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VERSES THAT WON THE BUNDEY PRIZE

THERE are few people who can write poetry, and there is not much sense in encouraging inferior writers to try to do so. We have a standard for which we look when awarding the Bunday Prize, and if none of the entries is worthy of the award it lapses, as was the case last year. But Miss Elizabeth Wells' sonnets were up to the standard.

Prof. J. A. Fitzherbert, who with Prof. McKellar Stewart judged the entries from graduates and under-graduates of the Adelaide University in the competition for the Bunday Prize for English verse, thus expressed his praise for the sequence of six sonnets which brought the 1932 prize to Miss Wells, a 19-year-old arts student.

A difficult task is set for candidates for the prize in the composition of a sequence of six sonnets. There are usually only about five entries for the prize of £10.

High Adventure

Miss Wells chose the central theme of high adventure. "The sonnets are sort of personal monologues," she said, "and I made six people talk of high adventure as it came to each of them."

"Some of the great poets have written worse poetry than this when they began," said the Rev. G. E. Hale, a vice-president of the Poetry Society, referring to the effort of Miss Wells.

"Their verses were often far more imitative than these, which are strikingly original in their phrasing. They have the note of literary sincerity, containing the writer's own thoughts and language."

"The sonnet on 'The Mother' is intimate, but no one with a properly balanced mind would permit a suggestion that it was more than intimate. It is no more intimate than a great work of art. It is like some things which should be kept in the art galleries for those who are there for artistic reasons only."

"Such intimate language, of course, heralds the age of frankness with regard to sacred things. But that does not mean the secularising of them—Miss Wells has not done that."

"The Mother' and 'The Cripple' approach most closely to talking about the rugged facts of human life, with which, I think, poetry must deal if it is to have appeal."

"The Wanderer"

"First," Miss Wells explained, "there is 'The Wanderer,' whose high adventure comes in exploring strange lands:—

Dreaming was I among the purple flowers,
Careless of youth and all its fiery worth;
A clean wind swept across the petal showers
And blew upon my face. So I went forth,
Strange desert wastes have felt my striving
feet.

On Afghan slopes my campfire embers glowed,
Through sweeping blizzards and in glaring heat
The wind has led me on its crazy road.

I, one with Nature, warring with her power,
Have hurled my body's strength against the
storm
And conquered. Ever blessed be that hour
That sent me forth! O God of space and
form,
Of flame and wonder, since I know you reign,
How could I seek that sleep-warm couch
again!

"The Airman"

"The next sonnet deals with 'The Lover,' who finds his high adventure in worship from a distance of a princess of high degree," added Miss Wells. "Then comes 'The Airman,' who makes an address to his plane expressive of triumph and gratitude to those who have gone before:—

Stars palely woven in the windy sweep
Make paths that lead us through the track-
less night,
Or we can clamber up the dazzling steep,
Wide banks of heaven, black speck amid
their white.

And he who once for swift dove-pinions cried,
Had seen no eagles soaring—as we soar;
Stronger than their proud flutterings we ride
Exultant over wave and far-off shore.

We are the heirs of them whose souls wore
wings,
All that they dreamed, and worked for, we
have won.

O child of their long-sought imaginings,
Soar gladly, high, for their work is done!
More lowly, humbly, then, That we might
fly,
The air has seen a million swoop—and die.

"The Mother"

"The Mother' is waiting for the baby to come, and is thrilled about her 'high adventure':—

Child of our hearts, we yet but dimly know
What you may be small son or daughter,
Two
Have made you one; and you will live and
grow.

Born in our image, yet as strongly you—
New as a star that leaves the outer dark,
We are not wise and barely see our aim,
In you, who knows not if some troubled spark
That dimly burned in us, shall spring to
flame!

But we beloved, lying warm in me,
If all we sought, from you be hidden still,
Born of such love, how will you talk to be
Heir to the best that ever life can fill?
Strongly you stir, O sweet, In me lies curled
The tenderest happiness in all the world.

"The seeking of knowledge is the high adventure of 'The Scientist,' and he is thrilled over his kinship with the old monks and the old wizards who tried to do things with magic. Lastly there is 'The Cripple,' who has never had any adventure at all, so his high adventure is the final one of death."

Miss Wells wants to be a writer, but as a member of the committee of the Business Girls' Club being conducted under the auspices of "The News" and "The Mail" she will spare some time from writing, and her studies in the arts course at the University for practical work in making clothes for the needy.

KAROONDA
Professor Kerr Grant, speaking at the unveiling of the monument to commemorate the discovery of the meteorite which fell in the district on November 25, said the ceremony was unique, as there were no records to show that the event of a meteorite falling had ever been commemorated in any such way. The meteorite, which weighed about 80 lb., was of little or no value commercially, but had great scientific significance. The inscription on the tablet reads:—"This column is erected to commemorate the fall and finding of the Karoonda meteorite, which fell as a brilliant fireball at 10.53 p.m. on November 25, 1930, and was found by Professor Kerr Grant and G. F. Dodwell, Esq., 1 1/2 miles east of this spot.—Erected by the University of Adelaide, and the Karoonda school committee."

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University And People
From "J.J.E." Sturt street:—"The Advertiser" is to be congratulated on the short science articles by Adelaide University professors and others. The linking of the University with the news-papers and broadcasting will extend the range and depth of the minds of the people. From our experience, many local and outback children read with wide open eyes the science talks now appearing in the magazine columns of "The Advertiser." The common people, sick unto death of politics, are finding satisfaction in observing the marvels of Nature.

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ELDER CONSERVATORIUM Chamber Music Recital

By Alex Burnard
The Elder Hall contained a large audience last night when the third of the regular series of Conservatorium concerts was given.

The string quartet—Mr. Peter Bornstein, Miss Kathleen Meegan, Miss Sylvia Whittington, and Mr. Harold Parsons—were joined by Mr. R. Kitson for the opening number, Mozart's Clarinet Quintet in A major. The perfect assimilation of the clarinet's tone-color with that of the strings makes it a matter almost of urgency that we should hear more of such combinations; and the wealth, for instance, of present day examples of the larger chamber groups—the usual strings plus various permutations of wood-wind or horn—is waiting to be drawn upon.

The amiable first movement, with passage work for all interlacing cleanly, passed to the calm of the Larghetto. Here the clarinet came to the fore in a sustained melodic line, the tone perfectly beautiful and controlled, against the warm background. The Minuet's second trio, extremely tuneful, is often suggestive of a Swiss air. Again the interplay between instruments was very happy. A feature of the variations was the broad skips for the wood-wind, and it was of interest to note the simple yet highly effective unification of the naive material. The work was wonderfully received.

Miss Hilda Gill, with Mr. George Pearce at the piano, gave an excellent account of her classic song group. Outstanding were "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" (Handel), a beautiful mood portrayal, and Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn," a magnificent singing of its triumphant declamation. Two low notes (at "name" and "heaven") might have lacked the requisite "chestiness" and body, but otherwise, especially in the glorious tone at "a giant bold," she carried all before her.

Brahms's great Piano Quintet was given with all the fervor demanded of such intense stuff. Mr. William Silver was the pianist. The opening is ominous and awe-inspiring, but soon the rugged power of the movement shows itself. During its development section there was a slight lack of cohesion. The pianist toyed lovingly with the romanticism of the Andante. Its middle section resumes the erstwhile sombre garb, but soars to considerable passion before it sinks back to rest. Fierce positiveness of rhythm was stressed in the Scherzo, which, but for a very occasional "race" between strings and piano (and the exuberance of the occasion partly accounts for it), was very clean and convincing. As is not uncommon with him, Brahms has reserved his highest flights of intellectuality for the last movement, an intellectuality, however, that is never obtrusive. The wonderful, inspired opening was played with glorious sostenuto, and the turbulent rhythm of the ensuing Allegro were masterfully dealt with, carrying the big work to a vehement conclusion.

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CHAMBER CONCERTS

HEALING MINISTRY OF MUSIC To the Editor

Sir—As one who, with many another, has found the greatest delight in the Chamber music concerts now being held each Tuesday afternoon in the Elder Hall, I write in the hope that a yet wider public may realise what an opportunity this hour of purest music presents. Genuine music lovers can be trusted to discover for themselves where are the good things in music. It is not of these that I am thinking. In these troublous times, when the material securities of life have been shattered for so many, when mental disquiet, and anxious cares cause heaviness of heart in every direction, the sublimating healing power of music—particularly through such an ethereal medium as the string quartet—is especially valuable. To be lifted for one short hour "above the battle" must surely be to find the new heart with which to face the battle.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. P. FINNIS.
Cathedral Vicarage, North Adelaide.

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Finding Of Meteorite Commemorated

A column, erected by the district school committee, with the assistance of the physics department of the Adelaide University, to commemorate the discovery of the meteorite last year, was unveiled at Karoonda on Friday by Professor Kerr Grant.

The meteorite fell on December 25, and was found about a fortnight later in the Karoonda district.



PROFESSOR KERR GRANT unveiling a column erected to commemorate the discovery of the Karoonda meteorite last year.

The Advertiser

ADELAIDE: TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1932

MEDICAL SCIENCE ADVANCES

The public will view with interest and approval the announcement made by Dr. Collip, of the McGill University, to the Royal Society of Canada. In a presidential address to the Biological Sciences' section, he has claimed "the isolation in pure form of a sex-hormone." This is the result of years of work by the younger men in that great University, at which many noted scientists have been proud to study. What will be the practical result to the world? It is at present altogether too soon to surmise. The best sign at the moment is that other biologists, usually an independent and ever-suspicious race, seem to welcome the new discovery without reservation. A sex hormone should have great possibilities. The word "sex" has lately been degraded by the American to mean just "passion." It is really something better and higher, and it is still one of the world's problems. Anything must be welcomed if promising, as this latest discovery does, to make easier the life that Nature has entailed upon women, to lighten the work that they, and they only, can do for the future of the race.

Medical and surgical science, taken as a whole, has made enormous strides in the past century. The public has been taught to assist by taking reasonable care of itself. The eating and the drinking in "Pickwick" seem today either comic or repulsive. Dangerously bad smells, formerly accepted with toleration, have been almost banished. The value of fresh air has been made known. So has the value of cleanliness everywhere, from the factory, and domestic life, to the operating room. Our climate, fortunately, made baths a pleasure from the first. But how many English homes of the Pickwick era had any bathroom at all? And was it not a member of his own profession who said—"After all, Lister's one great merit was that he taught us all to be clean." Without being a faddist, any intelligent person can now appreciate the value of vitamin, and hormone, and thyroid gland—all of them words hardly known to the dictionaries of even 20 years back. Sir Charles Martin, now a distinguished citizen of Adelaide, had the odd experience of trying to suppress the now familiar word "vitamin." It was, he has explained, coined by a Polish student at the Lister Institute in London. "It sounded too much like a patent food," thought Sir Charles. Apparently, too, it was based on a quite incorrect idea that some type of ammonia must be present. But, in the long run, public fancy settles these points of addition to the language. The old "accessory food factors" was cumbersome; "vitamins" was terse, and found prompt acceptance.

From Canada, too, comes good news of an advance in the treatment of pneumonia. This, like cancer and tubercular disease, is still one of the unsolved problems, and is much swifter in action, often cutting short a valuable life, almost without warning. The new principle is to save priceless hours in finding the correct way to treat the particular case. And so the good work goes on. Typhus, and hydrophobia, and smallpox, all dreaded and deadly long ago, have lost their terrors. Internal troubles, that once killed almost as a matter of course, now yield to a surgical operation—which has itself changed from desperate expedient to a matter of routine and almost of safety. The average expecta-

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