

The Gifted Knight

Sir Robert Garran, G.C.M.G., Q.C.

First Commonwealth Public Servant,
poet, scholar and lawyer



Francis

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THE GIFTED KNIGHT

SIR ROBERT GARRAN, G.C.M.G., Q.C.

First Commonwealth Public Servant, poet
scholar and lawyer

For Meranaty House

from

Noel Francis

by Noel Francis

N Francis
Canberra, Australia
1983

The support of former colleagues and friends
of Sir Robert Garran, enabling this book to
be published, is gratefully acknowledged by
the author

*f*riends of the
australian national university
library



Robert Garran aged about 14 years.





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Canberra

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FOREWORD

(John Garran wrote the Foreword to this study when it was planned as a collection of his father's verse. Subsequently other manuscripts were discovered but John Garran's sudden death occurred before he had the opportunity to comment upon this later material.)

I am very pleased to be asked to write a foreword to this collection of poetry written by my father, whose versatility is well exemplified by the forms and purposes of his poems.

The earliest of the poems were prize-winning entries of my father's student days, and were in the conventional style prescribed for that purpose. Freed from this restraint, his verses took on a wider variety of forms. Becoming deeply involved in the movement for federation of the Australian colonies, he was soon making topical rhymes as propaganda for the cause. Satirical verse was popular at the time, and over a period of ten years he enjoyed using this means to attack the anti-federation politicians and their policies in the daily and weekly press. These verses no doubt did their share in finally securing a majority for federation in the referendums of 1899. Besides that, they are a happy reminder of the tensions of the campaign, and of the foibles of some of the statesmen of the day.

Federation in 1901 and Garran's appointment as Secretary to the Attorney-General's Department brought a busy period when writing verse was put aside, to be taken up again from about 1906. This time the principal subject was the translation of German songs, many of them by Heinrich Heine, which, for lack of suitable translation, were not available for popular use in the English language. Here the challenge was to provide, not only a rhyming translation, but one which fitted the music - one which was singable.

In addition to these three groups, throughout his life he wrote verses on events or situations which caught his fancy. Noel Francis has made a wide selection from Garran's poetry and has provided a commentary which relates the verses to the man and his times. He has researched his subject thoroughly, not only to discover the verses, but also to determine the circumstances surrounding them which, with the passing of time, in some cases were no longer generally known.

JOHN GARRAN

PREFACE

My principal aim has been to present a selection of Sir Robert Garran's written work, at the same time delving a little way into the interesting background of events that gave rise to much that he wrote, especially perhaps his verse.

The reason for going to this trouble I think will be found in the various examples of verse, or poetry, included, but it may also be found in the introductory chapters about the man himself - in many respects a unique figure in the history of Australia from about 1890. An interest in poetry hardly needs an apology and the type of verse Garran wrote is of a kind seen too infrequently today.

Because of the length of the gold medal winning poems of Garran's university days (up to 50 stanzas each) it has seemed more acceptable to quote appropriately, with an eye to maintaining the continuity. A number of the shorter pieces would have lost their significance if verses had been omitted.

Some of Garran's creative work in verse had a story behind its origin and sometimes finding that story was somewhat of a treasure hunt. Like others who have done similar work, I have had to seek help from time to time. I am very grateful for the help once given me by the late Mr. John Garran; he was always ready to assist with references and suggestions. Many people mourned his passing; he was one of Nature's kindest gentlemen.

Staff at the National Library, Canberra, have always been very helpful. Of course, most of Sir Robert Garran's manuscripts and records are now lodged there. Other people who have come to my aid in various ways include:

The Archivist of the University of Sydney

The Historical Officer of the Postmaster-General's
Department, Sydney

The Town Clerk of the Council of the City of
Sydney

Mrs. N. Phillips, formerly of the Australian
Dictionary of Biography, Australian National
University

Mr. D. I. McDonald, historian, Canberra

The Librarian, the Mitchell Library, Sydney

Associate Professor Ridley Bryan of Canberra

Mr. Barry Andrews, Department of Language and
Literature, Royal Military College, Duntroon,
A.C.T.

Mr. T. Owen, formerly Registrar of the Canberra
University College

Mr. J. Q. Ewens, formerly Secretary, Attorney-
General's Department, Canberra

Senior Archivist, Australian Broadcasting Commission,
Sydney

Mr. David Swain, Senior Lecturer in Professional
Writing, College of Advanced Education, Canberra

Messrs. Bice and Solomon, The Registry, A.N.U.

Mrs. P. Wardle, Canberra.

Mrs. Win Garran, for the generous loan of
photographs

A special thanks to Mrs. Norma Robinson for her
patience in typing the manuscript and to Mr. George
Temperly for invaluable assistance in proof-reading.

I am grateful for the opportunity that has come my way through the life and work of Sir Robert Garran and hope that my efforts, though inadequate, may contribute to further awareness of his many talents.

He was a unique figure at a critical time in Australia's growth, while his capabilities and experience enabled him to serve his country in a number of capacities after retirement. I think it is fair to say, however, that few people to-day are familiar with the output and variety of his written work.

..... Noel Francis

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- . The late Mr. John Garran (and the publishers, Angus and Robertson) for quotations and extracts from "Prosper the Commonwealth" by Sir Robert Garran.
- . The Managing Editor of "The Bulletin" for verse by Sir Robert which appeared in early editions of that magazine.
- . The Melbourne University Press, for reproduction of a selection of translations from "Schubert and Schumann, Songs and Translations, Robert Randolph Garran", reprinted 1971.
- . The "Sydney Morning Herald" for permission to use "A Song of the Commonwealth" - first published in the "Sydney Morning Herald" 1901.
- . The Australian Broadcasting Commission (now Corporation) for permission to print talks given by Garran on the A.B.C.

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A CONDENSED BIOGRAPHY

Robert Randolph Garran was born at 147 Phillip Street, Sydney, on 10th February, 1867. His arrival in the household had been preceded by a succession of girls - five of them - so that his parents must have met the occasion with joy and exultation.

His mother appears to have been a woman of resource. She distrusted "milkman's milk" (with good reason then, no doubt) and maintained a cow in the Sydney Domain, the animal making a twice-daily pilgrimage of its own volition to their back gate.

Young Garran in due course became a student of Sydney Grammar School and, perhaps aided by a foundation of quality milk, became Captain in 1884. Academic success followed at Sydney University, where he was awarded the Cooper and Lithgow Scholarships in classics, the Barker and George Allen Scholarships in mathematics and a scholarship for general proficiency. He was awarded the University Gold Medal in the School of Philosophy in 1898 and his M. A. was conferred in 1899 with First Class Honours.

Garran later became associate to Mr. Justice Windeyer. After practising for some years at the Bar "mostly on the equity side" he said in his autobiography

that he saw himself leading a "quiet and blameless life as an Equity barrister"; but events around him were already beginning to influence his future career.

His interest in the federal movement most likely grew from the proximity of his office to Macquarie Street where the Convention of 1891 strengthened the federalist convictions he had partly inherited from his father, then editor of the Sydney Morning Herald. He joined the executive committee of the Australasian Federation League in Sydney and attended the Corowa and Bathurst Conventions.

He was asked to prepare a course of lectures on federal government for the University Extension Board only to find, when he had finished the job, that there was no popular demand at the University for the course. So he converted the lectures into a handbook on federal government which bore the title, The Coming Commonwealth. The subject was topical, the book unique and the edition soon sold out.

Garraan went to the big Convention of 1897-98 as private secretary to George Reid (later Sir George), Premier of New South Wales. Subsequently he was lent to the drafting committee as secretary, to work on the proposed Federal Constitution. On this complex task he was constantly with the Committee at the Melbourne Grand Hotel until all hours of the morning.

An indication of the high regard that Barton had for Garran is seen in his remarks at the close of the 1897/8 Convention, when he paid a tribute to Garran's knowledge, his research and his literary qualities. Garran likewise had a high regard for Barton's special gifts.

His close involvement in federation and his enthusiasm led Garran into keen public relations and propaganda work. Much of the criticism of the proposed Constitution was answered almost daily by an editorial committee of which he was a member.

At the request of Alfred Deakin, the first Federal Attorney-General, Garran accepted the post of head of the Commonwealth's Law Department (Attorney-General's). His well-known comment on this significant occasion was, "On January 1st I found myself head of a department which had no tail, or rather I was head, body and tail in one. I remember that my first duty was to write out the 'copy' of the first Gazette, send myself to the printer, and correct the proofs for the press".

Among his remarkable achievements was establishing the first departments in the first Federal Government in Australia. An even more difficult task was organising the election of the first Parliament when no machinery existed for carrying out this operation. (There was, of course, no Commonwealth Electoral Act until Federal Parliament began to function). Garran's comments on the situation from Prosper the Commonwealth, make interesting reading. "All we had was

a very sketchy provision in the Constitution, declaring little more than that for the first election the State electoral laws should be applied 'as nearly as practicable', and we had six willing, but puzzled, State Electoral Officers telegraphing for advice. Meanwhile, the first engrossing occupation of Ministers was to scatter to their several constituencies to woo the electors, and I was left on deck with instructions to answer all questions in the name of the Ministers, and to run the show. A trying job for a new hand! Somehow we got through without a hitch, but if the defeated candidates had known all our difficulties in trying to apply the inapplicable, there might have been quite a crop of disputed elections."

Garran married Hilda Robson (a younger sister of the first headmaster of the Sydney Church of England Grammar School) in 1902. There were four sons - Richard, John, Andrew (Rhodes Scholar) and Peter. Lady Garran's untimely death in February, 1936 was a shock to the whole of Canberra at that time. A writer for the Melbourne Argus, Mrs. Allan, who wrote under the name of "Vesta", referred to her in the following terms in an article in the Argus:

"No woman ever sought the limelight less than Lady Garran. No woman thought less of the social importance of money. But she had a strong sense of the value of neighbourliness, and she made it her business to extend a personal welcome to every new resident with whom she could establish contact, and by this means she created throughout the city an atmosphere such as I have met in no other place in which I have lived."

Soon after Garran came to Canberra he realised that the National Capital should have a university. Two obvious reasons were the need for a Federal Government to have access to the guidance that should be available from higher levels of study and scientific advancement and the further need for public servants and young people in a growing community to have the opportunity for tertiary education. His efforts largely brought about the Canberra University College; he was chairman of its Council from 1930 to 1953.

This achievement did not prevent Garran striving for the establishment of a National University which he envisaged would be principally for post-graduate research and specialised study in certain fields such as international relations, economics, Pacific relations, public administration and so on. When his efforts were successful, he became a member of the Interim Council of the Australian National University from 1946 to 1951 when he was awarded an honorary LL.D.

He became the first Honorary Fellow of University House, but perhaps the most significant tribute to his unselfish contribution to the development of university teaching and research in the Australian Capital Territory (earlier the F.C.T.) was the naming of the Robert Garran Chair of Law. Indeed, the last formal ceremony he attended was the inaugural lecture for the Chair in 1956.

The College Council had resolved, at its meeting on 23rd February, 1954, to announce on an appropriate occasion that the Council proposed to establish, as soon as possible, a Chair of Law, to be known as the Robert Garran Chair of Law. This resolution was supported by a long minute of appreciation.

The decision was announced publicly at the Complimentary Dinner to Sir Robert on 24th March, 1954, and was acknowledged by him on 23rd April.

Some time elapsed before the Council authorised advertising to fill the Chair on 10th December, 1954. The reason for this was the need for necessary Government finance to be forthcoming. For a time there would seem to have been some reluctance at a senior level to support the expansion of university teaching in Canberra.

The Chair was first occupied in October, 1955.

Garran's services brought him before the judicial committee of the Privy Council in England in 1907 on behalf of the Commonwealth on a matter affecting the constitution. This was not the only occasion when he represented the Commonwealth or provided legal advice to governments.

One of the strangest partnerships in the history of Australian government and government administration was that of Garran and W.M. (Billy) Hughes; two men who seemed entirely different in every respect. Garran was tall, gentlemanly, wise and scholarly and there seems to be no evidence of short temper or of loss of patience with those on his staff. Hughes was short of stature - more so as he became bent with advancing years - renowned for bursts of temper, and he could not have matched Garran's scholarship or knowledge of the Constitution. The number of private secretaries who passed through his hands was at one time a common topic of conversation and the pages of Hansard were enlivened by his sharp outbursts in the House.

The situation seemed to be one where Hughes was fully aware of Garran's indispensability, to which his skill as a draftsman and thorough knowledge of the constitution specially contributed. Particularly during the 1914-18 war, Garran's reputation for rapidly producing regulations under the War Precautions Act was so well known that it was made the subject of newspaper cartoons. In retrospect it does appear that, while W.M. Hughes was Prime Minister and Attorney-General, Garran was the backroom boy in the second office. It seems that Garran's gentlemanly manner and patience were adequate to cope with his Minister, whereas Hughes knew he must have Garran at his elbow. This prompted his comment that Garran's "fountain pen was mightier than the sword".

In connection with the elections of the Ninth Parliament in 1922, Garran made a comment in Prosper the Commonwealth which threw some light on the character and nature of Hughes, as he saw him; and who better equipped to comment?

"Hughes also overestimated his own hold on Parliament", said Garran. "His hold on the people was probably undiminished: he had his triumphal progresses, and if the Prime Ministership had been in the gift of a plebiscite he might have held on. But the art of dictatorship that had been so useful during the war had grown on him. It has already been said that he had that part of the gift of administration that consisted in picking expert advisers; he listened to their advice, made use of their 'know-how', but in the matter of following it he was apt to be too much set in his own opinions.".....

This observation offers just a hint of the difficulties Garran must often have met in his period of service under Hughes.

Garran was appointed to the position of Commonwealth Solicitor-General when it was created in 1916. As indicated above, the First World War brought further responsibilities when W.M. Hughes, as Attorney-General, delegated far-reaching powers to Garran under the War Precautions Act. Garran had always been concerned at the rather cumbersome machinery for the amendment of legislation and devised a style of drafting that enabled amendments to be made more easily.

As well as attending the Imperial Conference in 1923, Garran was part of the Australian delegation to the 11th Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva in 1930 and the London Imperial Conference. Here he was made chairman of the Drafting Committee. He was also a member of the Imperial Relations Committee concerned with the draft Statute of Westminster. Officially he retired in February, 1932 but the incidental and post-retirement demands on his knowledge and experience seem to have been relentless.

He had been commissioned in 1919, with two professors, to delineate powers which it was suggested State parliaments might refer to the Commonwealth in industrial relations fields and in profiteering. More importantly, perhaps, he was called upon in 1935, with ex-Senator Keating, William Somerville (of the Western Australia Arbitration Court) and D.J. Gilbert, a Perth Journalist, to prepare a reply to a case for secession of the State of Western Australia. Their reply to the petition was effective; A Joint Parliamentary Committee of Westminster virtually rejected the proposal which Garran said "had been started by a few and not taken seriously by the many" and was probably just a way of drawing attention to the State's "request for better terms".

Thirty-one years as the permanent head of a department is significant evidence that governments and Attorneys-General trusted him implicitly. He was loyal to governments of every colour who all recognised his competence and his unique understanding of the constitution and the intent within its clauses.



Rotary Conference, Palmerston N.Z., 1940

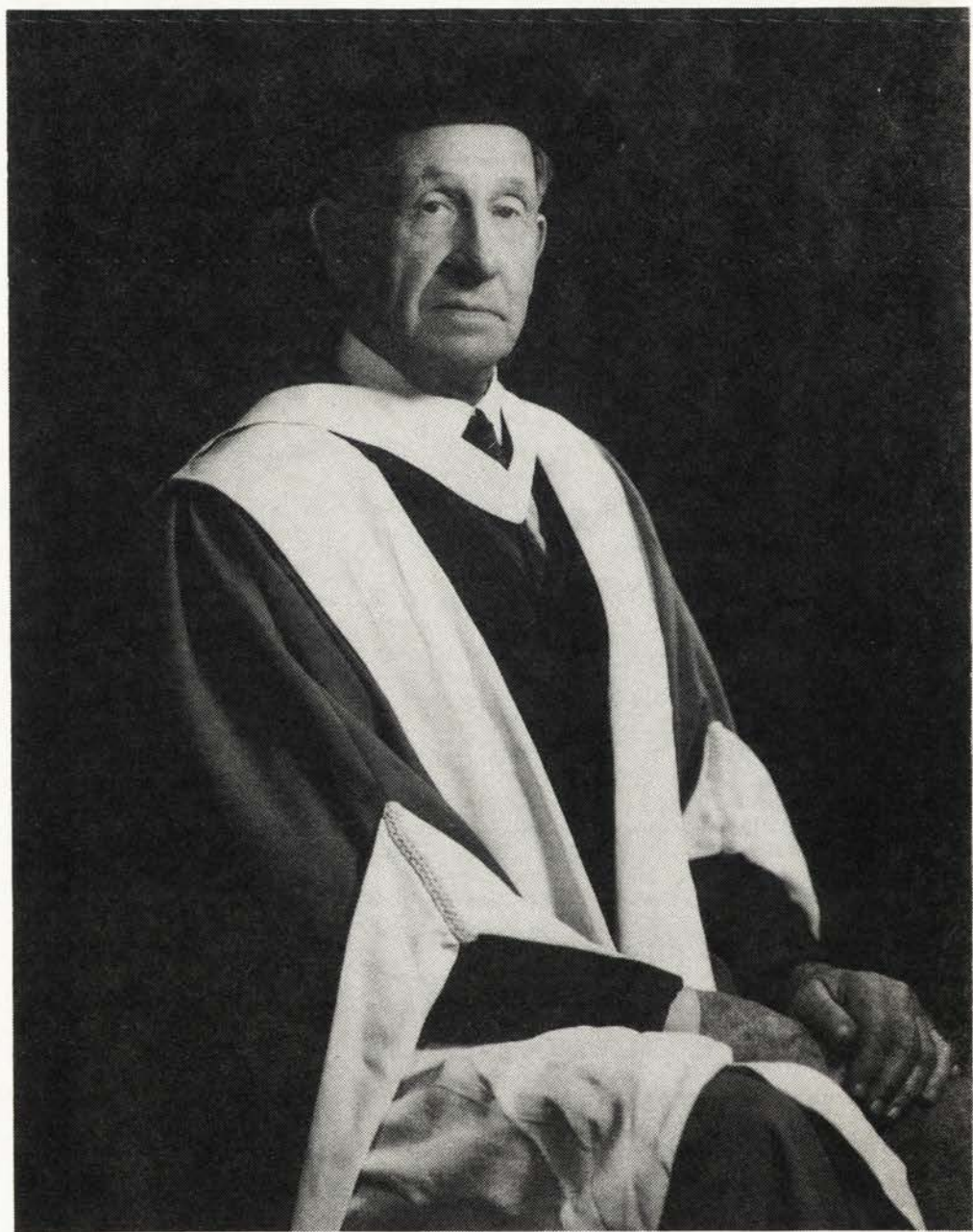
One of Garran's post-retirement appointments was to chairmanship of the Commonwealth Book Censorship Board and later that of Appeal Censor.

In sport he was a golfer and tennis player and took part in Parliament-Public Service cricket matches. He was reputed to be a good rifle shot and had the usual Canberra interest in home gardening. Perhaps he suffered under what has been called "the curse of versatility".

Garran was foundation president of the Rotary Club of Canberra from 1927 to 1929 and was again president from 1934 to 1935.

Bob Garran (as he was known in Rotary parlance) was also District Governor in 1938 during which period Canberra was the scene of the District Conference. To quote from the "History of Rotary Club of Canberra (First Fifty Years)", "his appointment was a compliment to the Canberra Club but particularly to the outstanding gifts and personality of Sir Robert, whose name was a household word throughout Australia and whose reputation extended overseas."

The History continues, "Bob Garran possessed ideal qualities as a Rotarian and was regarded with the greatest affection in Rotary circles, quite apart from his record as a leading jurist, a distinguished man of letters and an inspiring leader in many fields of community service."



Sir Robert in academic gown.

He had attended the International Assembly and Convention at Nice and during his year of office had presented Charters to six new Clubs in the 76th District.

Because of his great experience and reputation he had been selected by the Government, in the early days of the war, to tour the United States on a goodwill mission from Australia. On this tour he had visited and addressed American Rotary Clubs, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm.

After Garran's retirement he was invited by the British Government to be Chairman of the Indian Defence Expenditure Tribunal. This Tribunal was to settle a controversy on the apportionment between the British Government and India of the cost of the British and Indian armies stationed in India. The report of the Tribunal was presented in January, 1933, the conclusion was mutually satisfactory and the British Prime Minister expressed his appreciation of the services of the Chairman and members.

His great span of almost ninety years was filled with an amazing array of attainments, interests and activities, the major portion in one or another form of service to his country. This was recognised in Knighthoods: Kt. (1917), K.C.M.G. (1920) and G.C.M.G. (1937). He was also a Q.C.

A significant point was made by the Attorney-General of the day (Senator O'Sullivan), when he died on the 11th January, 1957. "Sir Robert Garran's death" (he said) "removes from the Australian stage the last outstanding personality who could be regarded as one of the architects of the Commonwealth".

A sculpture of Garran was completed prior to 1952 by Miss May Barrie (now Mrs. M. Voorwinden) and was publicly presented some time in the Autumn of 1953 at Gungahlin (then a Canberra University College Hall of Residence).

The work was not done in response to a Commission but probably because the subject was so well known and had a distinguished appearance. Apparently the College Council and staff were not unanimous at the time in their views on whether or not the sculpture should be purchased. There was said to be a lack of funds for such expenditure. Eventually the Canberra University Staff Association made the purchase at a price of 125 pounds, in the currency of the time.

More than one portrait of Garran was painted. Probably the best known of these was a study by Mrs. J. L. Neilson who fell ill when the painting was nearing completion and was unable to complete it before her death. Following discussions, negotiations were carried on for a time with the well-known painter, William Dargie, who agreed to apply his talents to completing the work as closely as possible to the technique and intentions of Mrs. Neilson. Although the painting was hung for a time in Garran Hall it was not permanently in the one location and at the time of writing it hangs in the Warden's Office of Garran Hall.

C.S. DALEY ON SIR ROBERT

Two personal tributes to Garran came from the late Mr. C.S. Daley. These are unique because, as well as being Civic Administrator of Canberra for some time, Daley was a fellow foundation member of the University College Council. He was a man of musical skill as well as administrative ability who endeavoured to foster musical enterprise in the community. He also had a sense of humour which emerges in his speech supporting the toast to Garran on the occasion of the dinner in his honour in 1954. His speech has a deeply personal yet light-hearted note. Mr. Daley's letter to The Canberra Times, written in February, 1957, after Garran's death, contains a touching sonnet worth reproducing for posterity.

"Mr. Chairman, Sir Robert Garran, Vice-Chancellors, Ladies and Gentlemen. It gives me great pleasure to support the toast of our distinguished Guest for many reasons. As the Principal remarked, my service as a foundation member of the College Council is coeval with that of Sir Robert. I am proud of this fact and have enjoyed the stimulating experience of working under his leadership.

My association with Sir Robert, however, goes back to a much earlier period when, as a younger member of the Commonwealth Public Service, I was impressed by his fine personality and by his unfailing courtesy in official relations. I had to meet him, also, under sterner conditions, as a member of a departmental tennis team, when Home Affairs played the Attorney-General's Department, and it was a desperate business trying to pass him at the net.

Sir Robert was one of the few Permanent Heads who accepted the fact that the transfer to Canberra was a logical eventuality, and he gave the fullest co-operation to those who, like myself, were entrusted with the task of forwarding the preparations for that event - a task that lost us much of our popularity with our fellow officers.

In the settling-down period after the move to Canberra, Sir Robert and Lady Garran were a tower of strength in this community, and they earned the admiration and affection of the new-comers by setting a high example of citizenship and by their friendliness and hospitality to the younger generation of public servants, helping them towards contentment and interest in their new garden-city.

It is characteristic of Sir Robert's wide interest in the intellectual field that the first community meeting that he attended after his removal to Canberra, in 1927, was one at which a group of persons - of whom two others, Kenneth Binns and Harold White are, happily, present, besides myself, at this gathering - came together to found a society "for the study of literature and the fine arts". When the Society of Arts and Literature was duly constituted there was only one person desired as its leader and Sir Robert was unanimously elected as its foundation President. On that occasion Sir Robert expressed the hope that he would be 'the first of a long line of Presidents and not the first of a line of long Presidents'. His record of service to the Society was one of enthusiasm and inspiration, maintained during the ten years of its existence. It was the parent body of several other Societies that have built upon the firm foundations that Sir Robert assisted to lay.

The Canberra Musical Society was formed in 1928 and Sir Robert promptly appeared in a new guise, joining its orchestra and singing in its choir. He was not usually required to 'play second fiddle' but in this orchestra Sir Robert played second clarinet, giving consistent support to its activities and obviously with tremendous enjoyment. As a member of the choir, however, his record was not quite so satisfactory as he shared responsibility for a break-away movement that resulted in the establishment of a Male Choir. Not being particularly noted as a ladies' man, he, with others, apparently became bored with the activities of a mixed choir, so the ladies were left lamenting. Later they retaliated by founding the Canberra Ladies' Choir and Sir Robert made the 'amende honorable' by drafting their constitution and becoming their Patron. He continued, also, to render yeoman service for many years as one of my Vice-Presidents of the Musical Society and as one of its Trustees.

There has been hardly a cultural movement in this city with which Sir Robert has not been identified in loyal and inspiring support, as his constant aim has been that Canberra should be not only a great political centre but also a shrine to foster those things that stimulate and enrich our national life.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking Sir Robert for unfailing kindness to myself and my family over the past thirty years, and for friendly and valued advice and assistance, both officially and privately, to an extent that could not be enumerated.

Sir Robert's place in the hearts and minds of the Australian people is unique, and his name will ever be inscribed in the annals, not only of Canberra, but of the Commonwealth as ..

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus."

.....C.S. Daley

THE LETTER OF 10TH FEBRUARY, 1957

Sir,

It was sad news to me, while touring New Zealand, to hear of the passing of Sir Robert Garran, thus bringing to an end a long career of public service and a contribution to our national achievements that will ever be honoured. To-day is the anniversary of his birth.

In your columns a tribute has already been paid to Sir Robert's remarkable gifts and his work in many fields of community service. I should like to refer to one field, of which I had some intimate knowledge - that of the transfer of the Seat of Government to Canberra. As is well known, this move was unpopular in Melbourne circles, and many prominent public servants, resenting the disturbance of their economy that was involved, were difficult to deal with and were outspoken in their dissatisfaction.

Not so Sir Robert Garran. As soon as the move became definite, he accepted the situation with equanimity, arranged immediately to build his own home in Canberra and, with Lady Garran, accepted the voluntary role of assisting public servants, especially those of the younger generation to settle down contentedly in their new surroundings and take an active interest in community affairs. This was characteristic of Sir Robert's co-operative nature and it was of great advantage in the early life of this city.

Some of us who had the privilege of knowing Sir Robert, officially and privately, for many years, were looking forward to the celebration of his 90th birthday to-day by a special greeting to him, but fate has ruled otherwise. My feelings are embodied in the following sonnet which may be of interest to many similarly-minded.

High hopes had we this day to celebrate
A span of four-score years and ten for him
Whose honoured memory will ne'er be dim
In annals of our race; but unkind fate
Did intervene his course to terminate,
And filled our cup of sorrow to the brim.
Yet we can still rejoice, though death be grim,
That his achievements were so broad and great.
A scholar true but modest in his mien,
He laid a sure foundation for our laws.
In all the arts his voice and practice keen
Deep inspiration showed to every worthy cause.
For graciousness his fame will e'er be green,
To all men gave he service without pause.

.....C.S. Daley

THE MAN PEOPLE KNEW

I doubt if anyone could have met Sir Robert Garran and been unimpressed. The late Sir Kenneth Bailey described him as "something of a prodigy in an age of increasing specialisation". At 80 years of age his stature was still striking and he had a head of benign distinction.

The atmosphere at a pleasant social evening in a private home seemed to suit him. I knew virtually nothing about him on that occasion. He was asked to tell a funny story - something which placed no heavy demand on his skill. It was simply a matter of pressing the appropriate button in a vast storage system.

No doubt only a few friends knew of his verse-writing proclivity or indeed of his gold-medal winning poems which I later read in his own firm handwriting. Such a hobby must have taken second place in an intensely busy life of public service. His output of poems of great variety extended over half a century and much was written probably without thought of publication. Who would ever keep track of it?

After that social evening several years passed before I heard of his patient endeavours which led to the establishment of the Canberra University College. As I was involved in production of the College magazine at the time, I thought it would be good to have the story of those early attempts to set up some form of tertiary education in the A.C.T.

Yes, he would be pleased to write something, he told me. I can recall the silvery-haired, angular figure, half in and half out a big armchair in his lounge room, talking to me as graciously as he would have addressed countless statesmen and senior government officials all over the world.

He was about eighty-four at the time, with still a little of the same kind of vitality he had once poured into the all-night drafting sessions on the Australian Constitution. As he wrote to his family on 17th March, 1898: Since the all-night sitting on Friday, we have committed frightful breaches of the Factories Act, and I think my average hours of getting to bed have been about 4 a.m., winding up on Tuesday with a day's work of nearly twenty hours ...Yesterday morning...I got back to the Grand at about 8 a.m., just as the early birds were coming down to breakfast".

In good time the article about the struggles to get tertiary education off the ground in the A.C.T. reached me, with a note from Sir Robert, hoping that his contribution would meet our need.

Sir Robert was seen regularly at public functions even in his advanced years. He would seldom miss a university graduation. Some of these were in the Albert Hall (Canberra) where most concerts of note were also held and he generally attended these.

Canberra friends knew that he played the clarinet and sometimes took his place in the orchestra at Albert Hall performances. It was not until later that I discovered that he was an outstanding translator into English of the songs of Schumann and Schubert and had written a quantity of verse, from serious material to light satire and enjoyable nonsense. On his death a correspondent to the Sydney Morning Herald said that his translations of Schumann and Schubert's songs were

among the finest existing

"Sir,

The article by your staff correspondent on the late Sir Robert Garran (Jan 12) paid tribute to this great man's interest in cultural matters, but omitted to mention his invaluable contribution to vocal music by his translations of Schubert and Schumann songs (Melbourne University Press, 1946). It would be appropriate to claim that these translations rank among the finest existing and as such it is gratifying that they achieved world-wide recognition in Sir Robert's lifetime.

As patron of the Sydney Schubert Society, Sir Robert always displayed a lively interest in our activities and his encouraging support will be long and warmly remembered.

NORMA WILLIAMS,
Secretary, Schubert Society,
Potts Point."

The great seldom receive full recognition in this life and the full impact of their work often comes at a later time. It may take others, too, some time to become aware of the range of Garran's talents. It was largely through the late Mr. John Garran, his son, that I came into contact with his father's manuscripts of verse.

As I read this lifetime accumulation (which later included other written work) the impression grew of a widely-talented man who might have become a prominent Australian in some artistic, academic or literary field but, bowing to Fate, channelled his abilities into fields of service. These were, broadly, the cause of federation,

then the problems of beginning a Commonwealth administrative framework, followed by the immense challenge of the First World War and its aftermath. (He did, in fact, compose a few pieces of music).

Garran became involved in the federal cause because he believed in it - "history was in the making under my very eyes". It was a glorious crusade and, once he was heavily committed, the basis of his career for about forty years. His course seemed mapped out in advance.

Probably he often sought pleasant solace from legal problems in poetry and light verse, as many other great men have done. He clearly enjoyed demolishing the morning alarms of The Telegraph in the Evening News (1898/99) and this must have been good, clean fun as well as a safety-valve.

It would be more than mere idle speculation to say that Garran could have been a composer, or a noted Australian poet, had not federation intervened.

We are a nation of knockers, sceptical at the very idea of dedication. Yet this country would have been much poorer without the contribution of a handful of dedicated people. I believe Garran was one of these. Surely we owe such people something for the lavish outpouring of their

talents in one direction for the country's benefit, perhaps at the expense of an artistic impulse in another. Let us then look at the poetic adventures of Sir Robert for an inkling of what we might have had.

EARLY STIRRINGS

Versatility is a Garraan attribute reflected in his poetry, as in his other achievements. His variety of verse-styles was extensive (and he could adapt to meet the needs of the moment) yet this skill was never a full-time commitment. His was a constantly full life and ranged further afield, geographically as well as vocationally.

Many great men have dabbled in poetry, usually with limitations of form, whereas Garraan commenced in a rather traditional style - "solid" poems which brought him the gold medals in his early twenties - then gravitated through the gamut of satire, federation fun and light "romantic" verses to a miscellany of personal and sentimental pieces, but not always in that order.

It was somehow to be expected that he wrote the rich, rolling stanzas, steeped in history and drama, in his varsity days. Studious young men seem often smitten by the gravity of life and events as they look down the blood-stained vista history seems to present. This may be why Garraan sought to record features such as the Armada story and to recapture the atmosphere and harsh outline of the Tower of London.

Young Robert Garraan must have been seldom idle. With poetry even a hobby, much thought and imagination clearly went into gold medal winners like "The Armada" and "The Fall

of the Bastille". Then he soon became involved in the federal movement. "It was the Convention of 1891 in Sydney", he said, "that first stirred in me an active interest". Along with federation activities, of course, went a closer association with the affairs of government. (In 1891 Garran would have been only twenty-four).

As his interest in these matters intensified, his verse entered a lively and satiric phase, with a silvery thread of fun emerging frequently in the changing fabric. He was quick to see opportunities for punning (once a much more acceptable form of humour) and for creating light verse with a political flavour. So we find poems like "The Burglar's Lament" and "Petticoat Government" (1891).

Did the punning of Thomas Hood influence Garran? Perhaps better known for his "Song of the Shirt" and "The Dream of Eugene Aram", Thomas Hood was an "inveterate punster", also described by John Clubbe in his notes on the poet as "the unquestioned master of the pun in English". There is a likeness in the style and form of much of Hood's and Garran's work and it is known that Garran was familiar with Hood's poetry.

Writers like Lamb and Coleridge urged Hood not to forsake his serious work for comic verse, but for many years he punned effectively in rhyme. Some of his effects were a

little grotesque - even crude - but ingenious. There was the story of the poor fellow who lost his legs in the war. His lady friend observed:

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feat of arms".

The very fat coachman was unsuccessfully courting the barmaid of the "Crown".

"Said she, 'my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can'."

You will probably see a similarity in this technique and that used by Garran in "The Burglar's Lament".

"Petticoat Government" carries with it the recognisable perfume of Iolanthe, which is not surprising, since Garran was quite familiar with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. (He knew most of them by heart.) Indeed, he maintained a close interest in the stage and in theatrical productions for most of his life.

It might be interesting to read "The Burglar's Lament" at this point, as a contrast to the examples of other verse which follow and as an instance of the rather clever nonsense which Garran liked to indulge in now and then.

It was not choice, but cruel fate
That brought me to the dock;
When fortune slams her golden gate
One has to pick the lock.

When a chap's purse is drained, you know,
 He has somehow to fill it;
 But each profession's crowded so
 That I can't get a billet.

I'm just too short to join the Guard,
 I hate the sporting gentry;
 The Bar is so securely barr'd
 I cannot force an entry.

The clergy are too poorly paid,
 Else I'm a first-rate preacher;
 I will not soil my hands with Trade,
 Or be a High School teacher;

I cannot stand for Parliament
 For want of forty notes;
 Else from the class I represent
 I'd get no end of votes.

I have a turn for art, but get
 Less praise than should be mine,
 Though judges think that I may yet
 be hung upon the line.

I might join the police - but no!
 On that point I feel sore;
 I don't adore the "force", although
 I sometimes force a door.

I cannot condescend to theft,
 Of thimbles and a pea,
 And so there's but one calling left
 for honest folk like me.

A victim to the social law,
 At hunger's stern behest
 I ply my jemmy and my saw,
 And augur for the best.

.....

*1 NLA MS2001 (for details see page 200)

.....

Garran was a lawyer and a public servant;
 Commonwealth public servant Number One, in fact.
 Poetry was often a creative outlet - a means of
 self-expression. He quickly sensed the dramatic potential
 of places and events. We see this in the poems which won

him early distinction. Here were scenes of passion and suffering. Garran peopled the halls of history with shadowy forms; at times almost in retrocognition, with a poet's insight.

Consider his treatment of "The Tower". He had never seen the building when he wrote, yet the imaginative detail is convincing. The historic figures and the scenes of crime, the echoing stairways and musty cells suggest the observing eye of a touring chronicler, not the poetic excursions of a distant young Australian.

It would be easy to be sympathetic with a critic who viewed this kind of treatment as unreal. Should a poet describe a situation or a place he has never seen, dramatically, as a "first person", on the spot account? However, there was in Garran's time, a volume, The Tower of London from Within, which he might have used as a source of reference. It is interesting that, on 18th September, 1918 he wrote in his journal-letter: "On Saturday afternoon I showed *Latham over the Tower of London. Many years ago, before I had ever seen it, I wrote a prize poem about it. It needs much correction."

*LATHAM: J.G. Latham was born on 25 August, 1877. He became Bachelor of Laws in 1902 and was called to the Bar in 1904. In 1918 he attended the Imperial War Conference in London and was present at the signing of Peace Treaties at Versailles in 1919. During his political career he was Deputy Prime Minister, Attorney-General, Minister for External Affairs and Minister for Industry in the U.A.P. Government when it was victorious after 1931. He was appointed Chief Justice of the High Court in October, 1935 and in 1940 was Australia's first Minister to Japan.

With some deference to time sequence, and before plunging into humorous and satirical work, we might look quickly at the gold medal winners, written in Garran's early twenties.

"The Tower of London" belonged to early 1887 so that Garran was producing impressive work at the age of twenty. Although we may think of him as a young historian, it was a theatrical brush he used on the massive stonework -

"The boatman floating down the Thamis tide,
Down thro' the giant span of London Bridge,
Sees with its sombre portals frowning wide
A fortress crown'd upon the water's edge,
Defiant of the wintry tempest's rage
Rearing its loop-holed turrets to the stars,
Grimed with the rain and smoke and soot of age,
And sear'd with warfare's honorable scars,
Like some old warrior lamed in a fierce joust
with Mars.

Britain boasts many a statelier, grander pile;
Full many a taller turret guards her shore;
Far richer mansions grace her sea-girt isle,
And many a stouter fortress threatens war:
But none of all is loved and revered more
By Britain's sons, than thy plain massive walls,
Fraught with rich weight of legendary lore;
None to light fancy's eye such scenes recalls
As the historic stones that pave thy gloomy halls."

A Shakespearean influence seems to infiltrate the third stanza. It has a little of the ring of old John of Gaunt's speech from "Richard II".

"Grim fortress, child of war, whose turrets high
 Like giant sentries of a giant town,
 Uprear their summits to the northern sky,
 And on the bustling streets look darkly down:
 Who, keeping thy long watch with sleepless frown
 And silent majesty, hast witness been
 To all that past within thy tower'd crown;
 To sights both gay and sad, - now royal sheen
 Of pomp and pageant, - now to deeds of blackest sin:"

We may think of the 1887 Garrahan as simply a young man with an imagination, who found the right subjects, but his poetic potential is evident. In the sixteenth stanza he writes -

"I love to wander thro' thy gloomy halls
 And up the winding stairs, whose well-worn stones
 Attest their age, whilst memory recalls
 Dim legends, and in fancy hears the groans
 Of hapless Tower captives, whose dry bones
 The grave has held for centuries; I gaze
 Upon the jewels and the royal crowns
 Imprison'd there, and seem to see the days
 When their first wearers won the nation's worthy
 praise".

And again at the twenty-second:

"Hence thro' the narrow darkness of a stair
 Whose pitchy windings giddily descend
 Into long corridors, where the prison'd air
 Is dank and mouldy - for the stones that fend
 The light, admit the rain - slowly I wend
 My contemplative way. Here fancy's spell
 Repeoples the dim gloom with shapes that blend
 Reality with shadow: yonder cell
 Seems haunted by the ghostly form, the earthly
 shell".

There is an atmosphere of gloom in these verses; perhaps there was little to be cheerful about in the history of The Tower.



"Lo! from that casement looks the lovely face
 Of fair Anne Boleyn, England's luckless queen,
 Condemn'd to die. Only the fleeting space
 Of three years past, those features had been seen
 In that same window; what a gulf between
 Those seasons rolls! Then the affianced bride
 of England's king; now - Pity draws the screen.
 Falsest? Or most maligned? Who shall decide?
 But let them answer for it by whose hands she died".

Facing yon terraced walk methinks I see
 Raleigh, the soldier, courtier, pioneer,
 Philosopher and poet; twice set free
 And twice again imprison'd; fated here
 To end his strangely versatile career
 Upon the scaffold; a good man and great,
 True to his friends, large-hearted and sincere
 Tho' stain'd with ugly faults; but jealous hate
 And persecution dragg'd him to a felon's fate".

This early work is of such length that enjoyment of
 the witty verse of later years would be restricted
 without some process of selection. The forty-ninth stanza
 seems a fitting conclusion -

"Mayst thou be spared the desecrating touch
 Of modern vandals, who would fain destroy
 All things antique and beautiful; for such
 Think age a blemish, and can take no joy
 In sight of crumbling ruins, nor alloy
 Life's stern reality with pleasant dreams
 Of art and poesy, - that never cloy
 The wholesome palate - but their nature seems
 Too earthy-gross to rise to such ethereal themes.

"The Tower of London", "The Armada", "The Fall of the
 Bastille" - all focal points for dramatic events. It is
 reasonably certain that, right from Sydney Grammar schooldays
 Garran had an interest in drama. "The Armada" provided him
 with an immense canvas, spread for one of history's big
 stories. There was great scope here for the narrative poet,
 and ample opportunity for descriptive skill.

Then wheeling vexes her again, and frets her
 monster flank,
 And rends her vitals from afar, and pierces rib
 and plank.
 So stands 'neath Spain's unclouded clime the
 lordly bull at bay;
 So his tormentor round him darts, and taunts him
 to the fray,
 And stings his snorting nostrils with bright
 cruel barbs of pain.
 And leaping lightly from the charge provokes his
 rage again."

Then, with the night, fire comes to the battered galleons -

"On sweep the fiery demons, with no human hand
 to guide;
 Thro' each port dart the nimble flames, and clamber
 up the side,
 And revel wildly on the deck, and onward leaping
 fast,
 Crawl up the pitchy cordage and enwreath the dizzy
 mast,
 And lick with hot and hungry tongues anon the
 swollen sail,
 And feed upon the spreading spars, and wanton with
 the gale."

.....

"Like Furies' snaky tresses high above the burning
 decks
 The serpent flames stream out and hiss and rear
 their angry necks.
 One moment all Spain's seamen stand dumb-stricken
 at the sight; -
 The next, mad hubbub rends the air, and rankles in
 the night;"

He describes the havoc caused by the storm -

"Now in a sad and sorry case the Great Armada lay,
 Bruised, batter'd, hope-forsaken, weary, watching
 for the day;
 Their anchors lost lay fathoms deep; despair crept
 close behind;
 To leeward lurk'd low cruel rocks with angry
 breakers lined;
 To left, Britannia's constant fleet pressed with
 exultant glee;
 In front interminably roll'd a wild and wintry sea."

Garran speaks of the "Shot-shatter'd citadels of war, disabled and unmann'd", and finally launches into what some may think a rather heavily-larded patriotic paeon which, eighty or so years back, was not out of place or unexpected. In Garran's youth the British Empire flourished and the majesty of England was a glorious and awesome thing to citizens of its far-flung outposts. Garran clearly thought reverently of his heritage.

"England, blest home of Liberty!
 Shield well thy sacred charge;
 Shelter and cherish her alway with bounty
 full and large;
 Her glorious godhead watch and ward; her
 majesty defend
 From ambuscade of enemy, from flattery of friend;
 From all who scorn what age has proved, and only
 love the new,
 From praises of the many, and caresses of the few;
 From smooth-tongued prophets that parade in
 patriotic dress,
 From riches' gay seductions, and from poverty's
 distress;
 With jealous eye mark lest she take some inward
 taint of harm;
 So shall her graces perfect grow, and shine with
 peerless charm.
 So shall thy glorious empire still thro' endless
 ages span
 The invisible abyss of time, frail dynasties of man,
 And from the dust of nations shall a greater
 Britain rise
 Whose triumph-song of peace and praise shall gird
 the hollow skies."

.....

Much of Garran's verse is in his original firm handwriting but he was never completely satisfied. Frequently words are crossed out with "second thoughts" written in pencil above.

Some characteristics suggest that an occasional verse might have been written at a later time.

It seems unfortunate in a sense that Garran was restricted by the requirement - "English Heroic Metre" - of the Sydney University contest, because his excursions a little later into more lively and enjoyable work indicated that his talent would emerge in almost any verse form, perhaps at its best in light or satirical writing.

The Bastille was again a backdrop for someone who wanted to recreate drama. Where human passions were unleashed and all the history of France flung violently into the melting pot was a place Garran thought worth writing about. It seems likely, though unverified, that Garran chose this topic, as it is "of a kind" and seems to be his last formal work of this sort. He might have said, "This is my final attempt at the medal. Now I can relax and not just write for prizes." The medal came, of course, but perhaps some of his brilliance was missing. He might not have appreciated being tied to rigid terms.

"To the Bastille! Within its ruthless walls
Languish the victims whom their hate enthralls;
Storm its defence with some resistless shock -
Batter its walls, burst every belt and lock,
And set the prisoners free! When that is done,
Wreak your wild vengeance on the senseless stone;
Level the hated turrets with the ground,
And with the fragments strew the ditches round.
Let sign nor vestige of the walls abide
to tell your sons the shameful tale they hide.

"Yes, if a hated foe thus hemm'd my way
 'Twere no hard matter to decide the day,
 But these are Frenchmen, brothers, kith and kin,
 That seek admittance. Must I then begin
 The bloody test of war 'twixt sire and son?
 Must I first point the fratricidal gun
 That calls a sundered France to draw the sword
 Against herself, abhorring and abhorr'd?
 But hark! The crowd would parley. Thru' the din
 An embassy craves entrance - Let them in.
 Prospect they bear, perchance, of bloodless end;
 At worst, no harm is done - an hour is gained?"

After the mob has stormed the Bastille he asks -

"O Liberty, thou maiden deemed divine,
 Can this most foul and bloody work be thine?
 Are fratricidal brawls and civil strife,
 And wanton prodigence of human life -
 The widow's wailing, and the orphan's fears -
 The father's broken heart, the mother's tears -
 Acceptable in thine unshrinking sight?
 Do these things thrill thy bosom with delight?"

So the grim tale of destruction and mayhem draws
 to its close; Garran searches about for new hope.

"Be patient, wretched folk, tis not for long.
 When sunder'd, weak - united, you are strong.
 Heavy your burden - but 'twill soon be light;
 The gloom is deep and dire, but thro' the night
 Lo! a dim streak reddens the eastern skies;
 Be patient, for the glorious sun will rise
 Flooding with splendour all the rich campaign,
 To purge the grossness of the people's reign". *

.....

* "campaign" Also "campagne" (open country)

Gold Medal Awards - University of Sydney

Garran was awarded the English Verse University Prize in 1887, 1889, and 1890. In 1890 the prize was described as 'A medal of the value of £20 ... given by the University for the best composition in English Verse. The competition for this medal is open to all Undergraduates and Bachelors of Arts of not more than three years standing.'

It appears that this prize medal was initiated by the first Provost of the University, Edward Hamilton (1809-98), who in 1854 made a gift of £25 to the University "to be given as a prize during the present year, to be entitled the 'Provost Medal Prize' for the best composition in English Heroic Metre".

The University seems to have taken over the prize later because the Calendar of 1856 refers to the prize as the University Medal and in 1857 the Senate appropriated £20 for the prize.

The prize is still awarded though the contest does not appear to have attracted great interest over recent years. The value is now only twenty dollars and the winner does not receive an actual medal. (We might make the comment here that the decline in interest is probably due in part to changing tastes in verse-form. Most contemporary verse would not meet the requirements of the competition).

A more recent Calendar of the University of Sydney included the following announcement:

"University Prize - \$20. Awarded annually for English Verse (to be written in rhyme). The competition for this medal is open to matriculated members of the University - whether undergraduate or graduate - who are of not more than six years' standing from Matriculation. The composition must be at least one hundred lines in length."

(The preceding information has kindly been furnished by the Archivist of the University of Sydney).

FEDERATION AND POLITICS

There is not a wealth of detail in the Garran story from about 1889 to 1891. His autobiography skims lightly over the period but the fact that he was associate to Mr. Justice Windeyer for a year is mentioned and that he was called to the Bar in 1890. As mentioned earlier, it was in 1891 that he became actively interested in the federal movement. A significant statement in Prosper the Commonwealth reads: "Now, with the Convention assembling in the Legislative Council Chamber in Macquarie Street, just round the corner from my daily routine in Phillip Street, history was in the making under my very eyes."

His reference to Phillip Street may have been to the office of Sly and Hamilton, in which he spent a year, or to his reading "for a time" with A.H. Simpson, but in this exercise it is not intended to study Garran's entire career; rather to present a selection of his verse, radio talks and articles and many of the circumstances that gave rise to them.

Nevertheless, the whole concept of federation seemed to have sparked off a new surge of energy. He found in the movement a stimulus to his talents and an opportunity for the development of abilities in journalism, public speaking, administrative and secretarial functions and - not by any means least - in poetic skill or (some may prefer) in verse-writing.

Although he had written light and humorous verse such as "The Burglar's Lament" and "The Organ Grinder" before 1891, the federal movement encouraged his use of satire and sharpened the barbs of wit he employed to expose the faults and foibles of the anti-federalists. His interest in politics naturally did not always emerge in a serious vein, as "Petticoat Government" of February, 1891 shows.

Apart from providing an insight into the fun-loving streak in his character, this verse also reflects his affection for Gilbert and Sullivan.

Petticoat Government

(February, 1891)

'One man, one vote', will not do here;
For shortly I presume an
Amending Act will make it clear
That "Man" embraces "Woman".

Your mother - sisters - cousins - aunts -
The girl on whom you dote -
To satisfy their little wants
Are each to have a vote.

But that's not all: once pass this Bill,
And more will be expected;
Once let your bride elect - she still
Will want to be elected.

But - happy thought! - their gentle ways
And pretty polished fashions
May wean the House from rude affrays,
And cool its angry passions.

Refining influence may yet
Save our M.P.'s from Hades;
A House of Lords we cannot get,
Let's have a House of Ladies.

That is, half ladies; let us do
 As Noah did of old -
 Draft male and female, two and two,
 Into the sacred fold.

The single members - if not shy -
 May then, in moderation,
 Vary their heavy labours by
 A little light flirtation.

And if the House should e'er incline
 To weary of finance,
 It can adjourn at half-past nine
 To have a little dance.

We'll read in the report next day,
 Before we go to town,
 That "White paired off with Mrs. Grey,
 And Black with sweet Miss Brown".

Perhaps, indeed, - for who can say? -
 In Houses so assorted,
 Our legislators' language may
 Be fit to be reported.

The married member - oh! I grieve
 To think how sad his fate;
 His watchful wife will ne'er believe
 Twas business kept him late.

She'll scan division lists to see
 If her dear spouse's name
 Appears in close proximity
 To that of Mrs. Flame.

She'll ne'er admit his vote is wise,
 Whichever way it goes;
 She'll take exception to his 'Ayes',
 And criticise his 'Noes'.

Late sittings you will have to leave,
 And go home early, you men;
 It isn't easy to deceive
 A lady of acumen.

Garran's interest in the politics of federation developed his talents in several directions. For a time he belonged to an editorial committee devoted to the task of maintaining a constant flow of pro-federation propaganda

to the country press. In each Evening News he set out, usually in verse, to ridicule some of The Telegraph's claims in a column he called "Nailed to the Counter".

Members of the editorial committee also took part in public meetings which in those days were the essential structure of a political campaign. As most older citizens no doubt recall, meetings took place at street corners, in any suitable hall, or at some central point in the town. Speeches were often delivered from an hotel balcony. Garran describes one of these events (saved by a reporter) in his autobiography.

"I remember one night being billed to speak from the Green Park Hotel in Darlinghurst. As I reached the hotel a cloudburst deluged the streets and emptied them of people. I was sitting disconsolate in the bar parlour, when in swam a 'Herald' reporter and said, 'I'm here to report you; speak your piece and I'll report it.' So we both mounted to the balcony and, like Demosthenes by the seashore, I thundered my eloquence to the elements. My subject was Dr. MacLaurin's attack on the financial clauses of the Constitution, in which he specialised So I spouted to the waterspouts in the deserted streets, and the reporter was as good as his word".

In appropriate situations, Garran liked to exploit his flair (and his fancy) for quaint and unusual rhyming. There is an example in the final verse of "Petticoat Government". A short piece he wrote about Canberra at a much later time is an instance of what he could do.

"Nothing on earth will rhyme with Canberra
Except perhaps Irene Vanbrugh
(And she, I'll swear till the skies are blue with it
Has nothing at all in the world to do with it).
Now, I ask you, could ever a man be ra
Pscallion enough to go and plan borough
With such an unrhymable name as Canberra."

To return to federation politics, a verse under the title "Great Caesar's Ghost" has some clever rhyming combinations. Garran was modest enough to call it doggerel, but many would appreciate both the word-play and the situation that caused him to write it. On occasions in this verse, proper regard for the rhyme and metre calls for irregular or quixotic pronunciation.

"Great Caesar's Ghost" materialised in the period Garran dubbed "The Doldrums". In Prosper the Commonwealth he told how, following the Constitutional Convention of 1891, federation entered a flat spot when "the parliaments hung back". The delegates' job, he said, had been to think things over and report, and this they did. Without being fully satisfied, they thought they had done a reasonable job, but it was necessary for parliaments and the people to accept the Constitution.

Following defeat of the Parkes Government in New South Wales, Dibbs (who was the "arch-enemy of federation") became Premier. Barton resigned "on a personal matter" and other parliaments waited for a lead from New South Wales, which was not forthcoming. Anti-federalists began to claim that federation was "as dead as Julius Caesar".

But Garran claims that the "Antis" had overlooked "Great Caesar's Ghost", so he wrote about it in June, 1891.

Great Caesar's Ghost

A good old statesman lately gone
Expressed some strong opinions on
The federal scheme - not pro but con.
You'll find that these are
The very words - or so I've read -
This venerable hero said:
"Oh! federation is as dead
As Julius Caesar".

Some lesser politicians found
The phrase possessed a learned sound
And being fond of classic ground
(As all M.P.'s are)
Perpetuated the remark,
And cried, wherever men would hark,
That federation was as stark
As Julius Caesar.

But an inquiring mind had he,
And wondering who J.C. might be
He searched encyclopediae
(You know what these are)
And there he learnt to his disgust
That he was wrong to take on trust
Allusions to the classic dust
Of Julius Caesar.

He read within a musty tome
That "freedom's friends" in ancient Rome
Swarmed (as they do much nearer home)
As thick as bees are;
And thinking - as such people do -
Their cause excused a crime or two,
They, coward-like, let daylight through
Great Julius Caesar.

But all too soon the traitors' boast!
Lo! through the rebels' armed host
Stalked the immortal Julius' ghost:
(Simple facts these are).
And all the braves that Brutus led
At famed Philippi turned and fled,
Scared by the spirit of the dead -
(That's Julius Caesar).

He learned that dynasties whose sway
These blunderers had tried to stay
Rose mightier from the heroes' clay;
That histories are
Unanimous in stating that
Through centuries of fierce combat
The world's great nations trembled at
The name of Caesar.

"A Convention - and me never in it?" says Dibbs;
 "Why, a pretty Convention 'twould be!
 You're donkeys to want a Convention at all,
 But if you will have it - by Peter and Paul -
 You must have a Convention that represents all -
 A Convention that represents ME.
 Federation is rot, but agin it or not,
 I'll be in that Convention!" says Dibbs.

"Would you dare to postpone Federation", says Dibbs,
 "After saying you'd fetch it on quick?
 I'm agin Federation, but certain as Fate,
 If Parkes don't bring forward the Bill that I hate
 I'll go for him just like a bull at a gate,
 And upset the whole apple cart, slick.
 Federation be blow'd! You get out of my road -
 I'm agin the postponement!" says Dibbs.

"You ask what my policy is", says Dibbs;
 "Well, that's like your adjective cheek!
 I'm agin Federation - I told you before,
 I'm agin 'Enry Parkes and McMillan - that's more;
 I'm agin lots of things; as for what I am for -
 Just elect me - I'll tell you next week.
 As for policy - why, I shall probably try
 To hatch one to-morrow", says Dibbs.

(The final verse was rather parochial and of less general interest).

Almost any federal situation afforded Garran the opportunity or excuse for verse. Indeed, his satire became more biting in a poetic form and perhaps readers got the message more effectively.

Section 87 of the Constitution provided for the Commonwealth to return to the States at least three-fourths of the net customs and excise revenues. This provision became known as the "Braddon Blot" which Barton tried unsuccessfully to abolish or limit to five years. Finance was obviously a touchy matter; for one thing, no-one knew

what the future held, and it is easy to imagine the heated discussions that centred around Section 87. Garran, with some sharp probes, attacked the anti-federal press in "The Devil's Smithy".

An Editor sat in his easy chair
In the antifederal sanctum.
"God bless the Blot!" was his fervent prayer.
What a hole we'd be in if it wasn't there!
But lies will blacken the face most fair;
So he wrote 'em and double banked 'em.

"Under the Braddon Blot (truth doesn't matter a jot)
You'll be taxed to your eyes (tis a parcel of lies,
But the public may think it is not).
Yes, under the Blot, we avow,
(Hope they won't ask us how)
Wages will fall, and your creditors call,
And your country be sold to the Chow".

The Editor squirmed in his easy chair,
As he muttered the words and penned 'em.
"The Devil!" he swore. "We must have a care -
And he wiped his pen in his matted hair.
"For we said the contrary, fair and square,
Just after the Referendum."

"The Blot may be black and vile
(I'm reading from last year's file)
But to say that it axes one penny of taxes
Is silly. (We'll need some guile:
Here goes). The Blot, no doubt
(We'll have to brazen it out)
Quadruples taxation all over the Nation
And that ought to fix it - about."

The Editor wrote in his easy chair
And the candle fizz'd and gutter'd.
A sulphurous incense filled the air,
And the room was red with a ghostly glare -
And lo! the Devil, dictating there
To the pen that scorch'd and splutter'd.

"Under the Braddon Blot"
(the bubbling ink boil'd hot)
"The crops will wilt and the harbour silt
And the sheep all sicken and rot.
Under this blemish weird
(The Devil chuckl'd and leer'd)
Your cattle will die (tho' we can't say why)" -
And the Devil disappeared.

It seems quite a jump to April, 1899; in the intervening years vast numbers of speeches had been delivered in various places by supporters and opponents of federation. There had been a referendum - narrowly lost - though for a time through a duplication of figures the supporters of federation believed they had been victorious.

An Enabling Act was necessary for a Second Referendum in New South Wales and, in spite of problems with the Legislative Council, this Act was eventually passed and the date of the referendum fixed for 20th June, 1899. The Anti forces came back strongly into the fight but, unfortunately for them, they lacked the weight of a strong supporter, J.H. Want, an ex-Attorney General, who was either in London or Cairo. Information regarding his whereabouts was a little vague but, even if he had lost none of his enthusiasm, the slowness of travel might have rendered his efforts to support the "Anti" cause ineffective.

A cable had been sent to him by Mr. Eager, Secretary to the League opposed to federation, urgently desiring his return, but his only reply was that he was waiting for particulars. This was another excellent opportunity for Garran. In April, 1899 he wrote "Waiting for Particulars"

"What's this about a Bill?
When a fellow's feeling ill
They needn't interrupt him at a banquet or a jaunt;
It seems that they are prating
Of some kind of Federating;
But I'm waiting for particulars" - said John H. Want.

"I'm utterly in doubt
 As to what it's all about;
 Federation seems familiar, but remember it I can't.
 Stay- I think there was some mention
 Long ago of a Convention-
 I've forgotten the particulars," said John H. Want.

"Wait a bit! Were there some jobbers-
 Some wolves, or thieves, or robbers-
 That I prosecuted lately? Yes, now I think upon't,
 Some burglar - a real bad'un-
 Called Barton -yes- or Braddon-
 But I'm hazy on particulars" -said John H. Want

"I've remembrance, dim and shredded,
 Of some 'monster hydra-headed,'
 And 'beastliness,' and 'haloes,' and a lot of lurid rant:
 Yes! Yes! -and was there not
 Sir Something Someone's Blot?
 I'll wait for full particulars" -said John H. Want

"I have it! Yes, yes -Barton!
 And that Bill he set his heart on!
 I suppose they want to pass it with amendments-but they shan't.
 Why, it wasn't worth a curse-
 And it seems that this one's worse!
 But I'll cable for particulars" -said John H. Want.

"George should be overjoy'd-
 But it seems he's quite annoy'd,
 And 'can't believe Jack said it.' Well, I didn't - and I shan't.
 'Worse' wasn't quite the word-
 I merely said I'd heard;
 But I'm waiting for particulars" -said John H. Want.

Garran said that the actual wording of the cable
 sent to Mr. Want read: "To Want, C/o Agent-General, London-
 Referendum in eight weeks. Can you take part. Urgently
 desire your assistance. Eager. Reply paid". To appear in
The Bulletin then, Garran wrote:

Wanted - Want

"We want you, Jack! Come back, come back!
 We want you mighty badly;
 Our cause is queer, our prospects black,
 We need a leader sadly.
 Our friends we fear, are very few,
 Our funds, alas, are meagre;
 For hope forlorn we turn to you,
 Come quick! We're waiting -Eager!"

"I'll come! I'll come -to burst the drum!
 So let the muskets rattle!
 I'm with you, boys! I'll come! I'll come-
 After you've lost the battle.
 The Bill, I swear, is most unfair;
 Get in the funds and spend 'em!
 Keep up your hearts! For I'll be there-
 After the Referendum.

"Now see how just was my mistrust
 of folk beyond the Murray;
 Concession only proves their lust
 to loot us in a hurry.
 Who could foresee that they'd agree
 To all we ask'd -or nearly?
 Our best laid plans all gang agley-
 It shakes one's faith severely.

"Sydney's death warrant has been sign'd;
 Might save her if I hurried.
 To start at once I've half a mind-
 But why should I be worried?
 Sorry can't come to funeral,
 But please express my sorrow:
 Bid comrades all go bear the pall,
 And I'll be back - tomorrow."

.....

Loot and Plunder

At the time of the second referendum on the Federal Constitution, The Daily Telegraph returned to the fray "with renewed energy", said Garran. Next to the financial clauses, he said, "The Telegraph fancies the 'wolves and robbers' gambit which had been so often played by the now absent J.H. Want".

To illustrate, Garran went on: (The Daily Telegraph leading article, 19th April, '98) "They (the Victorians) have but one article in their political creed. It is the plunder of N.S.W. ... The common instinct of 'loot' has knitted together a formidable majority for the Bill in Victoria".

But (from The Daily Telegraph's leading article 17th April, '99). "Mr. Wise stated that, in its leading columns, The Daily Telegraph had assailed the

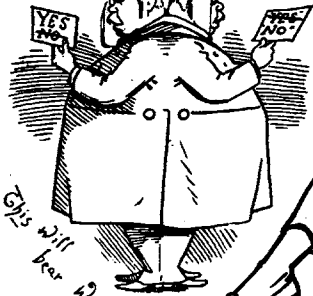
HOW TO VOTE ON FEDERATION DAY, FRIDAY 6th, JUNE.

AUSTRALASIAN FEDERAL CONSTITUTION BALLOT PAPER

Are you in favour of the proposed Federal Constitution Bill?

"YES."

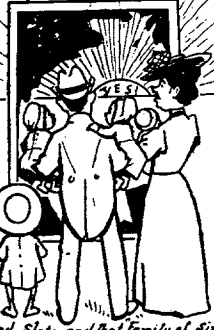
ONE MAN - ONE VOTE!



This will bear watching



RATHER!



Coghlan's Glorified Slate and that Family of Six



The Anti-Billious Party praying for rain on Friday

"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY."

character and morality of the people of Victoria, describing our neighbours as wolves and thieves, that were only actuated by a desire to loot the Treasury of N.S.W. No such epithets have ever been applied (in our leading columns) to the people of Victoria"

However, from the Daily Telegraph's leading article of 3rd May, '99: "We have not yet done with the 'wolves and robbers' argument. The Billites have much to say about it, not liking it. But all they have hitherto said against it has not removed it. They are being whitewashed daily by Messrs. Reid, Barton, Wise and Co., who say they are moral and respectable, not in anything wolfish." etc.

Garran wrote "Loot and Plunder" on 29th April, 1899, which was incidentally the date South Australia had chosen to vote, and one might conclude he had that date in mind. The second referendum in New South Wales was fixed for 20th June and the vote was taken on 27th July in Victoria and Tasmania. Queensland came along with theirs on 2nd September, all results being favourable. The title of the verse probably referred to one of the Daily Telegraph's bogeys, such as the notion of a Commission making scrap-iron of the New South Wales railways.

Loot and Plunder

(Or the gospel of brotherly love according to the
Sydney "Daily Telegraph")

Wise has made another blunder
Which our Daily bosom grieves -
Says we spoke of "loot and plunder"
Says we called our neighbours "thieves".

We indignantly deny it -
 We, the editorial We -
 And we'll stand or tumble by it,
 Will the truthful Daily T.

No, we never, never said it -
 Not a word to their discredit;
 You can search old musty Telegraphs in sheaves.
 We said (and can you wonder)
 They were bent on "loot and plunder";
 But we never, never hinted they were thieves.
 We challenge demonstration
 That by word or imputation
 We ever once suggested they were thieves.

Tis silly, we assever,
 To speak our neighbours ill;
 We have never done it - never -
 And we never, never, will.
 Australians all are brothers,
 And we wish them to unite;
 We wouldn't dream (like others)
 Of egging them to fight.

No, we love our neighbours dearly,
 And if truth compels us merely
 To state the few misgivings we may feel,
 We say (we're frank as Brutus)
 They would plunder us and loot us -
 But we never dream of hinting they would steal.
 We challenge contradiction,
 When we state, with full conviction,
 That we never thought it possible they'd steal.

To many other matters
 Our method will extend.
 We have torn the Bill to tatters,
 Till it takes some time to mend.
 We have raised a thousand "bogeys"
 Which invariably are slain
 (Then our cutest dodge in vogue is
 Just to raise them up again).

Yet, after Referendum
 We can add a slight addendum
 To explain the real opinions that we had;
 We have called it monstrous - rotten -
 Misconceived and misbegotten -
 But we've never even hinted that it's bad.
 We with emphasis assert it,
 And you cannot controvert it -
 We have never, never said the Bill was bad.

.....

Federation and New Zealand

It might not be generally known that an attempt was made at the time of the 1891 Convention to interest New Zealand in federation. As Garran said, "In pre-Federal days 'Australasia' was just as good a name to conjure with as 'Australia', neither had as yet any political significance; and at Australasian conferences New Zealand and Fiji were often represented."

At the 1891 Convention Sir George Grey was the senior New Zealand representative. He had been "both Governor and Premier of New Zealand", which was there, he said, "as a damsel to be wooed without prejudice, but not necessarily to be won." Someone observed that there were "1200 reasons why New Zealand should not join - the 1200 intervening miles of the Tasman Sea". Would today's jet travel have altered his thinking?

When Garran wrote the following lines, perhaps he was feeling so strongly pro-federation that he was convinced Maoriland should be in it.

"Six in one, and one in six",
Leaves New Zealand in a fix;
Seven in one, and one in seven,
Lets New Zealand into heaven!
"Each for each, and God for all"
We are riding for a fall;
Single live, and single die,
Damn'd for all eternity.

.....

Among the short verses from Garran's pen this one on federation was written in December, 1896:

Federal Fancies

They say "A lion's in the path,
 O federationists, beware!"
 But vain the lion's lordly wrath,
 Since federation's in the air.
 He must get feathers like a fowl,
 Or be content to sit and growl;
 For what was ever more absurd
 Than set a beast to catch a bird?

.....

Another poem was part of a trilogy set down under a general heading: "A Song of the Commonwealth". The Commonwealth was established on the 1st January 1901 and the verses appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald of 2nd January. The first is lengthy and a little ponderous; the second might be considered the better. It seemed that this at least justified reprinting, followed perhaps by the Commonwealth Hymn.

One People, one Destiny

God spake, when the island's firm bases
 He set in the midst of the main -
 God spake, when He portion'd their places
 To mountain, and river, and plain:
 Ere the solitudes sang of endeavour,
 Ere the cities arose by the sea,
 God spake: "As this island for ever
 Is one, so its destiny be."

"I have girdled it round with the ocean,
 I have vaulted it o'er with the sky;
 I have order'd the stars in their motion
 To keep a night-watch from on high;
 I have made its wide marches unbroken
 From sea to the uttermost sea;
 I have set the high cross as a token
 To tell of my changeless decree."

Then forth from the isles of the freemen,
 Questing for worlds unknown,
 England sent England's seamen,
 Who found it, and knew it their own.

And the solitudes sang of endeavour,
 And the cities arose by the sea;
 God spake: "One destiny ever,
 One people that is to be."

I have made your wide marches unbroken
 From shore to the uttermost shore;
 Lo! thus be your destiny spoken:
 One people for evermore!

.....

A Commonwealth Hymn

A hundred years are ended,
 And a hundred years begun,
 And the morning peaks are splendid
 In the ray of the rising sun.

Lo! we have hark'd to reason,
 And turn'd from the voice of hate;
 Lo! we have sown in season
 Seed of a mighty State.

The sunlight on our faces,
 And the south wind fresh and free -
 The blood of ancient races,
 And the pride that rules the sea -

The blood that brooks no master,
 And the faith that knows no fear,
 Stir us to stem disaster,
 Steel us to persevere.

One of the hymns for which Garran wrote the words appropriately bore the title of his book, Prosper the Commonwealth and was sung at a British Commonwealth Youth Sunday service to the tune "Aurelia". These are the three verses, one from "A Commonwealth Hymn".

The sunlight on our faces,
The south wind fresh and free.
The blood of ancient races,
The heart that dares the sea;
The blood that brooks no master,
The faith that knows no fear,
Stir us to stem disaster,
Steel us to persevere.

Help us to build a nation,
A people proud and free,
Proud of our high vocation,
Humble, O Lord, to Thee!
Aflame with high endeavour,
Though stony paths be trod,
Keep us united ever,
One people serving God!

Thou who, in peace and war-time,
Hast with ungrudging hand
Prosper'd our sires aforetime,
Prosper'd our Motherland;
Guard Thou our daughter nation,
From danger, strife and stealth;
Through trial, drought, temptation,
Prosper the Commonwealth!

.....

A PROTEST, A CLOCK AND OTHER MATTERS
'FREE FROM TECHNICAL JARGON'

Garran usually had more of the journalist's approach to the written word than the legal one. In Prosper the Commonwealth he referred to the fascinating experience of beginning a new Statute Book which his department had to do when Federal Parliament commenced to function. He said: "We tried to set an example of clear, straightforward language, free from technical jargon" "We began with a set of Customs and Excise Bills We took the existing models of such Bills and cut them to the bare bone and made them like a drawing by Phil May, with every superfluous line rubbed out. Mr. Justice O'Connor once parodied our style like this: Every man shall wear -

- (a) Coat
 - (b) Vest
 - (c) Trousers
- Penalty: £100."

In his collaboration with Sir John Quick in their standard work on the Constitution he found it difficult to keep the book within a reasonable compass. Apparently Quick was determined to leave nothing unsaid and Garran found that compression of the material "could only be effected by stealth." He said he was proud of the amount of pruning he did "without being caught in the Act". Reviewers called the work a "monumental tome" but it was an indispensable document which Garran had done his best to keep of manageable length. Here is a significant passage from the book "We are fully sensible of the difficulty of attempting to expound a constitution before it has been the

subject of practical working or judicial exposition. It is impossible to foretell where the real difficulties will be found or how they will be met".

Though Garran's prose was seldom verbose or rambling he liked to reminisce, which was natural as he had absorbing material to put on record. His Prosper the Commonwealth chapter, "Sydney in the Nineties" is a delightful assembly of theatrical reminiscences. Perhaps one may be pardoned for a single episode which depicts the odd events of those temperamental days when the prima donna was something to be reckoned with.

"Sarah Bernhardt paid a visit to Australia and made a great sensation with her dramatic power and her wonderful voice..."

"She was a woman of moods and, though usually giving her best, would sometimes do little more than walk through a part. One night there was an unusually long wait between two acts. It was only afterwards that we heard that something had annoyed her and she had jumped into a hansom, driven back to the Hotel Australia, and gone to bed. She was chased by Manager Musgrove in another hansom, and he knelt and wept and prayed at her bedside till she relented and came back."

The odd and the interesting always attracted Garran and the fact that he became involved in the politics of federation did not deter him from bending his satire toward democratic institutions. He wrote the following verse in July, 1891 and in his own handwriting, above the title, appears "A Processional Hymn, to be sung on the opening of Parliament".

• • • • •

(There are further observations of this kind and the
verse ends on this note:)

"'Twere a pity, of course, such bold warriors to
lose,
But we've lots, just as good, to jump into your
shoes;
So fight for the right, without favour or fear,
For glory or death - and three hundred a year".

On this little matter of £300 a year, the story of payment for members of Parliament is a separate one in itself; surely one would have needed some private income to have been an honest New South Wales M.L.A. before 1889.

Victoria was a step ahead of New South Wales when it introduced payment for members in 1870. £300 a year was their "allowance". Apparently in 1861 a New South Wales member had given notice that members wanted a similar amount. An intermittent campaign was continued in that

State from 1861 to 1888 to achieve payment for members until on 30th July, 1889 Parkes introduced the Representatives Allowance Bill Number 2 which was eventually passed on 21st September, 1889. Under this Act all members of the N.S.W. House of Assembly were to receive allowances of £300 a year, which they had sought for twenty-eight years.

Federation, as Garran said, was soon "in the air" and there wasn't much talk of appropriate salaries for federal members. This had not prevented New South Wales M.L.A.'s setting their sights on £300 a year or Garran writing about it.

Three Hundred a Year

Loquitur-Jejune Jones, Esq., M.L.A. and
Mistress New South Wales

"Oh, if I had three hundred a year, Mistress mine,
I'd be able once more to start clear;
Why, I'd pay every debt, and live happy, you bet,
If I had but three hundred a year, Mistress mine,
If I had but three hundred a year."

"The work that you're doing for me, Mr. Jones,
Wouldn't pay for your bread and your beer;
You waste all my time without reason or rhyme,
And is that worth three hundred a year, Mr. Jones?
Is that worth three hundred a year?"

"There are three of us bankrupt this week,
Mistress mine,
And there'll shortly be others, I fear;
And who goes up King-street must relinquish his seat,
All for want of three hundred a year, Mistress mine,
All for want of three hundred a year."

"I really don't know what to do, Mr. Jones,
For your charge is exceedingly dear;
You travel first-class on a free railway pass,
And you still want three hundred a year, Mr. Jones,
You still want three hundred a year."

"In all other professions we've failed, Mistress
mine,
But we're quite good enough to sit here;
And I put it to you, what on earth shall we do
If we don't get three hundred a year, Mistress mine?
If we don't get three hundred a year?"

"Just at present I'm very hard up, Mr. Jones,
And the deficit's growing, I fear;
And I cannot afford from my poor slender hoard
To give you three hundred a year, Mr. Jones,
To give you three hundred a year."

"We know that you've got to retrench, Mistress mine,
But we'll square that all up, never fear;
We'll dock each clerk's screw, and clap duties on,
 too,
If you'll give us three hundred a year, Mistress mine
If you'll give us three hundred a year."

"For hang it, a man's got to live, Mistress mine,
And there's one thing that's perfectly clear -
We're a very poor lot, and so, worth it or not,
We'll have that three hundred a year, Mistress mine,
We'll have that three hundred a year."

This was the verse in The Evening News but sometime later the following lines appeared in Garran's handwriting at the side of the cutting which he had pasted in his collection book:

"We don't want it publicly known, Mistress mine,
But we'll whisper a word in your ear;
Before very long, we'll be singing this song
To the tune of a thousand a year, Mistress mine,
To the tune of a thousand a year!"

These lines could have been added in 1920, when the "allowance" for Federal parliamentarians rose to \$1000 a year.

A Protest from Protestant Hall

Andrew Garran, father of Sir Robert, was editor of the Sydney Morning Herald from 1873 to 1885 and his work as a contributing journalist following his retirement was also highly regarded. He died in 1901. Among his many interests was the cause of free trade. In Prosper the Commonwealth, Sir Robert put it this way -

"It is hardly accurate to say that Andrew Garran was neither a free-trader nor a protectionist, but a mercantile. He had been brought up in the free-trade tradition, and remained a free-trader. But he regarded free trade not, like G.H. Reid, as revealed religion, but as a policy, to be judged in relation to time and place and circumstances. The presumption, he used to say, is in favour of freedom; those who would limit freedom must prove their case - the onus is on them. For New South Wales, in his days, he thought the case for protection had not been made out - for the reasons, amongst others, that the field of the individual colony was too small, and intercolonial customs barriers were a serious obstacle to Australian development."

Andrew presided over the inaugural conference of the Amalgamated Liberal and Free Trade Associations in the Protestant Hall, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, held from 26th to 31st August, 1889 and prepared the address. As he was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, however, it was read by the then Mr. G.H. Reid. On the opening day the Sydney Morning Herald featured a long article which began - "Today a conference of more than ordinary importance is to begin. Representatives of the Amalgamated Liberal and Free Trade Associations are to meet ..."

The issue of free trade versus protection was taken very seriously at the time: there was a steady flow of letters to the Herald and meetings were held in many centres. One had been organised at the Masonic Hall, St. Leonards, North Sydney, on 12th August to form a local branch of the National Protection Association. A free trade meeting at Leichhardt on 8th August had been addressed by Messrs. G. H. Reid and F. J. Smith, Ms L.A. On 3rd August Mr. James Fletcher had told a protection meeting at Gundagai that he believed a protectionist policy was best for the country as it would give more employment and circulate money.

Not only was the issue important from the fiscal viewpoint, but a strong basic principle was involved. Emotions were stirred, as we see from the fine oratory of Andrew Garran's address. He hammered home "freedom and liberty". "We unfurl again to-night the flag on which is inscribed freedom of trade," he said. "The long story of human effort is one continuous tale of the effort of man the slave to become man the free". Again: "Think of the martyrs who have been taken to the scaffold and the stake! Think of the poets who have turned their scalding tears into burning words! and then ask whether it is for us to disprove that freedom is a blunder." Freedom as a complete philosophy is the theme of the address and equally the basis of the free trade argument.

The above quotations are not chosen critically.

The tone of the address was in keeping with the earnest attitude to the topic and in length and quality the speech was something an audience might expect from a man of Andrew Garran's standing. The heavy irony and touches of satire in Garran's poem which follows similarly reflect the serious and contentious nature of the issue.

Attempts were made to disrupt the proceedings of the conference, but the Sydney Morning Herald took these in its stride in the report of 27th August: "...although the proceedings towards the close were slightly interrupted by persons who seemed to have found their way into the room by mistake(!), the meeting was as united as it was earnest".

Garran was about twenty-two when he wrote "A Protest from Protestant Hall" so it is perhaps natural that he would have some strong feeling for a cause which his father felt was so vital.

A pretty pass we're coming to
When, in this very town,
They get a freetrade caucus up,
And want to cork us down.

We make a row; they call us rude,
And raise an awful fuss;
But if you think a bit you'll see
We are consistent; thus:

"A tax on everything" 's the creed
That we profess to preach;
So first of all we make attacks
On liberty of speech.

For ad valorem ten per cents
We mean to make a fight;
From which it will be understood
Our duties are not light.

To argument of any sort
 We seldom condescend;
 Noise and abuse is cheaper, and
 We've more of it to spend.

Our floods of passionate appeal
 On every head we pump;
 When we've no leg to stand upon
 We stand upon the stump.

To spurn all other nations' wares
 The country we exhort;
 And if its foreign trade is lost -
 Well, what will it import?

.....

The reference to "ad valorem ten per cents" is to an objective of the protectionists in New South Wales to impose this duty on imports, which would then (prior to federation) have included imports from other Australian "colonies" as well as from overseas. No doubt this would have been a further impediment to federation.

The G.P.O. Clock

Apparently installation of the Sydney G.P.O. clock and bells in 1891 was quite an event in the history of the N.S.W. Capital. At a height of about 200 feet, the tower must then have been a prominent landmark. Over the intervening years millions of people have checked their watches from the 15 feet, 8 inch dials, or from the chimes. Others recall drab war days when the tower was "put into mothballs" indefinitely.

The occasion of the installation was another event to bring forth a poem from Garran and, as a model, he appropriately adopted Tennyson's "In Memoriam", a verse of which was inscribed on the bells, one line on each, starting from the largest bell:

"Ring out the false, ring in the true;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind,
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
Ring in the common love of good".

The dedicatory inscription on the "hour" bell begins "His Excellency the Earl of Jersey, G.C.M.G., Governor, Hon. Daniel O'Connor, Postmaster-General, 1891". It was appropriate that Garran's poem, "The Post Office Bells", was written for The Evening News in June of that year, though there is some doubt about the date the bells were actually installed.

The bells were cast by Messrs. John Taylor and Coy of

Loughborough, Leicestershire, who founded the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 17 tons. There are five bells in the G.P.O. tower, chiming what is known as the Cambridge quarters. The largest, tenor, weighs five tons.

The Post Office Bells

(Apologies to the Poet Laureate)

Ring forth, ye bells, begin to chime;
Ring in the right, ring out the wrong;
We've waited patiently and long,
Ring, welcome bells, it's nearly time.

Ring out this never-ending rain -
These floods that compass us about;
Ring in a long-protracted drought,
Till mud return to dust again.

Then, six weeks hence, when things look dry,
And thirsty meadows pray for rain,
Ring in the long-lost floods again -
But stop before they rise too high.

Ring in a Parliament of peace,
Ring out false charges, tricks unfair;
Ring in obedience to the Chair,
Ring out the all-night gabbling geese.

Ring out our members' faults (begin
with little Parliamentary fibs);
Ring out the deficit of Dibbs,
But ring a mighty surplus in.

Ring out the members' midnight trams,
That cost the country such a sum;
Ring out the undue taste for rum
That fires some legislative lambs.

Ring out disunion; jealous blood
That fetters young Australia's might;
Ring out provincial petty spite;
Ring in a broader brotherhood.

Ring, mighty bells; make up lost time;
 Ring all the changes that you know.
 We want more changes here, I trow,
 Than you can give; begin to chime.

Ring night and day, with clarion clang;
 Ring in the good; ring out the ill;
 But don't, as some folk say you will,
 Ring down the tower in which you hang.

("Ring out the members' midnight trams". Rather quaint in comparison to the fleets of Commonwealth or State cars which now cater for the transport needs of members in every capital city)

Incidentally, the Sydney Morning Herald of 15 August, 1891 said "the Post Office clock will tell its first time today, but the bells are to remain silent for another week".

At noon on 16 September, 1891 the Countess of Jersey carried out the official ceremony for starting the clock. At two minutes to twelve, Lady Jersey placed the works in motion by means of "a wire attachment" and, after a brief interval, the chimes were heard from above.

The New Year

Traditionally, more festivity seemed once associated with welcoming in the New Year. Tradition, however, has lost some of its glamour and with new generations come new ideas and new attractions. Yet some citizens still have a nostalgic yearning for banging drums and blowing whistles, Scotsmen think longingly of the haggis and there are places where the New Year is ushered in with full honours and enthusiasm.

It must have been an occasion of consequence to Garran, for he broke into verse about it when enough of the existing year remained for him to do so. One of these poems bore a title he had used on other occasions.

In Memoriam

Do you hear the far peal from the belfry? Oh
list!

They are tolling for one who is dead -
Whom the last parting shadows of evening have
kiss'd;

We loved him right well - but he will not be
miss'd,

For another has come in his stead.

We loved him right well. He was part of our life -
'Tis no figure of speech, but the truth;
He was with us thro' seasons of tempest and strife,
Never left us when trouble and danger were rife,
And he takes with him part of our youth.

For a twelve-month he sojourned with us upon earth;
He brought us both pleasure and pain;
And now he is gone, with his sorrow and mirth -
He is gone, with his harvests of plenty and dearth,
And we never shall see him again.

We dreamt of his coming, or ever he came.

We dreamt all we surely should try
To say and to do, to emblazon his name -
His link'd with our own - in the Temple of Fame;
But we found that the dream was a lie.

We knew he must come - pictured how it would be,
 And what would be changed when we met.
 He came, and we greeted his coming with glee.
 He is gone, and our dead hopes are drown'd
 in a sea
 Of memories tinged with regret.

We knew he must leave us - his stay must be brief;
 And we meant that each moment of time
 Should be gather'd and garner'd - so precious the
 sheaf
 But alas! for man's idleness passing belief -
 Opportunity lost is a crime!

Yet others shall come - in their turn shall they go,
 Mourn'd, perchance, with a sigh or a tear.
 Now they hasten too fast; now they loiter too slow -
 Your pardon - the season asks gladness, I know;
 I wish you a Happy New Year.

.....

Another poem on the same subject has the simple
 title -

1895

Die, ninety-five! The century is old,
 And waits but one more lustrum to unfold.
 May Father Time shuffle the pack, and mix
 In his next deal a few more winning tricks -
 A few more bowers and aces than now we hold.

So shall the decade, whereof half has roll'd,
 Crushing with iron wheel best men and bold,
 End better than begun. Hail, ninety-six!
 Die, ninety-five!

Die, for the twelve strokes of thy doom are toll'd,
 And all thy days are numbered. Stark and cold
 Lies the dead Past behind us, and we fix
 High hopes upon the dawn. We have had kicks
 And now we ask, not half-pence, but good gold.
 Die, ninety-five!

There is a note at the end of this verse -

31/12/95
 1/ 1/96

MARBLE MEN AND MOON MYTHS

Accomplished writers and poets are all very well in their way but it takes talent to do unusual and entertaining things with words. Not everyone is a Gilbert and Sullivan fan but most can appreciate the skilful manipulation which enabled Gilbert's rhyming and nonsense to confound Sullivan, the composer. There is that famous alliterative masterpiece -

"To sit in solemn silence in a dull dark dock,
In a pestilential prison with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big, black
block",

remembered by millions of theatregoers.

Garran liked the G and S operas and must have appreciated Gilbert's great ingenuity. There is evidence that he in fact commenced to write a satirical operetta or musical play but no doubt more pressing matters intervened.

Examples of his odd rhyming are seen in "Great Caesar's Ghost". Another excellent example is -

Bread and Butter

This classic craze does seem to me
A most outrageous fad;
Those authors old were all (I'm told)
Indifferently bad.
Of Homer's works one's Odd, I see -
And one is ill, I add.

A genius - was he? Pon my soul,
 The statement's melancholy!
 He seems to me (tho' crown'd he be
 With laurel, oak or holly)
 One homogeneous rigmarole
 of Homer-genius folly.

And Virgil's opera - Great Scott,
 To think that men to-day
 Can't praise enough such wretched stuff!
 I haven't much to say
 Against the words (they look like rot)
 But where's the music, pray?

There's Horace too. Deluded age!
 To call that man a poet!
 Why, any dunce can see at once
 (And any child may know it
 Who cons the book from page to page)
 There's not a rhyme all thro' it.

What profiteth it any man
 In market of his labour
 (Where profit goes to him who blows
 His trump and bangs his tabor)
 That in forgotten tongues he can
 Vituperate his neighbour?

What cares the world if I can speak
 Tongues that you never chat in,
 Clause after clause, without a pause,
 From eve to early matin -
 Can hail a cab in choicest Greek,
 And tell my love in Latin?

But if the properties I know
 (Safe housed within my head)
 Of Sulph Potass and chlorine gas -
 Of arsenic and lead -
 Of KCl and H₂O -
 How can I want for bread?

And if I can - besides all that -
 Reel off without a stutter
 The laws profound of heat and sound
 And why the thunders mutter,
 And what is meant by "Hydrostat" -
 How can I want for butter?

Then down with Latin! Down with Greek!
 Their literature's twaddle!
 Teach every youth atomic truth
 As soon as he can toddle;
 And fill with facts (unless it leak)
 Each infant's empty noddle.

When you're a minor poet, what do you lament? It is common, of course, for older folk to lament the passing of "the good old days", mostly tending to remember the pleasant experiences and overlook the hardship. One feature of the past upon which nostalgic thoughts often turn was the graceful and leisurely pace. Perhaps the old-time dances were part of that picture Garran had in mind when he wrote:

The Minor Poet's Lament

O for the days of fancy free,
And fond imagination,
When we might have met at the trysting tree -
And not at the railway station.
When our sailor folk were heart of oak,
And the horn-pipe was their dance -
Ere the world was wide, or de Rougemont lied -
The days of old Romance!

O for the days of courtly pomp,
When with old-time grace and dancers
Stepp'd the minuet and did not romp
In the rowdy kitchen lancers;
When the Faerie Queen was read, I ween,
And they used to dote on Chaucer -
O, a "dish of tea" was the thing for me,
Instead of a cup and saucer.

O for the days when the Saracen
Was meat for the bold Crusaders;
When girls were damsels, and men were men -
Not bounders, or snobs, or traders.
When in armour bright a knight was dight, *
Not in pince-nez and dingy khaki,
And a maid might pass for a sprightly lass
Nor be hight (or yclept) "too larky". **

O for the days of song and sword
When dames would broider banners,
And trill sweet songs to the harpsichord -
Not thump on their grand "pianners".
When a lad of parts would charm their hearts,
And a lad of mettle could show it:
Then I should have been a bard, I ween;
And now - I'm a Minor Poet!

* dight: dressed. ** hight: called or named.

As earlier mentioned Garran's father, Andrew, was editor of the Sydney Morning Herald from 1873 to 1885. Garran said that, after his retirement, "he continued to be a constant contributor to the Herald, to the weekly Sydney Mail and the evening Echo". As it is evident from manuscripts and from the family history in "Prosper the Commonwealth", there was a close bond between father and son and an admiration on Robert's part for his father's literary and journalistic achievements.

The Echo was an appropriate title for the Herald's evening twin, and its demise in July, 1893 must have been a blow to many people and possibly the cause of some unemployment. Its advertisements had that nostalgic quality of old-iron lacework, fantastic bargains and cure-all panaceas common to other publications of the day. The passing of this newsheet must also have made a sufficiently strong impression on Garran to have induced him to record the occasion in verse. Appropriately he called it :

In Memoriam

Echo. obiit 2nd July, 1893

Echo, thou Herald of the afternoon!
Fact-focussing factotum! Penny treat
That penetrates every home! Thy sheet
Alas! no more shall cheer us. All too soon
Are thy four leaves upon the four winds strewn.
No more shall urchins on their bootless beat
Wake "extra special" echoes thro' the street
With the shrill chaunt of their familiar tune.

Echo, fair nymph, whom poets praised of yore,
The woods and mountain caves were erst thy home;
But thou, for love of mortal man, didst come
To raise thy voice amid the city's roar.
Thou'st gone; no longer shall the woods be dumb,
But in the streets shall Echo speak no more.

.....

And what a delightful old newspaper it was, a worthy subject for Garran's pen and the shedding of a nostalgic tear!

Garran was in his element when he could write about something with a legal flavour, particularly when there was fun in it.

The Moaning of the Bar

The Fates are hard: oh! would that we
 Their stony hearts could soften.
 Brief, more or less our life must be -
Briefless, alas! too often.

In other paths of toil and gain
 Trials are great and many;
 Yet not of trials we complain;
 But that we haven't any.

But still we wait (in hopes to see
 Profits that are at law won)
 "Just as we are, without one plea" -
 We've not been asked to draw one.

We do our duty - when we can -
 and never, never shirk it.
 But oh! our life's dull round is an
 Unprofitable circuit.

"You are in evil case", says one.
 Alas! we've no such luck, sir;
 Better an evil case than none;
 No case at all we've struck, sir.

In brief, then askest what may be
 The cure, in my opinion.
 In brief I'll gladly answer thee -
 But mark, I pray, a guinea on.

Some would prescribe the land tax pill,
 And some the Labour party;
 Nor single tax nor Eight Hours Bill
 Can make us whole or hearty.

We are not greedy, nor would we
 Rich squatters limb from limb pull.
 We only ask a simple fee -
 We leave you the fee simple.

"Take Counsel", saith the prophet. Yea,
"Take Counsel", so say we too.
To-day, tomorrow, and every day
Take counsel - and pay his fee, too.

Then choose your counsel, carefully.
- Myself, for instance? Well, yes:
"Who counsel take but not of me,
Woe unto you, rebellious!"

Ode to the Marble Man

There is an air of mystery about this poem which appeared in The Echo of 19th June, 1889. Although it was initialled "W.W.", it was almost certainly written by Garran. It is in his style, it has a verse crossed out and re-written in his handwriting and is the kind of piece he would have written. Why did it appear above the initials "W.W."?

Following a discussion with the late Mr. John Garran, Sir Robert's son, we came to the conclusion that his father may have been writing in another capacity for The Echo probably in more serious vein, so decided to use a nom de plume for a verse of a light-hearted and playful kind. This might not be the answer, but it is a plausible one.

Apparently the hoax which "The Marble Man" turned out to be was not known in June, 1889 when Garran's verse was published. This is indicated by an item from the Sydney Morning Herald of 1st August, 1889, headed :-

"The Marble Man in Melbourne"

It continues - "Melbourne, Wednesday. An application was made to Mr. Justice a'Beckett to-day for leave to issue an execution in the case of Mathey against Stockdale, the object being to attach the "petrified man" from Sydney, now being exhibited in this city. His Honor granted the application to issue an execution against the petrified man: but the sale was not to take place for eight days, so that the defendant will have an opportunity of moving the Court to set aside the judgment."

Information has come to me from a member of my family that an elderly friend, some time deceased, talked of hearing about, or seeing, the object in question when it was exhibited in Sydney as an alleged fossilised man. Obviously Stockdale owed money to Mathey, who obtained judgment and an order for the sale of the "Man" to satisfy the debt.

Ode to the Marble Man

O, massive, mystic, marble man,
 Could you a tale unfold;
 How many centuries 'twould span,
 When it were all unroll'd!

Most wondrous statue, tell me true -
 For oh! I long to know -
 How many thousand years have you
 Remained in statu quo?

While time his wasting course has flown,
 What mischief he has done!
 You once were full eleven stone,
 And now you are but one.

Lot's wife, I warrant, ere she wed,
 Was tender to a fault;
 Alas! Misfortune turn'd her head -
 She harden'd into salt.

Yours is a harder lot by far,
 And spite of sceptics' humdrum,
 Tho' your head is not turn'd, you are
 A very hard conundrum.

What brought you here? Or peace, or war?
 What was your name and nation?
 But there, 'tis vain to tap you, for
 I get no information.

Whate'er your rank - or slave or free -
 Insensate lump of rock,
 You certainly appear to be
 A chip of the old block.

Well, there you are, a stony token,
 Corpse, monument, and tomb;
 And there you'll be, unless you're broken,
 Until the crack of doom.

.....

Garran uses the relationship between the earth, sun and moon to conceive a fanciful and ingenious picture with a deft, unexpected conclusion. He called it -

A Moon Myth

All the days and all the nights
Luna hangs in limpid heights.
All the nights and all the days
Burning Sol attunes her praise:
Luna listens boldly.
Ancient Earth - her lawful lord -
Him she hates and all his hoard:
Looks upon him coldly.

Earth has acres, wood and wold -
Mines and millions - jewels - gold -
Merchandise by land and sea -
Flocks and herds on every lea.
Spite of all his riches
Seam'd, and scarr'd, and old is he -
Crack'd and crusty as can be -
Wrinkl'd as a witch is.

Sol has neither scrip nor scroll -
Park nor palace - tithe nor toll,
All his castles are in air -
Fortunes melted everywhere,
But his shining glory
Shames the lustre of the stars -
Pales the little light of Mars -
'Tis the old, old story.

Turneth she away her eye,
Earth is gloomier than the sky;
Shineth once again her beam,
Earth, all gladder for the gleam,
Blissfully believeth
That his presence lights her face -
That for him each airy grace
Winsomely she weaveth.

Bound for aye with Earth to fly,
Languisheth on Sol her eye.
Of her glances Earth may plan
E'en to capture all he can,
So he does it featly.*
Yet her art is all too plain:
Cometh Earth betwixt the twain,
She's put out completely.

.....

* featly: (archaic adverb) adroitly or neatly.

A poem which appeared in Hermes in 1895, *
from the sewing machine era, is light and feminine.
Garraan would then have been 28.

The Song of the Sewing Machine

With fingers nimble and deft,
With twinkle of toe and heel,
A maiden sat, in a stunning frock,
Plying my treadle and wheel.
Click! Click! Click!
All polish'd, and bright, and clean,
I sing, to a tempo double quick,
The Song of the Sewing Machine!

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
Why shouldn't a "Singer" sing?
And whirr! whirr! whirr!
Like a bevy of quail on the wing!
While the needle flashes bright
As the blade of the barbarous Turk,
Over acres of linen, snowy white -
The best machine-made work!

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
It's grand to be nickel steel!
I shall break the record to-day
If I don't break an arm or a wheel!
Thread, and bobbin, and spool,
Spool, and bobbin, and thread;
Why is it that women, as a rule,
Are so fond of the treadle-tread?

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
The spinning-wheel was "the go".
Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
It was picturesque, but slow.
When spinning went out of fashion,
Chain-stitching straight came in;
Sweet woman developed a sudden passion
To work the sewing-machine!

* Hermes (Sydney University
Magazine)

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
 A treadle is splendid fun!
 If no other kind could be had,
 A tread-mill were better than none!
 She loves to work a treadle
 Because ('tis the talk of town)
 She loves to depress her "digits pedal" -
 To put her wee foot down!

Dust! dust! dust!
 My nose betrays disjointing!
 Rust! Rust! Rust!
 I sadly need anointing!
 She's found a newer treadle
 For her dainty feet to tread,
 And she never, never, comes to meddle
 With tension or with thread.

With jingle of warning bell,
 With twinkle of toe and heel,
 The maiden rides, in unmaidenly clothes,
 Astride of the roadster wheel!
 And I'm glum! glum! glum!
 For the latest crank of my queen
 Is the bicycle crank! Will she never come?
 Dumb and mum is the merry hum
 Of the Song of the Sewing Machine!

.....

On the simple subject of moths, Garran may have
 seen the demise of many a moth "shot down in flames" from
 the gas mantles of the era when electricity was just a
 "New-fangled invention". On the other hand the attraction
 may have merely been the old-fashioned candle.

Moths

'Twas a young moth, and he had been
 By moth maternal bidden
 To shun the candle's flickering sheen -
 But moths (like humans) always lean
 To pleasures that are chidden.

"I've tried it, and I know, my dear.
 Tho' tempting at a distance,
 If tempting once to stray too near,
 It tricks the senses, conquers fear,
 And banishes resistance.

The bright things of this world, my child,
 Are fleeting, false, and hollow.
 Lucky the moth whose passion wild
 An ignis fatuus beguiled,
 Still fleeing all who follow.

But ignes fatui, my dear,
 Are mostly met in fable.
 You seldom see such things appear
 Suspended from a chandelier,
 Or standing on a table.

Yon treacherous light will not elude
 Whoso its rays pursueth.
 But once within its circle fly -
 It lures you nigher and more nigh,
 It scorcheth, singeth, steweth".

"These woes - I wonder what they are"
 Thought mothkin, all disdainful.
 "But oh! that glorious golden star!
 It looks so lovely from afar -
 It can't be very painful!"

Alas! if he supposed his wings
 Would need some healing ointment,
 His hopes (and every poet sings
 What fate befalls such silly things)
 Were doom'd to disappointment.

No warning could his passion cramp.
 His joy was evanescent.
 He was not scorched. For oh! the scamp
 Chose - not a candle - but a lamp
 Electric, incandescent.

Envoi

Mother of moths, who wouldst upbraid
 Each innocent amusement,
 Forbear to fight a vain crusade.
 The world has wagg'd since you were maid,
 And Satan plies another trade
 For giddy youth's enthusement.

TOWN HALL AND PHILOSOPHY

The Mayor's Manifesto

(1889)

Sydney's Centennial Hall (part of the Town Hall buildings of the City of Sydney) was opened with full ceremonial on 27th November, 1889. It had taken a considerable time to erect and, as we are accustomed to expect with public works, the final cost for the entire building, including the organ, exceeded the original estimates by about a third. The final cost was around £300,000.

Laying of the final stone, or topstone, in the parapet had been performed by the eldest daughter of the Mayor, Miss Ann Harris, on 10th April of the same year - the foundation stone having been dealt with on 13th November, 1883. A short quotation from the Sydney Morning Herald of 11th April, 1889, is worth noting: "Necessarily the visitors had to ascend to a very great height to be spectators of the ceremony, but once on the spacious promenade on either side of the main roof a very pleasant sensation was experienced and an extensive view of the city obtained". The topstone, of course, was "well and truly laid, amidst the applause of the assemblage".

Opening of the Centennial Hall was on a much grander scale. The 'Herald' reported that the assemblage numbered thousands, that there was a choir of five hundred and twenty-five voices with a "well-marshalled orchestra". In two columns of impressive rhetoric the writer described the scene in immense and emotional detail.

"But it was impossible", he said, "to look down upon that throng yesterday without being convinced that the heart and sentiment of this people are right - that there is the vast background of a complete and hardy loyalty to the best that is in what is conservative, and receptive of what is the most nobly radical. Not by speech or action was this apparent, perhaps, but by the feeling of the assemblage, by that something which requires no definition Never has a Sydney assemblage been seen to better advantage. Given noble forms and unconsciously those who move among them are lifted up and carried on and made to feel of larger mental and emotional stature. Inside, the throng of civilians; outside sitting straight on their horses, our civilian soldiery patient till the function should be over. And so they would sit beneath an enemy's fire if need be". (And so forth).

The Bulletin naturally enough took a different view. In its number of December 7th, 1889 it made the following comment - "The great Sydney Centennial Hall was opened last week with much pomp and circumstance. We didn't go to the official opening ceremony because the weather was red-hot, and there was bound to be a big crowd, and the speeches were certain to be the same old tommy-rot about the glorious empire beneath the Southern Cross. Besides we didn't see how they were going to keep Dan O'Connor from getting control of the proceedings, and talking everyone deaf, dumb and silly".

When Garran wrote "The Mayor's Manifesto", however, he must have been well aware that there had been some "sweeping under the carpet" for the grand opening. There is an impression

in press reports that the floral arrangements were extensive enough to cover any unfinished bits and pieces and that the pot plants in the niches performed a very practical function.

The Mayor's Manifesto

Come, ye lasses and lads of Australia;
For the Hall's to be opened to-day;
Don't let this great feast be a failure,
But come to the revels, I pray.

I've got you a holiday, hearties,
And I want you to spend it for me -
To give up your picnics and parties
And join my Centennial Spree.

People say "Oh, it's premature, ain't it?"
But that I most stoutly deny;
Tho' I know that the ceiling's not painted -
Tho' I know that the plaster's not dry.

The Hall is not properly lighted -
It is certainly not fit to use -
But my Mayoral word has been plighted,
And to break it I firmly refuse.

I know that as soon as 'tis open'd
'Twill have to be shut up again;
But it looks pretty stylish, I hope, and
The roof doesn't let in the rain.

It does lack some finishing touches -
I couldn't say fairer than that;
But the floor - Why, it's fit for a Duchess,
So you've nothing to grumble at.

I know that the Hall is not ready;
I know that the organ's not there;
But then, I know too that in A.D.
Eighteen ninety I shall not be Mayor.

So I'll fix it all up in a hurry,
And open the Hall with eclat,
It will save my successor some worry,
And he shouldn't be angry at that.

So ye lasses and lads of Australia,
The Hall's to be opened to-day -
Don't let the great feast be a failure,
But come to the revels, I pray.

.....

Some poems by Garrahan had an unusual background which added interest to the verse, but others, like the one below, stand on their own.

A Philosopher to His Friend

Give me your ear, dear friend -
Just for a minute.
My sermon soon will end
Once I begin it.
What I would fain remark is this:
(I know you will not take my words amiss)
The world is mad - I'm the one sane man in it.

Man is a mystery -
Woman's a riddle.
Always extreme is he -
She shuns the middle.
Each schemes for happiness; then pat!
He spoils it, e'er he knows what he'd be at.
Now look at me - I'm not a bit like that.

Give me a girl to love -
You think we'd quarrel?
Then, if you've read the above,
You've missed its moral.
We'd live like turtles in a tree;
Why, when it's far more pleasant to agree.
Should we fall out, that we might wretched be?

Give me a winsome wife -
You think I'd beat her?
Why no - upon my life,
I'd liefer eat her! (liefer: sooner)
Like any queen she'd hold her sway.
She'd promise to "love, honour and obey",
And - so she did it - she should have her way.

Give me a thousand pounds -
You think I'd lend 'em?
I'd buy a house and grounds -
That's how I'd spend 'em.
A trellis'd cot, just built for two,
"With gas and water, close to tram," would do;
Perhaps a spare room, once a month, for you.

Give me a white-winged bark -
A wee half-decker.
What is it you remark -
You think I'd wreck her?
My love and I should sail the sea
And bliss should mingle with security -
I at the tiller, supercargo she.

Give me an Arab steed -
 You think I'd lame him?
 However wild his breed,
 My love should tame him.
 She'd gallop him from two to five;
 Then, after that, if he were still alive,
 We'd put him in the cart - and I should drive.

Lend me your ear, dear friend -
 I've nearly finished;
 One moment pray, attend,
 With haste diminished.
 My store of wealth is Fortune's frown:
 Lend me - what's that? "Must hurry off to town?"
 You couldn't (could you?) lend me half-a-crown?

What does the philosopher know of science?

Perhaps with the rapid advances in several areas we should be developing a special discipline or group of science-philosophers. If the "pure" scientist is given his head - and this happens - we could well find ourselves with an accumulation of problems, especially where science impinges on ethics or morals or the environment. (Written before genetic manipulation and other developments).

The poem, "An Atomic Theory", embodies an intriguing concept. Was it written by another hand? Certainly the late John Garrahan did not know and assumed his father was the author. In any event, it belongs to an earlier period in the development of nuclear knowledge.



An Atomic Theory

"Big fleas have little fleas
To worry and to bite 'em;
These fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum".

Anon

An atom, Thomson tells us, is compact
Of myriad whirling spheres. The universe,
As we ourselves behold it, is no more.
Why may not every atom be indeed,
In fact as form, a tiny universe,
And every atom's every whirling sphere
A world of atoms, each a universe
Of atom-universes? Wherefore pause?
What hinders that our universe should be
An atom in a vaster universe -
The last, an atom in a vaster yet,
And so for ever - tho' the senses reel?
Even as Time is but a middle point
Twixt two Eternities, past and to come;
May not our vast, yet tiny, host of stars
Hang midway in a system infinite
Of tinier, vaster? Wherefore should we pause?
If Space be infinite, and Time eterne,
How shall man set a limit, or allow
That this or that is greatest or is least?
Take from the shore a pinch of finest sand,
And look on it thro' such a microscope
As swells each speck to seem a pebble. There,
Perchance, among the boulders, lies a shell
Almost unseen - too tiny for the eye,
Thousand-fold aided, to discern at first
Whether 'tis shell, or sand - most exquisite
In curve and hue, and most divinely wrought.
Nor, thousand-fold more aided, could the eye
Detect the subtle secret of its frame -
The system of its building, known to One,
The Builder, and to Him alone. Can we
Tell that that shell holds not a Milky Way -
Nay, myriad Milky Ways, with suns and stars,
Planets and peoples - battles, plagues and death -
Hopes, fears, and doubts, as lively as our own?

.....

While in pensive and philosophical mood, we might
appropriately look at two or three other short poems of a
more serious kind. Over 90 years, Garran lived through
several of the destructive droughts and floods to which

Australia has been subject for goodness knows how long. Droughts, in particular, gave rise to ambitious proposals; conveying water by pipeline from the Snowy, for example, but these were shelved and forgotten with equal rapidity once the drought had broken. It may have been at the peak of one of our bad dry spells that Garran wrote -

Apollo

Sun, Australia's curse and blessing,
 Lord of harvest, lord of drouth,
 Blistering now, and now caressing,
 Heaven and Hell are on thy mouth.
 Life and death are in thy kisses -
 Lips that burn, and lips that laugh;
 Breath that beckons to all blisses,
 Blast that withers grass to chaff.

God and Devil! Great Apollo,
 Master of the lute and lyre:
 Prince of torments that shall follow -
 Fiend of everlasting fire!

Hide thy face from us: Nay, hide not;
 Blaze in glory, not in wrath;
 Tho' thy fury man abide not,
 Nought without thy love he hath.

(N.B. The now out-of-date spelling of "drought" occurs at other places in Garran's notes). (line 2)

.....

One sport which Garran did not seem to fit into a busy schedule was sailing; on the other hand, our records might be at fault, but when this poem was written in 1890, Garran would have been young (about 23) and still in Sydney - he went to Melbourne on the establishment of the Commonwealth.

Sailing Song

Oh! for the harbour! Our sail-wings are spread,
And we leap as the lark from his dew-sprinkled bed;
We scatter the salt-spray, the bark bounding free,
And gaily the ripples laugh under our lee.

Oh! for the harbour, when breezes are high,
And white-crested wavelets dance merrily by;
When fleecy clouds race thro' the heavenly blue,
And the bright waters, borrowing, rival its hue.

Oh! for the harbour, when gales sink to rest,
And scarce a sigh ruffles the bay's tranquil breast;
When the lazy keel sleeps, and the sails idly swing,
As we wait the cool whisper that sunset will bring.

Oho! for the harbour, tho' storm-winds may roar,
And we heel to the fierce gust that blows from the
shore;
For our timbers are staunch, and our helmsman is tried,
Nor fear we the dark waves that surge at our side.

Oh! for the harbour! What joy can compare
With the kiss of the spray - the salt breath of the
air?

What sense is so sweet as the rushing delight
To harness the winds, and be borne by their might?

Oho! for the harbour; where blithe hearts are free
From Thought, Care and Trouble - grim followers three;
And the world-wearied toiler is vacantly blest
By the murmuring music that charms his unrest.

• • • • •

It must have been a great day for the law student in 1890. Even in that day, Garran's familiarity with Gilbert and Sullivan is betrayed in the second verse.

The School of Law

(Air - "The Wearin' o' the Green").

Ye students all, both great and small,
Cast off that look forlorn;
Your prayers - 'tis true - no longer do
The Conscript Fathers scorn.
Now medicine may starve and pine,
But we don't care a straw;
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! We shortly are
To have a school of law.

With crime and tort of every sort
 We'll soon familiar be;
 And learn by heart the secret art
 Of wilful burglary;
 We'll be acquent with fraudulent
 Device of every sort,
 And reach in time the height sublime
 Of gross contempt of court.

We don't know much of things that touch
 Forensical transactions,
 Though practised well, as you may tell,
 Concerning civil actions;
 Refreshers, too, we swear to you,
 As taken at the Bar -
 Although the word we've often heard,
 We don't know what they are.

On legal feast, this year at least,
 The students ought to thrive;
 One professor and lecturers four,
 Amount to teachers five.
 Perhaps they'll teach two students each -
 Perhaps a fraction over;
 And you'll agree, I think, with me,
 They'll find themselves in clover.

Christmas comes but once a year, as Garran observed in the following poem, but thousands of children eagerly await its coming. Not so eagerly do many of their parents. Though he seemed to have written more verse about welcoming the New Year, Garran did not overlook Christmas. It might well be that family celebrations left little time for writing verse. Whatever the explanation, we have here at least one poem on the subject.

Christmas Commonplaces

Christmas is here, with Christmas joys,
 And Christmas cards, and Christmas toys,
 With Christmas sunshine, Christmas heat,
 And Christmas crowds in every street.

Christmas - as I remarked - is here,
 And Christmas comes but once a year,
 Unchanging as the polar ice -
 But once a year, and never twice.

No, never twice; which some I've met
 Think matter for sincere regret,
 But seems to my poor contemplation,
 A subject for congratulation.

Yes, once a year is quite enough
 For Christmas pies, and Christmas duff;
 For who would want - I ask the question -
 Two sets of Christmas indigestion?

Or who would buy - if any, speak -
 A Christmas present once a week,
 Or once a month, or once a quarter,
 For every little son and daughter?

Or who would love the postman's knocks
 If monthly came his Christmas box?
 And were it not the height of folly
 If monthly berries decked the holly?

Don't interfere with Nature's laws;
 Don't grumble at them without cause;
 And don't (I speak because I love you)
 Meddle with things that are above you.

No! Christmas cheer is very well;
 (It comes once yearly, I've heard tell) -
 But three such cheers, and one cheer more
 Would be, I think, an awful bore.

.....

Among notes recording his visit to the United States of America in 1940, Garran made an interesting reference to Christmas Day on that occasion:

"Wednesday, Christmas Day. We drive for 'elevenes' to Mr. Huff's fine farm. More egg-nog. Previous to that was the opening, in the sitting-room, of the collection of stockings hung from the mantel, (in this country, apparently Santa Claus doesn't visit the bed-rooms) and the entry of the picanninnies of the estate, grinning from ear to ear, for their presents from the Xmas Tree in the alcove. (The previous day, at Clem's warehouse there had been an egg-nog party for the staff and friends, a gift to each negro employee

of a bag containing a turkey and a ham. It is still the old Virginia, with the old family retainers, coloured). Xmas afternoon, sleep off the egg-nog and customary 'Sunday' supper in the spotless kitchen, off the scraps."

.....

Garran says of his father, "on 19th March 1895 he joined the Reid Ministry as Vice-President of the Executive Council and representative of the Government in the Legislative Council. These positions he continued to hold until 18th November 1898, when ill-health compelled him to resign his ministerial office."

He then continues (in Prosper the Commonwealth), "For the last few years of his life he was a martyr to tic douloureux, a very painful and obstinate nerve affliction.... He must have tried half the doctors in Sydney He was also becoming increasingly subject to bronchitis. Notwithstanding, he managed to attend sittings of the Legislative Council he continued to correspond with The Times and the Australasian regularly, till a few days before his death on 6th June, 1901. He had lived to see the inauguration of the Commonwealth and also to write to The Times of the opening of the first Parliament of the Commonwealth. Not a bad record for a man who, fifty years before, had been condemned by his doctors ..."

The three short verses Garran called "In Memoriam", bear the date of his father's death. They are beautifully simple and sincere and convey a clear picture of the man for whom he had such deep affection.

His head in sunshine and pure air,
 Sweetness and light -
 His foot upon the upward stair,
 And then - good night.

A life to arduous duty vow'd,
 Seeking the best;
 Grave head, with happy toil long bow'd,
 Welcome to rest.

Grave thoughtful head, that all men knew,
 Dear kindly face,
 Farewell at last; brave heart and true,
 Sleep in God's grace.

.....

Surely one of the finest poems of this kind that appeared in Garran's collection is one called "Tears". Few among us escape a time to mourn, and there are many for whom this experience is deep and demanding. They should find something worthwhile in this very personal piece of poetic philosophy.

Tears

Men say, I mourn for thee. I mourn thee not.
 Myself I mourn - not thee, blest with the blest,
 Pure with the pure, purest thyself of all
 That throng the spirit-realms of cloudless love.
 Myself I mourn; myself, condemn'd to tread
 The lifeless path of life that knows not thee -
 The loveless desert of a heart that thirsts
 And may not drink; condemn'd to toil alone -
 To span a waste of weary, weary days
 And joyless nights that never end. And yet
 Why must I mourn? Tho' thou art lost, I have
 Sweet memories, that others cannot know -
 Sweet tender hopes, that others cannot share;
 And living with them I am not alone.
 I'll bid my heart cast off its gloomy weeds,
 Court merry humours, and be glad. But oh!
 My rebel heart is stronger than my will,
 And I must weep, tho' Reason bid me smile.

TWO ROADS TO POETRY

It has been suggested that we have two personalities which we display as the occasion demands. These may be subdivided, as styles of poetry may vary. We have seen something of the wit Garran infused into the tough politics of federation and the satire that was almost flippant, yet retained the pungency of a good cartoon. But Garran wore many hats, within the broad range of two rich personalities - that of the fun-lover and that of the wise mind.

More often he would be seen in a formal sense in his legal or public service hats; sometimes in his academic or ecclesiastical ones. (On an occasion when some reference was made to him as a pillar of the church, Garran replied that he was "rather a flying buttress"). He was originally a Congregationalist, but grew into the life of St. John's Anglican church in Canberra, where he was eventually laid to rest.

As a "hat" digression, one of the most interesting and unusual pictures of Garran is a candid shot at a Public Service versus Parliamentarians cricket match in which the hat in vogue - a floppy white one - has the front brim turned under, to leave his vision clear and more brim to keep the sun from his neck.

Naturally, the spirit of his two main personalities is expressed in two principal classes of poems. We have seen the lighter side and the Garran humour and there are poems where writer and subject are in tune with deeper thought. There are many indications in the Garran papers of close family ties and deep affection for those from whom he was sometimes separated (geographically), by the responsibilities of office, for lengthy periods.

That he could write seriously or whimsically on topics such as love and the joys of the Australian bush reflects the alternate emergence of the moods or personalities referred to, however you like to regard them. Whether or not you ever had a fancy for Keats, Wordsworth or Shelley, there is a delicately beautiful element in these lines, which bear no title; yet from the notes that follow you will see that they could have been suggested by a voice from the past.

"I love you, love you, lady,
As the moonbeam loves the lake.
The skies above you, lady
Are bluer for your sake;
The stars above you, lady,
Are brighter for your eyes;
And I love you, love you, lady,
With a love that never dies.

Then love me, love me, lady,
As the ripple loves the moon.
The birds above me, lady,
Would else sing out of tune;
The heavens above me, lady,
Lose else their crystal light;
Then love me, love me, lady,
Lest day should turn to night".

It seems that a poet at times may compose lines subconsciously based on something prompted by an echo. You might call it a nudge of memory.

Two verses written by Shelley, and first published by Leigh Hunt in The Indicator in 1819, were called "Love's Philosophy". The second of these verses suggest some similarity of concept between the two poems. It is possible that Garran had read Shelley's lines on some earlier occasion.

On reading the second of these verses you will probably agree that Garran did not consciously use Shelley's words as a model but that there is a likeness in poetic thought or expression, particularly in the lines:

"And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:"

Love's Philosophy (Shelley)

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine? -

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

.....

So the mood changes. We return to the other
 Garran, who was not past a little mischief (or nonsense)
 now and then which, we are told, "is relished by the wisest
 men". He probably thought it would be fun to marry science
 with romance.

A Scientist to His Adored

O Gwendoline! My guiding star,
 Set in a cloudless heaven!
 The constellations pale afar;
 Dim are the Pleiads seven.

From eve to morn they strove to shine,
 Then fierce Apollo drown'd them.
 You shamed Apollo, Gwendoline -
 His rays shed darkness round them.

The classic marble of your brow
 Dwarfs temples nobly Doric;
 Yet me its snowy radiance now
 Burns as with beam caloric.

My heart's thermometer O Sweet!
 In your dear presence rises;
 Fire melts my brain; so fierce the heat,
 In song it vaporises.

How tell your charms? My muse decamps
 At whisper of the notion;
 As well essay to count the lamps
 Of phosphorescent ocean!

Feebly my lyre attempts your praise -
 'Twere easier for the plectrum
 To sketch in chords the rainbow rays
 That paint the solar spectrum.

The coruscation of your glance
 Too magical for tale is,
 Out-twinkling in its fairy dance
 Aurora Borealis.

Your golden hairs, tho' loose they lie
 In random sweet inaction,
 Draw me towards you, darling, by
 Capillary attraction.

Betwixt our tastes, beneath, above,
 No slightest difference lies, dear;
 To magnetise you dearly love -
 I love two magnet eyes, dear.

Be thou my Sun - I'll be the Moon;
 Nor death our paths shall sever:
 For come it late, or come it soon,
 I'll be thy Comet ever.

Tho' parabolic my career -
 Elliptical my phrases,
 Hyperbole can ne'er appear
 Recital of thy praises.

Some law dynamic, Gwendoline,
 Makes me (who must absorb it)
 Revolve about thee, star divine,
 In this eccentric orbit.

I'll still be constant in my rhyme -
 Unswerving in devotion;
 Till, gravitating thro' all time,
 I find perpetual motion.

(for reasons of length, some verses have been omitted).

When the "furrowed brow" relaxes it's time to take
 to the road and go with Garrahan into the Australian bush,
 but rather facetiously, as a cynical city man might do.

The Bush

(By a City Man)

The bush! The bush! How sweet to roam
 Its lonely passes, far from home;
 To hear at dawn the mellow note
 Trill'd from the kookaburra's throat;

To cool the dry and thirsty tongue
 With berries of the sweet geebung;
 Or, if you'd have more toothsome fare,
 To feast upon the native pear.

When by the noonday sun oppress'd,
 A pleasant thing it is to rest
 On hollow log outstretch'd at ease -
 The home of snakes of all degrees;

Or, where the red-gum's branches throw
 A doubtful shade o'er all below,
 On yonder mound to lie aslant -
 The castle of the bulldog ant;

To overturn with random foot
 Moss-verdured stone and moulder'd root,
 Beneath whose darken'd shelter breed
 The scorpion and the centipede.

'Tis sweet to stroll thro' shady dells
 Where fancy weaves her magic spells,
 And sense succumbs to drowsy song
 Of hungry gnats two inches long;

Where, screen'd by foliage gay and fresh,
 Their forms scarce veil'd by silken mesh,
 Huge hairy spiders lie in wait,
 The size of any dinner-plate;

Where, cluster'd round the clinging vine
 With myriad lengths of living twine,
 Darkly depends a quivering blot
 of caterpillars in a knot.

When social rounds oppress and pall,
 Flee to the forest's leafy thrall;
 No boring foot shall there intrude -
 Except a tick in search of food.

Wade thro' the meadow's emerald sea
 of grasses rippling round the knee;
 And change awhile Ambition's spur
 For grass-seed spike and Bathurst burr.

Hark to the music of the rill
 That chatters gaily down the hill;
 List to the lessons that it teaches;
 Bathe in it - if you don't mind leeches.

The bush! The bush! When sad thy mood
 Seek refuge in its solitude;
 Fly to its shade, in heat or frost;
 But mind - oh! mind - you don't get lost.

There are many examples of the different styles and metres adopted by Garran to suit his particular purpose. Having just disposed of the bush with a cynical note, he mixes two moods in a poem of the same title written about 1893. These are some quotes from it:

My Little Love

(An Idyll of To-day - 1892)

"O love me little, love me long!"
 The burden of Maria's song -
 The maid whom I adore.
 (Dearer to me than golden pelf,
 I loved her almost as myself -
 And how can man love more?)

"Easy and hard", I said "the task.
 To love you long - no need to ask;
 But - cruel while you bless" -
 (She thrilled me with a gentle touch)
 "To love you little, (loving much)
 I needs must love you less."

Perchance she incompletely caught
 The inner circle of my thought
 We parted with a kiss.
 (We parted as a rule with three;
 Tho' loving less, you'll clearly see
 One could not be amiss.)

My promised gift (I loved her so)
 A bracelet, bright with jewell'd glow -
 Gold, with a sapphire border.
 Just such a one, long vainly sought,
 Had I bespoke; 'twas clear I ought
 To countermand the order.

Where blaze my Uncle's triple spheres
 The paste-bedigned sheen appears
 Of chain'd and gilded locket;
 And (loving less) a prompting thrift
 Might well declare such simple gift
 More suited to my pocket.

Of eventides in every week
 Six did I consecrate to seek
 My love (I loved her so).
 Loving her less, it could not be
 That I should lovewards go but three -
 The rest I must forego.

"O love me little! Love me long!"
 The daily burden of her song.
 But oh! when I obey
 She roughly chides my alter'd mien -
 Asks whether emerald be the sheen
 Of her twin optics' ray?

Vainly her royal hest I plead;
 Vainly I ask contrition's meed,
 And shed a shining tear.
 Nor prayers nor vows avert her wrath;
 She bids me take the downward path -
 A flea within my ear.

"Maria, scorn me not!" I cry.
 (Scorn'd by Maria, I should die.)
 She heedeth not my woe.
 "O love me little! Love me long!"
 (The blithesome echo of her song)
 Still haunts me where I go.

.....

"O love me little! Love me long!"
 Is still the burden of her song.
 Alas! What wretched swain
 Pines, the new victim of her mirth?
 Is love, so squander'd, something worth?
 (Lovewards I wend again.)

I ask (encounter'd on the sly)
 "This mystic motto - whence, and why,
 Do you forever crow?"
 "Edwin," she warbles "wilt thou trust?
 Signor Solfeggi says I must,
 Because - 'tis written so!"

Another poem which appears at random, bearing
 neither title nor date, has a romantic charm of its own,
 and needs no further comment.

Dear haven of my heart's first vow,
 Wherein Hope's anchors bedded be,
 How shall that heart confess to thee
 All that it fain would whisper now?
 The pearly radiance of thy brow -
 The ripples of the golden sea
 That lave its shores so lovingly -
 The countless charms that thee endow -
 The twin-starr'd orbs of light divine
 That darken daylight with their beam -
 The soul that from their gates doth shine
 As shine the angels in a dream -
 Oh! how I wish that they were mine!
 And oh! How vain all wishes seem!

A poem of an entirely different character concludes this section. It might be thought out of place, though its aim is serious and emphatic. It is simply entitled "Freedom" and was written in August, 1891.

Freedom is an ideal, for when we believe we are free, how far is this indeed true? What is the real criterion of freedom? Movement? Thought? Conscience? We might also ask ourselves how far have some countries advanced toward the fundamental freedoms since Garran wrote his poem.

It is significant that Garran had placed among his cuttings - which are extensive - an article by Mr. R. J. Boyer, a member of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, which appeared in the A.B.C. Weekly of 2nd November, 1940. This is an extract from the article :

"Shortly before the war (1940-46) broke out I was speaking to a young German officer on leave in London. He had been born in Australia and had spent most of his boyhood here. He had lived in Germany since 1930, and in that period had gone through the entire process by which National Socialism builds up the bodies, trains the arms and damns the souls of its youth.

He told me he thought it a terrible pity we had failed to see what a wonderful thing National Socialism was what a splendid thing it was to be taught complete obedience to live in a country where there were no parties or differences of opinion". (This was, of course, under Hitler).

"..... to me, the contempt with which the disciples of Hitler regarded any degree of individual liberty was the most alarming of all.

To be deprived of your freedom is bad enough, but to lose your belief in it is surely the dark night of the soul".

Freedom

Of old ('tis said) sat Freedom on the heights,
Alone, apart, unseen of mortal eye;
Content to gaze on worldly wrongs and rights,
Nor ever have a finger in the pie.

'Twas dignified, but lonesome - on that hill
To sit in state, so far from human ken;
And wanting worshippers (as women will),
She soon came down to sojourn among men.

She favor'd England with a visit first,
After long doubting where to build her shrine;
Each form of serfdom seemed in turn the worst -
Each people most to need her voice divine.

And when the rulers first confess'd her reign,
And tyrants - on compulsion - bow'd the knee,
From the poor slave she struck the galling chain,
And bade him boast aloud that he was free.

Her friends were many; yet somehow she thought
Things didn't prosper as they might have done.
Disciples, jealous of her favors, fought
And elbow'd for precedence round her throne.

Dissension seem'd to follow where she went;
Aspiring Thought approached her throne of grace
To ask an audience; when she smiled assent
Bigots and priests reviled her to her face.

Shameless impostors, flaunting in disguise
 Of gaudy raiment, dared to steal her name,
 And lure from their true homage dazzled eyes,
 And stir the multitude to loud acclaim.

The climate didn't seem to suit her; she
 Grew pale and pined for change of air; and so
 Hearing Australia call'd "Land of the Free,"
 She came to Sydney - a few weeks ago.

She saw a statesman in a public hall
 Howl'd at by roughs who would not hear him preach;
 Admission free - language seem'd free to all;
 The only thing that was not free was speech.

Sadly she journey'd to the distant west,
 And lo! a band of captives met her eye;
 She ask'd who these might be - felons, she guess'd;
 "Oh, no - free laborers", was the reply.

It was enough. In anger and disdain
 To hear her name profaned with mocking slights,
 She left next morning by the early train -
 And now once more she sits upon the heights.

.....

SONGS AND TRANSLATIONS

It may seem unbalanced to speak of the works of Heine alone when the poetry of many other poets of the Romantic movement was set to music by Schumann and Schubert and the words of the songs later translated by Garran. Such bias perhaps merits an explanation.

The reasons are simply (a) that Heine was more than a poet and obviously a figure who captured Garran's imagination to the extent that he recorded the principal details of his life and career; (b) the full collection of translations of the various poets' works, with the German original, is available in the special reprint of 1971 by the Melbourne University Press; the principal purpose of this study is to present a representative collection of Garran's poetry.

Many of Garran's translations were sung by the famous Australian mezzo-soprano, Dorothy Helmrich, on the A.B.C. and were appreciated by numbers of listeners who had not heard the songs sung in English.

As Garran pointed out, in an understatement, the translation into English of songs set in another language is a difficult exercise because the translations must do justice to the poet, the composer and the singer. Especially, it must put the singer "at ease".

It is worth noting that these translations could scarcely have been made with such success by anyone lacking sound musical knowledge. Garran was able to apply his musicianship, as well as his translating and literary skill, to the task.

Although in his review in The Canberra Times of 28 October, 1972, W.L. Hoffman said he did not share Garran's conviction that "in English-speaking countries there is an advantage in singing in the English language songs set by the composer to words in another language", he also paid the following tribute to Garran's Songs and Translations, reprinted by the Melbourne University Press. "Even if one believes that some problems of song translation are insuperable there can be no doubt that in general these are excellently done, making this volume a worthy memorial to the interest in music and poetry of a very great Australian".

Some of the translations of Heine's poems and a selection of Goethe and Muller translations follow the notes on Heine's life. Inclusion of the translations is with the kind permission of the Melbourne University Press and it is hoped the choice is not too capricious. As indicated earlier, the full collection is contained in Schubert and Schumann, Songs and Translations and those reprinted here simply indicate Garran's skill in this special field and show the nature of Romantic Movement poetry when translated into singable English.

"One of my chief indoor hobbies", said Garran in Prosper the Commonwealth "has been the translation of German lyrics. This made me acquainted with the miracle that was Heinrich Heine - the 'little fair-haired love poet' who became a scourge of tyrant German princelings and earned the ban of censors and the penalty of exile".

It is reassuring to know that there are apparently people other than oneself with limited knowledge of this spirited genius who, Garran said, really defied classification. Fortunately Garran became so absorbed in his life and works that

he was persuaded to talk about him on the A.B.C. in September, 1944. As there is probably no better outline of the dedicated career of Heinrich Heine, the notes that follow are largely drawn from this broadcast.

It was his perfect lyrics which marked his name for posterity. By those with a more intimate knowledge of his life, he might be remembered by the hopeless love for his cousin and by those last anguished years on a "mattress-grave" when Garraan described him as a "twisted, wasted, suffering skeleton".

As he looked out from his little world, this embryonic genius saw "a Europe in chains, ruled by despotic feudal emperors, Kings and petty princelings". He dreamed of freedom, a Europe where people might live without despots and where one country would develop goodwill toward another. Though he was by talent a poet, his great ideal was to realise this dream of a free Europe.

One event which gave further impetus to his determination was the French occupation of the Rhine Province where he lived. (Heine was a Jew, born at Dusseldorf in 1799).

The occupation came about when he was six years old; he saw Napoleon at that age and for seven years was a French citizen. The occupation brought a great change - especially for Jews. They were no longer vassals; the Code Napoleon gave them equality and the rights of free citizens, such as trial by jury. To Heine, Napoleon became a hero.

It was apparent that Heine had the makings of a genius and his later failure in commerce merely highlighted his subsequent brilliance. Unwillingly he went to Frankfurt as a bank clerk (arranged by his rich uncle) and three years later the same uncle set him up in business - H. Heine and Company, Commission Agents. He very soon failed in this field and was also jilted by his cousin, the banker's daughter.

The next few years saw him gravitating between the universities of Bonn, Gottingen and Berlin, meeting many famous professors and entering the most distinguished literary circles in Germany.

At Gottingen, Heine got his degree of doctor of laws. He had already acquired fame with the publication of a volume in which the beautiful songs of the "Lyric Intermezzo" were sandwiched between two plays. He had acquired a reputation as a poet, then became famous as a writer of witty prose.

"He emerged", said Garrahan "Doctor of Law, with a head full of poetry, history and philosophy, a passion for humanity and liberty, and the precious gifts of a sparkling wit, a keen sense of humour, and a vein of rapier-like satire that was to earn him later the title of 'the German Aristophanes'."

His witty prose was new to German literature. It embraced daring satire, too, which did not meet with the approval of the Prussian authorities who placed a ban on his book, following which it became more eagerly sought after.

When he visited England at 27 years of age, the person who impressed Heine was Canning, fighting established Tory policies and defying "the despotisms of Europe by recognising the independence of the Spanish colonies in South America." Heine hoped that the July Revolution in Paris heralded liberation. "Give me my lyre", he said, "that I may sing a song of battle! I am all joy and song, all sword and flame!"

In Germany exultation was premature. Against ingrained habits of obedience the impulse faded. Three months later Heine wrote of "the breath of freedom that spread thence to Germany upset bedroom candles here and there ... but the old watchmen bring along fire-buckets (he continued) I see that a yet closer prison wall is rising invisibly about the German people. Poor captive people, despair not in your need!"

Heine went to Paris because he felt that, if he remained in Germany he would soon be a prisoner in the fortress of Spandau. Other exiles went with him, but it was soon apparent that he was not fitted for "his role of son of the Revolution". An extremely sensitive person, Heine could not endure the barbarism and vulgarity of the Revolution life. He began to understand "what Mirabeau meant when he said that Revolutions were not made with oil of lavender".

As time went on, he drifted away from the other exiles who also distrusted him. As Garran said, "Besides the physical revulsion, he felt a moral revulsion against the petty intrigues and jealousies of his associates".

He was only 30 years old and more poet than politician. He began to incline toward peaceful reform and thought that perhaps a liberal-minded prince - like the good Duke of Weimar - was better for Germany than republicanism. He commenced to develop a long-range philosophy of encouragement to international understanding and goodwill.

Heine then began a series of essays in both French and German - brilliant prose works - aimed at greater understanding between these countries but his dissertations on art and literature could scarcely avoid references to social and political features. The censors watched him and, in spite of his care, they "cruelly mutilated" his writings.

His work was acknowledged as brilliant and clearly-expressed, with an occasional satiric probe, as when he declared that "Kant, having in his Critique of Pure Reason abolished God, restored Him again in his Critique of Practical Reason", in order to comfort his old man-servant.

Heine suffered a heavy setback with a decree of the Prussian Federal Diet banning not only all he had written, but all that he might write. All his work was so mutilated as to be innocuous. Yet he continued his prose and verse writing, and some continued to filter through. As Garraan observed, he "builded better than he knew".

As a writer Heine made an impact on the young Germany of his time and the impetus of this work was maintained in German literature. He hoped to bring about a closer working

relationship between French and German ideas and did much to point the way to a better and freer life. He is said to have remarked, "Poetry, dearly as I loved it, has always been to me a divine plaything": the liberation of humanity was his main concern.

The Nazis burnt all his books they could lay their hands on and desecrated his tomb. Garraan remarked, "How this immortal spirit, walking arm in arm with Aristophanes, must have laughed".

Her Picture

I stand in dark of dreaming,
And at her picture stare,
Until her dear face strangely
Lives in the canvas there.

About her lips there dimples
The wonder of a smile;
And tears of tribulation
Illumine her eyes the while.

And then my tears fall also,
And stain my cheeks with woe -
And ah! I cannot believe it,
That I have lost thee so!

..... Heine

The Fisher-maiden

My pretty fisher-maiden,
Steer me thy skiff to land;
Come to me and sit beside me,
We'll whisper hand in hand.

Come, lean thy head on my heart, dear,
And be not afraid of me;
Dost thou not trust unfearing
Daily the stormy sea?

My heart is like the sea, dear--
Hath storm, and ebb, and flow;
And many a precious pearl, dear,
Lies in its depths below.

.....Heine

The Town

Upon the far horizon
Appears, like a shadow-show,
The town with all its towers
Enwrapp'd in evening glow.

And now a wind-puff dimples
The greying water-way;
My boatman in mournful measure
Rows on with a rhythmic sway.

The sun again is arisen,
Lighting the land from above,
And shows to me the city
In which I lost my love.

.....Heine

Crag and keep

Crag and keep are pictured shoreward
 In the mirror-crystal Rhine,
 And my skiff sails gaily forward,
 Shot about with bright sunshine.

Lazily I watch a-quiver
 Golden ripples, crisply stirr'd,
 Dull emotions wake and shiver
 In my bosom sepulchred.

Kindly greeting and beguiling
 Lures below the stream's delight;
 But I know it - outward smiling,
 Hides it inly Death and Night.

Face of love, and heart of malice -
 Stream, thou art her counterfeit!
 She as innocently dallies,
 She can smile as soft and sweet.

.....Heine

With myrtle and roses

With myrtle and roses, fair to behold,
 With sweet-scented cypress and leaf of gold,
 Would I broider this book, like a dead man's shrine,
 And bury in it these songs of mine.

O could I but bury Love in it so!
 The flower of peace doth on Love's grave grow;
 It flowers thereon, is gather' d therefrom--
 But not for me, till I lie in my tomb--
 Till I lie in my tomb.

Here now are the songs I so wildly sung,
 Like a lava-stream that from Etna is flung,
 Outpour'd from deeps of my soul's desire,
 And ring'd with lightnings of flickering fire!

Now silent they lie and deathly still,
 Now frozen all stark and misty-chill.
 But the ash will burst anew into blaze
 If the spirit of Love once over it plays.

And my heart is now big with prophetic lore -
 The spirit of Love shall bedew them o'er
 If this book comes into thy hand,
 My dear dear love,
 My dear dear love, in a distant land.

Then freed from the spell the book shall be,
 And all the pale letters look on thee,
 Look suppliant into thy beautiful eye,
 And whisper with yearning a love-lorn sigh.

.....Heine

The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower is shamefast
 Under the sun's proud light,
 And with her head down-drooping
 She dreamily waits for the night.

The moon, he is her lover,
 He wakens her with his shine;
 To him she unveils frankly
 Her flower-face divine.

She blooms, and glows, and glimmers,
 And gazes dumbly above;
 Exhaling, and sobbing, and trembling
 For love and the woe of love.

.....Heine

The Lonely Tear

What means this lonely tear-drop?
 It dims my sight today.
 From bygone times it linger'd
 In my eye hidden away.

It had many glistening sisters,
 Who now are all melted quite,
 With all my joys and sorrows
 Now melted in storm and night.

Like mist are now also melted
 The twin blue stars divine
 That laugh'd those joys and sorrows
 All into this heart of mine.

My love itself is melted
 Away like morning dew!
 O lonely, lingering tear-drop,
 Now melt away thou too.

.....Heine

My tears all turn to flowers

My tears all turn to flowers,
And blossom in beautiful vales;
My sighs are changed to music
Of many nightingales.

And if thou wilt love me, darling,
All the flowers to thee belong,
And the nightingale at thy window
Shall sing to thee her song.

.....Heine

And O if the flowers but knew it

And O if the flowers but knew it,
How deeply hurt is my heart,
They'd weep with me to rue it,
And heal my cruel smart.

And did the nightingales know it,
How sad and sorry am I,
They would, for a hapless poet,
Their soothing song lift high.

And if they knew my story,
The little stars of gold,
They all would come down from glory,
And bid me be consoled.

They cannot know it - 'tis token;
One only can know my pain;
And she herself has broken,
Broken my heart in twain.

.....Heine

Dear, thou art like a flower

Dear, thou art like a flower,
So fair and pure and sweet;
I look on thee, and sorrow
Into my heart doth fleet.

I would that I might lay lightly
My hands upon thy hair,
Praying to God that he keep thee
So sweet and pure and fair.

.....Heine

From realms of ancient story

From realms of ancient story
Beckons a snow-white hand;
There's singing of the glory
Of some far wonderland,

Where giant flowers are yearning
In golden even-light,
And tenderly upturning
Bride-faces exquisite;

And green trees all are singing
Their ancient melodies,
The birds' clear notes are ringing,
And softly sighs the breeze;

And cloudlets, light as feather,
Lift slowly in the air,
And dance along together
Their wondrous dances there;

And blue sparks brightly bicker
On every leaf and spray
And ruddy gleams still flicker
About the tangled way;

And laughing leaping fountains
From rugged marble break,
And wondrously the mountains
Are mirror'd in the lake.

Ah! Ah!
Ah, could I but come thither,
And there my heart renew,
Bid all my anguish wither,
Be free and happy too!

Ah, that fair land of seeming,
Where oft in dreams I roam!
The morning sun comes gleaming,
It melts away like foam.

.....Heine

The Fisher

The water splash'd, the water swell'd,
 A fisher sat beside;
 He calmly watch'd the rod he held,
 In cool of eventide.
 And as he sat and as he cast,
 The flood asunder roll'd,
 And from the troubled stream at last
 A water-maid behold!

She sang to him, she spake to him:
 Why dost my kindred snare
 With human wile and human guile
 To die in upper air?
 Ah, knewest thou how happy be
 The fishes there below,
 Thou'ldst dive down under instantly,
 And new contentment know.

Does not the sun enjoy the cool,
 The moon too, in the stream?
 Do not their faces neath the pool
 With double beauty gleam?
 Does not the deep sky tempt thee down,
 The wet transparent blue?
 Does not thine own face tempt thee, shown
 In this eternal dew?

The water splash'd, the water swell'd,
 It wet his naked feet:
 Within his heart such yearning well'd
 As when two lovers greet.
 She spake to him, she sang to him;
 What happen'd to him then?
 Half drew she him, half slid he in,
 And was not seen again.

...Goethe

Hunter's Evensong

When through the fields with wary feet
 And gun at cock I stalk,
 Before my eyes thy image sweet,
 Thy image fair doth walk.

Thou walkest now with silent feet
 Through vale and pleasant lea;
 O fading image of my sweet,
 Wilt thou not stay for me?

I feel, when I but think of thee,
 As by the moonbeam's spell
 A gentle peace comes over me,
 But how, I cannot tell.

...Goethe

Sea-Calm

Utter calmness rules the water,
 Not a ripple stirs the main,
 And the sailor, all impatient,
 Gazes round the glassy plain.
 Not a breeze from any quarter,
 Deathly calm holds fearful rule:
 To the limitless horizon
 Stretches out the waveless pool.

...Goethe

Wild Rose

Saw a boy a rosebud rare,
 Rose in hedgerow hiding;
 'Twas so young and fresh and fair,
 Quick he ran to spy it there,
 Look'd with joy abiding.
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Rose in hedgerow hiding.

Said the boy: I'll pick thee, dear,
 Rose in hedgerow hiding!
 Said the rose: I'll prick thee, dear,
 That thou wilt forget me ne'er,
 Better heed my chiding.
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Rose in hedgerow hiding.

Wilful boy the rosebud tore,
 Rose in hedgerow hiding;
 Rosebud up and prick'd him sore-
 Ah, but ah, the pain he bore,
 Evermore abiding.
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Rose in hedgerow hiding.

...Goethe

Secret

At the eyes of my beloved
 All the people wonder vainly;
 I, with schooling in the matter,
 Have the skill to read them plainly.

For they say: 'I love him only,
 And not this or that or other.'
 Spare me therefore, my good people,
 All your wonder, all your pother!

Yes, they flash all round about her
 With a most tremendous power;
 But they only mean to tell me
 When shall come our next sweet hour.

... Goethe

The Ratcatcher

I am the famous fiddle-scratcher,
 The much betravell'd old ratcatcher,
 Of whom this ancient town, I trow,
 Has an especial need just now;
 And be the rats however many,
 And be the cats however canny,
 I'll rid the city of them all,
 They'll come together at my call.

Also the jolly fiddle-scratcher
 Is now and then a children-catcher;
 To tame the wildest I'll not fail,
 By singing them my golden tale.
 And be the boys however wary,
 And be the girls however scary,
 When on my fiddle-strings I play,
 They all must follow me away.

Also the cunning fiddle-scratcher
 Is, when time serves, a woman-catcher;
 And town and city there is none
 In which I charm'd not many a one.
 However coy a pretty maid is,
 However prim the married ladies,
 My magic fiddle and my song
 Will flutter them with love ere long.

.. Goethe

The Questioner

(No. 6 in The Fair Miller Maid
 Cycle of Songs by Wilhelm Muller)

I'll not ask any flower,
 I'll not ask any star;
 To answer what I would be asking
 They all unable are.

I have no skill in gardens,
 The stars are set too high;
 I'll bid my brooklet tell me
 If me my heart belie.

O brooklet that I love so,
 How dumb you are today!
 'Tis but one thing I ask you,
 But one word, either way.

'Yes' is the word I hope for,
 The other word is 'No';
 For me those two words carry
 A world of joy or woe.

O brooklet that I love so,
 How wayward you can be!
 Just once again I ask you:
 Say, brooklet, loves she me?

No. 9. The Miller's Flowers

The little flowers beside the brook
 With bright blue eyes about them look.
 The brook, the miller's friend is he,
 And bright-blue do my live's eyes be,
 Therefore are they my flowers.

Beneath her little window there,
 I now will plant the flowers fair;
 There call to her, when all is still,
 And nods her head behind the sill.

You understand my meaning.

And when she shuts her eyelids tight,
 And rests in sweet, sweet sleep at night,
 Then whisper dream-like from your plot
 To her: 'Forget, forget me not!'

Now clear is all my meaning.

And when at dawn her eyes she opes,
 Then look up with a lover's hopes;
 The dew-drops in your eyes that shine
 Will each one be a tear of mine

That I have wept upon you.

.....Muller

No. 10. Rain of Tears

We lovingly sat together
 In shade of alders cool,
 We lovingly look'd together
 Down into the brooklet's pool.

The moon came out to greet us,
 The little stars also,
 And lovingly looked together
 In the silvery mirror below.

I look'd at no moon rising,
 No little stars that shone,
 I look'd at her image only,
 I look'd at her eyes alone,

And saw her nodding and smiling
 Up, up from the blessed burn,
 The flowers on the bank, the blue flowers,
 They nodded and smiled in return.

And down in the water sunken
 The whole of heaven shone,
 And fain would have drawn me with it
 Into the deep adown.

And over the stars and the cloudlets
 There rippled the brooklet gay,
 And call'd with a singing and tinkling:
 My friend, O my friend, come away!

And then were my tears flowing over,
 All crisp'd was the mirror become;
 She said: Here comes a shower,
 Goodbye, I'm going home.

.....Muller

CALL FOR A SCRIPT-WRITER

In March, 1939, Garran received a letter from Dr. Mary Booth, with a request for aid. The letter read

*2 "Dear Sir Robert,

Is genius boring? I hope so and write to ask if you will write the words for the Episodes of a Pageant on Edward I - the English Justinian (not the treaty ? episode) because this year on June 17 is the 700 (anniversary) of his birth.

Please keep it a secret for the moment - but will you do this? I do not find any other with your mantle yet.

With kind regards and anxiously awaiting your reply.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Booth"

This seemed a rather unabashed and matter-of-fact request which seemed to imply that Dr. Booth thought it was hardly likely Garran would refuse, though it must have been expected to make some inroads on his time. No indication of a deadline was given in this letter.

.....

*2 NLA MS 2690 (for further details see page 200)

Who was Mary Booth? Would her contemporaries have thought we would be asking that question less than 25 years after her death? Only a few chosen are eternal in the Hall of Fame, yet the name of Doctor Mary Booth should have a place in the Australian annals, if in no other place.

Here was a woman as remarkable in her work and talents as Garran was in his. Perhaps it is a tribute to her life of dedication that Garran, as we shall see, readily acceded to her plea for help.

Mary Booth's life is a tremendous chronicle of events which must here be compressed into a summary of highlights.

Her father, who came to Australia from Northern Ireland in 1855, was a schoolmaster and provided most of her early education.

She later graduated in Arts from Sydney University with Honours in Latin and English and became governess to the children of the new governor of the colony and his wife, Lord and Lady Jersey. She studied medicine at Melbourne but it was at Edinburgh College of Medicine for Women that she graduated in 1899. Twenty years later she received a well-deserved O.B.E.

Back in Sydney she was guest at the State Banquet in 1901 to celebrate the new Commonwealth. (If she had not already met Garran, she could very well have done so at this

function).

During the ensuing years Mary Booth became involved in a wide range of community work among the needy and under-privileged. She gave up her practice to become Schools Medical Officer. In 1911 she had delivered a paper to the Australian Medical Congress on "The Scope and Origin of a School Medical Service", as she considered this service absolutely essential. In 1914-15 when she became deeply concerned with the plight of war widows and many others whose lives were blighted by war she set about to found the famous Soldiers' Club by acquiring the old Royal Hotel in George Street, Sydney and established the Centre for Soldiers' Wives and Mothers. The latter organisation was the first founded expressly to help dependants of servicemen. Here, among other things, many women were taught how to knit. She organised the Fund for War Widows.

When Prime Minister W.M. (Billy) Hughes returned to Australia he gave the women permission to use the word "ANZAC" and the Anzac Fellowship of Women came into being. Mary Booth remained its President until her death. In securing use of the Sydney Town Hall basement she organised concerts and community singing and the first reunions. Later the Fellowship under her leadership helped migrant youths coming off ships and arranged welcome parties. Temporary accommodation was found for migrant families.

In 1913 Mary Booth represented the Commonwealth Government at the English-speaking Conference on Infant

Mortality in London and in 1929 she attended the Conference on Housing and Town Planning in Rome because of her concern over poor housing standards.

She and a neighbour later gave the waterfront of their properties at Kirribilli to the Municipal Council as a park and bird sanctuary.

In 1936 she founded the Memorial College of Household Arts and Sciences to train young women for home-making. One of the teachers at the College remembered Dr. Booth coming in for morning tea or lunch "I shall never forget her she had great dignity and quite a small, rather squat figure wearing a loose black dress and a high-crowned black felt hat, even at meals."

The Anzac Fellowship of Women had organised a "Grand Patriotic Concert" as part of the Anzac Day celebrations; that day, to her, being a national symbol. From 1950 until her death in 1956 she was absorbed in reviving the Anzac Festival Committee which, in 1932, was under the patronage of Sir Philip Game (the Governor) and later in 1952 under Sir John Northcott. In 1952, when she was 81, the revived Festival was held in the Great Hall of the Sydney University.

Dr. Mary Booth died on 28th November, 1956 at the Rachel Forster Hospital where her name had been added to

the honour roll of life governors in 1926. The correspondence she had with the writer, Miles Franklin, portrays her as a woman of simplicity, youthfulness and affection.

In view of the original request of March, 1939, a second letter from Mary Booth dated April 4th seems rather strange. It read

"Dear Sir Robert,

Thank you so much for your letter - I am hoping you will stoke up those fires all the same.

We are to have for the Memorial College of Household Arts and Science, a Pageant in the Great Hall of the University portraying the Early Middle Ages history of England - the struggle for freedom. The event is to mark the 700 Anniversary of the Birth of Edward I. I hope we shall make it a great celebration of which the Pageant will be a part. I particularly want you to write the words because of the work you did with Sir John Quick and all you have done since to keep this Commonwealth on a fairly even keel.

However, as a 'curtain raiser' we want to have three episodes for our Anzac Eve Festival at the Conservatorium on April 24.

1. Richard Coeur de Lion - the Crusader
2. King John and the Barons
3. Edward I opening the First English
Parliament

We have the producer, the costumes, the properties, the stage for these episodes and we want the Script. It will last for about 15 minutes -

Is it too much to ask of you at such short notice?

With many apologies for being so troublesome -

I am yours sincerely,

Mary Booth."

The probable explanation for the tone of this letter and the apparent repetition is that Sir Robert might have demurred at the initial request, hence Mary Booth's comment "I am hoping you will stoke up those fires all the same". Then there is the provision of more detailed information (which he might have requested) and the remarks of the last four or five lines implying that we have everything but the script. "Is it too much to ask of you at such short notice?"

A feature of Sir Robert's life and similarly of his parents' is that they were great record keepers. They seemed to retain and file most letters and papers. Some of Mary Booth's outward letters were personal ones

in her own handwriting and she does not seem to have kept all the replies, or they have been lost.

Mary Booth's next letter to Garran was dated 4th May. It read "I am so sorry I have been so long in acknowledging your verses. Thank you so much for them. I heed what you say about the Episodes. At present, Dr. Heinze, lecturer in history at the University, is studying the period for our purpose. It has appealed to her as the development of our democracy - so interesting in view of events today...." (No doubt referring to the ominous developments in Europe).

"I think we have also the stage manager and the costumes. To-morrow these important matters will be settled. People have been most kind - including you ... I shall write again after I hear from Dr. Heinze.

Thank you again many times. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Mary Booth".

The next letter on 16th May indicated that Mary Booth was not hesitating to make heavy demands on Sir Robert's time and good nature. (After all, he would have been seventy-three and had many other commitments). She wrote "Dear Sir Robert, you will think that we have gone to sleep on the 'project', but we are very much alive, and it is to go on. The delay has been due to the uncertainty about securing costumes" etc.

"We should be so grateful if you would write the main Prologue, covering the sequence of events of the Plantagenet period, ending with the opening of the Model Parliament which would show the struggle for liberty - the beginnings of English Democracy.

Then, we should like a shorter introductory foreword for each Episode. We have already from you 'Richard', 'King John' and 'Edward I'. I enclose a survey of events kindly prepared by Dr. Heinze, Lecturer in History at the University. This is, perhaps, a little too confined to Edward. As I have said above, we would rather bring out these events which show the struggle for freedom.

The verse you have already sent is an inspiration to everyone to whom I read it. After my very modest request (!)

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

M. Booth

On 25 May she wrote "I trust you are coming to Sydney for the event June 15 9 p.m. in the Great Hall - a half hour's prelude to the Plantagenet Ball" and then followed this with a further request on 5th June

"Dear Sir Robert,

I am truly ashamed to make any more demands on you but what am I to do? My producer, Miss Nicholas,

came in to-day and asked 'would Sir Robert write the script for Simon de Montford? They have four scenes,

1. Richard Couer de Lion
2. King John
3. Simon de Montford
4. Edward I

I myself am to blame as I said Simon counted more than Henry III.

The producers are very pleased with the prospects. They have found a proper King Edward and I look forward to an interesting evening. With hope and apology,

I am, yours sincerely,

Mary Booth

P.S. Thank you so much for 'King John'. It came first thing this morning and was passed on."

To round off this achievement or project in Garran's years of 'retirement' he received a letter dated 4th July, 1939 from a Lt. Colonel C.H. Jones of Cremorne who was secretary to the Pageant Committee. It was headed "Memorial College, Kirribilli" and said ...

"I am instructed by my Committee to thank you for your great and kindly help in the Pageant on the 15th of June. We know, and hear on all sides that the Pageant was a brilliant success. Its success was made so splendid by the wonderful and stately language of the prologues.

I was to say that we are most deeply grateful to you and that your kindly presence at the performance completed your generosity.

I am, dear Sir Robert Garran,

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) C.H. Jones

(Lt. Colonel)

Secretary to the Pageant Committee"

So follow the words of the Plantagenet Pageant. Behind them seems to lurk the faint shadow of Shakespeare. At any rate, Garran's style was able to match the stately atmosphere of the occasion.

PLANTAGENET PAGEANT

by Robert Randolph Garran

(Performed at the University of Sydney,
15 June 1939)

PROLOGUE

In pageant we present a passing show
Of Merrie England in the far-off days
Of the Plantagenets, when the yeasty brew
Of Saxon and of Norman blood with slow
Sure alchemy was seething in the vat
Of Time, and English forms and English ways
Were shaping in the womb of history.

The robber Barons in their feudal pride
Bow to the yoke of custom, feel the curb
Of law, the spur of duty. Learning dawns:
Black friars of Saint Dominic from Spain,
Stern doctrinists and men of discipline,
Grey friars of Saint Francis, gentle souls,
Teach eager students, preach to all the folk,
And heal and help the poor in charity.
The burgesses and craftsmen band themselves
In guilds and brotherhoods to guard their rights;
Even the serf begins to lift his head,
And Liberty awakes and walks abroad,
Timidly first, but soon with steps assured.

Kings, needing money for the public purse,
 Find it more politic to ask than take,
 And call to the Great Council of the Realm
 Knights from the Shires, burgesses from the towns -
 Who, since they pay the piper, call the tune,
 And sturdily, as freemen to their lord,
 Speak out their grievances, and claim redress
 Before the grant of aid - so Parliament
 Was born; and so, in slow process of years,
 The people became King, and made the laws,
 The King became the people's counterpart,
 And Liberty march'd on with Loyalty;
 Till England taught the world how Kings may reign
 And law may rule, royal prerogative
 Be held by one in trust for all - the sceptre
 In one hand, in the other hand the orb.

In pageant we recall the olden times.

I.

RICHARD I.

Richard, the Lion-Heart, of England King,
 And of a half of France: of Normandy,
 Brittany, Anjou, Aquitaine. The task
 Of kingship over all these wide domains
 Irk'd him, and all the policies of peace.
 Better a goodly horse between his knees,
 And lance and shield and armour, mimic war
 Of joust and tourney; but the best of all
 He loved the soldier's life, the shock and noise
 Of battle, and the change of warrior blows.

But in those godly days the Church liked not
 Christian to fight with Christian - but to fight
 With infidels was holy; so he sail'd,
 His warlike soul with pious ardours fann'd,
 To smite the Saracen, the infidel,
 Saladin, sacker of Jerusalem,
 Who from the Holy Sepulchre drove off
 The pilgrims, and wall'd up the City of God.

Legend and chronicle tell glorious deeds
 Of that Crusade: how Acre, long besieged,
 Fell to the conquering sword of Richard; how
 Saladin, Egypt's Emperor, felt the weight
 Of Richard's arm, and fled from many a field.

Much glory, little gain. An absent King
 Breeds treachery at home; and Lion-Heart,
 His pious aim unwon, left Saladin
 In peace, and sail'd for England, to defend
 His crown against his brother and his foes.

II.

JOHN

John, the dark tyrant, to his father false,
 False to his brother, the Crusader King;
 Now, King himself, faithless to all his friends
 And faithless to his people. Back return'd
 From France, black-temper'd at the unsuccess
 Of his campaign upon the Continent,
 With alien knights and hired followers
 Who come with arms and horses to molest
 England, he wreaks upon his countrymen
 His baffled malice. "By God's teeth" he swears
 "Fitzpeter dead, my proud Justiciar,
 Now for the first time I am truly King
 And lord of England!" Insolently then
 He flouts the liberties of Englishmen;
 By pillage, murder foul, and banishment
 He goads the Barons to revolt; with them
 From town and country-side the harried folk
 Flock to their banners. The King stands alone -
 Alone, save for a score of seeming friends -
 Against the nation. Angry, impotent,
 Upon the grassy fields of Runnymede,
 The Holy Place of English liberty,
 That host in arms he meets. The Barons all
 Demand the Charter of their English rights -
 Not for themselves alone, but for all England:
 No man shall be imprison'd, seized or harm'd
 But by the lawful judgment of his peers,
 And by the country's laws; the King shall not
 To any man deny, delay or sell
 Justice or right; no taxes shall be laid
 But by the Common Council of the Realm;
 Cities and boroughs all shall have again
 Their customs and their ancient liberties.

Friendless, alone, with fury in his heart,
 John signs and seals the parchment; and withdrawn
 Into his tent, in frenzy impotent
 Flings himself down and gnaws at straws and sticks.

III.

SIMON DE MONTFORT

Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester,
 A Norman bred and born, adopted son
 Of England. Scholar, soldier, thinker, soon
 He took high place in councils of the Realm.
 Close confidant of the third Henry, long
 That monarch lean'd on him; but with the years
 The King's contempt of Charters, and the waste
 Of public moneys, wrung remonstrances
 From the great Earl, and drove him to be head
 Of the protesting Barons; he became
 Their champion 'gainst the King, and champion too
 Of all the people. He it was who first
 Brought burgesses to sit in Parliament
 Beside the Barons, Bishops, Knights of Shires.
 He builded better than he knew; today
 We honour him as Father of Parliament
 And of the Constitution. In his death
 He triumph'd as in life; on Evesham field
 The vanquish'd was the victor - pilgrims came
 To kneel before his tomb; and he bequeath'd
 To his great pupil, Edward, his wise arts
 Of Government, and English liberty.

IV.

EVESHAM

Near Evesham village, Edward (not yet King)
 Routed the rebel Barons, and the foes
 Of peace and order. Great de Montfort slain,
 The long war ended. Edward's policy
 Had won the day before his arms: those ills
 About which King and Barons were at odds
 He swore to remedy. A mighty oath:
 Let God be witness - all the good old laws
 Of England's Realm should henceforth be observed;
 All evil customs, rank weeds in the garden,
 Be rooted out; all foreigners be thrust
 From castles, court and councils of the King,
 And England should be ruled by Englishmen.

V.

PALESTINE

Edward, Crusader in the Holy Land,
 Defends the Faith against the Infidel.
 There in his camp at Acre, in his tent -
 None with him but his harper - comes to him
 An envoy from the Saracens, presents
 A letter - then with swift and treacherous aim
 Strikes Edward with a dagger. Wounded deep,
 The Prince leaps at him, wrests the dagger from him,
 And plunges it in the assassin's heart.
 But poison'd was the blade, and it were ill
 For Edward then, had not his noble wife
 Eleanor - who, inseparable still
 From her lord's side, had come crusading with him -
 Rush'd in, and suck'd the poison from the wound:
 That sweet Queen Eleanor whose flowery bier,
 In after days, he follow'd with his grief
 From Lincoln up to London, and all the way
 He planted crosses at each resting place
 Of his dead Queen, in memory of their love.

VI.

EDWARD I.

Edward - an English name, an English King!
 Norman and Angevin no more shall rule
 Our England as an appanage of France,
 But England, blent of Saxon, Norman, Dane,
 Our island heritage, shall be ruled henceforth
 By English for the English. In him see
 A kingly presence and a kingly heart:
 A soldier, master of the arts of war,
 But not in love with war; he did not fight
 For sake of fighting, but for policy,
 The strength and safety of his realm. A man
 Stern, but yet just, he laid the basis sure
 Of law, and of observance of the law
 By subject and by King. Great law-giver,
 England's Justinian, onward from his reign
 Flows the unbroken stream of statutes. He
 Made Parliament what now it is, the voice
 And will of all the Realm: since mightier grown,
 And destined mother of many Parliaments,
 In far Dominions that no man as yet
 Dream'd of, in unknown lands beyond the sea.

VII.

STATUTES OF WESTMINSTER

"Le Roy le veult" - the King assents. First fruits
 Of a wise law-maker, so Edward signs
 The Statutes of Westminster. He had oft
 Mark'd in his father's reign need of good laws,
 His policy was to establish firm
 The power of the Crown with deeper roots
 By sharing it in partnership with all
 The people; and to change devices, meant
 To overturn the Realm, into a plan
 To guide the Realm - to build the Parliament
 Upon the strong foundations greatly laid
 By Montfort, mirroring the three Estates -
 The nobles, clergy, commons; and to be,
 Himself, not King alone, but people's King.

VIII.

THE WELSH PRINCE

The policy of Edward reach'd beyond
 England, to Britain, and he strove with might,
 Through peace and war, to join unto the Realm
 Both Wales and Scotland. Always troublesome
 Were the Welsh Marches, and of Edward's works
 Not least was that of bringing English laws
 To Wales, and bending Welshmen to his rule.

The story runs, Edward had pledged his word
 To the Welsh people, he would give to them
 A Prince born there in Wales; and so the Queen,
 Her time being come, lay in Carnarvon Castle,
 And there a Prince was born - the second Edward -
 And proudly shown upon the battlements,
 And dandled for the people to admire.

IX.

AT BERWICK CASTLE

The Scots King Alexander having died,
Thrown from his horse upon a perilous crag,
And all his issue failing, there arose
A cloud of claimants to the Scottish throne,
Each boasting that some drops of royal blood
Ran in his veins; and so, about the maze
Of pedigrees, laws of inheritance,
And Parliamentary title, there ensued
Much argument, to charm a lawyer's heart,
Darkening counsel. Ask'd to arbitrate,
Edward took swift occasion to confirm
Himself as Scotland's feudal overlord.

Two claimants stood above the rest, that traced
Descent from David, Earl of Huntingdon:
John Balliol, Robert Bruce. At Berwick Castle
King Edward tried the cause, and having heard
Long pleading and much parley, gave his voice
For Balliol, of the elder branch; who then,
Enthroned, swore fealty to Edward, King
Of England, and did homage for his Realm.

All the excitement in Sydney in 1939, however, overshadowed earlier events in Melbourne, particularly at the Princess Theatre in 1937.

In the Minutes of the Anzac Festival Committee for 20th April, 1937, Dr. Booth stated she had written to Sir Robert Garran asking him to present the prizes at the Festival in Sydney and that Sir Robert had stated that "owing to his being concerned in the Pageant he had written and which was being presented at the Melbourne Festival he would be unable to be in Sydney at that time".

Earlier, on 14th March, Mildred Veal, Honorary Secretary of the Victorian section of the Anzac Fellowship of Women had written to Mary Booth saying "we have taken the Princess Theatre for Anzac Eve. We are having a Pageant - the words of which Sir Robert Garran has kindly written. There are scenes representing Shakespeare, Captain Cook, St. George and the Anzacs and tableaux of the friezes on our Shrine".

The Sydney Anzac Fellowship Minutes of 4th May, 1937 reported that Dr. Booth read the Press Report of the Pageant written by Sir Robert Garran which had been

presented at the Melbourne Festival and suggested that use might be made of the Pageant for the next (Sydney) Festival.

In the second annual report of the Victorian Anzac Fellowship of Women it was mentioned that trophies and prizes had been presented by Sir Robert Garran who had "graciously written the explanatory words for the beautiful and inspiring Anzac Week Pageant".

So, in a similar vein to the Plantagenet Pageant are the verses he wrote for the Melbourne pageants.

ANZAC PAGEANTS

PROLOGUE

to the Pageants

April, that English poets love to sing!
The English April, with his showers sweet
And the uncertain glory of his days;
The proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim -
The lady April bringing the daffodils,
Warming the world anew!

Of other sort
In these Antipodes, of other hue
Is April's autumn splendour; but we still
Dream of the April England's poets sing.

And in this April is a week, whose glory
 Is not from rain or shine, Autumn or Spring,
 Flowers that fade, or things ephemeral,
 But from imperishable men and deeds.
 Within this April week, there dawn four days:
 Saint George's Day - day of the patron saint
 Of England, merciful and gallant knight;
 The birthday of sweet Shakespeare, fancy's child;
 The day on which, from the Endeavour Bark,
 Australia first was seen by English eyes;
 And that great day when sunlit Anzac Cove
 Received its baptism.

So, this April week
 Is a strong fourfold cord, that binds the hearts
 Of England and Australia with the bonds
 Of love and hope and duty and high thought.
 Anzac our lode-star, our great Southern Cross;
 James Cook, whose voyages commemorate
Endeavour, Resolution, and Adventure;
 Shakespeare, our common heritage; Saint George,
 Whose Red Cross floats above us on our flags.

These names are the epitome of all
 Our epic story, in the north and south -
 The Old World and the New - our inspiration
 To noble deed and thought, as to the Greeks
 Were Homer's heroes and his deathless song.

Now, on this April day, we will present
 In pageantry the show of these great men
 And their great deeds, that gave us what we have
 And made us what we are - for good or ill,
 As we shall prove our worth and our desert
 To be inheritors of these our sires.

PAGEANT OF SAINT GEORGE

Narrator's Lines

Long years ago, in old Imperial Rome,
 In the Dark Ages, so the legend runs,
 A noble Roman soldier, George, became
 A Christian. Merciful of soul was he,
 And brave, and many a doughty deed he wrought
 To free poor slaves from bondage. He dared speak
 Bold words of blame to the great Emperor
 For persecuting Christians, and for this
 He died a martyr's death upon the cross,
 And is a holy Saint, and his device
 Is the Red Cross of holy martyrdom.

A royal castle stands upon a hill,
 And to the iron gates of its demesne
 The Princess comes, and blesses on their way
 To the Crusade Saint George and all his knights
 Of the Red Cross, that gallantly ride off,
 Follow'd by cripples in a motley train
 And beggars. So she stands there all alone
 Before the gates - when slowly from a pool
 A dragon crawls! The Princess shrieks for aid.
 Saint George rides to the rescue! Battle grim
 The dragon joins - the Saint is wounded sore,
 And falls beneath the Magic Tree, whose shade
 Revives him, and he smites the monster dead!

After long years, the spirit of Saint George
 Lived in the old Crusades. His Red Cross Knights
 Smote down the infidels, and freed from them
 The Holy Sepulchre. They succour'd all
 The sick and weak and wounded and oppress'd,
 And rescued maidens fair from recreant knaves.
 Everywhere they were Mercy's messengers,
 Saint George's gentle knights of the Red Cross.

The scene, the time, are changed, and where Saint George
 Late stood, a wounded veteran now stands,
 In the Crimea, and lo! beside him is
 The Lady with the Lamp - a Red Cross Knight
 In woman's shape - 'tis Florence Nightingale!
 So a weak woman, with a spirit brave,
 Holds up Saint George's shield, and Red Cross Knights -
 Women and men and little children too -
 Take up the task of Mercy's messengers!

SHAKESPEARE PAGEANTNarrator's Lines

(Preliminary Scene - after recitation of Bennett's Sonnet)

Here on the stage we see the man to whom
 The world was all a stage, and all men actors -
 Great Shakespeare, England's poet and the world's,
 But firstly England's: England did he love,
 Her greenwoods, flowers, birds, beasts, men and women;
 England to him was home and fairlyland,
 The happiest, bravest country in the world,
 And the most beautiful. Before him lies
 White virgin paper. With his magic pen
 Upon those virgin pages he will write
 Words that will live for ever: words that will,
 From generation unto generation
 Be lisp'd by children, and be kept enshrined
 In old men's memories - words that will breathe
 the love he bore for England. Listen to them:-

(Quotation follows)

(Introducing three scenes from Winter's Tale,
 Midsummer Night's Dream, and As You Like It)

He so loved England, that his fancy made
 The world seem England. In whatever land
 His scene was laid, he planted English gardens,
 And English ways and English men and women.
 In far Bohemia, sweet Perdita
 Pluck'd English flowers. In midsummer dream
 Of wedding feast at Athens, English clowns
 Play'd P yramus and Thisbe; English fairies -
 King Oberon, Queen Titania, merry Puck,
 Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustardseed -
 Danced and disported on an English green.
 And Arden Forest - whatsoever land
 Of fair Romance may claim it for its own -
 Is English, and the home of English swains
 And maidens, English lovers, English wit.



(After Scene III.

So Shakespeare's love of England, of its lanes
And hedges, of its forests and its fields,
And of the women fair and yeomen brave
Whose limbs were made in England - this his love
Inspires us all to know what England stands for:
Freedom and justice, bravery and truth,
Honour and peace - and arms us with that spirit
With which King Henry fired his gallant men
When before Harfleur's walls he bade them all
Cry: "God for Harry, England and Saint George!"

The Call to Arms

To arms! The fiery cross runs through the land!
From field and farm and shop and office, youth
Crowds to the colours with a holy zeal.
Not for the lust of conquest, or pursuit
Of a vain glory, or adventure high,
But for the Cause: to right a wrong, to bring
Justice and Freedom, and to save the world,
To win through War to Peace; and for this Cause
To offer their young bodies and their lives.
Youths, with the joy of life strong in their hearts,
Leave happiness in this most happy land,
Leave home, and friends, and love, and all things else,
And march out bravely to the Great Unknown,
Strong in the spirit of self-sacrifice -
Heroes, that match the noblest of all Time!

The Trial

Long years of toil and danger - wounds and death
In awful shapes; endurance past belief
Of nameless agonies; hope long deferr'd
But never lost - in all those long dark years
Never despair; whether upon the steeps
Of scorch'd Gallipoli, where Anzac first
Achieved a name, or in the frozen mud
Of Flanders, or the shell-scarr'd land of France;
Rotting in trenches, leaping o'er the top;
Serving the guns, wrestling with cruel wire;
Or mid the roar of guns and bursting shells
Bearing a stretcher through the hail of death.
Women, that nurse the wounded, or that ply
The humbler necessary tasks - but all,
And always, facing death - death for the Cause, -
And on the sea, or under it; in the sky,
Or mining the dark earth - each strives to do
The task appointed him. And so, in smoke
And crash of war, a Nation has its birth.

The Victory

Then, of a sudden, Victory! The hush,
 The blessed hush of all that din - and Peace!
 Peace for the living; peace too for the dead -
 But for those war-worn heroes, horrible dreams
 of War that was - of comrades that once were
 And in a moment were not. Victory!

The Home-Coming

Home! to the faces and the places dear!
 And martial music and the cheering crowds!
 And then, within doors, home with those they love!
 But there are those that come not home; whose homes
 Are silent, and their loved ones sad; and those
 That are borne broken home, in living death.
 Victory! Peace! - The price is paid in full.

The Shrine

A Temple of Remembrance has been built.
 Its corner-stones are Justice, Sacrifice,
 Duty to our own land, Goodwill and Peace.
 Here, fix'd in stone for ever, are portray'd
 The men and women who in many ways
 Battled and served - clothed as they were, accoutred
 Just as they were, with arms and implements
 And engines of the war. In memory
 And honour of the braves who gave their lives
 For Justice, Duty, Peace, their names and deeds
 Are graven, for all time, here in this Shrine,
 In proud remembrance of their sacrifice.
 Who gives his life, shall save his soul alive;
 These live for ever in their country's love.

CAPTAIN COOK PAGEANTLand ahead!

A bluff-bow'd bark, three hundred three-score tons,
 Whose length would lie within a tennis court -
 A little bark, sailing uncharted seas,
 Nosing for unknown lands - a little bark
 Whose name, the Endeavour, is as dear to fame
 As is Drake's Golden Hinde, or as the ship
 That bore the Argonauts.

At dawn one day,
 One April day, Lieutenant Zachary Hicks,
 Keeping his watch, with telescope to eye
 And sight strain'd forward, cries to Captain Cook:
 "Land ahead, sir!" Straightway all eyes are strain'd
 Towards the land - first English eyes to see
 Australia - first of any eyes to see
 That eastern shore.

Then Captain Cook awhile
 Stood in a muse: Which way to turn the ship?
 Westward were seas sail'd over by the Dutch;
 Southward, Van Diemen's Land was known; but east
 And north, the unknown lay, both sea and land.
 The unknown was Cook's love. Swift came his orders:
 "Tack ship! Steer north and east!" From these words
sprang

Discovery of this fair land of ours,
 And planting of the English flag upon
 A Continent, on which a Commonwealth
 Was to be borne and prosper. What had been
 New Holland once, Australia was to be.

Botany Bay

Rough seas, an uninviting shore; on, on,
 Northward Cook sails, nor ventures yet to land;
 But spies at last an opening, and heads
 His bark, sea-batter'd, into Botany Bay.
 The first white feet to tread that yellow sand
 And wander in that scrub! There all things strange
 They found: birds, beasts and fishes new and strange,
 And trees and plants unknown that joy'd the heart
 Of Joseph Banks the naturalist - and men,
 Black naked savages - all new and strange!

And to the natives too their visitors,
 Both ships and men, were strange beyond belief:
 That big canoe, with bird-wings; great white chiefs
 With red coats and white wigs, three-corner'd hats,
 And swords; and sailor-men with jerseys striped
 And black straw hats and pigtailed; and queer tubes
 That, upon threat of spear, spat fire and smoke
 And noise, and small round stones that stung the legs.

Two worlds were meeting, that for ages long
 Had dwelt apart upon this earthly ball
 And never met, nor knew each other's speech
 Or purpose; and to each the other seem'd
 Most wonderful and strange to look upon.

Death of Captain Cook

The island of Hawaii - Captain Cook
 On his last voyage, in the Discovery -
 His mission now to find, not land, but sea,
 In the pursuit of that long-cherish'd dream,
 Now long-forgotten, of the North West Passage.

But Fate was not contented that this man,
Discoverer of many lands and seas,
And conqueror of dangers and of storms,
Should chase a phantom; so, until the end,
Fortune was held in leash, Mischance was set
To hound his footsteps. The dark islanders
First gave him worship as a god, but soon
Contention rose, and angry words were spoken,
And spears thrown, and shots fired. Upon the beach
Cook, making for the boats, with his few men,
Was struck down by Fate's spear. His work was done.

THE FRIEDRICHSRUH STORY

After the Paris Peace Conference Garran, with W. M. (Billy) Hughes, Sir Joseph Cook and their staffs, boarded the Friedrichsrüh to sail back to Australia. Although he was not aware at the time, this journey was to afford Garran more opportunities than he would have expected for verse-writing. The previous day had been "the wildest and whirliest day of all", with a dinner given by the High Commissioner to Hughes and Cook, including an "admirable speech" by the Lord Chancellor.

The Friedrichsrüh was British-built about 1904 and appears to have been sold to Germany some time during the pre (1914) war years. The original name of the 7000-ton vessel was Fürst Bismarck but the Germans were upset about handing over the ship under that name, so they called it Friedrichsrüh after Bismarck's country estate. It had rusted in Bremen for four years and was in rather poor condition for transporting a thousand Australian soldiers, plus officers, plus some wives and babies, in addition to the V.I.P.'s and their staffs.

The state of the ship became apparent early in the voyage when Garran reported in his journal "the pantry water boiler burst this morning and the condensers cannot give us as much water as we need." As there was no other form of liquid available the ship was, in fact, very dry. Water was severely rationed.

There were twelve engineers on board and Garran reported that they "had no time for play and little for sleep; working double shifts, tinkering the old engines and boilers all day and all night. Not a man of them but deserved the V.C."

The long days passed; there were sports and music, "exhortations by the padre and addresses by the Prime Minister", and eventually the Friedrichsrub limped into Fremantle, hoop-iron round its boilers, on 24th August, 1919, having left England about 10th July. The most interesting way to get the feel of the journey, however, is to read some of the verse that came from Garran's facile pen on an occasion when there was no lack of material.

Who are These?

Bismarck gazes down in wonder
 from his frame upon the wall,
 Seeing sights and hearing noises
 that he can't make out at all.
 "Who are these that sit at table,
 this strange captain and this crew?
 What in Himmel's name has happen'd
 to my good old Friedrichsrub?
 Who are these that dress like soldiers,
 but are lean instead of fat,
 And in place of picklehaube
 wear a caballero hat?
 Eat roast beef and Yorkshire pudding
 not good sauerkraut and wurst,
 And - mein Gott! use water, not good
 lager beer, to quench their thirst?
 See, they rise and clink their glasses,
 Is it 'hoch der Kaiser'? Nein;
 Why, they sing 'God save the King',
 pledged in water, not in wine.
 And their talk is like the English
 mostly, but with two or three
 Words my mother never taught me,
 that are quite unknown to me.

Yet their home is not in England,
 for they say they're homeward bound,
 And the Friedrichsrüh is nosing
 on and on, the wide world round.
 Dark forebodings, what has happen'd
 since my former course was run?
 Fools and rogues have reign'd in Deutschland
 and my mighty work undone.
 I, who builded, I have listen'd
 from my frame upon the wall,
 Heard their boasts and heard them toasting,
 heard their 'Deutschland over all';
 Then one day they said the Day had
 come, and ever since the Day
 My good Friedrichsrüh has rusted
 at her anchor in the bay.
 Now, with alien flag, she bears an
 alien army o'er the seas,
 And I look and wonder dumbly,
 vainly, darkly, - who are these?"

...

The "Song of the Friedrichsrüh" was given the date
 of 11th June, 1919, but Garran clearly meant 11th July.
 His reference to Hughes - "Has just been called within
 the Bar" - refers to the occasion of the previous Saturday
 when Hughes had received the signal honour of being admitted
 to the English Bar. The Chief Justice had handed him his
 Letters of Patent as a King's Counsel and the Lord
 Chancellor in another court had repeated a similar ceremony
 in accordance with accepted practice. No claim would have
 been made - least of all by Garran himself - for this poem
 as work of quality. It was obviously done in a short
 time, it is a useful record and makes interesting reading.

Song of the Friedrichsrüh

His Majesty's Transport Friedrichsrüh,
 With Irish skipper and English crew,
 And Bismarck's phiz in the Grand Saloon,
 Has Lisbon abeam this afternoon.
 English-built and English-won
 Back from the hands of the beaten Hun
 She is carrying Diggers fifty score
 Back to their home from the crash of war.
 Four long years she was hidden close
 And durstn't as much as show her nose;
 Four long years she rusting lay
 In Bremen docks, and this summer day
 With a coat of paint and a Union Jack
 She cleaves the sea on the southward track;
 With a following sea and a favouring breeze
 She claims the freedom of the seas;
 With a steady keel and a foaming prow
 She speeds away from the Northern plow;
 She speeds away from the Pole-star high
 And heads for the cross of the southern sky.

Muse, it must be thy duty, please,
 To guide my hands o'er the clicking keys,
 And tell the world what it yearns to know
 Our daily weal and our daily woe;
 And first - to speak of matters high -
 The sea is wet, but the ship is dry.
 Our Hughes - all thanks to his lucky star -
 Has just been called within the Bar,
 But the only bar for you and me
 Is the bar we crossed when we put to sea.
 Water's our drink - and that is flat -
 And maybe there'll not be much of that,
 And the boiler's bust, and we can't have tea -
 And what's to become of you and me?
 'Tis calm, with never a pitch or roll,
 And Neptune as yet has ta'en no toll;
 Neptune as yet has claimed no dues
 From Lieut. Com Latham or Mr. Hughes,
 And every one of us, saint or sinner,
 Sits down to breakfast and lunch and dinner:
 Cabin-boy, O.C. Troops and skipper,
 We sip our soup and we carve our kipper.

O now we know, alack-a-day,
 Just how they feel in the U.S.A.
 For here am I, and here are you,
 Aboard the good ship Friedrichsrüh;
 And here are you, and here am I,
 And the sea is wet, but the ship is dry.
 Where's the Madeira we left behind?
 And where's the canary we couldn't find?

And where's the Port that we hope to make?
 And the dead marines to mark our wake?
 So here am I, and here are you,
 Aboard the good ship Friedrichsruh;
 And here are you, and here am I,
 And the sea is wet, but the ship is dry;
 And now we know, alack-a-day,
 Just how they feel in the U.S.A.

....

Readers unfamiliar with the phenomenon of Prohibition in the United States of America might be puzzled by the lines "O now we know, alack-a-day, Just how they feel in the U.S.A." The principle of alcohol control had been in force in some American States from about 1850, but the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, forbidding manufacture, sale, etc. of intoxicating liquors was ratified by 46 States out of 48 in 1918-19. The Volstead Act, defining "alcoholic beverage", passed the House of Representatives and the Senate with a considerable majority. Prohibition was operative in the U.S.A. until 1933.

"Bad Dreams" is just another example of the endless variety of form and style which Garran could exploit when he was writing simply to amuse, believing that this verse, like most dreams, would soon be forgotten. Perhaps it helped to lighten the moments of a sad or suffering "digger".

Bad Dreams

The Friedrichsruh stopp'd short and cough'd
 all on a winter's day;
 The conductor popp'd his head in,
 and said to us gently: "Hey!
 Get out and walk - it isn't far,
 and a good road all the way."

The Friedrichsrub was flying well
 on half of a broken wing,
 When the skipper hail'd Fremantle,
 and said: "Dot-dash, ting-ting;
 We've cast a shoe, and we're punctured too -
 expect us about next Spring.

We came at last, under jury rig,
 where Australia ought to be -
 But she wasn't there, so we asked a bobby
 (who bobb'd up out of the sea).
 "Moved last week - first turn to the left -
 Third place past the Pole", said he.

It would have been natural, on such an irksome
 and protracted journey, for the probable day of arrival
 to be the most common topic for speculation. With the
 boilers continually nursed, the Captain no doubt often
 wondered if they would ever make Fremantle. There is an
 easy nonchalance in the poem -

Official

"When do we land?" said the passenger,
 "For each day here is a dry day."
 "At half past ten", said the skipper then,
 "On Wednesday - Thursday - Friday."

"But will it be", said the passenger,
 "The former day or the latter day?"
 "At nine-fifteen", said the skipper, "I ween,
 On Thursday - Friday - Saturday."

"If the wind keeps fair", said the passenger,
 "I suppose we'll get there one day".
 The skipper, said he: "At six past three
 On Friday - Saturday - Sunday."

.....

An appropriate conclusion to this series was
naturally:

Goodbye!

The Friedrichsrub has pulled us through,
In spite of many breakdowns;
Nor do we grieve to have to leave
Our comfortable shakedown.

Then give three cheers for the engineers,
Who tinker'd up the boilers;
A tiger too for the sweating crew
Of firemen and of oilers.

The diggers bold, with hearts of gold,
We part from them with sorrow:
So goodbye, boys! We wish you joys -
You'll all be home to-morrow.

.....

N.B. Some young readers might not be familiar with the term "digger" which was the name given to Australian and New Zealand soldiers of the First World War.

FROM EIGHTY TO NINETY

Garran always had a close regard for family life and family tradition. He liked to write little birthday odes for people, which no doubt were never intended for public perusal. In later years, however, he wrote 'milestone' verses of a whimsical kind about his own advancing age. Five of these have become available through the kindness of Mrs. Pat Wardle, of Canberra, who also found a clever and amusing verse about Garran's eighty-ninth birthday written by one of his son's, Andrew. The late Mr. Robert Wardle, Mrs. Wardle's husband, was at one time a neighbour and always a close friend of Garran, who probably provided Mr. Wardle with a copy of some poems.

Although they fall naturally in chronological order, the skill and technique seem to improve with age. The first is entitled

FOUR SCORE

An old man, a cold man,
A sit-by-the-fire-and-scold man -
I won't be that, and won't be fat,
Though I live to a hundred year.

A pale man, a frail man,
A think-I'm-beginning-to-fail man -
I don't want this, for I'd sorely miss
My golf and my pipe and my beer.

A hard man, a marr'd man,
A let-'em-be-feather'd-and-tarr'd man -
I'd not be too, for I hate the crew
That rule the roost by fear.

A gruff man, a rough man,
A stop-your-noise-that's enough man -
Why should one be? 'Tis shame to see
The spoiling of good cheer.

But a sound man, a brown'd man,
An up-and-be-getting-around man -
I'd rather be that (but not too fat)
Till the trumpet calls me clear.

R.R.G.
10.2.47

The next is just EIGHTY-FOUR

Eighty-four!
 Four and four score.
 Call it four twenty-ones -
 Enough for quartet of grown-up sons.
 Or let's say a dozen sevens
 (Cheaper by dozens); or eight elevens
 Nearly, with lack of only four -
 Eight elevens should make some score!
 Four more fours, 'twould be a hundred -
 How the grandstand then had thunder'd!
 Stumps drawn (by dentists long ago -
 In-dentures I have served, you know).
 So roll the pitch, and hope fine weather
 Tomorrow; let's play on together.
 New ball perhaps, with swing and spin,
 and demon bowler googling in.
 On with the game - you'd better watch me,
 They're out to bowl or stump or catch me.
 I'll try my best to guard my wicket,
 But many a slip - ah well, it's cricket!

R.R.G. 10.2.51

This is followed, naturally, by "85"

I've
 reached eighty-five
 and still thrive.
 What did the Psalmist know?
 Not yet labour and sorrow -
 though it may be tomorrow
 or so.
 He allow'd three score and a half,
 And here I'm at four and a quarter
 and still I can laugh,
 little bruised by life's pestle and mortar.
 But the Psalmist left college
 with gaps in his knowledge
 he never was able to fill in;
 no news had he scann'd
 of the monkey gland
 and knew nothing of penicillin.

There are jokers when riled who'd
 abuse "second childhood" -
 but in truth
 it is just second youth;
 there's no bowing the back, but a towering;
 and if one takes heed
 there's no running to seed,
 but only a second flowering.

Who wants to go back
 to the clatter and clack
 and tumultuous scenes
 of his passionate teens,
 when his state is
 to bask in the balm
 of philosophy's calm
 in the eighties?

If one's ears begin failing -
 well, think of the wailing
 and dither he misses!
 If he can't walk a mile,
 he can motor in style -
 and how time-saving this is
 (unless he is summon'd for speeding)!
 If his eyes become weary
 and bleary
 and blinking
 with reading -
 well, think of the thinking
 there's time for!
 So mud in your eyes -
 For the aged and wise
 spare your sympathy ...
 A word there's no rhyme for.

R.R.G. 10.2.52

There is a gap until ... EIGHTY-EIGHT

Three score and ten was the Psalmist's measure,
Four score and eight I now tread at leisure;
Four score and eight is my shoulders' burden-
And what, O what is the counter-guerdon?

Of many joys has Time bereft me,
But I count the blessings he has left me.
I sorely miss old friends, old faces,
But still have Memory's warm embraces.

As old portraits fade into brownny yallery,
New ones are painted, to hang in the gallery,
Of sons and grandchilder and great-grandchilder
Whose fresh young faces are beautiful Hilder.

And many consolations find me-
Youth's storms and stresses are all behind me:
Dull'd are the edge and urge of passion,
I'm free from the whims and freaks of fashion.

Why worry because I can't walk far, for
What else but this is a motor-car for?
If my ears are deaf from incessant dinning,
How blest the silence I now am winning!

They say, in compliment ironic,
I'm just a monument historic-
But monuments are too stiffly plastic-
Please find a comparison more elastic.

In short, to put it picturesquely,
I'd hate to be thought of statuesquely;
Marble and bronze are too monolithic-
Immortalise me in more life-like mythic.

"Aere perennius" - column whose head is tall-
But vandals will scribble their names on the pedestal.
No pilgrims I want to crowd round and pray for me-
Nor yet a moat to keep scrawlers away from me.

Let posterity see me as gracious benignity,
More human and warmer - and damn the dignity!
As to second childhood - some witling has said it -
Surely long experience earns some credit.

No second childhood I see louting,
But (soberly tinted) a second flowering;
Or, if you fancy that flowers don't suit age,
I'll peg a claim for late autumn fruitage.

one thing stands pat: beyond all question,
 There's nothing wrong with the old digestion:
 The lobster and crab and all, that of late I ate,
 Went just as well as before I was EIGHTY-eight.

R.R.G. 10.2.55.

Finally it is ADVENTURE ON!

(Time-table for Ninetieth Year)

Three minutes, boil your egg; and three-score years
 And ten, the Psalmist said, will cook your goose.
 These rules are very well, but small's the use
 Of being so precise; change down the gears

And climb the steep hill slowly; rest the shears
 And let the wool grow longer; call a truce
 To statistician's sums; play fast and loose
 With Father Time, and never heed his sneers.

Some like their eggs boiled hard - ten minutes more
 And many a palate still approves of it.
 Turn the tough goose yet longer on the spit,

It will not come to harm if basted well
 And logs are piled till we lose fear of Hell;
 Keep the bird sizzling, years another score.

R.R.G. 10.2.56

"WERE IT NOT FOR PEN OF THINE"

In the Mugga, in Canberra,
Writing Memoirs mighty fine,
Minor Heine, eighty-niner,
Dwells an ancestor of mine.

Chorus: All the facts and all the acts and
All the actors of your time
Would be lost and gone forever
Were it not for pen of thine.

In the Memoirs you remind us -
We can read it line by line -
How they botched the Constitution,
Ninety-two and One-o-nine.

Chorus: All the facts &c.

Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Muller,
German poetry or rhyme
Set by Schubert, Brahms and Schumann
Surely Englished every time.

Chorus: All the facts &c.

New inventions, Law Conventions,
Censorship and arts and wine,
Penny-farthings, rowdy Bar flings,
Journeyings by land and brine.

Chorus: All the facts &c.

Parkes, Clemenceau, Billy Hughes, O'
Connor, Barton, Deakin, Lyne,
Thro' Time's arch wend down the parchment
Of the Memoirs (Twelve and nine).

Chorus: All the facts and all the acts and
All the actors of your time
Would be lost and gone forever
Were it not for pen of thine.

Oh, my father! Oh, my father!
Oh, my father's doing fine.
Congratulate a famous pater
On his birthday. Eighty-nine!

Andrew Garran

EDMUND BARTON

Garran had considerable admiration for Barton, Australia's first Prime Minister, and perhaps no contemporary figure had a better opportunity to observe Barton at work and to form an opinion of his character and ability. The comments he made, therefore, in a letter of 4 November, 1940 to Mr. John Reynolds are interesting and of some value historically. Mr. Reynolds had written seeking Garran's criticism or views on the opening chapter of his scholarly and comprehensive biographical work on Edmund Barton.

Because Garran had been lent to the Constitutional Drafting Committee of the vital 1897/98 Convention as secretary he had been in constant touch with Barton and the other members of the Committee. He had learnt a great deal about their personalities. One indication of the regard Barton had had for Garran is the signed portrait which he presented to him. It is possible, of course, that Garran had asked for this memento, which would only confirm his admiration for the man.

Garran had commented in "Prosper the Commonwealth" on the striking change in Barton's attitude and on the way he had re-directed his energies when the mantle of responsibility for leading the cause of federation had fallen upon him. He enlarged on this, and on Barton's tremendous dedication, in the letter to Mr. Reynolds. One of the important points Garran emphasised was that, when inspired by a supreme challenge, Barton shrugged off any suggestion of indolence and became a dynamic leader.

The following are the relevant comments from
 Garran's reply to Mr. Reynolds

"There is one point in regard to Barton's temperament that I think is worth developing - not necessarily in this chapter, but perhaps later. It is easy to criticise him for indolence, and speculate as to how, by greater assiduity, he might have made a greater mark in his profession of the law and in N.S.W. politics. But every man - great or small - has the defects of his qualities. Barton's indolence was a disinclination to exert himself over things which did not inspire him with a passionate interest. It was coupled with a capacity for intense concentration upon things which did so inspire him.

"If he had exerted his full powers in his practice at the Bar, and in local politics, he might indeed have won more distinction in those walks - but with those competing interests would he have had the same single-minded passion for Australian union?

"Perhaps Providence knows better than human critics how to prepare a leader for his life-work. My feeling is that Barton was a field kept fallow for a particular harvest; that he was set aside, dedicated, for a special task. He devoted to that task all his pent-up energies; he completed it. What more can we ask of any man? And his special gifts with his detachment from party ties, enabled him to do what perhaps no one else could have done - what, without him, perhaps would not have been done.

"There is a fashion among historians today to debunk heroes: 'Let us now dis-praise great men'. It is easy, because all big men have their little-nesses, all strong men their weaknesses. If we are only concerned with depicting character - with showing what a man is - it is relevant to show what he is not. But if we are concerned with achievement - with what a man has done - it is not relevant to complain that there are a number of other things which, if he had been different, he might also have done. Of course there are; but if he had been different, and had done those other things, he might not have done so well, or done at all, the things he did do. It reminds one of the kind of critic who trounces an author, not because his book is bad, but because it is not a different sort of book which the critic would like him to have written.

"The point is illustrated by the manner of his selection as first Prime Minister of Australia. Lord Hopetoun, badly advised, had first sent for Lyne, as Premier of the senior State. Lyne found the position untenable - and Lord Hopetoun commissioned Barton - who was not leader of any State or any party - but only leader of Australia. It had been illustrated earlier by his election first on the poll of the N.S.W. delegation, and his unopposed election by the Convention as its leader. Why did these things come to him? They came to him because he was the acknowledged leader of Australian union and of that only. And that came of his concentration on that one aim - which is certainly related to his distraction from all other aims. It came of his specialised energy - which is uncertainly related to his reputed general indolence.

"Without any of the arts of the demagogue, but by intense conviction and ceaseless work, he became the accepted leader of the people of all the colonies of Australia, and led them to a great decision. He could do this only because with the whole of his make-up, and being the man he was, he was the one man for the job.

With kind regards

Yours sincerely"

R.R. GARRAN

'LOOKING BACK' WITH THE A.B.C.

Garran on the "Armchair Chat" Series

The Australian Broadcasting Commission's Session, Armchair Chat, began in New South Wales in April, 1933. It was then called "From my Armchair" and later, "Fritz Burnell's Armchair Chats". The Session went on national relay in May, 1938 as "Armchair Chat" and became a regular Sunday afternoon feature until it was replaced on 6th July, 1969.

Garran gave a fascinating talk of reminiscence and Constitutional comment, in two parts, on Sunday, 9 November, 1952 and the following Sunday. It was entitled "Looking Back".

The many well-known speakers who presented talks in the

"Armchair Chat" series included:

- Vance Palmer
- Oscar Mendelsohn
- Alfred Hill
- T. C. Roughley
- Catherine Duncan
- Father Frank Flynn
- Dymphna Cusack
- Alec Chisholm
- Rabbi Brasch
- Bernard Hesling
- Professor Leicester Webb
- Myra Roper
- Betty Roland
- George Farwell and
- Michael Sawtell

"LOOKING BACK"

When I sat down in this arm-chair and began to look back, I soon realised that my memory (assuming that a boy's earliest recollections date from the age of four) - that my memory reached back just half way to Captain Phillip's landing at Sydney Cove, and I began to feel like an astronomer

peering into space. It needs a mighty long telescope to look so far into the past. And memory is not a very good telescope - it has blind spots, like the eye, and its images are often dim, and sometimes distorted. Memory, it has been said, is the art of judicious forgetting. The trouble is, that one is apt to forget the wrong things. I often wish I had forgotten much that I remember, and remembered much that I have forgotten.

I will try to recall some of my most vivid impressions. I first saw Sydney from the house where I was born, in Phillip Street, on the west side - near where Martin Place now cuts across. Sydney was not then the sprawling ant-heap it has now become; it was a pleasant little city, about a tenth of its present size. And Phillip Street was a quiet residential street, with macadamised road, plenty of pot holes and worn sandstone side-walks. My little world was bounded by the bells of old St. Stephen's on the south, Macquarie Street and the Domain on the east, and Hunter Street on the north - uphill to Shadler's bakery, and down hill to the "Herald" office, where my father sat in his editorial chair: not the stately building of to-day but a squat dingy building on the same corner where the staff worked amid the roar and rattle of printing presses.

And believe it or not - we kept a cow in Phillip Street, which grazed in the Domain and twice a day walked unattended to be milked in our back yard and back again to the Domain. There was little wheel traffic in the street, except a stray hansom cab, or more commodious hire wagonette.

Public conveyances plying to the suburbs, mostly along George Street, were two-horse buses. I remember one long bus ride with my father to Cook's River, to spend a weekend with Thomas Holt at the Warren. Whilst they were talking business or politics, I would wander up and down the long gallery of family portraits and bronze knights in armour, after the manner of an English castle; or explore the bush (now streets of houses) down to the river.

In those days scientists were beginning to find out many new and surprising things about the world we live in, but had not yet gained that mastery over natural forces that was to come so fast in the next two generations. There was no wireless, no broadcasting, no travel through air or under the sea - except in Jules Verne's romances - and as we knew nothing of these things, we did not miss them, and got on very well without them. But the pattern of life without them was different.

For instance at elections, apart from newspapers and handbills, a candidate could reach only those electors who were within range of his voice. An election was a tumult of shouting from platforms, balconies, and street corners. Electors, instead of gathering round the radio at home, sallied out to listen to both sides - and were free with their comments, as well as with eggs and paper bags of flour. This made for a picturesqueness and a dramatic quality that is lacking from the disc or tape recorded election speeches to-day. Also it favoured the leather lunged, tub thumping orators and favoured even more the masters of hustings

repartee, like George Reid. Many a speaker who can rouse an audience whose reactions he can see and hear is quite ineffective before an unresponsive "mike" which neither cheers nor hoots nor interjects. As for travel, railways in those days did not take us very far, or very fast - and beyond their range we relied on Cobb & Co., or, booted and spurred, on a cob without the Co. A coach journey day and night - say from Goulburn to Cooma - along dirt roads, with short stops for meals, was dusty, jolty and tiring. But if we travelled slowly, we travelled less often - and perhaps saved time in the end, as compared with the speed maniacs to-day.

One of my early memories is a visit to the Observatory on Flagstaff Hill, where Mr. Russell, the Astronomer, showed us with pride an ingenious machine with which, by tapping keys, we could get a type-print on paper. It was the first typewriter any of us had seen. Without the typewriter and the telephone (and the attendant girls) the pattern of office work was very different. Clerks had to be expert in the now forgotten art of handwriting; and in a lawyer's office an indispensable artist was the engrossing clerk. It is a strange illustration of conservatism that some of the older counsel did not take kindly to the change, and refused typewritten briefs because the unaccustomed script was so hard to read!

As my horizon widened with the years, I found myself an embryo citizen, not of Australia, but of N.S.W. We were very provincial in those days. N.S.W., the proud "mother

colony", had not forgiven Victoria for leaving the maternal roof - nor for stealing population in the gold rush - nor for being perverted, by the need for finding work for that population, to the damnable heresy of "Protection". Sir John Robertson, a dyed-in-the wool Cornstalk, would hurl insults across the Murray at the "cabbage garden" of Victoria. And even Henry Parkes, in his early days, was so heedless of the feelings of the Sister colony as to suggest changing the awkward name of "New South Wales" to "Australia" - to be met by a Melbourne wit's retort that brotherly feeling would be better expressed by the name "Con-Victoria."

It is hard for the younger generation to realise how very separate the six colonies were. At least until the eighties, the people of N.S.W. at large - except along the borders - knew little and cared less about the other colonies. There were no through railways, little inter-colonial travel, and little if any Australian sentiment. Even when recognition of common interests began to dawn, its basis was rather regional than national. The chilly word "Australasia" which included New Zealand and Fiji and other Pacific islands, was just as much in use as "Australia". A geographer could talk of "Australasia", but imagine a poet bidding "Australasia" to advance or awake!

The care-free people of the colonies were busy developing the resources of the land, and took little note of foreign politics. They were peaceful days. For Britannia to rule the waves was a law of nature, as little to be

doubted as the law of gravitation. The occasional wars that happened were far away, and seemed no great concern of ours; we were safe under the protection of the British Navy.

Then, in the middle eighties, our complacency got a shock. Foreign warships began to show up in the Pacific; Germany and France were looking this way. Queensland's Premier, Sir Thomas McIlwraith planted the British flag in East New Guinea, but was snubbed and disowned by the British government. Danger was in the air, and our six little separate defence forces began to look very puny. That was one of the causes that led ultimately to federation.

A second cause was the dawn of a national spirit. This chiefly appealed to the younger generation. Separate as the six colonies were, the young people were beginning to feel the pull of what Parkes called "the crimson thread of kinship" - backed as it was by propinquity, which so often brings young people together.

And a third cause was the growing recognition that separation was bad for business. This appealed to the older generation as well. The financial collapse in the early nineties, with its disastrous effect on every one's pockets, led people to seek for causes and cures. And one cause that stood out was the cramping effect of border duties and other intercolonial barriers.

So there we had, all coming to a head at once, three strong motives for union: fear, national sentiment, and self-interest.

On the other hand, there were all the old forces tending to keep us apart. There was in each colony the tradition of self-reliance, that had won the long battle to escape the leading strings of Downing Street and was shy of accepting other ties. There was the conservative instinct that bristled up at the idea of a big experiment. This was strongest in the cities, and especially in Sydney, where the motives of the younger colonies were suspect by the old Guard - the conservative elder statesmen, who looked on the other colonies as "lesser breeds without the law". The Legislative Council of N.S.W. - then of a very Tory colour - was a special focus of this feeling.

But above all, politicians, most of them, feared this new unsettling factor in the game, which threatened to jerk them out of their comfortable groove. It was almost as bad as a proposal to alter the laws of cricket. A good illustration was the effect on George Reid and his party. To Reid, the Cobden medallist, free trade was more than a policy, it was a religion. And a religion that paid dividends. It was the battle-cry that brought him into power, and kept him there. What would become of himself and his party in a United Australia - with Victoria strongly protectionist, and the other colonies tending that way? N.S.W., he said, would be like a tee-totaller keeping house with five drunkards.

So, with these opposing forces pulling the colonies together and holding them apart, Reid's "Yes-No" was reflected in the minds of many electors. Clearly, the only kind of union that had a chance of success was the limited

kind known as "Federal" - union for certain common purposes only, leaving the States a degree of independence in matters not regarded as national. Under the leadership of Parkes, the Convention of 1891 was called, that framed the first draft of a Federal Constitution. But the politicians were not yet ready for it, and Parkes was a dying man, without the strength to rally the people to force the politicians' hands. But the tide was making: Barton took the torch from Parkes' failing hand, roused the people and led the movement that made a "Yes" man even of Reid, and brought about Federation.

LOOKING BACK II

Last week I spoke of the care-free life in Australia in my young days, - far away from old-world dangers, and safe under the wing of the Royal Navy. But there was another element in this care-free state of mind, which was common to the mother-country and ourselves. That was the mid-Victorian spirit of cheerful optimism. We were all converts to the miracle of Evolution. All was right with the world. It was a good world, and getting better all the time. Man was climbing up the ladder, rung by rung, from beast to angel. Being a rational animal, he was now far enough up the ladder to see his way to the stars, and to be proof against backsliding. A few people would warn us of the rumblings from the Marxian kitchen, and tell us of the coming revolution, and the dictatorship of the proletariat; but we knew better.

We have since learned that, however much man may pride himself on being a rational animal, he is more often led by emotion than by reason; that under the influence of mass propaganda he can behave more like a beast than like an angel; and that in climbing the hill of progress, there is more backsliding than we expected.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the prevailing note today is one of pessimism and loss of faith in ourselves and in the future. This is a natural re-action from the former over-optimism; but speaking for myself, I have not swung over as far as that. If just now we seem to be slipping down hill, there is cause for anxiety, but not for despair. It has all happened before.

I think we took it for granted in those days that as knowledge grew from more to more, and as we got more and more command over nature, we should not only become better off, but we should become better: that our moral improvement would keep pace with our material improvement. And now we find that, for all our marvellous discoveries and inventions, human nature is much what it was when we, who are old, were young - indeed, much what it was at the dawn of history. And some of us say: "What is the use of all this progress? Give us back the good old days!"

We are apt to forget that the old days were bad as well as good. Take health, for one thing. Human life was much more uncertain. Infectious diseases took their daily toll. In our own household, two young sisters were suddenly snatched away - one by typhoid, one by diphtheria - then two deadly scourges. And I suppose that was about an average experience. When diphtheria antitoxin was introduced into

the Children's Hospital - with magical results - there were sceptics at first. One of them pointed out that the diphtheria wards were crowded as never before. "Yes" was the answer; "because now the little patients occupy beds for weeks till we send them home. They used to stay only a night or two on their way to the cemetery."

Or take food. Voyaging up and down the south coast as a boy, I saw something of butter-making. On a small dairy-farm, after much handling with little care for cleanliness, a cask of butter might take days to fill. Then it would be carted to the wharf, and sizzle in the sun for a day or two till the steamer came in. Then as deck cargo it would sizzle in the sun for another day or two, and after more handling behind the scenes it would turn up in the grocer's shop. Small wonder that it was hard to get good butter. Now, with our co-operative factories, it would be hard to find bad butter - though it is true that there are times now when we can't get any butter at all! The same was the case with fruit. After keeping company in a coastal steamer with open casks of fermenting raspberries, one was apt to lose his appetite for jam. Of course, all the legislation and inspection that cleaned things up was not achieved without bitter opposition. I remember that when a Vegetation Diseases Bill was before the N.S.W. Parliament, one worthy and usually law-abiding Legislative Councillor threatened to shoot any inspector who trespassed in his orchard.

But good days they were, in many ways. For instance, Sydney was a city of theatres. Not the celluloid shams that call themselves theatres in this mechanical age, but real flesh and blood theatres with live actors - half a dozen playhouses always playing, and always full. You could have your choice: Brough & Boucicault at the Criterion, in an endless succession of comedies; George Rignold or Bland Holt at Her Majesty's, in Melodrama; miscellaneous ventures by the Williamson firm - Shakespeare, opera (German, Italian, English), Sarah Bernhardt, many a star of the London stage, or whole visiting companies. And it was a city of theatregoers, who appreciated quality, and got it. And not the worst critics were the gallery gods. Many are the memorable shillings-worths of drama or opera that I enjoyed as a boy in the gallery.

To pass from stage-craft to State-craft. The idea of the State has expanded greatly in my time. When I first began to take notice, Herbert Spencer, though his throne was shaken, was not yet deposed. George Reid was proud of a complete set of Herbert Spencer in his Chambers among his law-books. The doctrine of *laissez faire* was still current - that in economic and industrial matters the State's function was to keep the ring and see fair play, but not to take part. "Anarchy plus the policeman" the Liberals used to call it. Of course, in big new countries like the Australian colonies, there were certain necessary enlargements of governmental functions. If you turn up the old Parliamentary debates, you will find them mainly concerned with Crown lands, railways,

and education. The State was the chief landlord. At first, the big squatters had it all their own way; later, there was perpetual conflict between their claims and those of the small farmers. Railways were too big a job for private enterprise, and had to be built and run by government. And private schools only reached a few; necessity, as well as Liberal thought inherited from England, called for State schools to reach everyone. "Education, free, compulsory and secular" was the Liberal slogan. And besides these three activities, there were of course the rival methods of raising revenue to pay for them.

But the "Welfare State", as we know it - supplying social services of many kinds to the public - and of course collecting money from the public to provide them - was unknown. Even in the nineties, when the lines of the Federal Constitution were being laid down, the State's activities in social service were still very few, and what there was of them was regarded as local and not national in character.

There were two exceptions. First, some of the colonies had been experimenting with invalid and old age pensions, and found administrative difficulties in the Australian habit of moving from one colony to another, which made it hard to know whose responsibility they were; so the colonies cheerfully gave the Commonwealth power to undertake this job.

The second exception was this. There had been experiments in dealing with industrial disputes. No one then thought that this, as a whole, was a national matter: but there had

recently been two big strikes of seamen and of shearers - men even more peripatetic than pensioners, since they kept travelling from colony to colony in the course of their occupation. To meet such cases, and such cases only, H.B. Higgins pleaded hard for federal arbitration in industrial disputes "extending beyond the limits of any one State." The Convention was against him, and he took two falls; but he was not the man to admit defeat, and in the closing days of the Convention he came at it again, and just won through by a bare majority.

No one guessed how easily a dispute could be made to extend beyond one State. All that a federated union of employees had to do was to serve a log of claims on employers in more than one State. And hey presto! if the employers did not agree, there was a dispute. The employers said "This is not a real dispute, it is manufactured" - and the High Court at first tried to distinguish between the genuine and the manufactured article. But it was no use: the Court had to admit that a dispute was a dispute, whatever its origin; and gradually the unions by serving claims on every employer in sight, became the dominant industrial authority - though only through what Higgins, who had become Judge of the Arbitration Court, called "a Serbonian bog of technicalities." It would have been cruel to remind him that the bog was created by his own draftsmanship.

Otherwise, the Constitution gave the Federal Parliament little scope for what may be called "social legislation". But with the advent of the Labour Party, and the increasing liberalism of the Liberals, social legislation

came more and more into the foreground.

Many attempts were made to amend the Constitution, or stretch it, but only quite recently did the electors, hoping for a more liberal hand-out from the Commonwealth than from the States, agree to give the Commonwealth power over a wide range of social services.

I am often asked: "Has Federation turned out as you expected?" Well, Yes and No. By and large, the sort of thing we expected has happened, but with differences. We knew the Constitution was not perfect. It was - it had to be - a compromise, with all the faults of a compromise. We expected difficulties in finding out, in places, just what it meant, and the High Court was created to solve them. Difficulties were expected in financial relations - which the Convention defined for the first few years, but after that saw no alternative to leaving the solution to the Federal Parliament.

The difficulties came, but in unforeseen shapes. The Founders were not prophets - they could not foresee the patterns of the future: for instance how much, with the increasing complexity of our economy, and the widening functions of government, the fields assigned to Commonwealth and States would spread and overlap. To the Founders, commerce, production and industry were quite separate and distinct. But they are now so interlaced that it is hard to sort them out. Again, they had no conception of "total war", nor of a world twice ravaged and again threatened by it. Huge expenditure on defence, and on social services, has raised new financial problems. But, in spite of unforeseen strains and stresses, the Constitution has worked, on the whole, much as we thought it would. I think it now needs revision, to meet the needs of a changed world. But no one can wish the work undone who tries to imagine what, in these stormy days, would have been the plight of six disunited Australian colonies.

'WINDOW ON TO-MORROW'

In late October, 1953 Garran received a letter from the Director of the United Nations Information Centre in Sydney in which he asked if Garran would contribute to an "important series of radio talks on United Nations subjects" being broadcast over the 105 commercial stations of Australia under the title "Window on Tomorrow". The letter continued "I would be most grateful if you could take as your theme the topic of revision of the UN Charter".....

The writer went on to suggest that Garran might make some reference to his "memories of the discussions around the Australian Constitution in which he had participated, perhaps stressing the difficulty of reconciling all points of view in any one document".

Garran agreed to the request and the following talk was later broadcast over most Australian commercial stations

Revision of the United Nations Charter

The Charter of the United Nations provides for periodic Conferences for its revision, and such a Conference is projected for 1955, when we shall have had ten years' experience of its working - experience encouraging in some ways, discouraging in others. Many people already have suggestions that they believe would improve the Charter. But how many of these suggestions have a chance of getting the high degree of assent necessary for acceptance?

In every big political organisation there must be marked differences of opinion. When our Constitution was framed, there were such differences - differences between freetraders and protectionists, between large and small States and rich and poor States, between rival claims to river waters, and so forth. On all these questions it was impossible to satisfy everyone, and there had to be compromises. Australians had a common origin, common background, language and way of life; yet even so, they feared to enter a partnership that was too easy to amend. They stipulated that amendments should need acceptance, not only by a majority of all voters, but also by separate majorities in more than half the States. Few amendments have jumped this hurdle.

In the United Nations, because they are so much farther apart, and their differences so much more acute, the requirements for acceptance are much stricter. An amendment needs to be ratified by two thirds of the member States, including all the permanent members of the Security Council - that is, by all the "Big Five". In other words, each of the Big Five has a "veto" and this right of veto will be hard to modify. It was demanded, not only by Russia, but by Britain and the United States. None of them had enough confidence in all the others to submit itself unreservedly to the possibility of the terms of the partnership being altered, in a vital matter, without its consent. Each of them insisted on having, in the last resort a "veto" on every amendment.

The smooth working of the Charter assumed a world of nations fundamentally co-operative. It has to function in a world split in two - a world in which one half is fundamentally non-co-operative.

Most of the working difficulties are the fault, not of the Charter, but of those working it. The provision for a veto, for instance, in the present world of mutual fear and suspicion, seems inescapable; but many a deadlock is due to its unreasonable use.

It may be possible to secure some amendments that will make the Charter more effective. But don't let us expect miracles. A few changed words in a document cannot be expected to cure all the troubles of the world.

The most important thing is to work for a new spirit: to try to diminish the misunderstandings and the ill-will that are the real causes of war; to break down the iron curtains and other barriers that keep men apart. It is a slow job, but not an impossible one; and the many humanitarian activities of the United Nations, that are making the world a better place to live in for millions of people - refugees, children, undernourished populations - are helping towards it. The Conference for Revision, even if it achieves little else, will, by open discussion of the problems, help also to break down the barriers.

A BLATANT QUESTION

This article, apparently typed out in draft by Garran, may have appeared in print somewhere or it might have been given as a talk. "A Blatant Question" seemed too good to be overlooked and offered a different and provocative note on which to end the study.

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Now and again, in the press or on the air, or in the *argot of one set or another, a word that has been kept in its place for centuries suddenly breaks loose, and meets the eye or the ear in contexts to which it had previously been a stranger. One recent example is "shambles", which has spread from being a bloody mess to any sort of mess. (Perhaps the adjective was assumed to be the Australian superfluity which does not restrict the meaning). Another is "alibi", properly the defendant's plea that he was "elsewhere" when the offence was committed, but now seeming to cover any defence or excuse (for instance, the plea of self defence in an assault case); which not only robs the language of a useful word, but spoils the point of the best-known passage in the Pickwick Papers, where Weller senior advises an alibi in the celebrated breach of promise case.

The latest example is "blatant" - which seems to have been invented by Spenser for the service of "The

* jargon or slang

Blatant Beast", and is usually supposed to denote a beastly noise - bleating perhaps, or bellowing. The Oxford Dictionary defines it as "noisy, vulgarly clamorous." Now it pops up in all sorts of places where there is neither noise nor vulgarity. Within the last few weeks I have noted a number of curious instances. For example, there was a "blatant disregard" of something. It is hard to conceive of a negative abstraction such as "disregard" as being noisy or vulgar. Quite recently, on the front page of the Herald, a City Councillor spoke of a "blatant proposal" to increase the Lord Mayor's allowance. The context shows what the Councillor's complaint was, not that the proposal was noisy, but that it was very much on the quiet. I have even seen - but have unfortunately lost the reference - a "blatant silence". Not many days ago, a newspaper correspondent suggested that Mr. Cahill had become sensitive to criticism of "Blatantly political appointments." And a few days later, in a Sunday paper, I noticed a double event: first a statement that multiple job-grabbing by ALP bigshots was getting too blatant for the rank and file to stomach. (The picture of rank and file stomaching a blatant multiple job-grabbing by bigshots would paralyse the liveliest imagination.) And turning the page, I found a cricket commentator affirming that the pace of the Sydney test pitch helps the bowling along so blatantly that the batsmen seem mesmerised.

I had thought that this usage was exclusively Australian; but in the B.B.C.'s "Listener" of 25 November, (in the report of a broadcast which mentioned the theoretical

equality of the many Soviet Units) I have just seen the suggestion that Soviet leaders are aware that this equality is impossible in practice, in face of forces that are "blatantly unequal". And last of all, Richard Aldington, in the first instalment of his book on Lawrence, printed in the Sun-Herald, referring to Lowell Thomas' "With Lawrence in Arabia", speaks of Thomas' "blatant note", where the context shows that Aldington is ascribing to Thomas, not noisy vulgarity, but "optimistic over-valuation" of Lawrence. These are just instances that have caught my eye: I have made no research, and there must be countless others.

What do these writers and talkers mean by the word? Emphasis of something, doubtless - but emphasis of what? One suggestion that occurs to me is that they see it as a politer form of the above-mentioned Australian adjective - as who should vary the "Great Australian story" thus: "Bill, what do they mean by this 'One man, one vote?' - "What, don't you know? One blatant man, one blatant vote" - "Well, why the blatant blithers can't they say so?"

To speculate more deeply as to why this particular word was picked on: perhaps it was conceived as what Lewis Carroll calls a portmanteau-word - a packing together of, say, "bloody" and "patent". But the theory I favour is this:

Some cub reporter, untroubled by any vast study of philology, said to himself: "Here in the dictionary is a lovely word, almost unemployed. Can't we give it a job?" The more he looked at it, the more he liked it. Just as the roll of drums in the orchestra prepares you to stand up for the National Anthem, so the two explosive introductory consonants prepare you to sit up for the Australian adjective. But what follows betters the promise. Instead of two weak vowel-sounds and a soft consonant - making a "muddy" ending, you get a strong vowel and two sharply explosive "t"'s (indeed a suggestion of TNT). The inventor has only to touch off the fuse and explode the word, and the chain reaction of fashion follows. And really, if you don't worry too blatantly about meaning, it sounds jolly good. Blatantly good.

We all know that language is a living thing that continually changes. But that does not mean that every freakish change - every genetic mutation - is to be encouraged. I suggest that this is one of the monstrosities that should be strangled at birth, and sealed up in a bottle of spirits in the Philological Museum.

R. R. GARRAN

'ENDOWED WITH LOVABLE CHARACTERISTICS'

Tributes made to the lives of prominent people, while usually sincere and thoughtful, on occasions equally reflect some effort on the part of the writer to find the most effective expression.

When reading the hundreds of messages and letters that came to the Garran household on the death of Sir Robert, in so many one is struck by two things - the sincerity of the message - the sense of having lost a real friend - and the wide cross-section of people from whom the tributes came.

Suppose we begin by quoting from a broadcast by the then Governor-General, Field Marshall Sir William Slim. It was the introduction to an Australia Day Talk given on the A.B.C. on Monday, 26th January, 1957. "A few days ago", he said, "I attended the funeral of a great Australian. As I saw Sir Robert Garran laid to his rest in the quiet churchyard of that lovely, old church in Canberra, I remembered how he, as much and perhaps more than any other man, had shaped the Constitution that made Australia a nation. As he had watched birthday after birthday of his country pass, how much his wise eyes must have seen and how much his kind heart must have felt as Australia grew up.

He was the last survivor of those far-sighted men who, more than half a century ago, saw a vision - the vision of a great, united Australia. Most of us see visions - or at least catch glimpses of them. How many Australians have had day-dreams of what could, should or might be done for the great spaces of our North and Centre? How many have done something about it? But Garran, and those he worked with, did do something about their vision.

In 1901, when Australia became a single nation, the first stage of her growth was accomplished and she launched out into the second. She entered then into a great inheritance In the span of his public life, Sir Robert Garran saw every Australian birthday until this one." (There were, of course, separate colonies before 1901).

A delicate and simple tribute of a different kind came from one of numerous friends - world-wide "I myself have many memories of his and Lady Garran's kindness to me since I was quite young". On a similar theme another referred to "his kindness to everyone he came in contact with".

Among the impressive tributes was that from Mr. Justice Phillips, First Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Papua-New Guinea "He was a great man in every sense of the word and his services to Australia, to its Commonwealth, to its constitutional history and culture, will never be surpassed. Yet, immersed as he was in high affairs, he could always find time to interest himself in



Presentation of Garran Sculpture
at Gungahlin

the welfare of his fellowmen.

He it was who sponsored me (in 1920, when I was an unknown twig of the law) for a responsible post in the Pacific, which ultimately led to the Chief Justice-ship of Papua and New Guinea; and any success I have had in the Pacific is due to his inspiration and example".

Perhaps on a lower key, someone said how he "always seemed to get a great deal of fun and enjoyment out of everything." Yet it was not in fact a contradiction for another to say "Canberra will not be the same place without its 'grand old man'" for, in his eighties, that was how many liked to think of him.

A clear, simple tribute came from the late Sir Robert Menzies "He was a great son of the colonies, and a father of Australia".

A letter of condolence from the Registrar of the Canberra University College, which had not then been sub-merged in the Australian National University, set down explicitly the vital place Garran had occupied in the development of Canberra's academic facilities "Sir Robert will always be remembered by the College as one of those responsible for its foundation. He was a member of the committee appointed by the Commonwealth Government in 1927 to report on the provision of university

facilities in Canberra and the first President of the University Association in Canberra formed in 1929 to promote the establishment of a university (here). When the College was established in December, 1929, Sir Robert was appointed Chairman of the Council and held that office until 1953".

And from the Registrar of the Australian National University "Sir Robert was the first graduate of the University and we are happy to think that his name will head the list of graduates in perpetuity".

Dr. B. T. Dickson, Chairman of the Canberra University College Committee, said "The College virtually owes its very existence to the interest and the drive exhibited by Sir Robert during its formative years. Sir Robert, as Chairman of the Council for twenty-four years, guided the destinies of this institution through difficult times."

Another message read "Sir Robert has an assured place in the annals of this country", but perhaps on a more personal note from one writer "Bless him - we shall never forget him as long as we live".

Mr. Ivo Krippner, then Secretary of the Good Neighbour Council of the A.C.T., wrote "a name that

will ever be remembered in the years ahead, not only because of his contributions to Australia culturally and politically, but also because of his kindly and gentle nature".

The then Ambassador of Japan, Canberra, spoke of Sir Robert as "an outstanding figure, who had rendered most conspicuous service to his country over a long period of years, and said that "he endeared himself, by his courteous and kindly disposition, to a very wide circle of friends, among whom I had the honour to count myself".

The late Fred Whitlam, father of Gough Whitlam, maintained that "in addition to his distinction as a constitutionalist, the high pitch to which his mind was generally cultivated, and his fine temper and judgement, there was, as I saw him, that broad spirit of humanity and understanding that made for a serene wholeness."

That well-known Canberra minister, the late Rev. Hector Harrison, spoke of him as "one of Nature's gentlemen with Christian humility shining through his undoubted brilliance of mind and powers".

A very significant tribute came from the late Mr. Les Lyons, then a First Assistant Secretary in the Federal Attorney-General's Department, "One aspect of your father's attainments does not so far appear to have been mentioned in the newspaper notices.

It is that he would probably have been a Justice of the High Court of Australia had it been possible to relieve him from the mammoth task he was performing in the Attorney-General's Department during and just after the First World War. Mr. Hughes said as much in Parliament in 1920 (or thereabouts) truly a great man endowed with lovable characteristics".

Mr. Healey, Headmaster of the Sydney Grammar School, where Garran received his early education, had said "May I say how proud the school was of Sir Robert's career and how much I personally admired him and appreciated his interest in the school?"

A lady once a prominent actress offered a simple tribute "When I started my career as a young dramatic artist his few words of praise helped me considerably".

Perhaps we might conclude this sample collection with another simple tribute

"One can scarcely think in terms of sorrow when a man has lived such a long and full life, striving always for the best".

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SOURCES

National Library of Australia

- *1 This, and considerable material in this publication, from GARRAN, Andrew and Sir Robert. Papers. Manuscript Collection, National Library of Australia. MS 2001
- *2 MACKINNON, R. Typescript article (xerox copy). Entitled: "Dr Mary Booth, O.B.E., B.A., M.B., C.M." Manuscript Collection, National Library of Australia. MS 2690

Australian National University

Registry Records and Papers

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The sources of verse in this collection have been the original manuscripts, principally in Garran's handwriting, either in the National Library, from the late John Garran, or through some personal loans.

It has been found that, in the case of "The Post Office Bells" (p.71) verses had been added in the version that appeared in The Evening News. It is not known how this came about but possibly Garran was asked to make the contribution more substantial in view of public interest in the installation of the clock and bells. It is conceivable that isolated changes, that have not so far come to light, could have been made in other verse included in this book.