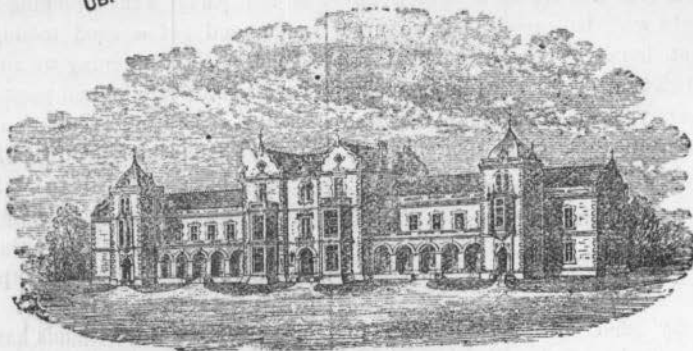


Prince Alfred College Chronicle.

UBI NON EST SCIENTIA ANIMÆ NON EST BONUM.



VOL. IV.—No. 44.]

ADELAIDE: APRIL 8, 1895.

[PRICE SIXPENCE

Editorial.

A REVIEW OF THE FIRST TERM.

The school has commenced the year 1895 with a very good record for the first term. In the first place, the three University Scholarships, which in previous years were competed for in March, but for this year were decided at Christmas, all fell to P.A.C. boys, viz., C. E. Padman, C. Annells, and I. E. Giles.

Then the Roseworthy Agricultural College Scholarship has again been won by one of our old boys—Colebatch. As there is only one of these given to the Adelaide district, the competition is naturally somewhat keen, and the distinction of winning it is so much the greater.

The Angas Engineering Exhibition has

been awarded seven times, and has been won six times out of seven by our boys. We hold it again this year, C. F. Stephens being the successful candidate.

The blue ribbon of the University is undoubtedly the Angas Engineering Scholarship, which is given every third year, and is worth £600. It was competed for this March, and the competition was so keen between two of our old boys—Alfred Chapple and Laurence Birks—that the examiners were unable to decide which was the better, and the Council of the University therefore decided to bracket them as equal. In accordance with the conditions of tenure they will at once proceed to some British University to continue their studies. We hear that Alfred Chapple has decided to go to Cambridge and Laurence Birks to Glasgow. They will carry with them the

heartiest good wishes of the school for still greater success in their future career.

We think this is a record of which any school might well be proud, and we urge our present boys to bear in mind these things which are behind while pressing forward earnestly to the things that are before, so that the high standard of efficiency may be maintained in the future.

Afloat on the "Mermaid."

It was my good fortune to be able to spend three weeks of the Christmas holidays on board the steam-launch the Mermaid. The events that happened during that time are innumerable, but I will relate only a few of the most interesting. Our party consisted of seven—two adults to keep five unruly boys in order. There were five men and a cook aboard to attend to the working of the boat. We started from Henley Beach at a little after 11 a.m., there being a good number on the jetty to witness our departure. We took the precaution of putting on our sea-going garments and making our beds at once, in case we should feel too unwell to do so later on. It was not long before most of us were contemplating silently the foaming depths of the ocean. We steamed direct across the Gulf to Edithburgh, arriving there at 4.30 p.m. The next day was Christmas Day, and at dinner we quickly dispatched our only plum pudding. We explored the rocks along the coast till midday, and caught an eel 2 feet 6 inches long, which we boiled

and eat with great relish, although the residents said it was poisonous. The elders of the party went dredging in the afternoon, and got a good tossing and but few shells. Next morning we started early for Investigator Straits, and passed through the channel separating Troubridge Island from Yorke's Peninsula. On this island there is a lighthouse, intended to warn ships from sailing on to the shoals. We dredged down the straits, till at evening we came under the lee of the Althorpes, where we decided to anchor for the night. The largest of the three islands has a lighthouse on it, the light of which is nearly 400 feet above the sea level, and shows in one direction a red, in the other a yellow, light. The island is undermined by the sea, and the caves thus formed have guano in them, but it does not pay to ship it. In days gone by whaling ships used to come here for shelter. A whaler is buried at the foot of the cliff, and his initials are carved in the rock above his grave. Penguins, muttonbirds, and crayfish can be caught on the island, while a little way out schnapper and whiting are plentiful. We did not land, but a keeper came aboard and told us some interesting facts about pin-wings (penguins). We steamed from the Althorpes to Port Lincoln, a distance of 80 miles, next day. On the way we saw the Emmes Reef and South-West Rock, Wedge Island—which in the distance certainly bears out its name—and the spray dashing against the Webb Rock to the north of us. Leaving Wedge Island in our rear, we passed Thistle Island and many other smaller

islands. After this we soon sighted Black Rock, Boston Island, and Schnapper Rock. The last mentioned place smells vilely of shags and other rank seabirds. Here and at other places on the way we fished, and our total catch for the day was 48, of which 36 were schnapper, the largest weighing about 12 pounds. This is a tidy weight to pull up from the bottom of the sea. Boston Island landlocks Port Lincoln harbor, except for two narrow entrances from the north and south. With water as calm as a millpond and a cloudless sky overhead, as we steamed through the south entrance into the harbor, and all of us were deeply impressed with the beautiful scene which was disclosed to our view. There is a plantation of trees along the front of the township on the seashore, enclosed by a white picket-fence. All the principal buildings are on the main street—Tasman Terrace. This place was originally intended for the capital of South Australia, and is laid out in terraces, squares, &c. When Admiral Bowden-Smith was in the colony the Earl of Kintore accompanied him with the fleet to Port Lincoln, and he thought the place very well suited for a coaling station for the Australian Squadron. The water is deep right up to the shore, and the entrances could be easily barred by a couple of forts. Here we saw a yacht capsized. Both its occupants, neither of whom could swim a stroke, were in great danger of losing their lives but for the timely rescue of a man who rowed out and took them aboard just as the water was up to their waists. We walked up to the top

of Winter's Hill, and there we obtained a magnificent view of the harbor and surrounding islands. On a hill outside the harbor stands a marble monument, erected by Lady Franklin in memory of Captain Flinders. The impious youths of the locality scratch their insignificant names on this, beside the illustrious name of the great navigator. On the top of Winter's Hill is a cairn of stones, called a "trig," which is used in the trigonometrical survey of the country. We made it 3 feet higher, then nailed a meat-tin with an inscription on it to a trunk of a tree and placed it upright on the top of the heap. After seeing all we could of the place in the few days at our disposal, we steamed to Sir Joseph Banks' Group. We first landed at Spilsby Island, and caught a few penguins there. These birds stand about one foot high, and have their feet near to their tails, so that they have to stand erect to get on their feet. When alarmed they scuttle along on their stomachs with the aid of their legs and flippers (little wings covered with skin). They cannot fly, but use these flippers in swimming. They live either under the rocks or in burrows which they make at the top of the cliff. As they only seem to come out at night, we caught some, and threw them into a pool to watch their movements. They swim under water, and come up at intervals for breath, and then go off again at a very good rate for a penguin. Their plumage is blue down their backs and white on their breasts. They have round heads, rather large grey eyes, and a medium-sized beak with the upper

portion hooked at the ends. They make a peculiar complaining kind of cry. We skinned several, but the rancid smell given forth from the fat which covers their bodies is anything but agreeable. We went on to Reevesby Island, and stayed there for several days, owing to the rough weather. A short distance away is the island on which the Theophilus was wrecked. We ran short of bread, and were obliged to subsist on a loaf and a half a day. We left the group on Friday, and steamed back to Port Lincoln, which we left next day, and then came to Thistle Island on the Sunday of our last week. We walked across the island and saw the breakers coming in from the Southern Ocean, which is a sight well worth seeing. We returned by the same way to the Althorpes as we had come. From there we went to Pondalowie Bay, where the limestone cliffs are worthy of note, the surface being honeycombed all the way from the top to the bottom. There are rocks on the beach fully 3 feet high with a hole 6 inches in diameter right through them. Here we had some surf-bathing, which is much more enjoyable than a bathe in a calm sea. At times when we were too far from land to bathe we used to strip and hang over the side of the launch while the cook deluged us with buckets of water. From here we continued our homeward journey to Kingscote, in Kangaroo Island. Here we saw Mr. Bayly on the "Miranda" and Len Hill and Horace Burford on the "Empress." We caught over 30 fiddlers (fish) here by simply wading up to them and lifting them by their tails out of the

water. We next went to Normanville. On the way across we witnessed the peculiar effects of a mirage on two passing steamers. Leaving here next morning we arrived at Henley Beach at 4 p.m., and were welcomed there by a large number of relatives and friends. We spent a very pleasant time, the few minor discomforts hardly being noticed. We were blessed with good appetites, as we could finish a pound tin of jam easily at one sitting if there were not many other courses. We ate so much fish that one of our party expressed the fear that we might turn into shags. We had bathing, boating, and fishing to fill up our spare time. Those of us who were interested in conchology were well satisfied with their finds, and we all came back having thoroughly enjoyed our holiday.

S. M. VERCO.

Our Contemporaries.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—

- "Geelong Grammar School Quarterly."
- "Wesley College Chronicle."
- "Otago High School Magazine."
- "Sibyl."
- "Patchwork."
- "The Wellingtonian."
- "The Nelsonian."
- "Queen's School Magazine."
- "The Sydneian."
- "The Newingtonian."
- "Our Boys' Manuscript Newspaper."
- "Coerwull Magazine."

The Naughty Greek Girl.

The following clever little poem is by Professor Soule, of America.]

Miss Alpha, though she led her class,
Was yet a most unlovely lass.
She had a little sister θ ,
And she would often bang, and β
And push, and pinch, and pound, and pelt her ;
And many a heavy blow she δ ,
So that the kitten e'en would μ
When θ 's sufferings she ν .
This Alpha was so bad to θ ,
That, every time she chanced to meet her,
She looked as though she longed to η ,
And oft against the wall she jammed her,
And oft she took a stick and λ ;
And for the pain and tears she brought her,
She pitied her not one ι ,
But with a sly and wicked eye
Would only say, "O, fiddle ϕ ."
Then θ cried with noisy clamour,
And ran and told her grief to γ ;
And λ , with a pitying ψ ,
Would give the little girl some π ,
And say, "Now, darling musn't χ ."
Two Irish lads, of ruddy cheek,
Were living just across the creek —
Their names \omicron and ω ;
The one was small, the other bigger,
For Alpha, so demure and striking,
 ω took an ardent liking ;
And Mike, when first he chanced to meet her,
Fell deep in love with little θ .
And oft at eve the boys would go,
And on the pleasant water ρ ;
So when the hapless little θ
 ν Alpha was about to β ,
She down upon the bank would ζ
And cry aloud, and shout like fun,
"Run, Mike! run, Mikey, o!"

MORAL.

Have you a sister? Do not treat her
As Alpha did her sister θ .

Diary Jottings.

Jan. 28—The wheel revolves ; holidays are over ; and opening day has come again. "New boys come up for examination," says the public notice, and here they are, and a goodly number of them too. Four exhibitors from the public schools ; and there were 6 last year, and 6 the year before that, so of 18 now current, 16 are held at Prince Alfred. This speaks volumes for the estimate in which we are held by the schools from which these boys come and by the schoolmasters who instruct them. There are many brothers of old boys, bearing names long-known and respected here, and a few sons of "old boys" too, who show their goodwill towards their own "Alma Mater."

Jan. 29—Work begins. We miss Mr. G. B. Hone from the first "assembly," and feel sad to learn that he is so ill. A splendid cricketer, an almost unsurpassed tennis player, a most painstaking and successful master, respected and liked by all—colleagues and boys alike. How sorry we are his place is vacant, and how earnestly we hope he will soon regain health and strength. There are boys missed too—Hunter, the head of the school, Padman, Annells, and Giles. These have gone to the University with scholarships to help them. Cleland and Zwar will join them there. The First Eleven at cricket has lost Addison (its captain) ; Pellew, the dashing little batsman ; Rodney, good with bat or gloves as with pen and pencil ; Padman, sports secretary ;

Magarey, and Hugo, the bowlers; and Robinson, secretary of the tennis club. The boarding-house will feel the loss of all those mentioned; of Rischbieth, the champion gymnast, who could do the giant-swing, and could pull himself up by one hand; Nottage, the hard student; W. Osborne, and Clinch, of West Australia. But they are called to the "battle of life," and our ranks must close up, fill the gaps, march on and try to be equally worthy. There are additions to note too. Mr. Bayly returns to the senior school work, Mr. Johnstone, B.A. joins the staff, and Mr. J. R. Robertson returns to it after some five years of absence.

Feb. 15—The first weekly examination begins. Great things these "weeklies" are. They decide "certificates," and four certificates secure a prize at Christmas. Then they make the masters and the Headmaster determine whether a class shall go on to new work or go over the old again, and at what pace advance shall be made. They take some of the conceit out of some boys, too, who think too highly of themselves. Here comes the paper back again, valued, corrected, errors pointed out. Humbler, and so more teachable, the self-satisfied one comes to the next class. This first "exam." is on Arithmetic, so important for every boy whatever he means to be.

Feb. 21—Last day of entry for Preliminary Examination at the Adelaide University. So thus early in the year we are reminded that we live in the days of public exami-

nations. Not Universities only and professions hold them now-a-days, but banks, private firms, insurance offices, &c., &c. Of other examinations we have heard too already, for have not O. P. Fry and C. H. Frost, late of the Lower Fifth, passed the Civil Service Examination.

Feb. 23—The winning of the Headmaster's medals for "50 in a First Eleven Match" has begun, and Hunt and Steel secure one each.

Feb. 27—H. Rischbieth leaves for England. He is to study medicine at Cambridge, and has lately been attending here to be "coached" by Mr. Kerr in Greek—that much despised language, still insisted upon by "learned professions" though. "Risch." has been with us long, and in school and playground, in gymnasium and on the river, leaves a good name, and has earned respect all round. The Conference pays us its annual visit this day—not till after school has concluded for the day, so there is no half-holiday to be made out of the occasion. That is a pity! From 4 p.m. and onwards there are more clerical costumes to be seen in our grounds this afternoon than in a whole year besides—awkward those long-tailed coats are at cricket though; and when a distinguished Member of Parliament tries to bowl a "lob" ball as in the olden days, it is manifest that the right arm has forgotten its cunning of late. However, the "afternoon tea" in the dining-room seems to be enjoyed, and the Annual Meeting in the Science Hall is long and hearty.

March 11—The news comes that the Col-

lege Committee has asked our Headmaster to visit Perth shortly and start a "Prince Alfred College" over there. The W.A. boys declare that if he once begins there he will never come back, for the place and the people are so nice he cannot leave them, they are sure. We find Mr. Chapple is not sure that he will be able to go after all. It is hard to leave us.

March 12—Preliminary Examination begins, and the Examinations for the Angas Engineering Exhibition and for the Angas Engineering Scholarship. Perhaps the highest and lowest held by the University are therefore going on at the same time. In all we are well represented.

March 13—An eleven of the younger ministers comes to play a match against our "first." But there is no Mr. Fry or Mr. George to score as last year, and they soon "fall out." Harry Hill takes 5 wickets in five following balls. Steele (59), Hill (48), and Chapple (42) are too many guns for the ministers. However, they seem to enjoy the game, and so do we. A pleasant gathering and speech-making takes place in the "dining-room" afterwards.

March 14—The results of the examination for Entrance Scholarships at Roseworthy Agricultural College appear in the newspapers. The scholarship for the Adelaide district is assigned to W. J. Colebatch, of Prince Alfred College, and we are proud of him, and heartily congratulate him.

March 16—The Preliminary list is issued, and it contains the names of L. C.

Adcock, S. R. Burnard, J. Grose, E. C. Leggoe, W. T. Magarey, R. H. Martin, T. Steele, A. R. Taylor, and T. T. Thomas. We rejoice with them, and hope the good beginning will lead to far better things. J. L. Bonython and G. J. Hogben's ("old boys") names are in the list too. Three more medals to-day—Stock, Cragen, and Chapple. Four cricket matches played on our grounds on most Saturdays lately, and a tennis match too, chiefly by the "Chapple family."

March 18—The Special Senior Examination list is posted at the University. We are glad to read on it P. R. R. Magarey and B. T. Zwar. The Angas Engineering Exhibition has been awarded to C. F. Stephens, till now manager of this *Chronicle*, and we rejoice with him. Seven times this valuable prize (it is worth £180) has been offered in competition, and P.A.C. boys have won it six of these. Science and Mathematics and Modern Languages are the subjects for it. In the list of Evening Class Scholarships we are pleased to see D. M. Lyall and A. C. Unbehaun, former "reds."

March 23—The biggest score of the season made against the Paynehams—276 for 5 wickets. Chapple 107 retired and Cragen 59.

March 26—Joe Darling comes round after a long absence in the other colonies, where he has played so well. He bowls for us once again, and shows us how to hit.

March 27—We are saddened to read of the

sudden death of the Rev. O. Stephenson, an old P.A.C. boy, of whom we hoped so much. Sandford Rhodes, another "old boy" of promise and earnestness in Christian work, passed away during this term also.

March 28—Gymnastic demonstration in connection with the Exhibition of the Chamber of Manufactures. We suppose gymnasts form an important "colonial manufacture." Certainly they are in good working order, with all the machinery in motion. W. Thompson does the giant swing well.

March 29—Assembly! we cheer our crew.

Hear from the Headmaster that Mr. Ashton, the popular and painstaking drawing master is leaving for England; that Mr. Norman Macgeorge is to supply his place. Result of the Angas Engineering Scholarship made known. Birks, I., and Chapple, Alfred, bracketed equal. At Christmas, Chapple gained two First Class Honors in Science and one Second, while Birks gained one Second and two Thirds. Now they are equal. *Sic volvere Parcas.* We congratulate both heartily; both are "old reds." This examination is open to all the colony under 28. Chapple is not 19 yet, nor Birks 21, so they are the youngest winners so far, and likely long to be.

March 30—The Annual Boat Race. The "blues" too big and strong and experienced for our crew. We cheer them, and feel grateful to Mr. Bayly; proud that Royal, Rooney, Harrington, Wiltshire rowed so pluckily and come home quietly.

April 1—As we gather at school many talk

of the Scholarship results; more, probably, of Clem Hill's 150 not out against the pick of English bowling, and we grow enthusiastic over it. At assembly the Headmaster announces that he has acceded to requests that the great successes of this term should be celebrated by a half-holiday—received with hearty cheering. After all it is a great triumph. Three Scholarships open to all qualified boys or young men in the colony, and P.A.C. wins them all.

A Trip to Mount Lofty.

Another most enjoyable holiday was spent by a party of eight in Mr. Giles' summer residence at Mount Lofty from Friday, August 31, till Monday, September 3.

We arrived about 7 o'clock on Friday night, and very soon had fires alight and the festive board laden with edibles, pleasing both to the sight and the palate. After tea each betook himself to his respective bedroom, and S. Giles, Colebatch, and myself played bezique all night, with the exception of about ten minutes, during which we each contemporaneously played a different melody on our musical oysters outside Blaikie and Vaughan's bedroom, to their immense appreciation (?)

On the morrow we rose early, and Plummer and Vaughan so excelled themselves in the culinary department that very soon our eyes were gladdened by the sight of steaming plates of porridge and a smoking dish of

sausages, which we quickly dispatched. The remainder of the day was spent in rambles, eating, drinking, and card-playing, after the fatigues of which we retired early to rest, but

“The drowsy frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep”

refused to draw nigh unto some of our virtuous couches, for Stuart Giles

“Sat him down upon a bed
With æther canopied, and interwove
With flaunting blankets; and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate his rural minstrelsy
Till fancy had her fill,”

much to the disgust of those adjacent to him. Finally “a soft (?) and solemn-breathing sound” (which vulgar-minded folks designate snoring)

“Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac'd.”

And we were all wrapt in slumber.

In consequence of our retiring so early on the previous night, we were up by 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, when we made the woful discovery that we had scarcely any bread left. We had the choice of three expedients in order to obtain some, viz., to beg, borrow, or steal. Accordingly Nairn and Vaughan went into Crafers to endeavor to beg some from the baker's, but found they were unable to do so. Fortunately Maurice Giles succeeded in borrowing a loaf from a neighbor, so we were spared the necessity of adopting the third method of obtaining it.

We regaled ourselves on omelette for breakfast, steak and salmon for dinner, salmon and sardines for tea, and then early retiring became the order of the day—or rather of the night. Somewhere about 1 o'clock on Monday morning we heard some most melodious sounds, which

“At every fall smooched the raven down
Of Darkeness till it smiled . . .

. . . We were all ear
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death; but O ere long
Too well we did perceive it was the noise
Of our most jangling tea-bell, and the tea-tray,
Which Philip Plummer beat ferociously upon,
While Maurice Giles assisted with the bell.”

We were up at the early hour of 9 o'clock on the next day, and partook of a hurried meal, combining breakfast and dinner, in which we endeavoured (to use a vulgar phrase) “to get outside of” the remainder of our provisions. We then tidied the house somewhat, and returned to Burnside, whence we journeyed to our several homes, to sleep and dream of our pleasant holiday.

A Trip to Slape's Gully.

A party of four P.A.C. boys early one fine summer morning left the Marryatville tram-sheds and started to walk to the waterfalls in Slape's Gully. We followed the main road until we came to the Burnside water-works at the foot of the Green Hill, and then proceeded to climb the hill. We were well rewarded for our trouble by the splendid view obtained from the top of the hill. In front of us stretched out the Adelaide plains for miles and miles; beyond these

lay the sea, and we could even see Yorke's Peninsula in the far distance. In the gulf we saw an Orient steamer just leaving for Melbourne. Down in the gully to our left was a beautiful fruit-garden and orange plantation. A few minutes' walk brought us to the track leading from the main road down into Slape's Gully, and as soon as we reached the stream at the bottom we rested for a short time. We then proceeded along the gully for three-quarters of an hour and found ourselves at the first waterfall, which we thought very pretty. At once a search was made for pieces of wood and sticks with which to make a fire and to boil our billy. As soon as the tea was made we had our lunch. Then E. C. and H. B. went off in search of ferns and wild-flowers. They soon reached a shady spot with cool water and called the others. A short walk brought us to the second waterfall, which is not so high as the first, but is rather a series of small rapids. After spending a short time here we turned back again. F. B. was frightened by a lizard, but took a stick, hit at it, and missed it. He hit again, struck it on the head and killed it. Of this feat he was very proud, and carried the lizard with him for some time, but at last he threw it into the creek for the fish to eat.

H. B. then saw a nice fern on the other side of the creek, and wanted to pick it, but as the rock on which he had to stand was slanting and moist, he slipped into the creek, which luckily for him was only three feet deep, so that there was no danger of his being drowned. However, there was enough water to give him a good ducking.

As he was so wet he thought it would not matter if he fell in again, and so he tried again to get the fern, and this time successfully. After this he had to sit in the sun to dry himself. At 3 o'clock we finished our provisions, and raced down the gully homewards. E. C. and H. B. won the race by a long distance, and we all soon reached the tramsheds. The car brought us home by 5.30 p.m., and we all felt that we had spent a very pleasant day.

E. C. and H. B.

[NOTE.—The editors would be glad to receive more contributions of this kind from the younger boys. There is no reason why the Sixth and Fifth form boys should be the only contributors to the *Chronicle*.]

Duces—Christmas, 1894.

FORM.

- VI.—Hunter, W. A.
 - Upper V.—Moore, B.
 - Lower V.—Jolly, N. W.
 - Upper IV.—Doley, G. W.
 - Lower IV.—Derrington, L. O.
 - Upper III.—Goode, A. H.
 - Middle III.—Basedow, H.
 - Lower III.—Thomas, H. C.
 - Upper II.—Noltenius, A. R.
 - Lower II.—Shortt, C. E.
 - I.—Cowan, D. R. W.
-

WE acknowledge with thanks subscriptions from the following old scholars:—
G. A. Hancock, J. G. Moseley.

The Singer's Curse.

(Translated from the German by the Sixth Form.)

In long-forgotten ages a lofty castle stood,
It frowned upon the pasture-lands, o'er valley, hill,
and wood ;

Around it flowering gardens their fragrant incense
shed,

And crystal-sparkling fountains their glittering
streams outspread.

There ruled a haughty tyrant of realms and vic-
tories vain,

There sat he pale and gloomy amid his gorgeous
train ;

Each baleful glance betokened to those 'neath his
command

Some dreadful thought, some horror, or death at
despot's hand.

By chance drew near this castle two bards of noble
mien,

One's locks were golden yellow, and one's of silv'ry
sheen ;

The elder rode a glossy steed, and held a tuneful
lyre,

The younger strode with sprightly step beside his
aged sire.

The grey old bard spake warning — "Prepare
yourself my son !

Select some martial measure and sing with mel-
lowest tone,

Bring all your strength together, give joy and pain
due part,

Our lot it is to soften this proud-king's stony
heart."

And now the bards are standing 'neath vaulted
colonnade,

The King and Queen are sitting in regal robes
arrayed—

The King in fearful splendour, frowns at the noble
pair,

The Queen looks at the singers with smile so sweet
and rare.

The ancient bard is sweeping his tuneful vibrant
strings,

A low chant full of pathos the aged harpist sings,
And then with thrilling clearness the youth takes
up the lay,

The elder's deeper accents like thunder far away.

(To be continued in our next.)

Silage and Hay-Making at Roseworthy.

This is the time for hard work—practice in
loading wagons and driving four horses in
them, working the binder, stooking, building
stacks, and last, but not least, killing snakes
to while away the time between loading.
Now that's a true snake story. Here are
some more: One Sunday morning we
killed four and cautioned several others.
Whilst stooking we killed two, and held a
post-mortem on one and found three mice
inside of it. It is needless to say they were
dead.

Now for silage-making. The crop is cut
shortly after it has flowered, because it then
is most nutritious as a food stuff. It was
allowed to lie in the paddocks for half a day,
and was carted in wagons and drays to the
ensilage pits, where it was cut with a chaff-
cutter as fast as it was brought in.
Levelling the pits gave us a chance for
showing off any gymnastic tricks that were
left in us after our day's graft, and it was
wonderful how double somersaults revived
us all. We carefully watched the ther-
mometer, and if the temperature was not
high enough—*i.e.*, above 120 degrees F.—
it meant no work till it was. It did not

take long to fill the three pits. When the temperature was right, boards were put on top and weighted down with logs, so as to exclude all the air. This silage should be fed when there is little green feed available, say from January to May. There is in all about 150 tons.

As soon as silage-making was finished our attentions were directed to hay-making. The senior students first had half a day with the binder, which we thought was not good enough, but when we had the binder to ourselves, getting out of bed at 4.30 a.m. was a pleasure. The Professor thought it very good that all the seniors could be trusted with that complicated machine after acting as assistants for a few days.

In all about 170 acres were cut for hay, and will give upwards of 360 tons of magnificent hay. It was stooked by seniors and juniors, and during one Saturday morning we did over 65 acres. The Professor had the juniors out for farm class several times, and so as not to forget the way, they spent the remaining part of the morning or evening stooking. It was good exercise, but 'tis wonderful how often we fail to properly appreciate our privileges.

The weather for hay-making this season could not have been better if it were ordered, and at present we would be pleased if it remained so until it is all stacked. It has sometimes been very hot, and it takes it out of a new chum to pitch medeat sheaves for from seven to nine hours. Mr. Grasby has drawn our attention to the strange meteorological fact that it is usually about 20 degrees

hotter in the hay field than on the cricket-ground.

The first stack was commenced on a Thursday, and we finished it on a Wednesday morning, thus completing it in four and a-half days. It contains about 85 tons of hay, and has set into a nicely-shaped stack. The next two stacks are of larger dimensions. One was built by the seniors, and holds fully 90 tons. The stack would have been an excellent one but for the barracking of the juniors, who stuck up such notices as these—"Please hold your breath when walking past!" "Prop it up gently; if it falls, wire the police!" Notwithstanding the severe strain of having to submit to such awful attempts at wit, it is setting down into a fairly good stack.

The hay is brought in on wagons and on drays, a load on the latter being the most difficult to build, because it sways to and fro, on'y the experienced loaders succeed in reaching their destination safely after having learnt by their failures. The inexperienced go out in triumph, with the burning desire animating their noble breasts to beat the record so far as big loads are concerned; they return sadder but wiser men, for the medeat disliking midair is apt to return to the ground without the loader's consent. A cry is heard, "Look out there!" and hardly are the words spoken when off comes the back of the load, and bringing the driver down, too, buried in sheaves, or else he is precipitated over the horse's head, and it is difficult to say whether he or his pride receives the greater fall. He receives no harm as our "bolters," as we call them

(because they won't run away), are generally put in the drays. If rain keeps off the stacks will be all finished by the end of this week, December 15. As we only started on November 22, I think the 370-390 tons will be stacked in extra quick time considering we are only a lot of boys as a disrespectful individual called us. When the cricket match was being played on the Oval we rushed in when work was over to see who won, and the news was quickly spread about—Princes won! Well done!

I have to grind the College organ, *i.e.* our pump 500 revolutions or I'll miss a shower in the morning. Hence my sudden stoppage. An account of thrashing, &c., will appear in your next if you are not tired of my scratchings.

L. BURING.

Balance-Sheet No. 43.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Classes	3	6	0
Old Scholars' Association	1	10	0
Subscriptions	0	8	0
	<hr/>		
	£5	4	0

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Printing	4	10	0
Wrappers and Stamps	0	5	0
Credit	0	9	0
	<hr/>		
	£5	4	0

R. ROONEY, *Hon. Manager.*

Camping Out.

The mania for camping out generally seizes us at a bad season of the year. We must set off immediately, and accordingly we allow ourselves so short a time before starting that it is impossible to get everything ready. All we think of is "camping out," and we have no idea what to do when we are camping out.

Last midwinter my brother and I were found to be no exception to the rule. One Monday morning we thought we would like to camp out. We immediately put our guns and ammunition together, packed up our rugs, tent, and old boots, then rushed to head-quarters to find out whether we could go or not.

We so took them by surprise that they would not think of it. They said there were no provisions ready, perhaps it would rain, perhaps on our arrival at our camping-place the owner of the land would take us to the police court for trespassing; but by degrees we argued and gained our point. One was sent to get a horse in the spring-cart, while the other gathered as many provisions as he could "lay hands on." So about 4 p.m. we set out for the side of Lake Alexandrina, and after much jolting and bumping arrived at our destination. We intended to pitch our camp on a small rise about half a mile from the lake shore, but only a few hundred yards from a large lagoon which comes out of the lake. In due time we had our tent and traps unloaded, and began to erect our tent. When the tent was nearly up, and my

brother was inside, I succeeded in pulling the whole affair about his ears, which caused him much annoyance. At last we got it up, and having stowed all away snugly, began to boil our "billy." Tea passed off very well, and although the chops were covered in ashes, we both declared them excellent. At about 9.30 p.m. we retired to rest.

I had not long been in the land of dreams before I was roused by a most unearthly roaring. When I was quite awake and had severely lumped my head against the tent-pole, I found that my brother was nearly knocking his head off in his attempts to relieve himself of a large bull-ant. There was very little more rest for us that night, the place seemed to be swarming with these creatures. At daybreak we discovered a large nest of them just outside our door. After breakfast we moved our tent to a more peaceful position, and were not again troubled by them. Our next thought was for ducks. So we borrowed a dingy from a fisherman and proceeded down the lagoon; but although we rowed to every part of the sheet of water we could find none. Therefore we came to the conclusion we had better return to camp and wait for the evening.

As we had some time to spare we tried our hand at fancy cooking. The frying-pan was brought out with some butter and eggs. After having nearly smothered the pan in butter, we tried breaking the eggs into it. The first egg slipped gracefully into the fire, and in my effort to save it the pan caught fire. This was quickly put out, and we

tried again; but when the pan was ready, we found our eggs were quite flat, as my brother had been sitting on them. This time we gave it up and did not again try "fancy cooking."

When the moon rose we went to some waterholes near the lake and fared much better than in the morning. After much banging and splashing we returned to camp at about 11 o'clock with 14 ducks and a swan in our bag. The next morning it simply poured, and we were confined to our tent; but still we were not without something to do. We plucked the ducks, had dinner, and when it cleared up about 4 o'clock we went rabbit shooting. We soon tired of this sport as the rabbits were so numerous after the rain that we could almost knock them over with sticks.

At about half-past seven we again went to the waterholes, and we found game much more numerous than on the previous evening. The ducks came thick and fast till about 9 o'clock, when they gave place to swans and plovers. We captured the plover by placing a dead duck close to the edge of the water. The plover being very inquisitive came to see what it was, and were easily shot.

I do not think either of us ever slept better than we did that night, and it was late next morning before we rose. After a plunge in the lake we had breakfast, and took the rifle and one gun and went in search of large game. We wasted many rounds of ammunition, but succeeded in bagging a few ibis and swans, and returned to camp for lunch. We had arranged to

be home in time for tea on Wednesday, so we harnessed up our "neddy," packed our tent and other articles in the cart, and set out.

Although this may not appear to have been very enjoyable, yet even the sense of being free to act as one likes is pleasant, and cooking your own meals has its own charms.

H. H. FORMBY.

Blunders.

The latest list of examination blunders published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is a good one. "A drought is a thing cows drink out of," said one pupil, evidently beguiled by the similar spelling of "drought" and "trough." Said others:—"Geography is that part of speech which tell us about a noun." "A post-card was sent to King Edward in Palestine telling him of his father's death." "What was Levi doing by the Lake of Galilee?—Collecting the taxes on goods that came into England." There is in the next pair a delightful single-mindedness that ought to disarm an examiner—"What was the first act of Richard I. when he came to the throne?—To put his stockings on." "Where was Magna Charta signed?—At the bottom." Finally, says the *Pall Mall*, one pupil of exceptional promise asserts that when Henry VIII. asked Wolsey if he should marry Anne Boleyn, the great Cardinal replied, "You have the right sow by the ear."

The Boat Race.

The race for the College Shield is now a thing of the past. On the morning of Saturday, March 30, the event took place on the Port river.

A pleasant day, calm water, and an ebbing tide were the conditions under which the great struggle was started. Both the crews were at their posts in splendid time. From the very start our rivals took the lead, and every stroke lengthened the distance between the boats. At the finishing place (opposite the first beacon) the blues were about 9 lengths to the good.

Our boys rowed very pluckily, roused to greater efforts by the encouraging cheers of their supporters who lined the beach; but the perfect condition of the Saints coupled with their great weight told severely against us. We were beaten, and fairly beaten too, by a better crew. Still, 'tis better to have rowed and lost than never to have rowed at all." Three times have we entered for this race; thrice it has been ours to endure defeat. What conclusions are to be drawn?

In the first place we admire the boys who so pluckily made up a crew. They felt from the first that they were taking up a hopeless task, but that it would be a shame to drop ignominiously out of the contest. They rowed their very best, and more than this no boy can do. Not only have they been physically benefited by their exertions, but their whole nature has been raised by "pulling together in the same boat."

Secondly, it is absolutely certain that, unless we wish to have a repetition of the

past three races, we must be up and doing. Seven weeks is not enough to acquire the style and condition necessary for a race like this. Steady constant preparatory practice all through the summer is quite as essential to good rowing as to good cricket. Boat, water, and boys are at hand—why delay till the event is upon us? We must make up our minds to take up systematically organised rowing if the palm of victory is to be ours. Our rivals were exceptionally fortunate in having a crew that had kept together so long, but this only serves to show us that the earlier start we make the better our chance of coming first.

In conclusion, great praise is due to Mr. Bayly, our coach, who, directly after the Christmas vacation, took upon himself the responsibility of again forming and training a crew for this great event. From first to last he was untiring in his zeal to instil the principles of good rowing into the minds of his crew. Although he well knew from the very beginning that a win would not be our lot, he did all in his power to make the race a success. We hope Mr. Bayly will not be discouraged at the successive losses of our crews, and that better results will accrue from his indefatigable labors in this direction in the near future.

The names and weights of the crews are as follow :—

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.		PRINCE ALFRED COLLEGE.	
	st. lb.		st. lb.
1. Gosse, J. ...	10 10	1. Wiltshire, J.T.	9 11
2. Jones, E. ..	11 10	2. Harrington, H.	9 13
3. Padula, G. V.	12 6	3. Rooney, S.	11 3
Str. Heseltine, G.	11 4	Str. Royal, I.H.C.	10 9
Cox, Heseltine, A.		Cox, Hill, L.	

Football Meeting.

On Thursday afternoon, March 28, a meeting was held in the Lower Fifth Classroom to elect secretaries and a committee for the approaching football season. T. Cragen was elected as day boys' and T. Wiltshire as boarders' secretary, both having a great majority of votes. For the remaining four places on the committee there was a large number of candidates, of whom H. Hill, R. Rooney, H. Cowan, and R. G. Nesbit were elected. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Sunter.

"Chronicle" Meeting.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 6, a meeting to elect new officers and committee was held in the Lower Sixth Classroom, over which Mr. Chapple presided. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring committee.

The following committee were elected :—
Mr. Sunter, S. Verco, A. Paton, W. Kelly, and R. G. Nesbit. Manager, R. Rooney.

Cricket.

Willow and cane, nothing but that—
Oh! but it's glorious swinging the bat!
Leather and thread, there you have all—
Oh! but it's glorious gripping the ball!
Grass at our feet and the sun overhead,
Here let us play till the evening is red;
Then to our dinner, and lustily sing—
Cricket's the King of Games, Cricket is King!

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