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Editorial.

Tradition has ever been one of the sepulchres which editorials have loved to whitewash; link with the past—preserve spirit of forbears—keep name untarnished—custom of ancestors—and so on, as Mr. Jingle would sum the matter up.

It is indeed quite natural and obvious to do as our forefathers have done—everyone knows Newton's first law, and as much as we do about the line of least resistance—but surely it is patent that the progress made by each generation lies in its destruction of the creed outworn by its predecessors. The sorry scheme of things under which our fathers lived and worked has now been discarded as obsolete, or remoulded nearer to the desire of our modern little hearts. Yet their nineteenth century code, now "old-fashioned," was considered little short of revolutionary by our grandmothers.

All traditions are not worthless. Many embody principles which ennoble and exalt; but it is an unhealthy state of mind which is content to accept tradition simply because it is such. Even a little mild heterodoxy is to be preferred to the blind adherence to past practices which characterises and atrophies the activities of the age.

In his acceptance or rejection of custom, man may not be wholly blind; he is, at best, decidedly short-sighted. With delightful inconsistency we Australians eat large quantities of steaming pudding at Christmas, because it is the middle of summer, and we cannot enjoy it; while we have dropped the practice of making pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, because the autumn weather is cooler, and they would be seasonable. We wear greys in the summer because silks are cooler and more comfortable. We bury our dead instead of cremating them, because the latter method is cheaper and more sanitary, while the former gives us an agreeable occasion of thinking about the grave, corruption, and worms. This pleasant custom of interment also affords an opportunity to adorn the tomb by expenditure of money and flowers, which might do some real good at Bedford Park.

Most of our local school traditions are of a sporting nature. Our mental roll of honour is filled with the records of Joe Darling

and Clem Hill rather than with the names of those who have made notable achievements in art, science, or politics. This state of affairs involves a double consequence: we find, in the first place, that the spirit of team-play is high in the school; but we are forced to acknowledge that the spirit of co-ordinated work is still in its prolonged infancy, and is all too slowly becoming more mature. This is coupled with an ill-concealed disfavour on the part of the majority for the hard-working individual known to us by the euphonious title of "swot." Disparagement of this kind is a very real evil, as university passes are accepted by the public as a criterion of the school—the fruit whereby the tree is known and judged. Whether or not too much importance is at present attached to public examinations is food for discussion. However it may be, in spite of dissatisfaction on the part of both teacher and taught, the examination system remains—to the pupils a stumbling-block, and to the masters foolishness.

To return to our muttons—let us examine another custom, which seems inseparable from the annual influx of fresh life into the School, that of bullying new boys.

This practice has only its facility to recommend it. Under no circumstances can any vestige of valour or honour be attached to the idea of a body numerically and physically strong domineering over fewer and smaller boys. Even the saving grace of humour, which often partially extenuates schoolboy horseplay, is absent from such a pitiable display of vulgarity. And when the weaker party are maltreated, not in spite of their having been recently transplanted from their homes into new and unfamiliar surroundings, but because of it, it is time public opinion within the School arose in protest against this mockery of all that a public school should stand for. "Ragging" is not an outlet for brutal feelings which can find no other vent; neither is it the outcome of personal malice. It is the voice of the past, speaking through the thoughtlessness of the present; and it can be effectually silenced only when a critical review is made of the customs and traditions long since "more honoured in the breach than the observance," which, though perhaps once a vital force for good, now remain as skeletons in the School cupboard.

School Notes.

The Clarkson window has been moved to its proper position in the Memorial Hall, and the window donated by Old Boys in Sydney has been placed beside it. The former represents a Crusader the latter Sir Galahad, the ideal young knight, as depicted in G. F.

Watts's famous picture. As the two figures face each other, their separate and conjoint significance is brought home to the mind of the observer with fine effect. Surmounting each is the School coat of arms, embraced by the Union Jack and Australian Flags, while beneath each is a schoolboy poring over his books. As the light streams through these allegorical emblems, and falls upon the Roll of Honour opposite, they cannot fail to bring home to future generations of Prince Alfred boys the purpose for which the Memorial Building has been erected—to commemorate the noble spirit with which their Schoolfellows went to war. The Memorial Hall has now been placed in the hands of the decorator, and before the end of the year we hope to see the Roll of Honour recorded on its walls.

Dr. Sugden's monumental work, a Topographical Dictionary to the works of Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists, Dr. Battye's History of West Australia, and Rev. P. B. Clayton's Tales of Toc H have been added to the Library.

Mr. Ashton could not rest content while there was a space on the Library wall which could be filled by a picture. The splendid bequest recorded in our last issue filled all but one of the available spaces. This has been filled by him with a picture entitled "Washboats on the Seine," painted by Will Ashton.

We extend our warm sympathy to Mr. Blamey in the failing health that compelled him to relinquish his work after such a brief stay at the School. We give a hearty welcome to Mr. Rye and Mr. Malor. We are sorry to be losing Mr. Palmer, who has decided to continue his study of Law at Melbourne University.

J. W. Willsmore received the medal awarded to the best player of the season, and Geoff. Hallett that awarded to the best player in the match against St. Peter's. Hearty congratulations to both.

Mr. Ashton has decided to retire from his position as Art Master at the end of the year, when he will have completed thirty-nine years of service. His resignation will call for ample comment in the next number.

During the latter half of the term the School enjoyed the privilege of listening to several inspiring addresses at assembly. Rev. M. P. Leonards spoke on the foundation of Toc H. He told

us many stories of war times by which he enabled us to enter in some measure into the experiences of the men who went through those terrible days. His address was most effective, and was much appreciated. Rev. P. B. Clayton followed up his address with one which brought home to us the real meaning and value of life. This also was much appreciated, the more so because Mr. Clayton had put himself out more than a little to come to us. We tender our thanks to the president and members of the Rotary Club who excused him from attendance as their guest at luncheon that he might come to us.

Dr. F. Fisher of Calcutta, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, who has spent twenty-one years in the East, gave the School a most instructive address upon the relationship of Australians to the people of India. He told us of the dignity of its ancient civilisation, of the noble works in architecture that are its monuments, of its vast population, and of the influences that are now at work removing the causes that, of recent years, have hindered development on modern lines. He warned us that great problems lie ahead of us—problems that need not cause us anxiety, but whose solution will give scope for statesmanlike effort on the part of future generations of Australians. His utterance was thought-provoking and inspiring.

We are indebted to Mr. W. J. Purvis for a piece of ribbon, the original School colours, purchased by him when he entered the School in 1870. This ribbon was worn as a hatband, and every Scholar was expected to wear either the band on his hat or a mortar-board with black and red silk tassel. These were obtainable only from Messrs. Gault & Scott, drapers, of Rundle Street. This interesting souvenir will increase in value as the years go by.

Old Boys' Notes.

Dr. R. T. Matters has resumed practice in Adelaide after spending eighteen months in Europe on research work. He will be interested to know that the record established by him in the high jump was equalled at the Intercollegiate Sports this year.

R. J. Dumas, B.E., who has been in charge of construction work of Loch No. 3, on the River Murray, has been appointed to a responsible position in the Water Supply Department of West Australia.

J. W. Monfries, B.D.S., who recently graduated in dentistry at the University of Adelaide, has gone to Toronto for a post graduate course of study.

Will Ashton recently held a most successful exhibition of his pictures in Adelaide. His work met with warm appreciation, and he was specially gratified to find many of his old schoolfellows among those who purchased his pictures. He found time for a call at the school, and was much interested in recent developments there.

J. D. L. Craven has returned from London, whither he went to obtain special medical advice about a war wound which had been causing him anxiety for some time. We are delighted to know that he has received great benefit.

Mr. Justice Roberts presided at a combined dinner of Old St. Peter's and Prince Alfred Collegians in Port Darwin.

C. C. Driscoll has gained the degree of Bachelor of Engineering at the University of Michigan.

Rev. N. E. Lade has presented eleven works of fiction to the Boarders' Lending Library. This is a much-appreciated gift.

In Memoriam.

S. Wilson died at St. Peters on December 19, 1924. He entered the school in 1875.

W. H. Eckersley died at Bridgewater on May 25, 1925. He entered the school in 1879.

J. H. T. Trewenack died at Leabrook on June 12, 1925, at the age of 58. He entered the school in 1879.

A. E. Welbourne died at North Adelaide on June 23, 1925, at the age of 62. He entered the school in 1877, and won the Colton Scholarship in 1878. After matriculation he joined the public service in 1879, and steadily advanced in the service until he became one of the most valued officers in the Engineer-in-Chief's department. In the railway construction and administration of the State he has left a record of long and honourable service.

F. H. Snowley died on June 6, 1925. He was at school from 1900 to 1902.

Alex. Wyllie, B.A., B.Sc., died at Auckland, New Zealand, on June 6, 1925. He entered the school with a Government Exhibition in 1883, was Colton scholar in 1885, and won a University scholarship in 1886. A brilliant University course followed a brilliant school course. In 1888 he graduated Bachelor of Arts, and in 1891 Bachelor of Science. He was then awarded the Angas Scholarship, and went to England for further study in Engineering. After filling several positions in England he was appointed to an important post as electrical engineer in Auckland, where he died. It is an interesting coincidence that Laurence Birks, who won the Angas Exhibition a year later than he, should also have served New Zealand as electrical engineer at Wellington, and have died at his post less than a year earlier.

Boarders' Notes.

It is still perfectly correct to say that the boarders are the life of the School. For instance, there is the football: the two boarders' Houses took first and second places in the House contests of this year, and also provided much valuable material for the Intercollegiate match. We congratulate Bills, M. Paterson, McBain, Loechel, J. Fogden, Heaslip, E. Reed, and Lawrence on being included in the team.

We had the Debating Society to keep us busy this term. A large number of us attended every meeting, and many promising speakers were unearthed. It is certain that we shall be in evidence next term at the banquet, for boarders insist on being boys.

We are just recovering from the shock of the Concert. For some weeks prior to the event, a select section of the House has been in the habit of attempting to arrest our digestive processes after tea, by making the night-air hideous around the new building. Not satisfied, the same fellows have assembled each evening after Prep. in the old reading room, to revise their steps and songs, and to witness a performance, direct from the London theatres, by Mac. One would hardly give him credit for such fairy-like poses. Well, the result of all this was that nine boarders found themselves chosen to fill the coveted positions in "The Opax Orchestra."

A large number attended the Saturday morning dancing-class again this winter, and gained much in the way of amusement. "Weed" distinguished himself in the kindergarten, among those of his own size. For the sake of the boarders, "The Rouge" was postponed to enable "The Beastlies" to attend. In consequence, the dance was a complete success. Fortunately, "Hen-froot" was able to give us all the necessary instruction in the use of feet, but we are sorry that so much scandal arose on his account. Nevertheless, his little "Cheerio! boys" is very exhilarating at times. "Robby," too, has disgusted us all with his week-end excursions. We trust he will behave better next term, but we are afraid of what might happen in the holidays.

We are expecting the motor mower to arrive at any minute, and everyone will be relieved when it does come. Really, both "Niggers" do need a shave rather badly, but nobody is willing to sacrifice his razor.

Tommy Torr's heinous crimes have been the cause of much discussion and Saturday detention (for him). We are wondering whether he remembers his way to the city. Fancy a boy stealing, from his fellow, a stamp'orth of cake! Tom's card parties, too, have almost caused a strike.

"The Gramophone" has been an endless source of pleasure to many during the wintry evenings, and despite the fact that sometimes only a few have sat entranced by its strains, yet it has been used to turn many a dull moment into one of joy.

A welcome innovation this term was walking to Church, in place of the old disciplinary method. Community singing was introduced into the service some weeks ago, and has been the means of showing our friends that the P.A.C. Boarders can more than hold their own with any choral company.

Through these pages we should like to express our sympathy with George Bayly in his recent illness, and our hope that he will quickly regain his strength.

It is rumoured that the "wing" is to undergo the operation of painting; when, we do not know. Rumour also has it that 800 cases of measles were reported to the city caretaker last week.

Does anybody know:

1. Why "Bobby" needed an escort?
2. Whether the rug was cut with a razor, a knife, a lawn-mower, or some other sharp instrument?
3. Whom "Hen-froot" will take to the dance?
4. Where the House-prefects went on Sunday afternoon?
5. How it was that "Fid" took a dose of spirits?
6. Where the hot water goes on Saturday morning?
7. What was the age of "Weed's" partner?

The Annual Concert.

On Friday and Saturday evenings, 21st and 22nd August, our Annual Concert was held before an enthusiastic audience which filled the hall to overflowing on both occasions. For some years the programme has been given by the Preparatory School, with the assistance of a few senior boys. This year, however, the whole programme was given by 16 or 17 senior fellows, assisted on both evenings by Mr. James Anderson with Miss Woolley and Miss Minnie Turner on Friday, and Mrs. Harvey Kelly on Saturday. The committee, comprising Paul Fiddian, Roy Jackett, and Lindsay Dawkins, are to be congratulated on the way they kept things moving evenly throughout.

As an overture, Roy Jackett and Max Patterson gave a spirited rendering of the pianoforte duet, "The Attack," and this was followed by an opening chorus, "Miles of Smiles," given by the Opax Octette. Next Miss Woolley sang "Three Fishers," and was recalled. On the Saturday, Mrs. Harvey Kelly was encored for her selection "O Lovely Night."

A humorous topical quartette entitled "Our Refined College" was followed by Paul Fiddian's two very humorous solos "The Tricks of the Trade" and "Derry Down Dey." As an encore he sang "What do you say, boys?" which was greeted by a furore. Mr. James Anderson then gave a dramatic elocutionary item, and as an encore, a humorous piece, which were both enthusiastically received.

H. McDougall and R. Jackett convulsed the audience with their duet "Oh—My—Yes!" Their patter and their female(?) costumes were equally good.

A Farce, "The Dulditch Diamonds" then followed. As Countess Notsomutchovit, a daring adventuress, Fox was everything a beautiful murderess should be. Her accomplice, Derek Despard (Fiddian) was a bold bad villain. Lady Ermytrude Dulditch (Torr) wore a gorgeous gown and was well got up. Claude Carisbroke (Dawkins) was an enterprising lover of the ultra modern school. The piece throughout was well played.

After the interval, the old favourite "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," very cleverly paraphrased into an anthem by M. Buring, scored a veritable triumph and had to be repeated. As Prof. Tom. Ata, McDougall astounded the audience with his muscular strength, and the mind reader and conjurer, Schulz, assisted by Jackett, was

appreciated by all. Following this, Val. Anderson, with the assistance of the Orchestra, rendered "A Pastoral Song." Miss Turner and Mrs. Harvey Kelly sang respectively on Friday and Saturday nights, and were well received. Fiddian and Jackett, as Horace and Maurice were recalled, and rendered "Hard Hearted Hannah" with much gusto. Mr. Anderson told us about "Hamlick," amid roars of laughter. He was encored.

The Opax Orchestra, a burlesque jazz band, then took charge, rendering among others, two original pieces by Maurice Buring, "Please Put the Lights out, Do," and "Way Down at Victor." A very enjoyable programme then concluded with "God Save the King."

The Committee wish to thank the Kent Town Girls' Club for the loan of a curtain, and Mr. A. P. Hunwick, who generously provided a spotlight, and arranged the lighting effects generally.

Christian Union.

At the beginning of the second term, the Bible Study Circles were organised, and the numbers of those who joined far exceeded those of previous years, thus prophesying the successful term which we have had. Distribution among the Houses was unusually even, and this, together with the really interesting book we had to study (Mr. Haslam's "Great Leaders"), kept the attendance on a high level.

It had been decided to break the sequence of the Circles with occasional addresses to the whole Union. The first speaker was the Rev. Gordon Rowe, who helped us to realise the importance of prayer, illustrating from Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and also from the life of the late King Edward VII.

A month later, the Rev. A. B. Lloyd gave us some of his experiences and impressions on his recent trip abroad.

During the same week, as the Rev. P. B. Clayton, the founder of Toc H, was in Adelaide, he very kindly consented to address one of our meetings. It was his last day here, and as he had to speak elsewhere immediately afterwards, we were doubly grateful for his kindness in coming. His inspiring address will not soon be forgotten.

We hope that the interest which has been evident throughout the term will be maintained until the end of the year. It was disappointing to those who sent in their names for the Schools' Camp to learn that it was found necessary to postpone the event, but their enthusiasm has not diminished because of this.

Scout Notes.

THE HOLIDAY CAMP.

Thirteen Scouts took part in an eight-day camp at Balhannah, and every one of them is soundly convinced that thirteen is not unlucky; in fact it is quite the reverse, for Blue skies and sunny days favoured us throughout the whole camp, and everybody was brimming over with joy and happiness.

After so many weeks of rain, it was hard to find a suitable camping ground, but at length Mr. Norsworthy directed us to an ideal spot—a small hillock covered with light scrub, overlooking the railway on one side and the roadway on the other. Here, secure against unruly winds and Jack Frost (except one night), we spent a most enjoyable week.

Saturday afternoon was spent erecting our three tents and clearing the ground round about them. In the evening we strolled about the town, and made it quite plain to everybody near at hand that the P.A.C. Scouts had arrived to bring mirth and jollity into its serene seclusion. It is a great pleasure to say that on every hand we met with nothing but kindly encouragement. Everyone seemed glad to see us, and willing to help us to the best of their ability, and we take the opportunity of paying our tribute to the warmheartedness of the Balhannah people.

On Sunday morning we attended the Methodist Church, and helped in the service with heart and voice, though many were disappointed that only one young lady of the district graced us with her presence, but, judging by the sudden fits of coughing which occurred upon her entry, and the twinkle in a veteran's eye, the majority of the troop were not in a fit state to engage young damsels in conversation.

During the afternoon and evening we surveyed the surrounding country to obtain our bearings.

During the week games and scouting practice engaged our attention, and many of the scouts by whole-hearted efforts were able to pass nearly all their first and second class tests. The work of Hawkes deserves special mention. Though one of the youngest boys in the troop, and the latest recruit, he passed his tenderfoot and all but one test for his second class, thereby winning the admiration and respect of everybody in the camp. His willingness to undertake any task, and his thoroughness in carrying out his many duties were very pleasing, and we hope his keenness will be a source of inspiration to the Scouts of his own age.

Many others deserve commendation, especially the first-class signallers. Before the camp this had been an outstanding weakness in their work, though constant practice had been given to it on Monday afternoons. By the end of the camp everyone of them had passed their signalling tests, and easily at that.

The troop has at last a solid foundation in its older members, eight of whom should very soon be first-class Scouts, and at the end of the year, at the very latest, King Scouts. We hope that they will seize their opportunities and set a worthy example to the younger Scouts coming on.

Much enjoyment in our leisure hours was obtained from the huge sawdust pile nearby, belonging to the saw mills. A small sleigh was found, and many happy moments were spent in sliding and tumbling down the sawdust.

Monday evening we visited Oakbank, just a mile from Balhannah, and had a pleasant walk in the moonlight. Though feeling a little frisky, few were inclined to accept Richardson's invitation for a trot around the course.

From the commencement of the camp, everybody had been looking forward to the paper chase promised for Wednesday. As the trains rushed by, the Scouts lined the track, and after several minutes' shouting "Paper!" were generally rewarded by some generous patron. By this means we often received the morning and evening papers before many people in Adelaide, and were kept well abreast of the times. Most of the paper was carefully saved for Wednesday. Much amusement was obtained as well as papers.

One generous man—may his ears burn—was highly affected by our cries, and, calmly leaning well out of the window, tore a square inch of paper off the margin.

For awhile we thought Lade had fallen in love as he rushed along the track after an old lady who was leaning out of the window, all smiles. In a few moments, as the old lady disappeared around the bend, we were sure of it, for an orange dropped into Lade's outstretched eager hands.

One morning as a train approached, Rudd stood at his post, cooking dinner. Being a faithful Scout, he would not desert his post, so took the dinner down to the track with him, much to the S.M.'s futile indignation.

One day the railway track was lined early. The Melbourne express was coming, but no one thought of shouting for papers. As the engine puffed around the bend, twelve lusty voices were raised, and instantly the windows were crowded by 60 fair young heads, and a kindly engine-driver went more slowly while hands were waved and cheery greetings were exchanged with the girls of our sister States.

On Wednesday morning we were sorry to say good-bye to Gillingham, as he had to leave, but none of us were half as sorry as Gillie, who was having his first experience of camping out, and was enjoying it very much.



OUR TROOP LEADER "HERBERT"

Wednesday afternoon arrived, and all was buzz and excitement, as preparations for the chase were completed. Harvey, Rudd, and Richardson were the hares, and with twenty minutes' start looked like having everything their own way. For the first three miles, with Bowering and Lade setting the pace, the hounds made rapid headway, but after that the pace began to tell upon some, and the line grew gradually longer and longer until the leaders were far out of sight, and the remainder set about finding their way home by the shortest route.

Bowering, Lade, and Anderson came within a few hundred yards of the hares, but could not overtake them. It was a good run of nearly eight miles, and the leaders of the hounds did extremely well to come so close upon their quarry, when they had such a big start.

In the evening, a small party set out to find Woodside. After walking what seemed to be at least twenty miles, they reached the town to find that it was only four miles from Balhannah. After a strong dose of O.T. disguised in lemonade, the return journey was made.

A dog of Balhannah district, feeling playful, and probably knowing that we had arrived, took a young pup which had annoyed him somewhat, and dropped it in the creek, where it would certainly have drowned had not its owner rescued it. But still, the little one's life was in danger until Bowering & Co. arrived and applied artificial respiration so successfully that the next day it was running around as lively as ever.

Wednesday evening a generous butcher gave us a can of milk with cream on the top, and all the way home the S.M. and Troop Leader had visions of a thick piece of bread, thicker jam, and still thicker cream. But as we jogged along over the hills the cream was shaken up amongst the milk, and the unfortunate S.M. and T.L. had to drown their disappointment in mugs of hot cocoa.

Tuesday evening, upon Mr. Norsworthy's kind invitation, we visited him to hear his wireless, and spent a very enjoyable evening. At first we, with the exception of Richie, who never feels anything but at home anywhere, were rather quiet, but, under Richie's leadership and the warm welcome of our hostess, brightened up and entertained our entertainers most enthusiastically.

Richie expressed great interest in the wireless. "What coils do you use for Perth, Mr. Norsworthy?" he asked.

"What do you know about it?" demanded several.

"You mind your own business," returned Ritchie, "I've got a crystal set."

Thursday was made a day of tests, and everybody was busy from morning to evening with cooking, signalling, ambulance, and many other tests. Our sympathy goes out to the poor S.M., who had to test each dish served up, and the looks of agony on his face were only equalled by his fortitude in seeing it through, sometimes threw. The porridge was well done—not infrequently too well done—but the dampers! Enough said.

Early Friday morning rations were served out, and we commenced our trek to give all who needed it practice in mapping, judging, journeying, and cooking. From Balhannah we proceeded

to Ambleside, to Little Hampton, on to Mt. Barker Junction, and then home, about 12 miles. At first the day was cloudy and chilly, and there was a slight fear of rain spoiling the trek, but later on the sky cleared and the sun shone brightly, so that at the end of the day, in the words of Rudd, "Sir had quite regained the school-boy complexion on his knees." A halt was called two miles out of Ambleside, and here everyone, in his own way, prepared his dinner. If Bennett and Richie are to be believed, a most enticing flavour is obtained by tipping your stew over in the ashes and dirt once or twice (preferably twice) before finally boiling it. We much prefer taking their word for it to trying it ourselves.

Saturday afternoon we were visited by Ellis's people, and did our best to poison them with one of our concoctions—called tea in polite society. We thank Mr. Ellis most sincerely for the lollies we helped Wally to consume.

Sunday afternoon Anderson's parents called to see how we were progressing. The next day we carefully scanned the death columns, as they also had tried our "tea" but seeing that their names were absent, we judged that they had lived to tell the tale. We keenly appreciated the many dainties Mrs. Anderson gave us, and hope she may visit us again next camp.

On Tuesday, Harvey's family called to see us, and by their generous gift of a dozen pies saved us from starvation, as, for the first and only time in the whole camp, the cooks failed us, and the dinner was spoilt. But by the contented looks on every face when dinner was over, all could see that the dismal failure had been turned into a brilliant success. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Harvey, not only for saving us that time, but also for his generosity in lending us his car to take the tents from the College to the station and back, thereby enabling us to reduce the expense of the camp by no small amount. We are deeply indebted to him.

On Thursday Mrs. Symons called and brought a case of home made buns and biscuits, which were very acceptable to us.

Among our visitors we also claim Jack Frost, who was not so welcome, as he froze the water in the buckets, not to mention our toes and backs.

Saturday morning, amid the weeping of the skies at our compulsory departure, we packed up, and by twelve o'clock were safely home after a glorious holiday.

These notes would be far from complete if they did not pay a tribute to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Norsworthy, without whose kindly aid the camp could not have been the great success that it was. Nothing seemed too great for them to do in order to make our camp life more enjoyable, and we thank them from very grateful hearts for all they did for us.

For several afternoons during the term, Mr. Iliffe gave some very entertaining and instructive lectures on the Weather. These should prove very valuable to the Scouts, and by their aid every Scout should be able to obtain his Weatherman badge next term. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Iliffe most sincerely for his help.

During the term Captain S. A. White, Chief Commissioner of South Australia, visited us, and presented the Scoutmaster with his warrant, which was a year overdue. Captain White gave a short talk to the boys on the value of scouting, and mentioned his hope that in a few years there would be 10,000 Scouts in South Australia. As Mr. White's time was very limited, he could not stay to see the troop at work, and after three hearty cheers from the boys departed to fulfil his many obligations.

One Saturday a party of 15 Scouts visited Sturt Creek, and spent an enjoyable day amongst the hills. It is hoped that in the third term, when there will be more opportunities for Saturday outings, that many more of the Scouts will take part in them.

Intercollegiate Football.

On July 25th, under perfect weather conditions, a record crowd witnessed the Intercollegiate match, which ended in a victory to St. Peters. Sangster led his men into the field at 2.40 amid rousing cheers, which were renewed as Princes filed into the arena, full of hopes. Rofe won the toss and elected to kick towards the river end, thus taking advantage of a light breeze which was blowing in that direction.

FIRST QUARTER.

Punctually at 2.45 Umpire Pounsett set the game in motion. Princes were first away, and through the agency of Hallett an attack was instigated which resulted in a point. Shortly afterwards, Bills essayed a long shot, and a behind resulted. From the kick-off, Cockington secured and made no mistake, an example which Rofe followed a few minutes later. Saints then took a hand in matters, and many attacks were launched, only to be frustrated by our backs. At last they broke through the defence, and Finlayson commenced their score with a goal. Fogden, Richards, and Schulz were playing well in defence. Lawrence secured from the

bounce, and his kick found Rofe, who had no difficulty in raising both flags. The remainder of the quarter saw Princes on the aggressive, but owing to faulty goal-shooting no substantial lead was established. The quarter ended with the ball in the mid-field.

P.A.C.—3 goals 6 behinds.

S.P.S.C.—1 goal.

SECOND QUARTER.

Shortly after the recommencement Willsmore tried a long shot, but only a behind resulted. Saints then transferred the play to the river end, but Paterson proved a stumbling block, and after a spectacular dash by Lawrence, Bills added the ninth behind. Saints were now finding their legs. Finlayson quickly registered two full-pointers, and a fine mark and kick by Warnes left Princes only five points in the lead. Sangster was making his presence felt in the ruck, and his many fine marks and kicks were acknowledged in a suitable way from the pavilions. Princes' backs were working with great co-operation, but a vigorous onslaught, in which Jackson, Underdown, Sangster, and Finlayson figured, ended in a goal from the last-named. From the bounce, Reed, who was performing well on the wing, passed to Willsmore, who in turn slipped the ball to Rofe, and a point was registered. The half-time scores were—

S.P.S.C.—5 goals 2 behinds.

P.A.C.—3 goals 10 behinds.

THIRD QUARTER.

Saints commenced the third quarter with a determined rush, which Loechel thwarted with a fine mark. A clever piece of work saw Finlayson again in possession, and again he made no mistake. Heaslip and Richards were playing well for Princes, while Sangster, Jackson, and Flood stood out for Saints. Saints were playing good football, and for about ten minutes Princes were completely outclassed. At last, however, Princes made a good recovery. Rofe and Matters both goaled. The ball moved up and down the ground with great rapidity, and both sides were now displaying fast, vigorous football. For this quarter Saints' superiority was most marked, Sangster and Warnes especially doing good work. Three-quarter-time scores were—

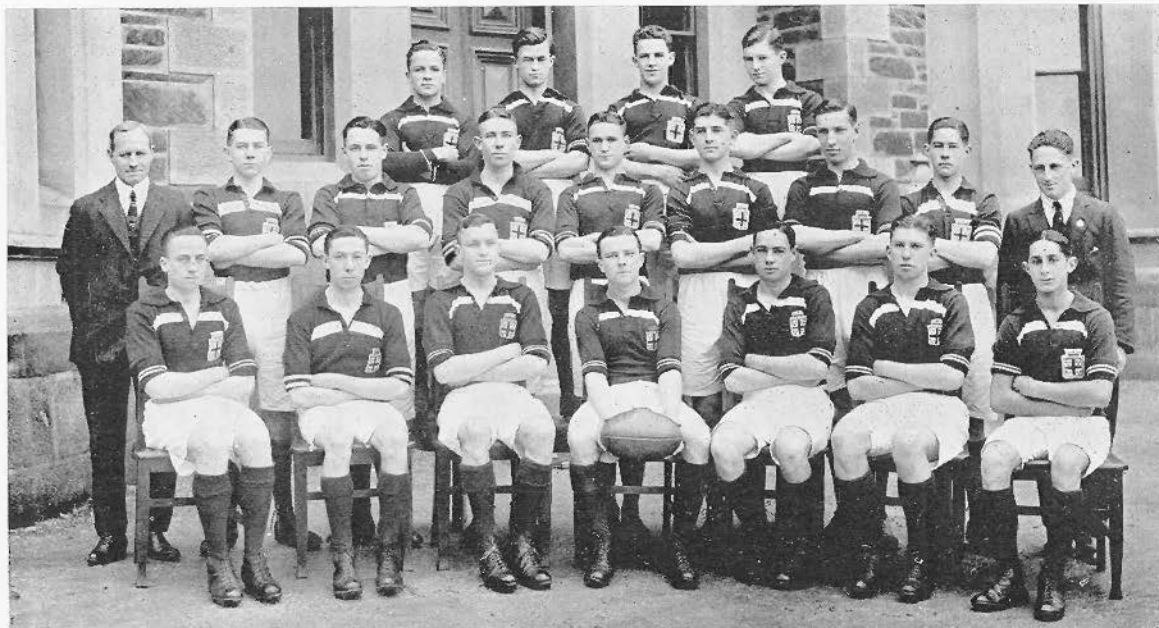
S.P.S.C.—8 goals 5 behinds.

P.A.C.—5 goals 12 behinds.

LAST QUARTER.

The first half of the last quarter saw Princes completely out-classed. Saints launched numerous attacks, which were the means of many goals, following each other with uncanny regularity.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1925



BACK ROW.—L. L. Matters, A. Cockington, S. F. Heaslip, M. D. Paterson.

MIDDLE ROW.—Mr. F. I. Grey, E. A. Schulz, J. O. Fogden, A. S. Millen, A. M. Bills, H. E. Loechel, N. J. McBain,
V. M. Octoman, B. Gordon.

FRONT ROW.—E. J. Reid, G. Hallett, M. W. Evans, C. J. Rofe (Captain) D. L. Richards, J. W. Willmore,
L. P. Lawrence.

Flood, who had contracted cramp in the third quarter, was moved to full forward, where he became a shining light. Four goals came from his foot in a quarter of an hour, and Finlayson, by snapping another, brought up his sixth major, and put Saints eight goals to the good. In spite of the well.nigh hopeless position in which Princes were placed, they attacked with a determined vigour, which brought in its train success. Octoman, by elusive play,



evaded two opponents, and his shot for goal was true. A few minutes later the same player wiped six more points from a large deficit. Rofe was the next to goal, and a few seconds later Matters struck a post. From the kick-off, Rofe secured, and the ball was going through the tall posts as the bell rang, leaving Saints the victors by 21 points. Final scores—

S.P.S.C.—14 goals 6 behinds.

P.A.C.—9 goals 15 behinds.

Best players:—S.P.S.C.—Sangster, Jackson, Flood, Finlayson, Warnes, and Coventon. P.A.C.—Hallett, Reed, Lawrence, Heaslip, Schulz, and Rofe.

Goal-kickers:—S.P.S.C.—Finlayson (6), Flood (4), Warnes (3), Ratten (1). P.A.C.—Rofe (5), Octoman (2), Cockington (1), Matters (1).

Football.

The opening of the season found us with four of last year's team, and plenty of promising young players. Rofe, for whom this was the third year in the team, was elected captain, and M.

Evans vice-captain. The first few matches, as usual, saw numerous changes in the personnel of the team, and it was soon realised that our hopes rested on small, wiry men. With the exception of a keeper, the back lines were soon settled. However, forwards who could kick goals were scarce, whilst the absence of big men seriously weakened the second ruck, both of which deficiencies cost us dearly in the Intercollegiate match. The team soon settled down to consistent training, and showed themselves capable of playing good football by being the only team to beat Roseworthy, who were top of the Students' Association. Although beaten in the Intercollegiate match, the team are to be commended for the way they worked together, and for the effort they put into making the season a success.

G. G. Hallett was awarded the medal for being our best representative against St. Peter's, and a similar award for the most consistent player for the season went to J. W. Willsmore.

Considerable success has attended the efforts of junior teams, so that out of 47 matches played by the School, 30 have been won, 16 lost, and 1 drawn. It is only fair to say that these teams have been enthusiastically supported this year, and that we have been free from that defaulting which called forth complaint last year.

RESULTS.

First Eighteen—

- v. Scotch, 12.10, 6.10. Won.
- v. Adelaide High, 8.8, 6.13. Won.
- v. 'Varsity C., 12.18, 6.13. Won.
- v. Roseworthy, 9.10, 8.9. Won.
- v. School of Mines, 9.15, 6.1. Lost.
- v. Concordia, won on a forfeit.
- v. Eastern Extension, 10.13, 9.10. Lost.
- v. Sacred Heart, 15.12, 3.6. Won.
- v. 'Varsity B., 14.8, 8.19. Lost.
- v. Old Scholars, 7.16, 6.9. Lost.
- v. St. Peter's, 14.6, 9.15. Lost.
- v. Christian Brothers, 10.8, 8.8. Lost.
- v. Adelaide High, 6.10, 2.11. Won.

Second Eighteen—

- v. Christian Brothers, 12.4, 10.6. Won.
- v. Sacred Heart, 31.12, 1.0. Won.
- v. St. Peter's, 13.10, 9.11. Lost.
- v. Scotch, 12.18, 11.10. Won.
- v. Christian Brothers, 7.6, 2.6. Lost.
- v. Sacred Heart, 25.21, 1.1. Won.
- v. St. Peter's, 6.14, 7.5. Lost.
- v. Scotch, 18.17, 4.8. Won.

Third Eighteen--

- v. Scotch, 27.30, 3.4. Won.
- v. Kings, 6.16, 6.6. Lost.
- v. Adelaide High, 13.18, 5.5. Won.
- v. Pulteney, 7.13, 4.16. Lost.
- v. St. Peters, 13.12, 13.7. Lost.

Fourth Eighteen—

- v. Scotch, 23.19, 2.2. Won.
- v. Pulteney, 20.19, 7.12. Won.
- v. St. Peter's, 9.10, 8.7. Lost.
- v. Christian Brothers', A. 5.2, 1.3. Lost.
- v. Christian Brothers', B., 8.10, 5.2. Won.
- v. Concordia, 8.13, 5.11. Won.
- v. Adelaide High, 16-13, 1-1. Won.
- v. Sacred Heart, 33.26, 4.6. Won.

Fifth Eighteen—

- v. Adelaide High, 15.8, 12.5. Won.
- v. St. Peter's, 16.17, 9.5. Won.
- v. Christian Brothers', 6.7, 3.4. Won.
- v. Pulteney, 18.15, 2.5. Won.

Under Fifteen—

- v. St. Peter's, 10.13, 10.8. Won.
- v. St. Peter's, 11.1, 9.8. Lost.

Under Fourteen—

- v. St. Peter's, 16.12, 2.3. Won.
- v. St. Peters, 22.24, 2.3. Won.

Under Thirteen—

- v. St. Peter's, 3.8, 2.3. Lost.
- v. Scotch, 7.10, 7.10. Tie.
- v. Pulteney, 19.16, 6.4. Won.
- v. St. Peter's, 7.9, 8.2. Won.
- v. Scotch, 6.8, 3.3. Won.
- v. St. Peter's, 4.7, 4.4. Lost.

 SENIOR HOUSE FOOTBALL.

Colton v. Malpas.—Colton, 3.7; Malpas, 1.6. Best players: Colton—E. J. Reed, Loechel, Fogden (2); Malpas—Evans, Schulz, Rodda, Harris. Goal-kickers: Colton—Haldane (2), Fiddian; Malpas—Bungay.

Spicer v. Robb.—Robb, 6.6; Spicer, 4.8. Best players: Robb—Cockington, Rofe, Matters, Oaten; Spicer—Willsmore, Chapple, Lawrence, Cook. Goal-kickers—Robb—Rofe (5), Collins; Spicer—Willsmore (2), Richardson, Schlank.

Colton v. Waterhouse.—Colton, 9.8; Waterhouse, 6.5. Best players: Colton—E. J. Reed, K. Fogden, J. O. Fogden; Waterhouse—A. D. Paterson, Heaslip, Bills, Hall. Goal-kickers: Colton—Haldane (3), Fogden (2), Burnard, Rudd, Greenslade, Smith; Waterhouse—A. Paterson (3), Hall (2), Copping.

Malpas v. Cotton.—Malpas, 10.5; Cotton, 3.8. Best players: Malpas—Evans, Schulz, Millen, Rodda; Cotton—Jackett, Goodwin, Torr, Octoman. Goal-kickers: Malpas—Millen (3), Schulz, Bungay, Coombs (2), Chapmar; Cotton—Goodwin, Octoman, Jackett.

Waterhouse v. Spicer—Waterhouse, 7.5; Spicer, 1.1. Best players: Waterhouse—All played well; Spicer—Willsmore, Chapple, Lawrence. Goal-kickers: Waterhouse—Hall (6), A. Patterson; Spicer—Richardson.

Colton v. Robb.—Colton, 8.6; Robb, 2.3. Best players: Colton—Haldane, Fogden (2), Reed (2); Robb—Cockington, Oaten, Wallis, Jessup. Goalkickers: Colton—Haldane (3), F. Fogden (2), Chapman, Burnard, Loechel; Robb—Rofe (1), Cockington (1).

Malpas v. Waterhouse.—Waterhouse, 11.10; Malpas, 6.2. Best players: Waterhouse—Paterson (2), Bills, Copping; Malpas—Harris, Blundell, Felstead. Goal-kickers: Waterhouse—Hall (3), Copping (2), M. Paterson, Ashby (2), Hogarth, A. Paterson; Malpas—Millen (3), Felstead (2), Harris.

Cotton v. Spicer.—Cotton, 9.9; Spicer, 6.0. Best players: Cotton—Hallett, Torr, Jackett, Fox; Spicer—Lawrence, Chapple, Holmes. Goal-kickers: Cotton—Fox (3), Octoman (3), Johnstone, Abotomey, Fewings; Spicer—Holmes, Richardson (2), Hale, Schlank.

Colton v. Cotton.—Colton, 9.10; Cotton, 1.5. Best players: Colton—J. Fogden, K. Fogden, Reed; Cotton—Hallett, Torr, Octoman, Goodwin. Goalkickers: Colton—Haldane (5), K. Fogden, J. Fogden, Chapman, and Harris; Cotton—Hallett.

Spicer v. Malpas.—Spicer, 7.11; Malpas, 6.2. Best players: Spicer—Willsmore, Richards, Lawrence, Chapple; Malpas—Evans, Harris, Miller. Goal-kickers: Spicer—Willsmore (2), Lawrence (2), Chapple (2), Richards; Malpas—Millen (3), Felstead, Chapman, Reed.

Waterhouse v. Cotton.—Waterhouse, 8.9; Cotton, 5.9. Best players: Waterhouse—Bills, Paterson (2), Copping, Hall; Cotton—Octoman (3), Goodwin, Jackett. Goal-kickers: Waterhouse—Hall (5), A. Paterson (2), Copping; Cotton—Hallett, Fox, Torr, Octoman.

Cotton v. Robb.—Cotton, 5.5; Robb, 4.5. Best players: Cotton—Jackett (2), Torr, Hallett, Goodwin; Robb—White,

Cockington, Oaten, Collins, Wallace. Goal-kickers: Cotton—V. Octomon (2), Johnstone (2), Fewings; Robb—Oaten, Richardson, Hall, Bollen.

Malpas v. Robb.—Malpas, 5.1; Robb, 3.7. Best players: Malpas—Evans, Waite, Rodda, and Harris; Robb—Oaten, Pontifex, Rofe. Goal-kickers: Malpas, Felstead (2), Hall, Rodda, Bungay; Robb—Rofe, Collins, Fleming.

Colton v. Spicer.—Colton, 7.16; Spicer, 5.1. Best players: Colton—Reed (2), Loechel, Fogden (2), Anderson; Spicer—Willismore, Schlank, Chapple, Lawrence. Goal-kickers: Colton—J. Fogden (2), Haldane (2), K. Fogden, Loechel, E. Reed; Spicer—Willismore (3), Richardson, Schlank.

Waterhouse v. Robb.—Waterhouse, 9.8; Robb, 3.7. Best players: Robb—Cockington, Matters, Pontifex, Day; Waterhouse—Heaslip, Paterson (2), Bills, McBain. Goal-kickers: Robb—Rofe (2), Cockington; Waterhouse—Hall (5), A. Paterson (2), Heaslip (2).

JUNIOR RESULTS.

Colton defeated	Robb,	10.18, 6.7.
“	“	Cotton, 6.9, 6.6.
“	“	Spicer, 7.5, 2.2.
“	“	Waterhouse, 4.7, 2.7.
“	“	Malpas, forfeit.
Cotton defeated	Spicer,	13.8, 9.5.
“	“	Malpas, 12.14, 1.2.
“	“	Robb, 8.15, 7.12.
“	“	Waterhouse, 6.6, 5.9.
Spicer defeated	Robb,	10.9, 6.4.
“	“	Waterhouse, 7.5, 5.8.
“	“	Malpas, 7.10, 4.2.
Waterhouse defeated	Robb,	6.7, 4.13.
“	“	Malpas, 14.12, 0.3.
Robb defeated	Malpas,	16.12, 1.2.

SUMMARY.

Each House played five matches:—

SENIORS.				JUNIORS.			
Colton	Won	5	Colton	Won	5
Waterhouse	...	“	4	Cotton	“	4
Cotton	“	2	Spicer	“	3
Malpas...	...	“	2	Waterhouse	...	“	2
Robb	“	1	Robb	“	1
Spicer	“	1	Malpas...	...	“	0

House Notes.

COLTON.

Elsewhere will be found the report of Colton's triumph in House football this season. Both senior and junior teams played and won every match—truly, a noble effort! K. D. Fogden was elected captain at the beginning of the season, and is to be congratulated upon the fine way he carried out his job. "Weed" also deserves much praise for his excellent work as "sneak," and upon heading the goal-kicking list. We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Mr. Williams for his assistance in coaching and selecting the teams, for we feel that he contributed no small share towards our success.

Of course, the most important match of the term was that played against Waterhouse, our fellow-boarders. The game was anticipated with considerable interest throughout the school, for both Houses had been showing good form. The match was intensely interesting, and proved a great struggle, one which was to decide, ultimately, the premiership.

We congratulate the two Fogdens, the Reed brothers, and Loechel, upon their consistently fine play. More congratulations to Loechel, J. Forgan, and Ted Reed on being selected to play in the intercoll., and to K. Fogden on being chosen to fill the reserve position.

Our final word is one of encouragement to the young "blood" returning next year. We hope that they will live up to the example set by the team of 1925, and that they will carry the pink through once again.

COTTON.

We started the term with high hopes of maintaining the honourable position for Cotton among its fellow Houses. Our hopes were not vain, for we succeeded in obtaining the supremacy over all other day boy Houses, though not of the school. This favourable result was obtained greatly through the exertions of Hallett, who was elected Captain of the team. Our juniors also showed up creditably in their matches, winning all except one, that against Colton. We tender our heartiest congratulations to Hallett, who was included in the Intercollegiate team, and also on his being chosen the best player on the field.

MALPAS.

Malpas made history by winning their first football match for two seasons. Malpas have been going through a very lean period

as regards football, and we hope that at last our time has come. Our junior football is lamentably weak, and we again remind the juniors that their efforts count points for the position of Cock House at the end of the year.

To Evans, Millen, and Schulz we offer our heartiest congratulations on their inclusion in the Intercoll.

We welcome back Blundell to the school, and hope that he had a very enjoyable trip on the Continent.

We exhort all cricketers in the House to make worthy efforts next term, so that we may regain our lost prestige.

We would like to congratulate the younger members of our House on the interest shown in the Bible Circle, and would remind them that they will be the leaders of the future.

ROBB.

After meeting with moderate success in the House sports last term, we turned our attention to football. Rofe was elected captain, and carried out his duties very capably. Although great things were expected from the team, we managed to win only one match.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Rofe on his third year of inclusion in the intercollegiate football, and especially as he was elected captain of that team. To Matters and Cockington we also tender our hearty congratulations on being selected for the match against Saints.

This term, as usual, the Bible Circles were conducted by the Houses, our two Circles being led by White and Stratmann.

Our juniors were not particularly successful this term, but we do not want them to feel disappointed, but to try all the harder to maintain the good name of Robb, and lift the House to the very top of the list.

SPICER.

At the commencement of the term a Senior football team was chosen, but owing to the small number of senior boys in our House, we have not been very successful in the Senior House matches, but our junior team show promise of a fairly strong senior team in the near future. We wish to congratulate Dud. Richards and Willsmore on being included in the intercollegiate football team. Willsmore has been awarded the medal for being the most consistent player throughout the season.

We must also congratulate McCarthy on distinguishing himself as a very fluent and entertaining speaker at the Debating Society meetings.

We welcome back to the fold P. D. Coles, who has been wandering under pleasant conditions over Europe with other "Young Australians." We envy him that part of his education. At the next House meeting we hold he might tell us something of his experiences. To any of our members who may be leaving we wish "bon voyage" and no more than their fair share of life's storms.

WATERHOUSE.

We began the football season with high hopes, but our juniors were unable to maintain the standard set by their predecessors of last year. Our seniors, however, won four matches out of the five played, only lowering their colours to Colton. The result of this was to place us second on the competition list. Four of our members—Bills, Heaslip, McBain, and Paterson—are to be congratulated on achieving their first intercollegiate football honours this term.

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Rye, who is taking the place of Mr. Blamey. We hope he will have a long and joyous sojourn among us.

Soon after the intercollegiate match, we were forced to bid farewell to Heaslip, who was then setting out to become a man of the world. Our best wishes will follow him in his future career.

Duces.

FIRST TERM.

VI.U.—M. W. Evans
 VI.A.—A. W. Collins
 VI.B.—C. A. N. Smith
 VI.C.—A. R. Read
 V.A.—T. S. Dorsch
 V.B.—L. C. Holland

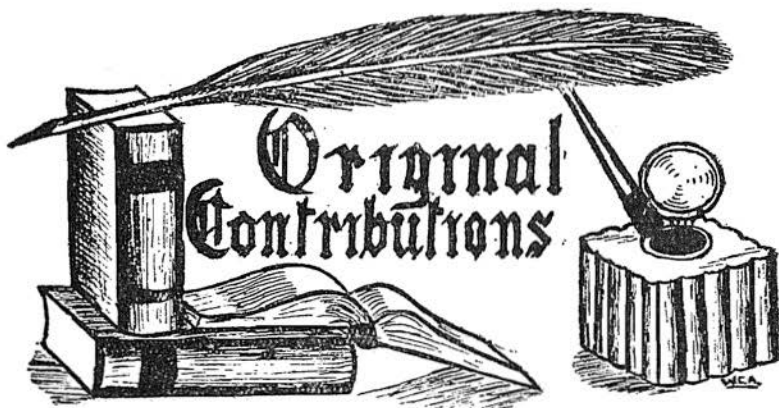
 V.C.—K. J. Harvey
 V.D.—T. A. Harris
 U. IV.A.—B. Fiddian
 U. IV.B.—D. F. Burnard
 L. IV.A.—O. R. Acott
 U. IV.C.—J. E. Fong
 L. IV.B.—R. S. Dawe
 III.—P. L. Hooper

SECOND TERM.

M. W. Evans
 A. W. Collins
 C. A. N. Smith
 A. R. Read
 T. S. Dorsch
 B. M. Jolly
 R. W. L. Crosby
 R. E. Honey
 L. C. Greenslade
 D. F. Burnard
 F. R. Anderson
 J. E. Fong
 R. D. Jordan
 R. S. Dawe
 H. N. Walter

Receipts and Expenditure—No. 142.

RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE.
Bal. brgt. forward £14 10 6	Printing £52 9 0
Sale in School ... 15 13 0	Postage 0 6 0
Extra Sales ... 0 2 0	Cash in Hand ... 18 8 0
Old Collegians ... 40 17 6	
£71 3 0	£71 3 0



A CHAIN POEM.

The hour was that when ghosts do walk,
 When witches moan and hum and talk,
 As homeward 'cross the murky park
 With tottering steps this gay young spark
 Stumbled on through mud and slime
 To reach his lonely hut in time
 To hear his rooster flap his wings
 And screech, "Get up, you lazy things,"
 When all of sudden in a snow-white sark
 A spook appeared and cried, "Mark! mark!"
 "Ow! ow! keep off! I never! I'm dead!
 (The poor old chap was filled with dread).
 "Mark, mark," again did scream the ghost,
 "Yea verily, ye'll make fine roast!"
 Now Clarence was a timid youth,
 He feared the devil: he feared the truth.

The thought of roast man made him ill;
 With a yell of horror, loud and shrill,
 He turned to flee, when (oh, my ——!)
 There in the road stood filthy Nell,
 Rattling and rumbling her glittering teeth,
 Dragging her skirt in the slime beneath.
 "Down with me to hell you'll go,
 And you and your socks in the pot I'll throw.
 And there you'll boil and bubble and froth
 Until your blood be wholesome broth.
 Ha!—— Ha, ha! He! Your race is run!"

VI U.

 SONNET TO LITERATURE.

O oldest, wisest science of all time,
 Praised be thy power, whose subtle art
 Can so move our emotions. So sublime,
 So infinite, right from a humble start
 In lay and song, owing thy progression
 To the quintessence of men's thoughts, hast thou
 Risen to be our noblest possession.
 Throughout the ages ever to thee will bow
 Earth's lordly sons and people of low degree;
 The highest and the humblest of the lands
 All with the same passion delight in thee—
 In peace, in war, in all that life demands.
 Men's thoughts in thee for aye are crystallized,
 O thou of gems the richest and most prized.

R. H. J. (VI.A.)

 LITERATURE.

Literature is the oldest and wisest science of mankind. Right from the earliest primitive Man it has always been prominent, always taking the largest part. Its chief beauty is its infinite variety. There is no repetition as in other things. Every Age produces different writers, with different thoughts, different ideals, different styles.

It has been said that, if a man apply himself conscientiously in Mathematics, he can learn in five or six years all that Isaac Newton took fifty years to learn. Not so with Literature. If a man devoted his entire life to the study of it, he would accomplish only a very minute fraction.

The oldest, greatest, and noblest book in the world is not Euclid, not a book of Science, but the Bible. It tells of great and wonderful happenings in the past ages, of men's noblest thoughts and actions. The greatest thing in a man is his personality and his thoughts. The study of Literature gives us that. A man, in his writing, clearly shows us his character; it stares up at us from the printed lines.

Not everyone is able to write, but nearly everyone can read. So what better occupation is there than reading the work of the great literary geniuses, with their great personalities and wonderful

knowledge of mankind? Through reading the works of these great masters, we can learn nobler thoughts, raise ourselves up above everyday affairs, and gain higher ideals in life.

As has been mentioned above, the chief beauty of Literature is its many-sidedness. For everyone who likes to interest himself, there is a branch. From the professor perusing a learned treatise, down to the school-boy reading "penny-horribles," all derive pleasure.

In this vast subject, many types are included. The most general is Prose. What a host of authors there are to select from! Who has not read "The Old Curiosity Shop," "David Copperfield," "Waverley," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and others too numerous to mention? Most of us can appreciate the skill of a great writer. But do we pause and consider how, and for what reason, a book appeals to us?

Walter Besant tells us that "The art of fiction requires first of all the power of description, truth and fidelity, selection, clearness of conception and outline, dramatic groupings, directness of purpose, a profound belief on the part of the story-teller in the reality of his story, and beauty of workmanship."

An author is a very privileged person. When we read his book we for a time lend him our mind. He can do what he likes with it. He can take us through the palaces of kings, or the slums of the poorest. He can introduce us to the most jovial or the surliest person. The task of a novelist is therefore to tell of a story, different from the every-day affairs of our own life, to give us glimpses of something else. He must for a time raise us above and make us forget our surroundings. His hand guides us through the story. If he gives us a smooth passage, and, to our mind, events turn out as they should, we appreciate his effort.

We all, perhaps, possess a little vanity. A skilful author will anticipate this and provide for it in his story. No one, as a general rule, like a story which is just bare statement of cold facts. An experienced writer can tell the same thing in a much better way by suggestion. As in a black and white drawing the eyes fill in the unshaded portions, so in reading, a person's memory, aided by a subconscious association of ideas, completes the picture. Some who have read Chaucer may remember the friar, "who before sitting down by the fireside, always chased away the cat." Our own mind suggests to us that he chose the suggest corner for himself. When a writer, by such a subtle device, permits us to find out some little thing by ourselves, our vanity is touched, and it gives us a sense of pleasure. We pursue the story with renewed zest, with the author favoured in our mind.

What has been said above applies more or less to Poetry. Poetry has been described as "the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language." What an endless variety of Poets there is! There is a Poet for nearly every temperament. Shakespeare, the great universal genius, needs no introduction. His works are one of the luxuries of life. We peruse his plays carefully, delve for hidden meanings, and with a critical eye try to find out their full lesson and beauty. The value of Shakespeare's

plays is increased by his ability to write on any subject. He is the greatest interpreter of human nature, and had the profoundest knowledge of mankind. The realms of fancy would be desolate if Shakespeare's creations were withdrawn from them. His bubbling exuberance is only equalled by his deep pathos. He is a master moral teacher. Vice never seems so odious nor crime so abominable as when placed under the blazing fire of his indignation; the humblest thing is never so blessed as when he breathes his gentle words upon it. His muse "soared to the highest heaven of invention."

Many writers introduce their own characters into those of their writings, but none are more entirely sunk in their own conceptions than Shakespeare. He appears before us as Hamlet or Falstaff, Macbeth or Malvolio—never as Shakespeare. The reading of Shakespeare has great educational value, for it teaches one to appreciate beauty, and to have a clearer understanding of Mankind.

Untold treasure lies in his lines, and provided one reads with an appreciative and understanding mind, some of the vast wealth can be unearthed. The extent of his popularity can be gauged when it is considered that his works have been translated into forty different languages.

After the "Bard of Avon," there are many Poets of great splendour. Milton, with his majestic style, wrote "Paradise Lost," one of the gems of Literature; but we are not all privileged to appreciate it. There is Keats, the great lover of beauty; Shelley, of fire and passion; Wordsworth, of philosophy; Tennyson, of artistry; and innumerable others.

Poetry is "patterned writing." When a thought becomes too powerful and passionate for prose, verse is used. A Poet can then impregnate his emotion in lines of regular feet and rhymes. The variety of verse construction is almost infinite. Probably the most perfect of its kind is the Sonnet. It has been called the "noblest piece of verbal architecture that the mind of man has conceived."

Poetry is a very beautiful art, and, as Keats says, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

With the aid of a very wonderful gift, Imagination, into what wonderful places can we betake ourselves? Milton leads us through Paradise—and what a wonderful journey it is!—through hell, where there are "whirl-winds of tempestuous fire," in which "fiery deluges are fed with ever-burning sulphur unconsumed." How vividly is the picture of the "regions of sorrow, where peace and rest can never dwell," presented to us. Or we can go across the foam with Sir Patrick Spense, live in the woods with Robin Hood. In less time than it takes to tell, we can be in England at the time of the Roman Invasion, and follow through the ages the progress of England. In the twinkling of an eye we can take ourselves back centuries before Christ, to the days of the Greeks. We can participate in the siege of Troy.

Every author, to some degree, transports us out of every-day life. When we consider the countless thousands of books in the world of every age, of every language, it can be seen that there are many times the number of books that we could possibly read in a life-time; so this form of pleasure is inexhaustible. Man's imagination and thought is endless.

We have touched but lightly on this wide subject. Books could be written on it, but space does not permit us to enlarge further. So we conclude by saying that the study of Man's soul, his thoughts and deeds; the love of the beauty and magnificence of Nature, is the greatest thing in God's noblest creature, Man.

R. H. J. (VI.A.)

A TUCK-SHOP DIRGE.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

There are sweet jam-tarts here that nicer taste
 Than cream puffs from old Smithie at the gate,
 Or pies and pasties and all other paste
 Of such renown the school-boy to elate;
 Jam-tarts that nicer to the palate are
 Than three X at the West-end bar;
 Jam-tarts that bring sweet memories from afar.
 Here are cool "Snowies" deep,
 And "Orange-crush" with froth a-heap
 And ice-cream spiders far too nice to keep,
 And from the shelf fine sweet-meats peep.
 Why are we tempted with these things,
 Devoid of cash when 'cess bell rings,
 While to our nostrils waft the luscious odour?
 All things must eat. Why should we hunger all alone?
 We only eat when tea-bell rings
 And cause perpetual moan.
 Still from one meal unto another thrown,
 Nor ever give up hope;
 And cease from mutterings,
 Nor satisfy our hunger with some borrowed "dough,"
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings;
 There is no food and so
 Why should we be so tempted by these things?

H. G. R. (VI.A.)

THE CHEMICAL TRUTH ABOUT MILK.

"The average composition of cow's milk is as follows:—Water, 87.17 per cent.; casein (nitrogenous matter), 3.56 per cent.; butter fat, 3.64 per cent.; lactose, 4.88 per cent.; mineral matter, .75 per cent."—MacPherson and Henderson.

Articles 2 to 5 are absolutely above suspicion. They add up to 12.83 per cent. quite satisfactorily, but that water content has made me sit up and take notice. Now, water is a very handy substance; and how are we to know off-hand whether we are getting as much water as we pay for? May the dairymen not give us more milk-sugar than we want, or may they not put in too much ore? Of course there are only a few men who are mean enough to do that. Most of them are very liberal with the watery fluid. However, they should not be encouraged to go to the trouble of bringing us too much water with the other ingredients. The quotation says that cow's milk contains 87.17 per cent. water. That is the percentage of water present when the milk leaves the cow. In proportion to the humidity of the

atmosphere, moisture is absorbed into the bucket in its transit from the cow to the dairy. The dairymen may add a small quantity of water to the milk, increasing the percentage by 4 per cent. Here, in our school-life, the boarders sleeping in the senior dormitory are awakened at 6 a.m. by the arrival of the milk. Whether the roadway at the rear of the premises is stony is unknown, but everybody can hear that .75 per cent. mineral matter rattling in the cans.

At breakfast, later on, someone notices the density of the milk. "Hello," he remarks, "water's thicker than usual." On the other hand, it may be that the water is more dilute on that particular morning. It depends upon the atmospheric pressure.

When the carrier leaves the milk it is 91.17 parts in 100 water. For health's sake, we transfer water from the tap to the milk-can in the proportion of two volumes of water to one of milk. By a mental calculation we find that from 91.17 per cent. the water rises to approximately 97.05 per cent. That, then, is as it should be. We are told that we should drink four glasses of water on rising. It's very cold at 6.30 in the winter, so why not imagine that we rise at 8 a.m.? Then we can have it in conjunction with milk on our porridge. It is most gratifying to one to be able to enumerate the constituents of milk as it splashes on to the cereal. The lighter liquid being at the top of the jug, the water falls in first, then the mineral matter.

It might be well to explain the disappearance of the casein, the butter fat, and the lactose. The casein may be used in place of butter, or, if butter is available, it makes a very good substitute for bread. But fat is spread on the oval to keep down weeds, while the lactose is strewn about in order to attract animals canine and feline, since both prove very useful for removing the butter fat.

I. P. F. (VI.A.)

EVENING.

Swiftly o'er the western mountains
 The sun was sinking low,
 Filling the whole world with radiance
 With its beautiful glow.

The dusk with equal swiftness
 Was falling upon the earth.,
 As silent as the lightest feather
 Alighting upon the turf.

The whistling of the night-bird
 Is heard from its lofty nest,
 And the chirping of the cricket
 Greets the whole world at rest.

The fiery stars of heaven
 Twinkle dimly in the sky,
 Brightening moment by moment
 As night is drawing nigh.

Slowly that golden mantle
 Fades into a soft-toned grey,
 And the dewy shadows of darkness
 Blot out the expiring day.

J. R. B. (VI.A.)

SUNSET.

The great, yellow orb sinks into the golden-tinted sea. All seems hushed and frightened. The seagulls, flying aimlessly above the waters, come to rest on the billows as if in awe at what has happened. They seem to see and appreciate the beauty which Nature and the dying sun have unfolded in a picture of delicate lines and colours. The fast-darkening sky is brilliantly tinted and the few, fast-scudding clouds are reflected in the passive waters. How majestic and old-fashioned the old sailing vessel looks as it ploughs its course through the seas. One thinks of the books which tell of fearless sea-dogs who played with Providence, regardless of the outcome. Often they perished, but the memories of their accomplishments are fitting memorials to them. Lights along the distant shore begin to peep out, telling that the twilight has once more given way to her darker sister, the night. The heavens, once so glorious, are becoming a murky blue and finally black. The stars shine forth and the moon stealthily creeps, in its pallor shawl, over the eastern hills.

A. M. (VI.A.)

R— AND HIS LOVE AFFAIR.

Once upon a time there lived a man who worked in an office, earning his living by poking out his tongue for the manager to wipe stamps on. He was a good steady man for the job and he hoped one day to own the mine which supplied such high-quality ore that when mixed with sand made the best road metal in the country.

Now he had a son who was an inmate of one of the Adelaide houses of detention and correction—not the Stockade, but a boarding school for boys. He was an earnest student, especially at figures on the beaches, and his hat or cap was always set at the most fashionable angle.

Strange to say, one Saturday evening he returned from a party with his collar hanging round his ear. However, he tightened his collar, did his hair, and became again the perfect English gentleman. No one could explain the mystery; still less could they interpret the cry of "She straightened up," which he shouted constantly in his sleep. The day after he was seen to don a stiff collar, slink to the gate and furiously rush off in the direction of — Girls' Grammar School.

Nothing eventful occurred until the next Saturday when he was seen to pay three shillings and sixpence and enter a picture theatre, in company with the charming E—. What happened there will never see the light; if there had been a light it would never have happened. His condition soon became serious. He wrote and received letters two or three times every post (to the complete neglect of his geometry). He wrote poems—(what further proof of madness is needed?)—like this:

"I mark thee in the marble hall
 Where Adelaide's fairest sway;
 I swear the fairest of them all
 Is my dear sweet (dash, eh?)
 My soul, in desolat'st eclipse,
 Sweet recollections carry!
 But then I ask with weeping lips
 Dost thou remember —?"

The poem put the finishing touch to his insanity and R— is now the latest and most desperate inmate of the Home for Victims of Teachers' Cruelty.

M. A. P. (VI.A.)

TIME.

O Time, thou dost not wait while I
 Enjoy all timely gifts of nature,
 But fast stride on and dost not care
 For any one small creature.

Wilt thou not stay a little while
 To join in earthly pleasures,
 To share alike with one and all
 Man's stately gifts and treasures?

Old age creeps on us as you pass,
 And we grow weak and weary,
 But thou dost romp and frolic on,
 Ever bright and cheery.

But linger thou with me awhile,
 That I may play my part
 In my allotted sphere of life
 And purify my heart.

J. R. J. (VI.A.)

MODERN DIDACTICISM.

Modern, and therefore commercial didacticism, though now so aggressive, is many ages old. To estimate by centuries could not adequately convey the feeling of time which has elapsed since the obscure dawns of intelligence in what we now call Man first enabled our fallen genius to add one more to his host of human tortments. Perhaps the dull perceptions of the Neanderthal Man vibrated with the new sensation—then but faintly, having as it did to penetrate inches of hair, and inches of bone. The objects of the didactic are not always pecuniary, but as it is easier, and more effective, to pull low, his aims are ever material.

His aboriginal ancestor was sincere, and some few of this type yet exist to astound their observers. Some of the onlookers saw more than the taught, and perceiving the personal benefits arising from their activities, soon set up shop on their own, like Dr. Knowall in the fable, though not even troubling to buy an ABC. As the imitation consisted only in superficial appearance, they made the most of what they had to give, greasing well their ware to enter the ears of their hearers the more easily; and thus sprang up those empty impostors who ever command a ready hearing for their hackneyed wisdom. The Arts will afford us the example of painting: in general, its exponents have been needy men, and consequently most of the old masters have found it advantageous—even necessary—to paint for the monasteries, and follow the monks themselves who found didacticism so easy and lucrative. Self-styled poets and novelists have done the same, but it is in the cinematograph that it is thrust at the public in



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its most aggressive and sickening form. It is not surprising that the promoters have amassed phenomenal sums for their discernment, when their victims are so eager.

The whole seems to rise from the human love of being told what is already known, and the better and more generally known it is, the easier the task of the didactic. Few relish being told their errors, but their joy is boundless when they find themselves agreed with. What we call poetical justice is only the conclusion we decide on at the beginning of a book, play or poem, and finding the author yielding to our superior judgment in the end, decide the book is well written, altogether the best we have ever read—up to the present.

When a man panders to his hearers, he may have said his lesson so often that he has unconsciously persuaded himself, so showing us the sincere hypocrite.

When sincere there is nothing more sincerely great than teaching, but the human organism is so essentially shallow, that he loves to be taught divertingly as much as to dominate his brother's opinions. The newspaper moulds those of its readers by pandering to their lower tastes in reading, with the result that they refuse the wholesome loaf as dull in favour of the contaminated sugar on its surface. Thus didacticism, even before the day of coin and commerce, has laid open a very land of promise to the "alert business man" right to the present day.

P. F. S. (VI.A.)



THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS, ROME.

The most awe-inspiring and eloquent memorial to the early Christians of Rome is the catacombs. Foremost of these is that of St. Calixtus, discovered by De Rossi in 1862. Other monuments of Rome strike us cold with amazement, but the catacombs have something intangible and unreal about them.

In the beginning of March, during our ten days' stay at Rome, we visited the catacombs named after the Pope who carried on important works there during the Third Century A.D. Driving up in the ramshackle Fiat motor buses supplied to us by the Italian Government, we stopped on the Appian Way at the Via delle Sette Chiese. Each boy was supplied with a candle, and we all "got a light" from a shaven monk with his hood thrown back over his shoulders. We divided up into several parties, each being in charge of a monk who could speak fluent English.

I was in the first party, and our monk led us into a sort of chapel, in which there was a long flight of steps leading into darkness. We descended, and at the bottom turned abruptly to the right. Following closely behind the monk, we seemed to absorb the eerie atmosphere in the darkness.

Lighted only by the flickering flames of our candles, the monk led us into a small chamber hewn out of the solid rock. Taking us to a niche in the wall he pointed into it, and said, "St. Cecilia lies there!" Thrusting our candles above our heads we peered into the opening, and could see a white figure there. This almost made some believe it was the body, which had been there sixteen hundred years.

"St. Cecilia was shamefully murdered by the Governor of Rome," explained the guide, "and, even in dying, she took a dagger and cut two fingers off her left hand, leaving three. This was to signify the Holy Trinity, Three in One."

Seeing the grave of this early Christian martyr created profound impressions in us, and we could not shake off the feeling that ghostly heads were peering at us as we passed through the dark vaults.

Our guide next showed us the Crypt of the Popes, where many martyred pontiffs were sleeping. In these crypts were many crude mosaics and drawings, but nevertheless these were the forerunners of the great Italian art.

He led us on again until we stopped in a very dark corridor, whose darkness our candles almost failed to pierce. I put my hand against the wall and leaned on it for support while listening to his explanation. He turned to the part of the wall on which I had my hand—closer inspection revealed it to be a slab set in the rock.

"That slab," droned the monk, "covers a niche in the wall, in which lies the body of an early Christian."

I snatched my hand away as if it had been on hot bricks. Egyptian mummies in glass cases are enough for me, but to think I had my hand on the stone coffin of a sixteen hundred year old corpse was more than I could bear. The monk talked in such a cold-blooded way about it all, that it gave us the creeps. It required no vivid imagination to picture the Christians walking along the gloomy passages with a ghastly burden to fill up another cavity in the walls.

Keeping close together we glanced furtively into the dark recesses, and seemed to hear ghostly whisperings in our ears. Our guide cheered us up by telling us about two Italian students who lost their party while going over them. When they were found after a lapse of days one was dead, and the other a babbling maniac, shrieking about ghosts and corpses invigorated with life.

We progressed along a labyrinth of passages, our guide pointing out to us wonderful mosaics, and drawings of the "fish," the early symbol of Christianity, the initial letters of the Greek words for the Trinity forming the Latin word "piscis." There were many crude paintings of martyrs, and Biblical happenings.

Soon, however, our guide took us on again and we found ourselves at the spot where we had started. We had travelled in a circle, and I had thought that we had travelled straight ahead.

We ascended the steps, and were soon in the fresh air again. Our guide handed each of us a postcard bearing a plan of the "Catacombs of S. Callistus," and remarked that we could go exploring on our own next time.

I conjured up a picture of the Italian students, and said fervently, "Not for me!"

P. D. C. (VI.A.)

A VISION.

(Inspired by a late supper.)

I awoke with a start. Everything seemed dark and clammy, while a smell resembling a mixture of wet mud and dirty rags permeated everything. I was cold and uncomfortable, and although I distinctly remembered getting into a warm bed the night before, there seemed to be no sign of that, while I felt as if I were sitting on the edge of a table, a particularly hard one, with my legs dangling over the side. Several hours must have elapsed between my first waking thoughts and the time it began to grow light, but I cannot now remember details; however, the dawn at last began to light up the world, but it was a dawn such as I had never seen before. A greenish tinge came slowly over a flat ridge of rock in the east, and the sky in that quarter began to glow with this light, which I can liken only to phosphorescence, but which was much stronger than any such light I had ever seen before that time. Long thin streaks of cloud laced the eastern sky and these were lit up with the same green light.

Suddenly the sun appeared. I was quite startled by the scene that met my eyes. Spread out under my feet was a great plain, which was covered with a growth of giant toad-stools, which were red on top and black beneath. What puzzled me most was the fact that they should seem red in that intensely green light, for the sun was a green ball, hung in a sky of slightly lighter shade.

I looked down—and nearly died. Below where I was sitting was a sheer drop of about five hundred feet. I was sitting on a ledge from which remarkably accurate steps led to the top of the hill. It was not much more than five minutes before I reached the top of the hill, and in that time I climbed up five hundred and twenty-three steps—I was afterwards able to count them.

The top of the hill was quite flat except for an object which looked like a kangaroo on roller skates. This thing was rapidly disappearing towards the horizon, and was soon lost to view. I found I was on a plateau which went north as far as I could see; was ended abruptly on the west and east by cliffs, and sloped gently down to the plain of red and black fungus towards the south.

While I had been making observations the sun had risen high in the sky, and now seemed to be going much more slowly than before. Its colour, too, had changed to a ghastly lilac hue, and although the day was quite calm, with not a cloud in the sky, I was still very cold. This may not seem strange when it is remembered I was clad only in pyjamas, but the sun was directly overhead, and should have been hot. I had been so interested in my surroundings that I had not troubled much about myself before, but now I determined to go down to the plain, and see what I could find.

After walking to the south for some time, I came to the gradual descent and, after noticing that it had a gradient about one in ten, I went down. Down on this plain the boggy smell was very strong, but I at length became used to it, although it must have had some effect on my brain. When I came close to the red and black fungi, I found that they were all of approximately the same size; about fifteen feet high and five feet in diameter. I must have been on this plain for several days, and during that time had many adventures. My diet consisted of lumps of red and black mushroom, and a kind of small worm, of which there were extensive colonies in the mud.

One day while wandering around I came to what I thought was a dead kangaroo. This proved to be a grey jacket made of some furry material, made in a peculiar shape. It consisted of an ordinary coat with legs put in the bottom, and a hood on the other end. I put this coat on, and felt something pulling down at the back. Looking round I saw that this weight was a fairly long tail, made into the coat. From all this I concluded that the inhabitants of this land must have had tails, and also worn these cloaks habitually. My later discoveries proved this to be right.

It was not many days after this that I saw the first human, if I may so call it. It was digesting my twenty-fifth meal of worm and mushroom, seated in the shade of one of these gigantic toadstools, when I suddenly heard a whirring noise on my right. This noise rapidly increased until it sounded like water running into a bucket, and then I saw one of these things approaching me from behind a clump of mushrooms. If I could have done so I would have run, but the worms, when taken in large quantities, produced an extreme heaviness in the lower regions of the body. When the "thing" saw me it suddenly stopped, just as if it had four wheel brakes. The whirring noise was caused by the skates on its feet. I found the "thing" was very similar to ordinary human beings, but its face was totally green except for the eyes, which were yellow, and the nose, which was crimson, like that of a youth I had known in my school days. He—I will call it "he" because I think that is what it was—started jabbering at me in a mixture of Latin and French, which I could understand very well, having had wide experience in those two languages in my earlier days. It seemed that his name was "Mig," and that he was the chief something or other to a king that ruled over that

part of the land. I asked him where I was, and he replied that I was on Mars. This piece of news rather surprised me, but I concealed it—the surprise—and listened eagerly to the words of wisdom which came from his green lips.

I was on Mars. I was in a country whose name I cannot pronounce or spell, and I was several other things that the aforementioned worms would not allow me to remember.

I told him I was from the earth, but had to say it several times with different combinations of the two languages, as it appeared they used special words from French and others from Latin, and not haphazard. He registered surprise, and told me I was just what he had been looking for, as he had invented a machine for inter-planetary communication, and would shoot me back to Earth in a few days time: meanwhile he would show me the sights of Edialea, the capital city.

He pulled out a little instrument from one of his numerous pockets, and pressed a key. Immediately I heard the whirring and a pair of skates dashed up. He told me they were worked by wireless. I put them on and we started out for the city. We soon came to the great mushroom growing district of Ailartsua Htous—it can be seen the effects of the worms were wearing off—and it was here we had our greatest adventure.

There was a range of mountains that had to be crossed, and these were inhabited by stibbar, very wild animals indeed. I was following my guide through a very crooked pass when I saw a young rainbow coming around a corner. Mr. Mig had seen it before me, for he turned and dashed past me like a rifle bullet, as regards the speed, and I was left alone to face what I now saw to be a stibbar. Its neck had in it all the colours of the rainbow, and its head was so small that it was scarcely noticeable. The body was ringed laterally with alternate red, white, and blue stripes. While I stood there, the animal advanced majestically with an undulating motion, but keeping its blue eyes fixed upon me. Now I have a great liking for blue eyes, so I looked it straight in the face, and this probably saved my life. Not ever having seen a human being before, it got frightened, and beat a retreat, if not hasty, quite fast enough.

I went on through the pass, and, on coming out on the other side, I saw the city of Edialea. On the eastern side of these hills the vegetation consisted of a sparse growth of yellow cactus and trees that closely resembled overgrown geranium bushes. As I was rather tired after my climb, I sat down in the shade of one of these trees, and of course happened to choose a nice broad cactus leaf on which to deposit myself. I did not stay there very long, but got up and chose a smoother place.

After I had been resting for some time, Mig came along and, after apologising for leaving me so hurriedly, suggested that we should carry on with the journey.

From these lofty hills the city looked very much like a cross-word puzzle, on which a very poor solution had been written. I could see the pink streak of road stretching in a straight line down square number thirty-one, counting from the left bottom corner.

The road was straight, smooth, and had a decided bend downwards, so that with our wireless skates we covered the few odd miles

to the city in a few minutes. When we arrived, Mig took me to the royal palace. This was built of huge sugar crystals with a roof of tiles, made of the fine white clay found on the plains over the mountains. Most of the houses were built of similar material, and the green light, when reflected from the shiny surfaces, made a very brilliant spectacle.

We entered the palace, and I was led to the throne room. There was the king, a little old man with a chestnut beard, and very clear voice, seated before an enormous bowl of mock-turtle soup. My guide addressed him as His Highness Prince I.P.F., and since he did not know my name, I was presented as "Mr. Errr-rr-r." The king was very kind to me, and as he had once studied under the noted Mr. Ja, he recited the "Entry of the Toadstool Warriors," and another fine poem, for my benefit. He then asked me if I would like to see his harem, but, being a woman-hater, I did not accept the offer.

By now I had come to realize that these people were very like ourselves in their manners and customs, so when I received an invitation to the annual football match between the Nowt Neks and Sints, I gladly accepted it.

When I arrived at the amphitheatre in which they carried on their struggles I found a large crowd there, sitting tier upon tier to dizzy heights.

At noon the match started. I was rather surprised to see only ten men turn out for each side. In this game they did not wear skates but played on foot. The "ball," I found, was a cube, and the object of the game was to throw or kick this cube into a certain space, so that it lay with the side marked ::; up. The other five sides were marked 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. After a titanic tussle the Nowt Neks won by a score of 84 to 69.

The day for my departure at length arrived. I saw my last green sunrise, had my last look at the red and black fungi, the red, white, and blue stibbar, and the sugar houses. At last the time came for me to get into my shell, the shell in which I was to be shot to the earth. The shell was placed in the gun, and the gun was fired. Through the glass nose of the shell I could see the earth, a white dot in the green sky, but soon the sky became blue and the earth its proper colour. I could see Adelaide. The shell was heading straight for the tower of the town hall. I could do nothing to stop it, so just shut my eyes.

There was a terrific jar, an awful clanging of bells, and I felt the bell ropes tangled around me. I opened my eyes; then, with the sound of the rising bell still ringing in my ears, I got up off the floor, disentangled myself from the bed clothes, and went out to the shower.

A. D. (VI.A.)

A DAWN IN SPRING.

Early one September morn,
As the day was breaking,
I walked along a country road
To see the wide-world waking.

On either side the stately trees
 Were clad in gowns of white,
 All studded o'er with drops of dew,
 Which sparkled in the light.

The tiny birds were in their nests,
 So snug and warm were they,
 And each were greeting with a song
 The coming of the day.

The sheep and cattle roused themselves
 That they could also share
 In this most wonderful event
 Which drives away all care.

But still the sun creeps farther on,
 And brings with it new day,
 Then all the world sets down to work
 Till this light fades away.

J. R. J. (VI.A.)

MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL.

Not being sure what was my favourite animal, I decided to pay a visit to the Zoo. on Sunday, and write my essay that night. With this resolve, I set out about two o'clock and arrived in time to have a look at most of the animals. Immediately on arriving, I asked the gate-keeper whether there was any reduction for schoolboys; but he rudely informed me that all I was likely to get extra was an empty cage and a bag of peanuts. The force of this joke did not strike me until I reached the animals' cage and saw children throwing nuts to them. When I had sharpened my pencil to stab the gate-keeper and had retraced my steps to the turn-stile, I found he had been relieved and my revenge was thwarted.

However, to return to my peregrination through the gardens. As soon as I had passed the gates, I began to reflect on the terrible dangers of the Zoological Gardens. A guinea-pig might break loose and attack me, or some other ferocious animal might escape and create havoc amongst the many people about. So, in order to ascertain the precautions taken, I accosted a keeper.

"What steps would you take if, say, the lion escaped?"

"Jolly long ones, sir," was all the consolation I received from him. This keeper evidently wanted, in vulgar parlance, to tug my nether limb, for he went on to say:

"Have you seen our black-faced aunt elope?"

Now, I ask you, how could I see his negro relation elope? The idea was preposterous and I left him, disdainingly to bandy words with so feeble a joker. The man had no sense of humour.

The first animal's cage I came to was the elephant's. I have always liked the elephant, and the only reason I have not made him my favourite was the inconvenience of having him for a pet.

Half the house would have to be demolished to get him inside, and all he need do would be to shrug his shoulders—and the rest would go. Besides, there is always a chance he would step on your toe and aggravate your pet corn. Of course, his trunk would be very handy

at holiday-time. I passed on to the next cage, which was inhabited by a polar-bear. I was captivated by this animal, until somebody behind me said it would need about fifteen butchers' shops to keep it in food, and a refrigerator about 8,100 cubic feet to keep it in pickle. Not being Amundsen, I could not pop up to the Arctic before breakfast and get in a day's supply of ice; besides, our ice-chest is only about 16 cubic feet as the crow flies.

I was prejudiced against the monkeys when I reached their cage by the remarks of the gate-keeper; my cousin talks like a parrot (a parrot, of course, is not an animal, but my cousin talks like one, nevertheless); my sister dances the fox-trot; I heard a man in the street laughing like a hyena; and my brother was as cross as a bear when I left home. As I wanted a change, none of these animals took my fancy.

At last, however, I reached the giraffe's cage and I knew my quest was over. It would make a wonderful pet. If the animal got in the way at all, its head could be guided up the chimney or tied in a knot. In the way of food and drink, a little goes a long way with a giraffe, so it would be comparatively inexpensive to keep. It would serve a useful purpose, too, for I could ride it to school; the only trouble there would be to hang it up in the bike-sheds. I should not like my giraffe to be put in pound. Its bizarre appearance would cause much amusement among my friends. That reminds me of a story I once heard about an old lady making her first visit to the Zoo. She came to the giraffe's cage, stood there for a few moments, and gasped out:

"There ain't no sich thing!"

V. B. (VI.B.)

SPRINGTIME.

Hedges sparkling with dew,
Nature a brighter hue,
Merry birds on the wing;
Loud the bee doth sing,
The skies above deep blue.

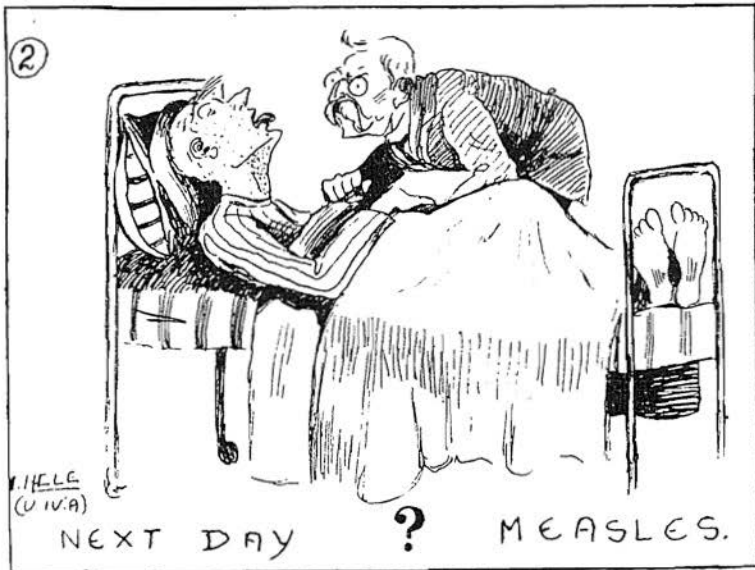
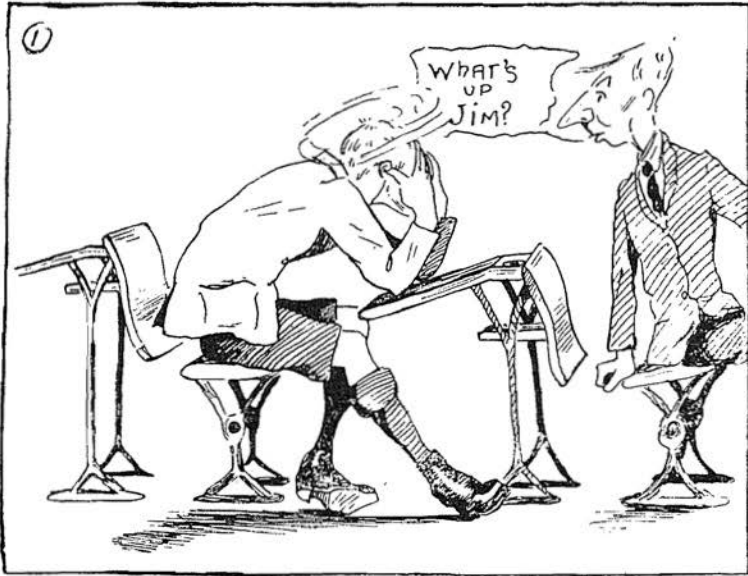
Lambs do frolic and play,
Happiness rules the day,
Sere Autumn has pass'd,
Gone Winter's chill blast—
Stay, sweet Spring, O stay!

H. C. (V.B.)

ENTER PRINCE ALFRED.

Prince Alfred enters 'midst loud cheers
Of players one and all.
Bring out those stumps and bats and pads,
Those bails, those gloves, that ball!
The summer's young: the grass is green,
The breeze is soft and cool,
And cricket calls us to the fields
From study and from school.
So when our daily work is done
We hurry to our play,
When cricket calls—he calls but once—
Prince Alfred rules to-day!

R. P. (U. IV.c.)



SCHOOL LIFE.

It's really nothing very new
 To have Saturday morning and a big cube too,
 Or when Mr. — is full of wrath
 To have ten figures to the fourth,
 And when you're not too good at Arith.
 You sometimes find it pretty stiff.
 But after all is said and done
 We really have some decent fun,
 Except when having a bit of a lark
 You're caught and get an order mark.
 And when up in the dorm, at night
 Having a bit of a pillow fight
 You're very soon brought down again
 And get six of the best with a six foot cane.

L. P. (L. IV.c.)

SPRING.

Of all the seasons of the year, I think I am most looked for.

When the earth has been in the icy grip of winter for two or three months, folk are pleased when they see me start to clothe the trees with tender green, and watch the buds come on the bushes or fruit trees. Children grow keen to find the first violet or crocus, sure fore-runners of my coming. Soon I deck the almond trees with fragile blossoms, and before long the ground about is strewn with petals. Through the hills I cover the wattles with a golden glory that throws into strong relief the carpet of fresh green grasses, and the myriad greens of surrounding trees.

In the fields the sheep watch the awkward gambols of the tiny lambs; and seek the tender green shoots that I delight to send up from the brown earth. The birds begin to build their nests, and all Nature rejoices at my return.

J. B. H. (III.U.)

WRECKED.

I was a midshipman on a steamer of two thousand tons, and we were one hundred miles from port. The captain had predicted a big storm and all the crew were in readiness. So far we had had an exceedingly calm voyage. A day later the storm came. It commenced with a stiff breeze, but that breeze soon became a hurricane.

The seething waters lashed their pent-up fury upon the weather-beaten sides of the ship.

In a trice the ship was whisked out of its course. We had a big cargo of loose wheat, and during the storm all the wheat rolled to one side, causing a big list to the starboard. This caused the captain grave concern.

Jut at that moment the vessel struck an uncharted rock, which ripped a cavernous hole in the side of the vessel. This sealed the doom of our vessel. The wireless operator flashed out SOS signals immediately. The ship was filling fast with water. The airtight bulwarks were closed, but it was all of no avail.

The captain ordered the crew to take to the boats. The boats were swung out on the davits, then lowered into the water. We all

clambered down into the boats, all except the captain, who refused to leave his ship. We then pushed off.

One moment we were on a great mountain of water, the next we were right down with mountainous waves on either side.

We had only left the ship ten minutes before I witnessed an episode that I shall never forget. We saw the captain standing on the bridge while the ship went down. The ship gradually heeled over to the starboard, then gave a sudden lurch and disappeared in the seething billows.

We knew that our only chance was that a ship may have picked up our distress signal. By dawn the next morning the storm (as if it was satisfied that it had claimed another victim) had abated. At eight o'clock next morning we could see smoke on the horizon, and in two hours we could distinguish a large mail-steamer. It spent the rest of the day just cruising round. We waved and waved till we could hardly move our arms. It was not till late in the afternoon that we were seen; then by the time they got up to us it was too dark to take us aboard, so we had to spend that night in the boat. Early next morning we were taken aboard. To our sorrow we found that we were the sole survivors of the crew.

A. J. V. R. (III.v.)

A WINTER'S EVENING.

It is hard to imagine anything more enjoyable than a cold winter's evening spent at home with one's own folk around us, and perhaps a few congenial friends, who may drop in unexpectedly, knowing a warm welcome awaits them in a cheery household.

First and foremost there must be a big fire, a real one, not the make-shift of gas or electric radiators; then a comfortable room with easy chairs; a room not too large, but big enough for a game of "ping pong," or billiards, and a card table. A piano and plenty of good music is always enjoyed, if there happens to be someone who can play well. Perhaps we have a book in which we are deeply interested, and, if so, to snuggle in a big chair by the fire and read, conscious of the wind and rain outside, with a dish of sweets or fruit nearby, is very attractive.

After a coffee supper about ten o'clock, during which jokes are cracked and the day's varied experiences are discussed, we are usually ready to turn into our warm bed and a good sleep.

Some people may prefer a night's amusement at the theatre or a dance, but personally nothing appeals to me so much as a cold wintry night spent in a real home.

J. B. H. (III.v.)

THE CAPTURE OF THE PERUVIAN KING'S STATE.

With a roar and a clash and a loud hip-hooray
 The horsemen went galloping into the fray;
 With a glitter of armour and clashing of steel,
 Their foemen before them did stagger and reel.

Sweeping everything 'fore them, those brave knights of old
 Soon had the red field in a very firm hold;
 Dashing down field at a terrible rate,
 They soon had possession of all the king's state.
 They did capture the castle and feast in its walls,
 And many great knights did jest in its halls;
 And all did agree on that same merry night,
 They had ne'er seen before such a glorious fight.

M. H. (III.U.)



The Opax Orchestra. 1925.

(With apologies to A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy.)

They were the music-makers,
 And perhaps were the causes of dreams;
 But from the current reports in the papers,
 Were highly successful, it seems;

Batoned by their conductor,
 Pro. X.A.P.O. by name,
 They presented a show full of vigour,
 And forever established their fame.

In an overture on the piano,
 Was recounted by two "The Attack;"
 Then followed the opening chorus,
 With Harry the light ones to back;

In a blood-curdling melodrama
 Of murder and love on the beach,

Figured the P.A.C. actors,
 The world, how to act, who can teach.
 We cannot herein do full justice
 To the efforts of all who took part;
 But we must say, for Maurice's anthem,
 That each asked himself when 'twould start;
 And though it was all introduction,
 Considered by most just a row,
 After the singing was over,
 Maurice doubled himself in a bow.

BY GUM.

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:—The Scotch Collegian (Melbourne), The Melburnian, The Scotch College Magazine (Adelaide), The Sphinx, Wesley College Chronicle, The Adelaide High School Magazine, Coo-ee, The Newingtonian, The Mitre, The King's School Magazine, Woodville High School Magazine, St. Peter's College Magazine, The Carey Chronicle, The Walford House Magazine, The Corian, Ipswich Grammar School Magazine, Adelaide University Magazine, Galmahra, The Student.

Prep. Notes.

FOOTBALL.

J. C. Williams was elected Captain, and R. D. Meyer Vice-Captain of the eighteen.

Difficulty was experienced in arranging "under twelve" matches with other schools.

Against Pulteney Grammar we were successful on our own grounds, scoring 10 goals 9 behinds to our opponents' 5 goals 5 behinds. The whole side played well. Goal-kickers were—Meyer, Gunner, Nicholls, and Cant.

In the return match, Pulteney reversed the decision by 7 goals 6 behinds to our 4 goals 3 behinds. Meyer and Cant accounted for our goals, while Williams, Meyer, and Nicholls were our strongest representatives.

The rest of the season was devoted to team practice and inter-House tests.

SCHOOL UNIFORM.

The idea of a distinctive school suit has found favour with parents, as shown by the large number of boys now wearing these suits.

LIBRARY.

We gratefully acknowledge gifts from A. N. Adamson, I. L. Nicholson, R. G. Sutton, and Mr. Symons.

THANKS.

Our very best thanks are tendered to Mr. F. W. Hunter for the gift of a fine reproduction of The Forum, made in the name of Ian Hunter. Also for an aneroid barometer presented to the Prep. in the name of Kenneth Hunter. Mr. Hunter has now commemorated the advance of three of his sons by useful gifts to the school.

To Mr. F. W. Roediger we express thanks for the promise of a rain-gauge.

We are grateful to Mr. J. C. Gunner for lending diamond drills and supplying useful information about artesian bores.

HEALTH.

Measles played havoc with our school attendance at the beginning of term, but fortunately most cases were mild. We sympathise with John Matthews in his more serious illness, and with Peter Crompton on his enforced absence through ill-health.

DUCES.

Senior A—R. J. Gunner
Senior B—H. A. Lloyd
Senior C—D. M. Lloyd

Junior A—F. L. Hunter
Junior B—R. M. Hains
Junior C—D. Finch

P.A. Old Collegians' Association, Incorporated.

Members are requested to advise the Secretaries of any change of Address.

Members are asked to supply information concerning Old Boys, for publication in our notes.

The Chapple Memorial,

So many additional contributions have been received since our last issue that this fund has risen from £930 to £1,005. This is a most gratifying result, and has given the utmost pleasure to all concerned in securing a worthy memorial to one who served the

school so long and so faithfully. The original plan was to use the money raised to equip the new physical laboratory and to fund the balance, if there were any considerable amount, as an endowment whose income would be used to keep the equipment of the laboratories, as far as practicable, abreast of modern developments. A considerable sum had already been devoted to equipment, but the College Committee has decided to replace that amount and to fund £1,000—practically the whole amount subscribed—as a permanent “Chapple Memorial Endowment for Science.” The upper half of the door of the new laboratory has been fitted with a design in leadlight, in the centre of which is a tablet inscribed “Chapple Memorial Laboratory,” and on the wall within is a speaking likeness of Mr. Chapple as he appeared when he retired from the school. It is the earnest hope of those responsible for these arrangements that they will meet with the approval of his pupils, and the Head Master extends a hearty invitation to Old Boys to inspect the Memorial Laboratory at their convenience.

The following contributions have been received since the May “Chronicle” was published:—

H. R. Adamson	... £3	3	0	A. T. Sutton	... £1	1	0		
N. J. Cocks (in Memory)	...	2	2	0	T. Axford	...	1	1	0
Dr. F. E. Terrill	...	1	1	0	A. H. Riggs	...	2	2	0
C. Burgan	...	1	0	0	A. S. Jackman	...	5	5	0
N. B. Richardson	...	2	2	0	Dr. F. S. Hone	...	5	5	0
G. Main	...	1	1	0	A.A.L. Rowley(2nd donat'n)	...	5	0	0
W. J. Manning	...	2	2	0	A. C. James	...	1	1	0
Dr. K. N. Steele	...	2	2	0	Dr. B. W. Wibberley	...	2	2	0
A. G. Carne	...	1	1	0	G. V. W. Bateman	...	3	3	0
G. D. Moore	...	1	1	0	E. W. Harris	...	1	1	0
J. L. Matheson	...	1	1	0	R. J. Shaughnessey	...	1	1	0
J. A. Haslam	...	2	2	0	G. McRitchie	...	1	1	0
Dr. A. F. Hobbs	...	1	1	0	A. E. Rowley	...	5	0	0
M. Newbold	...	3	3	0	H. L. Morris	...	1	1	0
F. A. Binks	...	1	1	0	W. E. Stokes	...	0	10	0
Vernon Smith (2nd donat'n)	...	1	1	0	G. S. Reed	...	5	0	0
Dr. J. Jona	...	2	2	0	W. L. Whitham	...	1	1	0
Dr. J. Close	...	3	3	0	E. G. Story	...	1	1	0
Cecil Plush	...	3	0	0	T. C. Craven	...	5	0	0
Dr. J. L. Jona	...	2	2	0					

Per E. W. Cotton, West Australia—

L. Cullen	...	£0	10	6	Rev. A. S. J. Fry	...	£0	10	6
H. F. Throssell	...	0	10	6	V. E. Fry	...	0	10	6
S. J. Dimond	...	1	1	0	F. S. Goldsmith	...	1	1	0
A. J. Mellor	...	1	1	0					

In the list of donations published in our last issue, Jas. Marshall was credited with having contributed £25. The name should have been given as J. A. C. Marshall.

Old Boys' Week.

FOOTBALL.

The usual programme of football matches was played in Old Boys' Week. These games are becoming of more interest each year, and are undoubtedly the means of bringing many country members to town. For those of our members who were not present, we give a short account of each match.

ASSOCIATION V. ST. PETER'S OLD BOYS.

The Committee introduced a new departure on this occasion in that they stipulated that as far as possible the Association team for this match must be equally representative of both sections of our members—viz., town and country. The team that did honour for us therefore was as follows:—H. G. Prest (captain), L. W. Leak, B. W. Hone, D. K. McKenzie, D. G. McKay, L. H. Pflaum, M. L. Chapman, M. S. Joyner, R. H. Dodd, M. C. Somerville, I. C. Barton, G. V. Storer, E. A. Dennis, W. G. Taylor, J. D. Harkness, K. D. Bell, R. Trescowthick, A. L. Humphries.

As in the lacrosse match on the previous day, Saints won the toss, and chose the northern end and the advantage of a following breeze. They opened well, and for the first 10 or 15 minutes had matters much their own way. Prince Alfred then found themselves, and the honours were even for the rest of the term. The second quarter opened much the same as the previous one, Princes having the advantage. McKay (P.A.C.) played brilliantly, and secured two goals in quick succession. S.P.S.C. then rallied, and passed their opponents' score. The latter, however, were kicking well, and soon reversed the tallies. In this term they added 7 goals 3 behinds to their total. The third quarter was very even throughout, and the ball zig-zagged from end to end. Chiefly owing to faulty kicking, particularly on the part of the visitors, several apparently easy opportunities to score outside each goal were lost. The last term was the hardest, and fine, clean football was exhibited on both sides. Prince Alfred were a little superior, and their team work was the better. Mr. Blumberg gave general satisfaction as central umpire. The final scores were—P.A.C., 16 goals 14 behinds; S.P.S.C., 8 goals 14 behinds. Goalkickers:—Winners—Dodd (5), McKay and Leak (each 4), Storer, Hone, and Humphries; Losers—T. Farrent (3), Yeo (2), Ross, Campbell, and Gun. Best players:—Winners—Prest, McKay, Dodd, Harkness, Leak, Hone, and Chapman; Losers—Ross, Boucaut, Walsh, Gun, J. Farrent, Bullock, and Barwell.

PREFECTS, 1925.



STANDING.—L. C. Dawkins, A. M. Bills, D. A. Hunwick, R. F. Kemp, C. J. L. Rofe.
SITTING.—H. M. Southwood, M. W. Evans (Head Prefect), W. R. Bayly Esq. (Head Master), M. J. Haldane,
H. M. Buring.

TOWN V. COUNTRY.

Undoubtedly the best move the Committee has ever made towards popularising the Association was the introduction of our annual football match between town and country members of the Association. The first year this game was played it was difficult



to secure teams, and most of those partaking regarded it as a joke—in fact the writer knows that that was the feeling of the town members regarding the ability of the country chaps to play foot-

ball. In that same match the town players awoke with a start when in the last quarter the country representatives secured their second wind, and, playing magnificent football, ran out winners by a few points. That was the commencement of the keen rivalry that has sprung up between the two sections of the Association, and which has been responsible for magnificent games of football for the last three years. The town team is determined to beat the hayseeds, but although they made a tremendous effort this year, they failed on the post. The teams for this year's match were as follows:—

Country—I. C. Barton (captain), Ardrossan; G. M. Barton, Mallala; K. D. Bell, Strathalbyn; L. E. Greenslade, Maitland; G. V. Storer, Maitland; J. O. Tiddy, Ardrossan; A. L. Humphries, Bute; W. G. Taylor, Renmark; R. S. Willcox, Mallala; W. H. Copping, Lucindale; L. R. Millard, Kulpara; J. D. Harkness, Owen; R. and J. W. Trescowthick, Angaston; B. H. Mattiske, Angaston; E. A. Dennis, Crystal Brook; E. R. Patterson, Bute; T. E. Ashby, Hallett.

Town—D. K. McKenzie (captain), L. S. Walsh, N. A. Walsh, A. R. Chapman, M. L. Chapman, R. H. Dodd, F. L. Collison, D. G. McKay, L. McKay, A. S. Lewis, C. T. Symons, J. O. Tiddy, G. R. Fisher, W. R. James, L. N. Alleu, R. G. C. Mattison, A. G. Alexander, J. H. Parkinson.

As in all the previous matches, the Town side went away with a rush, and chiefly through the wonderful forward work of Dodd, piled on goals rapidly, and at the change of ends had established a comfortable lead. The game was fast, and the football was of a high class nature. The Country team played a hard uphill game from the beginning of the second quarter, and gradually made up their deficiency. It was, however, not until the final change that they got within striking distance of their opponents' score.

The last quarter was very exciting, and as both sides had a large following amongst the present boys, the barracking became rather intense. Just on the call of time, when the Town team had a lead of 1 point, J. W. Trescowthick, of Angaston, was awarded a free, and his kick was successful in putting his side 5 points ahead just as the bell went. The Town side were not altogether satisfied with the result, and Mr. Davies, who had arranged the City team, forwarded a letter to the President of the Association, which read as follows:—

“As the result of to-day's match was not altogether satisfactory, I hereby undertake to select a team of City members which will beat any Country team selected by Mr. Miller in next Old Boys' Week. One stipulation I make is that Mr. Miller is not to be timekeeper.”

Mr. Miller has signified his willingness to accept the challenge, but points out that the result of this year's match was quite satisfactory from the point of view of the country side. He does not mind who is appointed timekeeper, but would advise the Town players, if they desire to win, to inhale more superphosphate and less face powder. Until next July, however, the Country players can claim the Football Championship, and they will be back in Adelaide then to again prove to the Town players that stamina was never obtained by sitting on an office stool. Try walking over ploughed ground as a pastime.

The final scores of the match were:—

Country—13 goals 10 behinds.

Town—13 goals 5 behinds.

Goalkickers:—Country—Ashby (2), Trescowthick (3), Tiddy (4), Copping (2), Storer, Greenslade; Town—Dodd (5), James (2), Tiddy, Lewis, McKay, Collison, A. R. Chapman, M. L. Chapman.

As the writer was the selector of the Country team, he is not prepared to single out any particular players for distinction. Every man did his job and did it well. The most prominent for the Town were Dodd, McKay, Walsh (2), Chapman (2), Collison, and Symons.

LACROSSE.

This match was played on St. Peter's College Oval. The ground was very sodden, especially the northern end. The teams were very evenly matched. After a great struggle our Old Boys emerged winners, with the score 6 goals to 4. This is our first win for many years, and we hope that future games will be as interesting.

St. Peter's Old Collegians were represented by K. A. Brock (captain), B. S. Muecke, W. Ackerman, J. Reed, J. Cornish, M. Formby, M. U. Samuels, K. H. Boykett, G. W. Smith, H. Tileman, P. Auld, and A. Mallan; whilst our Association's team was C. J. Glover (captain), M. Joyner, B. E. Lawrence, R. McKay, A. T. Harbison, W. R. Morris, H. M. Rees, L. S. Bell, A. E. Harvey, P. E. Clarke, H. Leader, and G. Taylor.

The Blues quickly took the lead and opened up the scoring, but in the second quarter our team, by good combined play, obtained a lead of 2 goals. During the third and fourth quarters some excellent lacrosse was played, in which C. J. Glover, G. F. Bell, A. T. Harbison, M. Joyner, and H. M. Rees were conspicuous for Princes, whilst for Saints, Brock, Muecke, Mallan,

Tilemann, and Reed showed to advantage. Goals were secured for us by Bell (3), Rees, Lawrence, and Leader; and by Auld (3) and Formby for St. Peters.

PALAIS NIGHT.

Once again we had a most successful and enjoyable evening at the Palais Royal, where our fifth annual dance was held, the attendance being nearly 700. The sweets, caps and balloons, and flower stalls were again in evidence, and contributed to the gaiety of the function. During the evening solo dances were given by pupils of Miss Nora Stewart. Miss Patty Connolly gave "La Paloma," and Miss Nancy Atkins "Spring Song" (Greig). These were greatly appreciated, and Mrs. M. Erichsen presented each of the artists with sweets and bouquets. The following comprised the energetic ladies' committees:—

Sweets—Mrs. M. Erichsen (convener), Mrs. S. Verco, Mrs. E. J. Counter, Mrs. T. C. Craven, Mrs. Vanes, and Mrs. H. H. Cowell.

Caps and Balloons—Mrs. S. G. Lawrence (convener), Mrs. B. Knuckey, Mrs. H. W. A. Miller, Mrs. H. Fleming, Mrs. L. D. Waterhouse, Mrs. C. R. Dimond.

Flowers—Mrs. L. B. Shuttleworth (convener), Mrs. E. H. Rhodes, Misses Dreyer, Lorna Bayly, Claire Bayly, M. Collison.

During the evening the above Committees were assisted by numerous pretty young ladies to successfully dispose of the caps, balloons, sweets, and flowers. The results of their efforts were most gratifying, as the sweets stall produced £18; caps and balloons, £27 8s. 3d.; flowers, £10 4s. 9d.

After deducting all expenses, &c., the net surplus remaining is £46 16s. 4d. Last year showed a surplus of £36 9s. 4d., making a total of £83 5s. 8d., which the Committee have decided should be utilised to decorate the walls of the Memorial Hall. The total expenditure undertaken by the Association in this direction will be approximately £150, so that after two more successful "Palais Nights" it is hoped that the Association, with the assistance of the ladies, will be able to claim the privilege of having completed an important definite work in this building.

P.A.C. Annual Dinner.

The Annual Dinner of the Old Collegians' Association, at the Grosvenor, North Terrace. on Thursday evening, was well attended. Dr. M. Erichsen (President) in the chair, was supported

by His Excellency the Administrator (Mr. Acting Chief Justice Poole), who was the principal guest, and Mr. W. R. Bayly, Head Master.

The loyal toast having been honoured, the Chairman submitted "His Excellency the Administrator." He said they were deeply grateful to His Excellency for honouring them with his presence. They admired the way in which he carried out his many duties as Administrator, Acting Chief Justice, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and wondered how he managed to find time to cope with them all. There was a movement on foot in Australia to do away with viceregal representatives from the Motherland, and to substitute men of their own country. While they had men of the type of Sir George Murray and the Administrator—Saints' old scholars, both of them—they need have no fear of the result. (Applause.) The toast was enthusiastically honoured.

SPIRIT OF TEAM WORK.

His Excellency, in responding, thanked them for their reception of the toast. He recognised that the sentiment was mainly on grounds other than personal. At the same time it was pleasant to receive that personal commendation of himself. They had regarded the toast, as he had, as a loyal toast, and he had responded because he happened to be the substitute of His Excellency the Governor. It needed no toast to assure him of their loyalty. The record of the Old Boys of the school at the Great War attested that, and while patriotism and loyalty existed in the highest degree in war service, it did not exist in that alone. Those qualities involved duties as well as privileges, and those duties arose in the relation of the citizen to his country as well as in relation to the Empire and foreign dominions. In both cases the idea of patriotism involved self-sacrifice. Patriotism could be shown by their taking a share in the activities of public life which had for their object the comfort and welfare of the community as a whole. When he called to mind old scholars, he saw men who he knew were doing work of that kind. He was an old scholar of another school, proud of his school as they were rightly proud of theirs. Their spirit of team work should be a recognition of the fact that their faculties were not given for their personal advancement alone, but for the advancement of the community. He was reminded by his proximity to the Head Master, that there was a certain society which consisted of members of both schools, and from being rivals they had become companions. The schools were rivals still, and long might they continue to be generous rivals. The old scholars, while loyal to their own school, were good companions in that larger loyalty to the State, the Commonwealth, and the Empire. (Applause.)

Cheers were then given for His Excellency.

BUILDING UP TRADITIONS.

Lieut.-Col. W. C. N. Waite submitted "Our Alma Mater." He wondered if they fully realized the privileges to which they were entitled through association with their old school. They looked back upon the many friendships, and possibly with pardonable pride at the success of the school in the fields of sport and learning; but how was their influence affecting the life of the State? Old scholars who had gone out into different walks of life he hoped were building up traditions that would spur the present scholars to greater effort. It was gratifying that so many names of present-day boys coincided with those of their own period. That made for esprit de corps. When the boys quitted their school studies to undertake the battle of life, he hoped they would remember what was due to their alma mater, and determine never to discredit it. They wished the Head Master and his efficient staff health, wealth, and prosperity, and that their efforts might be crowned with the highest success. (Applause.) The sentiment was appropriately acknowledged.

Mr. Bayly responded. He was gratified with the spirit of cordiality among the old boys, and hoped that spirit, which was their common heritage, would continue. He would be inspired by the consciousness of many such tributes in the great responsibilities he had undertaken on their behalf. He hoped that the ideals of both schools would be maintained for their own sakes and the sake of the community. Educated men were wanted more than ever in the interests of their country. With due respect to the city man, he would rather prepare one man for the country, for that type of man represented the first interests upon which they all stood. He thanked the old scholars for the support they had given the school. That block of buildings which had been established as a memorial of service had been tested in the life of the school, and had thoroughly justified its existence. In the forefront of that memorial they were to have their honour roll for the men who had served at the front. He felt proud that, before any other organisation got to work, they had made a vow that no son of an old scholar who fell at the front should fail to receive the best education that could be given him. Mr. Bayly referred to old scholars who had passed away during the year, and paid a tribute to them. He also stated that they were soon to have a fitting memorial to their late Head Master.

Mr. L. H. Haslam, S.M., in proposing "The Association," congratulated Dr. Erichsen on his occupancy of the President's position. They realised the value of the Association, and retained their membership because they felt that they were part of the school, and desired to keep the spirit of comradeship alive for the

sake of the boys who followed them. From the homes of the old scholars they looked for recruits for the school. The Association was carrying out its work well. He hoped it would continue to grow.

The toast was warmly acclaimed.

“WONDERFUL PROGRESS.”

The President said they had the biggest Association of its kind in Australasia, and were the only Association that held a full week of festivities. During the last 20 years they had made wonderful progress. The membership now exceeded 1,500. They had 640 life members. Eighty new men had been received this year. The innovation of Old Boys' Day had been a great success. They had two members present who had attended the school in 1869. He paid a tribute to the work of Messrs. Miller and Shuttleworth (Secretaries) and Mr. Collison (Treasurer).

A song was contributed by Mr. Roy Frisby Smith and a sextet by Messrs. J. Glover, G. Taylor, W. Todd, H. Leader, B. Lawrence, and F. Collison.

New Members.

The following have been elected members of the Association since the issue of the last “Chronicle” ;—

LIFE.

639 Royal, R. C.
640 Taylor, D. W.

641 Smart, E. E.

ORDINARY.

Alexander, W. C.
Bagshaw, L. S.
Brennen, H.
Cane, R. M.
Coles, H. J.
Cooper, F. T.
Cragen, T. E.
Crompton, D. W.
Davidson, D.
Dawe, L. A.
Glasson, A. J.
Harry, L. P.
Hiatt, J.
Hone, B. W.
Jona, Dr. J.

Lewis, A. S.
Lord, E.
Lucas, C. E. N.
McDonald, D. K.
McFarlane, W. H.
McKay, L. T.
Moody, C. D.
Myers, P. C.
Osman, H. H.
Pittman, P. W.
Prider, J. W.
Sanders, W. B.
Waldeck, A. G. C.
Yeomans, R. L.

Subscriptions Due.

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

Old Scholars' Service.

The twenty-first Annual Service was held in the assembly room on Sunday, July 26. The Head Master conducted the service, and Dr. F. S. Hone gave the address. The whole of the proceedings were worthy of the occasion, and all of the fine muster of Old Boys felt that there could have been no better finish to their week of reunion. The singing was inspiring, two of the hymns—and not the least beautiful of them—coming from the gifted pen and loving heart of the late Rev. N. J. Cocks, to whose memory the Head Master made feeling reference. Dr. Hone's thoughtful and thought-compelling talk was listened to with close attention, and his manly utterance will not soon be forgotten. We hope to be able to print a full report of his address in our next issue. At the close the usual retiring collection was taken up for the Benevolent Fund.

IN MEMORIAM.

Leslie Anderson	W. H. Eckersley
E. R. Morgan	A. C. Stock
Frank Rymill	E. H. Hague
A. L. Chapman	N. J. Cocks
Lawrence Birks	F. H. Cowell
W. Henderson	H. W. Rischbieth
W. R. Fisher	J. H. T. Trewenack
H. C. Drew	Alex. Wyllie
G. M. Evan	A. E. Welbourne
S. Wilson	F. H. Snowley

Old Boys' Day.

The Committee of the Association has for some time desired to arrange a day upon which Old Reds should make a practice of visiting their alma mater, and with this end in view they decided

that the Thursday of Old Red Week should be known as Old Boys' Day. In order that a record might be kept of those who visited the College on that day, it was decided to provide a Visitors' Book. This was brought into use for the first time this year, but, unfortunately, many of those attending failed to sign up. A representative list, however, was obtained, as will be seen from the names given below. In order that our readers may have some idea of the time of attendance at College, we give the College register number in each case:—

No. on Roll	No. on Roll
2 Lewis, Alfred S.	2731 Goldsmith, G. S.
89 Boulderstone, T.	2749 James, R. P.
146 Cook, W. J.	2801 Binks, Fred A.
173 Evan, C. B.	2892 Shuttleworth, L. B.
316 Dunn, F. W.	2916 West, R. A.
374 Lathlean, W.	2925 Pitt, A. V.
412 Fisher, C. H.	2938 Brown, Edgar
420 Adamson, H. R. G.	2952 Wilkinson, A. D.
656 Chapple, F. J.	3003 Kelly, W. S.
689 Goldsmith, C. E.	3158 Claridge, S. Fred
770 Chinner, J. H.	3235 Erichsen, M.
789 Clarke, A. E. S.	3236 Davey, L. L.
795 Bayly, W. R.	3262 Claridge, P. R.
840 Collison, A. G.	3264 Partridge, H. E.
855 Hill, Arthur H.	3306 Davey, G. E. M.
913 Rowley, A. A. L.	3312 West, J. S.
1062 Jackman, A. S.	3477 Piper, A. L.
1093 Webb, Noel A.	3508 Mellor, T. R.
1101 Bendall, E.	3592 Piper, H. B.
1133 Marshall, Harold W.	3627 Craven, T. C.
1167 Chapman, S. W.	3681 Waterhouse, L. B.
1235 Chinner, W. E.	3804 Morris, R. H.
1585 Simpson, Fred A.	3838 McEwin, J. S.
1646 Haslam, J. A.	3847 Dunn, J. F. W.
1702 Lawrence, S. Gilbert	3856 Makin, S. R. B.
1783 Dawkins, S. L.	3859 Bertram, A. L.
1820 Sanders, W. B.	4054 Symonds, J. G. C.
1840 Duncan, R. A.	4057 Bower, C. M. D.
1852 Sutton, A. T.	4128 Plush, C.
1945 Riggs, A. H.	4203 Matters, Dr. R. F.
1968 Axford, Thos.	4217 Lee, J. E.
2003 Vardon, Ralph	4221 Lewis, P. A. C.
2142 Fox, R. Owen	4267 Cowan, J. L.
2391 Buring, E. P. E.	4296 Brice, H. C.
2464 Waterman, A. E.	4304 Dunn, R. H. S.
2552 Cowell, H. H.	4332 McEwin, R. R.
2579 Rooney, Rev. S. R.	4424 McEwin, A. L.
2593 Spicer, E. Gordon	4446 Michell, K. R.
2595 Linn, M. G.	4468 Piper, Frank E.
2650 Brummitt, R. Douglas	4518 Freebairn, T. Y.
2662 Walker, S. J.	4588 Krantz, S.
2728 Miller, H. W. H.	4606 Newbold, M.

No. on
Roll

4659 Walsh, L. S.
4660 Walsh, N. A.
4687 Barton, Ian C.
4705 Terrill, Dr. F. E.
4706 Burnard, J. W.
4735 Giles, C. O.
4771 Freebairn, A. N.
4772 Freebairn, J. L. C.
4791 Storer, Dr. R. V.
4794 Dawkins, A. N.
4840 Collison, F. Lloyd
4849 Broadbent, A. R.
4916 Preston, R. H.
4927 Prest, H. G.
4974 Freebairn, N. M.
4980 Goodale, S. F.
4985 James, W. R.
4998 Pflaum, L. H.
5009 McKay, D. G.
5021 Edwards, A. G.
5022 Evans, W. A. W.
5027 Reid, M. C.
5041 Wilson, L. B.
5072 Sudholz, H. F.
5090 Whittam, E. D.
5092 Dunn, H. G.
5111 Fisher, G. R.
5121 Willcox, R. S.
5125 Luke, T. G.
5130 Chandler, A. J.
5138 Williams, L. E.
5141 Harbison, A. T.
5142 Barton, G. M.
5202 Cooper, A. W. E.
5222 Cockburn, M. T.
5248 Hall, S. R.
5262 McKenzie, D. K.
5285 Tiddy, M. P.
5317 Tiddy, J. O., jun.
5317 Pearson, R. W.
5330 Dawe, V. H.
5351 Morgan, C. R.

No. on
Roll

5353 Parkinson, J. H.
5377 Hill, Rob
5364 Alexander, A. G.
5366 Duncan, Ray
5373 Hall, Reg. C.
5380 Humphries, A. L.
5447 Greenslade, L. E.
5463 Millard, L. M.
5475 Dennis, E. A.
5489 Alexander, W. C.
5490 Axford, T. D.
5496 Bartholomaeus, C. G.
5501 Chapman, A. R.
5522 Greenslade, H. J.
5523 Greenslade, F. G. B.
5537 Lewis, A. S.
5547
5548 McKay, L. T.
5550 Norsworthy, V. R.
5552 Pearson, G. G.
5595 Kesting, E. A.
5617 Trestrail, S.
5623 Jones, V. C.
5652 Copping, W. H.
5667 Paterson, E. R.
5680 Allen, L. W.
5692 Coltman, R. C.
5724 Hallett, J.
5808 Trescowthick, R.
5833 Goldsack, R. W.
5851 Mills, E. B.
5865 Storer, G. V.
5926 Brinkworth, C. R.
5937 McKay, H. R.
5940 Polkinghorne, L. C.
5946 Trescowthick, J. W.
5948 Yates, H. G.
5983 Pullman, K. A.
5775 Ritchie, D. M.
5675 Tiddy, J. O., jun.
5648 Ashby, T. E.

Prince Alfred Old Collegians' Assocn. Incorporated.

Patron—The Head Master.

President—Dr. M. Erichsen.

Vice-Presidents—Messrs. L. D. Waterhouse, T. C. Craven, and H. H. Cowell.

Hon. Treasurer—Mr. A. G. Collison.

Committee—Messrs. S. G. Lawrence, A. L. Bertram, E. D. Whitlam, H. Fleming, W. S. Kelly, J. M. Bath, A. S. Lewis, G. V. Barrett, W. S. S. Gilbert, C. R. Dimond, R. Vardon, C. J. Glover, H. B. Piper, and W. L. Davies.

Association's Representative on College House Committee—H. W. A. Miller.

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

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

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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