

29.10.09

The Student

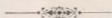


ROSEWORTHY AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Vol. IX.,
No 2.

OCTOBER 1909.

PRESENT STUDENTS.



THIRD YEAR.

L. J. Cook
G. E. Wells
F. R. Sangster
G. W. Linnett

M. O. Weste
P. Rumball
T. R. Moten

SECOND YEAR.

N. S. Fotheringham
S. E. Genders
C. L. Dunstone
I. S. Young
M. Hunter
W. I. E. Everard
T. R. Welbourn
G. G. Hall
M. G. Stewart
E. R. James
H. L. Manuel
C. E. P. Goddard

S. R. Dyer
M. Bruce
H. Leake
F. A. Wheaton
R. M. Wright
F. C. McLaughlin
E. W. Sandland
F. H. Edwards
J. C. Trumble
B. J. Magarey
G. G. Masson
A. P. Stone

FIRST YEAR.

S. H. T. Best
F. Felstead
J. H. Fletcher
A. L. T. Fry
R. Hill
J. D. Hoile
G. Ives
G. E. Love
H. S. G. Nettlebeck

F. L. Phillips
E. J. Stanley-Low
F. H. Snook
H. Solly
H. Snow
K. W. Tamblyn
R. D. Tolley
L. F. Wilkinson

SPECIAL V & O.

A. S. Hall

"Et confiabunt gladios suos in vomeres et lanceas suas in falces."

Agricultural College,

ROSEWORTHY,

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Minister for Agriculture:

THE HON. E. H. COOMBE, M.P.

The Staff.

Principal and Lecturer on Agriculture:

PROF. A. J. PERKINS.

Housemaster, and Lecturer on English and Book-keeping:

Mr. D. MENZIE.

Lecturer on Chemistry and Physical Science:

Mr. H. J. PHILLIPS, B.Sc.

Lecturer on Viticulture and Fruit Culture. Supt. of Vineyard and Orchard:

Mr. H. E. LAFFER

(Diploma Agricultural College, Roseworthy).

Lecturer on Surveying:

Mr. J. PAULL.

Lecturer on Veterinary Science, Physiology and Anatomy:

Mr. C. A. LOXTON, G.M.V.S.

Teacher of Blacksmithing and Carpentry:

Mr. J. L. WILLIAMS.

Lecturer on Poultry:

Mr. D. F. LAURIE.

Gardener:

Mr. D. J. McEWEN.

Supt. of Farm and Live Stock:

Mr. J. P. RICHARDSON.

Lecturer on Woolclassing:

Mr. SPENCER WILLIAMS.

Lecturer on Dairying:

Mr. H. J. APPS.

Demonstrator of Agriculture:

Mr. W. J. SPAFFORD.

(Diploma Agricultural College, Roseworthy).

Secretary: Mr. H. C. PRITCHARD.

Old Collegians' Association.

Hon. Secretary: H. E. LAFFER.

Hon. Treasurer: T. E. YELLAND.

COMMITTEE:

Messrs. H. B. ROBSON

R. H. MARTIN

J. WALLACE SANDFORD,

N. BROOKMAN

R. C. POCOCK

R. BIRKS

Auditors: C. F. HEYNE and C. G. SAVAGE.

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
Editorial	5, 6
The Wool Trip	7, 8
Port Lincoln	8, 9, 10, 11, 12
Football Notes	13, 14, 15
Farmers' Day	15
A Visit to Port Kembla Electrolytic Refinery, New South Wales	16, 17
Golf Notes	17, 18 19
A few "Do's and Don'ts"	19
The Australian Bush and its Bushmen, with Snatches from the Shearing Shed	19, 20, 21, 22
Old Collegians' Association	22
R.A.C. Old Collegians' Association Balance Sheet	23
Green Vale	24
Annual Dance	25
The "Blib" Comedy Company	25, 26, 27
The Annual Sports	27, 28
Wanted to Know	28
Tit-Bits	29
Rifle Notes	29
Critique	30
Farm Notes	31
Wanted at Once	31
Correspondence	32
Important	32

The Student.

Published by the Old Collegians' Association, under the joint direction of Past and Present Students.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

VOL. IX.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1909.

Editorial.

THE present issue brings us once again to the close of the Football Season, and a hard, strenuous finish we have had too. Although our men did not capture the premiership again this year, the team is to be congratulated on the well-fought contests they put up, especially at the finals, when they had to contest against long odds, through two of our best players being incapacitated at both matches.

The weather has been exceptionally wintry during the early portion of this session, the rainfall for the season to date being well above the average. Fine weather prevailed during September, so that crops have come along splendidly, and if favorable conditions continue another large harvest is ensured.

OUR PRINCIPAL'S TRIP

Professor Perkins, having been granted twelve months leave, intends making an extensive tour next year. During the course of his trip he will spend some of his time in the north of Africa, after which he intends touring the greater portions of Europe and Great Britain. If time permits he will visit chief places of India and Ceylon on his return voyage. During his stay at the various centres he will take special note of the agricultural matters in such places, with the object of gaining improvements for the rural industries of this country. We take this opportunity of wishing Professor, Mrs. Perkins and Horace a most enjoyable trip.

MR. MURRAY'S GENEROSITY.

Once again we have Mr. Murray to the fore with another gift to the College. This time we have to thank him for generously presenting Professor Perkins with £100 with which to purchase types of Down sheep in the Old Country. It is intended with these to improve the stock of sheep at present on the farm.

THE STUDENT. IN MEMORIAM.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to report the death of Mr. A. Molineaux, one who has for years been a leading light in agricultural matters of this State, and one who has interested himself very much in our institution. We are glad to see that something is being done to perpetuate the memory of such a one, and deem it a very satisfactory means to do as proposed, namely : to provide a Molineaux Scholarship, tenable to three years' tuition here. This will be the first of its kind, and will be highly appreciated.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF.

Early this session we lost the valued services of our wool expert, Mr. W. J. Matthews, who relinquished his position in this State to take up a similar one in New South Wales. In his stead we have Mr. Spencer Williams, who we hope will ably fill the vacated position.

The poultry assistant, Mr. W. C. Kuhne, has been promoted to the position of manager of the Kybybolite Poultry Farm, and his place here is taken by another old student, Mr. Alcock.

SKATING.

This enjoyable pastime has found a place amongst some of our numbers of late, but it is not likely to be taken on seriously, as we are without the use of a suitable floor.

THE SHOW.

The Show week went off with the usual amount of fine weather and pleasant enjoyment. The College stock did not figure very prominently among the prize takers this year. We obtained two seconds with the Berkshires, two thirds with the bulls, and several minor prizes with the South Down sheep.

ACCIDENTS.

Accidents have been rather too frequent on the football field this season, quite a number of players being laid up at various times with sprains. Our greatest misfortune occurred at the football match on September 25th, when our crack rover, B. J. Magarey had the bad luck to fracture his collarbone. We deeply sympathise with our esteemed comrade, and hope to see him amongst us again well and fit for the cricket season. We also have to sympathise with B. Hocking, who is again among the unfortunates. At the same match (on September 25th) he sprained his wrist very badly, and has been incapacitated for some weeks.

The Wool Trip.

(By "DINGO.")

AFTER having decided to do the wool-classing trip in connection with the School of Mines, and receiving word from that institution to proceed to Koonamore Station, August 3rd saw me seated in the Broken Hill express en route for Yunta. At Gawler I fell in with two other students who were going to the same station. Nothing of any note occurred until we reached Riverton, where, with a knowledge of what was in store for us, we had our 1st substantial meal before bidding good-bye to civilization. It was here that two members of our party exhibited the abnormal appetite which they possessed for oranges.

On the arrival of the train at Yunta, a rush was made to the one hotel of which the place boasted, where we hoped to be able to obtain a little rest before proceeding on to the station next morning. However, when enquiries had been made, we found that all the available accommodation had been taken up, but we were shown a cold bare room in which we were assured some six or seven of us could make ourselves comfortable enough by the judicious use of our own rugs. Unfortunately for us it proved to be nothing but a bare assurance. Sleeping was quite out of the question, so in the interim until day-light we amused ourselves with talking and laughing at the expense of one another. Here it was that the student who was destined afterwards to become the "wag" of the team came to light, he became known to us as "Parallel" or "Gabriel." When settling with the landlord next morning a great deal of amusement was caused by the question as to where we had slept, being asked, if the answer "on the floor" was given, the breakfast only was charged for. "Parallel" varied this by announcing that he hadn't slept at all; needless to say there was no variation of the charge in his case.

Next morning with the prospects of a forty-five mile drive before us we set out for Koonamore, leaving Yunta at 8.30. At Wankeringa, some twenty-nine miles out, a stop was made for dinner, which was partaken of at the hotel of one well-known person in those parts, viz.: "Circus Jack." He caused us some amusement with his everlasting "more pood'in." The remaining sixteen miles were soon got over, and we reached our destination at 4 p.m.

The wool students quarters we found to be a series of two-decker bunks, the mattresses consisted of two chaff bags sewn together end for end and filled with the minutest quantity of chaff. Whether one would get used to them in time is an open question. I never will.

Shearing operations were commenced next day at 1 p.m. with twenty machine shearers on the board. There being ten in our team, exclusive of Mr. V. Folland, who was in charge. The work

of attending to the fleece after it left the shearers' hands was distributed as follows :—four skirting and rolling, there were two tables, four skirting pieces, and one roving, *i.e.*, picking up the skirtings from the tables and removing to their separate tables. These places were changed about at every run.

Mr. Williams, the wool instructor, paid two visits to Koonamore during the seven weeks we were there, and gave us practical instruction on the classing of the clips of these northern areas.

Dealing with the social side of the trip as far as Koonamore is concerned, the team were invited to the manager's residence every Saturday evening during our stay, and our best thanks are due to Mrs. Henderson for the many pleasant evenings thus spent. One of the men employed on the station had a phonograph and a number of records, which also helped to pass the evenings pleasantly.

The next station to which I was sent was Calcannia, about nine miles distant from Clare. This property has an area of 12,000 acres, and was originally a portion of Bungaree. There are only three students here, together with the classer, there being but six shearers. Coming directly from the wools of the north-east on to the wools of this more favored district was somewhat confusing at first, but after two or three days we became used to the altered conditions. As this is only a new shed this year, everything is splendidly fitted up. We expect to be here about six weeks, during the course of which our examination will probably be held, but of course the length of our stay depends upon the inclemency or otherwise of the weather.

Port Lincoln.

(By C. L. DUNSTONE).

THERE is nothing so convincing as information at first hand, and so, although I know it to be bad form, I elect in this article to write in the first person, because I was there. Port Lincoln is sufficiently well known that it is scarcely necessary for me to point out its geographical position. Suffice to say that it is the principal port of Eyre's Peninsula, and is situated near the point of the same. It is one of our most promising sea ports, and the harbour is considered among the few best natural harbours of the world. It is an historical fact that on account of the convenient harbour and picturesque surroundings, this place was first selected for the position of the capital of South Australia. The matter was even taken so far as to survey the city out, but then, for other reasons, the site was changed for that in which Adelaide now stands. The steamer trip from Port Adelaide to Port Lincoln is not without interest, for as Yorke's Peninsula is passed

you may be shown a wreck—a broken-masted and almost dismantled vessel, looking the extreme picture of desolation and loneliness. The story of this wreck is remarkable, and the position of the wreck more remarkable still. It was on a very rough and stormy night many years ago, when due to some mishap, this unfortunate vessel came to grief. It seems that she sailed, or rather was blown ashore over and between rocks, which in daylight could not be navigated, and was thrown high and dry on the only patch of sandy beach that can be seen for miles. She is surrounded by rocks; small, rugged, and rocky hills form the background of the lonely scene, and there she has stayed all these years in a sandy basin made apparently to fit the picture. No salvaging has been done on account of her inaccessible position, and the privations of those ship-wrecked sailors makes a pitiful tale.

Kangaroo Island may be seen in the distance as the steamer passes, and later on Thistle and Wedge Islands are also passed. Unfortunately it is often dark as the vessel passes these places, and the passengers miss several interesting sights, one of which is the seals on Dangerous Reef when nearing Port Lincoln. Sometimes when in daylight the steamer will sail fairly close to this reef and blow the whistle. The amusing sight of many seals splashing into the water may then be witnessed.

The arrival of the steamer at Port Lincoln—especially on a pleasant day—is very cheering in itself. The place at once assumes a very busy aspect: the jetty is crowded with expectant friends; folk hurry between the Post Office and their respective business places; greetings are exchanged; but although for the time it seems a veritable hive of industry, the whole surroundings seem to speak of holidays.

There is no doubt that it is one of the finest holiday resorts of South Australia. The harbour itself is a picture to be remembered, and one cannot help thinking with a sigh of what could be done with it if it were only placed nearer Adelaide. The facilities for yachting, the picnic parties to the islands, the lovely scenery, and the shipping accommodation, with such ideal protection, cannot fail to impress their respective values, even on the mind of the pessimist. The township is beautifully situated, surrounded by hills, some of which run almost straight down into the sea. The turf is green right to within a few feet of the water's edge, and the reflections in the water make a very artistic appearance. There is a sandy beach between the two jetties, but the sand is very loose and soft so that it is not so pleasant to walk on as that at Glenelg and Semaphore; however, this is not a very serious defect, and on Sundays and holidays family parties may often be seen sitting there.

The temperature of the place is almost as near the ideal as possible. It is generally several degrees cooler than Adelaide in summer, and not so cold in winter. This evenness of the temperature the Port Lincoln people ascribe to the fact that they are practically "surrounded by water on three sides" (if that is not Irish).

The beauty spots of Port Lincoln cannot be enumerated in full justice here, nor can my descriptions of them be as full as I would like. From the top of Winter's Hill, which rises just behind the town, the harbour looks like a place you read about. It is possible from this position to watch the steamer approaching for a distance of twenty miles. Thistle Island can be seen in the distance, where some splendid ponies are bred. There are also several small islands to be seen near the well-known Boston Island, which practically makes the harbour. The two openings to the harbour, one at each end of the Island, can be seen, and also Proper Bay (sometimes known as Port Lincoln Proper) may be seen extending like a great arm away to the right.

The Flinder's Monument can also be seen on a high peak across the harbour. It is one of the favorite resorts for picnic parties—not that it is the most convenient place, but because it entails a certain amount of labour and fatigue to reach it, and a sea trip of about ten miles as well. It is strange how folk persist in thinking a sea trip enjoyable, even if they do get beastly sick.

At Sleaford Bay, situated somewhat south of Port Lincoln, and on the south side of the Peninsula, they boast of a sea as heavy as that at Victor Harbour. It was here that the wreck of the "Mary Ellis" occurred, and on a calm day with just a light breeze in the right direction—or sometimes without any breeze at all—the roar of this sea can be heard quite distinctly in Port Lincoln, a distance of about fifteen miles. It is a common thing for parties to go down in traps and other vehicles to spend the day watching the spray and huge swells as they come directly in from the Great Australian Bight.

There is an abundance of game for the man who likes shooting. Rabbits, wallabies, and many kinds of birds are plentiful just on the outskirts of the town, and, while mentioning birds, it is a fitting opportunity to remark upon the number of sea birds to be seen. They are so tame—I presume owing to legal protection—that they settle in flocks in the main street, and only fly away when approached. I have known them to be a source of worry to my landlady because they perched on her fence while she fed the fowls, and as soon as she turned her back they came down and helped themselves, much to the disadvantage of fattening poultry. However, they have a picturesque effect on the town, for they are truly beautiful birds. At the Big Swamp, about fourteen miles out, visitors may, at the proper season, enjoy duck shooting

to their hearts' content, and even the Little Swamp has a good supply of these birds. As the Little Swamp is only about seven miles out it is more often visited. The history of Little Swamp and its early inhabitants is very interesting and amusing, but space does not permit me to give it here.

The west road is a very pretty drive for visitors, the first fifteen miles being of an undulating character in which both the Little and Big Swamps are situated close to the road, forming some very charming spots for the camera-man. After this it becomes more level, and some good farms are to be seen. I did not go any more than forty-five miles up this road, so cannot give definite information of anything past that. My forty-five miles took me past Lake Wangary and as far as Warrow.

The north road makes an extremely beautiful drive on a summer evening, especially if the return can be made in the moonlight. This road runs along the shore and as far as North Shields, a distance of seven miles. There are hills on one side of the road and low cliffs on the seaward side. From here you get a perfect view of Boston Bay, Boston Island, the picturesque road by which you are travelling, and Port Lincoln can be seen behind, while the small township and jetty of North Shields can be seen in front. The return by moonlight is simply charming. The moon rises right over the Island and shines across the harbour, making a deep reflection of the Island, and likewise any boats, etc., that may be on the water. The trees—especially the large pines on Tasman Terrace—between the road and the sea make an admirable foreground. The reflections and colors of this moonlight scene at Pt. Lincoln are, I believe, two of the most charming sights to be seen.

Port Lincoln is not without its traditions, and some of them have quite a romantic and ever startling character. Along the north road, a distance of less than a mile, may be seen an old pine and pug hut, built by a thorough utilitarian, presenting itself in all its rugged and simple outline, and with no pretence at anything so extravagant as a simple ornament. It is situated near a bend in the road, a very pretty spot and the very ugliness of this simple dwelling seems to emphasize the beauty of the surroundings.

Attached to this place is a romance, such as you read in books and magazines. The old Port Lincoln residents relate the story with all its details, but I can only give the barest outline of the theme here. An old lady lived there with her daughter in the early days of Port Lincoln. They were poor, and as is usually the case in stories, there were two lovers for the daughter. One of these gentlemen was chosen by the mother as the more suitable fiancee on account of his worldly possessions. The young lady, however, chose differently, probably because of the personal

charms of the other lover. The usual troubles that arise from such affairs came quite naturally, and the young lady left home to earn her living elsewhere. By some unaccountable mishap the genuine lovers lost knowledge of each other's whereabouts, and finally the mother died. Something eventually happened to the rejected lover. He either died or got married, I forget which, but it does not matter. The daughter who was by this time well on in middle age, came back to live in the old house, where she resided for a considerable number of years, apparently with the intention of remaining there for the rest of her life. She was not destined however to end her life in loneliness, for one day her well-tried and faithful lover appeared at her door. He had made his way in the world and was now in very comfortable circumstances. I will not attempt to describe their meeting, but they are married now, and although old age has crept upon them they claim to be "the two happiest people in the world." Let us hope they will be to the end.

From this romantic spot we turn to the left and follow a natural road that winds between the hills for about half a mile. This brings us to Happy Valley, a very pretty and peaceful looking place, in the midst of which the cemetery is situated. On several of the tombstones may be seen the additional inscription, "Speared by the Blacks," or "Killed by the Blacks." This brings us face to face with a startling tradition, or really an historical story, somewhat gruesome in its details, but nevertheless quite true. The natives were very troublesome and treacherous. Several murders of a stealthy and cruel nature were perpetrated, and the climax was reached when an old man and his wife, who had been very good to the blacks, were murdered by them in a very coldblooded way. The blood of the settlers could no longer stand this. They formed up in a long line with firearms and drove all the blacks they could find across the Peninsula and over the cliffs into the sea. Very few of the natives escaped, most of them being shot, killed in falling over the cliffs, or drowned. There are other traditions of interest, and the old hands on Eyre's Peninsula can tell them well.

I have been careful not to discuss the agricultural value of the land, as my knowledge of it is not sufficient. During my stay at Port Lincoln, extending over some eighteen months, my interests were centred in the town. I have discussed it from the point of view of the holiday maker. There are four churches, four hotels, and numerous boarding houses.



Football Notes.

WHEN we again resumed our play after the holidays, we found we had lost the services of Les. Austin, whose smart play in the forward lines was greatly missed, as he was a tower of strength not only forward, but anywhere on the field.

Bad luck seemed to follow us, especially as we approached the finals, for both Bruce and Fairweather were handicapped with sprained ankles, while Magarey had the misfortune to break his collar bone, and in the final we greatly missed him in the ruck.

Great credit is however due to all members of the team, who in spite of these misfortunes practised hard, and in the final match with Souths fought gamely for the coveted premiership, but had to succumb to the South's superior combined play.

MATCHES.**COLLEGE v. WILLASTON.**

August 28th, Willaston forfeit to College.

COLLEGE v. SOUTHS.

On September 4th we met Souths for the third time, but were defeated, the scores being:—College 6 goals 7 behinds, Souths 11 goals 8 behinds. Best players for the College were:—Baker, Hall, Young, Dyer, Snook, Fairweather, Magarey and Wells. Goal kickers were:—Magarey (2), Fairweather (2), Cooper (1), Wells (1).

COLLEGE v. CENTRALS.

The following Saturday's match was postponed until September 18th, when we met Centrals and defeated them easily, the final scores being 15 goals 14 behinds against their 5 goals 8 behinds. Best players were Bruce, Baker, Wells, McLaughlin, Dyer, Hall and Leake. Goal kickers:—Bruce (8), McLaughlin (3), Hunter (2), Baker (2).

COLLEGE v. SOUTHS.

On the following Saturday, September 25th, we met Souths for the final, and made a hard fight, especially the backs, who played splendidly throughout, but final scores were:—Souths 9 goals 19 behinds to College 5 goals 3 behinds. Most prominent players were Young, Hill, Weste, Felstead, Snook, Wells, Hall and Baker.

COLLEGE v. SOUTHS.

The fact that the College were minor premiers gave us the right to challenge the Souths, since they defeated us in the final of the second half of matches, so we accordingly played them for

the premiership on Saturday, October 2nd. They however played a fine combined game, and were too strong for us in every quarter, the closing scores being:—Souths 10 goals 11 behinds, College 6 goals 12 behinds. All the team played a good uphill game, most prominent being Baker, Fairweather, Bruce, Wells, Snook, Fowles, Young and Dyer. Goal kickers:—Bruce (2), Stone, McLaughlin, Weste and Snook one each.

THE TEAM.

BAKER, R. (CAPT.).—During the season he has captained the team with marked ability. A splendid ruck man, and a tower of strength in centre and back, and has played a consistent game throughout the season.

BRUCE, M.—Good forward and rover, coolest man in the team, also about the best mark and surest kick.

COOPER, F. T.—Has improved on last year's play, still plenty of room for more improvement, good kick and fair mark.

DYER, S. R.—Plays on the wing, very fast, gets rid of the ball well, and cool-headed.

EDWARDS, F. H.—A good kick and mark, has yet to gain confidence before becoming a good man.

FAIRWEATHER, W. R.—A good follower, but takes too much of the work in the ruck; also one of our leading goal-getters; splendid high mark and good kick.

FELSTEAD, T.—Good mark and good left foot kick; should keep his hands off the man.

FLETCHER, J. H.—Has a lot to learn before he can keep his place in the team.

FOTHERINGHAM, N. S.—Good kick and mark, but, like Edwards, he has a lot to learn.

FOWLES, W. L.—A good follower, has improved wonderfully, sticks to the ball well; fine mark and kick.

GODDARD, C. E. P.—A good battler, puts his whole heart into the game; fair mark and kick.

HALL, S. E.—Good anywhere, the hardest man in the team to beat; very clean; good mark and kick.

HILL, R.—One of our followers, has plenty to learn; a fair mark, and developing into a good kick.

HOCKING, B.—Plays a good game back, and takes beating; good kick and mark.

HUNTER, M.—Developing into a good forward; plays a good game at practice, wants more confidence in himself for a match.

LEAKE, H. W.—Our goal keeper. Has played some very good games during the season; good mark and fair kick.

MAGAREY, B. J.—A splendid follower, also plays a grand game forward; one of our best; splendid mark and kick.

MCLAUGHLIN, F. C.—Good forward, works hard and gets over a lot of ground ; should not stick to the ball too long ; good mark and kick.

SNOOK, F. H.—Forward shows plenty of pluck and is the making of a first-class man.

STONE, A. P.—Has the making of a good forward ; rather light ; sure kick and good mark.

WELLS, G. E.—(Vice-Captain) One of our best followers ; grafts harder than any man in the team ; good mark, but poor kick.

WESTE, M. O.—Good back man ; has improved wonderfully since the beginning of the season ; splendid kick and mark.

YOUNG, I. S.—Has greatly improved since last year ; one of the best men on the defence ; sure mark and fair kick.

The Honour Cup, presented by Mr. Apps, was awarded, by a unanimous vote, to Mr. Baker, our Captain, for rendering the most valuable assistance to the team during the 1908 season.

Farmers' Day.

THE farmers of South Australia paid their annual visit to the College on Monday, September the 20th. Unfortunately the weather conditions were unfavorable, the day being bleak, and in the afternoon some rain fell. The party was led by the Hon. Minister for Agriculture (Hon. E. H. Coombe), and included Hon. R. Butler, M.P., Messrs. Travers and Warren, M's.P., and over 400 farmers.

Drags and waggons met the party at the railway crossing near the Island, and Professor Perkins showed the visitors over the most interesting portions of the Farm.

The College was reached about 1 o'clock, and ample justice was done to the provisions prepared in the dining room. Some time was spent in looking over the buildings—especially the new laboratories—and the poultry pens.

At half past three afternoon tea was served, after which the Minister for Agriculture addressed those present and eulogised the work of the Principal. The Hon. R. Butler proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Perkins and the staff, which was seconded by Mr. Travers, M.P., and supported by Mr. Warren, M.P.

Professor Perkins ably replied.

A Visit to Port Kembla Electrolytic Refinery, New South Wales.

(By ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE).

AS we walk from the manager's house towards the works, the first thing that meets our gaze is an immense stack towering up two hundred feet into the air, and from the top of which are pouring dense volumes of smoke.

On our way, we reach the top of a small hill, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country in general, and the Refinery in particular. Here, directly below us, is the casting shed, just behind that, the tank house, with the assaying rooms built quite close. On the left are the smelters, while numerous other buildings occupy the other side of the landscape.

We will go down and see what is the cause of those clouds of steam which rise from the casting shed. Through the steam, we see a lurid glare from the mouth of an open furnace, in which is boiling eighty tons of copper. Men are shovelling in charcoal to refine the copper. From an outlet on the other side of the furnace, the molten copper pours forth into moulds. These latter are all on the circumference of a gigantic wheel (the largest of its kind in the world) which slowly rotates, thus bringing empty moulds back to be filled, and carrying the full ones away. As these moulds move on, they meet an inclined bar, which is so placed that it catches the handle of the mould, and gradually turns it upside down. The mould then goes along a flat iron bar which ends abruptly, and a fall of about two feet jerks the copper ingot out into the water. As this copper is red hot, great clouds of steam rise from the water.

On the arrival of the ingot at the bottom of the tank, it is at once caught by bars of iron which move close to the bottom, and are borne up the sloping side of the tank to the top, where it is received by men who stack it in trucks ready to be sent away to the market. The empty moulds pass on and are righted by an inclined bar, placed in an opposite direction to the first. A jet of steam washes out any water that might have been caught in the moulds. They are then ready for more copper.

We are now taken across to the smelter. Here they are just charging one furnace with ore, and skimming slag from another. We watch the first as the ore is poured in from the hopper above. A flame of fire plays out all around the furnaces and we are nearly choked by the fumes of arsenic of sulphur.

On looking inside the furnace, we can see nothing, for our eyes are dazzled by the white heat. We stand at a respectful distance and watch the slag being skimmed off. It flows down a trough into trucks which run on an electric tramway, and is taken away.

As all the converters had just stopped working, we left the smelters and entered the tank house. This is a tremendous building, containing thousands of tanks which hold the solution of copper sulphate. The crude copper is placed in these, sulphuric acid added, and after a few days, an electric current is passed, and the pure copper deposited, the silver and gold necessarily falls to the bottom of the tank. Opening from the tank house is the engine room, in which are four mighty dynamoes generating the electricity for the tanks, tramway, etc.

In the assaying rooms they are investigating the per centage of copper, etc., in samples of ore received from Queensland. We are shown the apparatus for determining the conductivity of different samples of copper wire. The tangent galvanometers and many other electrical machines are also put before us, and after spending some twenty minutes watching the assayers at work, our guide asked his leave, saying, that we had seen everything, so after thanking him for his kindness in showing us over the works, we bade him farewell, and walked down to the wharf to watch men loading a steamer with copper.

Golf Notes.

(By "THE CANNIE SCOOT.")

MUCH more interest has been taken in the golf this season, and a golf committee has been formed, consisting of : F. C. McLaughlin, Captain ; T. Felstead, Vice-Captain ; W. R. Fairweather, Hon. Sec. The subscription for the membership of the club being 2s. 6d.

Mr. Menzie kindly offered half-a-dozen balls as a trophy to open the season with, but as we do not often get trophies like this we thought that one ball would be quite sufficient to start with. The others to be played for later.

The ball was played for by stroke competition, and was won by F. C. McLaughlin with a score of 88 scr., Felstead being runner up with 90 scr.

The club has gradually grown from having only five members till it has reached above twelve members.

It was the intention of the committee to arrange matches against different clubs, such as Gawler, Kapunda etc., but football interfered, and the matches had to be put off.

The golf course has been moved this year from field No. 5 to field No. 9, and the oval. Though there are only nine holes, and a short course at that, the nine holes amounting up to 2,380 yards. Of course, as these nine holes are played twice it makes a good deal of difference, and the course is not an easy one by any

means, there being plenty of bunkers, etc. The greens are from twelve to fourteen feet in width, and have been scraped, and are therefore really "browns," and not greens at all. Owing to cattle constantly walking over them they have to be continually looked after, and there being not much time to do so makes it rather awkward.

The following is a review of the different members:—

MCLAUGHLIN, F. C. (Captain)—Plays a very fine game of golf, and is very consistent. He has a jab stroke with his mashie which, though a slight fault, and easily remedied, is a fault which, if not looked after, will develop into a habit. McLaughlin has done a lot of work for the club in the way of improving the course.

FELSTEAD, T.—Has a very nice style, and plays a very good game, but is inclined to be erratic. He ought to develop into a good player, and follow in his brother's footsteps. He plays a rather nice run-up shot with his mashie, which would come off to advantage on a longer and better course.

FAIRWEATHER, W. R.—Has taken very keen interest in the game this season, and is always trying to help the club. He has a fault which is very common among golfers, *i.e.*, pulling his arms away from the ball, and not following through properly, mainly with his wooden clubs. He has a lengthy reach and ought to drive a long ball.

BRUCE, M.—He started well and showed signs of being one of our best, but gave it up after a time. He has a clean supple swing and drives a good ball. Should do well if he stuck to it.

MASSON, G. G.—Is another keen player and has taken up the game seriously, and has made wonderful improvement. Tries to force too much, but this is a slight fault; drives well sometimes, but his iron shots are not quite up to the mark. Should play a fair game if he sticks to it.

WELLS, G. E.—Played a really good game for a beginner, but had to give it up on account of business. His wrists are just a slight bit on the stiff side.

WESTE, M. O.—Has taken the game on and is always trying to improve his strokes. He is fairly supple, and should play a fair game; bends his knees rather too much, also drops his right shoulder.

STANLEY LOW, E. J.—Would play a far better game if he took more interest and practised harder. Is inclined to treat it as too much of a joke.

COOPER, F. T.—Is not seen very often on the links, but plays a fair game. Should practise more.

WILKINSON, L. F.—Has a long reach, and does not play a bad game; in fact, with more practice he would play a very fair game. Inclined to force too much.

HALL, A. S.—Does not take the game seriously enough.

MR. MENZIE—Only a beginner, but is keen enough. If he thinks of taking up the game seriously he should have more clubs.

TRUMBLE, J. C.—One of our most promising players, but gave the game up early in the season. Lent a willing hand in getting the course laid out.

A few "Do's and Don'ts."

1. Always think of an interesting story to tell your partner when he is about to drive off: he won't forget it.

2. Never hesitate to kick your ball out of a bad lie, it is so much easier to play it off a good one.

3. Never forget to leave the flag in the hole when putting, it might help you a lot.

4. Always remember to use your putter off the tee, it makes less strain on the body.

5. Always wear nice big nails in your boots, it improves the pattern in the golf house carpet.

6. Always score your own card, it's safer.

7. Always wear a red coat if possible, people are likely to be attracted by them.

8. If you find a ball, stick to it, and always make a point of saying that you lost a ball in exactly the same place, it saves time and lots of trouble.

9. Always practise a swing on the toe when your partner is driving off, he likes to hear the *swish of your club*.

10. If you are ever thinking of having a field ploughed, please send to R.A.C. for a batch of beginners at golf. They do it very well. Please replace the diviots.

11. Never bother to hold out your last putt, you might miss it.

The Australian Bush and its Bushmen, with Snatches from the Shearing Shed.

(By "JUMBUCK.")

[T is by no means an easy matter to write a reasonably good description of the bushland of Australia, as would appear on light consideration. Any quantity of descriptive columns have been written on the subject, and it requires a combination of gifts and experiences to do so.

Of the former I have none, and of the latter only a matter of a few years in the bush of South Australia, in the North, South, East and West, but which, I fear, does not altogether give a fair sample of the bushland of the other colonies.

A man must have passed his roving years amid the stern solitude of the out-back parts, have ridden the buckjumper in the back-block township, guided the reckless stock horse down the mountain spur, and in and out the sandalwood trees and rabbit burrows, and have followed the bleating, half starved, travelling mob along the dusty barren half-mile track, and through the waterless saltbush tracks of the far North. Many are the fascinations of the bush, and to me, its charm is clinging, and when one comes to look back, the thought of those free and easy, though days of hard riding, make the blood tingle, and I wish to be back among the jumbucks and saltbush, instead of swotting at chemistry, and wondering how the exams. are going to turn out.

Way out on the run, in his little hut by himself, save for the companionship of his horse, dog and pipe, many would think a man would go mad, get "bush rat," as it is termed. No doubt, he would in time, but the day always comes round to go into the little town with its tin shanty that disgraces the name of hotel, and to "knock down" his cheque, and remain there seeing snakes and spiders till the boss packs him off, minus the hard earned cheque, to the same old camp. What a glorious time he has had!

The real, proper, slap-up old bushman is one of the best, always ready for or to give a pipe of tobacco or a bit of tucker, and can keep one entertained with his experiences for many an hour.

The "swaggy" or bushman, is thought by so many to be an out and outer, but he's not half so bad as he's painted. In fact, many have very blue blood in their veins, only covered by a rough exterior, but he's one of the men with the giant hearts. So very often he's an Englishman, down on his luck, or worse, come out to the land, where trespassers won't be prosecuted.

Slip him away to the bush of course,
 Ne'er-do-well fellows are easily spared;
 Only of women a tolerable few
 Sorrowed at parting with him, who they knew
 To be a man.

His eyes will light up when one mentions the old Motherland that he remembers so well, and he'll talk of things that are past, and you may guess, from words he lets slip, that the carpets of some of those stately homes of England have known the tread of his boots—not bluchers, or one of those famous old public schools may have his name cut on its desks, and, you will not be far out in your hazard. And then he may tell you at a whisper "I was the black one of the family, lad, but all's over now, and let the dead past bury its dead." Then you have another type of bushman altogether—the "sundowner," the man that often refuses work, simply because he's too lazy to do it. Often he has served his time behind the bars, and is altogether an undesirable person. Then, again, we have the old chap that's been

among the sheep and shearing sheds all his life. He will tell you the records of his blades with pride, and keep his hearers' ears open wide, with his tales, humorous and otherwise, as long as they care to listen.

Now that shearing is in full swing here at the College, our thoughts wander to the different sheds we know, where at the same time as we, they are taking off the snowy fleece. What a grand sight it is to see the long board with its gang of shearers racing for the "ringers" place, picking out the easiest sheep first, and leaving the hard-woolled ones, or cobblers, for some energetic "jackeroo," who will willingly miss his "smoke ho" in order to learn how to handle the shiny blades.

They trim away the ragged locks, and rip the cutter goes,
And leaves a track of snowy fleece, from brisket to the nose ;
Its lovely how they peel it off, with never stop nor stay,
They're racing for the ringer's place, this year at Castlereagh.

And then we hear those expressions so peculiar to the shearing shed. The expert that keeps the cutters sharp, "cussing" the shearers from the soles of their feet, to the top of their ugly heads. Can't you hear him ?

You clumsy-fisted, mutton heads, you'd turn a fellow sick,
You pass yourselves as shearers, you were born to swing a pick.

Then walk on to the board, and see and hear the youngsters that are picking up the fleeces, slinging the tar about, and going for all they're worth, with a joke here, and a laugh there, making the time till next "smoke ho" go like lightning. The tar boy gets a hard time from those shearers who cut their sheep a lot. One little tar boy I know, got so weary of tarring one man's sheep, that he determined to put a stop to it, and when "Tar 'ere, quick" came from a well-known stand, he dabbed the tar stick in the luckless shearer's mouth, with such a bitter gibe. A roar of amusement, a splutter of curses, and the work goes on as before.

Then walk into the wool-room, and see the rollers and classers going as hard as they can leather. There is plenty of work for everybody, and no spare time for anyone. Further down we see the pressers sweating at the press, bundling in the fleeces till the bale is full, then down with the monkey tight, the bale is pressed almost to bursting point, sewn up, branded, and on to the waiting waggon that will take it to the nearest siding.

At last the knock-off bell goes, the jumbucks, minus their heavy coats, are counted out, the men have disappeared, and where there was all bustle and din, is now quiet, except for an occasional bleat from sheep inside the shed, waiting for to-morrow's work. Then, after tea, we wend our way down to the hut, and as we approach, we may be greeted with the sound of the old bush

instrument—the accordeon—rather wheezy, but, among such surroundings, a piano would seem rather out of place, and even were it there, I'm sure it would be discarded for the wheezy old instrument that bushmen are so fond of. Then the pipes come out, and under the influence of the narcotic, tongues are loosened, and the yarns begin to go round. "That's a good one, Jim, it reminds me of something similar," says another, and so the time passes, oh, so quickly, that the interested jackeroo wishes the clock would go slower than it does. And then we hear the old bush names, and can't they reel them off, with never a hitch. As a man from bleak Monaro told us:—

Haven't you heard of Mungry-bambone and Gundabluey pine,
Quobbolha, Girilambone, and Ferramingamine,

Quambone, Eunonyhareenyha, Wee Waa, and Bautijo.
He lingered over them fondly, because they recalled to mind,
A thought of the old bush homestead, and the girl that he'd left behind;

But the rest of the shearers stopped him, for the sake of your jaw, go slow!

But, in conclusion, after having considered the bush, with its fascinations and charms, we will not consider its horrors and tragedies, though many. Don't let us forget, when the Mother country in her time of need for men willing to fight and die, that Australian bushmen ought to, and will always be found in the foremost ranks of Britain's sons, when they face the guns of the invader.

Old Collegians' Association.

THE Annual Dinner passed off successfully on the evening of September 16th, there being a nice number present, although it is to be regretted that more who were in town did not attend. The usual toasts were honored, and an enjoyable musical programme was carried out by Messrs. Haslam, Clark, Beeton, and Brookman. We are much indebted to these gentlemen for again assisting to make the gathering as enjoyable as possible.

The question of the Ridley Memorial was discussed, and it was decided to leave the matter open for a while longer, and to make another appeal to those members who have not yet donated anything, or returned their collecting cards. About another thirty pounds is still required to enable us to procure a "bust" statue, and we ask all members to assist towards this end.

The Committee will also be glad if all those in arrears of subscriptions will take notice of the enclosed slip and post the amount to the Secretary.

H. E. LAFFER,

Hon. Sec., Roseworthy.

BALANCE SHEET.

R.A.C. Old Collegians' Association, September 1909.

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance in Bank	...	19	9	7	Dinner		
Cash—Secretary	...	2	12	0	Printing	2	3
					22	11	7
Subscriptions	...				34	13	9
Dinner	...				6	15	0
Interest	...				11	6	
					£64	11	10
				£64	11	10	

THE STUDENT.

Audited and found correct.

(Signed) C. G. SAVAGE. }
 C. F. HEYNE, } Auditors. 23

Green Vale.

(By "HUGHIE.")

GREEN Vale is a preparatory school situated on a station of the same name. It is carried on by the wife of the owner of Green Vale station. It is by no means a large school, at my time there were from 19 to 23 pupils. Of the learning hours of a school's routine, everyone is aware, so that only the outdoor surroundings and pastimes will be dealt with in this cursory sketch.

First, and most important recreation there, is riding. Nearly everyone is the owner of a pony, and as a pack of dogs is set aside for their use, much enjoyment is to be had rabbiting. On most Saturdays, when a cricket match is not in process, some of the fellows proceed to the meet. There are plenty of rabbits and hares on the station, so life is not so dull as far as coursing is concerned. Generally, a goodly number of fellows turn up to course, to the detriment of the rabbits.

Another outside sport is fishing. The River Hopkins rises near Ararat, and flows through Green Vale. There are always some pools of water with perch etc., in them, and thus fishing is a factor necessary to everyone's enjoyment during his sojourn at this school. Many of the fish caught, are transferred to the surrounding dams.

The game prevalent at Green Vale is the royal and ancient one of golf. The links here are by no means bad, and an enjoyable game is to be had around them. Golf is very popular around here, and as one cannot but be influenced by the game and its fascinations, the first thing thought about on arriving at the school is a set of clubs. The Open Champion of Australia learnt some of his golf here.

Cricket holds its own as the first game of the Anglo-Saxon. It vies with golf for popularity around Green Vale. There are a few clubs surrounding the station, so that matches can be arranged without any difficulty. There is only just sufficient material from which to form an XI, so that the team is never very strong. It can generally hold its own with its opponents, however.

The game of football is not indulged in here, as there is not enough for an eighteen for one reason, another being, that football is not played at all in the surrounding districts. Hockey takes its place in winter, and many and furious are the tussles in the play-yard, the result being that some one generally gets nearly mutilated.

On Sunday, one rides to Church. There are two churches, English and Presbyterian respectively, four and seven miles from Green Vale, so that the ponies again are used to get to them.

Altogether, one generally enjoys his stay at Green Vale.

Annual Dance, July 16th.

THIS year we fortunately had a fine day for the Sports, followed by a beautiful night for the dance. The few preceding days, however, were very wet, and several were thus prevented from coming who had intended to drive, but owing to the shocking state of the roads were unable to do so.

Thus, of the 200 who accepted, only 170 were present, but with past and present students, the total attendance reached about 230. Both the dining-room, where the dance was held, and the library which was converted into the supper room, were tastefully decorated with imitation chrysanthemums, intermixed with greenery and looked very fine. The management of the supper, which was excellent, and decorating was in the capable hands of Mesdames Perkins, Laffer, and Richardson, whom I wish to thank on behalf of all the students for their untiring work, which undoubtedly made the dance the success it was.

Dancing started punctually at 8 p.m. and we danced to the strains of Signor Setaro's excellent music till 2.30. a.m. Mr. Laffer officiated as M.C., and it was due to his valuable help and guidance that the preparations for the dance were brought to a successful issue. The following students composed the committee, Mr. Laffer occupying the chair:—P. Rumball, T. Welbourne, R. Dyer, T. Felstead, G. Wells (Sec).

The Blib Comedy Company.

(Under the distinguished patronage of members of Drury Lane).

THE management begs to announce that the above talented company appears nightly for an indefinite period at the White House, Rottenham Row. The company is composed of the greatest and most versatile array of artists that has ever been before the public, and includes acrobats, tumblers, contortionists, sleight of hand, sleight of mind experts, elocutionists, ventriloquists and imitationists. The programme consists of the following attractive items:—

Overture—"Blibbering" R.A.C. Tin Kettle Orchestra.

Song—"What are you tounding now" Parrish Doctor.

Pathetic Recital—"Dwindling away to nil." Jockey Sambo.

(This great tragedy elocutionist has cast a gloom over thousands of audiences).

Scaling the White Walls "'Arry Will-be-force."

(This is a thrilling exhibition of bare wall climbing).

Recitation (Pathetic)—"Ain't I a coon?"

The well-known favorite, Uncle Sam.

Duet (Humorous)—"We dunno ken who we are"

Foxed Maggie, Maggie Foxed.

Then comes ARTFUL ARTHUR

This turn is guaranteed to be absolutely unique in the history of the stage. It is one of the most expensive ever presented on any stage. Has amazed and mystified thousands, and his versatility is astounding. He will first walk through a window, but reveal nothing. He will act as Tom Dawson, Baron Oofin, or a common highwayman with unparalleled success, displaying his ability as a ventriloquist and comedian with the greatest of ease. The management defies anyone to tell how it is done. Artful Arthur will juggle with words, chairs, spoons, and dishes with phenomenal skill, and will even outclass the celebrated Cinquevalli in balancing cigars. His great performance will conclude with the weird recital "The Gay Dog."

The management wishes it to clearly understood that this was written entirely by Artful Arthur, and is copyrighted by him.

Interval of 2 seconds.

Drinks and light refreshments may be obtained at the

All Horse.

Action Song—"The same old walk." "The Dialed Wombat."
(A mirth-provoking favorite).

Lecturette (Comic)—"Scrub raising and clearing"
"The Contented Reveller."

(This is most marvellous and hair raising, in course of which our artist endeavors to break the record, clearing the most dense scrub in the district within the space of a few seconds, using the miraculous safety stump jump).

Scientific Item—"The secret of evolution" Prof. Cyclops.
(Of absorbing interest, and almost defies belief).

Grand Whistling Competition—

In which Zimzamzamboozlumbum challenges anyone in the audience to outplace him.

Reading—"The rise and fall of the Blackfellow"

Dr. Chapman.

Song—"I put my money on the bob-tailed Nag" Spider.
(A delicate item).

Character Sketch—"Ye 'orrible dial" Charley.
Incidental Music—"Won't you be my Baby Boy"

Song (Humorous)—"Nuff said" Sandy Beak.

To conclude with the screaming farce—"Wrangling."

Quite the most laughable production of modern times. (Artful Arthur's performance as the leading character has never been equalled).

One price to the floor of the hall. One man, one ticket. A limited number of reserved seats in the gallery for the early doors. Do not miss this unique opportunity. Come early, hundreds turned away nightly.

The Annual Sports.

THE Annual Sports were held this year on the 16th July. It was not a very pleasant day, being rather cold and bleak, and very similar to most of the sports days of the previous years. Considering the weather was so unfavorable the competitors performed very creditably, although there were no previous records broken. M. O. Weste again secured the medal for champion athlete, this being the third time in succession. He secured 16 points out of the maximum of 27. The competition was closer this year than last: P. Rumball running a good second with 12 points.

The officers elected were as follows:—President, Professor Perkins; Vice-Presidents, Mr. H. E. Laffer and Mr. W. J. Spafford; Hon. Secretary, Mr. M. O. Weste; Treasurer, Mr. H. C. Pritchard; Assistant Secretary, Mr. I. S. Young; Committeemen, Messrs. G. E. Wells, F. C. McLaughlin and L. A. Austin; Judges, Messrs. T. A. Caterer, B.A., J. Haslam, Colonel J. Rowell, H. Bischof, W. J. Spafford and D. Menzie; Starter, Mr. H. E. Laffer; Stewards, Messrs. J. Williams, F. T. Cooper, W. R. Fairweather, R. Baker, E. J. Clarke and S. E. Hall; Handicappers, The Committee; Timekeepers, Mr. J. Howard Phillips, B.Sc., and Mr. J. P. Richardson.

The following is a list of the prize-winners:—

1. Kicking for Goal—F. H. Edwards 1, L. A. Austin 2, B. J. Magarey, 3.
2. Kicking for Distance—L. A. Austin 1, M. O. Weste 2, F. C. McLaughlin, 3. Distance 63 yards 1 foot.
3. Throwing the Cricket Ball—B. J. Magarey 1, M. O. Weste 2, N. S. Fotheringham 2. Distance, 88 yards 4 inches.
4. 135 Yards Handicap Flat—G. G. Masson 1, T. R. Moten 2, T. Felstead 3.
5. Putting the Weight—P. Rumball 1, M. O. Weste 2, L. A. Austin 3. Distance 28 feet 3 inches.
6. High Jump—M. O. Weste 1, B. J. Magarey 2, L. A. Austin 3. Height 5 feet 1 inch.
7. 100 Yards Championship—P. Rumball 1, S. R. Dyer 2, M. O. Weste 3. Time $10\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.

8. 220 Yards Handicap Flat—M. G. Stewart 1, T. R. Moten 2, T. Felstead 3.
9. 120 Yards Scratch Hurdles—M. O. Weste 1, B. J. Magarey 2, L. A. Austin 3. Time $16\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
10. 80 Yards Sack—L. A. Austin 1, S. R. Dyer 2, C. E. Goddard 3.
11. 440 Yards Scratch—P. Rumball 1, M. Bruce 2, E. R. James 3. Time $59\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.
12. 120 Yards Handicap Hurdles—W. K. Tambllyn 1, B. J. Magarey 2, L. A. Austin 3.
13. Half-Mile Handicap Flat—G. Masson 1, T. Felstead 2, M. Bruce 3.
14. Long Jump—M. O. Weste 1, L. A. Austin 2, B. J. Magarey 3. Distance 18 feet 6 inches.
15. Whistling Race—M. O. Weste 1, P. Rumball 2, E. R. James 3.
16. One Mile Scratch—P. Rumball 1, G. E. Wells 2, M. Bruce 3. Time, 5 minutes 20 seconds.
17. Tug-of-War—Country Team: F. R. Sangster, T. R. Welbourne, S. R. Dyer, G. Masson, L. A. Austin, P. Rumball, H. W. Leake, M. O. Weste.
- 18 Greasy Pig—C. E. Goddard.

Wanted to Know.

- Who wrangle?
 Is it rude?
 How is Charley?
 Whose luck's out?
 How Pike-Burns?
 Who is respected?
 Who cultivates pig sties?
 Who is the new pug?
 Is Percy a free man?
 Who sold his brass whistle?
 Who runs at Quarter to Three?
 Who is a regular alarm clock?
 Who's gradually losing his shares?
 Who owns the first Australian aeroplane?
 Who lives at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, North Walkerville, Jock?

Tit-Bits.

Skin.
 Scab.
 Edge it.
 Mahomet.
 Talk sense.
 Not a blib.
 Lion Pup.
 My Dear Boy!
 "Richard Warrigal."
 More ox, less gin, please.

Rifle Notes.

SINCE our last issue there has been very little shooting done, chiefly on account of counter attractions as football, etc., which take up all Saturday afternoons. Now the summer is coming on students ought to go out to practise after their lectures, but notice of doing so should be given to the secretary not later than mid-day, as he can arrange with a member of the staff to go out also.

A sheep-proof fence has been erected around the rifle range so that we may plant a hedge around. This will be done as soon as the members can accumulate enough energy to put in a little of their spare time in digging and getting the ground ready.

The following are the scores of matches fired :—

August 14th—Cooper, 50-47 (97) ; Mr. Laffer, 48-46 (94) ; Mr. Spafford, 48-44 (92) ; Welbourne, 46-45 (91) ; Mr. Day, 47-44 (91) ; Mr. Menzie, 47-42 (89) ; Mr. Pritchard, 43-42 (85).

Total, 639 ; handicap, 44—683.

September 18th—Mr. Baker, 49-47 (96) ; Cooper 46-47 (93) ; Mr. Spafford, 48-45 (93) ; Mr. Laffer, 47-45 (92) ; Mr. Menzie, 45-45 (90) ; Mr. Pritchard, 44-40 (84) ; Fry, 41-42 (83).

Total, 631 ; handicap, 44—675.

The next match will be fired on October 16th, this being the last match of this round.

Fresh handicaps will be made out for the next round to start in November.

Critique.

My name's Sister dear, and my number's twenty two,
 I am not the only doc, there are a few,
 And the girls all remark, as my medicine they view,
 Here's Sister dear, quackie, too.

WE all know what it is to have a sister, the value, advantages and disadvantages of such a one. Now, let us consider for a while our own dear Sister, who is so precious and enlightening to us all in this place of desolation and loneliness.

Like all other sisters, she treats us like brothers, and as brothers ought to be treated, although at times she gets beyond the proper stage, and treats us rather forcibly, that is to say, she takes on the part so common amongst big sisters, and has a peculiar way of her own in forcing her big brothers, as well as little ones, to perform things which they do not always care about. For instance, there is a light which is very difficult to extinguish, and many are the poor brothers who have had to save our Sister the trouble of rising out of her repose to manipulate this objectionable gas light. This will serve to explain another term, which could very easily be applied to our sister, that is the word "schemer." There can be no doubt that she is a great schemer, and, often when not in a position to apply force, she will endeavor to have the gas manipulated by many of her self-invented schemes and artifices. Unlike other sisters, she does not need the looking after so objectionable to big brothers as a rule, but, in fact, it is said that she is not only able to look after herself, but also very often looks after her brothers as well. We do not know whether it is because she has such a lot of brothers here, but she is not very energetic, and Work she will never run after, although Work is a very nice chap, one of the decent sort, she always waits for him. Really, it is a question whether she should trouble much about work when she has such a lot of brothers to do it for her. Coming to her voice, which we would naturally think would resemble the voice of most sisters, being ever ready to produce a few sweet sounds so soft and pleasant to the ear. Instead of this, our Sister has rather a gruff non-melodious voice, although it sometimes imparts cheerfulness to our minds, with an occasional "Mick ma Ooph," or "What are you tounding now." One thing we cannot omit, and that is the great liking our Sister has for chemicals. It is rather mysterious, but we have heard from hints that have been occasionally dropped, that later on in settled life, she fully intends spending washing days testing her soils. Of sport, she is a grand supporter, but takes but little part in it herself, only occasionally having a hit at tennis, or a put at golf, which is a new departure for her, only taking a part in it recently. Lastly, we cannot but mention her popularity, she being one of the most liked here. She has a way of her own of getting on good terms with everybody, and is well worth the name of "Sister."

Farm Notes.

(By G. W. L.)

PLOUGHING has been the chief operation of the farm this session, but has not progressed very rapidly on account of the wet season. The following are the fields that were broken up:—

Field No. 6 A	35 acres
" Grainger's	170 "
" No. 3	40 "
" Ebsary's C	35 "
" Island	120 "
" No. 6 C	30 "
" Pig Paddock B	3½ "

On account of the poor growth of ensilage in Field No. 5 A and wheat in Field Dahlitz, both these fields were top dressed early in the session with the following mixtures:—

Field 5, A—Broadcasted with $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. nitrate of soda and $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. muriate of potash.

Field Dahlitz—Broadcasted with $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. sulphate of ammonia and $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. muriate of potash.

The summer fallow crops were sown this year in Field No. 3 and Pig paddock B. After the fields were worked down to a suitable tilth the following varieties were sown:—

No 3. Date.	Variety.	Seed per Acre.	Manure per Acre.	Area.
Sept. 11	Giant Horse Tooth	20lbs.	195lbs super	11½ acres
" 21-30	Pencillaria	2	56lbs Bonedust	5 "
" "	Early Ambercane	6	56	5½ "
" "	Sorghum Saccharatum	6	56	5½ "
" "	Hungarian Millet.	2	56	5½ "
" "	Japanese Millet	2	56	1½ "
Pig paddock, B.				
Oct 1	Japanese Millet	2	56	3½ "

The crops are looking very well at present, although some of them were affected by the exceptional wet winter. A heavy harvest is sure to be realised if conditions continue favorably. We are busy now with ensilage making and shearing. This year we are using for the first time the machine shears

Wanted at Once.

Supporters of the Anti-Acid League to crusade against sale of cheap obnoxious weeds. Reply immediately—Erkin, Hon. Sec.

Correspondence.

"Ching Lung."—Rather peculiar that you should not be able to distinguish between the farm and the garden; would advise you to take less opium.

"Flat-Headed Barracoota."—Quite recognise your ability as an artist, but strongly object to you publishing badges in autographs.

"Afghan Oosh."—Will trouble you to have your eyesight tested, as your description of a brunette would pass well for that of a blonde.

"Mucks."—Yes, you are a good 'tec,' but when looking for the culprit up the spout of a shower-bath do not turn the tap on to drive him down.

"Soo."—Might inform you that the lenses of a surveyor's telescope are not so powerful as to allow you to see through hills, and again, when excavating tunnels it would be rather a crude idea to sink shafts from the top of the hill at every ten yards, so as to give you the correct course of the tunnel.

"Gustave."—Quite agree with you—Castor would make a good mother.

"Olive Oil."—Might slip in with "Theo" for a week, and thereby improve your ideas on the fashions.

"The Admiralty."—We strongly urge you not to create disturbances when Drury Lane sleeps, as it is rumoured that the kid-nappers are on their prowl.

Important.

THERE is no need to agitate for an Australian navy, or to pass numerous Defence Bills. The following is reproduced in order to silence those who make constant and repeated attacks on the timidity of the Federal Government—

"THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY."

(To the tune of "The Village Blacksmith").

If the Germans came to Australia
They'd find out there was a fleet
Of ships of war, with men galore:
Our Hughie's boots make first class ships,
They'd blow the Germans into chips
If they came, what a shame that they don't,
all the same.

We'll see that they're commissioned
In war, O Lor!
We'll have the King petitioned
For a crew of one of his men-o'-war,
And that will be the start of Australia's Navy.

"PATRIOTIC," *London Daily News.*

J. A. LAWTON

and SONS,

North Terrace West,

ADELAIDE

(Established 1865).

**Carriage, Trolley, Waggon
and Axle Works.**

**Light and Heavy Vehicles in
Stock and to Order.**

Seasoned Timber. Best Workmanship.

AXLES—Fitted, Screw-Nut, Flat, Square-Bed, Cranked
or Jinker Axles. Warranted Fagoted from Scrap Iron.

Well-Fitted and Case-Hardened.

CRUCIBLE MILD STEEL CASTINGS.

General Repairs & Coach Painting

Telephone 139.

Names of Sheds and Owners Using
Moffat-Virtue Machinery & Columbus Engines
 in South Australia and West Darling.

	Station.	Stands.	Owners.	Address.
C	Arumpo	16	A. M. L. & F. Co.	Pooncairie
C X	Balaclava	25	Hughes Bros.	Broken Hill
C X	Booyoollee	14	Hughes Estate	Gladstone
	Beniley	5	H. J. Riggs	Gawler
C X	Boolcoomatta	28	McCulloch, Tyndall & Co.	Mingary
C	Burta	7	C. R. Murphy	Cockburn
C X	Bundaleer	20	F. Maslin	Gulnare
C X	Burnside	9	W. & H. Bickford	Narracoorte
	Campbell House	22	T. R. & A. P. Bowman	Meningie
C	Cobdogla	6	Bickford, Sims, & Weaver	R. Murray
C	Cordillo Downs	30	Beltana Pastoral Co., Ltd.	via Farina
C	Canowie	36	Canowie Pastoral Co.	Hallett
X	Faraway Hills	8	A. J. McBride	Burra
	Glenthorne	4	G. Brookman	O'Halloran Hill
X	Gums	6	T. H. Pearse & Co.	Mount Mary
C X	Gum Creek	28	J. J. Duncan	Hanson
	Gould's Creek	4	W. Kelly	Smithfield
	Hydon	6	P. H. Wheaton	Redhill
C	Hill River	30	Angas Estate	Farrell's Flat
C X	Hughes Park	12	J. J. Duncan	Watervale
C	Honetta	12	A. Watson	Robe
C	Hummocks	16	T. E. Barr Smith	Snowtown
C	Koonamore	20	Hamilton & Wilcox	Yunta
	Koonunga	5	F. S. Toms	Kapunda
C	Karpa Kora	20	Ben. Chaffey	Pooncairie
C X	Kulnine	26	A. Crozier	Renmark
C	Lake Dismal	30	Mutooroo Pastoral Co., Ltd	Cockburn
C	Langawirra	32	A. M. L. & F. Co.	Broken Hill
C	Lilydale	30	Mutooroo Pastoral Co., Ltd	Cockburn
C X	Mundi Mundi	16	J. Lewis	Silverton
C	Momba	30	Momba Pastoral Co., Ltd.	Wilcannia
C X	Moralana	8	J. Davies	Mornmerna
C X	Moorara	30	Ben. Chaffey	Pooncairie
C X	Moorna	26	W. D. Crozier	via Wentworth
C X	Mount Nor' West	16	J. Bosworth & Co.	Farina
C X	Mt. Remarkable	30	Willowie Pastoral Co., Ltd.	Melrose
C	Murnpeowick	30	Beltana Pastoral Co., Ltd.	via Farina
C	Murrabinna	12	Fraser Bros. & Ryder Bros.	Kingston
C	Moyhall	12	Miss A. Robertson	Narracoorte
C X	Myrtle Springs	17	Matheson Bros.	Leigh's Creek
C X	Munduney	8	J. Davies	Spalding
C X	Narrioota	14	M. S. Hawker	Spalding
C	Netley	36	Exors. John Dunne	River Darling
C X	Nilpena	17	R. J. Matheson	via Port Augusta
C X	N. Booboorowie	20	Dutton & Melrose	Hallett
	Onetree Hill	4	E. A. Thomas	Smithfield
C X	Para	15	R. E. H. Hope	Clare
C X	Padthaway	13	Lawson Bros.	Narracoorte



HAND
PIECE

	Station.	Stand.	Owners.	Address.
	Sea View	3	J. Parsons	Port Vincent
X	Redcliffe	6	T. McBride	Mount Mary
C	Tapio	15	E. A. Barnfield	Wentworth
C	Tolarno	36	Chaffey, Salmon & Dunne	via Broken Hill
X	Teetulpa	6	A. J. McBride	Yunta
	The Gunyah	4	W. Robertson	Wilmington
C X	Wilkatana	6	W. G. Pryor	Port Augusta
	Wirrilla	4	D. H. Power	Manoora
C X	Witchelina	20	Ragless Bros.	Farina
C X	Wooltana	18	Lachlan McTaggart	Leigh's Creek
	Spring Farm	2	H. Burford	Yacka
	Yelki	4	E. A. Kelly	Smithfield
C	Yallum	16	Riddoch Estate	Penola
	Yattalunga	6	F. Barrett	Gawler
C X	Siam	8	Estate John Brennan	Pt. Augusta
C	Lowan	6	Crouch Estate	Kalangadoo
C X	Morambro	12	R. McDonald	Narracoorte
C	Mount Sturt	8	A. S. Bartlett	Milparinka
C	Mount Poole	10	S. Kidman	Milparinka
	Roseworthy College	8	S. A. Government	Roseworthy
C	Katnook	6	T. Robinson	Penola
X	Maidenville	6	W. Maiden	Menindie
C X	Manunda	14	J. J. Duncan	Yunta
C	Mopeta	4	J. H. W. Makin	Baroota
X	Portana	4	J. Teifer, Jun.	Sheringa
C X	Wirrabara	12	Estate late A. B. Murray	Wirrabara
C X	Ediacra	8	John Bosworth	Leigh's Creek
C	Tarcoola	16	A. M. L. & F. Co.	Pooncairie
C	Mount Jack	30	Momba Pastoral Co., Ltd.	Wilcannia
X	Braemar	12	A. J. McBride	Burra
C	Nangwarry	13 h.p.	R. Gardiner	Penola
C	Woolmit	12 h.p.	H. A. Morris	Kingston
	Culcannia	6	E. W. Hawker	Clare
C	Mt. Lyndhurst	30	Beltana Pastoral Co., Ltd.	Currie Street
C X	Oulnina	22	J. M. McBride	Mannahill
C X	Oualpa	22	J. M. McBride	Olary
C	Yardea	10	J. Moseley	Pt Augusta

Stations marked "O" are where F. S. S. Co., Ltd., Have shorn Contract.

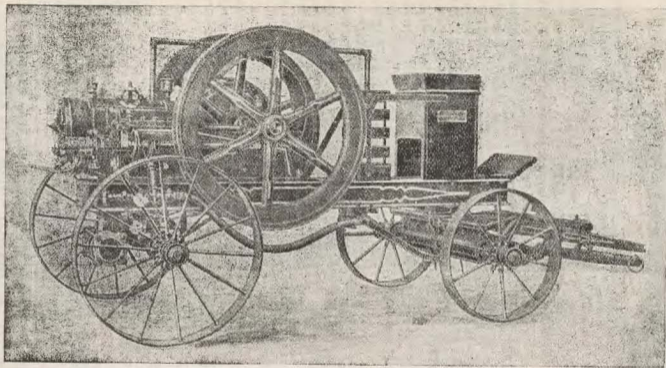
Stations marked "X" have "COLUMBUS" OIL ENGINE.

SOLE AGENT FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA:

FEDERAL SHEEP SHEARING CO., LTD.,

14 CURRIE STREET, ADELAIDE. Nat. Campbell, Local Manager.

Federal Sheep Shearing Coy., Ltd.
SOLE AGENTS,
14 CURRIE STREET, ADELAIDE.



COLUMBUS ENGINE.

In use in all Sheds marked with an X in preceding two pages.

USE

Top


Brand

Fertilizers

And obtain the best results.

All Super. dry and free-running
and well up to analyses.

Mineral Super.	£4	2	6
S.A. Super	3	15	0
Guano Super.	4	0	0
etc., etc., etc.,			

Price Lists and Information sent to any address on
application.

ADELAIDE CHEMICAL WORKS COY.,
 LIMITED.
CURRIE STREET.

R. BURNS CUMING, Managing Director.

BAGOT, SHAKES, & LEWIS.

LIMITED.

STOCK and STATION AGENTS,
Wool Brokers and Live Stock Salesmen,
Land and Financial Agents.

HEAD OFFICE:

18, KING WILLIAM ST., ADELAIDE.

Wool and Grain Warehouse, Port Adelaide.
Hides and Skins Warehouse, Gilbert Place.

Adelaide Markets.—FAT STOCK.

CATTLE Monday.

Sheep }
Lambs } Wednesday.
Pigs }
Calves }

We arrange for trucking accommodation promptly on receipt of instructions,
and advise when to load.

Sheep and Lambs carefully drafted before Sale.

Account Sales rendered promptly.

Regular Monthly Markets at all the chief Centres.
Sales of Fat and Store Stock, Land and Farmers
Clearing Sales conducted in any part of the State.

JAPANESE SUPER.

We are ready to book orders for Superphosphates, 38/40 per cent.
Water Soluble Phosphates.

Brand - JAPANESE - Brand

For delivery on arrival January, February, and March, 1910.

Price £4 2s. 6d. per ton,

on trucks Port Adelaide, Wallaroo, or Port Pirie.

Farm and Station Requisites Supplied.

THE BLACKSTONE OIL ENGINE

STATIONARY OR PORTABLE. MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND.

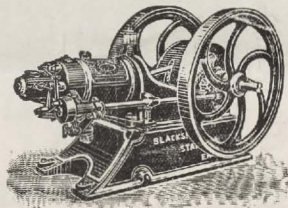
Sold by CLUTTERBUCK BROS., ADELAIDE.

☛ The Special Advantages are—NO LAMP WHEN WORKING. ☛

Easily Managed.

Most Economical.

RELIABLE.



No External Flame.

No Violent Shock.

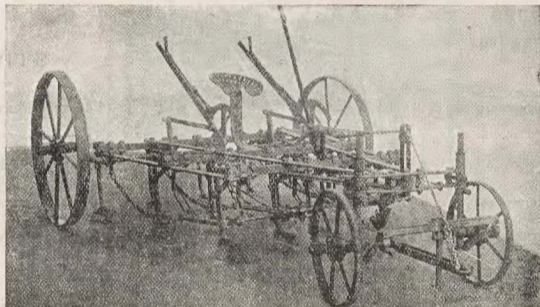
No Attendant needed when
working.

The BEST is the
CHEAPEST.

CLUTTERBUCK BROS., Hindley Street, Adelaide.

Contractors to Bore for Artesian Water, and the erection of complete Irrigation Plants.

The "SMITH" Brand of
STUMP-JUMPING TILLING APPLIANCES
Stands Unrivalled.



Write for Catalogue and Price List, which will be Mailed to any Address free of charge.

CLARENCE H. SMITH,

Agricultural Implement Factory, ARDROSSAN, S.A



"Melotte" Cream Separators.

18 to 110 Gallons per hour.

300,000 in daily use. Thousands of "MELOTTE" Separators are now in daily use in SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND GIVING EVERY SATISFACTION.

NOTE.—One of the main features of the "MELOTTE" construction is the SUSPENDED BOWL and SPINDLE RUNNING ON BALL BEARINGS. What is the result? IT SECURES THE EASIEST TURNING POSSIBLE.

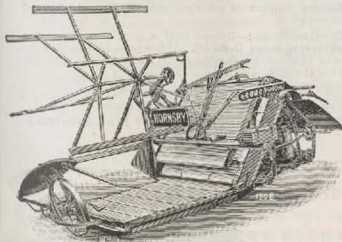
A special discount for cash is allowed. If terms are required we will supply on Hire with option of purchase. Hire terms are easy: that is, a small cash deposit, and ease monthly payments.

Write for Catalogue and Price List.

The New HORNSBY BINDER

Is without doubt the **World's Best.**

No other Binder has such a record. It has not only **Won** the



Six

Highest

Prizes

ever offered, but in all important **Field Trials** it has been placed **FIRST**,

At the **GREAT TRIALS** of the **ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND** the **HORNSBY** was **FAR AHEAD** of every Competitor.

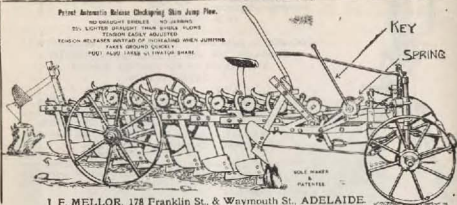
Sole Agents:

THE AUSTRALASIAN IMPLEMENT & HOUSE FURNISHING CO.,
ADELAIDE.

R. H. White, Manager.

(Geo. P. Harris, Scarfe & Co., Ltd., Proprietors).

Patent Automatic Release Clockspring Skim Jump Plow.
 NO DRAGGHT SHOULES NO JERKING
 SO LIGHTER DRAUGHT THAN OTHER PLOWS
 TENSION EASILY ADJUSTED
 TENSION RELEASES INSTEAD OF INCREASING WHEN TURNING
 TAKES GROUND QUICKLY
 FOOT ALSO TAKES ULTIMATE SHARP



J. F. MELLOR, 178 Franklin St. & Wymouth St., ADELAIDE.

**The PLOW that pleases is the
 MELLOR RELEASE CLOCKSRING PLOW.**

Mr. C. T. PARKER, Charlton, wrote, 18th May, 1909:—I am delighted with the 8 furrow Release Clockspring skim plow. I consider it **the most satisfactory implement** on the farm. This is the second season I have worked it.

Mr. G. J. SHORT, Curramulka:—I have used a good many plows but **Mellor's Clockspring beats them all.** It is a pleasure to watch my 10 furrow skim plowing 4 inches in fairly stiff ground. It is the best plow in the Commonwealth.

It is now time you ordered that stripper for the coming season,

BE SURE that it is a **MELLOR PATENT BIKE STRIPPER.**

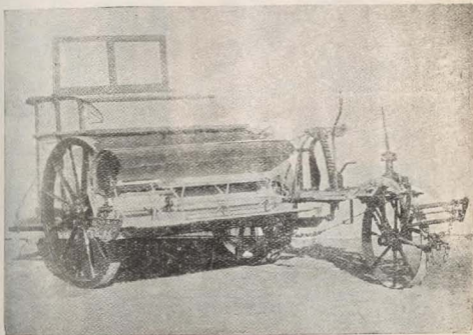


If you do you will be a **BARRACKER** for **MELLOR, SURE!**

J. F. MELLOR, FRANKLIN and WYMOUTH STREETS
 ADELAIDE.

SHEARER'S STRIPPERS

Have many useful innovations, which have been well tested with universal satisfaction to all who have used them. These Machines are made in two types, and both are fitted with a Patent Rock Draught Attachment and a Patent Device by which the wheat or other grain is loaded on the near side and the chaff on the off side. This leaves the weight of the load on the near (driving) wheel directly behind the horses, rendering these Machines the Lightest in Draught, and also, owing to the extra weight on the driving wheel, the Most Efficient in Thrashing.



SHEARER'S TWO-PART COMB AND BEATER STRIPPER.

Takes 8 fl. of crop and does its work in every particular in a most effective manner, giving satisfaction to all who have used this Machine.

They strip cleanest. They are lightest in draught.

They do not lose grain.

They are built of the best materials. They last longest.

They are made strong to stand rough stumpy ground.

They want little or no repairs.

No machine equals them in durability, lightness of draught, and efficiency of work.

J. & D. SHEARER, MANNUM, S.A.