

# The Student.

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## EDITORIAL.

**H**ARVEST is over once again, and the College year is drawing to a close. With this will disappear about eighteen students who have completed their course. The *Student* takes this opportunity of wishing them farewell and success in their various undertakings. The harvest turned out very satisfactory, though not up to last year's results.

### HORSES.

Two new horses have been obtained, and promise to turn out well; though one is rather fond of shaking hands when approached.

### CRICKET, ETC.

The cricket team is still distinguishing itself, and remains at the head of the premiership list.

Tennis is also taking a turn, and our team has been very successful lately. We wish them success in their approaching town trip.

Swimming is also prominent, and further details will be found in another column.

### VINTAGE.

Vintage is approaching, and a good yield of fruit is expected. Already the white grapes have been picked, and the others are near ripening.

### EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.

The pens for the Competition to start on April 1st are being put up in No. 9. Seventy-eight pens are to be put up, and each supplied with a shelter shed, and the outside fence is to be thatched with straw for protection against the wind.

## PROFESSOR ANGUS.

The *Student* congratulates Professor Angus upon his engagement to Miss Edith Porter, of Medindie.

## MR. J. P. RICHARDSON.

The *Student* congratulates Mr. J. P. Richardson on having joined the ranks of the benedicts, and wishes him every success and happiness.

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## ***The Transcontinental Railway.***

By "CONTRIBUTOR."

THE construction of the Transcontinental railway is not only a project that concerns this State alone, but the whole of Australia, as it has not only a commercial function to perform, but also a strategical, for by it troops could be conveyed from the extreme South of Australia to the North, thus greatly adding to the defence of the country.

There have been many objections raised to building this railway, but there is not one objection which has as yet been brought forward that a corresponding reason why it should be built can be put forward.

If a company comes along and offers to build the railway on the conditions imposed by the Government, which is not accepted, because it would give monopolies a footing in Australia; but why should we be afraid of a land monopoly such as this, as it has been seen in other countries that companies who have obtained land in payment for railways built have sold and obtained settlers for it, and allowed these immigrants the most liberal of terms. It naturally stands to reason that a company that does not get any money for its work, would not simply be content with obtaining the land, but would try and make the land they held pay them interest for the amount spent on the railway, and so in their own interests they would open up and develop the land, thereby encouraging population.

Some people say that the railway should not be constructed at all because there is no immediate prospect of its paying for its upkeep. They base their argument on the returns from the present line to Oodnadatta, which ends in a desert waste. If this line was continued to the Northern Territory it would tap several valuable mineral fields, and the carrying of ore would alone pay for its upkeep, to say nothing of supplies which would have to be sent to the mines.

As yet, however, the possibilities of Central Australia are very little known, but it has been proved that there are valuable mineral deposits only awaiting a railway to open them up.

Australia of to-day is not the Australia of a few years ago. It was generally supposed that the interior was composed of nothing but a desert, but this supposition is being upset by the various exploring expeditions that have gone and looked into the inner part of this Continent. It is now known that the interior, and more particularly the country which the railway will tap, is capable of rearing and breeding of cattle and horses equal to, and perhaps superior, to anything of the same sort in the world, so why should such a great industry be allowed to lie dormant through the lack of enterprise by a few men?

The MacDonnell Ranges, situated in the interior, have been proved to be anything but a desert, as they have already a valuable gold field being worked, besides numerous small gardens, which supply the mines with vegetables, fruit, etc. It is also a noteworthy fact that these gardens are worked and owned by Chinese. If the railway were constructed, the tide of white population would soon make the Celestial take a back seat, and there would not be such a cry for a "White Australia."

The resources of the Northern Territory are as yet unknown. Its mineral wealth alone is providing a nice little nest egg for the various Chinese, who do nothing but practically scratch the surface for tin. Its pastoral and agricultural prospects are great, as it has been shown that the tobacco and cotton plants grow to perfection.

Look how other nations have developed their country. The Americans saw the necessity of connecting the East with the West, not only because of its strategical importance, but to develop the intervening country. In this way she enticed immigrants, and the railways were constructed on the land-grant principle, which has not seemed to retard the development of the country.

Russia did the same thing when she connected her Port of Valdivostock on the Pacific with St. Petersburg, the capital on the Baltic. This was done when it was doubtful if the railway would ever pay, as it was through unknown Siberia.

Britain is doing the same thing by building the Cape to Cairo railway, joining the South to the North of Africa, thus opening up vast tracts of grazing country and large fields of mineral wealth.

The question now remains, why should not Australia undertake an equally important work by constructing an overland railway?

Just glancing over these facts it is with wonder we think why the railway was not built before.

The railway has been partially constructed at both ends of the Continent, and there is a gap of a little over 1,000 miles to span.

With the railway would come freezing works at Port Darwin, and a large export trade would be worked up with frozen meat in the Eastern markets, as it is a recognised fact that Australian produce will find eventually a large market in Japan and China.

The railway would also bring England and Australia into closer postal communication, which would be a great help to every class of business man in Australia.

Australians have the reputation of being a slow race, one that does not push along great enterprises. Now, why don't we throw off this lethargy and build the railway, and so show the world that we have yet to be reckoned with as a competitor in the world's markets?

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### ***A Visit to Kangaroo Island.***

By "BILL."

I LEFT the College on a Friday and caught the "Kooringa" from Port Adelaide next morning. She was supposed to leave at 8 a.m., but did not leave until 9.30 a.m., owing to having so much cargo to load. We called in at Glenelg and picked up several passengers and fifteen head of cattle, which seemed to amuse the crowd, especially when one's rope slipped from round his body to his neck, where it was dangling a few feet from the water. We left Glenelg at 11.30 a.m., and from there we had a very smooth voyage until reaching the Passage, where it was slightly rougher until we reached Hog Bay, where we pulled alongside a small jetty, which nearly got pushed under when the boat gave it a friendly bump. We had a bit of trouble here in anchoring, as the man on the jetty missed the line when it was thrown over, which caused us to drift into the sand and rocks, but with the help of the engines we got back, and after unloading a lot of cargo some of us went for a stroll round the township, which consists of a pub. and about three houses. From here we went towards the American River, where we were met by a small ketch which took a few of our passengers and cargo. Then we made straight to Kingscote. There were about ninety passengers on board, and I happened to know several of them, which helped to make the voyage more pleasant, and also the meals, which we were always waiting for. After reaching Kingscote at about 10.30 p.m. we saw quite a big crowd of people, and

judging by the look I should think the whole Island had rolled up to see the boat come in. The next thing to do was to get a shake down, which I got at the hotel, the same being nearly crowded out. The next morning I got up and went for a swim with some friends in a basin made in the bay by a large stone wall around it to keep back the sharks and breakers, which are very plentiful. After breakfast I was taken out for a row in a racing boat. After lunch I strolled round the town, which I found was a nice little town with a large number of new buildings going up, including the new hotel of sixty or seventy rooms, which proves the place is going ahead. I am told all the houses, etc., have sprung up within the last three years. Monday morning I went down and saw the "Kooringa" leave for Port Adelaide. Afterwards hiring a buggy and pair of horses, a couple of friends and myself drove over some of the scrub country which consists of thick bushy scrub, and a light sandy and ironstone gravel soil. We drove on until we reached the Survey Camp, where we secured a plan of the Hundred of McGillivray, the new Hundred the Government are cutting up for closer settlement, and from here we passed on to the Hawke's Nest Farm, where we had tea, and after a friendly chat we turned in, but not to sleep, owing to a special strain of large animals making an attack upon us. The next morning we drove to the Hundred of McGillivray, and called on farmers for our meals and roost. The following morning we started again to examine the different blocks. Judging by the crops, vegetables, and fruit grown on parts of this scrub that has been cleared, and considering the rough way, and the time of the season they were sown, the land ought to be good for mixed farming. The worst of the soil when cleared will all grow splendid grass, and another advantage is to be able to get water at a shallow depth, and a good rainfall and a beautiful climate. The Island's principal crop is barley, mostly malting, which there is a ready market for. The scrub consists of mallee, broom bush, yacka gum, bull oak, large gums in places, and narrow leaf or eucalyptus tree, which some make a good living by boiling the leaves down and getting the oil. There is also gum made from yacka trees, which they export to Germany. Most of the land is undulating, and could be easily cleared. The soil is of a peaty looking sand, and in places a light yellowish sand, with parts consisting of ironstone gravel with a clay subsoil. We got back from our journey in time to score some tea, and to see the s.s. "Ceres" arrive from Port Adelaide. She is a much smaller and rougher boat than the s.s. "Kooringa." After this I got an invitation to a farewell social, which I accepted with a full week's growth on my face, and after joining in all the dances and games, we had supper, and I then made for my resting place after a good

evening spent. On Thursday I was shown over a farm in Weissanger, about ten miles from Kingscote, which seemed to be the pick of the Island, as far as I saw of it. It is a heavy clay loam with a clay and limestone subsoil. It has a few large hills which grow splendid grass for grazing, and the flats will grow anything up to flowers without irrigation. It has good sized gums on it, which, when split up make first class posts, and another advantage is that it has a good metal road, whereas most of the Island roads are sand tracks through scrub. That night the only thing of any interest was the departing of the s.s. "Kooringa," which always collects a crowd. On Friday I raised up enough energy to walk about eight miles towards Smith's Bay, and had a look round, and saw some good land which would bring £5 or £6 per acre, where about four years ago you could almost get it given to you. On the next day, being Saturday, I drove and had a look at some land in the Hundred of Haines, which was mostly poor, sandy, and ironstone gravel, with thick scrub, and large fresh water lagoon in it of an area of 150 acres. Sunday I drove out to Weissanger and had a look at another property, which looked pretty fair land. The Island on the whole has a good rainfall, beautiful climate, and very patchy soil, with clay subsoil right through, and judging from the way the Island is going ahead, it ought to be an important place in the near future. The next morning being my last day, I got up and had a duck in the briny and caught the s.s. "Kooringa" for home at 10 a.m., but owing to being fast stuck on the sand, we could not shift until the tide came in at 4 p.m., and reaching Hog Bay, I ran up against an old student, "Dad Wheate," and after having a yarn and a refresher we left for Port Adelaide, and by this time the sea had got fairly rough, which caused some to feed the fish. We did not call in at Glenelg owing to being so late. We arrived at Port Adelaide at about 2 a.m. the next morning, and owing to hotels and everybody closed, and trains stopped running, so our only thing was to perch ourselves around the deck, those in luck's way securing a cabin. Catching the first train to Town and returning to R.A.C. on the following day after a very enjoyable trip.



**Bazaar at Kangaroo Flat.**

**H**EARING that a Bazaar was to be held in close proximity to the College, some of us decided that it would be a change from threshing to go and patronise it.

Before we got inside we were breasted by someone wanting to raffle a goose, and at once we imagined ourselves enjoying roast goose the next night for supper, so we entered and trusted to good luck that we would not feel any the worse next day after it, but we had no need for worry as someone else was to enjoy roast goose. We proceeded to go in, and when we were informed that for the sum of sixpence we were entitled to supper "free," we felt more contented, being satisfied that we would make up for the money lost over the goose.

It being a hot night we were soon putting it right at the cool drink and ice cream stall, but the demand for ice cream was greater than the supply, so frequently we had to give the order and wait till it was made. We then proceeded to the "bran pie," where for the huge sum of one penny we found great excitement wondering what the result of the speculation would be. One member was rather disappointed as he thought he could have all he could hold for a penny, but he was satisfied when he rescued a handsome doll two inches long.

Amongst other conveniences was a post office where love letters and business letters could be posted to anyone present. This caused much amusement. One of our members receiving an anonymous letter including a thimble. He declared he did not know the sender, but we had our suspicions.

One of our number thought he had made a splendid bargain from the fancy work stall, but when he saw the same kinds of articles sold for a quarter of the price later on, he declared he had gained experience that would come in useful on future occasions.

Later on we were treated to an exhibition of ice cream eating extraordinary by F.H.S., and it was finished up by giving someone a reminder not to be impertinent with the huge wooden spoon. They (wooden) wouldn't tell us who it was.

We were then favored with a few songs and recitations, which were appreciated, and after making up for lost time at supper, we attended an auction sale of the remaining goods.

The bidding was spirited and exciting, as the auctioneer was realising splendid prices.

"Twopence I'm offered. Any advance on twopence; it's worth two shillings anytime." "Did you bid twopence?" "Yes, Vic"

Accordingly the article was knocked down for the amount named.

This lasted for a time and when all was sold we started home with a keg of sugar beer someone had purchased, so they said, but finding it was rather awkward to carry across fallow, we set it on a post and did our best to make it lighter.

Finally we came away and left it stranded on a fence post for some weary passers to enjoy—all that was left of it—the smell.

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### ***The Bower of Bliss.***

By "DONGIE."

THE patiently awaited Christmas holidays turned up at last, and we were given to understand that we would break up on Christmas Eve. Owing to a bit of good luck we reduced this limit to Sunday midday, at which time we all embarked homewards for a few days' vacation.

A camping trip to Victor Harbor was the item on the programme for a party of four of us, and everything having been arranged weeks beforehand, we decided to start by the early train on Christmas Day.

"Good morning Longie, where's Bill and Joe?" "Come'n in the Payneham tram," was the only response got from this half asleep traveller. The "motor" duly arrived after a very tiring journey, but thanks to the driver's careful handling there were three whole minutes to spare. To label our luggage, get tickets, and find an empty carriage was the work of a few seconds, and with a final "pip-pip" we started on our journey.

Soon we were plugging merrily through the hills, and in due time arrived safe in that pretty and most popular harbor in South Australia.

"Where are we going to pitch our tent?" Someone proposed along towards the Hindmarsh near a bathing house. This vote was carried unanimously, and off we tracked with tent and luggage to peg out our claim. In due time our tent was pitched, and we were snugly housed in our new domicile, which was to be our home for a week.

The question arose as to who was to be cook for our first meal. Joe being an old hand at the game, was elected to take this high position, which consisted in boiling the billy and opening preserved pineapples, etc. Our meal passed off splendidly, and

Joe kidded himself on it by wearing a "choker" when we went for our evening stroll (for our health). Being old hands at the game we of course knew that to go over to the "Island" without a pillow and rug was quite out of the question, so paying a kid a penny to look after our tent, we started for our first evening's stroll. The evenings after this passed very serenely until bedtime, our blankets generally being well lined with prickles of every description. Our slumbers were often disturbed by Longie yelling out with a voice like a rusty foghorn, "Teddy there Joe?" "Come up to the scratch there," the end being followed by a vigorous swipe at Joe's sleeping frame. Feeling satisfied, our "short friend" would give a grunt and off to sleep he would go.

Waking up one morning we were surprised to find a visitor in our camp, that honored person being no more or less than a "bonnie little hogget, by jove." This animal brought unpleasant memories back to our minds, so with friendly empty bottle at his anatomy we discarded the quadruped.

"Who is on for a pull on the Hindmarsh?" yelled our friend Chickens one morning about 7 o'clock. This being past a joke we absolutely refused pointblank, as breakfast was not due until 10.30 a.m., and we had only been asleep about ten minutes.

Having brought fishing lines with us, we decided to go "hooking 'em" one fine morning. This excursion proved an utter waste of time as there was not a fish in the river (so Bill said, he of course having the line).

At last we realised that the week had gone, and the only prospect before us loomed up with a very threatening aspect. The prospect was, as you can guess, "work" (pure and simple). So with much sorrow we pushed the tent over and departed, with only the memories of the happy and lazy week we had spent at "The Bower of Bliss."

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### ***A Holiday Trip to Tasmania.***

By "RUMOUR."

One is always sorry to leave the College before the vacation has started, especially when the temperature is about 100 degrees in the shade and threshing is in full swing. So it was with feelings of regret that we left a day or two before the Xmas holidays to catch the early train to Adelaide en route for Tasmania. Being holiday time the train was crowded, and on arriving in Adelaide it took even longer than usual to book luggage for the Melbourne express. After spending an hour at this occupation we had a look at the gay metropolis once more, "putting in time" till the departure of our train at 4.30 p.m.

Judging from the morning's experience we thought it wise to get to the station in plenty of time. The crowd of passengers was too big for the train, and for those fortunate enough to get an early seat it was amusing to see the confusion of the unlucky ones who had arrived late. We left with every available seat taken, and some of the would-be passengers left on the platform.

The trip to Melbourne was very uncomfortable, the compartment being full all the way, and the dust very bad.

The Victorian crops were much later than ours, only in isolated places had haycutting started, the grain being quite green, but looking as if it would yield well, especially in the Ballarat district. Melbourne was reached an hour and a half late, and as it was a close dusty day it was fortunate we had that much less to wait before the steamer left. There was not much time to see Melbourne, and after having lunch and making a few purchases it was time to go on board. The crowd on the s.s. "Loongana" was worse even than the train, and one had to put up with a shake down anywhere. Mine happened to be on a settee in the second saloon. As there was no chance of getting at any luggage on board one had to hope that it was there, and chance finding it at the end of the journey. Dinner was started when we left the wharf at 5 p.m., but there was no chance of getting a seat till a couple of hours later when, unfortunately for some, we were passing through the "Rip," where it is always rough. This brought the meal to an abrupt termination for most of the passengers.

Fortunately the voyage across the straits was very smooth, and done in record time, about 20 knots per hour being averaged. The drawback of sleeping in the saloon was that the stewards wanted to get breakfast at 4.30, and it was a case of turn out then and go on deck.

The "Loongana" did not miss the island this trip, and the hilly coast could be seen in the distance with the Low Head Lighthouse in the foreground. The entrance to the Tamar was very pretty in the early morning, the sun on the broad expanse of water, with hills in the background, having a fine effect. The Tamar takes about two and a half hours to navigate, and is banked on either side with thickly-wooded hills. Isolated orchards and small farms are seen amongst the trees. These orchards have all been planted during the past few years, and a large apple export trade should take place from the Tamar before long.

Launceston is the centre of population for the Northern part of the State, and is built on the Tamar, about 40 miles from the mouth. It is a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, and for its size has some very good buildings and hotels. The chief attraction of

the city is the Cataract Gorge, which is formed by the South Esk river forming a cataract between huge cliffs. At the head of the Gorge is a basin, which is surrounded by attractive gardens and picnic grounds, and these have been made accessible by a footway built along the face of the cliff. When the river is in flood this is a magnificent spectacle.

The country near Launceston is very hilly, and except for a few farms on the best portions, the land has not been extensively cultivated. To see some of the best agricultural land in the State one needs to travel on the Western line to Burnie.

Time being limited, I could not go further than Devonport, a town on the North West Coast, a port from which a lot of produce grown there is exported. The principal exportations being potatoes.

After leaving Launceston one passes through very fertile land, most of which has evidently been cultivated for years, as the farms are well cleared. This land must be difficult to work, as it consists of very steep undulating country, and is appropriately called the White Hills' district.

Leaving the White Hills we get into the Evandale and Longford districts. Here the country is slightly undulating, compared with that previously passed through. There were some fine cereal crops to be seen growing here, and this district is mainly devoted to growing those crops, though round about Evandale some stud Merino sheep stations are situated.

From Longford to Deloraine the land is very fertile, but on nearing the latter town, which is right under the Western Tiers, is a range of steep hills running from the coast to the midlands. Evidence was to be seen of a hard winter, and the crops were just recovering from it.

After passing Deloraine the country is much rougher and heavily timbered, mostly being used for sheep and cattle runs, except where some plucky selector has cleared a holding in the heart of the bush.

On nearing Latrobe the land is more fertile and more generally cultivated, and from here to the coast, also along as far as Burnie and Table Cape, land has been taken up, and some fine crops of potatoes and oats have been grown. Dairying has been carried on extensively here, and has proved very profitable. The drawback in taking up new land here is the heavy timber, which means very hard work clearing, though the value of the timber in some cases lessens the expense considerably.

Having spent a good day at Devonport the return journey to Launceston was made by the evening train. The rate of travelling on the narrow gauge giving one an opportunity to have

another good look at the country. To one coming from South snow on the mountains at Christmas time was rather a novel sight. If one is interested in scenery, though after a couple of years in a place with the beauties of Roseworthy it is not appreciated as it should be, a trip round the East Coast cannot be beaten. The journey is made from Launceston to Scottsdale, through thickly-wooded country, studded with a few small holdings and orchards. The timber around Scottsdale is tremendous, and though the soil is of the best, selectors do not like tackling it, but those who have done so seem to be in a prosperous condition.

From Scottsdale the journey is made by coach to Derby, a mining town on the banks of a muddy stream, being made so from the tailings from the Briseis and other tin sluicing mines in the district.

From Derby the next stage is to St. Helens, a small town on the East Coast. During this drive the road passes over the Blue Tier, 2,400 feet above the sea, and drops to the coast in about 20 miles. The scenery on this range is magnificent, the different shades of green given by the gum, tree fern, and myrtle in the deep gullies prove that though the Australian bush only has one color, a fine effect can be produced by a variety of shades.

Fine fishing is got at most ports on the East Coast, Scamander being the one most heard about, but while the writer was there the bream were not biting well. There is not much cultivation done in this part, but the following will show the perseverance of some settlers: When driving up St. Mary's Pass, which is formed by a road being cut in the side of a hill, having a steep hill one side and gully on the other, we passed a cart placed in a groove cut in the bank. This cart belonged to a farmer in the gully below who managed to get his horse down a stony track but had to carry all his produce about 200 feet to the road as it was impossible to get a conveyance of any kind down the hill.

The three days' drive to Sorrell, where train is taken for Hobart, is very pleasant, and on nearing the latter place the country becomes more civilised, and round Sorrell is well cultivated. Hobart, the capital, is situated on a fine harbor at the mouth of the Derwent, which will allow the largest vessels to moor along side the wharf.

The journey from Hobart to Launceston is through the sheep stations in the midlands where some fine wool is grown.

At Christmas time in Tasmania one misses the heat we enjoy so much in South Australia, but even with the thermometer below 80 degrees every day, and the nights cool, a week or two in the "Tight Little Island" is endurable.



R.A.C. CARTING GREEN STUFF FOR ENSILAGE.

### ***The Wool Trip.***

By "CASUAL OBSERVER."

THE Annual Wool Trip of the third year students this year was looked forward to with longing, in the anticipation of a good time, and our hopes were fully realised. On the morning of November 2<sup>nd</sup> we started off with joyous and light hearts. Boarding the train soon took place, and a merry din was kept up in our carriage, everybody having his turn under the seat, by the rest of the crowd's special request, and to his own disgust.

Arriving at Dry Creek we had to wait about half-an-hour for a train, but the beautiful scenery around fully made up for the time we wasted.

After we had dismounted at Port Adelaide we were met by Mr. Matthews, who conducted us out of the station to our "ansomes," which were at the station gate, these being kindly provided by our wool friends.

Our first visit was to Bagot, Shakes, & Lewis, where we met our old esteemed teacher, Mr. G. Jeffries, who was as jovial and energetic as ever. He, with Mr. Matthews, showed us round the beautiful collection of wools of all classes, which were set up in an attractive manner, and did great credit to the firm. Some beautiful clips were inspected, and among the best were Hill River clip and Pewsey Vale wool. Here you could notice in this vast collection the differences exercised by soil and climatic conditions on different classes of wool. After looking round we were treated to a sumptuous repast, Mr. Jeffries showing us that he knew how to carve a ham as well as he knew how to class wool. After this little bit of generosity on the part of the firm we were invited to sample the firm's "smokes," which I may say we did. These were noted "super" class. After this we again went over some more wool, Mr. Matthews very clearly explaining the defects, etc., of each respective clip.

From here we were conveyed by the cabs to Elder, Smith and Co.'s wool rooms. Here we were again received most cordially, and went through all classes of clips and wool, representing, I suppose, all the wool-growing districts of South Australia. These wools were examined and carefully studied till luncheon when we were invited to this repast by the representatives of Elder, Smith & Co. Here we again tried our best to live up to College reputation, which I may add succeeded right verily.

After this some of us visited the steamer "Summerset," where frozen lambs were being loaded for export. The Captain was very affable, and we thank him for his kindness.

After this we went back to the City, and "put it right" till the express carried us back to Roseworthy (not Baltimore). The day we spent was a most instructive and delightful outing, and we wish to tender our sincerest thanks to the two firms we visited, besides Messrs. Matthews and Jeffries for their kindness in entertaining us to what was going to be the largest individual sale of wool ever held in Australia.

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### **Tennis Notes.**

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By "RACQUET."

WE are now in the last stage of the tennis season, and before long the College team will have lost the services of several of its best players, whose loss will be keenly felt by the remainder. As this is the last opportunity I will have of discussing the merits of the players composing this year's team, I think a few criticisms would not be out of place.

C. H. Heath, who won the championship singles of the College, plays a strong game in the back of the court, and punishes all short balls to the discomfiture of his opponent.

J. A. Horrocks, our Captain, plays a good double game, but is not so strong in the single, where he often fails by cutting things too fine on the side lines.

C. S. Robertson plays a better double than single, and is at times brilliant at net, but has not played up to last year's form.

W. R. L. Dennell plays a purely defensive game, very seldom taking up the attack.

J. H. Room has made good progress, and keeps a level head when playing a hard-fought set.

W. M. Kay. This year his play is the opposite to last year, being decidedly stronger. Plays a good game at net, but liable to become excited.

F. H. Shand plays a good game at times, but is erratic in his overhead strokes.

Roy Williams. A beginner who has made good progress, and should develop into a very good wielder of the racquet.

L. S. Davie has a good, free style, but lacks confidence.

C. S. Hall plays a very fair double, but is exceptionally weak in a single on account of his backhand strokes being feeble.

T. Sobels will never develop into a good player unless he plays back hand, but for this fault he would be a fair player.

The tournament in connection with Dr. Maher's trophy has been played off, and won by R. Donnell from C. H. H. Heath who conceded four strokes in every six games, the first set at five strokes the second set. After a splendid battle Donnell won, the scores being 5-6, 6-4, 6-3. Donnell played a stubborn game, with a determination to return everything, which proved in the end successful.

On January 26th we journeyed into Gawler and played the Saint George's Tennis Club on their courts. At the beginning of play the weather was very trying to the players, and the result turned out to be a tie as both sides scored 52 games. The Collegians had the best of the game in the doubles, and the reverse was the case in the singles. Afternoon tea was provided by the ladies of the above club, which was very acceptable to the players, and was greatly appreciated by the students. The scores are as follows :

Doubles—C. H. Heath and C. S. Robertson lost to J. Rebbeck and A. Coxell 7-9, J. A. Horrocks and R. Donnell beat C. Cullen and H. J. K. Beebee 9-7, J. H. Room and W. M. Kay beat C. Fead and S. Beadnall 9-2.

Singles—J. A. Horrocks lost to C. Cullen 5-7, C. H. Heath lost to J. Rebbeck 1-7, C. S. Robertson lost to A. Coxell 5-7, R. Donnell lost to C. Fead 2-7, W. M. Kay beat H. J. K. Beebee 7-4, J. H. Room beat S. Beadnall 7-3.

Totals—St. George's 5 sets 52 games, College 4 sets 52 games.

On February 16th our seconds played their first match in Gawler against the St. Andrews, over whom they scored a decisive victory, the scores being as follows:

Doubles—L. Davie and T. Sobels beat Curtis and Oram 9-1, M. Weste and P. Richardson beat L. Ross and T. Ross 9-1, A. Hall and E. Leishman beat G. Parkes and Williams 9-4.

Singles—L. Davie lost to Curtis 4-7, T. Sobels beat Oram 7-5, M. Weste beat L. Ross 7-2, P. Richardson beat T. Ross 7-3, A. Hall beat G. Parkes 7-0, E. Leishman lost to Williams 3-7.

Totals—College Seconds 7 sets 62 games, St. Andrews 2 sets 30 games.

The courts are still being improved upon, the latest acquisition being two umpire seats which were put up by two very energetic third years.

On February 16th the return match with the St. George's was played on the home courts. The weather was everything that could be desired for good tennis, which was the order of the day. The Collegians were without the services of C.

S. Robertson, whose absence weakened the first double. Both teams were in good form, but the Collegians by more forcing play finished up with 4 sets 18 games to the good. The following are the scores :

Doubles.—C. H. Heath and J. H. Room lost to J. Rebbeck and A. Coxell 7-9, J. A. Horrocks and R. Williams beat C. Cullen and Killicoat 9-5, W. M. Kay and F. H. Shand beat H. J. Beebee and W. S. Dyer 9 8, R. W. Donnell and C. S. Hall beat C. Fead and S. Beadnall 9-3.

Singles.—C. H. Heath lost to C. A. Cullen 4-7, J. A. Horrocks beat A. Coxell 7-6, J. H. Room lost to J. Rebbeck 4-7, R. Williams beat H. J. Beebee 7-4, R. Donnell lost to Killicoat 6-7, F. H. Shand beat C. Fead 7-1, W. M. Kay beat W. S. Dyer 7-4, C. S. Hall beat S. Beadnall 7-4.

Totals—R.A.C. 8 sets 83 games, St. George's 4 sets, 65 games.

On February 23rd we met the Roseworthy's on our courts. The weather was excessively hot, and the presence of the shelter provided for the courts could be fully appreciated. The following are the scores :

Doubles.—C. H. Heath and J. H. Room beat C. and W. Koch 9-8, R. W. Williams and F. H. Shand lost to W. Koch and J. Schlodder 6-9, M. Kay and C. S. Hall beat F. Kuhne and S. Carter 9-1.

Singles.—C. H. Heath lost to C. Koch 5-7, R. W. Williams lost to J. Schlodder 4-7, J. H. Room beat W. Koch 7-3, F. H. Shand beat S. Carter 7-4, M. Kay beat F. Schlodder 7-5, C. S. Hall beat F. Kuhne 7-0.

Totals.—R.A.C. 6 sets 62 games, Roseworthy 3 sets 44 games.

On February 9th we met the Methodist Tennis Club on their courts, when we met with a defeat, which was caused by a little superior play, well backed up by barracking, which somewhat disturbed the Collegians, as it was carried out by members of the fair sex, who kindly provided afternoon tea. The scores being as follows :

Doubles.—Thomas and Porter beat Horrocks and Robertson 6-3, 6-5; Ayling and Dean beat Room and Kay 6-1, 6-5; Wilkinson and Fitzgerald beat Donnell and Shand 6-5, 5-6.

Singles.—Ayling beat Horrocks 7-2, Thomas beat Robertson 7-3, Porter lost to Room 5-7, Dean beat Kay 7-3, Wilkinson beat Shand 7-6, Fitzgerald lost to Donnell 3-7.

Totals.—Methodist 9 sets 71 games, R.A.C. 3 sets 51 games.

On March 2nd the return match was played against the Methodists on our own courts. On this occasion we were without the services of G. R. Williams who was away swimming in

Adelaide. The Collegians were in good form from practising for the coming town trip to Adelaide, and in consequence turned the tables upon their opponents. The following are the scores :

Doubles.—Heath and Robertson lost to Ayling and Dean 9-11, Horrocks and Donnell beat Rebbeck and Killicoat 11-6, Room and Shand beat Wilkinson and Fitzgerald 11-3.

Singles.—Heath beat Ayling 9-8, Horrocks beat Dean 9-7, Room lost to Rebbeck 4-9, Robertson beat Killicoat 9-6, Donnell beat Wilkinson 9-6, Shand beat Fitzgerald 9-3.

Totals.—R.A.C. 80 games 7 sets, Methodist 59 games 2 sets.

In reviewing the season as far as it has gone we have won three, lost one, tied in another, 52 games in all, and had one unfinished match in which we were two games behind and a winning set to play, so that the team has had a successful season.

The players who have made the best improvement are J. H. Room and G. R. Williams, who play third and fourth man respectively.

The team has four more hard matches to play before the close of the season. After then we shall lose the services of several members of the team, who will be leaving this institution for pastures new, whose loss will be keenly felt and hard to replace.

In conclusion I wish the members of the tennis team a good old time during the holidays.

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### ***A Day's Threshing.***

" BY G.W."

THE 4.30 a.m. bell rouses the weary student from his bed, if he does not allow himself another twenty minutes, and he proceeds to dress and get out to work.

He meets the rest of the first shift fellows downstairs, and they are soon up at the farm.

The next thing to be done is to oil the thresher, and get the oil engine in working order.

This is done by the organ grinding process, John encouraging the grinder by saying, " Keep it going, Vic," when ever he shows signs of fainting from the heat.

When the " oily " has started, and the steam engine has plenty of steam up, the order " Right away ! " soon comes, and the day's threshing commences in earnest amid blinding clouds of dust, bags of wheat, and bales of straw. Out in the paddocks the pitchers and teamsters are engaged in putting on their first load

of wheat sheaves. The loading shows great variety, some being wide in the middle and small topped, others thin waisted and heavy topped. The teamster with the first named load is generally anxious about it, but in the majority of cases, the load gets back to the thresher without the loss of very many sheaves.

While the plots are being threshed, there is a general spell for a while, between every two or three loads, to clean the sieves of the thresher, and workers gladly avail themselves of this opportunity to have a drink and a rest in the shade.

A fire in the straw bale break-wind causes considerable excitement, but the number of willing workers soon get it under control, with the loss of no more than a few bags of barley and some straw.

Everything is soon cleared up and work proceeds merrily till evening, when we troop home to tea.

After a bath and a change of clothes, threshing seems a thing of the past, and we are soon at tea. After looking at to-morrow's work list, we are glad to get between the sheets as a finish to a day's threshing at R.A.C.

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### ***Swimming Notes.***

BY "SPLASH."

THE dam at the College is situated behind the sandhill, to the West of the Cellars, and is 75 yards long, by 25-30 yards broad, though you can only swim about 60 yards of the length. The students who were here in 1904, rigged up a spring-board, steps, and a strawbale shelter; which exist to be appreciated to-day, though the latter was once half demolished by somebody in search of a snake, and when rebuilt was given the dignity of a roof.

Swimming is the most refreshing, and at the same time developing, of sports. To be a "top-notch" one needs to have other things besides plenty of practice; but anyone with practice can be a good swimmer, because with practice you acquire the knack.

There are only two or three at the College who cannot swim, this year, and they don't patronise the dam, where they would soon learn if they did: so I believe our standard is very high for the country.

A. V. Stephens brings our average up; being easily the best amateur in S.A., and probably the best swimmer in the State. He captained the team that went down last year to Glenelg, and

which came third on a week's training out of seven competitors. As we have the same team here this year, we would have shaken them up if we had gone down.

At the Swimming Carnival at Glenelg on January 26th, we were represented by A. V. Stephen and G. R. Williams. The former won the 220 yards championship of S.A. with ease, and in the 104 yards open handicap, came second in his heat, and won the final in splendid time of 1 minute 10 seconds off scratch. It was excellent swimming as the second man had 13 seconds start, and a choppy sea was running.

G. R. Williams came second in his heat in the 100 yards maiden handicap, off scratch, and fourth in the final. He didn't get placed in the 50 yards lap dash with four seconds handicap. He hasn't enough pace for a short race, and might do better in a distance. We are expecting a poster from the O.B.I. Baths of the events at the races there in March, and I hope all from the College are successful, as I believe five or six are going down to to compete.

A. V. Stephen is, of course, far away the best swimmer in the College, then comes Williams, Fairweather, Baker, Sandford, Howard, in pretty well as a bunch as regards merit.

Carter, Clarke, and Billinghurst are all coming on, and should improve with practice.

Stephens, Ware, Fairweather, and Howard are the neatest divers, while E. Clarke and E. O. Brown have distinctive, if somewhat amusing, features of their own.

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## **Flips.**

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Pug.

Record.

Tandem team.

Boxer and the rat.

Threshing finished.

Third years stewing.

Who has charge of engine room ?

Cricketers going strong for premiers.

High prices at the watermelon sales.

Students are advised to use a bike lamp when going to Gawler.

**Cricket, 1907.**

THE Unions being our next opponents, the match was dated to be played at the College Oval on 8th December. The College winning the toss decided to bat, and compiled 260 runs. J. P. Richardson and Jack Bagot took up the defence for the College, but after a few balls J.P.R. was caught in the deep field after scoring a single. S.A. Brown joined Bagot, and both batsmen started to "pile em on," each at short intervals giving chances to encourage the field, but managing to have the luck to knock up 34 and 71 respectively. "Longie" again came out with a splendid hard hitting exhibition, compiling 50 runs in very short time. His score comprised three fivers and three fourers. L. Sandford made his 17 with good sound cricket, whilst A. V. Stephen opened out and put together 39 (not out) in clean solid hitting. K. Wilcox was the only other player who reached double figures, making 18.

For the Unions Rudall scored 45 in good sound cricket, whilst Finch compiled 41 after a long shaky innings.

## COLLEGE.

Richardson, J. P., c Crace, b Finch	...	...	1
Bagot, J., c Finch, b Rudall	...	...	71
Brown, S.A., c Finch, b Rudall	...	...	34
Byard, D., l.b.w., b Humphris	...	...	3
Gardiner, K., b Culver	...	...	50
Fairweather, W. R., c Crace, b Humphris	...	...	5
Cooper, F., c sub., b Humphris	...	...	3
Sandford, L., c Adcock, b Crace	...	...	17
Stephen, A., not out	...	...	39
Baker, R., stumped, b Crace	...	...	8
Wilcox, K., c Humphris, b Finch	...	...	18
Sundries	...	...	11
Total	...	...	<u>260</u>

## Bowling.

	Ovrs.	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Av.
Humphris	21	1	81	3	27
Finch	8	—	40	2	20
Rudall	14	2	61	2	30.5
Crace	6	—	40	2	20
Culver	8	1	31	1	31

## UNIONS.

Rudall, caught, b Cooper	...	...	...	45
Culver, b Gardiner	...	...	...	20
Finch, c and b Cooper	...	...	...	41
Crace, b Bagot	...	...	...	3
Robinson, caught, b Bagot	..	...	...	2
Humphris, b Cooper	....	...	...	9
Adcock, b Byard	...	...	..	14
Crace, A., run out	...	...	...	23
Causby, b Byard	...	...	...	13
Smith, F., not out	...	...	...	18
Pease, b Richardson	...	...	...	2
Sundries	...	...	...	4
Total	...	...	...	<u>195</u>

## Bowling.

	Ovrs.	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Av.
Gardiner, K.,	13	5	29	1	29
Wilcox, K.,	3	—	19	—	—
Stephen, A.,	6	1	19	—	—
Cooper, F.	13	1	56	3	18·6
Bagot, J.	6	1	31	2	15·5
Byard, D.	5	—	31	2	15·5
Richardson, J. P.	2	—	5	1	5

## COLLEGE V. LYRICS.

The second match against the Lyrics was started on our grounds on 12th January. The College again winning the toss decided to bat, and J. Bagot and S. A. Brown opened up the innings. Bagot got going quickly and piled up 51 in his usual style. W. R. Fairweather and "Longie" Gardiner were the batsmen who livened up the game a bit, the former being at times very uncertain, but "Longie" banged the bowlers about without mercy. He has proved to us that he has a wonderful eye and hopes to make a century before long. His 82 was a very fine innings, containing ten fours and one five. W. Aldridge scored 32 after a lengthy stay at the wickets, but his batting was not up to the previous match, where he scored 84 (not out). F. Cooper opened out and showed some of his old form by hitting up 29 (not out) in good time.

For the Lyrics C. Berriman played a long stone-walling game for 44, whilst Loutit and May had 45 and 31 to their credit, both being not out.

The match resulted in a draw, the Lyrics having four wickets to fall for a deficiency of 43 runs to go.

## COLLEGE.

Bagot, J., caught, b Rusby	...	...	...	51
Brown, S. A., stumped, b P. Berriman	...	...	...	5
Byard, D., l.b.w., b P. Berriman	...	...	...	10
Fairweather, W. R., c Coxell, b C. Berriman	...	...	...	43
Gardiner, K., c Ferguson, b C. Berriman	...	...	...	82
Sandford, L., c and b Ferguson	...	...	...	1
Aldridge, W., c Cheek, b C. Berriman	...	...	...	32
Stephen, A., run out	...	...	...	5
Magarey, A., caught, b C. Berriman	...	...	...	6
Cooper, F., not out	...	...	...	29
Baker, R., b C. Berriman	...	...	...	8
Sundries	...	...	...	9
Total	...	...	...	<u>282</u>

## Bowling.

	Ovrs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Av.
Berriman, P.	17	2	90	2	45
Coxell	6	—	21	—	—
Berriman, C.	19	—	96	5	19.2
Harker	5	—	12	—	—
Rusby	4	—	7	1	7
Ferguson	5	1	18	1	18
Langsford	6	—	24	—	—

## LYRICS.

Langsford, c Hall, b Cooper	...	...	...	31
Berriman, P., run out	...	...	...	1
Rusby, b Cooper	...	...	...	9
Berriman, C., c Baker, b Cooper	...	...	...	44
Cheek, c and b Stephen,	...	...	...	33
O'Neill, c Wilcox, b Cooper	...	...	...	22
Loutit, R., not out	...	...	...	45
Harker, b Cooper	...	...	...	1
May, not out	...	...	...	31
Sundries	...	...	...	22
Total for seven wickets	...	...	...	<u>239</u>

## Bowling.

	Ovrs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Av.
Bagot, J.	1	—	5	—	—
Sandford, L.	1	—	2	—	—
Cooper, F.	29	3	105	4	26.25
Gardiner, K.	15	4	35	—	—
Brown, S. A.	4	2	4	—	—
Stephen, A. V.	14	3	33	1	33
Byard, D.	5	2	11	—	—
Aldridge, W.	8	3	17	—	—

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**Rifle Club Notes.**

BY "ELEVATION."

THE Rifle Club is still well supported by about 46 active members.

Since last issue of *The Student* some alterations in the Committee have taken place. W. H. Room, our first Captain, leaving at Christmas, necessitated another election; Mr. W. R. Day being unanimously voted for. J. H. Room being elected as Committeeman for the third year at the same meeting.

D. Byard resigned his position as Committeeman for the first year, as he found that cricket took up most of his time. F. Treloar was elected in his place, but resigned after four weeks' work; W. Goldsmith was then elected, and is now holding the evidently arduous position with credit.

The Range has been greatly improved by the addition of five iron targets, with raised bull's-eyes on either side, to suit the 100 and 150 yds ranges respectively; kindly made by James Martin and Co., Ltd., at a reduced price, and all thanks are due to them for the same.

The straw-bale mound at the back of the targets is now embellished with a flagpole, from which a red flag flutters, the latter being a great help to shooters.

Our energetic Captain (Mr. Day) has made a table for rifles and ammunition, it is a splendid idea, having a roof on hinges and handles by which to carry it from range to range.

The Rifle Rack the State Department sent us as made for rifles of a larger size than ours. Mr. Laffer kindly altered it to suit the different types of rifles in the Club.

The Notice Board Professor Perkins allowed us in the hall is rather small, but looks very well with the letters R.A.C.S.B.R.C. neatly printed across the top by R. Baker.

The following members are probably the best shots in the Club : J. W. Crompton, R. Baker, F. C. Barritt, A. Hall, Mr. Laffer, J. Bagot, and W. Motteram ; while Mr. Day, M. Dunlop, O. J. Howard, W. Goldsmith, C. H. Heath, S. C. Billinghamurst, and A. S. Hawker are very good shots, but not so consistent. A. S. Hawker being the most enthusiastic member shooting.

Shooting for the handicap has been well contested, although it was pretty hard to get it through during the harvest while the shifts and hot weather was on. Below are the handicap results to date, possible for three ranges being 105 November—1, A. Hall, 95 ; 2, Mr. W. R. Day, 92 (33 at last range) ; 3, W. H. Room, 92 (31 at last range). December—1, W. Motteram, 95 (33 at last range) ; 2, W. Goldsmith, 95 (31 at last range) ; 3, Mr. Day, 93. Prizes for greatest improvement, presented by W. H. Room : 1, W. Motteram ; 2, W. T. McLean. January—1, J. W. Crompton, 95 (32 at last range) ; 2, A. Hall, 95 (31 at last range) ; 3, M. Dunlop, 95 (30 at last range). Prizes for greatest improvement : 1, J. W. Crompton ; 2, M. Dunlop.

The shooting for the Triangular Teams Match has so far been very keenly contested, the winning team being handicapped off to shoot for the prize, which is a rifle kindly presented by Major J. H. Room, V.D. The following are the results to date, reckoned on the average of each team :—

Team	Average for			
	November.	December.	January.	
I. Year	48·9	45·5	42·2	} possible for two ranges, 70.
II. Year	51·7	44·4	52·6	
III. Year	44·8	43·5	52·1	

From the above it will be seen that the II. Year have won twice, I. Year once, and the III. Year in January ran a very close second.

The Club has fired two Association matches since last issue, and a return match against the Para Para Club on our range. The Para Para team drove out on Feb. 2nd, and as there were ladies present the match was a success socially, if not otherwise for the College ; the ladies appearing to enjoy themselves, especially the ride in the spring dray to the range after afternoon tea.

The following are the scores of matches to date :—R.A.C.S. B.R.C. v. Para Para Rifle Club, 551 and 613, won by Para Para by 62 ; R.A.C.S. B.R.C. v. Bruce, 580, Bruce forfeited ; R.A.C.S. B.R.C. v. Currency Creek, 599 and 658, won by Currency Creek by 59

## ***The Cultivation of Brains.***

By "MORAL."

THE most valuable crop one can cultivate nowadays is "Brains." It is the most essential crop on the farm, and our surroundings and environment are somewhat against the proper cultivation of the crop.

Brains, as a farm crop, mature during the winter months. We work hard during the long summer months, we see a great deal, we learn some things. New ideas dawn upon us, but we have little time to digest them. What we speak of as brain food must be digested and assimilated before it can have much value for us, and this can best be done during the winter months when we have the experiences and observations of the past seasons to draw conclusions from.

The methods by which we may cultivate our brains are numerous, and I think this is one of the most important topics that can be presented to the farmers to-day. I wish that I could present the matter to them aright. I would only say that the man who does not cultivate his brains, although he may have ten lbs. of them and wear a  $7\frac{3}{4}$  hat, cannot keep up with the times, and that is the principal object in farming. I say the principal, but not the sole object. Cultivating brains is a subject that requires a trained mind, and requires study.

The farmer's bureau has a great value. Farmers should come together and compare results. If they are true to their business they will report their failures. They cannot cultivate their brains without reporting and discussing their failures as well as their successes. A trained mind is always safer than one untrained, and no mind can be trained until it knows the possibilities or probabilities of success or failure in any line.

Caution is one of the best things we can train our minds on. We do not want to become over cautious; as the man who is over cautious seldom "gets there," but the man who is reckless "gets there" too soon. Some men are well balanced, but none so well-balanced as those who have had the benefit of careful training.

We sometimes meet men who think that they have learned all there is to know about certain things. Such men are really to be pitied. When a man gets to that stage it simply means that his development in that line has stopped completely.

There are certain fixed rules in mathematics and science that men can depend upon, but in agriculture we find new complications of weather, fungous troubles, conditions of soil, drainage, atmosphere, and everything of that kind coming up, and all these can make a thousand complications. The man who combats his

enemies successively is a genius, and his knowledge does not always come out of a college either. These things are naturally born in a man, I believe, but they need careful training. He must learn from his neighbours. He may have a plan fixed in his mind because it is successful with him, but he does not know what complications his neighbours are dealing with and they disagree. It is only by meeting together that farmers can get at the real facts. A majority of the farmers do not know the value of this training. This is to be regretted, because the day is fast approaching when a man who does not cultivate his brains will not keep up in the race.

When it gets down to a point where it is barely a turn of the hand between success and failure, then is the time that a knowledge of our business becomes important, in fact it may mean bankruptcy or success in business to do the right thing at the right time, and not the right thing at the wrong time. These things must come by training, you must learn them yourself or learn them from some successful neighbour.

We find men among farmers who, the moment a neighbour becomes successful, feel envious towards him. They think he is getting too smart, and needs pulling down. We all know them. No neighbourhood has yet been without such men. They are to be pitied, but it makes no difference what those men think. We have ourselves to look after.

Let us then cultivate our brains and get wisdom and knowledge.

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### ***Answers to Correspondents.***

"Willy."—Sorry your motor burns so much wood, try petroleum. Would advise keeping a specialist for mending punctures. Solution is cheaper when bought by the cwt. rather than sixpenny tubes.

"Brownny"—Have looked through the records, but cannot find instances when the barometer went above 31 in the shade. Re your apricot off the almond tree. We consider it a freak of nature, and nothing sensational.

"Wal."—Would advise you to take out a patent for your harvester without a comb or beaters. Must be very convenient without any chokes, even in wet weather.

"Buck."—Have had stronger springs put on the barge, so you need not be afraid of overloading it.

"Burd."—Would advise you to use a quieter horse than "Demi" for your patent ensilage lifter, otherwise we consider the scheme a good one.

"Steve—P.D.L."—Be careful that the 2-cwt. weight is not on the weighbridge when weighing bags of wheat as it is not likely a bag would weigh 4 cwt.

"Longie."—Would advise you to protrude to take action against the firm for libel in the last issue.

"Dagger."—Try a conundrum oil stone for keeping pruning tools in first-class order.

"Hally."—Sorry you could not get a vaccination form to get a concession on your railway fare. Will make enquiries about it.

"Shaddy."—The weed known as charlique which you refer to is a noxious weed, and should be destroyed.

"Judy."—You should make known for the sake of science your sensational discovery of pomegranates growing on a rose bush.

"P.D.L."—The disease of the vine known as chlorophyl is prevalent in our vineyard. They seem to contract the disease from the earliest stages.

"Butt."—Glad you have found that oil can be extracted from cocky chaff. It will be a great boon to farmers.

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## **Why Go Farming?**

BY "WHIPSTER."

THE farm may not give the money some other business will; there is not the chance to make money rapidly; and neither is there the reverse chance of disastrous failure. A man does not usually become very rich tilling the soil; but there are some things in this world besides £ s. d. There are some things money will not buy, viz., contentment and happiness. Coin of the realm may help in securing them, and it may drive them away! We have all heard the story of the millionaire who, when asked what he really got out of his vast fortune, answered, "My board and clothing." He might perhaps have added "Power." The possession of happiness does not necessarily follow on the possession of wealth. Happiness is often found in the humblest home.

I think the farm is a pleasant place. It may, and does have, its dark side; it has its bright side too; its free, healthful, independent, out-of-door life, with no foreman, nor boss to watch and drive. The farmer is his own master, with no vision of a lost situation for to-morrow to mar the pleasure of to-day. He goes quietly on his way as free from care and worry as perhaps a man can be. He sometimes, it is true, has

to face hard times, poor crops, low prices. Hard work, economy, careful planning, and close attention to business are remedies for hard times that may be very properly suggested at the farmers' bureau meetings, where planning and the study of agriculture are the order of the day.

Much has been done to render farm life pleasanter, brighter, more profitable, and more "honored" than it once was. A farmer may now reach the outside world by the railroad, by telegraph, or the mail, with marvellous quickness. The roads are improved, the country schools are better, and it would be hard to find a country where life and property are any safer than they are in South Australia.

In conclusion, I think that a quiet, even, secure life, is to the average man very desirable. Agriculture, the greatest single industry of the world, offers such a life. Farming is a good calling, an honorable calling, and it merits the consideration of any young fellow who is choosing his life's work.

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### ***Wanted to Know.***

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- What they killed for mutton in W.A. in the drought?
- Who built the first straw stack?
- What sent "Bungar" "ee"?
- Who lost a shilling at the fish pond?
- Why Brownie does not get out at Dry Creek?
- Whose turn to feed the quails?
- Why Longie is keeping quiet?
- Why the bars are shiny in the new building?
- How are you segociating?
- Who won the bale race?
- Why sheep don't like watermelons?
- Who owns the feed box in the scrub?
- What happens when the bellyband is undone?
- Why all the kerosene tins are bent?
- A scheme to get Boxer to go.
- Why go to Gawler without a lamp?
- Who is going to win the medal?
- Who won the last round in the teams' match?

**Correspondence.**

TO THE EDITOR "THE STUDENT."

Sir,

\* \* \* \* \* I have no doubt, therefore, that you will disagree with many of my sentiments, especially with this that I shall lay down as a principle, *that it is more eligible to seem than to be learned*; so that if I have any acuteness of thought or delicacy of phrase; if I have in me any care or diligence, now is the time when I must call in all those abilities, such as they are, to my assistance, and do my utmost with the shadow of learning (for what should hinder me from owning that I am unable to do it with the substance) to show how much better it is to *seem* a scholar, than to *be* one.

There, Sir, is a rhetorical beginning! Tully's famous exordium to his oration for Archias is not, I'll be bold to say, more beautiful; nor does it abound more in that agreeable figure of speech called *egotism*. But I shall not have much to say to Tully; he was really learned. This much I can say, however, that had he handled every other subject as he did himself, he would certainly have been one of us.

I know that I need not enlarge upon the beauties of learning to you; nor would it be agreeable to me to meddle with so hackneyed a subject. It is sufficient if I own that the beauties of learning are very conspicuous and beaming. But then, Sir, they are such a trouble to gain! One cannot possibly go through the fatigues of real study, the sleepless nights, and tedious days that are to be undergone: the weakening of the eyes, the pains in the head; what an army of disorders to lay siege to a man's brain, which they soon take, dispossessing his arts of that throne which they once held!

Now, Sir, if people would take my advice, they would put on the mask, and only be learned in appearance. That would at once save all the trouble; and it is worth their while, for the shadow of learning (like the ghost of a dead person) is generally more fiercely bright and larger than the life.

Thus, would you seem a poet, always have ready some lines of Milton to repeat, or (for the sake of their brevity) some of Virgil's hemistics. Be airy in your gait, seem sometimes in secret raptures of inspiration—then you are a son of Phœbus.

But if the aspiring youth would gain the graver character of a mathematician, let him affect a downcast look and contracted eyebrow; let him dispute in every company, and yield not the most trivial point without mathematical demonstration; when he

walks (though this should be but seldom, and always alone) let his hands fall in perpendicular lines exactly parallel to his sides and there hang unmoved; then what pointing as he goes along! and what whispering! There goes the mathematician! and is not this a better method, Sir, than the dry one of real study? Dear Sir, there is no comparison.

“But,” says an objector, “should I fall into company that would find me out? Should a man of sense and real learning expose me? What is to be then done?” This, I own, is a disastrous case, but there is really nothing left for it but this: Let a really wise man be always avoided, and let a scholar of mine ever suit his company to his own capacities. To this end let him frequent female assemblies where he may descant on the most fashionable cut of a coat, or harangue upon the bewitching beauties of a curl, while all the fair circle stand wrapt in secret admiration of his redoubted abilities. These are the methods to be taken, and such the paths to pursue them in.

I think it was a part of Cato’s character that he would rather *be* than *seem* learned; but Cato, I peremptorily affirm (men of my sect always *peremptorily affirm*), was a blockhead, and to the immortal honor of the present age, be it said, there are few such now.

Well, Sir, when I first began this letter I thought to have made it as long again in order for the greater show of learning, but I recollect that I may possibly be mistaken. I shall desist, therefore, and not lead you on with tiresome enlargements. Let me conclude with—

Who e’er he be that to be learned aspires,  
Let him read this, and be what he desires.

I am, Sir, &c.,

PSEUDOSOPHUS.

[As we think the above letter somewhat curious, we have given it to our readers without alteration or omission of anything, excepting a compliment to ourselves in the beginning, which the writer of the letter must excuse our not inserting. We must add that “Pseudosophus” is not just enough to the ladies when he advises his scholars to frequent female assemblies in general. We think that if he had named the giddier part of that sex it would have been civiller to them, and really better advice to those whom he would instruct. Should one of his pupils once fall into the company of certain ladies whom we know he would make himself as ridiculous as if he were in the presence of the most thinking among men.—EDITOR, *The Student*.]

**Old Students' Column.**

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E. G. HUBBLE has a very productive and up-to-date farm at South Hummocks.

D. M. MCLEOD is the newly-appointed manager of one of the sections at Bungaree.

E. R. EMERY our late farm foreman has an appointment as manager of a large farm near Morgan.

REX. BARRITT has taken up land on the Darling Downs, and leaves for that locality shortly.

L. C. DOBBIE and L. M. HODGE are on large selections in Queensland.

C. P. HODGE has a large holding at Tintinara, where he is getting things in working order.

J. G. SANDLAND has left for Wagin, W.A., where he joins his brother on a farm.

E. P. YEATMAN. Our last letter was to the effect that he is clearing land at Pinaroo, and getting ready to put in some grain this year.

W. H. ROOM is gaining experience in an up-to-date dairy farm at Devonport, in "The Tight Little Island."

L. T. COWAN, who has successfully finished his B.Sc. course, leaves for Scotland shortly.



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RIVERTON	...	...	Second Friday in each month.
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