

—Marooned Men.—

Mr. Moyes's second trip to the antarctic was as navigating officer in the Aurora, to bring home the men of the Shackleton expedition who had been left at Ross Sea. It is the story of a tragedy and yet a triumph.

"You remember," said Mr. Moyes, recalling it, "that the late Capt. Mackintosh took the Aurora to the south towards the end of 1914, and had a party of nine with him. The ship subsequently broke away in the ice, and drifted for 10 months, held in the grip of it. The bowsprit and rudder were destroyed. She came out at the end of that period to the north of the ice pack. A jury rudder was fixed up, and the Aurora was brought back to New Zealand in May, 1916, docked there, and re-sheathed. We went down to the Ross Sea in December—Capt. Davis, Sir Ernest Shackleton, and myself—to bring the men back. They had been there for two years, and Capt. Mackintosh and the Rev. Spencer Smith had died. The seven men were happy enough in the circumstances when we found them. They had had a trying time, of course, having lacked the best of food and clothes. Their greatest loss was tobacco."

"And that, no doubt, was the first thing they asked for?"

"Not quite; but the next. Their first question was whether the war was over. They thought it would have been in two years. After that the talk got quickly to tobacco. The average man enjoys a pipe, but these fellows—they nearly ate it! They had been fairly comfortable. The only danger seemed to be that they might have gone out of their minds with the deadly silence. Two or three of the party had been able to do a little work to relieve the monotony. They had got a fine collection of penguin skins, and one student from Melbourne had done some wonderful mathematics about the tides."

"Would you like to go back to the antarctic?"

Mr. Moyes was in a top coat. A little while before he had been looking at some pictures of the great hailstorm in Adelaide, and as he rose to leave he "buttoned up." There was an icy tingle in the air!

"I think you've got mixed up with the antarctic in Adelaide," he said. "Why, to-day, it is almost like old times."

*Review 17.5.17.*

#### WORKERS AND ECONOMICS.

From C. R. Baker:—"I have no desire to enter into a newspaper controversy with the Secretary of the W.E.A. regarding the work of the association. That my criticism was sound is shown from the Secretary's own figures. I have no objection whatever to any student who has been secured, and I made that perfectly plain at the meeting. But on perusal of the list it will be seen that in a list of 57 students not a navvy or a labourer appears. That is my point entirely. I pointed out that the bottom dog is the man I want to reach. I want to bring some grace and beauty into his life. The point was well made by Professor Naylor when he said at the meeting that we want to make life less drab and monotonous for the workers. Education to me does not mean efficient machines, but happy human beings living a full and complete life. I hope that not only will the people study economics, but that the real education that Spencer's definition means—"a preparation for higher living"—is what the W.E.A. stands for. And because the need of the bottom dog is the greatest, because his life is a soul-killing round to toil, I want the W.E.A. to make a special point of getting the labourer and the navvy. So far very little effort in that direction has been made. Every member of the council is responsible in some degree."

SECRET LANE

*Admitted 18.5.17*

## LITERATURE AND THE WORKER.

### THE HAPPINESS IN ART.

The number of applicants desirous of joining the tutorial classes in English literature to be conducted under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association indicate the interest which the movement has aroused. The course will commence early in June. At the University on Thursday evening Professor Darnley Naylor delivered an interesting preparatory lecture, entitled "The Romance of a Dictionary."

Professor Naylor pointed out that all were concerned in the winning of a living. To win a living, he said, was only a means to an end, and that end was living. No one was living in the true sense during the hours which were spent in the fiery dis-



comforts of the stokehold, in the drip and mess of the mine shaft, in the dull monotony of factory, shop, or bank. Living only began when they left the stokehold, the mine, the factory, shop, and bank. Some, but few, enjoyed the good fortune of living all the day long. He was one of these, for his work, if it deserved the name, was one long delight, except when the drudgery of examinations began. Many of those to whom he spoke that night were unfortunates for whom eight hours of the 16 of conscious existence were eight hours of dead and uninspiring effort. It was not his business to talk of the remedy for this state of things. The unpleasant work of the world had to be done somehow, but no human being ought to look to a lifetime spent in such work. He was a follower of Professor William James, who held that the unpleasant but necessary work of the world should be shared by all—by duke's son and cook's son—for a period, but performed by no man for a lifetime. Some day, if the stupidity of man permitted, this would be the only form of universal service demanded in a newer and better civilisation. Meanwhile he must accept the situation as it was, and the problem resolved itself into making the other eight hours of life as happy as possible. But what was happiness? He had time only to dogmatise. Happiness was something more than the mere satisfaction of the bodily appetites; than the selfish pleasures which alcohol and gambling evoked. He realised too well how many sought violent reaction in excitement of this kind. But his business was to show them, if he could, forms of happiness, which were really no less exciting, and which increased the sum of happiness in snowball fashion, and caused a man to radiate with happiness in such a way as to make him a better and more useful member of the community. They might ask, "Why study the best literature?" To this he could only answer by appeal to other arts. If they were musical, did they prefer a barrel-organ when they might hear an orchestra? If they liked pictures, did they prefer an oleograph when they might have a Da Vinci? If they cared for rhetoric, would they listen to some Hyde Park windbag, when they could be enthralled by Burke, or Bright, or Gladstone? Of course, he was begging the question, but one could only say that the universal experience of all the greatest human minds was that before long the barrel-organ, the oleograph, the windbag, the Da Vinci, and the Burke, Bright, and Gladstone never did, and never could, grow wearisome. Literature was possible only when they had a large variety of words with which to express the finest shades of meaning. If they did not thoroughly understand the words they used, they could neither give expression to their own thoughts, nor could they appreciate the thoughts which other and far greater minds had put down in writing for them. This was why he would speak about the treasure-house of words—a dictionary—and why he intended to show them, if possible, how a dictionary was not "as dull tools suppose"—a monotonous compilation of etymologies and definitions, but a kind of verbal wonder-box, full of unexpected interests. Of their language it had been well said:—"What does he know of English, who only English knows?" This at first sounded alarming, but he could assure them it was possible to pick up, as they went along, enough of half a dozen languages to make them feel intelligent about any derivation which they might find in their dictionary. Well might Trench conclude a fine chapter with the solemn warning of Matthew, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." Proceeding, Professor Naylor spoke upon the historical, literary, and moral value of word study, illustrating his remarks with examples. Referring to the course of lectures, he stated that he was not there to entertain the idle and indolent, that they might seem to tread some royal road to learning, nor was he there to hypnotise the self-satisfied and ignorant into the belief that they knew much, when they knew nothing. He was there to help the earnest student; to be himself a student with them, and to prove (such was his hope) that the game was worth the candle and the treasure worth the seeking.

#### WORKERS STUDYING ENGLISH LITERATURE.

For the University tutorial class in "English language and literature," to be commenced at the University on Friday evening, the 8, the number of students enrolled prior to the lecture delivered last night by Professor Naylor amounted to 48. It has been contended that "only women" would attend such a tutorial class, but the statistics supplied by the general secretary reveal the curious fact that 2 men and 24 women are included in the list of 48 students.



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On Monday next Professor Laver, chairman of the Melbourne Music Examination Board; Dr. Ennis, chairman of the Adelaide board, and Mr. J. P. Bainbridge, registrar of Melbourne University, will visit Sydney to confer with the Minister of Public Instruction and the director of Sydney Conservatorium regarding the inter-State university musical examination scheme.

Review 17.5.17

### VERSE FROM THE TRENCHES.

The opening meeting for the new year of the Poetry Society was held at the Institute, North terrace, on Wednesday evening. The President (Mr. H. W. Uffindell) was in the chair. An interesting paper on "Poetry from the trenches" was read by Mrs. J. Fairweather, and other ladies contributed selections illustrating the work of the authors mentioned. All the verse quoted by Mrs. Fairweather was written by Englishmen, Australians, and Canadians serving in the trenches and on the lowlands of Flanders. She remarked that it was wonderful that such beautiful poetry could have been conceived by men who were surrounded by the distracting influences of the trenches. The principal characteristics of the verse were noted as indicating true devotion to the countries of the authors, and for which they were fighting, suffering, and probably dying; a resolute heart and cheery faith, a strong disregard for suffering and discomfort, and a true devoutness and dependence upon God. The thrilling excitement of life on the battlefield had, said the writer, cast aside the reticence which ordinarily distinguished the Englishman and his over-ca dependants, and expression had been given by the authors to feelings which in their calmer moments they would have suppressed. Selections were given from the works of Capt. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., whose poem "Into battle" had been described by The Times as "the one incorruptible and incomparable poem that war has given in any language." Rupert Brooke, the talented Englishman who met his death on Gallipoli; Leon Gellert, a returned South Australian soldier, who recently won the Bunder prize for English verse at the Adelaide University; and Signr. Skryhill, the blind soldier-poet of Victoria. Illustrative readings were contributed by Mesdames Finlayson and S. D. Kerr, Miss Hall, and Mr. Uffindell. The President mentioned that he had written to the University authorities intimating that, in the opinion of the society, the conditions attaching to the competition for the Bunder prize for English verse were too restricted, and that the objects of the foundation would be attained more effectively by permitting all Australian-born residents of this State, whether associated with the University or not, to compete. The meeting approved of the action of the President.

Advertiser 19.5.17

### STATE FORESTRY PLANS.

A forward step in connection with the forestry movement in South Australia has been the preparation of complete plans for the systematic utilisation of the Kuntpo reserve, consisting of about 5,000 acres in the Echunga district, for a long period of years. The Attorney-General (Hon. J. H. Vaughan) stated on Friday that the Kuntpo working plan, which had been prepared at his direction by Mr. H. H. Corbin and students, embraced in miniature the practical principles of forestry, which on a more extended scale would need to be applied throughout the timber-growing reserves of the State. "It has long been the desire of the Conservator of Forests (Mr. W. Gill)," he said, "to introduce working plans, and when I undertook the administration of the department I determined that they must be evolved before any substantial development in afforestation could take place. The whole area has been carefully surveyed. Maps have been drawn showing the different classes of country, and the timber growing on it, and the purposes to which each block can be best devoted. In some of the stringybark sections it is intended to fell all the trees, sell what timber is of marketable value, and then regenerate the land by allowing young trees to come up from the seed after a good burning. The result in a few years will be a fine area of stringybarks grown under proper forest conditions. In other portions cleared it is proposed to plant softwood pine or devote the space to experimental purposes. A number of different varieties of timber will be planted. Altogether about 1,500 acres will be set apart for the pinus insignis. Approximately 50 acres will be planted with this timber annually for the next 30 years. At the end of that time the first 50 acres will be ready to cut, and the area cleared will again be planted. The fact that in South Australia over £200 worth of pinus insignis per acre has been grown in less than 30 years will indicate the enormous value of the proposition."



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## THE TEACHING OF LATIN.

### PROFESSOR DARNLEY NAYLOR'S THEORY.

The war has given new life to the old controversy about the study of Latin and Greek. One phase of it that is of special interest in Adelaide has been made the subject of an article in the March number of the "Classical Review," by a well-known scholar, Professor Conway, of Manchester. The article is a review of a book published last year by Professor Darnley Naylor, in which he again carries out his theory that the important thing is not translation into Latin, but translation from it. "In spite of all that has been urged to the contrary, I am still of the opinion that, except from the few who possess a natural gift of imitation, continuous Latin prose should not be demanded. In its place we should require a far higher standard of English translation." The book deals with eight chapters of Livy, which give the debate on women's rights that took place in the Roman Senate in 195 B.C. Professor Conway gives the highest praise to the book itself. "This essay, like the first, is really an enquiry in a region of knowledge some part, but only some part, of which is within the grasp of most Latin scholars. Some of its teaching, therefore, wears a familiar air; but as a whole it is a valuable and interesting record of unwritten scholarship. The author is throughout discussing fine points of language which are, as he rightly says, essential to any real understanding of Livy, but which are too fine, and often too special to that author, to come within the compass of grammars, or even to be recognised by commentators. The book, if I may be allowed to say so, reflects brilliant teaching. It must be a delightful thing to be a member of Professor Darnley Naylor's classes for any student who has caught his enthusiasm for the study of language as an artistic instrument of expression, and as a subtle, half-unconscious record of feeling."

But Professor Conway does not like our professor's "pious opinion that translation into English can be made as effective a discipline in clearness of thought and expression as translation into Latin. Many of us are inclined to subscribe to his dictum that, on the whole, too much school time is spent in rendering difficult pieces of English into Latin. But in the fundamental virtues of style, clarity of thought and good taste, the ancient exemplars are far the most powerful instruments of training yet discovered." Assuming this to be true, it is surely beside the point. Professor Conway cannot mean that the style of Livy or any other ancient writer should be followed in English. English has suffered by that very thing. As Professor Naylor says, "The educational value of great ancient languages is enhanced by, if it does not depend on, the fact that such languages differ from our own in methods of thought and expression. If we give a candidate Cicero to translate he should be told to make his version sound like Burke, Bright, or Gladstone; if Livy, to make it sound like Prescott or Froide." It is too much to hope, perhaps, that classical teachers will at once give up the tradition of centuries that the writing of Latin is so valuable that it is worth while crushing nine hundred and ninety-nine boys through the mill in order to recover the one in a thousand who will ever write a line later than his teens, unless he is a teacher.

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## THE BUNDEY PRIZE.

### SONGS OF A CAMPAIGN.

"Songs of a Campaign." By Leon Gellert.  
Adelaide: G. Hassell & Son.  
Mr. Leon Gellert, who was recently awarded the Bunday Prize for English verse at the University of Adelaide, was formerly a student of that institution, but he had left and joined the Education Department in Victoria before the war began. He was at the famous landing at Anzac Bay. The verses in this volume, which has a very creditable appearance, were written while the author was on active service with the Australian troops in Egypt, on Gallipoli Peninsula, and in England, where he was in hospital. They