

# Prince Alfred College

## CHRONICLE.

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### EDITORIAL.

IN the theory of progressive development as enunciated and taught by most modern scientists, it is affirmed as a principle that new organs are produced in individuals for the performance of new functions as these may arise.

We may perhaps apply the same principle to a community of boys assembled and associating together at a School. There has lately arisen a desire amongst the boys here to interchange ideas, and make known to their fellows and old schoolmates what they themselves feel and think on matters of general School interest. Here then arose the want of a suitable organ or means of carrying out the desires expressed. No means can be more efficient or proper than a School journal or newspaper conducted by the boys themselves. Hence our *College Chronicle* has come into existence, and makes its *début* before the school-boy public.

It is in full confidence of the sympathy and support of the whole School that we have launched forth; and hope to vindicate our claims by fairly and honestly fulfilling what we undertake to do. We would at the outset impress

upon our readers the fact that we are not the property or work of the Sixth Form only, but belong to the School, from the most juvenile learners of the alphabet to the *mighty* matriculated Sixth Form.

We are anxious to foster and encourage that feeling of pride and interest in his School that should exist in every boy's heart. The success and honour of a School, like that of all communities, depend upon the efforts and actions of its individual members. And if every one attending the College will look upon this little paper as his own, and will do his best to support it, its success will be assured.

In this our first issue we feel encouraged by the very hearty response which has met our appeal for contributions of essays, letters, &c.; this augurs well for the future. Now that the ball has been started, let us keep it rolling, and endeavour to make our School journal second to none. One word in conclusion to those who are, and are willing to become, contributors; let them not feel disappointed or hurt, should they not see their efforts in print, but rather let them continue to write, and their perseverance will be rewarded.

## THE LAST BREAKING-UP.

AN assembly was held in the School-room at three o'clock on Thursday, June 19th, to formally close the School half-year. There were 384 on the roll, and nearly every one was in his place. This number ranges in age from the thirteen ministerial students sent by Union College or by the Wesleyan Conference to juveniles of six or seven years, and in attainments from ten who have matriculated at the Adelaide University to two or three who have only just begun to read or count.

The first noteworthy feature was the loud clapping that greeted the entrance of the Second Master, Mr. Churchward. He had been absent from his classes for three or four days unwell, and his re-appearance was hailed with a cheer that spoke well for both boys and master.

The Head Master made a few remarks upon the events of the "half." He was glad that the same staff of masters was with them that there was all last year, and hoped that changes were yet far distant. Mr. Vasey, one of the number, had recently completed his course at the Melbourne University and taken a good degree. Alluding to public examinations he reminded the boys that Treleaven, Mead, and Bishop had carried off the three University Scholarships offered by the Government in connection with the Adelaide University. Four had passed at the March matriculation, which joined to the eleven last Christmas made fifteen out of last year's Lower Sixth Form, or all the class that had attended the whole course but one. (We are glad to notice that that one, A. N. Day, has since passed the Civil Service Examination, some solatium to

him in his unexpected misfortune.) He also referred to the loyalty and good discipline of the football twenties, and to their consequent success, and heartily acknowledged his own obligation and that of the entire School to Stephens the Captain, and to Hill and Watt the Secretaries. It need not be said how thoroughly this was endorsed.

Next the "School order" list for the term was read, with a word of commendation or censure when needed *en passant*. Then the list of those who had secured certificates by obtaining at least two-thirds of the marks allotted to the examination papers. 108 of these had been gained; the Lower Fourth Form taking the largest number, 16.

Finally the prizes were distributed.

The Head Master pointed out that at midwinter a prize is given to the highest boy in each form, as the result of the half-year's work, and said that while he felt sure that every one that had gained the proud distinction of dux of his form that day had thoroughly well earned it, yet prizes did not always fall to the most deserving; there were many considerations that no scheme of prize awarding could allow for. The great question after all was, had steady, thorough work been done, if so, a valuable possession for life had been secured.

Sixth Form—D. H. Hollidge.

Lower Sixth Form—T. M. Burgess.

Fifth Form—A. E. Simpson.

Lower Fifth Form—W. E. Priest.

Upper Fourth Form—A. White.

Fourth Form—L. Cohen.

Lower Fourth Form—C. Hodgkinson.

Upper Third Form—O. A. Witt.

Third Form—E. A. Williams.

Lower Third Form—F. W. Cohen.

Second Form—R. Lillywhite.

Lower Second Form, æq.—W. Philips  
and A. Chapple.

First Form—S. Rymill.

Lower First Form—E. S. Rhodes.

Herr Drews, the highly esteemed German Master, had sent in prizes for Hollidge, Joyce, Simpson, Rossiter, Harry, and Cohen for diligence and success in his classes. Each recipient as he came forward was cordially cheered by his schoolfellows.

At length all was over. We bowed our heads as words of thanksgiving and prayer were uttered, and then left to spend three happy weeks in recreation and the company of kinsfolk and friends.

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## SCHOOLBOY HONOUR.

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BY AN OLD BOY.

A SCHOOLBOY'S definition of honour—like his appearance after a game of football, or like his appetite—is unique. It runs something in this wise—“Honour is some invisible substance, colourless, tasteless, and inodorous, slightly inflammable, and perfectly elastic. It has certain *aquiline* properties, *i.e.*, a tendency to *hook* on to various ‘sorts and conditions of men.’ Unlike most substances, it enters into composition with some very eccentric traits (‘honour trait’ is a vile phrase, and smacks of the kitchen). Moreover, it is something to which teachers, on rare occasions (such as when leaving the room, or when unable to control a class), trust. (*Note.*—The boy who made up this definition—for *I* was unable to—had learnt chemistry.) Apropos, an essay was once required from each boy

in a certain sixth form. *Subject*—“Honour.” Twenty-five boys sent up essays, 21 of which were taken from books. So much for honour. On the other hand, to most schoolboys—be it said to their credit—their “word of honour” is as a thing sacred. The very sound of the words inspires him with a sort of galvanic thrill, and revives all the dormant manliness in him. Like as when a veteran warhorse, turned out to end his days in peace and clover, hearing a distant trumpet call “to arms,” with flashing eye and ear erect sniffs the battle from afar. The boy whose “word of honour” is as inviolate as a body in unstable equilibrium is “at ease” is never held (and deservedly not) in high esteem among his fellows. Contrary-wise, he whose word is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not (except when repealed, and then the repeal changeth not), may comfort himself with the reflection that there is “honour among thieves.” There is, however, another kind of honour, essentially schoolboyish in its nature. When one daring youth, “*e pluribus unum*,” does some wanton mischief (no master being within “*coo-ey*”—abl. absolute), and it is discovered, the boys who are privy to it think it incumbent on their “honour” (save the mark) to refrain from divulging the name of the culprit, and so the whole school is held accountable for the misdeeds of one. What a depraved estimate of *honour*! Why, boys, it is nothing short of *dis-honour* on their part if they allow the innocent to suffer for the guilty. And as for him, the miserable sneak who has not the moral courage to bear the consequences of his action, let him be sent to Coventry without money enough to pay

the fare back, and don't grant him the use of your backs for him to hide behind. From such dismal reflections it is refreshing to turn and to note the ardour which a boy throws into his work or his play when the *honour* of his school is at stake (*e.g.*, the late football match on the Oval). Speaking of "stake" reminds me of another sort of "honour" connected with sweepstakes. My dear schoolboy friends, don't indulge in them. You will make a *mis*-stake if you do. The so-called "debts of honour" are invariably "debts of *dis*-honour." And to those boys who still have to grind away at their old grammars this *comparison* may not prove an *odious* one. *Positive*—"Get on." *Comparative*—"Get honour." *Superlative*—"Get honest."

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

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#### ATTENDANCE AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I wish to make a few remarks about the regularity in attendance of members of the first and second twenties. After the Oval match an average of 15 players turns up at the matches, and the vacancies have to be supplied by any substitutes who can be obtained. Now this ought not to be the case. A boy, because he has played in the Oval match, thinks that it does not matter whether he plays any more or not. But matches have been arranged for the whole season, and must be played, so if only part of the team turns up the College will probably be beaten by teams which with a full complement of

players it can easily defeat. And as there are several very good matches yet to be played, I hope there will be a better attendance at them than there has been lately.

I am, Sir, &c.,

A PLAYER.

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#### THE COLLEGE CRICKET GROUND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—Would you grant me a little space in your paper to make a few remarks concerning our College Cricket Ground? Hitherto our match cricket ground has consisted of a pitch prepared on Friday—the day before the match—and then allowed to take care of itself, and thought no more of for the next week. Over the thus patched-up cricket ground it is true there is laid down a worn-out piece of cocoanut matting, but this does not prevent the boys from receiving many a nasty knock. When G. Vaux was here during the cricket season last year he took great pains with the cricket ground; but it was all to no purpose, for even under his able management many members of both teams used to get some hard and hurtful cracks.

I should suggest that two pieces of ground be set apart—the one to be used as a practice ground and the other as a match ground—and that no boy be allowed to run over or to trample upon them. They would, of course, be planted with couch grass, and could be kept in order by a member of the first eleven chosen for this purpose, who—if we are to have a repetition of last season's cracks—would gladly undertake the duty of seeing them properly rolled and watered. The want of a good practice

and match ground often places us far below those outside Clubs who are better provided in this department of the game.

Perhaps to many these remarks will seem to be out of place, since the cricket season has scarcely begun to appear; but still none will doubt the truth of the proverb that "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." Hoping that these few suggestions given in in all good faith may lead to some action in the matter,

I am, Sir, &c.,  
A CRICKETER.

#### A DEBATING SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—Although we as a school have so many institutions, such as our Football and Cricket Clubs, our gymnasium and our concerts, there is yet one which might be added to their number. I refer to a "Debating Society." Such a Society would be very useful for the purpose of discussing political and other topics of general interest. It would also serve to bring out some of our "budding" orators, and to give them opportunities for practising their eloquence in public. Personally I do not know of any public schools which have such an institution, but doubtless there are many, and probably some of your readers are acquainted with them. Hoping that this matter may commend itself favourably to the school, and that some of our leading boys will see their way to take it up,

I am, Sir, &c.,  
Z.

#### "OUR UNIVERSITY FRIENDS" (BY ONE OF THEM).

I.—*Who they are.*

"Six little niggers 'stewing' all alive,  
If one got cooked there'd be only five."  
(*Coal-Ridge.*)

YES, "we are six," and all of the male sex ("6, 2 many," growls I. Digit, Esq., Ass. Coll. Precep., M.A., an esteemed Professor). The sole "arts" representatives of the P.A.C., we are blessed with good appetites, which is but natural when you consider that "P.A.C.'s in bello" is proverbial. Like brothers, we sometimes agree, and on these occasions talk over the old times when we were tied to the apron-strongs of our "Alma Groszmütter" (as we say in the classics). Our head-man and scholar *par excellence* is a third-year man, who rejoices in the somewhat euphonious name of "The Sticker." He is possessed of a very fair countenance, not a whit bronzed (he is no "tanned-sticker"), but almost girlish in its effeminacy. He derives his present name from an accident of birth. "What's in a name? An aim in life means shooting" (Shakespeare). He is about the best-all-round man in the "Varsity" (barring two or three professors), and sticks to his work like a leech. Strange to say, he is invariably the first fellow out after an exam. If he doesn't know anything about a question, he doesn't stick in his place, scratching his head or nibbling the nib end of his pen, and every now and then scribbling down a sentence (about as relevant to the question as the price of stickjaw), to show the examiner he knows a *little* more than nothing. No. "The Sticker" (unlike most youths), if

he can't answer a question, exit. His motto is "Che Sarah, Sarah." His risible faculties are easily tickled, but he couldn't make a joke to save his life. He made an attempt once (I shall never forget the day), and laughed so heartily after it that I began to fancy it was one of my own jokes that was so funny — [NOTE.—My jokes always produce roars of laughter]. The attempt has not been repeated. He is a thoroughly unfoppish, sensible fellow, if somewhat effeminate. His intention, provided he wins the "S.A. Scholarship" this year (*quod omnes dii duint*), is to become a leech. But as he will soon be going from us, I must remember *de morituris* (sic) *nil nisi bonum*.

"Who is this rosy-cheeked, light-haired Ganymede (he bears a mug) hurrying along with laughing face, as he drags a capacious receptacle for books and tucker." Echo answers, "Box of the second year." A very genial fellow, and a fearful chatterbox, who, if no one else were about, would strike up an acquaintance with a cow (supposing that the cow were you or I). Though by no means a "*bas bleu*," he has a "*penchant*" for blue ties—"Suit his complexion, you know"). He has a wonderful memory, works like a mule, and is studying for two degrees simultaneously. Never grave, he would laugh (I believe) if I told him my muse (Polly-verba) had died suddenly, and was buried. Always up to mischief (such as hiding hats, bags, &c.), his head is full of ideas of all kinds of pranks, which he prefers other fellows to carry out. He was originally known as "The Tucker-box," but the augment was dropped (for the reason of which consult your Greek grammar). "Box"

is a future "S.A. Scholar," and he, too, intends to adorn the medical profession. "*Ne quid nimis doctorum*."

When we want a "lark," we go to the general in command of the first year awkward squad, alias "The Freshmen." This "dux" is known as "The Skylark." Birds of a feather, &c. He is a very dark fellow by complexion and disposition. Has (naturally) very sedentary habits, and is studious, yet has never made a "*soary*" performance at any exam. Well versed in the topics of the day, he is rather too reserved to be genial. By the way, have you never noticed him walking along, flapping as he goes, what nature gave him for pinions? You'd never forget it. This preliminary-to-flight of his is best observed in the cricket-field when "Sky-ly" begins trundling. When the umpire has sung out "Play!" the lark sways to and fro (as he runs to the wicket), his arms outstretched at right angles to his vertical body [like one of the figures in Euclid; Book I, prob. 13, reversed (sic)], and lets drive. Result, "lost ball, count 6." His action is not unlike a double gate swinging on its hinges, or a cock-on-a-wall's preliminary performance to crowing. With a little persuasion he might be induced to become a parson. You would only have to sit among the congregation, and in the middle of the sermon call out "Play!" when one of the finest tear-producing dramatic effects off the stage would reward you. He will make his mark yet—I trust not on my person.

"I really wouldn't have believed it, if you hadn't told me. *That* a first year B.A.! Nonsense; he looks as if he had missed his nurse somewhere." "Never-



theless," I reply, "that *is* one of the three 'Freshmen.'" A slight youth, looking too ethereal for "this dim spot which men call earth"—(Milton) ahem!—with a far-away look in those dreamy eyes that have a tendency to blink so often; a careful, painstaking worker. I will eat my hat (it's rather musty) if he doesn't win the S.A. Scholarship for his year, or die in the attempt. There is a good bit in him, though from a cursory view you might suppose that were a strong S.-Easter to originate near him, he would be found in several different places the moment after. He never laughs, but when a good thing is told him (one of my jokes, for instance) he gives a sort of spasmodic snivelling sniff, like a cat with a cold. It gives you the impression (an erroneous one, however) that he has a contempt for all things earthly. But all this is *ir-trele-van-t* gossip. "His voice is more than human"—(ahem! Virgil)—that is to say, you often can't hear it. He, however, takes the precaution when he really wants your attention to preface all his remarks with the shrillest "I say" imaginable. He is a reserved little fellow, and is too fond of shrinking into his shell. Altogether, he gives you the idea of *multum in parvo*. It is said he intends to go for M.I.C.E. Cruel of him!!!

"Mind your eye there, unless you want it 'for ever closed to all but' darkness!" and a football whizzes past your skull, followed by the rowdiest of the six; a fellow whose *ultima Thule* is to get out of a lecture, whose highest notion of morality is *quid pro quo*, and whose favourite motto is, "*Est modus in omnibus studiis sed non in ludis*." He has neither a "stout" nor a "BASS"

voice, but a sort of nasal twang as monotonous as when an old 17th century clock struck the hour. When a small boy he was very *ale-ing*, and as the faculty said, his parents must expect "a general 'break-up of the cistern'" (*sic*). Though a sensible, lazy, careless fellow, and fond of sports, he is nothing if not genuine (Shakespeare). His brain may be (I don't say it *is*) divided into three compartments.

In the parlour he keeps his stock of learning, which, though pretty considerable, he keeps locked up in a cupboard, labelled "Not wanted at present." In No. 2 he keeps a miscellaneous lot of articles, such as his stern notions of equity, views on certain professors, original excuses for absence from lectures, and so forth. In No. 3 you may see lying about in great confusion swollen bumps of rowdiness, carelessness, geniality, &c., and it is here you have him pure and unadulterated, like the XXX. Were he to use the brains he has been blest with to the same extent as the others of his year, he would stand second to neither of them. He will never be a S.A. scholar simply from laziness. Taking into consideration all these qualities, he will, no doubt, make a very estimable demagogue; failing this, he may either officiate as a *bishop's* chaplain or a *pawn*-broker. Last, but not least (in his own estimation), is "Cox" (the colleague of "Box" of the second year), *alias* "The Redbreast" (so-called because it is the only thing he has read, except the Bible). He is a jolly good feller, or else he would never subscribe to an organ of such execrating excellence as the *P. A. C. Chronicle*. Thinks himself "cock of the walk" sometimes; but then he is robin some-

one else of the honour. He intends to be — heaven knows what — perhaps “boots” somewhere. “But of their own merits modest men are dumb.”

*(To be continued.)*

### A TRIP FROM ADELAIDE TO MAURITIUS.

J. M. S.

WE embarked on the Natal on February 11th. The first place we touched at was King George's Sound, a smoky hole from which you are glad to get away, although the fishing there is better than that of any other Australian port.

On leaving King George's Sound “all went as merry as a marriage bell” for a couple of days, till a storm arose, and then it was a sight to see. Most of the ladies looked as if they would like to have been thrown overboard. After a fortnight we reached Mauritius, the key of the Indian Ocean. We approached the island from the south-east, and coasted along the southern side, doubled Mount Brabant, and approached Port Louis from the south. Mauritius is beautiful yet singular, and though the loftiest hills are not more than 1,000 feet higher than Mount Lofty, yet their precipitous slopes make them appear like mountains.

Port Louis is beautifully situated on the shores of a bay, which stretches out two long arms to make a safe harbor. The houses are built either in French or Indian style. The merchants and wealthy people all live away from the town. At Curepipe, a suburb of Port Louis, there is a beautiful extinct volcano, with a picturesque green farm at

the bottom of the crater, the steep sides of which are covered with the very best of tropical vegetation. At the houses of these mountain retreats, the traveller soon becomes accustomed to see large white lizards on the walls. The most celebrated gardens are those at Pamplemousses. The gardens at Java are perhaps the only ones in the world that can surpass these, of course leaving our botanical gardens out of the question. The garden is about 40 acres in extent. Water runs everywhere, sometimes artificially, sometimes naturally. Here we were shown how to get water from a tree called the travellers' tree. It is very cool, pleasant water. One other very useful plant is the cocoa. Its fibrous leaves are tough and strong, all the Mauritius sugar bags are made of it. In the gardens is a column of white marble, presented by a French gentleman for the preserving of those names that Mauritius “delights to honor.”

### BOYS I HAVE MET.

BY DERWENTWATER.

#### THE STOIC AND EPICURE.

In days gone by, when the Greeks enjoyed the society of the school of philosophers, the Stoic and Epicure were two rival parties, as much unlike each other as a grandmother to her grandson. In modern times these two beings stand foremost on the stage of school-boy life, with the same qualities as those of the ancient Hellenes.

The sage Stoic may be seen with a face full of knowledge, slovenly dress, and look of fixed determination to pass through the ups and downs of schoolboy life with indifference.



The Epicure may be known by his masher dress, haughty manners, the ever increasing longing for dainty food, and sometimes even selfishness is a trait of his character.

In class the Stoic's work is slow and sure, but his rival, in a brilliant dashing manner, would fain carry everything before him, until at last he meets the Ironsides of Perseverance, and like the gallant Rupert, is defeated, when all is lost but honor.

Not only in schoolboy life but throughout the world's history, these two parties have been deadly rivals. Witness for instance the English and French revolutions, nobility *versus* commoners, viz., Epicure *versus* Stoic.

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#### THE P.A.C. OLD COLLEGIANS' ASSOCIATION.

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The annual dinner was held at the College, on Friday, June 24th.

J. A. HARTLEY, B.A., B. Sc., Inspector-General of Schools and President of the Association, occupied the chair. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, more than sixty sat down, and the heartiest feeling pervaded, such as only gatherings like this can evoke, as pleasant memories are recalled, battles fought o'er again, and impossibilities re-enacted. After justice had been done to a capital repast, and the cook and the hostess praised unstintingly, the toasts of "The Queen," and "The Governor" were loyally honored,

MR. COLLIVER made a lengthly and thoughtful speech on "The Parliament." He regretted that no P.A.C. boy was to be found within its ranks, and thought

that it never would be complete without some. He believed the present Ministry would be an improvement on the past, and hoped for wise legislation, equitable taxation, an across-continent railway, and a Federal Council for Australia.

MESSRS. G. S. COTTON and A. C. COLTON responded, apologising for the absence of and fulfilling the duties of their respective fathers, the Hons. G. W. Cotton and John Colton.

MR. H. C. KELLY spoke in high eulogy of Prince Alfred College and its Head Masters, Messrs. Fiddian, Hartley, and Chapple, and of grateful recollections. He thought agriculture should be more studied.

THE REV. R. M. HUNTER in a chaste, manly, forceful address, urged all to follow out true Christian principles, and maintain the honor and character of the College.

THE REV. J. C. HILL proposed "The Association," and urged on his fellow-students continued self-culture. He would like monthly meetings, or even a club, for the intercourse, with his friends of old time did him good. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the company, and Messrs. Ashton and Langsford responded.

MR. G. W. COOPER proposed "Absent Friends." He spoke generously of the College, the benefits he had derived from it, and his continued and increasing confidence in it.

MR. CHAPPLE in responding to this toast said he understood the Committee had allotted this duty to him because he was in most frequent communication with some of these not forgotten "absent friends," and it was thought well that he should recall incidents in his career. This was difficult in

the case of those engaged in commerce, trade, or agriculture; their progress was not marked and tabulated, but he could tell them of precise steps in advance taken by those studying at a distance. Praagst had written from Melbourne to say that he had passed the first M.B. examination. Cecil Davenport, in London, had qualified as L.R.C.P. & M.R.C.P., and was going on to seek higher diplomas. Beare, Robin, Mack, Holder, and Cotton were successfully pursuing their courses at the London University; Frank Colton had joined them there, and matriculated in the first-class. Good reports came, too, from Bennett, Counter, and Davis at Aberdeen, of Hill in Birmingham, and Robin at Cambridge. He also alluded to Alfred Wells, who was in charge of a surveying party in Western Australia, and to Alick Goyder, who had had similar work entrusted to him in this colony. He had heard from Harvey Chewings, in the heart of Queensland; from Ballantyne, in New Zealand; from Laurance and Lowe, in Western Australia. He concluded by saying how glad he was to see Mr. Hartley in the chair, and hoped that for many years the Association might secure him for its President.

MR. J. T. HUNTER, B.A., proposed "The Chairman." He spoke of the valuable and abiding influence exerted by Mr. Hartley upon his own life, and that of many of his friends.

MR. HARTLEY feelingly replied, awakening many old salutary memories.

MR. J. R. ANDERSON proposed "The Ladies," and Mr. S. W. Bailey appropriately replied. The evening was enlivened and its pleasures enhanced by the finished singing of Mr. F. Dunn, and

the deep bass notes of Mr. R. H. Gault, and by the humorous recitations of Mr. H. Dean on "Rabbit Pie," and Mr. C. E. Robin on "School boy love and life." Many went away regretting it was "only once a year."

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P.A.C. (Second 20) v. S.P.S.C.  
(Second 20).

THE second twenties of the College and St. Peter's met on Saturday, 26th, to try conclusions in the football field. Although this game was played on the St. Peter's ground, our supporters mustered in good force, and with their well-chosen cheers encouraged their school-fellows.

Andrews, captain of St. Peter's, winning the toss, kicked off punctually at 3 o'clock, and from that moment till half-time was called the leather was kept going by the sturdy young combatants on both sides.

The first scoring was done by Darling, who, failing a goal, put the leather behind to the credit of his side. The St. Peter's men, not to be beaten, soon followed suit, and after another behind to P.A.C., Benson was lucky enough to obtain first goal for our opponents. This seemed to arouse our men to more strenuous efforts, and after some good play Darling was rewarded with the first goal for the reds. Before half-time was called another goal was scored on each side, Smith (S.P.S.C.) and Krichauff being the clever ones.

During the second half our men seemed to have the best of it, for they kept the ball near their opponents' goal most of the time, and succeeded in putting it through four times. Robinson

and Heath deserve praise for the skilful way in which they worked the ball down on either wing, and thus brought it close up to their opponents' stronghold. Time would not permit any more goals to be kicked, so the game ended, resulting in a decided win for P.A.C. by 6 goals 13 behinds against 2 goals 3 behinds. Besides those already mentioned, the most conspicuous players were Rischbieth (captain), Joyce, Finlayson, Daw, Fisher, and Cooke for P.A.C., and Lander, Boucaut, Sabine, Henderson, and Russel for the defeated team.

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### FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

#### FIRST TWENTY.

- Aug. 9—Kensington 2nd—Kensington ground  
 " 16—Creswick—Creswick ground  
 " 23—North Park 2nd—North Park ground  
 " 30—Whinham College—P.A. College ground  
 Sept. 6—Royal United—Royal United ground  
 " 13—Medindie—Medindie ground

On Wednesday morning, August 6th, a match will be played amongst the boarders between 18 seniors and 30 juniors.

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### GYMNASTIC DEMONSTRATION.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 14, Mr. Leschen's class gave their annual demonstration of gymnastics under the direction of their skilful teacher. The gymnasium had been tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens by Mr. Maguire and his volunteer assis-

tants, to whom many thanks are due, as well as to those who so kindly provided the flowers, &c. The entertainment was a complete success, for the boys performed many difficult feats with a neatness and finish which careful training and practice alone will give. At the close of the performance our Head Master introduced to the company present the Rev. R. M. Hunter, President of the Wesleyan Conference and President *ex officio* of the College. After a few happy remarks from our reverend President, the meeting was brought to a close by cheers for Mr. Leschen, the ladies, and the gymnastic class

Our juniors will now be able to indulge in football to their hearts' content without fear of molestation from strangers. During the holidays a high close fence has been erected along the Young-street frontage, and thus the back play-ground is rendered more private.

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At the social on Friday evening, 25th ult., given by members of the Y.M.C.A. in their new hall, Mr. Evans' singing class gave in excellent style two spirited part songs, "The Tar's Song" and "Comrade's Song of Hope," and Messrs. Chapple and Evans sang a duet, "Albion," which met with the applause it merited.

The next great school event is the holding of the Athletic Sports. They will take place about the middle of September. A meeting of the School was held last Wednesday to elect officers and Committee. With Mr. Sunter for Treasurer, A. Hill as Secretary, and Stephens, R., Fry, Rowley, Boase, G., Watt, Miller, Henning on the Committee, a good well-managed tournament may confidently be anticipated.

Our Head Master has been lending a helping hand to educational movements during the vacation. He lectured to meetings of Sunday-school teachers in Norwood on "How to keep Order" and "How to prepare a Lesson," and gave a model lesson to a Bible class before the Adelaide Sunday-School Union. He also delivered a lecture at Ashton on "Hugh Latimer" and to a Young Men's Society in North Adelaide on "Our Eyes, and how we see with them."

There have just been posted up in the schoolroom, the subjects for the special examinations for the Old Collegians, Colton, Longbottom, Robb, Malpas, and Foundation Scholarships, and for the Cotton Silver Medal, the Smith Prize, the Wigg Prize, the Howard Prize, the Garlick Prizes, and the Smart Medal.

The theme for the *Advertiser* Prize Essay will be announced shortly.

Competitors for any of these should set to work at once—"slow and steady wins the race."

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### ON BOOKS.

BY LIBER.

"Hang it all! here are these wretched books again—as if we had not enough of them at school." I can imagine these to be the words that are first to come to the lips of any juvenile on seeing the heading of this paper. Pray, do not be in any way concerned, my young friend. I am not going to burden you with a long list of dry-as-dust literature, but intend to make a few remarks as they came into my ancient mind *re* reading, *i.e.*, what to read. Now just honestly let us inquire, what are

the books over and above his class books that a schoolboy is most intimately acquainted with? By the schoolboy I mean that one who belongs to the majority—the ordinary, easy-going, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, and not your extra-fine quality, super-stewed student, suffering from an overdose of lamp-rays. Is it not true that the paper-covered twopenny yellow-back, with awfully suggestive and attractive (?) pictures gaudily painted on the boards, is the beau-ideal of a book for such a boy as we are considering? If any lover and reader of such elevating and soul-stirring works of fiction chances to peruse these lines, let him ask himself in all honesty what *real* good he has ever derived from such a course of reading. I venture to say he will be compelled to answer, *nil*.

It would be unkind, not to say unfair, to deprive a fellow of his "twopennies," and not offer anything by way of substitute. Well now, let one who has done a *little* reading in his time direct your attention to one or two interesting and instructive subjects.

First, then, as to works of travel. The youngest amongst us who can read at all will find in the writings of eminent travellers and explorers interesting matter for many an hour's amusement. Take the works of Sir S. Baker in Ceylon and Africa, of Dr. Livingstone in Equatorial Africa and Mozambique, of Stanley, the bold American newspaper correspondent, and of many others; and what an amount of interest, instruction, and amusement can be obtained from them. These, and such like works, not only have the raciness and sustained interest of the most engrossing novel, but at the same time supply the

reader with useful information on men, manners, and countries.

Again, what can be more interesting than to read and become acquainted with the lives of great men? The destiny of the world to a large extent, if not entirely, depends upon the action of her great men or heroes. All of us are hero worshippers, more or less, and we have our favourites in history or fiction, whose characters we should take as our example. A good biographer, if he writes the life of a great man, deserves the thanks of all his fellows; for a well-written biography brings us into intimate relation with its subject, and we seem to associate with him in all his actions, and even thoughts. Let me, then, recommend standard works of biography to any lad who is fond of an interesting book.

Biography is closely connected with history. Indeed, it is history to a certain extent. Now this is a subject which in class boys generally dislike, because really the text-books on history are such a dry collection of dates and events; but a true history written by a good man is most charming reading—Macaulay's, for instance.

Truly this ignorance of history displayed by some we have met is appalling; such as saying that Queen Elizabeth put to death Mary Tudor, and that William III. was the Norman Conqueror's son: this sounds very absurd, but is no exaggeration. Of course, this is not an attempt at anything like an exhaustive article on the very wide subject of reading. There is an enormous field of literature open to all of us, but we can only expect to reap a fair harvest by beginning early; and depend upon it, a habit and taste for reading once acquired

in youth will stick to you, and you will surprise yourself at the quantity of reading that can be put through by taking advantage of odd moments.

"Oh! it's very well for you to talk to us about reading, but what *time* have we for it?" Such is the reply I can fancy some young spark makes to the writer. Now each one must answer this question for himself, for no one else can do it for him. How many odd hours are wasted and allowed to pass by in idleness or dreaming? Goodness knows. I can picture to myself the way in which Tom Jones, say, gets through his evening with a minimum of reading; it is something after this fashion, I guess. Tom stays in the playground (if he is lucky enough not to be kept in) for an hour or so; then he saunters home, flings his bag of books down on the floor and larks about till tea-time; after tea Tom's good mother reminds him of his lessons, he accordingly makes a great show of work, and after an hour's dreamy stare at his books, is under the false impression that he knows his work for next day; another bit of fun with brothers and sisters, and it is time for our young friend to retire. Now, Tom, my boy, you will not surely say after all this that you have no time for reading, but, like a sensible fellow as "you are, you know you are," you will buy, borrow, or beg a good book, and when next we meet, you will have plenty to tell of what you have read.

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#### HOUSE NEWS.

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CONCERT.—It has been usual in former years to discontinue the Saturday evening fortnightly concerts by the

boarders after the midwinter holidays: but such interest has been taken in them this year, and they have been of such a good character, that at a committee meeting held on Wednesday, July 23rd, it was resolved to continue the Saturday populars during the present term. The next entertainment will be given on Saturday evening, August 2nd, at 7 o'clock. A very attractive programme has been drawn up, and amongst those who have kindly consented to assist in the musical part are our esteemed Head Master, F. Chapple, Esq., B.A. B.Sc., Mr. Jenkyns, who always amuses us with his comic songs, Robinson and Hancock, our pianists. The concert is to take place in the Common-room, and we shall be happy to see as many of the day-boys as can be present.

**CHESS.**—At the beginning of the winter the boarders were supplied by our generous Head Master with two sets of chess men and boards. Hancock was about the only player at the time, but now quite a large number have learned the game, and every evening some good matches are played. The first tournament is to come off on Saturday, August 9th, between Hancock and Wheaton, the winner to be the champion boarder player.

**LIBRARY.**—Our library is growing rapidly by frequent additions, for which we are indebted to some kind friend or friends. About 50 new volumes have lately been added, including Chambers' Encyclopædia, and a complete set of Dickens' Works

**BICYCLING.**—At the general meeting of the school held on Wednesday afternoon, July 30th, to consider the matter of our annual athletic sports, it ap-

peared to be the general opinion amongst those present that a Bicycle Race would add interest to the day's events. This commends itself to us as a very proper idea, and one that should be put into practice. In most of the large schools in Victoria there is a Bicycle Club, and on their Sports' Day there is a Wheelmen's Race. If the schools referred to—which are all smaller in numbers than ourselves—are able to get up Bicycle Clubs and Races, why should not we do the same, and mark the sports of '84 by the introduction of this novel feature? While on this subject of sports, we would remind all who intend to take part that it is now time to begin training. No success can be expected, and no fast times made, unless a good course of regular training has been gone through. This undoubtedly means a little self-denial and determination, but on that very account is the more beneficial. A spin for a mile after you "tub" in the morning, and another after school in the evening, with regular and moderate diet, will in a few weeks accomplish a wonderful improvement in your speed and powers of endurance.

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## GYMNASTICS.

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BY X. Y. Z.

*"Mens sana in corpore sano."*

Gymnastics as a system of physical education and muscular training were known from the very earliest times among the Greeks. The enclosure or building in which the gymnastic exercises



were performed was called the Gymnasium, from a Greek word meaning naked, because those who took part in the exercises were naked, or nearly so. It was considered essential for a Greek youth to go through a systematic course of gymnastics, and indeed, this was looked upon as the most important part of his education. The Greeks believed, and rightly, that if a man wanted to have a healthy mind, one that could really do some hard thinking, he must first get a healthy body.

The gymnasium was quite a public institution, and was built and its teachers supported at the expense of the State. Boys were sent as soon as they were old enough to go, and the exercise became such a passion with them that they continued to attend the gymnasium till they became quite old men. The chief forms which the gymnastic exercises took were running, jumping, boxing, wrestling, &c.; besides these there were other games very similar to what boys play now-a-days, viz., hand-ball, knuckle-bones, and a game corresponding to our French and English, in which one boy holding one end of a rope, tried to pull another holding the other end over a chalk line.

Gymnastics were essentially a Grecian game, but when Grecian manners were imported into Rome gymnastics went too, and Nero was the first to build a public Gymnasium at Rome. The Greek philosophers used to give public lessons to their pupils in the Gymnasia, and we read of Socrates and Plato holding classes there. The State ceased to support Gymnasia for the public use, and for centuries there was very little heard about gymnastics. But the system was revived in Prussia early in this century,

and now in that country every youth has to go through a regular course of instruction in gymnastic exercises. The word gymnasium, however, bears a different signification in Germany to what it does amongst us. The Gymnasium in Germany corresponds to our public Grammar-school; but there is this difference, that none of the pupils board at the Gymnasia.

Every part of the human frame becomes stronger and more fully developed by regular use and exercise, and the whole system is benefited by it. But it is necessary that the exercise should be systematic, and taken under the direction of a trained teacher. We have often known lads at school who in their eagerness to win a boat-race, say, have injured their constitutions by excessive training, whereas by a regular and moderate course of gymnastics they would have developed into well-grown and strong men.

We have here at the College a gymnasium which has been built regardless of expense, and is fitted with a most complete set of apparatus. The hours at which the classes are held have been arranged so as to interfere as little as possible with the ordinary school work, and the teacher engaged (Mr. Leschen) is well known to be the very best in the city. Notwithstanding these facts, scarcely 25 per cent. of the boys take advantage of their privileges. Although cricket, football, rowing, and so on, are splendid games, yet they are not calculated to develop the whole of the body in the same way as gymnastics do. We would, therefore, urge all, even supposing they *are* dons at field-sports, to join the gymnastic class, and depend upon it in three months they will feel ever so much the better for it.

P.A.C. BOYS WHO HAVE GAINED  
A UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP.

1876,	Decem.	H. H. Mack.
"	"	P. A. Robin.
1879,	March.	S. E. Holder.
1882,	"	J. W. Leitch.
1883,	"	W. E. Tucker.
"	"	C. E. Robin.
1884,	"	W. Treleaven.
"	"	C. S. Mead.
"	"	J. H. Bishop.

RIDDLES.

By M. P.

WHY is the Port River like a waggish riddle? Because it always has a ketch in it.

What town in South Australia is most like a rabbit's hole? The Burra.

Why is the Hon. Sec. of the P.A.C. Football Club, when he gives his junior relations a guinea, like the setting sun? Because he tips the little hills with gold.

Why is the Upper Third Class-room like a shop? Because it has (a) counter in it.

Seven buried towns, the first letters of which give the initials of two well-known Adelaide Schools.

You're the first I've stumped in my life.

The sleeper then awoke with a start and arose.

We told Sara to gather the apples from the tree.

You must take a tonic, or kindness will not avail.

Let the ship rest on the stocks for several weeks.

The wretched beggar had hardly a rag on his back.

It is like an American to need novelties of every description.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"IMPROVEMENT."—The matter of approaches at the Pirie-street entrance, which your letter deals with, has been referred to the proper authorities, and will receive their attention.

"[DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO]."—Your letter received with thanks; but as we are anxious to avoid all personalities in our columns, we decline to publish it.

"SAM."—The attack of *cacoëthes scribendi* you are suffering from is certainly a very serious affair; we do not remember having met with such a sad case in all our professional experience. We trust, however, the preventive measure we are adopting will have the effect of alleviating the disease. Please let us know if the dose accomplishes its purpose.

Correspondence, with the writer's name, should be addressed to the Editor. No rejected communications can be returned on any account. If possible we shall publish six issues in the year, for which the subscription, including postage, is 3s. 6d. We hope all old boys will become subscribers.

Robinson, of the Sixth Form, is our Treasurer, and will receive orders for copies; single copies may be had from any of the Sixth Form, or the Editor.

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