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Editorial.

The Public School spirit, and love for one's school, are spoken of more particularly in relation to those who have left school long ago for the greater world outside, but do we have to leave before we learn to love our College? Our Alma Mater has had many worthy sons who have upheld her honour, and whose names are consequently written large upon the scroll of time. Noble men and women who did much for the School in the beginning of its history; those who were present at the historic laying of the foundation stone of the first building in 1867, who spent their time and substance in making the School what it is—surely they had the love for School above all else, but have we?

When the Great War came, her sons responded nobly to their country's call, deeming no sacrifice too great in the cause of liberty, serving their school by serving their country. These have their memorial in the buildings in course of erection, and now is the time for us to emulate the actions of the pioneers of our School. With all our advantages, would it speak well for us if we left the burden of the expense of our war memorial to posterity to bear? Have we less spirit than our fathers? Let us answer that question by our actions, and see that the efforts of those who are working towards the Fête this year do not lack any support we can give them.

School Notes.

The outstanding event of the term was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Memorial Buildings by His Excellency the Governor on July 21st. As a school we were delighted to have the honour of the presence of His Excellency and Lady Bridges on that occasion to grace our function, and thank them warmly for

their help. To all who by their help or presence assisted to make the day so successful, we tender heartiest thanks. From all sides we have received nothing but the kindest and most generous comments about it. The Foundation Stone gifts amounted to a little over £1400. The boys of the Senior School contributed £25 10s.; those of the Preparatory School £15.

During the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Australasia, the School was visited by many members interested in educational activities in other states. Among them we were especially pleased to welcome Dr. Prescott, Headmaster of Newington College, Sydney, and to have Rev. John Grove and Dr. Battye of Perth as guests. All were especially interested in the Memorial Buildings, and expressed commendation of their scope and purpose.

The following are the results obtained at this year's examination in woolclassing:—

First year:—First Class—L. D. Miell, J. T. Drew, and M. H. Tiver. Second Class—R. E. McWaters. Third Class—A. B. Polkinghorne.

Second year:—Second Class—R. R. Crossing and G. Hart.

A. M. Bills has presented several books to the library. This gift is much appreciated. We would suggest to others that, when they have read a book which has given them pleasure, they might well hand it over to the library, that others may share their pleasure. Our lending library needs to be regularly replenished with good fiction, and this is about the best way of doing so.

Mr. J. F. Ward, M.A., headmaster of the newly established Wesley College, Perth, called at the school during a brief visit to Adelaide, necessitated by the serious illness of his mother. She has since died, and we extend to him our warm sympathy in his bereavement.

Mr. R. S. Callaghan, one of the Sydney representatives at the General Conference, placed five guineas at the service of the Head Master to be spent in prizes. This kindly gift is much appreciated, part will be devoted to a class prize, and part to sports prizes.

Mr. G. A. Miller Randle has generously offered to give the school a set of wireless appliances as soon as we are able to take advantage of his kindness. Provision is being made for this in the new buildings. This kindness is much appreciated.

The school expresses its thanks to the following gentlemen, who gave us inspiring addresses at assembly during the term:—

Dr. J. S. Battye spoke earnestly to us on the value of our work, especially on the value of our own realisation of its bearing on future life; school influences are expected to last all the time, and to be effective everywhere. His long association with Perth High School, the oldest Public School in Western Australia, as Chairman of the Council for many years past, gave his excellent address more than ordinary weight on this subject.

Dr. Datta, of India, who has done excellent work in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, gave a thoughtful address which greatly impressed the school. His main theme was that hunger, sickness, and nakedness have throughout the ages caused unrest and migration among peoples, especially among the dense populations of Asia. The upland plains, under stress of these conditions, had thrown off the Manchus, Mongols, and Turks, who had each founded dynasties. We in Australia are exceptionally well fed, healthy, and clad; we have great resources in the hands of a comparative few; we should look with sympathy on the needs of over-populated lands. India a century ago had 150 million people; to-day she has 320 million. He urged upon us the Saviour's injunction to care for the hungry, the sick, and the naked.

Dr. F. B. Meyer in his inimitable way gave a charming address on school life, with many an interesting touch from his own boyhood days. An old theme, as he said, but ever new. It certainly seemed so to us when treated with all the freshness of a spirit that has for so long gladdened the lives of so many, and is the best testimony to the worth of what he urged upon us.

The death of Herr Carl Drews on May 30th probably put more old Prince Alfred boys in a reminiscent mood than any other event would have done. One of the least pleasing of the habits of English speaking people is that of making fun over the efforts of foreigners to learn our language, and the language master of foreign extraction has ever had to endure much in our Schools. Though we speak lightly of it, this is little to our credit, and is in marked contrast to the treatment meted out to the Englishman in other countries whither he is carrying his native tongue. Few foreigners have lent themselves more to this from personal peculiarity than did Herr Drews, but few have met it with more resolution combined with tact, or won such abiding respect from

even the most persistent in efforts to annoy him. His whole-hearted enthusiasm, his never-flagging industry, his readiness to see and to share a real joke, his appreciation of the responsive student and the splendid command he had gained over our own language, all combined, ultimately, to win their way to the better feelings of his pupils. In his own special field, that of making the German language understood and appreciated among South Australians, he probably stood supreme. To those permitted to share more intimate association with him, he revealed an exceptionally interesting personality. As a young man he saw much of the troublous time of the early years of the reign of the grandfather of the late Kaiser, and left his native land because he would not become one of the tools of the growing military system. He was against the government then, and all his life held decidedly unconventional views on many subjects, which he was ever ready to discuss with charming candour, and a confidence begotten of very wide reading and much thought. The more one got to know the real man, the more one realised the beauty and depth of his character. To such the old saying "we shall never look upon his like again," has an interpretation denied to the great majority of those who knew him.

The School has lost a faithful friend in Mr. P. T. Scott, whose death removes one who has long served on the Executive Committee, and whose interest in every effort for the advancement of the institution never flagged. His own School days were over before Prince Alfred was opened, but he had attended almost every function of interest in her history, and had watched her growth with a sympathy that was active to the very end. We tender our warm sympathy to his family in their sorrow.

Mr. C. F. Stephens, M.A., who has spent the past 19 years in Tokyo, Japan, where he has been engaged for the greater part of this time in teaching English, and is now engaged in supervising the foreign correspondence of the N.Y.K. Shipping Company, recently paid a visit to the school. He gave the school an interesting address upon life and manners in Japan. He has been well treated by the Japanese, and has a high appreciation of their character, both personally and nationally. His comments upon their cleanliness, courtesy, industry, commercial morality, and national aspirations, compelled many of to readjust our ideas about the people. His visit evidently gave him much pleasure, and was greatly enjoyed by us.

Old Boys

Hearty congratulations to Sir Hugh Denison, K.B.E., and to Mr. A. A. Simpson, C.B.E., C.M.G. Both were among the honoured by the King upon his birthday; the former was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire, and the latter a Commander of the Order.

At a special congregation of the University the honours degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on F. R. Hone, M.B., B.S., and the degree of Bachelor of Arts on K. D. Roach.

Dr. W. J. E. Phillips has been appointed a resident Medical Officer in the Federated Malay States by the British Government.

H. W. James, secretary of the National Roads Association of Australia, has been appointed Assistant Tourist Officer by the Victorian Railways Department.

T. G. Storer has been awarded the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. degrees at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

H. W. Gepp, manager of Risdon Hydroelectric Works, visited South Australia recently as one of Tasmania's representatives of the British Empire Exhibition Commission.

Dr. H. W. Davies, who has been carrying on research and post graduate work at Oxford and at Edinburgh during the last four years, has been appointed a Fellow of the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Davies will proceed to New York in September, where he will spend six months in the Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute.

In Memoriam.

R. J. L. Barker died early in July, 1923. He entered the school in 1885.

A. G. Gebhardt died at Gilberton on August 5th, 1923. He entered the school in 1882.

C. T. Wright died at Kingswood on August 8, 1923. He entered the school in 1878.

A. W. Clarke died at Gumeracha on April 24, 1923. He entered the school in 1882.

House Notes.

COLTON HOUSE.

After moderate success in athletics and cricket last term, we began this term with high hopes for the football, in which our expectations were fully realized.

We were particularly successful in this department of sport, defeating all the other houses by comfortable margins. Our juniors were also placed at the head of the list, losing only one match.

We extend heartiest congratulations to Trescowthick, Burns, Jarrett, Hart, and Overton, on their inclusion in the Intercollegiate Team, and also upon the games they played upon the Oval.

Three tennis matches have been played, two of them proving victories, so that we are now well on our way to cock-house, which we hope to realize by repeating our successes in cricket next term.

Mr. Smith is leaving the school for the present and proposes to devote his time to his studies, in which we wish him every success. We also wish Adams, who is leaving to take up a man's work, every success and happiness in his future career.

COTTON HOUSE.

After a very successful first term, we returned fully determined to uphold our reputation in the field. Football occupied the first attention in our minds, and in this branch we have fully vindicated our boast, only losing one match during the season, thus placing us second to Colton. A good spirit of comradeship has prevailed in the team, thus considerably helping in our victories.

G. V. Storer, C. G. Fisher, L. E. Rowe, and C. Evans are heartily congratulated on gaining a position in the first eighteen, and helping greatly to bring about the desired victory in the Intercollegiate. These four have, naturally, been the mainstay of our team, although excellent performances by A. B. Fisher, D. Stephens, and G. Hallett helped considerably.

We commenced the season by defeating Waterhouse, Malpas, and Spicer, the latter two by big margins. Robb proved a harder nut to crack, the result being in doubt until the last five minutes, but we put on a spurt and finally ran out winners by three points.

Our next match with Colton was regarded as the most important, as the winners would, in all probability, be premiers for the season. However, Colton won by 3 goals 6 behinds. They deserved their victory, as they were a little too fast for our fellows in picking up the ball, and in general play.

In the junior matches we were very unsuccessful, only winning one match for the season.

Tennis matches have not yet been completed, three matches having been played. Hunwick and R. Duncan, our two representatives, beat Colton by two sets to one, and Robb by two sets to one. By losing to Waterhouse, we are now running second on the list.

MALPAS HOUSE

We have just passed through another term which has been full of defeat for our house. But though success has not come our way, our enthusiasm has not been quenched, and we are hoping to do great things next term, when the House Cricket is continued.

In the football, owing to the fact that our team consists mainly of young chaps new to senior House football, we were unable to win a single match, and sustained several crushing defeats. Even in junior House football we have met with continued defeat, but we are not discouraged, and are looking forward to great happenings next year when we hope to place Malpas up at the top. Hone is to be congratulated on the fine show he put up for the House in the various matches. In fact he was the very backbone of the team.

At House tennis, since Hone was unwilling to play, we were represented by Cowling and Eaton, who succeeded in winning one match—against Robb House.

We were represented in the Intercollegiate match by Hone, to whom we extend our hearty congratulations on the splendid game he played at the Oval.

ROBB HOUSE.

During the last term, Robb, although featuring not quite so brilliantly in contests as some of the other houses, has nevertheless held its honour up. We had hoped for great things in the football field, but were slightly outclassed in the matches against Waterhouse and Cotton, while the combination and all-round superiority of Colton was too much for our team. Although we do not hold top

place, we gained much experience that will be invaluable next year; for this season the team was young. Robb need be proud of her captain, Chapman, who was always a thorn in the side of the opponent, and who led his team so capably.

In the Intercollegiate match, we had our representatives in Chapman, Salter, and Rofe. We congratulate them most heartily on their performances, and thank them for the work they carried out in the House matches.

Although not quite so conspicuous as the senior matches, our juniors have been engaged in well-fought games. Here the reputation of the House has been maintained, and we are confident that the vacancies in next year's team may well be filled from the ranks of the juniors.

Towards the latter part of the term, tennis matches have been played. We have always been unfortunate in this department, in that we have never had an Intercollegiate competitor to support us. Four matches have been played; victory came to us in the contest against Spicer, but Cotton, Malpas, and Waterhouse defeated us.

In the last term, cricket will occupy our attention. We urge all those with any ability in this sport to get to work in order that we may put an efficient eleven into the field.

SPICER HOUSE.

Football and tennis have occupied our attention during this term, and we have not been particularly successful in either.

In football, under the leadership of Waterford, we have at last succeeded in winning a match. We defeated Malpas, and were annihilated in our usual way by Robb, Colton, Cotton, and Waterhouse.

Only three tennis matches have been played by our worthy representatives, and with our usual avidity for losses, we were beaten in two of them.

Our junior football team spoilt our reputation for being good losers by winning more matches than they lost, but the results of our junior tennis matches have, fortunately or otherwise, become lost in obscurity.

Thus endeth our record for the term, and although it is not a very brilliant one, we still modestly but emphatically affirm that Spicer is THE only House at P.A.C.

WATERHOUSE HOUSE

The house contests that engaged our attention this term were football and tennis. In both of these we met with our customary success, heading the tennis, owing to the combined efforts of Bills and Tiver, and coming third in the football. Our first eighteen

consisted of rather young players, but they acquitted themselves right worthily in the field, playing with plenty of dash and vigour. We were unsuccessful against Colton and Cotton, but were without the services of Hall and Polkinghorne in the latter match.

Four of our members were included in the Intercollegiate team, and we congratulate Axford, Hall, Martin, and Symons on their inclusion, and particularly Axford on being elected captain.

We were all pleased to have "Greeny" once more in our eighteen for the last three matches. His long spell did not prevent his rendering valuable service to his side.

To Martin, who is leaving at the end of this term, we wish the best of luck and prosperity in his future life.

We won't inform the reader what we are going to do in the cricket and gym. next term—"deeds speak louder than words," as the various ducks will cackle loudly in the cricket.

Christian Union.

During the latter part of this term, the Christian Union has had more meetings than usual. The day boy circles have met on Wednesdays, while the boarders have held their meetings on Fridays, and we have, in addition, on most Fridays, had some one to speak to us.

The study of the life of David from the very helpful little book compiled by Mr. Haslam has been completed during the term, and those who have attended regularly have certainly derived much benefit from studying the triumphs and mistakes of the "man after God's own heart." The circles have again been divided into houses this year, the total membership being about 98, although this number was very unevenly distributed among the houses.

Mr. Massey addressed the first meeting of the term, and, as usual, those present enjoyed his company. The parable of the sower was aptly explained by Mr. Clarkson, at the next meeting, and Mr. Kitto showed us when we next met that those who would be leaders among men must first follow Christ in the lower walks of life. Dr. Trudinger gave an interesting talk on his work in the Sudan, emphasizing the need for medical missionaries. The great fight against leprosy in India was revealed by Mr. Eddy, who appealed for help in his great work. The next meeting was addressed by the Union's big brother, Professor Mackellar Stewart, whose talk was very helpful. Dr. Duguid

showed how necessary it was to keep fit spiritually, mentally, and physically, and how, in order to do our best in everything, we must keep a proper proportion between the three. The last meeting for the term was addressed by Rev. W. Cann, who spoke helpfully about "being silent to God."

During the term the executive found that they had some funds in hand, so they bought sports material for the Magill Methodist Children's Home. They took them out personally on August 15th, and were well rewarded by the gratitude of the inmates.

We shall shortly bid farewell to Mr. Haslam, who has been the mainstay of P.A.C. Christian Union for so many years. Very sorry indeed to lose him, we wish him every success in his new sphere, and, as he will not be far away, we hope to see him often.

Our Contemporaries.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following, and will be glad to receive notification of any omissions either to acknowledge receipt or to forward our own magazine:—Scotch College Magazine (S.A.), The Mitre, Galmahra, St. Peter's College Magazine, The Melburnian, Girls' Grammar School Magazine (Ipswich), The Reporter (W.A. Scotch College), Adelaide High School Magazine, Walford House School Magazine, The King's School Magazine, The Sydneian, The Swan, The Pegasus, Wesley College Magazine, The Waitakian, Cranbrook School Magazine, The Launcestonian, The Sphinx, Scotch College (Melbourne), The Southportonian, The Cygnet.

Football.

As the season started before the end of the second term, the Sports Committee appointed D. T. Axford captain and G. V. Storer vice-captain respectively for the first match, and these appointments were confirmed by the votes of the first team picked at the beginning of the second term, and, under their leadership, the first eighteen soon proved that it would be well up to the standard of the teams of previous years.

Training was taken up seriously from the start, and under the supervision of Mr. Williams—to whom the thanks of the team and school are due—the first and second eighteens soon struck form, with the result that the records of both these teams were very gratifying. The first eighteen playing in the Adelaide Students' Association had to give way to S.P.S.C. and Concordia on the

scoring list at the finish of the season, but the decisive win in the Oval match compensated for this disappointment. The second eighteen, under the captancy of Wilson, won all its matches, in most instances with big margins, and the third eighteen was also unbeaten—results which give good promise for next year.

FIRST EIGHTEEN.

- v. School of Mines.—Won.—17-19 to 3-3.
- v. Sacred Heart College.—Won.—20-15 to 4-6.
- v. Roseworthy College.—Won.—8-10 to 3-20.
- v. C.B.C.—Won.—11-9 to 3-7.
- v. Concordia College.—Drawn.—7-14 to 8-8.
- v. Adelaide High School.—Won.—10-20 to 4-10.
- v. University C.—Won.—9-8 to 5-17.
- v. Scotch College.—Won.—21-13 to 1-6.
- v. Teachers' Training College.—Won.—11-9 to 7-15.
- v. University B.—Lost.—6-11 to 9-8.
- v. Old Scholars.—Lost.—11-8 to 11-14.
- v. S.P.S.C.—Won.—13-16 to 7-16.
- v. Scotch College.—Won.—19-18 to 6-5.

SECOND EIGHTEEN.

- v. Sacred Heart College II.—Won. 16-10 to 2-6.
- v. Scotch College II.—Won. 15-15 to nil.
- v. Adelaide High School II.—Won. 14-26 to 4-6.
- v. C.B.C. II.—Won. 8-8 to 0-2.
- v. S.P.S.C. II.—Won. 6-10 to 5-8.
- v. S.H.C. II.—Won. 4-12 to 3-5.
- v. Scotch College II.—Won. 15-16 to 0-1.
- v. C.B.C. II.—Won. 22-16 to 1-2.
- v. S.P.S.C. II.—Won. 16-17 to 7-9.

THIRD EIGHTEEN.

- v. S.P.S.C. III.—Won. 11-9 to 7-11.
- v. A.H.S. III.—Won. 10-8 to 9-4.
- v. Muirden College.—Won. 5-16 to 4-8.
- v. S.P.S.C. III.—Won. 12-9 to 10-8.

FOURTH EIGHTEEN.

- v. Scotch College III.—Won. 15-12 to 0-2.
- v. S.P.S.C. IV.—Lost. 4-6 to 5-20.
- v. A.H.S. IV.—Won. 9-14 to 4-4.
- v. Scotch College III.—Lost. 5-7 to 5-8.
- v. Concordia College III.—Won.
- v. S.P.S.C. IV.—Lost. 4-5 to 8-8.

FIFTH EIGHTEEN.

v. S.P.S.C. V.—Won. 11-9 to 7-11.

v. S.P.S.C. V.—Won. 13-10 to 4-5.

UNDER 15.

v. S.P.S.C. (under 15).—Lost.

v. S.P.S.C. (under 15).—Won. 11-9 to 7-11.

UNDER 14.

v. S.P.S.C. (under 14).—Lost.

v. S.P.S.C. (under 14).—Lost. 4-6 to 5-20.

UNDER 13.

v. Scotch College.—Drawn.

v. Scotch College.—Won.

v. S.P.S.C.—Lost.

BOARDERS.

v. S.P.S.C.—Won. 9-13 to 8-7.

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Firsts ...	10	2	1
Seconds ...	9	0	0
Thirds ...	4	0	0
Fourths ...	3	3	0
Fifths ...	2	0	0
Under 15 ...	1	1	0
Under 14 ...	0	2	0
Under 13 ...	1	1	1
Boarders ...	1	0	0
Total ...	31	9	2

Boxing.

The Boxing Class has increased in numbers this term, and some good work has been done. At the end of next term, the competitions will take place, and the day boys declare that they are not going to let the boarders have it all their own way this time. There will, as previously, be competitions in three weights, and it will be remembered that boarders won all events last year.

Owing to the fact that the regulations governing public school boxing in England have not yet come to hand, it is probable that the inter-school contests for the Governor's Cup will not take place this year.

His Excellency is very keen on boxing for boys, because he has seen a lot of good from it, both from a physical and a moral point of view. One of its virtues is, that it saves a boy from being bullied, and His Excellency states, that on account of bullying

being a common feature on one of the training ships at home, the boys were taught boxing, and it at once put an end to the trouble. Amusing facts have come to light in our own school where quiet, reserved boys who have learned boxing, and who were picked out to be ragged, have quietly settled all arguments in a convincing and practical manner, and incidentally gained considerable respect. For a boy who lacks confidence, boxing and gymnastics, if rightly taught, will help more than all the physical exercise systems in the world. Parents are often afraid that their boys, if they learn, will get hurt or get a bit pugnacious. They can rest assured that there is practically no chance of this; because the development of self-control plays a foremost part in every lesson; so that boys who do learn, have the chance of acquiring a great asset in life.

It is most satisfactory to know that a number of parents of the preparatory boys approached Mr. Gilbert and asked that a boxing class be formed at the Preparatory. The class is now an established fact, and fourteen boys are learning the "noble art." Competitions will have to be provided for these mighty men, and no doubt some great and glorious contests will be witnessed. Parents and Old Boys are cordially invited by the Head Master to be present at either the College or the Preparatory competitions, and any supporter of the School who wishes to encourage the boys by presenting a medal for competition, will not be challenged to mortal combat by any of the boxing boys. He can rest assured that his generosity will ensure his safety.

Intercollegiate Football.

For the forty-first time in the history of the two schools, Princes and Saints, on July 28th, met on the Adelaide Oval to decide to whom the football laurels should go. A great match was expected, since both teams had distinguished themselves throughout the season—Saints having won all their matches, Princes having been overcome but once. The team which took the field was as follows;—Axford (Capt.), Storer (Vice-Capt.), Hone, A. R. Chapman, Fisher, Trescowthick, Burns, C. Evans, H. F. Hall, Hart, Jarrett, Martin, Overton, Pengilly, Rofe, Rowe, Salter, and Symons; of these, the first six had played the year before.

For several days previous to the eventful 28th, rain had fallen heavily, and it was doubtful whether there would be any sunshine on the all important day: but our brightest hopes

were realized, for during the whole afternoon there was a rich abundance of spring-time sun, making the ground in perfect playing condition.

This year, there has been a slight modification in the design of the jerseys of each team. Hitherto, there have been no collars attached, but in the new design these have been added, thus greatly improving the appearance and comfort of the jerseys.

As in former years, the spirit and good-will of the school was behind the team. For an hour previous to the commencement of the match, red and white could be seen flitting about everywhere through the city; motors were gaily draped with ribbons and balloons, whilst above motors and drags alike, Princes' banners were waved to the accompaniment of songs and war cries. Perhaps there is some wonder that no greater misfortunes came to those who jubilantly raced about in motors, but this may be put down to the skilful manipulation of the vehicles and the good intentions that prompted them to appear.

There was a smart breeze blowing from the Cathedral end, when Axford won the toss, and he decided to take advantage of it. At 2.45, Princes appeared first, headed by their captain, and were soon followed by the Blues. Hearty cheers arose from the grandstands as each team entered, and it was not long before the whistle was sounded and the ball bounced.

Princes soon got the ball down their end, and first blood was drawn for the Reds by Fisher, on his second try. From the bounce, Saints carried the leather towards the Cathedral end, where Cook managed to obtain a point. The game was fairly even, and much barracking came from the rival grandstands. Fisher frustrated several efforts on the part of the Blues, but they at last broke through, giving Cameron an easy chance to score, but only a behind was the result. Many exciting moments were brought about by the hot pace maintained by both teams. Burns passed the ball to Storer, who gained the Reds' second goal: Chapman soon added another. Then it was Saints' turn, and although the ball travelled down to their end, nothing extra was added. The first quarter ended:—

P.A.C.—3 goals 3 behinds.

S.P.S.C.—2 behinds.

The first quarter saw the Reds on top, but their lead of 19 points was helped considerably by the wind. With the breeze behind them, Saints carried the ball forward, and Cameron, Saints' goalsneak, kicked their first goal. Not satisfied with this, Sangster added another by an excellent kick. All this happened within five

minutes, and the barrackers were becoming wildly excited. Saints' total increased until they reached that of the Reds; then they added another goal. This was too much for Princes, who livened up considerably and added a goal against the wind. Their pace was beginning to show to advantage, and the scores were equalised by half time—

P.A.C.—4 goals 6 behinds.

S.P.S.C.—4 goals 6 behinds.

At this stage it was anybody's game; and, considering the wind had dropped noticeably, the results depended more upon the merits of the respective teams. From now on, Princes gradually pulled away from their opponents, Saints being outclassed in pace and hand-balling. Underdown was successful in gaining Saints' fifth goal, but Reds nevertheless were predominant. Hart, playing his usual consistent game on the wing, kept the forwards well supplied, as did Chapman at centre. Hone and Storer each added a goal to Princes' Score. Saints made a great effort to stem the progress of the Reds, but all to no avail. Burns kicked a magnificent goal from a long way out, putting his side still further in the lead. The quarter ended—

P.A.C.—8 goals 13 behinds.

S.P.S.C.—5 goals 9 behinds.

The last quarter saw Saints utterly defeated. Princes continued to hold sway, and consequently increased their lead of 22 points. Although kicking again towards the Cathedral, they were not hampered by any breeze, and accordingly Storer added another goal for his side. Saints then pulled themselves together and Cameron increased the Blues' score by two goals, these being their last. The Reds took the game into their own hands again and when the final bell rang, the scores read—

P.A.C.—13 goals 16 goals.

S.P.S.C.—7 goals 16 behinds.

At the conclusion of the match, His Excellency congratulated Axford on the performance of the team, and then presented the cup to him. Princes' Captain called for cheers for His Excellency, and Moorhouse, Saints' leader, for Lady Bridges.

Best players.—Princes—Fisher, Storer, Hone, Axford, Chapman, Hart, Trescowthick, Burns, Jarrett. Saints—Moorhouse, Slee, L. Underdown, Sangster, Cook, R. Howard, Lewis, Cameron.

Goalkickers.—Princes—Storer (4), Chapman (2), Salter, Fisher, Hone, Burns, Hall, Martin, Jarrett. Saints—Cameron (3), Cook (2), Sangster, L. Underdown.

CRITIQUE OF THE TEAM.

(By the Captain).

Burns, R. H.—Follower and half forward, right. Good kick, but with room for improvement as regards marking. Makes effective use of his pace, and has done good work as a ruck man. One of the best men in the team.

Chapman, A. R.—Centre. Good mark and kick. A tricky player with plenty of pace. Around the centre he has exhibited some brilliant football. One of the best men in the team.

Evans, C.—Half-back, right. Good mark and fair kick. Inclined to play the man too much. He was greatly handicapped owing to an injured knee.

Fisher, C. G.—Follower and full back, left. Excellent mark and kick. He has proved himself unusually strong in the ruck and when placed back. He is to be congratulated on being awarded the medal for the most consistent player through the season, and also for his fine game performance on the Oval. One of the best men in the team.

Hall, H. F.—Rover and goal-sneak. Good mark and reliable kick. He is quick in getting free from the ruck, and always makes good use of the ball. When playing forward is always ready to receive a pass.

Hart, G.—Wing, right. Fair mark and kick. His promotion proved a valuable asset to the team. He is quick in picking up the ball, and goes through in fine style.

Hone, B. W.—Follower and half forward, right. Excellent mark and good kick. His ruck work has been of high standard, while in the forward lines his leads have been of great value, often sending the ball into the goal mouth. One of the best men in the team.

Jarrett, K. B.—Follower, and full back, left. Good mark and kick. A source of strength to the ruck. When placed in the back lines he battles hard, and has done excellent work.

Martin, E. A.—Full forward, right. Fair mark and kick. A much improved man who makes a good rover if required.

Overton, W. B.—Half forward, left. Fair mark and good kick. Shows great promise for future efforts. He cleverly clears himself from a crush.

Pengilly, C. K.—Goal keeper. Splendid mark and good kick. He shows great judgment in leaving goal. His marking has saved considerably.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL, 1923.



BACK ROW.—G. Hart, W. B. Overton, C. T. Symons, E. A. Martin, C. J. Rofe.

MIDDLE ROW.—F. I. Grey, Esq. (Sports Master), H. F. Hall, K. B. Jarrett, F. K. Salter, M. D. Weston,
C. K. Pengilly, C. Evans, L. E. Rowe, S. Williams, Esq. (Coach).

FRONT ROW.—R. H. Burns, B. W. Hone, G. V. Storer (Vice-Captain), D. T. Axford (Captain), G. G. Fisher,
A. R. Chapman, R. Trescowthick.

Rofe, C. J.—Full forward, right. Fair mark and kick. Should get rid of the ball quicker. He has improved greatly towards the close of the season.

Rowe, L. E.—Half back, left. Good mark and kick. Battles well, and does not fail to go right through with the ball. He has played consistently throughout.

Salter, F. K.—Half forward, centre. Good mark, but his kicking is inclined to be erratic. Should play with a little more dash. He leads out well, and passes on effectively.

Storer, G. V. (Vice-Captain)—Rover and goal-sneak. Fine mark and good kick. Gets away from the ruck in a clever style of his own. His reputation as a goal getter is an indication of his cleverness. He is to be congratulated on winning the medal for the best player on the oval. His suggestions as vice-captain have been of high value. One of the best men in the team.

Symons, C. T.—Full back, right. Fine kick and good mark. A player of considerable vim, whose long kicking lands the ball out of danger.

Trescowthick, R.—Half back, centre. Splendid mark and kick. Very fast and dodges to advantage. An ideal man for his position. He played brilliantly on the oval, and is one of the best men in the team.

(By the Vice-Captain).

Axford, D. T. (Captain)—Left wing. Is to be complimented on his efforts put forward in captaining the team during the season. A good long kick and fair mark. He has plenty of speed, continuously starting numerous successful forward drives. He has played consistently throughout the season, capping it with a fine game on the Oval.

Receipts and Expenditure—No. 136.

RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE.
Bal. brought forward £6 19 0	Printing £44 10 3
Sale in School ... 17 4 0	Wrappers & Postage 0 4 6
Extra Sales ... 0 10 0	Cash in Hand ... 12 19 3
Old Collegians ... 33 11 0	
	<hr/>
£57 14 0	£57 14 0



(The Editor and his colleagues on the Chronicle Committee have had their hearts cheered by the response of the school to their call for Original Contributions. These have poured in from the Seniors, but, with one bright exception, the Juniors have been silent. We want their contributions as much as we want those of their elders, for, the sooner they begin such work, the better will it be, when they, in their turn, are in the ranks of the Fifths and Sixths. We hope that those who do not see their first efforts in print will not lose heart and sheathe their literary swords in despair. Just a little by way of advice:—Don't yield to the temptation to run to words; get hold of ideas, strive for "point"; and, what is of equal importance, take as much trouble over the latter part as over the earlier part of your attempts—which, further, must be original, that is—your own.)

A SPRING MORNING.

The golden sun peeps o'er yon eastern hill,
 'Mongst verdant leaves o'erhead the gay birds sing,
 The cock sounds forth his challenge cry so shrill,
 The chirping lark so early on the wing;
 The pearly dew, now glitt'ring on the grass,
 All Nature's realm like diamonds doth adorn.
 These beauties human art shall ne'er surpass—
 Alas! They pass away with early morn.
 All Nature seems refresh'd; the grass is green,
 While far away a bleating sheep has stirr'd.
 Where once gaunt limbs, now bright green leaves are seen,
 Whence comes the cheery song of many a bird.
 The gold-tipp'd hills assume a lighter hue,
 The sun begins his slow, majestic way,
 The azure sky, a slightly paler blue—
 The harbinger of yet another day.

W. C. A. (VI.U.)

A TRIP DOWN THE MURRAY.

It was a fine Spring day and old Sol was shining his brightest. All Nature seemed to be awake and even the small birds heralded the dawn. Soon the sun came out of the portals of the east. His rays shone on the trees, lighting them up, and making Nature's teardrops sparkle like gems.

As the motor boat chugged her way through the sun-kissed wavelets, all Nature seemed to be bidding us "Good morning." On the left bank, steep cliffs towered over us. These cliffs are very ragged, showing how high the river has risen many years ago. On the right bank is real "scrub," trees and vegetation stretching inland for miles.

Proceeding down the river, we at length arrive at Ramco, a small township. It is said that in this vicinity that beautiful picture, "Evening Shadows on the Murray," was painted. This is easy to believe, for one will find many back-waters around this part. Proceeding still farther, we see Murray View above us, standing upon a high cliff.

On the return journey, we saw some beautiful scenery, especially at sunset. The sinking "lamp of heaven" cast a glistening sheen across the ripples. The trees were not lit up, nor did we hear any sign of bird-life, except now and again the screech of an owl calling to its mate. Then an eerie darkness came o'er us like a cloud, and the shadows cast by the cliffs on the slow-moving water added further to our fancies.

We were all pleased to set foot on Mother Earth again, yet no one said the day had not been well-spent.

W. E. (VI.U.)

 THE FLOOD.

The heavens, in their cloudy mantle robed,
 Our earth were flooding with their ample tears;
 The rivers vainly strove to bear their load,
 The mightiest flood for three and thirty years.
 This dreary, dismal rain continued still;
 The moisture-sodden'd soil could hold no more;
 The rivers, nourished by the neighb'ring hills,
 Were hurtling, burden-laden, to the shore.
 The gardens, with their loads of golden fruit,
 The swirling waters plunder'd on their way,
 And rushing ever onward with their loot
 Rose higher, still more treach'rous, every day.
 Day after day the ceaseless torrents fell;
 And still the darkly lowering clouds hung low.
 The rain broke not its dull, monotonous spell;
 The shrieking, whistling wind ne'er ceased to blow.
 The thunder's ominous boom, the lightning's flash,
 Disturb'd the drear persistence of the rain.
 One final deluge, then a thund'rous crash--
 O'er rain-soak'd fields, the sun shines forth again!

W. C. A. (VI.U.)

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

(Scene—P.A.C. grounds in the year 2023 A.D. after an earthquake has destroyed the new building. Enter Norman and Micky, school-boys.)

Norman—What, Micky, is this massive granite block
Beneath the crumbling ruins of this building?

Micky—I'm sure I do not know. Investigate
Its form more closely.

Norman— What a lump of stone!

Micky—And writing in our language on it! Look!

Norman—It says a man called Bridges laid it here;

I think I've heard of him in history books

For doing something in the last of wars.

Micky (scratching among rubbish under stone)—
Look, Norman, look! A hole beneath this stone;
A paper and a book within it.

Norman— Oh,
Here is a funny-looking roll of stuff,
Whatever can it be?

Micky— I'll call great-grandpa,
For he was here you know, when this old school
Was new. (Exit Micky.)

Norman— I wonder what this thing can be!
It's not a tabloid food or aeroplane,
Or yet a pocket wireless set: I wonder—
But here comes Micky.
(Re-enter Micky with Jadey, an old man.)

Jadey—My boys—
When youth was mine, before relentless Time
With footsteps slow, but irresistible,
Had passed so many milestones on my way;
Ere age had touched me with his icy fingers,
And left his snow upon these locks of mine—

Micky—But grandpa, what about this roll?

Jadey—Small children should be seen, but yet not heard—
As father said to me when I was small.
When on my course of life I'd but begun,
I used to go, on evenings when my masters
Had not set too much work to do, to town,
Where, in great buildings very dark and high,
I used to sit and watch upon a screen
The actions of such men as Charlie Chaplin.
These days were long before such common things
As modern wireless picture shows were shown,
And yet,—

Norman—Yes, but this roll?

Jadey—I'm coming to that. Well, at these shows
Rolls just like this were used to make the pictures;
If you'll come to my house, I'll show you how—
Some other time.

Micky—(picking up roll and holding it up to light)
Is this big man with hardly any hair,
Who's walking round upon this little stage,
The Charlie Chaplin that you spoke about?

Jadey—Give me the roll, my child.

Norman—No, give it me.

Jadey—Do as I tell you. (Micky hands roll over)
 See; these people here
 Are putting underneath this stone a paper,
 Perhaps the very one we have here now.
 The man you see is making a great speech;
 They called it 'laying the foundation stone.'
 Long, long before the days when teachers taught
 By pressing buttons in their rooms; before
 The pupils learnt by staying at their homes
 And hearing lessons sent by wireless—

Norman—Yes, yes; we know; our auto-education.

Micky—Go on.

Jadey—They needed buildings where the boys could come
 And hear their masters speaking face to face.
 'Twas then they built this stately edifice
 Whose ruins now you see about your feet.
 Twelve long, long months it took to build, and now,
 It is destroyed in just as many minutes.
 How soon man's works do crumble to the dust!

Mrs. Jadey (within)—Dinner time!
 Now come at once before the tabloids spoil;
 They're nearly all dissolved already. Come!

Jadey—My children, I must go. Farewell. (Exit Jadey.)

Norman—I'm going to the aerial sports to-day.
 Will you come?

Micky—No, I must stay at home. On Monday next
 I start for Mars to have a holiday
 With my dear uncle, who is Supervisor
 Of canals; and I must pack my clothes.
 Goodbye!

Norman—Goodbye! I wish you happy holidays. (Exeunt severally.)

D. D. H. (V.I.U.)

ACROSS THE STYX.

It was on June the thirty-first—
 So I shall tell you all I durst,
 About my trip right down to Hades,
 And how I wander'd 'midst the "Shadies."
 Upon arriving at the Styx
 I found myself in an awful fix;
 Old Charon now had lost his job—
 But from the shore a launch did bob.
 Old Pluto, he is up-to-date;
 He hates the Spirits who come late;
 So 'cause he could not make more haste,
 Old Charon had to be displaced.
 When I arrived upon the shore
 I was not met by coach and four;
 But by the latest Rolls that's out—
 Pluto in style now swanks about.

After being introduced
 To all—none held themselves aloof—
 We went together to a play—
 The theatre there goes on all day.
 Old Shakespeare's there to write the show,
 And some old friends, they make it go.
 After the play all who were able
 Were asked to sup at Pluto's table.
 Pluto sat in his high-backed chair
 Teaching his parrot how to swear.
 He caught me winking at his wife,
 So banished me from Hades for life.

T. G. (VI.U.)

WATER.

Perhaps it has never occurred to us how dependent we are upon water; yet what excitement it has caused, what fury it has been at the bottom of! Everybody has some special feature in stature or appearance of which he is proud—perhaps justly—but how many would eye themselves with such pride, were this common substance withdrawn from his being?

From the earliest times, it has been a source of deception, even for the learned scientists who eventually overcame their difficulty by applying the strange Sign H_2O to it; thus far they are satisfied, but is that enough for the ordinary man?

At the early age of ten or twelve, he peers into the unresponsive mirror if haply he may find a previously unnoticed tuft of down which he may gleefully slice off. After months of patient waiting—ah yes! can it be true? verily he has too heavy a growth of beard to be endured any longer. With mighty jest he proceeds to splather soap over his beaming face, even where there is no sign of whisker, and with tremulous hand, endeavours to extirpate the too-forward tuft. Yet were it not for the unremembered water, would he have indulged so young? Perhaps not.

After a few years the youth wanders forth into the world to make a name for himself, when he beholds indeed the fairest maiden he has ever seen. What a complexion! what matchless delicacy! and the real stuff, no make-up about her. While talking in a melancholy strain one day, he causes to flow from those fairy eyes—the same old thing—water, but disguised. Heavens! what remarkable solvent powers those salty tears possess, that they should furrow their way through that delicate complexion so, and leave revealed what he never dreamt was there. She wipes her moistened eyes. Is her dainty nose a-bleeding? Gee! that water has done the deed once more! 'Tis not her nose, but her rosy lips that are transferred to her handkerchief. He staggers from her presence, a wiser man, and, in order to soothe his shattered nerves, tries a pick-me-up; but not yet reliant enough on his homely friend, he takes it neat, good measure, pressed down, flowing over, and thus puts an end to his grief for the time.

Water! that awful concoction! surely it will be the undoing of him; one time he gets too much of it, next time, not enough.

Time passes and still haunted by his beneficent tormentor, he owns a chemist's shop, from which he sells mixtures of all-healing qualities. An old lady enters, doubled up with rheumatism. Just so,

he has a matchless rheumatic cure. The old soul rejoices at being able to free herself at last from her affliction. But what is this cure? Pink-colouring, bitter-tasting material, and that which is going to effect the cure—water.

Everybody may not be treated so harshly by this indispensable commodity, but truly, it plays a remarkable part in each one of our lives.

H. M. (VI.U.)

A MORNING ADVENTURE.

The morn was dark and stormy;
 The air was icy cold;
 When from his cosy blankets
 The boarder slowly rolled
 Then to the breezy bathroom
 He bravely made his way,
 The icebergs round the shower
 He gently pushed aside.
 Then to the freezing torrent
 Subjected his frail form,
 But then, Oh, dreadful tale!
 He froze as stiff as iron.
 By chance, beneath his feet,
 There lodged a piece of soap,
 Which by its slipp'ry nature
 Upset his frozen form.
 And as he fell, he struck
 A water-pipe. Great Scott!
 His body cracked in two!
 Quoth the youthful "doctors,"
 "Just bind him tightly up,
 And when he thaws he'll set."

C. T. S. (VI.U.)

A DREAM.

I lay upon the sands at evening;
 The joy of Spring was in my soul,
 And at my feet, with murm'ring motion,
 There broke the waves of restless ocean
 With never-ceasing roll.
 I gazed upon the hills above me
 Where evening sunlight made them gold,
 And, as I gazed, a mist came o'er me;
 The high cliffs disappeared before me,
 But still the ocean rolled.
 Then, when the misty curtains parted
 A soft breeze fanned me peacefully.
 The scene had changed; the day was dawning;
 With spreading wings, the crimson morning
 Was coming o'er the sea.
 The sparkling waves were breaking gently
 Upon a green, luxuriant isle:
 The soft breeze in the palms was sighing;

The sea-birds to their mates were crying;
 All Nature seemed to smile.
 And all the while there lightly fitted
 Seven white-robed figures 'mid the trees;
 They waved their arms and beckoned to me
 And irresistibly they drew me
 To join their revelries.
 But as the wondrous hues of evening
 Depart when night succeeds the day,
 So vanished all that I'd been dreaming.
 The moon was o'er me coldly beaming;
 Still on the sands I lay.

D. D. H. (VI.U.)

THE DREAMER.

Shades of evening were slowly gathering o'er the earth; gradually the distant forest grew darker and darker as night's harbingers cast their deepening gloom among the lowering trees. The dreamer sat beneath a spreading shrub, among whose leaves the insects murmured with ceaseless buzzing. The noise and bustle of the day had ceased, and now throughout the woods the voice of silence whispered "Peace." One by one the stars sparkled forth from the inky vaults of heaven: but still the dreamer sat with half-closed eyes, which idly searched the gloom, while his thoughts wandered where they listed among the phantasies which imagination bodied forth in all their varied hues.

And as he sat amid the almost tangible gloom, there suddenly flamed before his eyes amid the forest a brilliant, dazzling light. The trees shone out in glittering rows; the grass, of purest green, sparkled with a phosphorescent glow. But there, right in the very centre of the wood, arose a palace of sparkling marble. The windows, of polished diamonds, shone with the varied colours of refracted light. Up and down the marble steps there passed, in ceaseless procession, lords and ladies gloriously attired, and then—

There came the bellowing roarings of a tempestuous sea. Upon the rugged rocks the mighty waves crashed in resounding thunder. In the intervals between the vicious onslaughts of the sea, the cliffs hurled back the curling waves in hissing foam. Lightning, flashing spasmodically across the sombre welkin's cheek, added a weird and terrible effect.

Gently through the waving rushes glided a clear and crystal stream. Rippling dimples, caused by a whispering wind, washed smoothly against the pebbly bank. The overhanging willows brushed the calm surface of the water in a fleeting caress. Hovering birds gazed upon their images in the tranquil waters, and then, like floating feathers wafted by a straying wind, they slowly glided on their way.

Until the rising sun had kissed the blushing eastern sky, the dreamer sat, while vision after vision flashed before his eyes. Then, as the sun rose boldly in the heavens, he rose, and sighing, went his way.

C. T. S. (VI.U.)

IN THE FOREST.

(Scene—Forest. Enter two fairies bearing tapers.)

- 1st Fairy. How dark a cloak the night doth overthrow
The forest, dim by day, but ten times so
Now Phoebus' car has sunk beneath the sea!
The overhanging trees have lost all shape
Amidst the thicker gloom of night.
- 2nd Fairy. But soon
The moon in golden splendour will arise,
And chase away the fiends that haunt the dark,
And terrify the children of the light.
Then, from their dwellings midst the cowslip-bells,
Our comrades, free from care, and full of glee,
Will trip in airy measures daintily
Upon the velvet turf beneath the trees,
And hide secure beneath the mushroom-heads,
While comrades vainly seek to find their lair.
- 1st Fairy. Ah see! The moon has quickly risen high,
And nods her greeting from a passing cloud
To Mother Earth, upon whose wrinkled face
There spreads a glorious smile, as she beholds
Her only daughter, wand'ring in the heavens.
And now the clouds depart; the stars shine out
In twinkling rows amidst the skies.
- 2nd Fairy. Hark! From far amidst the forest comes
The sound of martial music, echoing
Clearly through the gently swaying trees.
The queen has left her bower, and seeks the ground
Where we, the fairies of this ancient wood,
Nightly hold our revelries.
- 1st Fairy. Hist! Who comes this way?
Methinks the dainty step, the flowing hair,
Are not unknown to me.
- 2nd Fairy. 'Tis Viola, the lady of the queen.
She comes to reassure the timid fays,
Who hide beneath the violet leaves, till they
Espy us sporting freely in the wood.
- Viola (sings)—

Now the Moon is shining
Through the forest dim,
Fairies, leave your dwelling
Of buttercups so trim.

For now the Queen is dancing
On the mossy turf;
And the King is playing
'Midst the foamy surf.

The moon is rising higher,
The stars shine brighter still;
And now the singing choir
The air with music fill.

So, fairies, come and gambol
'Midst the rustling leaves;
The elves have gone to ramble
'Mongst the farmers' sheaves.

Chorus of fairies within—

So come, come, come!
Come from the shadows,
Come from your dwellings,
Into the moonlight come!

(Enter Queen and her train.)

Queen. Hail, my gentle Viola!
Thou has most worthily thy duties done.
But where is lovely Christina?

Viola. She sits beneath a faded rose, beside
A little gurgling stream, and tearfully
Her lover wails. Her tears hang like rich pearls
Amidst her dark and silky lashes.
Thus has she sat and wailed away two hours
Since the moon hath paced the heavens.

Queen. So let it be. The round of common fortune
To some heart-breaking sorrows brings, while we,
The favoured children of the earth, just spend
Our days as one long holiday. But where,
My dainty Viola, is Isabelle,
The lady of the ceremonies, as Fate
Decrees that Christina should absent be?

Isabelle. Here, Madame, waiting your commands.

Queen. Fair Isabelle, the moon hath now attained
The summit of her glorious sheen, while we
Stand idly by. Go prithee, see that all
Is quite prepared; for soon in whirling rounds
The fairies of this hallowed wood will join.

(Exeunt.)

C. T. S. (VI. v.)

A RACE WITH DEATH.

The sun had set on the forests dim;
And the lights of the village flickered and went;
When a cabin door was opened wide,
And a lad dashed forth with a whitened face.
"The Tsar must know ere the morning breaks!"
Were the words that rang in his throbbing head;
These were the last of a faithful Cossack
Who had discovered the scheme of a treacherous band,
In his district far east of the swollen Zir,
To overthrow Francis, the noblest of men.
He had been tracked night and day by those shadowy fiends,
Had eluded their clutches again and again;
Then, at last, when it seemed that he'd win through alone,
And while taking a rest in the house of his friend,
Fatigue overpower'd his worn, weary frame,
And, dying, he trusted the strong youthful Dan.
But short time remained for the news to be sent
To the fortress where waited the lord of all Russia.
Street after street through the drifting snow,
With the fierce sleet tearing his face and throat,
Sped Dan to the sleigh-inn for his noble steeds.

All knew well the risk that the lad was running:
"You can't go alone!" spake a rugged, grey miner.
But a faint smile spread o'er the face of Dan,
As he harnessed for speed, and for battle grim,
That told of a companion in all that he tried,
And made Interference draw back as in shame.
A curt farewell: "God bless you, my boy!"
Not a dry eye was seen in that hardy group
As, swiftly and surely away to the West
Sped Dan, with no fear of the dismal black depths
Of the forests that hemmed in the narrow white trail.
No neck-breaking gallop as yet, for he knew
Of the awful fanged dangers that roamed far and near,
Shunning the light, but goaded by hunger.
The gaunt bare trunks of the trees at each side
Stood like spectres that warned him of what they had seen.
Well armed were the racks at his sides, and not half
Way remained to the hold of the father of Russia—
With a frenzied neigh, and a fearful wretch
That strained every joint in Dan's favourite sledge;
With forward ears, and wide open eyes,
With snorting nostrils dilated and quivering,
Those gallant steeds rushed on, now unguided,
As they knew well enough the track for their flight,
And no hand need urge them while danger was near.
Though 'twas a head wind that told them of foes,
They swerved not, but onward dashed onward together.
Calmy waiting, reassuring them, stroking them,
Their master sat listening for those distant sounds.
Could he pass them unharmed? or in front, or in rear
Would the ravenous hordes of the wolves attack?
Yes! at last, the quarter of danger was known:
Straight ahead! O God! the worst place of all.
A few waiting minutes—the worst time, the slowest,
Then Dan, a dead shot, defended his team.
What horses! they soon sped through the pack, and now
A race for life with ten miles to go!
Will the horses tire? Will they bear the strain?
Dan steadied them in, just a little, but 'twould tell
When the wolves drew up close in the midst of the race.
As the leaders drew up, Dan brought them down,
And stopped for a moment the front of the pack.
They had increased and the driving snow
Was veiling the pack as they upwards crept.
When suddenly, up from the sides there sprang
A form, another—maddened fight once more.
Dan's rifles soon cleared the foremost wolves off,
And held them back from his glorious three,
As they snapped and tore all about the slim sleigh.
The horses were tiring—death was looming too near.
He flung out all food and o'erbearing weight:
Thus lightened, the team once more drew ahead.
Then another quiver passed over his frame,
As the grey shafts of dawn through the forest appeared;
Would he be in time? Would he be in vain?

With his strength slowly going, he made a decision:
 He would cut the traces and let his team
 Carry tied to their bridles the message of fate.
 They swerved in under a hanging bough—
 A slash, and a shout for onward flight
 As the three unrestrained dashed on into safety.
 A spring, and with his remaining strength
 He tied himself to the tree trunk grim.
 There later that morning he was found by the guards;
 Almost frozen to death, a hero indeed.

H. H. W. (VI.U.)

"IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS
 WERE BOLD."

The night wind whistled shrill and cold,
 The clock was striking one,
 When from a house—dark, grim and old,
 Which children used to shun,
 A knight strode forth, head under arm:
 From which arose a groan that froze
 The watcher there, in petrified alarm
 And ice-cold to his toes.
 "Ha!" quoth he, "What is this thing
 That makes me wring
 The cold sweat from my clothes?"
 But still the knight, in glitt'ring white,
 Strode on in spite of oaths.
 The gallant's armour glisten'd bright,
 His eyes gave forth a wondrous light;
 And the glitt'ring gems on the hilt of his sword
 Contrasted deep with the gloomy sward.
 At length he reached the castle gate,
 And there for one he seemed to wait.
 Who is it that he waits for there?
 His enemy? Or is't his lady fair?
 Then swung the heavy portal back,
 And forth there came a legless knight,
 His visage all with anger black,
 His weapon drawn for instant fight.
 "Ah," quoth he, and o'er his features flashed
 A fearful threat'ning scowl,
 "Mine enemy hath come to prowl
 Amid the ruins where once there crashed
 The thunder of the fiercest battle
 That ever man has waged."
 The headless knight with wrath he raged;
 Drew out his sword with fearsome rattle,
 And there, amid the gloomy shades,
 They fought with glist'ning, naked blades.
 Then while they fought the stars grew dim;
 The gloomy shadows slowly went;
 And, as the cock the welkin rent,
 They ended then their battle grim.
 In the darkest hour before the dawn

Two headless horses came;
 Bare luminous skeletons they were,
 That shone with blue-green flame.
 The legless knight bestrode one horse—
 By jumping with his hands, of course—
 And the other did the same.
 The horses rose into the air,
 And glided quick away;
 And nought but the grim old house was there
 When sunrise brought the day.

A CHAIN POEM BY VI.U.

OUR RIVER.

Finding its source in a mountain spring, a streamlet trickles joyfully down the hillside. Its merry, contagious laughter as it passes over the stones attracts a sister-stream, and, hand in hand, the two go romping through the leafy glen. Happily they play together as they leap over the rocks and career down the slopes.

Their glee brings neighbouring streams to join them, and even the willows dip their wands into the water in a futile effort to play with them. The water sweeps away disdainfully these waving strings of leaves, and continues its way through the green gum saplings and grassy valleys.

As the stream swells, it moves more slowly, and, as if loth to leave these natural beauties, meanders in and out, until Nature, having shown all her charms, sends it out down a slanting rock. Here the eddy currents formed by the stones lash the creek to fury, and it dashes itself against a rise, trying to ascend it. But the bank is obdurate, and so the now exhausted stream turns aside to pass through an orchard. Picking an orange or two to console itself, it winds along until, supplemented by five or six creeks, it nears the city.

Now the erstwhile creek becomes generous, and lets pumps take some of the water, and boys swim along it. But now that bridges span it periodically, it expands and earns the title "lake."

Boats float on its surface, and trees no longer line its banks, in fact it is a river no longer.

H. S. (VI.A.)

MAURY.

(This is spoke sarcastic.)

Of all the boys who are so dull,
 There's none so dull as Maury,
 He is the dullard of the form,
 And causes us much worry.
 There is nobody in the land
 Who is half so neat as Maury,
 He writes a dainty little hand
 For which he's sometimes sorry.
 When he is near I leave my work,
 (I love it so sincerely.)
 My master comes up when I shirk,
 To reprimand severely.
 Tho' Maury plays pianos well,
 I'd ship him in a galley,
 For when I hear him play all night,
 I'd rather not be pally.

When Christmas comes about again,
 Oh, won't we then be jolly!
 We'll have roast duck, 'n 'chocs., 'n all,
 And pudding with some holly.
 I would it weighed ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Maury,
 For he is starved, he's very thin
 To lose him we'd be sorry.

The masters and the sheilas all
 Make game of poor old Maury;
 Tho' but for him they'd far worse be,
 For he's such fun, by Gorry!
 Amusement tax we have to pay,
 But don't you think we worry!
 We'd sell our souls if we could crack
 Such jokes as does old Maury.

F. C. C. (VI.A.)

COURAGE.

For several nights we had endured physical suffering to a marked degree. And now a fellow comrade and I had decided to rid the district of an ever-growing menace. We lay hidden in a thicket; our weapons charged and ready for instant use. The moon rose over the tree-tops and the stars twinkled brightly overhead.

Raising myself and carefully studying the surrounding country, I beheld a wonderful sight. The moonbeams streamed through the trees and . . . But what was that? Something had moved over there where the trees bordered an open moonlit space. Glancing towards the left I perceived another movement, as sinister and stealthy as the first. I quietly lowered myself in the thicket and lay still as death. My comrade began to work the barrel of his gun through the undergrowth, and with the same care I followed his example. Then a terrible cry split the night, like the cry of some terrified child. Our guns blazed away, and then all was still. The moon shone on and all seemed as calm as before. Then, being sure of no attack from other quarters, we silently rose and glided forth into the moonlight to regard our prey. There they lay, shapeless, shattered into silence—two tom-cats.

C. J. H. (VI.A.)

THE OVAL MATCH.

Through the streets the Princes yelling,
 Shrieking, screaming loud "Yah-yahs;"
 College colours flying boldly
 From the backs of drags and cars.
 On they go toward the oval,
 Near and nearer to the gate,
 Then upon the grandstands seated
 Reds and Blues the game await.
 Grand was the play, and eager,
 The teams alert and keen.
 To the gazing crowd at half-time

The scores showed nought between.
 Now in the Princes' playing
 A greater skill is shown;
 To the game Reds fell the vict'ry:
 The cup is carried home!

D. T. A. (VI.A.)

OUR P. M.

There, in his odorous mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The Physics Master thunders, "Boy, don't fool!"
 Full well we laugh with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes for many a joke has he.
 In arguing, all the scholars own his skill,
 And even Dea is awed to silence still;
 His words of learned length and thundering sound,
 Confound the untutored toilers slaving round,
 Oft the beauty of the picture falls in line
 With a mathics dodge, to stay the fleeting time;
 And so, his life quite ordered by the clock,
 The good man works in clouds of Havelock.

G. L. B. (VI.A.)

TACTLESS.

Oh, we listened, looked, and waited,
 Till our hope became despair;
 Till our master stern was seated
 On the tin-tack on his chair!
 But up spake a coward among us
 With his eyes upon that tack,
 (No doubt he hoped to get off
 When the rest of us got the sack.)
 Oh, we listened, dumb and breathless,
 And our eyes were dark with rage,
 While that fellow gave the show up,
 His worthless skin to save:
 "If you please, sir, may I speak, sir?
 There's a tack upon your chair, sir!
 And its point is in the air, sir!
 You had better not sit down, sir,
 Or you'll rise up with a shriek!"
 Oh, won't we give that fellow
 Something to think of, when we're able!
 When our palms are not so painful,
 Won't we give that chap a brainful
 Of abuse he won't be able to repeat!
 Yet he was severely punished,
 By the sporty master he'd admonished
 To 'ware the tin-tack on his chair!

A. P. H. (VI.A.)

THE TRAGIC END OF THE 1923 PREFECTS.

Some of the Boarders who attended P.A.C. in the year of our Lord, 1923, may be interested to know the fate of the House Prefects of that year. Each of the mighty half dozen, who formerly dispensed Order-marks and such penalties, is "In his narrow cell for ever laid." I have lately been for a tour of inspection round the P.A.C. cemetery, for the purpose of ascertaining for my school-fellows what really did become of the redoubtable six.

The first sepulchre I stumbled across was that of the late lamented "Singe" Weston. His tombstone indicated that—

"Beneath this melancholy sod
 Poor old 'Singe' Weston lies;
 He lied and lied upon the earth,
 Regardless of our tries
 To bring him back to paths of truth.
 He lies and lies and lies—
 We hope that this perverted youth
 Now lies in Paradise."

"Vain hope!" thought I.

The grave of Weston's partner in crime, Burns, was my next discovery. His headstone was small and of few words; the few, however, spoke volumes. They were—

"Robert Burns,
 R. I. P."

"Robert burns," I soliloquised, "What a terrible end to one who was so promising before he took the Commercial course. 'R. I. P.!' How delicate of his friend not to print the full words!"

I left the Commercial quarter of the cemetery and wandered around the Latin section until I saw the name "Chapman" on a nearby grave. Under his name were these words—

"Hedley had a monkey
 On a yellow stick—
 Tried to lick the paint off—
 Made him very sick.
 Nurse dosed him up with 'Number Nine,'
 And tried to move his liver,
 But now poor Hedley's little soul
 Is wafted o'er the river."

As for the rest, we must give him the benefit of a very strong doubt.

The last resting place of Brown next caught my eye. His epitaph explained his death.

"Hard drink was the cause of Geoffrey's end;
 Here lies his mundane hide,
 He had a drink one evening
 How tragically he died!
 Next morning when he had his bath
 The poor lad froze inside."

Moral: Don't have an early bath.

PREFECTS, 1923.



G. A. Cowling
H. T. Chapman

D. D. Harris
H. M. Wilson
(*Head Prefect*)

B. W. Hone
W. R. Bayly, Esq.
(*Head Master*)

R. H. Preston
C. T. Symons

M. D. Weston
D. T. Axford

Preston's grave was nearby. His inscription was brief and to the point. It read—

"Preston,
The little hero who lies here
Was conquered by the d——a "(sic)."

It was some time before I could find the grave of Symons, the Head of the House. At length I discovered it—a small grave in a secluded corner. The following lines were scratched on a kerosene tin at the grave's head:

"Under this piece of sacred earth,
Head Prefect Symons lies.
A small but bristly youth was he,
With whiskers on his eyes.
He went one Sunday to the church
To hear the parson shout;
He put his sixpence in the plate
But took a shilling out.
St. Peter sent him down below,
(Dear reader, heave a sigh;)
Because the rent was in arrears
Of his mansion in the sky."

I turned away with a tear in my eye.

A. P. B. (VI.B.)

THE DAILY ROUND.

We are a studious lot at P.A.C.,
As everyone can easily see;
We gather regularly day by day,
Each in his individual way:
Obedient to time-honoured rule
We assemble for prayers at start of school—
A fitting prelude led by our Chief,
Who tries to prevent us from coming to grief.
The melody past, and the devotions which follow,
We list to the announcements for the day and the morrow.
First, in due order, of the lessons to be stewed
Is the Algebra stunt by few students eschewed.
Like the proverbial dinner, the first course passed,
The one which follows is worse than the last,
But by rote and by dictum it ought not, I say!
With such a masterly tutor as Monsieur Ducray.
Then an interval must follow in which we may feed:
These ten minutes pass with indecent speed,
And much too quickly, as all are agreed.
Then Latin doth follow, and as we translate
Chapters of Livy from a far-away date,
The flaws in our translation bring many a leer
On the face of our master, who makes us feel queer.
Chemistry comes next, with fizz and with fume,
Which enters the nostrils of all in the room:
We then leave the class room with a jump and a run,
And head for the cart to buy a rock-bun,
While the boarder, in haste, adjourns for his dinner,
And comes away feeling, if anything—thinner.

The wheels of time bring us together again
 To learn our mother English, with might and with main.
 Some shirk it, some like it; but others desire
 A subject in which their marks will soar higher.
 Then, last in the day, but not least in their way,
 Come vectors and theorems, as per Mr. Grey;
 Which, but for detentions, completes the full round
 For the sons of toil that in VI.B are found.

S. K. W. (VI.B.)

FURTHER FOOLISHNESS.

In a very weak moment I entered the school-room one Saturday night and took part in a debate on "Proverbs."

Mr. D. D. H-r-r-s was the first speaker. He rose with a "Death-or-Glory" look on his face, adjusted himself on the rostrum, cleared his throat and began—

"Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, I am thoroughly cognizant of the fact that, in communicating to you my philosophical and psychological observations to-night, as in promulgating all cogitations, it is an imperative necessity to beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Therefore, I will strive for a compacted conciseness in my expatiations, and sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity. Thrasonical bombast is to my mind——"

At this juncture I passed into a semi-comatose state, in which I remained until I heard "Singe" W-st-n defending the adage that "The longest way round is the sweetest way home," supporting his argument by instances from his own career. I soon fainted again, in trying to add up the number of "growls" whom the illustrious "Singe" had escorted as far as the gate. I remained in this condition until my stimulus, S-m-ns, kicked me in the ribs and told he it was my turn to address the gathering. I advanced to the front and commenced:

"Mr. Chairman, gentlemen; all proverbs are incorrect—some evidently so, others not. I will strive to-night to expose the foolishness of four or five. 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away.' Gentlemen, this is a strangely weak proverb. Why use only half measures? Why not have an onion a day and keep everybody away?" (A few of my listeners seized ink-wells and moved nearer to the front. I continued as if their action passed unnoticed.) "'The early bird catches the worm'—more fool the worm for getting up early." (The Chairman behind me moved uneasily in his seat and picked up a piece of firewood which lay near him. Undaunted, I continued.) "'Birds of a feather flock together.' What nonsense this is. 'Birds of a feather'—as if a whole flock of birds had only one feather. They'd all catch cold; and only one bird could have that feather and he'd fly side-wise!" (I could see the Chairman out of the corner of my eye raising the log of wood suggestively. The front seat with the inkwells looked menacing. I went on recklessly.) "'Flock together!' of course they'd flock together. Who ever heard of a bird being such a fool as to go in a corner and flock by himself!"

Crash! the log of wood descended on my head!

P.S.—As my senses became more acute, the log was metamorphosed into a newspaper, the Chairman into Mr. C-m-l-y, the platform into a bed.

“Come on; turn out there! Bills, you’re the most untidy boy in the dormitory.”—Another day of a dog’s life had begun.

A. P. B. (VI.B.)

A PERFECT DAY.

One day during the last Christmas vacation, five of my friends and myself arranged for a trip across the gulf to Port Vincent. It was agreed that we should use the fine, six-cylinder motor boat which my father had offered to lend us.

The day of our trip having been fixed, we waited anxiously for the time to arrive. The morning dawned with all the magnificence of a delightful Australian sunrise. The happy crew of schoolboys were awake with the first faint signs of dawn. We made tracks for the beach and gave the craft a final look-over. When all was ready, we bade farewell to those who came to see us off and, with many a joyful laugh, pressed the switch which started the powerful engine.

We were soon out at sea; away from the horrors of the school-room and the restrictions of civilization. Some of the chaps started to indulge in the exciting pastime of fishing; others put on the headphones of our wireless set and tried to “catch” some music.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens, our crew grew lazy and stretched themselves in luxurious ease beneath the shade of the canvas awning.

After five hours’ steady running we could see Vincent away in the distance. The landscape assumed greater proportions as we drew near. At last we could distinguish many people on the pier waving flags of welcome to us. Soon we had reached the jetty and secured our craft thereto. Terra firma was quite strange to us after being on the water for a few hours. We spent a pleasant two hours on the famous “Y.P.” before starting on our return trip.

It was late afternoon when the launch’s nose was turned towards home. The sea was like a glorious sheet of blue glass, with white specks here and there where many porpoises leaped above the surface. As the powerful boat bore us across the sparkling mirror of azure blue, we all felt very contented with our wonderful world. The sun was now getting low in the horizon and the sky was glorified with a thousand colours of the most lovely shades. We gazed with wonderment upon this entrancing spectacle of sky and sea. Someone suggested “listening in” with our wireless apparatus. The loud speaker was placed in position and then we tuned in. Almost immediately, we heard sweet strains coming through the ether. It seemed wonderful that everything should be in sympathy with us. We breathed sighs of perfect contentment and lay back listening to this beautiful gift from space. Our journey was nearly over, but still we feasted our ears upon:

“When you come to the end of a perfect day——”

The wireless was right; it had been a perfect day.

C. R. F. (VI.B.)

A TRAGEDY OF THE BUSH.

Opportunely for me, my holidays had arrived at the beginning of that glorious season, Spring. I decided on a hunting expedition, and after buying extra material—I already possessed the greater part of the necessary equipment, for I had often spent my vacation out-back—I travelled by train to Muskovy, and from there to Gundagai.

The sun had barely risen as I set out from the little settlement, two days after leaving Sydney. The track I was following was about six yards wide, and on either side green verdure overhung from trees and bushes, forming what appeared to be an impenetrable tangle of leaves. All day long I travelled, not tiring myself, however, as I had a matter of fifty miles to do before entering the outskirts of the district renowned for its game, and when the lengthening shadows warned me of nightfall, I selected a secluded spot off the dusty track and built my fire from small pieces of dead twigs.

After having satisfied myself from my meagre outfit, I sauntered idly into the darkness at the outer limits of my fire to gather a few big decayed roots I had previously noted. On reaching them, my eyes wandered instinctively to two crosses which were standing at the head of two mounds, clearly signifying that this was an impromptu burying-ground.

Having a mind susceptible to pondering over any untoward occurrence, I thought far into the night of those two mute tokens of death, and, I might say, not without a slight tinge of uneasiness.

At daybreak I arose, and instantly went to the crosses for a closer scrutiny, but could not glean any knowledge from them, as they were unmarked. After breakfasting, I continued my way, full of curiosity as to who were the occupants of those graves, and in what manner they were killed, and determined at the first opportunity to satisfy the morbid questionings of my mind. As it happened, I was destined to be enlightened very soon; for, suddenly from out of the bushes, came a man travelling in the same direction as myself. He saw me and stopped, so I increased my pace. As I drew near, I saw that my future companion was a grizzled old man of seventy years or thereabouts. After exchanging greetings and news, which the man seemed to hunger after, I asked him if he could answer the question that was uppermost in my mind. He could, and this was his answer.

About twenty years ago an exceptionally brutal assault was committed by two blacks on the persons of a squatter and his wife, who had their homestead in an isolated area. The assailants escaped into the bush, but they were later captured by the mounted police, and brought to Mesquite, and from there they had to be taken some fifty miles for trial. A trooper had charge of them when they departed from Mesquite in a light wagon, the prisoners being securely tied and bundled on the floor. As fate would have it, the horses the trooper was to drive were only partially broken, and consequently it took him all his time to manage them, without being hampered by the blacks, who were consequently trying to regain their feet. A novel expedient presented itself; he would chain them to the tail of the wagon and make them walk; they were rascals, anyhow, and deserved all they were going to get.

Everything went well for the next few miles, but after that the horses showed signs of uneasiness, and, all of a sudden, bolted, dragging the two wretches off their feet. At the spot where the graves now stood, the wagon struck a stump and overturned, the trolley-pole broke and the horses continued their wild career, leaving two broken and mangled forms at the rear of the wagon, and at the side, a white man with a broken neck.

The horses were stopped at Gundagai and a search party resulted. They buried the natives near the site of the tragedy, and took the trooper to Mesquite, where he was interred.

G. V. S. (VI.c.)

JAY-WALKING.

As I was walking along the footpath on my right side—which according to the by-law was the left side—I suddenly took it into my head to cross the street.

A vision of the Arcadia had floated into my mind, and anon I found myself walking towards the opposite footpath. But, before I was able to gain it, I became aware of the fact that a burly policeman was grabbing at my shoulder. I turned on my heel and encountered the stony stare of the man in blue, whose first act was to demand my name. When he had been supplied with the necessary particulars, he kindly informed me that jay-walking was against the law of the city.

Of course, I immediately expressed my regret at being ignorant of the fact; but this was of no avail, for he still kept my name written—or, at least, scribbled—in his big black notebook.

It was late in the afternoon when I happened to be passing that way again, and the streets were crowded with people returning from their daily tasks.

As I had fully made up my mind not to jay-walk again, I wended my way along the pavement to a spot exactly opposite that which I wanted to reach. Then I began my advance. There was a bicycle in the way; I promptly pushed it over and passed over it. Unfortunately for me, its owner approached at this moment, and dealt me a lusty blow on the olfactory organ. As he was of imposing stature, I passed on, holding my tingling nose, but none the less determined to pursue my purpose.

My next obstacle was a motor. Although it was only a Ford, it had to be passed. So, with unfaltering stride, I boarded it and stepped in. In doing so, I accidentally placed my foot in a box of eggs. Of course I could not be blamed for this, for how was I to know that the occupant had been shopping? However, to avoid further trouble, I opened the door and alighted on the other side.

My troubles were not yet over, for directly in front of me stood a constable. Without a moment's hesitation, I placed my hands upon his shoulders and glided lightly over his head. I at once darted away, but before long the upholder of the law had me in his grasp.

"What is your name?" he asked. "J. Walker," I replied. "What's this foolery?" he demanded. "Well, I was christened Johnny Walker," I answered. Licking his pencil point with an air of authority, he proceeded to jot down "J. Walker."

C. E. (VI.c.)

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MT. EVEREST.

Jack Thompson puffed at his pipe thoughtfully. He was a bluff hearty man, but a trifle on the stout side, and a fair mustache adorned his upper lip. He had lived in the mountains all his life, and was every inch a mountaineer. His only companion was a man named Wratter, who lived with him.

"Hm," muttered Thompson between puffs of his pipe, "so those Americans are going to have a shot at climbing Mt. Everest. Pity if an American gains the honour; ought to be an Englishman." With that, he fell into deep thought. After remaining in that condition for some time, he suddenly sat up with an excited expression on his face. "By Jove, I think it can be done," he said to himself. He then called his companion from the next room and outlined his plan for climbing Mt. Everest. Wratter was agreeable, and they sat far into the night discussing plans for the future.

A day later everything was in readiness. Their luggage consisted of a collapsible tent, ropes, ice-axes, etc. After many handshakes and farewells, they began their journey. On the third day they had made good progress and were well on their way. Everything around them was snow-white, and the crest of the huge mountain seemed to tower right into the cloudy heavens. The cold was intense and travelling became more difficult. They exercised the utmost of caution, for they knew that a slip would mean death. Being roped together, however, lessened the danger to some degree.

Often they were forced to hack their way with axes; at other times they would be faced with a bare wall of ice, which rose almost perpendicularly. Innumerable difficulties such as these had to be surmounted daily. When they pitched their tent that night, a very picturesque view lay before them. Smaller mountains, crowned with their snow-topped peaks, rose all round them. As they lay huddled up in their crude beds that night, everything was very silent, save that, every now and then, a low moaning wind broke the awe-inspiring silence. A fall of snow which occurred during the night made the next day's travelling more difficult.

The most trying and dangerous part of the journey came next day. Arriving at a place where they could not proceed any further, because of the abrupt rise of the mountain, they had almost given up hope of scaling the remainder, when Thompson's eagle eyes spied a tiny track, about eighteen inches wide, running round the very edge. Below was a drop of thousands of feet and it made them shudder to look down, so they refrained as much as possible. By extra-cautious travelling and bull-dog grit, they proceeded warily, knowing full well the result of a false step. Foot by foot they worked their way forward, the strain and the rarefied air making physical wrecks of them. Two hours later, Thompson, with numbed hands, hoisted the Union Jack on a pole that had been roughly put into the ice.

R. H. J. (V.A.)

A CALL TO ARMS.

Ho there! schoolmate,
 Bow not down nor yield to fate!
 Rebel against our crushed-down state—
 In the modern schoolroom!
 Who doth uplifted feel,
 When beneath a test we reel,
 Or from detention steal,
 In the modern schoolroom?
 Who would to tyrants yield?—
 Yet we love them on the field—
 Is our fate to drudge quite sealed
 In the modern schoolroom?
 No, I see a glimpse of freedom—
 Good old Dalton! let us heed him,
 Then Science, Maths and French we'll read 'em
 In the modern schoolroom.
 Pestalozzi! Montessori!
 Let dire tyrants go to glory!
 Expel examinations hoary
 From the modern schoolroom!

J. P. M. (V.B.)

"SHOOTING THE FALL."

Dip! Dip! Dip! With each movement of the body the Indian crouching in the stern of the canoe plied his paddle with the skill of an adept, gaining speed at every stroke. Large beads of perspiration formed on the redskin's forehead, broke, then trickled down his polished countenance.

On either side, running down to the river's brink, grew a thick stunted vegetation, bristling with tropical flowers of every hue whose fragrant scent was wafted on the still air to the nostrils of the man toiling with the paddle.

Presently the canoe enters a passage flanked with high cliffs pointing towards the sun. For a moment the paddle ceases its movement, the bark drifts along by itself, and the Indian leans forward to listen. Soon a distant roar reaches the alert ear of the paddler who smiles at the thought of the approaching task of shooting the fall. Louder and louder the roar becomes, nearer and nearer the fearful obstacle. Soon the frail craft is in the seething waters on the brink of the fall. For a few seconds the canoe stands poised in mid-air; then with a lightning dart dives to the depths below, striking the water with a hissing sound, and, kept clear of boulders by the skill of the pilot, skims along the surface into calmer waters.

W. B. (V.c.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL, 2023 A.D.

All decked in colours, I was hurrying down King William Street towards the oval. Overhead flew many aeroplanes, some of which were occupied by Prince Alfred and St. Peter's boys in their Etou jackets and top-hats, and as one flew rather close to the ground, I caught the strain of an old school song which I had sung many years before. How everything flashed back into my mind! How everything

had changed! There was no longer a Bank of New South Wales, which I had in my young days regarded as a big building, but in its place stood a mighty structure of thirty-nine storeys and of the finest of white Italian marble. The River Torrens was one glittering sheet of water, studded here and there with boats and punts and made more picturesque with a white city as a background.

When I reached the oval, I purchased a ticket for one of the grand stands—I knew not which—for the oval was encircled with mighty four-decked pavilions.

What a shout arose from the thousands of boys representing the rival colleges, as Hobbs led the Prince Alfred team on to the field and a few minutes later, Tilden the St. Peter's—and what a game! First, I noticed there was no umpire. Such a high standard had been reached that the two teams kept themselves quite under control. Then, the goal shooting was magnificent. As the goal posts were only six feet apart and there were no behind posts at all, the game had evidently developed beyond all knowledge. Both teams played an excellent game, but in the last five minutes the reds prevailed, winning by the margin of six goals. The final scores were 107 goals to 101!

Hoarse from barracking and half stupefied with wonder, I drifted along with the crowd towards the aeroplane hangar, where I took one section to my home, to dream of what might happen next.

M. W. M. (V.c).

IN THE HILLS.

It was a glorious autumn day. The sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky, but the heat was modified by a cool breeze. The wheels spurned the metal road as we were borne swiftly towards Mount Lofty. A white road lay before us which turned in every conceivable direction, here a sharp corner and there a sinuous curve. On one side was a precipitous incline and on the other the rising slope of a mountain; all was covered with luxuriant green foliage.

On the sides of the hills were old-established apple orchards which now, stripped bare of their leaves, resembled gaunt spectres of the past. Away down in the valley the red-roofed farmhouse nestled among the sheltering trees which ever and anon, as the breeze blew, dropped a gentle shower of leaves. Here, too, were extensive vegetable patches where the industrious orchardist was wielding the hoe with a skill born of long practice.

Nearer Mount Lofty are the magnificent summer residences of the rich. Terraced gardens surround these mansions, and here and there little summer houses are dotted. In some cases, a little stream, crossed here and there by a rustic bridge, meanders over the rocks. In these gardens are the old-fashioned trees, whose leaves now have on their autumnal dress. It would be impossible to describe the varying hues, from dark green to rich velvety reds, truly a picture no artist could paint!

The drive home through the hills at night affords a sight which has to be seen to be appreciated. From the heights, the city, as darkness approaches, looks like a fairyland; first one star of

light appears and then another, till at length there is a twinkling blaze of light beneath one's feet. First the light is shut out by an intervening hill, then, as we sweep round a curve, the whole blazing, dazzling scene flashes into view, only to be lost to sight once more as we turn the next corner. At length we reach home, tired out, but richer in many ways by the day's experience.

N. B. (V.D.)

SCHOOLWARD.

"What! walking to school this morning?" I was thus addressed by the cheerful owner of a rattling, banging, spluttering Ford, which had, with a rattle, a bang, and a splutter, just drawn alongside the kerb along which I was walking dejectedly, for I was unused to walking, being accustomed to ride a bicycle. The bicycle had managed to get a punctured back tyre the day before, and as punctured bladders will not hold air, I was unable to ride to school; therefore my dejection.

However, my spirits rose somewhat at the appearance of the "motor-car," which I eyed dubiously. I accepted, with alacrity, his offer to jump in, and after three unsuccessful attempts to open the door, which on the fourth attempt, however, opened quite unexpectedly, seating me in a puddle, I clambered in, and flung my weary body upon the seat.

With a jerk and a clatter, we started off. After going some distance, an old rooster, which had been shaping an erratic course across the road (known as "jay-walking" in town), suddenly became entangled with the front wheel. It was a horrible moment of suspense; but, on looking back I saw the poor beggar minus his beautiful tail—not his head, as I expected. This incident seemed to make the driver nervous; anyhow, the next thing that I knew was myself sitting on the road, and my friend and the car up-ended in a great pool of mud and water. I rescued my friend, who was making the water boil with hot words. I pacified him, and by our united efforts we were able to right the car. We again set out, and were fairly well started when bang! went the back tyre. My friend began to explode in monosyllables: I left—hurriedly.

D. C. M. (V.D.)

THE JAY-WALKER.

Oh! thou miserable jay-walker. Have a care! Look at that policeman with that stare and that glance as he majestically stalks over to you—his first victim. His moustache bristles. He clears his throat. You stand helplessly dazed. "Under by-law 123 of Section 8 appertaining to Jay-Walking under clause X, I arrest you in the name of the law. Anything you may say will be taken in evidence against you."

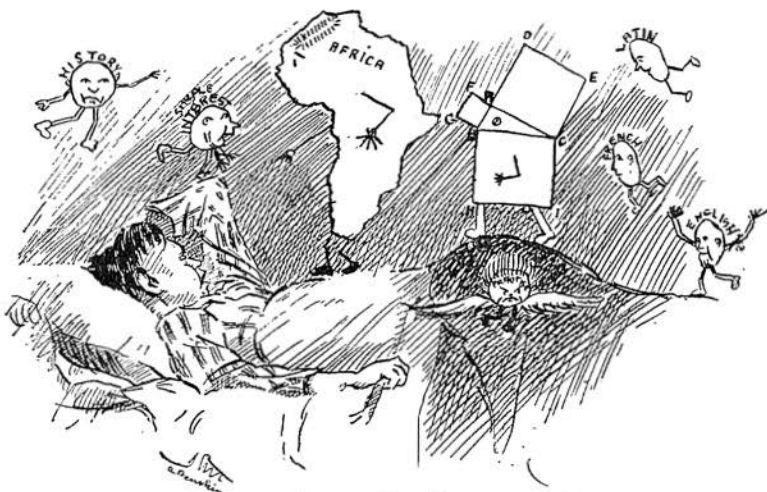
Visions of prisons, iron bars, stern-faced warders, milk and skilly, dance before your eyes. "Have mercy!" you groan as you slip a pound into an eager and ready hand. "Mercy!" "Ah," he grunts, "Under the First Offenders' Act, you are released, with a stern reprimand not to trespass again, failing which, you will be given in charge." Oh, happy man! Walk straight, don't wobble, don't deviate! Better get run down—anything, bad or good—but don't jay-walk.

W. G. P. (V.D.)

I WONDER.

I wonder, if across the sea
 There is a place for boys like me
 Where there is no "Geography."
 Or if there's any island known
 Where "tables" do not make you groan—
 But tables are for food alone—
 And no one asks you to repeat
 The "dates" when kings their end did meet—
 But dates are simple things to eat.
 Or is there any island where upon the beach
 They speak without the parts of speech,
 And no one to you English tries to teach?
 There are such places far away
 In Fiji, Afric, and Malay,
 But they get fewer every day.

W. T. McE. (U. IV. B.)



$$(be+d)-(r+e+st)$$

Boarders' Notes.

Although the second term is always full of events, we are afraid that we shall not be able to satisfy those who read the Boarders' Notes for the humorous items.

The Old Scholars' Annual Service was held in the schoolroom at the conclusion of Red Week, when an excellent address was delivered by Mr. H. S. Taylor.

The Christian Union has again exerted a strong influence on the Boarding House, as is seen from the fact that more than half of the Bible Circles are composed of Boarders.

We are convinced that the concert would not be a success if it were not for the Boarders, and a few of them again took part in it this year, with the result that some of them were successful in making fools of themselves.

A couple of dances on Saturday nights have served to provide enjoyment for some of us, and we here express our gratitude to those members of the fair sex who were willing to come and have their toes trodden upon, and also to those who so willingly officiated at the piano.

We here express our thanks to Mr. Williams for the continuance of his lectures on the League of Nations, and also take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to Mr. Wright, and trust that he has been happy in his new surroundings.

As usual, the Boarders have been deprived of late leave on Debating Society nights, but we hope more come of their own free will, and are beginning to see its value.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Trescowthick, Burns, Jarrett, Hart, Overton, Symons, Hall, and Martin, on their inclusion in the Intercollegiate Football team. The four first-named were included in the best players, and all ably assisted in defeating our rivals.

Evidently the period at the end of the military year when we do not have drill is not appreciated, with the result that Lieut. Davies' squad performed well on a certain Sunday night.

Talking of Sunday nights, it was stormy on this occasion, when "Dad" suddenly heard behind him, "Bring that torch here !!" Needless to say he almost fainted, his heart (or his conscience) being suddenly affected.

Our friend from "Munta" was making a nuisance of himself in night-school one night, which elicited the following remark, "M'sieur Keeto, if you alter that a little bit you will find out what you are."

The Electric Supply Company, evidently thinking we were overworked, deprived us of lights on several occasions this term. Naturally we regretted it.

We were extremely sorry to hear that "Darkie's" boots had taken ill. We hope they are quite "healed", and we presume they were "sold" to pay the doctor's bill.

Evidently secrets are given out in our sleep. One enthusiastic youth almost persuaded us to back No. 7, with the result that we still wonder whether it won, or fell and broke its neck. Another enterprising youth informed us that he could do the "drawback."

We are informed that "Weed's" bed accidentally fell off one night, and we are now afraid that if it gets much stronger it will get up and walk round the dorm., knocking everyone down.

We were given a good instance of the phenomenon of friction causing heat, on a certain night this term, when Bills accidentally left a box of matches under his bed. During the night they must have rubbed together and, igniting, set his bed alight. His early sleep had been peaceful; but now his dreams, owing to the close proximity of burning feathers, took on an appropriately lurid hue. However, he was awakened to reality, and, instead of running for the fire extinguisher, he preferred the "shaving mug" method, which proved rather inefficient. Having nearly suffocated his companions with the noxious odours, he succeeded in disturbing them from their peaceful slumbers, but even their efforts were insufficient. Later we learned that he had missed his connection, so we no longer entertain fears for the safety of the building.

"Farmer," evidently bent upon damping "Theatre's" ardour, proceeded to give him a cold water bath. Rather than having the desired effect, it was like throwing water on burning oil. We regret that "Farmer" did not appreciate the consequences.

A Boarders' football match was inaugurated this term against Saints. We were successful in following the example set by the Intercollegiate team, and were victorious by 12 points. Scores—Princes, 9 goals 13 behinds; Saints, 8 goals 7 behinds.

CRITIQUE OF BOARDERS' FOOTBALL TEAM.

(By High Mark).

Adams, I. V.—Always in a whirl. Passes out well to the other side.

Adams, L. E.—Shows same qualities at football as when at the pictures. Exhibits good pace, but is rather rough.

Bayly, G. L.—Doesn't know the difference between a football and a cricket ball. Plays well to himself.

Brown, G. E.—A good low mark. Deserves as many kicks as he gets.

Burns, R. H.—Should use more pace, especially in getting out of the road of better men. Can't kick or mark for nuts. Too small to be of much use in any team.

Chapman, H. T.—A "fair" player. Sometimes touches the ball, and kicks well out of bounds. Much better at basket ball.

Greenslade, H. J.—Ought to be pitching hay instead of playing football. Does fairly well, considering his infirmity.

Hall, H. F.—An (H)all-right rover. Usually forgets to take the ball with him.

Hart, G.—Often likened to a cloud of smoke. Should control his temper better; always seeing red.

Jarrett, K. B.—A good shepherd ; generally managing to prevent his own man from getting the knock-out. Ambidextrous in the feet.

Martin, E. A.—A good stayer, usually staying well at home.

Overton, W. B.—A promising and "heady" player. Would show the younger players up if he did not lose his teeth so often.

Polkinghorne, L. C.—Thinks it a great joke to stop and bounce the ball. Gets rid of it well to the other side.

Tiddy, M. P.—Would shape much better at push-ball. An ideal steam-roller.

Trescowthick, J.—Generally manages to turn the wrong way. Would do much better if he shaved before the match. More at home when playing "beaver."

Trescowthick, R.—Very fast ; usually too fast for the ball. Can be relied upon to kick the wrong way.

Wilsdon, E. V. H.—Should keep his mouth shut and eyes open. If given a rough time, should develop into a third-rate player. At present between the "Dreary Daniel" and "Dan Moriarty" class.

Wright, J. B.—Unlike his name he is all wrong. A fair punch.

Weston, Marcus Dudley (Captain).—Has captained the team with inconsiderable success. Kicks both feet and plays with his right eye shut. In recognition of his services he was promoted to the First Eighteen, where he distinguished himself by notching two six-pointers.



Doctor Datta's visit was celebrated by several illustrious members of the boarding-house by a right royal tea at the Black Cat Café. They greatly appreciated Mr. Haslam's "shout". That Doctor Datta's visit was not without some influence on the youths of this College may be seen from the willingness with which the Bible circle leaders took advantage of the opportunity to visit the Prince of Wales Theatre, while their less favoured brethren "stewed" at College. When they had enjoyed Doctor Datta's speech they betook themselves to a well-known eating house, there to digest the intellectual food they had received, by the aid of bodily food.

A most mysterious event occurred in the Wing dormitory this term. For fully a week a certain member of the dorm. was to be seen parading half in pyjamas and half in football togs. Great wonderment was caused by this, some believing that a new disease, "football fever," had been developed, the poor benighted creature playing in his sleep. But a week having passed, it turned out that all that had happened was that his pyjamas had disappeared. After being absent for this length of time, they decided to ramble home once more, much to the relief of everybody in general, and that person in particular.

To Martin and Adams, who are leaving our ranks, we wish the best of luck and happiness in their future life.

Old Scholars' Service.

The Nineteenth of the Annual Old Scholars' Services was held at the close of Old Boys' Week on Sunday, July 29th. In spite of torrential rain, there was a good muster in the old schoolroom—a striking tribute to the hold this service has obtained on our Old Boys. Its direction was in the hands of the Head Master, and the address was delivered by Mr. H. S. Taylor, of Renmark. The names of those who had passed away since the last service were read out, evoking many a memory of days gone by. These were—F. V. Beyer, Owen Crompton, K. M. Finch, J. L. Glasson, M. H. Hodge, A. E. Molineux, C. E. Stempel.

The retiring offering taken up at the close of the service for the Benevolent Fund amounted to £14 14s.

MR. TAYLOR'S ADDRESS.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.

I have to thank the Committee for the invitation which has brought me here this morning. But if I had known how difficult I was going to find the job of preparing to face you, how hard the choice of a subject, how seemingly impossible to find time and energy for its preparation, I think I should scarcely have

screwed my courage to the point of accepting that most unexpected honour. For I have felt ever since rather like that classical mountain of our youth, out of whose most prodigious labouring was born—a mouse. "Ridiculus mus," I believe the phrase was. Well, at least this mouse will try not to be ridiculous, and may even essay to emulate the feat of that other little rodent of classic story by whose tiny teeth the lord of the forest was set free from bonds that held him helpless.

One of the wisest, as he is certainly one of the cleverest, of the moderns has utilised another story of the king of beasts out of which to fashion, under the title of "Androcles and the Lion," one of those inimitable plays with which he loves to "tent" the conscience of his time, and, while tickling his audience to helpless laughter, to propound to them problems the deepest with which the mind of man can be faced. And in that whimsical way with which his admirers are by now so well acquainted, using the play, which Shakespeare declared to be "the thing," as a mere bait for the compressed argument of the overwhelming introduction, Mr. Shaw on this occasion devotes the 114 pages with which the 46 pages of the play are prefaced to a vigorous discussion of "the prospects of Christianity." And he opens that discussion with the question, "Why not give Christianity a trial?" It is a searching question; much more searching, I fancy, than most of the exponents of that which passes as Christianity are prepared to admit; and it is certainly the most momentous question with which this or any other generation of men can be faced.

We have all heard many times how the late Prince Consort declared that Representative Government was on its trial; but it might be thought that a religion which has, nominally at least, swayed the destinies of the leading nations of the world for well nigh two thousand years, had long since passed the stage of trial. It *might* indeed be thought so; but Mr. Shaw by no means stands alone in his expression of belief that Christianity, the Christianity of Christ—or to put it more plainly, the religion of Jesus—has not yet been put to trial by the modern world.

On the one hand we are assured by many voices, and with a bitterness of conviction such as has accompanied no previous similar indictment—and there have been many such—that Christianity has failed, failed more irremediably than any great religion has ever done; and on the other we have this indictment met with the counter assertion that that certainly cannot be said to have failed which no nation has yet attempted to put into practice. And I do not know that a gathering such as this is, representing the old scholars of an institution which aims not merely to equip its pupils with the the rudiments of secular learning, but specifically to ground them in the principles of the Christian faith, or at least to send them forth with a Christian bias to their character—I do not know that on such an occasion we could be better occupied than in considering this dual problem of the alleged failure of Christianity, and the failure of the world to give Christianity a chance.

The war, which tested many things, tested none more searchingly than institutional Christianity; and it may be doubted whether anything has come out of that ordeal more sadly discredited. And it is perhaps an unconscious tribute to the growing sincerity of men's attitude to life that the divorce between Christian profession and Christian conduct should have so profoundly shocked the souls of so many of this generation.

Organised Christianity has been opposed by some of the world's wisest in other ages and on other grounds. It has been opposed, and often with good reason, as an enemy of truth, of knowledge, and of intellectual freedom; or because of the supernatural character of its claims. "Get rid of the miracles," declared Rousseau, "and the whole world will fall at the feet of Jesus Christ," To-day among the thoughtful men who are turning from the

Christian Church, I do not think these matters count for much so far as they are concerned. They are dead issues. The reason for disappointment, resentment, or scorn goes deeper, and rests on the really vital matter of Christian conduct. These men have turned from the church because, like Tolstoy, having looked there for the Christ, they found Him not. And some of them have concluded with Tolstoy that the church, instead of bringing men to Christ, is keeping them from Him.

Perhaps it is their vision that is at fault; but at any rate it behoves us to examine the ground of their conviction; for I take it that whatever may be our ideas about the church, or institutional Christianity, we are at one in holding that apart from Christ, or from certain principles of conduct with which the name of Christ is indissolubly associated, there is neither hope nor salvation for the world.

The different sections of the Christian church have adopted various constricting tests of Christianity, tests of creed, of ritual, or of sacramental symbol. The world at large, with a true instinct, is not concerned with these things. Like John Wesley, it judges of a man's Christianity, not by his profession or belief, but by his life. At bottom, indeed, there is no other test. Every church professes to have Jesus as its head, and to find in Him its source of inspiration. And the true measure of the Christianity of every church, as of every man and every nation, is the extent to which it has captured and bodied forth—in its fellowship if a church, in its conduct if a man, and in its legislation if a nation—the spirit of Jesus. "Settle it in your hearts," said that great preacher and Christian hero, Robertson of Brighton, "Christianity is Christ; understand Him, breathe His spirit, comprehend His mind. Christianity is a life, a spirit." And not essentially different is the testimony of a very different order of mind, Dr. John Caird, Principal of the University of Glasgow: "Yes, it is here and nowhere else that the essence of religion lies; not ecclesiastical order, not theological soundness, not even morality and purity of life, but love and loyalty to Christ."

Many earnest souls have revolted against that which has been presented at times by the church under the guise of religion. "Your God," exclaimed John Wesley to a Calvinist opponent, "is my devil"; and we shall do well to bear in mind the saying of the gifted author of a once very famous study of the teachings of Jesus: "We are to remember that nothing has been subjected to such multiform and grotesque perversion as Christianity." It may help us, when confronted by the revolt from organised or institutional Christianity, to realise that even a seeming repudiation of religion may be in reality a revolt from the official custodians of Christianity in favour of Christ Himself. "Institutional Christianity," writes Dean Inge, the Church of England's ablest living protagonist, "Institutional Christianity may be a legitimate and necessary historical development from the original Gospel, but it is something alien to the Gospel itself."

Since we agree that to the would-be Christian the matter of supreme importance is the sympathetic understanding of Christ, if I may so express it—not what the church may have taught or may now teach *about* Christ, but the Man Christ Jesus Himself—it behoves us as earnest men, putting aside all prepossessions and prejudices that may prevent us from seeing clearly and understanding rightly, to seek this so important knowledge.

The quest should not be difficult. There is much in the Bible that is obscure, much that is irrelevant to the religion of Jesus, even a good deal that is opposed to it; but in the recorded sayings of Jesus, and particularly in

the collection known as the Sermon on the Mount, there is ample, admitted by all to be characteristic of our Lord, from which to deduce the broad lines of His teaching. "We maintain," said Robertson, "that the Sermon on the Mount contains the sum and substance of Christianity, the very chief matter of the Gospel of our Redeemer." Yet here again we must remember that Christ was no dry legalist, but a divine poet; that it is the whole essence of His teaching that while the spirit giveth life, the letter killeth.

Bearing this in mind we shall not likely quarrel with Robertson's deduction from such a study of the teaching of Jesus: "Christianity is love to God and man. To love the Lord our God with all thy heart and soul and mind, and to love thy neighbour as thyself, this is the life that is hidden with Christ in God." From a similar study Professor Seeley exclaimed, "Christianity is natural fellow feeling, or humanity raised to the point of enthusiasm," and the one outstanding and distinguishing principle which he found to differentiate Christian from pre-Christian and Pagan morality was Christ's law of Forgiveness. "To paraphrase the ancient Hebrew language," he writes, "the spirit of Christ brooded on the face of the waters, and Christ said 'Let there be forgiveness,' and there was forgiveness." A certain wooden literalness, surprising in one of truly titanic mentality, and one of the world's greatest artists, at times characterises Tolstoy's interpretations of the sayings of Jesus; but it is impossible to be indifferent to the general deduction drawn by such a man from many years of the study of the original sources of Christianity. Here is Tolstoy's ultimate deduction from that study, his resolution of Christian philosophy into a sentence: "The most important thing in life is for man to unite with man; and the worst thing in life is to go apart from one another." And this great Russian, the greatest writer, and the most outstanding figure of his age, declared with emphasis: "The faith which overcomes the world is faith in the teaching of Jesus." We may gain much, and we can lose nothing, by considering how the religion of Jesus appeared to a profound thinker who was himself a bitter enemy of institutional Christianity. That errant but undoubted genius, the philosopher Nietzsche, writes in "The Antichrist," "It is not a 'belief' which distinguishes the Christian; the Christian acts, he distinguishes himself by *another* mode of acting. In that he does not offer resistance either by word or in heart to those acting in a hostile way towards him. In that he makes no distinction between foreigners and natives, between Jews and not Jews. In that He does not get angry at anyone, does not despise anyone. . . . The life of the Saviour was nothing else but *this* practice—neither was His death anything else. . . . The 'kingdom of heaven' is a state of the heart—not something which comes 'over the earth' or 'after death' . . . The 'kingdom of God' is nothing which is expected, it has no yesterday and no day after to-morrow, it does not come in a 'thousand years'—it is an experience in a heart, it is everywhere present, it is nowhere present. . . . This 'bringer of glad tidings' died as He lived, as He taught—*not* 'to save men,' but to show how one ought to live. It is the *practice* which He left behind to mankind, His behaviour before the judges, before the lictors, before His accusers, and in presence of every kind of calumny and mockery—His behaviour on the *cross*. He does not resist, does not defend His right, He takes no steps to avert from Himself the extremest consequences; yet more He *exact*s them. . . . And He entreats. He suffers, He loves—with those, *in* those who do Him wrong. . . . *Not* to defend Himself, *not* to be angry, *not* to make answerable—but not even to resist an evil one—to *love* him."

These are the words of one commonly regarded as a blasphemer, but for genuine insight into the mind and heart of our Lord I do not know where to better them.

I started with a reference to Bernard Shaw's study of the life and teaching of Jesus. Mr. Shaw also stands outside the Christian church. But he brings to his task a mind of extraordinary acuteness, and a power of mental detachment such as probably no other writer of the present day possesses. He is interested in Jesus chiefly as an economist. And he finds in His teaching a set of principles which, put into practice, would ensure good government and save the world from the ruin towards which it is manifestly drifting.

Here is Mr. Shaw's statement of the teaching of Christ: "He lays no stress on baptism or vows, and preaches conduct incessantly. He advocates communism, the widening of the private family with its camping ties into the great family of mankind under the fatherhood of God, the abandonment of revenge and punishment, the counteracting of evil by good instead of by a hostile evil, and an organic conception of society in which you are not an independent individual but a member of society, your neighbour being another member, and each of you members one of another, as two fingers on a hand, the obvious conclusion being that unless you love your neighbour as yourself and he reciprocate you will both be the worse for it. He conveys all this with extraordinary charm, and entertains his hearers with fables (parables) to illustrate them."

At a later stage in his examination Mr. Shaw somewhat elaborates these deductions, setting forth certain doctrines as to which he claims that Jesus is confirmed by the results of a scientific study of economics, criminology, and biology. Of the specific Christian doctrines thus roughly enumerated by Mr. Shaw the first three read as follows:—

"1. The kingdom of heaven is within you. You are the son of God, and God is the son of man. God is a spirit, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not an elderly gentleman to be bribed and begged from. We are members one of another; so that you cannot injure or help your neighbour without injuring or helping yourself. God is your Father; you are here to do God's work; and you and your Father are one."

"2. Get rid of property by throwing it into the common stock. Dissociate your work entirely from money payments. If you let a child starve you are letting God starve. Get rid of all anxiety about to-morrow's dinner and clothes, because you cannot serve two masters: God and Mammon."

"3. Get rid of judges and punishment and revenge. Love your neighbour as yourself, he being part of yourself. And love your enemies: they are your neighbours."

It is many years since I read John Wesley's "Fifty-two Sermons," but from my recollection of their contents I am constrained to remark that the regular reading, say, once a year, of Wesley's courses on the Sermon on the Mount would give the present fathers of Methodism, and, indeed, the leaders of all churches, something much more vital for discussion at their annual gatherings than some of the subjects which now occupy their attention on these occasions.

But since I have not Wesley at hand to quote, let me finish this mustering of testimony by a reference to an equally loyal son of the church, the Rev. John Watson, D.D., better known to the non-theological world as "Ian Maclaren." Dr. Watson in "The Mind of the Master," says: "Among all the creeds of Christendom the only one which has the authority of Christ Himself is the Sermon on the Mount," and he adds, the Sermon on the Mount in brief is found in one of the "last sayings" of Jesus: "This is My commandment,

that ye love one another as I have loved you." As a sample of a creed based on Christ's sermon, Dr. Watson gives the following: "I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in a clean heart; I believe in the service of love; I believe in the unworldly life; I believe in the Beatitudes; I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God."

For a short time, we are assured, in the era of the persecutions, there did exist a Christian church or society in which the test of membership was to live according to the teachings of Jesus. A picture of this society, drawn by a German writer, is quoted as of indubitable authenticity by Dean Inge: "It was a brotherhood within which there was no privileged class. Men and women, the free and the slave, had an equal share in it. It abolished the fundamental Greek distinction of civilized and barbarian. It looked with contempt on none To a large extent it was an association of mutual aid. Wherever anyone was in need, help was at hand A complete rupture with Pagan standards of morality was insisted on from new members Revenge was forbidden and injustice was endured with meekness and pardon."

If this then is Christianity in theory and in practice shall we say that Dr. J. N. Figgis, of the Anglican Church, was far wrong when he declared the Western world to be no more Christian than in the Roman Empire; or Eucken when he proclaimed his belief that Christendom was becoming anti-Christian; or Dean Inge when he wrote: "Our answer to the indictment against Christianity is that institutional religion does not represent the Gospel of Christ, but the opinions of a mass of normal Christians The real Gospel, if it were accepted, would pull up by the roots not only militarism but its analogue in civil life, the desire to exploit other people for private gain. But it is not accepted It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honoured Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from Him."

My quotations from Dean Inge have been taken from an essay entitled "The Indictment against Christianity," and, as will be gathered, in the opinion of this strong and virile thinker, Christianity, in so far as this term is taken to mean the existing institutions calling themselves and known as Christian, judged by its impotence, or worse than impotence, in face of the world disaster of the War, must be counted a failure.

It is perhaps a moot question whether Christianity and war should be regarded as necessarily and always mutually destructive terms. As is well known, Tolstoy held that no one could be a Christian and bear arms. This seems also to have been the view of the early non-Pauline Christians, and it is the view long held and acted on by the Society of Friends in England and America, and by sects such as the Dukhobors in Russia. The church has answered the question generally by the assertion that it is not the act of fighting but the spirit in which one fights and the cause for which one fights that determines the congruity of warfare with Christian practice. And before 1914 this statement of the case had not been found repugnant to the general conscience of mankind.

There is indubitably in the profession of the soldier something that appeals to the right Christian instinct. We honour the soldier, as Ruskin told us, not because his business is to kill, but because he offers himself to be killed for others; and it is in no spirit of mockery but rather of humblest earnestness of faith that the monuments one finds everywhere erected to those

who were in one sense the symbols of Force as opposed to the Christian law of Love, have been inscribed with the sacred formula: "Greater love hath no man than this." Moreover, among the people of our own race there has been a marked tendency to find in certain soldier types, a Havelock or a Gordon, the very epitome of heroic Christian virtue.

Farsighted statesmen like General Smuts and level-headed men like Mr. Baldwin assure us that the world is on the edge of a volcano which any day may belch forth and overwhelm civilization, still staggering from the dreadful shocks of the last War, in irremediable ruin.

Such are the fruits of a policy of Force and Hate. Who is to cry a halt? Mr. Lloyd George has lately asserted that the political leaders of the world have learned not one syllable of the lessons of the War. The forces that produced that war are busily at work to produce another, from the effects of which, we are assured, civilization as we know it can hardly hope to survive.

If there is any hope for the world except in a wholesale repentance and a return to the Christianity we have denied I confess I do not know where to look for it. I do not ask you to believe, what I believe every fair-minded man who has honestly investigated the evidence now available must believe, that Germany's responsibility for the War was no greater than that of the Allies. Continue to believe, if you must, that the major if not the sole responsibility for the war rests upon that unhappy country. But do not therefore abjure your Christian principles. By no wriggling and twisting is it possible to escape the fact that Christ condemned revenge and commanded forgiveness. Only by Love, He taught, can hatred be expelled and enemies converted into friends. And five hundred years before Christ the same truth had been enunciated by Buddha: "Never by hatred can hatred be overcome."

It may be open for men who make no profession of Christianity to consider themselves wiser than Christ. It is not so open to professing Christians. They at least are bound to try to follow in His steps; to seek to adapt the eternal principles of His teaching to the problems of to-day.

Nor is the application of those principles to international politics a new and unheard of thing. They were applied by the Allies under British leadership in their treatment of France at the close of the Napoleonic wars; they were applied by Prussia at the close of her war with Austria in the middle of last century; they were applied to Britain at the close of the Boer War, and each time with the happiest results. It is one of the saddest things in history—Signo Nitti, the ex-Premier of Italy, has devoted a whole volume to an elaboration of the theme—that whereas the Peace of Paris concluded in 1815 by the representatives of the absolute monarchies of Europe was drawn on just and humane lines and based on Christian principles, the latest Peace of Paris, concluded a century later by the democracies of the world, was based on force and violence and the negation of Christian principles.

Forgive me if I have wearied you. Forgive me if my choice of subject has not been to your liking. It has been forced on me. With Christian civilization in imminent peril it seemed to me that a man might better be Nero fiddling over Rome than a preacher speaking soothing words or footling with the unrealities of life.

It is the glory of the Public Schools of England to have prepared the young gentlemen of their country for national leadership. In their wake the Australian Colleges are following not altogether ignobly. Can we wish for anything better for our own College than that the young men who go out from it should be inspired by lofty ideals of Christian service? It is a

democratic age. The church is what its members make it, and the State is moulded by its citizens. It may be that never again will the two be coterminous. Yet there was something grand about the old Catholic conception of a church, embracing and directing the destinies of all the kingdoms of the world, and something greatly inspiring, too, about the old English idea of a national church of which every citizen should be a member. In the New Jerusalem that the seer of Patmos saw descending out of heaven there was no temple nor need for any, for the spirit of Christ was everywhere. And it may be that the diffusion of that spirit in the future will be independent of institutional Christianity as we know it to-day. But the churches, imperfect as they may be and are, have surely a great part yet to play. They are the only avowed organs of Christianity, and if they again fail the world in its crisis, dark indeed will be the outlook.

I can conceive no nobler destiny for this old school of ours than that it should be a nursery of Christian gentlemen who, whatever the standard of their scholarship, and whatever their profession of belief or non-belief, have caught the inspiration of the spirit of Christ, and desire above all other things to make their land Christian not only in profession, but Christian in the brotherhood of its citizens, and Christian in the spirit that animates its legislation and its treatment of other nations.

It may be that the Kingdom of God is an unrealizable ideal. That is but to say that it is an ideal. For every ideal worthy of the name is and must be unrealizable. The glory and the gain lie in the effort after realization. They are in the spirit that spoke through the prophet-poet Blake when he wrote:—

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear; O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

House Football.

SPICER V. COLTON.

The first House match of the season was between these two Houses. Colton had a particularly strong team, and were not disappointed in their hopes of victory. Spicer began brilliantly by

scoring a goal, but Colton soon equalled that and continued to score rapidly. At half-time the scores were :—

Colton—8 goals 9 behinds.

Spicer—1 goal.

In the second half, Colton continued scoring, while Spicer failed to net another point. The final scores were :—

Colton—20 goals 18 behinds.

Spicer—1 goal.

Best Players.—Winners—All played well. Losers—Pengilly, Waterford, Goldsack.

COTTON v. MALPAS.

The above Houses met under conditions conducive to good football. Hone won the toss from Storer, and kicked towards the Prep. In the first half of the game Malpas held back Cotton fairly well, but the latter had the advantage over Malpas' young team. At half-time the board showed :—

Cotton—5 goals 9 behinds.

Malpas—2 goals.

In the second half, Cotton ran all over their opponents, who managed to score only 1 behind. Storer was very conspicuous during the latter half. The final bell rang with the scores :—

Cotton, 16 goals 14 behinds.

Malpas—2 goals 1 behind.

Goalkickers.—Winners—G. V. Storer (5), Gameau (4), Miell (3), Leak (2), Shaw and T. G. Storer (1). Losers—Lewis and Eaton.

Best Players.—Winners—Storer, Fisher, Perrott, Stevens. Losers—Hone, M. Evans, W. Evans, Schulz.

ROBB v. COLTON.

The result of this match was at first undecided, but the boarders soon showed they were the stronger team. Colton were superior in the rucks, and dashed away with the leather, but Robb succeeded in stopping them. The play evened up a great deal, and despite their superior team, Colton could not show much over Robb at half-time, when the scores were :—

Colton—

Robb—

After half-time the boarders gradually pulled away, scoring rapidly over Robb, who were going to pieces. The final scores were :—

Colton—

Robb—

Best Players.—Winners—Trescowthick, Jarrett, Burns, Overon, Hart. Losers—Chapman, Rofe, Salter, Woolcock.

WATERHOUSE V. SPICER.

Although the result of this match was a foregone conclusion, yet the few who watched the match were provided with a keen contest. Waterhouse were first away and scored quickly, although their kicking was very poor. After a lot of mid-field play, Spicer managed to score a goal. Waterhouse then took possession of the ball, and at half-time the scores were :—

Waterhouse—4 goals 8 behinds.

Spicer—1 goal 1 behind.

The second half proved more disastrous for Spicer; Waterhouse scored again and again, although their kicking was anything but brilliant. The final scores were :—

Waterhouse—13 goals 15 behinds.

Spicer—1 goal 3 behinds.

Best players.—Winners—Axford, Martin, Hall, Symons.
Losers—Richards, Pittman, Alexander, Dolling.

ROBB V. MALPAS.

The meeting of the above houses took place under ideal conditions. The Malpas team was weakened by the absence of Hone, their captain. The game proved a runaway victory for Robb, whose superiority was marked in every department. As Malpas team consisted mainly of juniors, new to senior house football, the ball rarely passed the half-forward line. When the bell rang, the board showed :—

Robb—11 goals 17 behinds.

Malpas—1 behind.

Goalkickers.—Winners—Rofe (4), Salter (2), Lewis (2), Chapman (2), McKay.

Best Players.—Winners—Rofe, Chapman, Salter. Losers—M. Evans, Schulz, W. Evans.

SPICER V. COTTON.

As was expected, this match resulted in a win for Cotton, but it was by no means a walkover. Cotton attacked continuously, but were several times repulsed by Spicer's back lines, until at half-time the scores were :—

Cotton—4 goals 5 behinds.

Spicer—2 goals 1 behind.

Upon the change of ends, Cotton set out to increase their advantage, and were somewhat successful. The bell rang with Cotton still attacking hotly. The final scores were :—

Cotton—8 goals 10 behinds.

Spicer—3 goals 2 behinds.

Best players.—Winners—Storer, Fisher, Rowe. Losers—Dolling, Pengilly, Waterford.

WATERHOUSE v. ROBB.

This match was one of interest, because the above Houses drew for the honour of "Cock House" in 1922. Robb started kicking with the wind, which proved of great assistance. Considering the calibre of the teams, the game was good throughout, and the pace fast; but neither team showed superiority over the other. At half-time the board showed:—

Waterhouse—2 goals 6 behinds.

Robb—2 goals 6 behinds.

With the wind behind them, the boarders had the better of the second half, though their kicking was anything but brilliant. The game ended with the scores—

Waterhouse—4 goals 22 behinds.

Robb—4 goals 7 behinds.

Best players.—Winners—Axford, Martin, Hall, Symon. Losers—Chapman, Salter, Woolcock, Rofe.

COLTON v. MALPAS.

Under favourable conditions the above houses contested a one-sided game. From the bounce Colton showed marked superiority, but Malpas's backs held them fairly well till half time, when the scores were—

Colton—6 goals 8 behinds.

Malpas—1 behind.

In the second half, Colton's backs played forward, and vice versa. This, however, did not prevent them from scoring abundantly. Colton were playing a fast game, while Malpas appeared to be sluggish. During this term the ball did not pass the Malpas half-forward line. The final scores were:—

Colton—18 goals 16 behinds.

Malpas—1 behind.

Best players—Winners—All played well. Losers—Hone, M. Evans.

Goalkickers.—Winners—Burns (5), Humphris (2), J. O. Tiddy, Chapman (5), Jarrett (2), Trescowthick (2), Bayly.

WATERHOUSE v. COTTON.

This was both Houses' first match. The teams were so evenly matched that all were provided with a good game. From the bounce Cotton attacked, and scored rapidly. The game was very fast, the ball travelling up and down the field till Waterhouse netted a major. At half-time the scores were:—

Cotton—3 goals 5 behinds.

Waterhouse—1 goal 1 behind.

The second half began by both teams pressing hard. The scoring was even. Yet Waterhouse were beginning to shine out. The final scores were :—

Cotton—6 goals 6 behinds.

Waterhouse—4 goals 4 behinds.

Goalkickers.—Winners—G. V. Storer (3), Fisher (2), T. G. Storer (1). Losers—Wright (2), Tiver, and Martin.

Best players.—Winners—Storer, Fisher, Rowe. Losers—Axford, Martin, Symons.

MALPAS V. SPICER.

Both Houses were eagerly looking forward to this match, as their one evenly contested match of the season, but it proved to be a decisive victory for Spicer. Spicer began by scoring quickly, and continued to have most of the play, Malpas failing to score a point, till at half-time the scores were :—

Spicer—3 goals 3 behinds.

Malpas—Nil.

In the second half, Spicer scored rapidly at first, but Malpas improved greatly, scoring three majors in succession. They failed to reach their opponents' score however, and the game ended with Spicer still attacking. Final scores :—

Spicer—8 goals 4 behinds.

Malpas—3 goals 1 behind.

Goalkickers. — Winners — Jenkins (3) Williams, Pittman, Waterford, Goldsack, and Richards. Losers — Hone, Todd, M. Evans.

Best Players. — Winners — Waterford, Pengilly, Pittman. Losers—Hone, M. Evans.

ROBB V. COTTON.

The result of this match was doubtful all the way through, as each team held sway at different times. An impressive feature of the game was the hot pace maintained to the end. The kicking of the first half was good, Cotton showing slight superiority over their opponents. At half time the scores were :—

Cotton—4 goals 2 behinds.

Robb—3 goals 1 behind.

In the commencement of the second half, Cotton dashed away, but Robb livened up considerably, yet they were unable to reach their opponents' score. Final scores were :—

Cotton—6 goals 9 behinds.

Robb—6 goals 6 behinds.

Best Players.—Winners—Storer, Fisher, Rowe. Losers—Chapman, Woolcock, Rofe.

COTTON v. COLTON.

This was the most important match of the season, as the premiership was the prize of the victors. The game was very fast, the ball travelling rapidly from one end to the other, though Colton showed they were the better team. At half-time the scores were:—

Colton—3 goals 6 behinds.

Cotton—2 goals.

On the resumption of play, Colton started a continual offensive, and, although their kicking was very poor, they succeeded in defeating their opponents, who were putting up a good fight. The bell rang with the board showing:—

Colton—6 goals 10 behinds.

Cotton—3 goals 4 behinds.

Best Players.—Winners—Jarrett, Trescowthick, Burns, Hart.
Losers—Storer, Fisher, Rowe, Stevens.

 WATERHOUSE v. MALPAS.

As was expected, the game was very one sided. Waterhouse had the assistance of a light breeze in the first half. They collared at the bounce and were faster to the ball than their opponents, who did not have a full team. Waterhouse were in an unassailable position when the bell rang for change of ends, the scores being:—

Waterhouse—10 goals 11 behinds.

Malpas—Nil.

Even with the wind in their favour, Malpas did not improve. All through the game, Waterhouse showed marked superiority, but their kicking for goal was weak. Towards the end, the game became a scramble, all the Waterhouse team trying to kick goals. The match ended with the scores:—

Scores—22 goals 29 behinds.

Malpas—Nil.

Goalkickers.—Winners—March (4), Kitto (3), Hall (3), Cane (4), Martin (4), Axford (2), Greenslade (2).

Best Players.—Winners—Symons, Axford, Hall. Losers—Hone, Evans.

 ROBB v. SPICER.

This game was of low standard throughout. Robb got away quickly at the start, and maintained their lead to the end. The Robb backs were too strong for Spicer, and stopped several promising attacks. At half-time the scores were:—

Robb—4 goals 2 behinds.

Spicer—1 goal 2 behinds.

After the change of ends, the game became more even, but towards the end, Robb began to predominate once more, and steadily increased their lead. When the bell rang, the board showed :—

Robb—7 goals 7 behinds.

Spicer—2 goals 4 behinds.

Best Players.—Winners—Chapman, Rofe, Salter. Losers—Pittman, Dolling, Richards.

COLTON V. WATERHOUSE.

These old rivals met on Monday, August 27th. The game throughout was very fast and rather rough. This may be attributed to the eagerness of the two teams, all playing full out. Colton obtained the lead from the start, and, by slightly superior play, kept it to the end. Waterhouse battled hard, and never slackened their efforts until the final bell rang. Colton played good football in all departments of the game, whereas Waterhouse were somewhat handicapped by erratic kicking among their forwards. The final scores were :

Colton—7 goals 7 behinds.

Waterhouse—4 goals 6 behinds.

Best Players.—All on both sides played well.

House Tennis.

In the latter end and the earlier part of the term, a start was made with Junior House tennis, but owing to the unusual state of the weather, tennis had to be abandoned. During the latter part of this term, an excellent start has been made with senior matches. Most houses have much talent, and aspirants for Intercollegiate honours next year must now make the most of their time, and, as far as possible, get practice on turf courts.

Up to the present Waterhouse lead, with others a close second. The following matches have been played :—

Cotton v. Colton.—Hunwick and Duncan lost to Chapman and Brown, 1—6; Hunwick beat Chapman, 6—3; Duncan beat Brown, 6—4. Cotton, 2 sets; Colton, 1 set.

Spicer v. Malpas.—Coles and Wight beat Cowling and Eaton, 6—3; Coles beat Cowling, 6—0; Wight lost to Eaton, 3—6. Spicer, 2 sets; Malpas, 1 set.

Waterhouse v. Robb.—Bills and Tiver beat Woolcock and Wilson, 6—3; Bills beat Woolcock, 6—0; Tiver beat Wilson, 6—4; Waterhouse, 3 sets; Robb, 0 sets.

Colton v. Malpas.—Brown and Bayly beat Cowling and Schulz, 6—3; Bayly beat Cowling, 6—4; Brown lost to Schulz, 2—6. Colton, 2 sets; Malpas 1 set.

Colton v. Spicer.—Bayly and Brown beat Wight and Taylor, 6—1; Bayly beat Taylor, 6—0; Brown lost to Wight, 2—6. Colton, 2 sets; Spicer, 1 set.

Waterhouse v. Malpas.—Bills and Tiver lost to Eaton and Schulz, 3—6; Bills beat Eaton, 6—0; Tiver beat Schulz, 6—1. Waterhouse, 2 sets; Malpas, 1 set.

Cotton v. Robb.—Hunwick and Duncan beat Woolcock and Wilson, 6—3; Hunwick beat Woolcock 6—3; Duncan lost to Wilson, 2—6. Cotton, 2 sets; Robb, 1 set.

Malpas v. Robb.—Eaton and Cowling beat Woolcock and Wilson, 6—4; Eaton beat Wilson, 6—2; Cowling lost to Woolcock, 2—6. Malpas, 2 sets; Robb, 1 set.

Waterhouse v. Cotton.—Bills and Tiver beat Hunwick and Duncan, 6—4; Bills beat Hunwick, 6—4; Tiver beat Duncan, 6—2. Waterhouse, 3 sets; Cotton, 0 sets.

Robb v. Spicer.—Woolcock and Wilson beat Wight and Taylor, 6—4; Wilson beat Taylor, 6—1; Woolcock beat Wight, 6—4. Robb, 3 sets; Spicer, 0 sets.

The Junior House matches were rather rushed at the end of the term, as the prevailing wet weather made our back ground unfit for play until the last two weeks, but the matches then played were vigorously contested, with the result that Colton and Spicer each won four out of their five matches, Robb and Waterhouse three, and Cotton one.

These results, combined with those of the senior matches, place Colton first with eight points in the House Competitions; followed by Cotton five, Waterhouse and Spicer two and half, and Robb one.

Duces.

VI.U.—H. T. Chapman

VI.A. (Div. 1)—D. W. Taylor

VI.A. (Div. 2)—A. P. Southwood

VI.B.—M. F. Perrott

VI.C.—E. H. Williams

V.A.—W. B. Dorsch

V.B.—C. R. G. Felstead

V.C.—J. T. P. Drew

V.D.—D. C. MacCormac

U. IV.A.—H. W. Herbert

U. IV.B.—S. J. Torr

L. IV.A.—S. D. Lade

L. IV.B.—A. K. Johnson

III.U.—B. M. Jolly

III.L.—B. Fiddian

Our Soldiers' Memorial.

On Saturday, July 1, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of our new building took place in the presence of a large and representative gathering. The service was an impressive one, and appropriately was conducted by Old Boys who had played their part in the war. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Bridges were welcomed by the President of the Conference, the Head Master, the Treasurer (Mr. W. Latblean), the Secretary (Mr. J. H. Chinner), the President of the Old Scholars' Association (Mr. G. Lawrence), Lieut.-Col. Waite, D.S.O., M.C., the Minister, of Education (Hon. T. Pascoe, M.L.C.), Mrs. Shapley, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mrs. Pascoe. The guard of honour, chosen from our Cadets, was in charge of Lieutenants K. W. Smith and Nesbit, whilst the Military and the Naval Commandants, Brigadier-General R. L. Leane, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major T. R. Mellor, O.B.E., and Major E. Playford, O.B.E., were also present. The Order of Service, bound in red leather with gold lettering, was presented to Lady Bridges. The occasion, which was reminiscent to many of a similar ceremony on November 5, 1867, marked another important epoch in our history, and those who were privileged to be present could not fail to be impressed by its dignity and solemnity.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Hymn—"O God our Help in Ages Past"—Rev. R. L. H. Tilbrook
(Australian 3rd Ambulance Corps).

Prayer—Rev. L. M. Humphery, M.A. (43rd Battalion, A.I.F.)

Psalm 46—Rev. L. D. Rooney, B.A., (27th Battalion, A.I.F.)

The Head Master's Address.

The President of the College, on behalf of the College Committee, presents the Governor with a trowel and requests His Excellency to lay the Foundation Stone.

His Excellency the Governor (Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.), fixes the stone in position and addresses the assembly.

Hymn—"O Lord of Hosts whose Glory Fills"—Rev. C. H. Nield
(Soldiers' Fathers' Association).

Lieut.-Col. W. C. N. Waite, D.S.O., M.C. (Australian Field Artillery) thanks His Excellency.

Benediction.

God Save the King.

THE HEAD MASTER'S ADDRESS.

Your Excellency and Lady Bridges, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—So far as we know, 862 Prince Alfred Collegians went overseas on service in the Great War, or were in camp expecting to go, when the Armistice was signed. Of them 116 gave their lives, and 76 won distinctions. Before they went every opportunity was taken to do honour to the splendid spirit that sent them forth to do battle on our behalf, and, since their return, no opportunity has been lost of expressing our gratitude for what they did and endured for us. I feel that no good end would be served by repeating on this occasion what has been said so often in our school associations on this theme. Suffice it to say that the service and sacrifice we seek to commemorate gave us Australians a consciousness of nationhood never realised before, and left us our greatest responsibility—the duty of equipping each successive generation of our children to realise

“How great the heritage they left;

How great the conquests to be won!”

in the peace they hoped for, which hath her victories no less renowned than war.

Memorials many in number and varied in form and purpose adorn our land. Each has its special features, expressive of the feelings of those who erected it, and ours has its own distinctiveness, which, I trust, justifies a rehearsal of what has been done, that the aim and scope of our plans may be fully realised. It may fairly be said that our memorial is threefold.

In 1916 there fell in France two Old Boys—members of the staff—Captain J. W. Blacket and Lance-Corporal G. C. Davies—two fine spirits whose devoted service to the school in those activities outside the classroom, which mean so much to a school, will ever be gratefully remembered by those fortunate enough to have enjoyed their companionship. These, their companions, decided at once that some appropriate memorial should be erected to them on the school grounds, and £250 was subscribed to erect two sports dressing rooms. Owing to sudden advance in building costs, it was found that nearly thrice that amount would be needed to erect even the modest structure proposed, and when the War Council forbade such use of money in that time of stress, this money was put into war bonds. When this greater memorial was proposed, it was decided to incorporate the Blacket-Davies Memorial in the scheme, with the result that a far greater area, more conveniently situated in this building, will be devoted to that purpose.

In 1918, some time before the armistice, and before any national effort of the kind, the Old Collegians' Association established a fund among the members to provide for the

education of all children of fellow-collegians who fell in the war. They felt that the noblest memorial they could erect would result from taking a father's place in preparing these young lives to play their part manfully in the country preserved to them by their fathers' devotion. That second instalment of our school memorial is rising steadily. It will be made up of 14 living stones well and truly shaped, we trust, for a worthy place in the national structure that is being built upon the sacrifice their fathers made. It will take some years to complete, but ample provision has long ago been made for this purpose.

The beauty of this part of our memorial was brought home to me with great force recently. A former pupil came to see the old school once more, and exchange a parting greeting with me just before leaving for the war. I recall vividly how truly he seemed actuated by the true Crusader spirit, hating the war and all that it meant, yet resolute in devoting himself, at all costs, to the cause he believed to be right. While on service in Europe news came to him that a little son, his first-born, had been born to him. Only a few days ago one of the dearest friends of his professional life told me that, on receipt of the news, he wrote to him saying that he would rather have that child's arms about his neck than wear the greatest distinction military achievement could win. He was denied that joy: he lies in France. What more elevating privilege can we old collegians ask than to play the part of father to the fatherless and of support of the widow in efforts to make their child a worthy son of so worthy a sire?

These efforts have special significance: they were limited to a comparative few, and were carried out practically before the war ceased. At the same time they were generally regarded only as part of a more comprehensive scheme, the most impressive portion of which should be some stately memorial on the school grounds. After mature deliberation the present form was decided upon, with the hope that its appropriateness would be appreciated by all well-wishers of the school.

During the war the value of education seemed to be brought home to the British people generally in a way not realised before, and the consequent demand for it taxed to the utmost all institutions devoted to education. Even during the war, when the nation's resources were strained to the breaking-point, the British Parliament voted an amount for education far greater than any pre-war vote, and the expenditure has been increasing steadily ever since. The calibre of the men turned out by schools of this type, and the splendid part they played in the national crisis, have won universal admiration. The demand for their service in training succeeding generations has been almost beyond their power to cope with. Practically every public school in England, as well as in the

Commonwealth, has had difficult problems to face in enlarging its scope for its work, while both there and here new foundations have been established for both boys and girls. To what nobler purpose, then, could the enthusiasm for what our splendid fellows have done be directed than to a form of memorial which shall make the school that trained them better equipped for training the generations of Prince Alfred boys yet to be? This building has been designed with that end in view; its effect will be felt in every department of our school life; the classroom work, the boarding-house life, the games, our aesthetic development, will all be benefited by it.

We who were carrying on here in those dark days were deeply touched as day after day, pupils of other days came to have, perhaps, a last look at the old school; to attend morning prayers; to bear testimony to their affection for her, to acknowledge their debt to her, and to wish her continued prosperity. Their sincerity was transparent; their loyalty beyond question; the source of their finest inspiration stood revealed. Later, in their hour of trial, remembrance of her gave them fortitude; in their hours of relaxation it drew them to each other's side; and, when they parted, sent them forth once more with spirits exhilarated and purified for further sacrifice. Can we, then, better realise their oft-repeated prayers for her prosperity, or redeem our promise that the school would not forget their devotion to her, than by raising such memorial as we lay the foundation of here to-day?

Within the room of which this foundation-stone will form a part, it is proposed to record the names of those whom we delight to honour. We earnestly ask the support of all who wish us well in our undertaking. Whatever form the support may take—whether it be money or encouragement and sympathy—it will be gratefully received and faithfully applied.

Mr. J. H. Chinner, the Secretary, in accordance with time-honoured custom, placed beneath the stone a receptacle containing the Honour Roll with names of all Collegians who have served in the war, copies of the daily papers, "The P.A.C. Chronicle," "The Australian Christian Commonwealth," "The Princes' Banner," Soldiers' Memorial literature, and coins of the realm. He expressed the hope that these records would remain undisturbed throughout the centuries.

The President of the Conference then presented a silver trowel to His Excellency bearing the following inscription:—

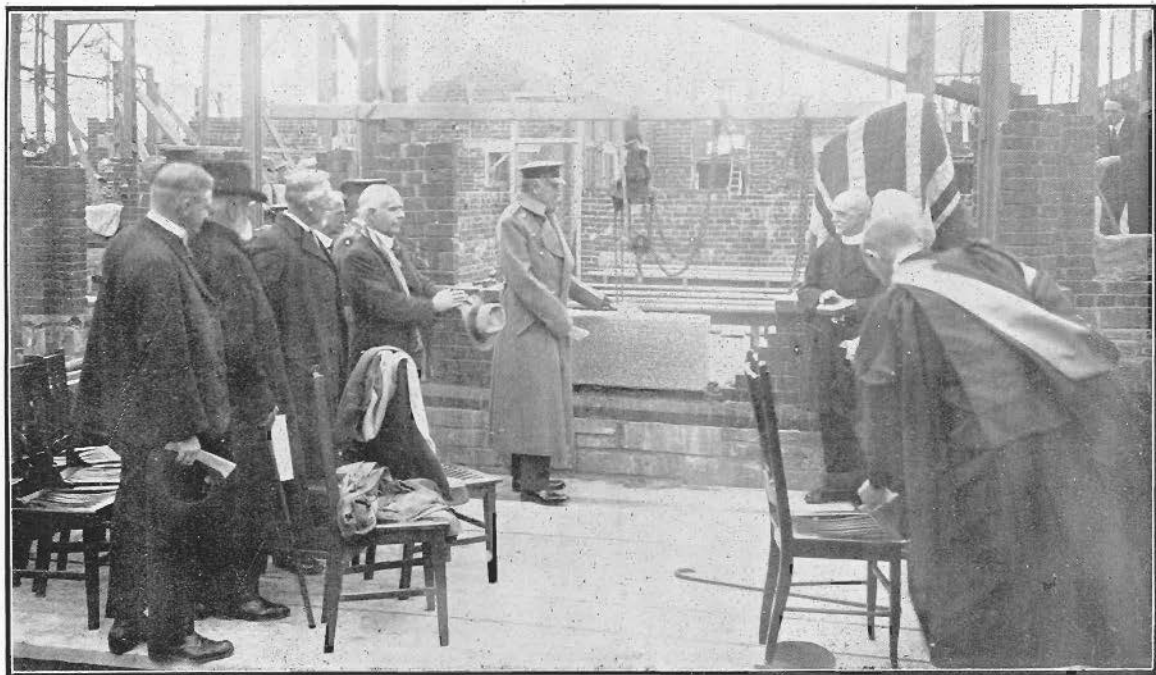
With this Trowel

The Governor of South Australia,

Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.,

Laid the Foundation Stone of Prince Alfred College Soldiers' Memorial,

July 21, 1923.



Laying of Foundation Stone of Soldiers' Memorial.



Laying of Foundation Stone of Soldiers' Memorial.

His Excellency, after having declared the stone well and truly laid, said :—It is a great privilege for me to come here and take part in the ceremony, and I do it with the greatest pleasure, not only to do honour to the great deeds of the war and the sacrifice made by the Collegians, but also to honour this famous institution, which has done so much for the country, and which has given, and I am sure will always give, of its best in the service of the Empire. I am glad to see from the plans that the buildings are to be carried out in the same dignified Elizabethan character as the main school, which makes it such an ornament to the city. That particular style of architecture is very appropriate for any institutions for the young, because it is reminiscent of a great period of English history—a time of enterprise and great discoveries, and the time of the emergence of learning from the darkness of the Middle Ages. The generous donors and well-wishers of Prince Alfred College are to be congratulated on the project, and the community owes to them a debt of gratitude, for Prince Alfred College has done great things and achieved great results, which, to my mind, are all the more notable because the College is not endowed. In a State where the citizens are celebrated for munificence to their institutions, I think we may hope that some of that old benevolence will flow in the direction of Prince Alfred College.

Lieut.-Colonel W. C. N. Waite, D.S.O., M.C. (Australian Field Artillery) heartily thanked His Excellency for the honour he had conferred on the College by laying the foundation-stone, and expressed the hope that he would be present on the occasion of the opening of the new building.

The solid silver trowel was the gift of the two Old Collegian architects, Messrs. H. H. Cowell and P. R. Claridge. The inscription on the stone reads :—

This Building

Commemorates the Service and Sacrifice

of Prince Alfred Collegians in the Great War, 1914-1918.

The Foundation Stone

was laid by

His Excellency Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.,

Governor of South Australia,

on July 21, 1923.

“ Fac Fortia et Patere.”

The following details of the ceremony of fifty-six years ago are worthy of record :—

Programme
for
Laying the Foundation Stone
of the
Prince Alfred College
by

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., &c., &c.

On Tuesday, November 5, at Two p.m.

Hymn to be Sung, given out by the Rev. R. C. Flockart.

Selected Passages of Holy Scripture to be read by the Rev. S. Knight, viz., Psalm cxxvii. 1; Psalm lxxii. 1; Proverbs iii., 13 to 17; Psalm lxvii. 1 to 3; Psalm cxliv. 12; Psalm lxxii. 18 and 19.

Prayer will be offered by the Rev. J. G. Millard.

Address to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., &c., &c., will be read by the Rev. John Watsford.

Reply by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., &c., &c.

The Elevation of the Proposed Building will be exhibited by D. Garlick, Esq., the architect, who will read the document deposited with the foundation stone.

Presentation of Trowel, &c., by T. G. Waterhouse, Esq., John Colton, Esq., M.P., and G. W. Cotton, Esq.

Laying of the Stone.

The National Anthem.

Benediction.

Beneath the Foundation Stone was placed a document, which was read by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh :—

This Foundation Stone of a Wesleyan Methodist College was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., &c., &c., on the 5th day of November, 1867, the 30th year of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, Sir Dominick Daly being Governor of the Province, the Rev. John Bedford President of the British Conference; the Committee for building this Prince Alfred College being the Revs. John Watsford (chairman of the district of South Australia), Mathew Wilson, J. G. Millard, R. C. Flockart, Thomas Lloyd, Wm. M. Bennett, Samuel Knight, G. W. Patchell, W. G. Worth, Henry Bath, H. T. Burgess, C. H. Goldsmith, Alfred Rigg, Jas. Allen, Thos. Edmeades, D. S. Wylie, and Messrs. J. S. Greer, John Colton, W. G. Coombs, J. B. Hack, L. Roach, M. Kingsborough, Wm. Rhodes, Thos. Padman, Jas. Scott, Wm.

Scott, T. G. Waterhouse, G. W. Cotton, Jas. Robin, John Carr, G. W. Chinner, Theo. Robin, Wm. Longbottom, Henry Thompson, J. M. SHERA, T. E. Acraman, R. M. Gault, F. H. Faulding; David Garlick, Esq., architect; and Charles Farr, Esq., builder.

"God Save the Queen."

Of these but one is left, Dr. Burgess. Included is the name of the father of the Head Mistress of our Methodist Ladies' College, whilst yet another bears the name of the father of the Secretary of Prince Alfred College.

FOUNDATION STONE DONATIONS.

James Gartrell, £110; Sir Langdon Bonython, K.C.M.G., A. E. Pitt, S. Perry, £100; C. H., L. B., and C. G. Shuttleworth (in memory of a brother killed in France), £75; P. H. Claridge, G. F. Claridge, J. D. McTaggart, £50; Dr. Erichsen, Big School (The Scholars), £29 10s.; W. A. Sneyd, T. J. Matters, £25; C. R. J. Glover, F. I. Grey, G. H. Michell, £21; Norman Darling, Anon., £20; Mrs. S. J. Taylor (Preparatory School Boys), £15; J. E. Langley, £12; G. M. Evan, Dr. Sydney L. Dawkins, E. A. Johnstone, T. H. Davey, £10 10s.; Mrs. J. W. Grasby, A. W. Piper, A. R. Robertson, Fred. W. Dunn, Hon. T. Pascoe, H. P. Chapman, Dr. Fred. J. Chapple, A. E. Clarkon, J. A. Haslam, Rev. I. Rooney, H. Rymill, £10; John F. Godfrey, W. S. Kelly, T. C. Craven, Miss Patchell, J. H. Hobbs, N. C. MacCormac, J. R. Robertson, C. H. Comley, H. A. Hancock, F. T. Cooper, Thos. Axford, £5 5s.; N. A. Webb, Rev. J. Pearce, A. T. Sutton, F. N. Simpson, J. A. Hele, W. H. Colliver, K. Jauncey, Mrs. E. Y. Lawton, A. H. Riggs, Thos. O. Sobels, S. E. Woolhouse, J. L. Bonython, Wallace Bruce, £5; T. G. Green, Mrs. J. H. Chinner, "Old Boy," A. E. J. Klose, H. Mutton, J. W. Gillingham, £3 3s.; Clara I. Riggs, £2 10s.; R. H. Cotton, C. B. Chinner, A. S. Langsford, T. Cockington, W. L. Swann, R. A. Duncan, W. Graves, L. D. Waterhouse, J. D. Craven, C. E. A. Hall, T. D. Campbell (in memory of W. V. Campbell, A.A.M.C.), Geo. F. Jenkins, Rev. W. T. Shapley, W. Mills, Dawe Bros. (H. E. Darnel), Harold A. Hill, J. Abotomey, C. H. Cotton, S. B. Shierlaw, £2 2s.; Jack W. Chinner, C. W. Chinner, J. C. Stephens, C. R. Dimond, Keith Dimond, H. K. Langman, H. Jones, R. F. Adamson, H. T. C. Shepley, G. H. Napper, L. H. Landseer, T. E. Cleland, H. G. Holland, C. R. Sutton, A. H. H. Buring, Mrs. Miell, E. F. Dodd, T. D. Campbell, F. E. Waddy, P. D. Prider, Henry A. Robin, E. H. K. Rhodes, Dr. L. L. Davey, E. F. Dodd, Rev. C. H. Nield, £1 1s.

Many other generous donors handed in banknotes during the offering, bringing the total contributions connected with the ceremony up to £1,140.

Prep. Notes.

Four new boys—Ken. Peek, Jeff. Gillingham, Clive Brice, and William Botting—joined the Prep. at the beginning of term, making the school strength 96. In August, David Crompton left on an extended visit to England.

The Prep. has been a healthy body throughout the term. Ray Cant was the only boy to be laid aside by serious illness, and to him the sympathy of the school is extended. Coughs and colds have laid a few by the heels for a day or two, but on the whole the record of attendance has been very good. So keen is the spirit of competition in the classes that no boy who values his position in form can afford to miss even a single day without prejudice to his results.

In June, fourteen boys formed a boxing class. They have met regularly on Friday afternoon, and under Mr. Price's capable tuition have made good progress in the noble art of self-defence. In the boxing competitions to be held later in the year, these younger exponents of the science will be specially catered for.

When it was proposed that the boys of the school should "do their bit" towards the Memorial Building, the Prep. took up the idea with characteristic enthusiasm, with the result that Ken. Brown was enabled to hand over £15 as a Prep. School donation.

The library continues to serve a very useful purpose in supplementing the reading done in the classrooms. The "My Magazines," bound with board covers, are now circulating freely again, and these excellent stores of knowledge are eagerly availed of. Rex Anthoney has proved a zealous librarian, and has been ably assisted by Harry Kemp.

Once again the Prep. took a big share in the annual concert. The performers worked heartily at practice, and judging by the applause, their efforts on the eventful nights were thoroughly appreciated.

The Seniors are grateful to Mr. T. E. Yelland for a parcel of strong, thick rulers—a great improvement on the fragile variety now offered for sale. These have proved very useful to the boys—and others.

Ten football matches were played during the season, eight with other schools and two with the Third Forms. The team has been handicapped a great deal by having no football field of its own, and it is to be hoped that a ground suited to its needs will be found for next season. Early in the term the team received two crushing defeats at the hands of much older boys from Pulteney Grammar and Queen's School. The return match with Queen's was fairly evenly contested, but still victory eluded the Reds. Scotch College (under 12) were victorious on their own ground, but in the return match the position was reversed, and the team scored its first success. Against St. Peter's Prep. (under 12) the team showed good combination, but the forwards failed time and again to take advantage of their opportunities. Saints surpassed in kicking and marking, and ran out winners with a good margin to spare. Greatly improved form was displayed in the last two matches, and Rose Park School (under 13) and Pulteney Grammar (under 13) were easily accounted for. R. Baker ably captained the team, and proved himself a sterling player. C. B. Yelland (vice-captain) also performed notably. These two, together with R. S. Dawe and R. G. Williams, should develop into fine footballers. Others who did well were Bennett, Matthews, Brown, and Randle.

HEARD IN THE CLASSROOM.

Gippsland is noted for gipsies.

Mr. — was created at the cemetery.

The extract obtained from the ox, and sold in a bulbous-shaped bottle, is mercury.

READ IN THE COMPOSITIONS.

A man took a voyage in a train.

Peaches are caned and exported.

DUCES.

Senior A—K. S. Brown (Dux of Prep.)

Senior B—G. H. Michell.

Senior C—S. N. Walter.

Junior A—W. H. Thomas.

Junior B—L. Bunn.

Junior C—D. Lloyd.

The Annual Concert.

The Annual Concert was held at the School on Friday, 24th August, and was repeated on the following night. Long before the time of starting the schoolroom was filled to capacity, and an enthusiastic audience followed with keen interest and appreciation the various efforts of their youthful entertainers.

The proceedings opened with an overture from "Sally," rendered by an orchestra under the direction of M. Buring. The Prep. singing class was then heard in tuneful plantation songs, with choruses harmonised. Junior Prep. boys followed with a recitation, "The Wind in a Frolic," given with excellent expression. G. A. Cowling and E. A. Kayser, arrayed in delightfully grotesque garb, then took the stage, and in inimitable fashion gave a topical rendering of "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean," which evoked roars of laughter, and for which a recall was demanded. Senior Prep boys next declaimed the story of "Corporal Dick's Promotion," after which R. Preston, H. T. Chapman, and K. Jarrett sang in lusty accents of the dire catastrophe that befel "The Irish Orchestra." Boys of tender years from the Prep. were well received in an action song, "Doll Toys." The first part of the programme concluded with a sketch entitled "From Darkness to Dawn" (a burlesque drama), in which the characters were ably sustained by C. Eaton, N. Todd, V. Anderson, P. Fiddian, and N. Arnold.

During a brief interval the boys enlivened the rest of the audience with school songs and the war cry.

M. Buring opened the second part with a pianoforte solo, "Rhapsodie, No. 6" (Liszt), in which he displayed fine technique, and for which he was recalled. The Prep. Singing Class acquitted itself well in two part songs. Boys from Senior C (Prep.) were appiauded for a spirited rendering of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." D. L. Prider and K. K. Angel contributed a pianoforte duet, "Qui Vive," in good style. V.I.U. were represented by H. M. Wilson, D. D. Harris, and R. A. Duncan, who staged a scene from "Richard II." An action song, "How we Laugh," by Prep. Seniors, proved a popular item. R. Preston, H. T. Chapman, and K. Jarrett were responsible for a humorous song, "Paddy McGinty's Goat." In addition to the above, Val. Anderson contributed a recitation on the Friday night, and R. Helpman a costume dance on the Saturday.

Pleasing items from Miss Valda Harvey and Mrs. Harvey Kelly augmented the efforts of the boys. Miss Harvey (soprano) assisted at the Friday night concert, and charmed her audience with four delightful songs. Miss Lyons ably accompanied her. At the Saturday night concert Mrs. Kelly (contralto) won unstinted applause for her contribution of four songs, given in finished style. To these ladies, and to all who worked for the success of the concerts, the school tenders sincere thanks.

A Visit to the Abattoirs.

On Monday, September 3, advantage was taken of the holidays by 25 boys of the sixth forms, accompanied by Messrs. Luke, Wright, Gilbert, and Klose, to visit the Abattoirs.

The party were courteously conducted over the whole of the vast establishment, inspecting in turn the sale ring, slaughter yards, refrigerators, by-products department, laboratory, and power-house. As operations were in full swing in nearly every branch, there was ample opportunity to gain good insight into the conduct of the whole enterprise.

The visitors were loud in their praise of the scrupulous cleanliness and the smooth-working of the establishment, and all agreed that the visit was interesting and instructive to a degree.

The school tenders hearty thanks to Mr. Kerrison, Mayor of Henley and Grange, who arranged for the visit; to Councillor Forder, who generously provided a charabanc for the party; and to the management of the Abattoirs.

P.A. Old Collegians' Association.

New Members.

Owing to limited space the names of New Members will be published in our next issue.

Subscriptions Due.

If your subscription for the current year is not yet paid, please forward remittance to either of the Joint Secretaries.

Old Collegians at Football.

OLD REDS v. OLD BLUES.

On the Prince Alfred College grounds a football match was contested between teams representing the Old Scholars' Associations of Prince Alfred and St. Peter's Colleges. The sky was overcast, but the threatened rain did not fall, and the ground was in good condition. After they had established a lead, the Reds were not troubled, and ran out the winners easily. The teams were:—Prince Alfred—H. E. Jaehne, W. R. James, H. G. Prest, G. E. Thomas, E. J. Swann, H. Fischer, H. J. Manuel, N. A. and L. S. Walsh, I. A. Barton, L. W. Leak, K. Slade, G. Fisher, H. R. Bruce, R. Treloar, M. Wesley, B. B. Hone, and R. Caldwell; St. Peter's—T. and J. Farrent, D. L. Boucaut, R. C. Walsh, M. Bednall, P. K. Lee, R. Fotheringham, C. E. Willing, J. Bower, G. Ross, A. S. Rowe, B. S. Hansen, E. Toms, C. Bolitho, V. Yeo, N. R. Cocks, C. K. Ritchie, and J. H. Mitchell.

The preponderance of league men in the ranks of the Old Reds had much to do with their big win, but their country representatives, particularly Barton, performed well. Mr. Raven was in

charge of the game. The Saints were the lighter side. The Reds started with a rush, and, keeping the pace going well, notched 5 goals 6 behinds to their opponents' single point. Their superiority was even more marked in the second quarter, when they booted 10.13 to the St. Peter's 3 points. The Blues recovered a little after the long interval, and pulled up to 2.10 (with three shots against a goal post), while the Reds added only 1 point. Play was even in the final quarter. St. Peter's attacked determinedly, and secured 4 goals, to which their opponents replied with 2 majors. Vigorous last-minute play followed, and the final tally was:—Old Princes, 12 goals 21 behinds; Old Saints, 6 goals 14 behinds. Goalkickers:—Winners—Jaehne (3), Thomas, Manuel, and Caldwell (2), James, Prest, and Walsh; Losers—Toms (2), Mitchell, Bednall, Ross, and Lee.

TOWN V. COUNTRY.

This match was played between teams of Old Collegians living in Adelaide and in the country, at the College oval. The game was exceptionally fast and clean. The scores at half-time were:—Country team, 3 goals 5 behinds; City team, 3 goals 4 behinds. By three-quarter time the Country team had established a lead of 9 points, and the final scores were:—

Country, 8 goals 9 behinds.

Town, 7 goals 8 behinds.

Goalkickers—Country—Piper, Pflaum, Pflaum, Lord, Pearce, Chapman, Jaehne, Wilcox; City—James (3), Fisher, Davies, Dodd, Mattison. Best players:—Country—Pearce, Greenslade, Richards, Barton, Chapman, Pflaum (2), and Jaehne; City—McKenzie, Mattison, Krantz, Joyner, Dodd, and Fisher. Mr. Pounsett was central umpire.

PRESENT V. OLD.

A closely-contested match was played at the Adelaide Oval, when the P.A.C. first eighteen met a team picked from the old scholars. The following represented the old scholars:—C. M. Adamson (captain), F. L. Collison, R. Dodd, C. E. Davies, C. W. Crompton, G. G. McKittrick, G. C. Richards, J. B. Lathlean, G. Fisher, S. Krantz, D. J. McKenzie, B. W. Sims, W. Gordon Taylor, M. C. Somerville, R. S. M. Wilcox, J. O. Tiddy, and L. Wilson.

The Prince Alfred team was:—D. T. Axford (captain), A. R. Chapman, C. Evans, R. H. Burns, C. T. Symons, G. V. Storer,

F. K. Salter, C. G. Fisher, R. Trescowthick, L. E. Rowe, C. K. Pengilly, H. F. Hall, K. B. Jarrett, G. Hart, C. J. Rofe, B. W. Hone, W. B. Overton, E. A. Martin.

The ground was in good condition, except in the centre, where it was still spongy. For the first quarter the scores were even at 2 goals 4 behinds, but by half-time the Old Scholars drew ahead. After the long interval the Present boys played better, good combination and kicking putting them ahead of their opponents, which position they held easily until the final five minutes, when the Old Boys succeeded in turning the tables by 6 behinds only, the final scores being:—

Old Scholars, 11 goals 15 behinds.

P.A.C., 11 goals 6 behinds.

Goalkickers:—Old Scholars—Dodd (5), Taylor (2), Fisher (2), Wilson (2); P.A.C., Hall (4), Storer (3), Martin (2), Hone, Rofe.

Best players:—Old Scholars—Somerville, McKenzie, Fisher, Crompton, Wilson, Taylor, Dodd; P.A.C., Pengilly, Chapman, Hart, Fisher, Storer, Rowe.

Palais Night.

The third annual Palais Night was held on July 27, and proved most successful, the attendance being about 400. A splendid programme of dances was arranged, including "Monte Carlo," "Cap," and "Balloon" dances.

The following ladies were in charge of stalls:—Sweets, Mrs. M. Erichsen and Mrs. E. J. Counter; Flowers, Mrs. E. H. Rhodes; Caps, Mrs. S. G. Lawrence and Mrs. L. B. Shuttleworth. They were assisted by a number of young ladies.

The proceeds, amounting to about £60, will be devoted to the P.A.C. Jubilee and Memorial Hall Fund.

The Committee are deeply indebted to the ladies and Old Boys for their generous help, and take this opportunity of thanking them.

The Annual Dinner.

Thursday of Old Boys' week was the date fixed for the Annual Dinner, it being deemed by the untiring Committee as the most suitable time to the majority to avail themselves of the opportunity to be in attendance. The Grosvenor was the scene of the merry gathering, three hundred strong, and the energies of those who

contributed to the organisation of the dinner were well rewarded by being able to add yet another to its list of successful functions. The President of the Association (Mr. S. Gilbert Lawrence) presided. The guest of honour was His Excellency Sir Tom Bridges, attended by Capt. H. A. Hambleton, A.D.C. The dining hall was tastefully decorated with the school colours relieved with asparagus fern, beautiful red carnations being the main feature of the head table, at which were seated the President, the guest of honour, the Head Master of the College, and members of the Committee. Thanks may here be tendered to several to whom we are indebted—Mr. W. W. Charlton, for two vocal numbers contributed; Mr. Vernon Treloar, who delighted a mystified audience with feats of magic; and to the Committee and the ladies who assisted them in the execution of the decorative scheme. A well-chosen menu enabled all to arrive at the toast list in a state of happy content. The royal toast having been honoured, The Chairman proposed the toast of "His Excellency the Governor." In a concise manner reference was made to the fact that this was the first of many times they hoped to entertain Sir Tom Bridges; that they were delighted to meet him, not only in his official capacity, but further, on account of his personal merits; moreover, that they trusted that his tenure of office would prove a source of pleasure to himself and of profit to the State.

His Excellency the Governor (Sir Tom Bridges) made an interesting speech. They were all Old Boys of some school or other, he said, and were therefore old pals. (Applause). No matter how profound was their affection for their alma mater, Old Boys were apt to regard her in a purely sentimental fashion. It was a delight, on such occasions as those, to gather together and fight their battles over again, to talk of the good old times "when all the world was young, and all the trees were green, and every goose was a swan, and every lass a queen." but the true relation of an Old Boy to the school was much deeper than that. In the eyes of the world at large, the Old Boys were the school. They were the criterion of its excellence—the fruit by which the tree was judged. The business of their College was to train the raw material of boyhood into worthy citizens of a great country. It toiled for the most part in silence, and it was only by the transitory standards of athletics—achievements such as they expected to see on Saturday—or more rarely of scholastic success, that the outside world had a chance of passing judgment upon it; but the Old Boys were the permanent witnesses of what the school had done—the finished product of that famous factory. Athletic prowess might be outgrown and forgotten. Intellectual promise too often proved itself but a weakly plant when exposed to the fierce light of the competition of the outside world; but character and manners remained as

a permanent memorial of what the college had done. He added manners to character because he looked upon them as an indispensable item in the equipment of a man of the world. Character-building was the most valuable function of their school days—the process that welded the boy into a man, giving him grit and fortitude, and teaching him to take his punishment in the school of hard knocks; to come up smiling was all important. Those were the qualities which made the British a ruling race. Never before in their history had there been such need of them. (Applause).

Mr. L. D. Waterhouse proposed "Our Alma Mater." On looking back to the school one realised that it was a training ground where had been learned some of the deepest fundamentals which helped to mould character. The atmosphere about a school ever remained with the Old Boy. Without the true spirit behind it, education failed. Knightly qualities such as courage, kindness, and fair dealing, should be developed in the youth, for we greatly needed to-day the educated gentleman.

This toast was responded to by the Head Master, who availed himself of the opportunity to thank the Governor for having taken such an interest in the school. In reference to the public school spirit, he remarked that we still had much to learn from England and the quiet-mannered restraint that was inculcated in the Englishman. It was strange that a man really learned his lessons after he had left school. His great aim was to help in laying a foundation of good citizenship. In the building they were erecting they were doing something worthy of the school. The honour roll contained 862 names; 116 fell, 76 won distinction; and the idea was to build it in, and thus make it a permanent memorial.

Mr. Eric Millhouse proposed "The Association." In all departments of life, the Association had played a great part through its members. It was merely a pleasant society, yet nevertheless an association doing practical good, and helping many to make the world a little better place in which to live.

Dr. M. Erichsen, a Vice-President, responded. The Association, he declared, was making wonderful progress, due in great part to the energies of the two Honorary Secretaries, Messrs. H. W. A. Miller and L. B. Shuttleworth. They were also indebted to their President. The Association should aim at being a power in the community. Members should be something which would lead others to say: "He's all right; he's a Prince Alfred Old Collegian."

Prince Alfred Old Collegians' Assocn.

Patron—The Head Master.

President—Mr. S. Gilbert Lawrence.

Vice-Presidents—Dr. M. Erichsen and Messrs. H. H. Cowell and R. O. Fox.

Hon. Treasurer—Mr. A. G. Collison.

Representatives on College Committee—Messrs. H. Fleming, A. S. Lewis, A. W. G. Pitt, E. H. Rhodes, H. B. Piper, W. Kelly, and T. C. Craven.

Hon. Auditors—Messrs. J. H. Burgess and C. W. L. Muecke.

Committee—Messrs. G. S. Reed, P. E. Johnstone, Ralph Vardon, W. L. Davies, C. R. Dimond, G. V. Barrett, and L. D. Waterhouse.

Joint Secretaries—L. B. Shuttleworth and H. W. A. Miller.

The objects of the Association are :—To keep Old Boys, wherever they may be, in touch with one another and with the boys at the School ; also to foster and maintain their interest in the School.

The P.A.C. Chronicle, of which a large part is devoted to matters of special interest to Old Boys, is forwarded to each member of the Association.

A dinner is held annually, at a time which is thought likely to give as many Old Boys as possible an opportunity of meeting one another ; and social gatherings are held whenever any occasion arises that makes them desirable.

The Association gives annually to the School the Old Collegians' Scholarship, of the value of fifteen guineas, and donates five guineas per annum to the Sports Fund. Two Scholarships tenable for two years are also awarded, and are balloted for by the members.

The subscription is six shillings per annum. It is suggested that Country Members should remit sufficient to cover four years' subscriptions or become Life Members by payment of £5 5s. Any Old Boy wishing to become a member can do so by forwarding his name and address to the Head Master, or to any member of the staff, or to one of the Secretaries.

H. W. A. MILLER,
L. B. SHUTTLEWORTH.

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