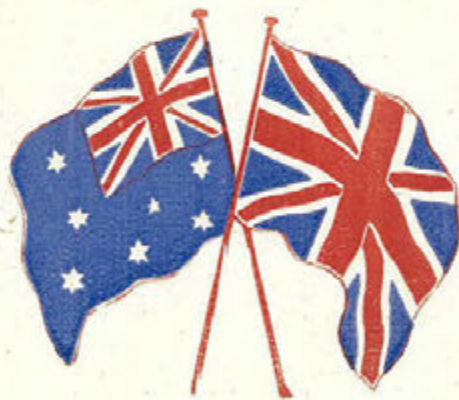


Prince Alfred College Chronicle



SPECIAL NUMBER

ISSUED TO COMMEMORATE THE

Departure of Prince Alfred College Boys

IN THE

S. A. Mounted Contingent,

Who left for South Africa, January 26, 1900

Prince Alfred College Chronicle

UBI NON EST SCIENTIA ANIMÆ NON EST BONUM.

VOL. VI.—No. 64.

ADELAIDE, MARCH 30, 1900.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

Notes.

Recoquant patrios fornacibus enses
Classica jamque sonant; it bello tessera signum.
ÆNEID VII, 636.

No events have ever stirred the national life of Australia to such a depth as have the events associated with the departure of the colonial troops to take part in the South African campaign. The wave of enthusiasm which they have created has penetrated almost every social and political institution of our colony, and amongst others it has swept into our Old Collegians' Association with irresistible energy.

It is hard to estimate the full effect which this enthusiasm has had on our Association or indeed on any other individual society. The meeting which this issue of the *Chronicle* commemorates evidenced something of it, and that meeting was of great value to us for it leaves with us the memory of an occasion which was marked by whole-souled enthusiastic patriotism—a matter in itself of no small moment—and it has kindled a live interest in the affairs of our body such as nothing had ever done before, and which we believe will be felt while the Association exists.

But we do not believe that the matter either begins or ends there. The quickening influence of the events of the last few months has made better men of us in every way, and the Association must necessarily feel the effect of the improvement. The same sentiments which have been responsible for such a splendid exhibition of patriotism on the part of the nation have entered into the hearts of our members as such.

It has often been said that there is a lack of historic background to Australian life; that in Australia we miss the inspiration of the historic associations that are met with on every hand in older lands. However true this may have been in the past there is no doubt that time is rapidly remedying the defect. Already Australia is beginning to live as a nation, to play a part in the affairs of the Empire, and to take a share in those events which go so far to build up and inspire a national character.

Though we deplore the terrible consequences of the present war, though we mourn with those who have lost their friends and kindred in the conflict, yet we cannot help feeling that associated with the evil of the war have

been many things for which we have reason to be proud and thankful. The magnificent response of the colonies to the call of the Empire has called forth unsparing eulogy from every quarter. Never before had there been an occasion that required a sacrifice on the part of Australia for the Empire, and there may have been many who doubted whether under the somewhat cynical and careless Australian character any true patriotism could have had opportunity to develop. But when the occasion came the latent fires burst forth in a manner which has astonished the world and demonstrated beyond a doubt that we are fit to take our place as sons of the Empire.

We cannot say much about the future. That is in wiser and better hands than ours. We can only act as our hearts and consciences dictate; and we are prepared to take the full responsibility of what the future may bring. Australians are single-hearted in this matter. They have cast in their lot with the Empire and with the Empire they will stand in victory or in sorrow.

It is remarkable, and may be rich with suggestion for us that Shakespeare shows us Henry V. on the eve of Agincourt praying humbly and fervently for two gifts—courage for his men, mercy or himself; but not for victory, nor indeed for anything as to the result of the coming battle.

“O God of battles! steel my soldiers’ hearts!

Possess them not with fear! Take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord,

O not to-day, think not upon the fault My father made in compassing the crown.

I Richard’s body have interred new; And on it have bestowed more contrite tears

Than from it issued forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, Who twice a day their wither’d hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard’s soul. More will I do;

Though all that I can do is nothing worth;

Since that my penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.”

Yet when the battle is over and Henry has won a marvellous victory we see him—

“Being free from vainness and self glorious pride;

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, Quite from himself to God.”

Editorial.

We issue this Special Number of the *Chronicle* as a record and souvenir of a memorable event. The fact that Great Britain was face to face with an enemy in serious war called forth from the wide-stretching members of her great Empire, as by healthy reflex action, emphatic utterances of the wish to share in the defence of the nation's common honor and common weal. The wish being allowed to work its natural way into deeds, its heartiness was further shown by the readiness with which large numbers of men voluntarily offered their strength, and if need should be their lives, to the service of their country. From such volunteers troops were quickly organised and trained, and South Australia's contingent of Mounted Rifles was to sail away on Friday, January 26, from their homeland to the land of battles.

That contingent includes a goodly proportion of Prince Alfred College "Old Boys" in its ranks of "Officers, non-commissioned-officers, and men," and on the eve of their embarkation as many other old collegians as were able met to bid them fond and admiring farewells, and to join with them in outward expressions as they had already joined with them in heart.

The many aspects of the occasion have been so well dealt with by the speakers whose words we report that

we do not need to say much of them in this column. Our *alma mater's* breast may heave with just pride as she beholds the results of the training she has given her sons. Readiness for duty is, as Carlyle said, of genius "ever a secret to itself," and probably no one of "our" soldiers consciously reasoned himself into enlisting because he was an old Prince Alfred College boy. None the less may the college-mother of each and every one of us his brothers feel deeply the honor his act has done to her, and through her to us. Rich is the life that is wholly willing to give itself up in patriotic duty. Happy is every mother who has fashioned a life which has shown that willingness.

To say of the meeting that it was most cordial and enthusiastic must seem to those who were present but a weak attempt to describe it. High appreciation and earnest goodwill were expressed in every form, and the scene will long live in inspiring recollections in all who took part in it. Lieutenant Rowell and his band of Old Reds were sent away fully assured of our great esteem, our confidence, the brightness of our hopes, and our every good wish; and also we trust of our readiness to give them all the support, moral or substantial, that they shall ever need.

We would not close without a word of delight at the brotherly way in which the old boys greeted the name of "our rivals, yet dear friends, the Blue-



LIEUTENANT F. M. ROWELL

and-Whites." We are grateful to know that at a similar meeting, held the same evening, Old Saint Peter's Boys cheered the name of the Reds with at least equal fervour. Lieutenant Rowell told us he was proud of his No. 3 troop, which is chiefly formed of old P.A.C. and S.P.S.C. boys. Those who have promoted, and those who have taken part in the many contests between "Saints" and "Princes" in examination-room and play-ground must feel that these contests are fulfilling their own *raison d'être*: that they are like the tournaments of chivalry, whole-hearted and thorough battles while they last, yet ever welding more firmly the bonds of friendship and making the jousts fitter to fight side by side in the higher common cause. The "Blues," by the way, will value our cheers none the less because it happened that they were led by Mr. Chapple (our much respected and beloved Headmaster of over twenty years standing) in the fulness of his pride for his own Reds. If there is one man outside "our contingent" whose feelings on the occasion we covet it is Mr. Chapple.

We have said our farewells to our brave citizen soldiers. We calmly wait the issue of the war. Should any one of our boys find his resting-place upon the battlefield his memory will live in the loving envy of his comrades,

and in the affectionate admiration of us all. God grant them—as they wish—opportunity, if the war last long enough, to show the stuff of which they are made; and—as we wish—a safe return of every one for that "royal welcome home," which in Mr. Webb's able and appropriate poem we have promised them, and which we will most heartily give them.

The Social.

This issue of the *Chronicle* is to be special, to commemorate one event only, in many senses the most striking and important that has occurred since Prince Alfred College began to be, viz., the starting of some of our old boys for the seat of war, in patriotic brave response to the call of their country.

To put matters in historical order: The Head Master called on Mr. Chinner, the President of the Old Boys' Association, about January 19, to learn what could be done to give our brave boys a "send-off." Not finding Mr. Chinner "at home," and learning from the newspapers that all festivities had been stopped by order of the Commandment because of Dr. Napier's accident, he took no further steps in the matter. However, Mr. Chinner took it up without knowing what the Head Master

had done, and sent the following letter to the camp :—

“ REDS CAN'T BE BEAT ”

(College war cry).

28, Pirie Street, Adelaide,

January 23, 1900.

Dear Lieut. Rowell,

On behalf of Prince Alfred College Old Scholars' Association I wish you on your departure with the Second Contingent, God-speed, service with honor, and a triumphant return to home and friends. We all feel proud that one of P.A.C.'s old boys has been placed in such a position of trust and responsibility—a position which will enable him to perform grand service in the cause of Freedom, Liberty, and the Empire. We all admire the pluck and patriotism which have induced you to volunteer for service, and pray that the God whom we all acknowledge may be with you and protect you while in the paths of duty.

Yours truly,

J. H. CHINNER,

President P.A.C.O.C.A.

P.S.—If there be any other old boys with you in the Contingent, give them our best wishes and let me have their names.

The following reply was promptly returned :—

Military Camp,

January 25, 1900.

Dear Mr. Chinner,

Allow me on behalf of Troopers

Brown, Sanders, Moore, Sobels, Lance-Corporal Rowell, and myself to thank the P.A.C. Old Scholars' Association through you for the hearty congratulations conveyed to us on our being selected to go with the S.A. Mounted Rifles Contingent for service in South Africa. We esteem it a position of great trust and responsibility, and it is the determination of each one of us to do our duty for the British Empire as we did to uphold the honor of Prince Alfred College, and may the College motto, “ Reds can't be beat,” be our experience throughout the campaign.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

FRANK M. ROWELL, Lieut.

Mr. Chapple had meanwhile been consulted by Mr. Chinner, and had spent two afternoons at the camp. The President, well aided by Mr. Fuller the Hon. Sec., had made all arrangements for a grand gathering to be held. The notice was exceedingly short, but over a hundred old boys and the President of the College met at Beach's Rooms on January 25th, 1900.

The Chairman, Mr. J. H. CHINNER, in opening, said — No apology was needed for calling you together at this hour. The occasion warranted it. (Cheers.) This gathering is unique in the history of our Association. In every sphere of life—at the University, in the professional and commercial



TROOPER M. R. NEWMAN



TROOPER ARTHUR J. LEE



TROOPER O. C. SOBELS



TROOPER A. H. MOORE

world, in sports] and in pastimes, P.A.C. boys held their own, and I make bold to say that in the grim realities of war the honor of the Empire, the honor of Australia, and last but not least the honor of Prince Alfred College will be worthily upheld by Lieut. Rowell and his comrades in arms. (Loud cheering.) I am proud of the opportunity of introducing to you all Lieut. Rowell. (Amidst enthusiastic cheering each member was then introduced).

The Prince Alfred members of the Contingent present were—Lieutenant F. M. Rowell, Lance-Corporal T. H. Rowell, and Troopers H. W. Brown (Bertie), O. C. Sobels, A. H. Moore, and F. G. Sanders, and as each man was introduced to the gathering by the President he was most enthusiastically cheered. Other old Reds unfortunately not able to be present as the notice was so short, were—Arthur J. Lee, M. R. Newman, A. Douglas Stock, and Herbert A. Tolmer.

The first toast honored was of course "The Queen." THE CHAIRMAN said the toast of the Queen was no formal one at such a time. If there be one heart filled to overflowing with suspense, sympathy, and sorrow, it is that of our beloved sovereign. "God Save the Queen" was no empty prayer. (Cheers.) From our hearts we must all fervently desire that she, at the end of her long reign—a reign without

parallel in history—may see the British Empire consolidated and extended, and peace and prosperity in every part of her vast dominions. The National Anthem was then sung and cheers given for the Queen.

THE CHAIRMAN next proposed "His Excellency the Governor," and said—Gentlemen, there is another loyal toast we will all heartily drink. Lord and Lady Tennyson have done much upon many occasions to touch the hearts of the people, but when they, following the best traditions of Imperial Governors, marched at the head of the First Contingent through the streets of Port Adelaide to the wharf, they endeared themselves to all patriotic South Australians. The toast was received with enthusiasm.

MR. J. W. GRASBY, proposed the toast of "Our Forces in South Africa." He said,—You will all agree with me when I say that we are all proud of our forces in South Africa. Proud of what they have done, proud of what they are doing, and what we believe they will do. We have all read of the splendid actions of our troops, of the heroic deeds they have done, of the gallant charges of the Scottish Highlanders, the Irish Fusileers, the Devons, and the rest, and as we have read, the blood has gone tingling to our very finger tips, and we have felt some of the martial spirit which animated these brave men. We are justly proud of the splendid



officers who command them, and here I would ask you to couple with the toast the names of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Commander in Chief; Lord Kitchener, Chief of Staff; General Sir Redvers Buller; and the other Generals: men to whom self is nothing, but duty and devotion everything. We have seen how the flower of England have offered for service in every capacity, from general to private; how men with wealth, palatial homes, and everything calculated to make life attractive, have left all, and for what? Not altogether for honor, but for duty, duty to their Queen and Country, devotion to the cause of freedom. We honor these splendid men, and we are proud to think that these are the men of which the British nation is composed. We are proud to think we belong to the same nation, and that the glorious spirit which animates them animates us. And, gentlemen, whilst we glory in the heroic deeds of our troops, we also glory in their big-hearted generous sympathy to friend or foe. You have all read with moistened eyes that pathetic account of the Highland dead. You have also read with throbbing hearts of the many noble deeds of kindness and attention in hospital and on the field. How the generous man has helped the wounded enemy, all bitterness forgotten, and nothing but sympathy left, with no desire to sit on

a fallen foe. These, gentlemen, are the men we are all proud of, and to whom I now ask you to drink..

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. C. CATT, in responding, said — I feel very highly honored in having to respond to such an important toast. I am confident I am but echoing the feelings of all present in saying that our troops so far have done splendid work, when we take into consideration that they are fighting in a country quite different from any that the British forces have been in for many years, with perhaps the exception of the northern frontier of India, also remembering that against them they have not alone the plucky Boers, but some of the ablest strategists from Germany, France, and other nations. I feel that it is very unfair to criticise at this distance from the scene of operations, and if we knew more there is no doubt in my mind that in many cases our criticism would be turned to praise. That our soldiers have a difficult task before them we all admit; still, with such experienced generals as Lords Roberts and Kitchener, General Buller, and not forgetting General White and Colonel Baden-Powell, I have faith to believe that soon will the flag we all love so much be flying in Pretoria. It is a pleasing thought to me that this war has drawn and is drawing the motherland nearer and nearer in spirit to her colonies. When we consider that



LIEUTENANT H. F. DARLING

shoulder to shoulder we have troops from Great Britain, Canadians, South African warriors, volunteers from Australasia, fighting—and soon Ceylon and India will be represented—this alone must be an eye-opener to the world. On behalf of all these I thank Mr. Grasby for the kind things he has said in proposing this toast and you all for the way in which you have honored it. Before taking my seat, with your permission, Mr. President, I should like to wish good luck to the brave fellows who are leaving our shores tomorrow. To Mr. Rowell and his P.A.C. contingent my prayer is—"God be with you, and may you return crowned with glory."

MR. H. A. PARSONS, LL.B., in proposing the toast of "The South Australian Contingent, said—The toast I am entrusted with is one that everywhere throughout the English-speaking world is sure to be well received, but perhaps particularly so by this gathering and at this time. (Cheers.) Already 125 of our brother colonists, under the command of Captain Howland, have left our shores and are at the front, and although we have not yet heard of their exploits, we may be quite sure that they are doing their duty as members of the great Australian Brigade of the British Army and as "Soldiers of the Queen." (Cheers.)

To-night we are on the eve of despatching another contingent—100 men and officers, some of whom are present (cheers), are off to-morrow by the *Surrey* to join their comrades. We are specially interested in them (cheers), and the occasion is momentous and the hour an anxious one, and while we bid them a hearty God-speed and hope for their safe return we give them a sacred charge—the honor of South Australia. Let them guard and keep it safely (a voice—They will). Recently there have been suggestions of disloyalty among some of our colonists, and it has been time and again asserted that there are many traitors in the German section of our population. I don't for a moment believe it. (Cheers.) Of course there are black sheep in every flock, but none of us believe that the dwellers in our German villages, who to a great extent in many cases owe their lives, their happiness, and their fortunes to the fact that South Australia has adopted them, are anything but loyal to the British Crown. (Hear, hear.) If any proof of this is required look at the roll of volunteers for the South Australian Contingents and you will there see the names of well-known German families (cheers), and the best proof of all is that in the Second Contingent is an old Prince Alfred boy who is also a German. (Cheers and cries for "Sobels." Mr. Sobels bowed his acknowledge-

ment.) Well, here's to you, you 225
absent-minded beggars and your officers—

Go to your work and be strong, halting
not in your ways,

Baulking the end half won for 'an
instant dole of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain
of sword and pen,

Who are neither children nor Gods,
but men in a world of men.

(Cheers).

LIEUTENANT ROWELL, who was received with the intensest enthusiasm, feelingly responded, thanking the President for the pleasure that gathering had given him and all his comrades, and saying they would never forget it. It would cheer them on and nerve them when they needed it. He knew it was no picnic or play they were going to, but they meant to do their best to give a good account of themselves. It seemed to them duty, and they meant to do it.

MR. N. A. WEBB, LL.B., then recited the following verses which he had composed for the occasion:—

TO OUR BOYS.

Though we may not know what the
future holds,

Or sorrow or victory,

We know that our boys will stand
their test,

For like Briton's sons they'll do their
best,

And a waiting nation will leave the rest
To the God of the brave and free.

We'll follow you, boys, with our best
goodwill

To the land where our kinsmen
bled,

When you camp in the shade of Majuba
Hill,

Where their blanching bones lie white
and chill,

Our hearts with yours will pulse and
thrill

At the thought of the silent dead.

In the distant camp, through the toil-
some march,

You will show your native worth;

On the lonely veldt when the hot winds
blow,

When the sun goes down and the lights
burn low,

Your hearts will beat and your eyes
will glow

For the land that gave you birth.

You'll remember the pluck of the men
who formed

The land that you love so well;

There's a grit that runs in Australian
blood

That will carry a man through flame
or flood,

And we know that blood will tell.

You'll remember the race from which
you sprung—

The men of the *thin red line*;

And you'll show to the world that Aus-
tralians stand



LANCE-CORPORAL T. H. ROWELL



TROOPER F. G. SANDERS



TROOPER A. DOUGLAS STOCK



TROOPER H. W. BROWN

With undaunted heart and unfaltering
hand
For their kith and their kin in a
stranger land
 When the Empire's sons com-
bine.

* * * * *

You go to the war, but the day will be
 When back to the dear old home,
Back to the home in the South Countree,
The Australian boys from o'er the sea
 Will gather and gaily come.

And we pledge you a *royal welcome home*
 From every Australian son ;
For our hearts will beat with a martial
pride,
When our boys come back from over
the tide
 On the day when their work is
done.

MR. A. W. PIPER proposed "Our Prince Alfred College Contingent." He said—There could hardly be a more fitting introduction to this toast than Mr. Webb's fine recitation. I am proud it has fallen to me to propose this toast ; the occasion is unique in the history of a life, a nation, or a school. We have met not that we can do honor to our members in the Contingent, but to do honor to ourselves—(cheers)—to identify ourselves with those who are going to the war, and to show our appreciation for them and our sympathy with them in such a way

that they may carry and keep with them kindly and cheering thoughts of "the old folks at home." (Cheers.) This budding nation's history has been one of unbroken peace. Her sons have always been used to exercise the arts of peace, to some extent to enjoy the luxury and ease of peace, and last but not least to delight in the recreations of peace. But it was

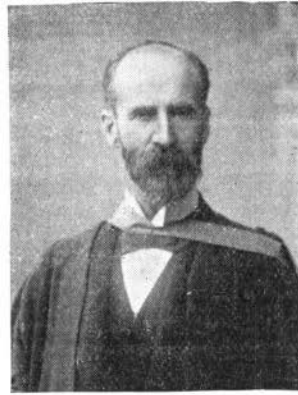
No peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white languors to recline and cease.

At the call of duty, at the promptings of honor, at the call of National Brotherhood, the sons of our country rise as full of vigor, as energetic, as full of heart and courage as any of those who all their lives have found

 Their dearest action in the tented field.

(Loud cheers.) We are no enervated lotos-eaters, but as occasion calls can send forth men into a world of men. I congratulate Prince Alfred College, who has sent out her sons into practically every honorable walk of peaceful life, on now finding them willing and even anxious to go forth as soldiers to uphold the honor of the old flag and help to maintain the prestige of the Empire. (Cheers.) Coming more closely to the subject of the toast, I congratulate the Contingent on being mounted—(hear, hear)—because that will probably lead to more and larger opportunities for great and useful service. Our sure knowledge of our boys

is that they will always be found full of loyalty and bravery. (Cheers, and a voice — That goes without saying.) Not only the ready daring—useful and fine as it is—which when the blood is hot will rush headlong upon the foe, but the deeper courage also, which when the blood is cooler, when the excitement of the day is waned, when danger is more prominent to the senses, will stand by a wounded comrade and help the helpless. (Cheers.) Our hope for them is that they may have opportunities to cover themselves with glory. We can trust them to avail themselves of the opportunities if they get them. (Cheers.) At the same time we know that they will do their duty with equal fidelity whether placed conspicuously before the world, or in modest and obscure posts of service. (Cheers.) We wish them a safe return. (Cheers.) That is a matter which I know is secondary in their thoughts. More in harmony with their wishes, I will add, we wish their return shall be not too speedy a one. (“Hear, hear,” from members of the Contingent.) We will give them a “royal welcome home.” One word more, and that is to make them a promise. They shall have our good wishes, our confidence, and kindest thought. They shall have our moral support and sympathy, and if practical help shall be required, I promise—in your name—that they shall have it. (Loud cheers.)



THE HEAD MASTER (Frederic Chapple, Esq., B.A., B.Sc.) supported the toast, and after accounting for the reason why earlier steps had not been taken for this gathering, said he might be considered to represent those at present in the school—the school as it is to-day—and he wanted to say to the old boys that were going to fight for Queen and country, to drive enemies off British land which they had dared to invade — “We are proud of you. (Loud cheers.) A public school ought to produce such as you. It ought to teach its boys to look down upon selfishness and self-seeking; and to reverence, esteem, and cultivate bravery and patriotism—the readiness to help others and to defend the right.” He pointed to the fact that the significant emblem displayed everywhere in our land to-day was Red, White, and Blue, and he reminded us that at one of the Old Boys’ dinners his esteemed prede-

cessor (the late Mr. Hartley) had after a little genial banter about "Reds can't be beat," said—"Let us be glad to hear too 'Blues can't be beat,'" and had gone on to say it was significant that the two ribbons together made Red, White, and Blue—the colors of the British navy and of the Union Jack all over the world, and he trusted that whenever in any department South Australia needed sons worthy of her she would find the boys of her two great public schools stand shoulder to shoulder and do and dare together. Mr. Chapple pointed out that Mr. Hartley's prescient hope had now at least one grand fulfilment. They all knew that at a similar gathering to-night the Blues would say "Farewell" to their old boys, and he felt sure that every Red going to the war felt a tie binding him in close comradeship to the Blues that were going, and he called upon the meeting to give three cheers for the Saint Peter's boys in the Contingent. (Every one in the room sprang to his feet and made the room ring again.) The Head Master resumed by saying—I know there are some who say you would be right in fighting for the defence of your own land, but why go to distant South Africa to take part in the struggle there. I maintain that you are fighting for your country, fighting for this homeland and birthland of most of you. The best thing ever done for its defence has been to show

the world that the colonies are a source of strength to the Empire. Hands all round, enemies will respect us more, England will love us more. England will help us ungrudgingly for the brave deeds our contingents are doing and will do. We are no longer even mother and daughter; we are partners in Empire, brothers in arms. (Loud cheers.) But perhaps after all it is better often to act upon generous impulses when they come—they come rarely enough—to act right away when true instinct prompts: not to stay to analyse motives. So I must tell you that those at school now will watch you, hope about you, confidently trust that you will do your duty and be true. May I say one further word, which everyone in this room wants to have said, and yet perhaps no one but myself would be allowed to say: We shall not only watch your course, trust you and believe in you, we shall *pray* for you. (Cries of "Yes" and "Hear, hear.") Each morning while you are away as at half-past nine the reverent words of prayer close the daily service some of you remember so well, we shall ask the Good Father in heaven to help you in doing your duty, and if it be His gracious will to keep you safe and bring you soon back home again to us. He is the God of battles, he is on the side of justice and righteousness, and he will give victory to the cause you go to fight for and will be with you to the

end. The Head Master said he would like to have spoken of reminiscences of Lieutenant Rowell in the football field, of Brown in the boat, &c., but must forbear. He resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

LIEUTENANT ROWELL said that as he had already spoken he would leave it to his comrades to reply, but he would add that one of the pleasures of his command was to find so many old P.A.C.s and old St. Peters in No. 3 company. For intelligence, for knowledge of their duties and readiness to perform them they were second to none.

TROOPER BROWN in replying to the toast to our "P.A.C. Contingent" hoped that his comrades and himself would uphold the honor of Australia and the College. If ever they were placed in a tight corner they would emulate the example of some old boys of a well-known English school who were comrades in arms in an English regiment with disaster apparently in front of them their rallying cry was *Floreat Etona*, with that they rushed the position and carried it. "Reds to the front" will be their cry. (Cheers). The other members of the Contingent present in turn spoke of their love of the old school, and said that this meeting would give them additional inspiration and resolve to do their best.

MR. G. M. EVAN then proposed "The Press." He said—I have been asked to propose the toast of the press,

but before I deal with the toast that has been allotted to me I ask you to allow me to make one or two remarks about the occasion which has called us together. Sir! I feel proud that I am a Prince Alfred boy to-night, and I have many reasons for being proud. I felt proud when I heard Mr. Webb recite those stirring verses composed by himself. I felt prouder still when I heard my friend Mr. Piper, whom I hope some day to see leader of the South Australian Bar, propose the toast of the Contingent in the eloquent terms which fell from his lips. I felt prouder still when I heard that toast supported by our beloved Head Master in his splendid speech, and I feel proudest of all that I am a Prince Alfred boy to-night, because there are some of our number who have obeyed the call of duty and are going out to fight for their Queen and Empire in South Africa. Sir, this is a great occasion for our school, and one which fills us all with enthusiasm and pride. The toast which has been given to me is the toast of "The Press," and I am sure you will all agree with me that we have reason to be proud of our two daily papers in South Australia. To them we are indebted for the full and accurate reports of events which are transpiring at the front. The celerity with which they supply us with that news is a credit to them and to the colony. We are told that the press is a means of educating the

people, and we may all be satisfied when we reflect that the education of the people of South Australia in social and political matters is in the hands of such splendidly conducted papers as the *Register* and *Advertiser*. I believe that they are the best conducted papers in Australia (a voice—In the world!) Well the world is a large place, but we are not afraid of any comparison. May I specially refer to the Shilling Fund of the *Register*, a noble effort in a noble cause. I ask you to charge your glasses and drink to the toast of the press coupled with the names of the *Register* and *Advertiser*, on the staffs of which are so many old boys.

LIEUTENANT BONYTHON in responding thanked the meeting for the hearty way the proposal had been received. He was proud of being an old P.A.C. boy, and never more so than at the present time. With regard to Lieutenant Rowell, he had known him at the old school, and later on when he (Rowell) served under him as a gunner in the Machine Gun Corps, and afterwards as a junior subaltern. He knew Mr. Rowell's abilities both as a soldier and an officer, and a more capable man to fill the important post he now occupied it would be difficult to find. Lieutenant Rowell was an excellent horseman, and that was the first qualification in a mounted corps.

And so the meeting ended, though

not till after many a hearty hand-shake, a giving of autographs, and many another token of manly good-fellowship.

Jottings.

In addition to old boys in the Second Contingent, Prince Alfred College will be represented at the front by Private S. R. Jones (First Contingent), and Lieutenant H. F. Darling, from Geraldton, who is with the First W.A. unit. H. J. Harrington, W. Allen, E. Davis, R. Tate, and W. J. Cowan are with the Bushmen and the Australian Imperial Corps.



TROOPER H. J. HARRINGTON



PRIVATE S. R. JONES

An old boy in W.A. has sent the following interesting communication:— On February 3 the S.S. *Surrey* called at Fremantle, W.A., with the N.S.W. and S.A. units on board for the war in South Africa, to take on the W.A. unit. The W.A. Contingent was on the point of embarkation and the crowd on the pier was very large and enthusiastic in their final shoutings of farewells. Suddenly I heard a shout from one of the spectators exhorting one of the soldiers to remember St. Peter's College, and to let his cry at the battle-front be "Go

in St. Peters." Almost involuntarily, remembering old times, I shouted, "Go in Princes," and no sooner had I done so than several members of the S.A. Contingent came to the side of the vessel and shouted, "Yes! Go in Princes." This lively shouting could be heard above all the din of singing "Rule Britannia," &c., and as the vessel was steaming off in the distance the old rival shouts were distinctly heard by me across the water. I couldn't help thinking of the last verse of the cricket song we used to sing on Speech Day—

And when our schooldays end boys,
And in life's game we play,
We'll stick together then boys,
Just as we do to-day.
And may they do so, God blessing
them and protecting them.

—

Lieutenant H. F. Darling has been specially mentioned for courageously rescuing his captain, riding out while Captain Moor was walking exposed to a heavy fire, taking him up on his horse and bringing him safely into the British lines.

—

One old P.A.C. is taking part in the heroic defence of Mafeking—Hedley Tarlton.