what follows,
When the red throat glows from all it swallows!
There, there are piles of fresh, hot-buttered toast
And eggs and things—the food of those in clover,
Who welcome dinner for its well-cooked roast.

That is at home; but here I think twice over Before I risk a now impaired digestion Upon the food I question.
And though the air is nippy with the frost I find mere cotton singlets—to my cost— And socks, of which I hope a pair or so May have the holes in places that won’t show.

W.
The University Colleges

KING’S

The College year began with paint and a batch of freshers. The paint, which is found to be much more decorative than the enthusiastic efforts of our College artists, was applied to the interior of the College during the last long vacation. Our eleven freshers arrived later.

During the present term we have had the pleasure of welcoming Chris, Jorss and Johnnie Hunt back into College. We also learn that Jack Mulholland has decided that our company is somewhat more bearable than that of the mosquitoes of the Upper Stanley. He expects to return to King’s towards the end of the month.

We wish to congratulate St. John’s on their win in athletics, and Emmanuel on their victory in tennis.

In football, after the hardest games played in inter-college football for some time, we share the honours with John’s and Leo’s.

The social life of the College is much as usual. However, some disturbance has been caused of late by the fact that two rival schools of music have sprung up. These consist, on the one hand of those who delight in the gramophone, the wireless and the piano, and, on the other, of the bathroom songsters. The latter must be the forerunners of a new departure in the art. We find it very difficult to appreciate their efforts.

The Debating Committee, which is religiously elected each year, has managed to hold only one debate. The committee considers that our members continue to run such large telephone accounts that there is no need for debates.

Bob Risson has grown tired of walking, and, to the delight of the collegians, has invested in a car. Gordon Grant, with the same dislikes, prowls about in the upper regions of the air in an aeroplane.

ST. JOHN’S

This year finds the College nearly full. No longer are there spare rooms into which our surplus gear may overflow; but from every window beam the steady electric glare, and a discreet silence pervades the night (with the reservation mentioned later), while the engineers in particular measure the distance between now and November. Yet we are alive and kicking. It is quite a time since the interest in College and Varsity sport has been so general—we have been well represented on the football and hockey fields and in the boats, besides in athletics and swimming. In the fine arts, the primitive strains of flute and mouth-organ have given place to QG and Bill Barlow’s gramophone, which discourses artistically round the camp fire, which one of our members keeps going for the good of the greatest number that can be squeezed into his room in “Edale.”

We have lost “Pines” Anderson from amongst us, also another ancient landmark in the person of Eric Freeman who took to himself a wife about Easter time. Three others—George Seaman, Keith Hall and Ned Kelly, have announced their engagements, so that we feel very grown up indeed. This, with the sobering influence of our numerous grad. residents, goes far to explain the air of sober reticence which pervades us at the supper table and at other times of relaxation. Although much glass has been broken this year, it has been sacrificed to the demands of sporting efficiency rather than of hilarious exuberance.

Those who attended our Dance will not need reminding what a glorious time they had, and those who read “Argo” will be able best to judge our thought and literary expression. But only ourselves can
know what a jolly thing life at St. John’s is, so we desist from attempts at further persuasion.

ST. LEO’S

Owing to the number of University under-graduate freshers who have entered College this year, St. Leo’s has shown a much more pronounced interest in College and University affairs than hitherto.

The debating and sporting clubs of the College have been very active this year. St. Leo’s ranked as one of the premier football teams, and won second place in Athletics.

Debates have been arranged with the Christian Brothers’ Old Boys’ Association and with St. Joseph’s College, which will take place on the 22nd and 24th July respectively. Under the auspices of the Debating Club the present Consul for Italy, Count di San Marzano, gave a lecture to the students on “The Resurrection of Italy,” which proved both instructive and of absorbing interest.

The College “At Home” was held on the 18th May, and proved a marked social success.

J. Laycock, B.E., is back again in St Leo’s for a few months.

The students regret that Mr. Hickey, who proved a tower of strength in the first inter-collegiate football match, broke his ankle while practising for the second and was confined to hospital for some time.

EMMANUEL.

Our main object of interest—the building extension—is nearing completion. It is a three-storied brick structure, with ten students’ rooms, dining-room, kitchen, and domestic staff quarters. The Governor-General has consented to open the new wing on Thursday, 11th August.

Apropos of this, our Councillors have decreed that our “At Home” cannot take place before this auspicious day—which means that we must wait until early in Third Term.

The Billiard Tournament disclosed evidence of K. Kirke’s dissipated youth, and was responsible for the addition of a new cue to the rack—the winner’s trophy.

Our musical fraternity have formed a “Glee Party,” consisting of four tenors and six basses. Their chef-d’oeuvre is “Absent.” They sing as though they mean it.

We have done fairly well in sport, managing to defeat Leo’s in cricket. In tennis we were successful, after some good games.

The other three Colleges were just too good for us in football, but there also we had some very good games.

Tales of one, Sturridge, reach us now and then; he seems to be enjoying life.

The College four are hard at it on the river, and should give a good account of themselves.

THE WOMEN’S COLLEGE.

“Minyan” now belongs to ancient history, for, at the beginning of the year a new cottage of far greater beauty was ready to take its place. This building, officially opened by the Chief Justice, has been christened “Thornton,” in honour of its benefactress, Mrs Thorn.

For some time there has been steadily increasing a college students’ fund, destined to help furnish a new women’s college at St. Lucia.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed back Miss Bage, and are pleased to say we still have with us Miss George, who was Acting Principal during Miss Bage’s absence. Only four freshers came into residence in March. Since then the arrival of a fifth has raised our numbers to twenty-one.

The annual inter-house tennis match was held on June 25th, when “Warrawee” won the day.
The library has been enriched by reference books bought with the interest from the Bourne Memorial Fund and the College War Bond, besides gifts from Miss Bagé and students.

Mr. Allen, to encourage our developing aesthetic sense, gave us a melodious gong. There, Mr. Editor, we have tried to obey the accepted rule of telling no secrets.

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Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

May I beg the privilege of using a little of the valuable space of your highly esteemed and widely read publication in order to draw your attention to what must be either a most deplorable omission or a grave and far reaching mistake in editorial policy in your last issue. I refer obviously to the absence from her accustomed place in the article dealing with University Sport of the energetic young lady who has for so long dominated that page.

Quite apart from the claims which this drawing should have upon "Galmahra" as a work of art and as a study of human anatomy—and these are by no means light—there is the wider, infinitely more important aspect of its symbolic suggestion.

Symbols are sacred! And the young lady in question is symbolic in her every aspect. She symbolises Sport in its every phase. The verve of attack, the abandon of victory. Her arms prepared for sound defense, her nether limbs engaged in vigorous offensive.

What a warning she is against the dangers of specialisation. See her in the very act of kicking a football, lifting a dumb-bell and swinging a club at one and the same time. Could any presiding spirit show a more complete interest in the comprehensive realm of sport?

Officially she has been nameless, but each one of your many male readers has probably given her a name and assumed the responsibilities of a loving god-father. To me, she will always be "Gertie—the Goddess of Games." Mr. Editor you have removed the Goddess from her shrine! Such sacrilege will surely never go unpunished.

Amend your mistake I implore you; otherwise, you may go down to a disgusted posterity as the editor who pushed the "Gal" out of Galmahra.

I am, Sir,

Yours etc.

Constant Reader.

(We might explain, though we do not offer an apology, that our first joyful duty of the year was to remove this deity.

A lady who, in her moments of morning exercises, vigorously repels her friends with her feet is no friend of ours. A lady who, in such an inadequate costume, would, as our correspondent suggests, go on to the football field armed with a club is, we believe, not acting in the best interests of womanhood. No, whether the lady's main concern is club exercises and her leg offensive is a secondary consideration, or whether her chief interest lies in football and her flourish of the club is merely by the way—however we look at her actions, we feel that she is not showing the best side of sportsmanship, and is certainly acting as none of our lady friends would do.

Gertie has gone from us. The Goddess is no more. And, though we regret that we should alienate the feelings of even one constant reader, Gertie must go. And now, for the first time for many years, our male readers will be able to devote themselves to the news of the Sports page instead of spending their time meditating on a female leg.—Ed.)
The Government has decided to increase the number of Entrance Scholarships to the University from 20 to 25 per annum as from the 1st January next. A maximum of three of these scholarships will be available for Diploma Holders of the Queensland Agricultural High School and College who have fulfilled matriculation requirements of the University and whose work throughout their Diploma course shows that they are students of "scholarship" ability.

The Department of Public Instruction announces also that four scholarships to the University for students reading for the Diploma of Agriculture are being made available by the Government from the beginning of the current academic year.

Advice has been received that the University of Oxford has decided to recognise the Senior Public Examination of the University of Queensland as equivalent to Responsions at Oxford. The passing in certain specified subjects in the Senior Public Examination will be necessary.

Mr. T. C. Beirne has been elected Warden of the University Council for the ensuing year. We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. Beirne.

A donation of twenty-five guineas to the Queensland University Book of Benefactions was received from the Institution of Engineers, Australia (Brisbane Division); the amount is to be devoted to such purposes as the Faculty of Engineering may determine.

We congratulate Mr. W. E. M. L'Estrange on his election to the Senate.

Alexander J. MacDonald, M.B., has been appointed by the Senate to represent this University at the Centenary Celebrations of the University of Toronto to be held in October next.

We wish to express our sympathy with the relatives of the late Dr. W. F. Taylor.

Professor Hawken has accepted the invitation extended to him by the Queensland Government to represent this State at the Conference, which it is proposed to hold in Melbourne, to consider the formation of an Australian Association for Simplified Practice.

The Finance Committee of the Senate is arranging for further assistance in Surveying and further permanent assistance in the Department of External Studies.

The Senate has decided, on the recommendation of the Buildings and Grounds Committee, to ask students to place their motor cars along the roadway in front of the main building. The question of painting the common rooms has been referred to the Buildings and Grounds Committee for report.

The Brisbane City Council has announced that it will provide means of access to St. Lucia consisting of a vehicular ferry and tram or bus, when building on the site is begun and the need arises. It will be many years before a bridge can be built.

The University has awarded the two Government Gold Medals, for outstanding merit, to Miss E. H. Raybould, Firsts in Mathematics, and to A. K. Denmead, Firsts in Geology. This is the first time in three years that the medals have been awarded.

Professor Richards and Professor Steele are members of the Advisory Oil Board, appointed by the Minister for Mines to investigate Natural Oil possibilities and production in Queensland.

E. A. O'Conner, M.Sc., Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, is leaving us in August to take up research in Physical Chemistry at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He has obtained two years' leave from the Senate and hopes to return under the burden of the letters Ph.D.

Rev. E. H. Strugnell, once vice-Warden of St. John's College is acting Principal at the Boys' Grammar School, Box Hill, near Melbourne.

Prof. F. W. S. Cumbræ-Stewart has been honoured by the addition of K.C. to his share of the alphabet. We tender the Professor and the School of Law our congratulations for this recognition.

We sympathise with Professor Michie on the loss of his son.

A. G. Berg, B.E., has availed himself of a free passage to U.S.A. where he is entering the service of the General
Electric Co. as a member of their school for Graduate Engineers.

Miss Ruth Griffiths, B.A., with seconds in Philosophy, has been awarded the Government Travelling Scholarship for 1927. She leaves shortly for Cambridge to take up residence in Newnham.

Eric Partridge, who was at the University in 1914 and 1919-1921, has just published “Robert Eyres Landor, a Sketch” and “Selections from Robert Landor”; there is also a fine-art edition of these two works combined. The books are issued by the Fanfrolic Press, of which the 'leading light' is Jack Lindsay, well known to undergraduates of a few years ago. So that this is an all-“Galmahra” production.

Lucy Shaw is now Head Mistress of “Clarendon,” the Presbyterian Girls' School at Ballarat. “Tony” Smith is teaching at the High School, Lismore; Gladys Seaward at the Church of England Girls' School, Newcastle; Alice Mills at the Presbyterian Girls' School, Bowral; Con. Cherry at the State High School, Mt. Morgan; Mairi Mackillop at the Brisbane High School for Girls. Alison Hopper goes to St. Kilda’s Southport, joining there Stanieie and Lexie Drake, Minnie McCulloch and Gwen Horton.

A. R. Trist, B.Sc., Dip. For., was married recently to Miss I. Prieb’e. Mr. and Mrs. Trist left early in June for U.S.A. where he will continue his studies in Forestry at Yale. We hope he leaves before the family develop the Yankre accent.

Miss E. Frances Craig, after a year’s study in France, has returned to the B.G.H.S. as Acting Principal.

Helen Leslie is teaching at the State High School and giving tutorials in Physics at the Women's College.

Ethel Campbell is teaching at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Goulburn, and playing hockey with a local team.

“Bird” Walker is raising cattle and felling trees at “Moonbah,” near St. George.

Alma Dent writes advertisements or something in Finneys.

Jean Dowrie and Jock Watson have begun life’s journey together. They are leaving us in November by the Ulysses. Jock has been granted one of the Shipping Company’s free passages, and is entering the service of the Glasgow Gas Works.

P. R. (“Inky”) Stevenson has taken his B.A. at Oxford with a second-class in Modern Greats. We have not heard his facile pen of late.

Doug. Henderson and Alison Burrell were married recently. Mrs Henderson spent a portion of her honeymoon most profitably by donning the life belt and rescuing a young lady who was being carried out to sea at Caloundra. We congratulate her on her performance.

Henry Greenhalgh and Miss Gwen George also joined the happy throng at Southport recently. We offer them our felicitations.

Miss Harriet Foggon, B.A., left recently for a tour of the British Isles and France, where she will make a special study of languages and educational methods.

Ferg. Wood and Miss Millicent Standish have taken the first step in the Great Adventure.

We sympathise with Mr. H. G. Tommerup in his recent illness, and are pleased to hear that he has now resumed lectures as usual.

Tom Milfull, we understand, is engaged. He has our congratulations.

Miss Marge Park has been appointed to Mt. Morgan High School.

Mr. McMillan, lecturer in Plant Breeding, is away on his honeymoon.

L. C. Fisher is Automotive Engineer to Ranson and Dobson.

H. H. Knight is ditto in General Motors Ltd.

G. J. Laycock lives at Leo’s, and between times he sails the stormy sea. It is rumoured that he is one of the causes of the beams of light which shoot out to guide the weary mariner away from Davy Jones.

Alf. McCulloch has been admitted to the degree of M.E., and makes himself felt in Rockhampton.

We extend our sympathy to Owen Jones, who has not been in the best of health of late in Cambridge.

George Seaman and Miss Marjorie Alder have announced their engagement. We congratulate them.
August, 1927.

GALMAHRA.

Archie Douglas, B.Sc., now craves a B.E. as well. Go it lad!

Eva Julius is teaching at the Central Technical College.

Isabel Walker is following the same vocation at the Glennie in Toowoomba.

Ethel Raybould, the winner of one of the gold medals awarded for outstanding merit, does the Applied Maths. tutorials at the Women’s College, and Mary Rudell the Latin.

Eric and Doris Fisher, with their family, have taken up their abode at Parramatta. He was appointed this year to the staff of the King’s School.

Gordon and Mary Fisher, with their family, now of two, have gone to Armidale, he to teach at the Boys’ Grammar School there.

Several graduates are travelling abroad. Olive Forman, Annie Peterson, Lottie Hodgens, and Noela Harris. Mary Stephenson, who was granted a free passage to England, left by the “Ormonde” in July.

Mrs. R. Champ (formerly Miss Ina Schacht) has now a baby boy. Cheers!

Madalen Hulbert, who is still on the staff of the Girls’ Grammar School, Rockhampton, visited the Women’s College and the Varsity recently.

Katharine McGregor, the first woman to be admitted to the Bar in Queensland, is assisting her father with legal work.

Ursula McConnel is at the Anrulkun Mission Station, in the Gulf Country, doing research work in anthropology.

Merve Rankin, Dip. For., has taken his B.Sc. at Adelaide, and is surveying for the Forest Service at Yarraman.

N. E. Moore Raymond helps the “Daily Mail” run its affairs.

G. W. Barlow is with A. E. Harding Frew.

L. H. Faldt and J. S. Rowe are with the City Electric Light. We have no doubt that they are responsible for the annoying variations in our supply.

Frank Griffiths, B.E., aids the P.M.G. to run his electrical department.

Orma Smith has left on a tour of Europe.

Les Brown, B.A., is in the Titles Office. “Bung” W. R. Wiaks is about to be roped in among the married members. We offer our blessing.

A. P. Muir has joined the “Daily Mail.”

Agnes Sandilands teaches at the P.G.C., Warwick.

Esme Smith follows a similar vocation at St. Anne’s, Townsville.

Joyce Campbell trains the young idea in Toowoomba High School.

“Blue” Hulbert thinks dentistry is the coming thing on the biological horizon.

Frank Moorhouse teaches at the C.T.C., and spends his spare time doing honours zoology.

The latest news about F. H. Williamson is that he has a wife.

Monty White is doing Honours Chemistry. He spent some of his surplus energy in Newcastle Hospital, but is now well on the mend.

P. A. W. (Tony) Anthony, B.E., etc., the first President of the University Union, has left the employ of the Cairns Hydro-Electric Investigation Board, and has been appointed Engineer Manager of the Cairns Electric Authority.

Marge Bulcock spends her spare time decorating the interior of her home, so she tells us.

Ron Mundell, B.Sc., is stationed at Gogango, near Rockhampton, and breeds insects to clear pear for the Prickly Pear Commission. Caetoblastis caetorum, Daectylopis tomentosus and Moneilema ulkei are his playthings. Half-a-dozen kinds of Opuntias heap their curses upon him.
We could have no better opening to this page than an apology for our sins and omissions. The sins are many. In the last number of "Galmahra," owing to an oversight, the name of Miss Gladys Halstead, as Women’s Representative on the Committee of "Galmahra" was omitted from the title page. We wish to apologise for the omission.

Further, on page 3 of that issue, the number was given as Vol. III., No. 7. This should have been Vol. IV, No. 1.

Mr. Eric Partridge wishes the following statement to be made, correcting two errors in his article on Ambrose Bierce in the October number, 1926:—“1849 was evidently a misprint for 1839, but the actual date of Bierce’s birth was 1842, and instead of Arthur Symons the editor of “Ten Tales” should have been A. J. A Symons.

There has been the usual difficulty of obtaining copy. The monotonous admission of undergraduates that they have no ideas, cannot think of a subject, or are quite incapable of writing is, in its very candour, amazing. And since four out of five people to whom an appeal is made give at least one of those three time-worn replies, one can but hope that the admission is no admission, but merely an evasion. Subjects are innumerable. Bath mats, Victorian lyrics, housemaid’s knee, the works of Aldous Huxley—there is no end to the variety of topics that spring to one’s mind. Most probably the two other excuses are no more plausible. Most undergraduates should need merely to get into the habit of writing. The trouble is to persuade them that it is not an evil habit.

There was a time in the history of the magazine when the University broke out into an orgy of light verse. Diligent students wrote it; so did the Captain of the Football Club. Most of it, no doubt, was bad. But some was good, and any of it was better than nothing at all. Think of the editorial joys in those days of a well-filled W.P.B. in contrast to the usual meagre basket of broken fragments. We do not necessarily plead for another epidemic of comic verse. But we do pray for an epidemic.

Third term is approaching. The time is ripe for curses on the examination system, meditations on life in general, gushings of the Spring—many topics for prose and verse. We implore you to send us that prose and verse.

We wish to thank Professor Richards for the gift of several back numbers of the Magazine urgently needed for the set in the Union Library. The Library still requires a copy of the October 1918 number of the “University of Queensland Magazine,” and one of the Commem. Song Book for 1922. We would be pleased if any readers could supply us with these.

Exchanges.

We acknowledge with thanks having received the following exchanges: Hermes, Melbourne University Magazine; The Black Swan, University College Magazine (London); The Viking, The Southportonian; The Link, The Condaminian; Rockhampton Grammar School Magazine; The Sydneian, The Newingtonian, King’s School Magazine; The Melburnian; St. Peter’s College Magazine; The Waitakian, The Taranakian, Otago Boys’ High School Magazine.

Illustrations: We wish to thank the proprietors of the Brisbane “Daily Mail” and the “Brisbane Courier” for materials to illustrate this issue.