

audacity to declare war against us under the King's very eyes!"

The lesson of this brief story is plain enough. It speaks eloquently of the idealism which is and will be the secret of all true efficiency as long as man remains more than a machine, and thereby it speaks eloquently of the greatest service which a university can render to its country. But it speaks even more eloquently of the ultimate supremacy of the moral forces over all other factors in war. Steffens said that the restoration of Prussia must be the work not of physical but of moral force. His prophecy came true. Where would his verdict lie to-day between Prussia and Belgium? Outraged civilisation might fearlessly appeal from the Berlin of 1914 to the Berlin of 1814.

L.B.R.



IN MEMORY OF

Brian Colden Antill Pockley.

Captain, Australian Army Medical Corps,
who fell on active service with the first Australian Military
Expedition, at Herbertshöhe, Sept. 11, 1914.

Deo, patriae, tibi.

ALL Paulines, past and present, were filled with feelings of the deepest regret when they heard that Brian Pockley had been killed in action in New Guinea,—those who knew him only by repute, because they realised from the prominent part which he had taken in school and university life what a fine character he must have been; those who were his friends, because they too had learned the lesson of these outward signs, but far more because they had discovered from personal acquaintance the existence of inner qualities which won for him the respect and esteem of everyone he met. Possessed of a high mental ability, a sound physique, and the will to turn his natural advantages to account, he made his influence felt in every walk of school and university life. At the Church of England Grammar School he passed



Captain B. C. A. POCKLEY (A.M.C.)
(Killed in action, Herbertshöhe, Sept. 11, 1914.)

his Junior and Senior, the former with seven A's; was awarded two scholarships; and took his father's prize, for which the qualifications are similar to the Rhodes Scholarship; while at the University, after gaining a number of credits and distinctions during his course, he graduated in medicine with second-class honours. He also captained the school XV. to victory, captained the G.P.S. combined XV., won the Athletic Shield for two successive years, obtaining on the first occasion a record number of points, rowed in the second crew, and was a lieutenant in the Cadet Corps. Passing on to the University, he was awarded blues for football and athletics in his first year, building up for himself in several seasons a well-earned reputation even amongst University three-quarters, and representing N.S.W. He served on all kind of committees. He was a member of the football, athletic, swimming, and rowing committees at school; college treasurer and inter-collegiate delegate at college; and a member of the Sports Union, football, and athletic committees at the University; and at different times secretary of the football club, treasurer of the athletic club, and secretary of the Medical Society. After graduation he was appointed a resident at Sydney Hospital, where he remained until the outbreak of war, when he volunteered for active service, was appointed a Captain in the Army Medical Corps, and despatched to New Guinea with the First Australian Expeditionary Force. On September 11th he accompanied a party of naval reserves which landed to capture the wireless station near Simpsonshafen. The party was ambushed, and a skirmish ensued. The enemy was concealed in pits on either side of the road, which was mined, and natives were firing from the trees. A wounded sailor after being attended to had to be sent to the rear, and in order to guarantee his safety Brian gave the sailor who was attached to him as orderly his own red cross badge. Unarmed and deprived of his sole protection, he was returning to the firing line when he was shot from a trench. The bullet entered his chest and struck his spine. He knew that he was mortally hit, but while he remained conscious he continued to give directions for the care of the wounded. He died a few hours later, soon after he had reached the transport. He was buried in the cemetery at Herbertshöhe with full military honours, his body dressed in his uniform and wrapped in the Union Jack.

"Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

He was thus cut off in the prime of life, and just when he had qualified to practise his profession; and yet, however long he had lived, and however great had been his success, he could not have secured for himself greater esteem, admiration, and love than he already possessed on the threshold of his career. History will record the simple act of bravery through which he met his death, so filled with the spirit of self-sacrifice, and so true to the best traditions of his profession and race; and his example will survive to school the hearts of future generations to follow in his footsteps in times of similar need. Those with whom he mixed in all the freedom and *camaraderie* of college life, and who knew him best, realise that he acted just as they would have expected him to act under the circumstances. In college of all places, working together, playing together, supping together, men get to know each other as they really are, freed from all the etiquette and conventionality with which they mask their true identity in later years. So those who passed through college with Brian, and in particular those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, soon recognised what an uncommon chap he was and what a personal influence he exercised over all with whom he came in contact. Fearless, generous, reasonable, determined, unselfish and full of thought for others, combining all the best qualities that a man can possess, he yet concealed them beneath a friendliness and geniality, a naturalness, and an interest and readiness to take part in everything, which made him universally popular and a welcome companion at all times, at all places, and in all moods. He was so honest and yet so modest, so firm and yet so very sympathetic, that he won the hearts of all; and when the sad news arrived the sense of personal loss, the knowledge that his place would never be filled, dwarfed every other consideration; and even the satisfaction that he held such imperishable honour in death seemed trifling and inadequate compensation for all that his life and presence meant to his family and his friends. He cannot be forgotten. The pages of history and the memory of all whom he knew and influenced unconsciously but strongly will recall what a great heart he had, what a noble death he died, and what an honour he was to his parents, to his college, and to his race.

"His life was gentle, all the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

D.W.