

L. H. Garnsworthy

Williamstown Junior Lacrosse Team

VISIT TO ADELAIDE
EASTER 1933.



CAPT. J. H. FEARON (President)

SOME IMPRESSIONS BY THE
BOYS

A Foreword.



Captain Fearon has asked me to write a short foreword for this little Brochure, and as Manager of the team that made this trip to Adelaide at Easter last, I gladly do so.

I have always had a great admiration for the Australian boy, and as a result of this enjoyable tour I admire him still more.

The members of the Williamstown Lacrosse Club who formed this party were a fine sample of Australian youth, their manly independence, their animated delight in healthy fun, their good behaviour under all conditions, a keen good humour, a loyalty to their Club and Club-mates and those in authority, their ability to take all inconveniences and the knocks with a smile, made them wonderful company, and to me, as Manager, this trip was an experience long to be remembered.

The educational value of this venture cannot be over-estimated. These boys, with their eager young minds, showed an intelligent interest in all they saw, and for those who met them in Adelaide and made their trip so enjoyable they had nothing but grateful appreciation. Its happy memories will be a never-to-be-forgotten event for every one of them.

Personally I offer to all the team my sincerest thanks for their loyalty throughout—no manager ever had better or more whole-hearted support from any body of touring sportsmen.

In conclusion we must, of course, thank Captain Fearon, our President, whose generosity made this great event possible—the boys should never forget his kindness, and the influence on their lives will be great.

We cannot forget our South Australian friends—Mr. A. Bertram Cox (Hon. Secretary of the South Australian Association), Mr. E. Selth (who guided us everywhere and so successfully arranged our functions), Mr. Harold Rule (always a great friend to all Victorian Lacrosse players), Mr. W. Stubbs (an old Williamstown player now living in Adelaide), Mr. T. L. Fulton (a former Victorian and a Life Member of the V.L.A.), and all the other South Australian Lacrosse officials who did so much to make our stay in Adelaide so enjoyable. We offer them our sincerest thanks for their wonderful efforts on our behalf.

HOWARD R. BALMER,
Manager.

A. J. FORD, WINNER OF ESSAY.

**THE VICTORIAN JUNIOR LACROSSE TEAM'S VISIT
TO ADELAIDE, EASTER, 1933.**

During the Easter holidays, 1933, thirteen junior members of the Williamstown Lacrosse Club were taken to Adelaide to represent Victoria in two interstate matches against South Australia. The trip was organised by our popular president, Captain J. H. Fearon, and it was under the able management of Mr. Howard R. Balmer (recent secretary of the V.L.A.). The team consisted of the following members:—

Captain J. H. Fearon, President (2nd Emergency) ..	Centre.
Mr. Howard R. Balmer, Manager (1st Emergency) ..	Attack.
V. Arthur, Captain	Point.
T. Speakman, Vice-Captain	Centre.
A. J. Ford	Attack.
L. H. Garnsworthy	1st Home.
K. Speakman	Attack.
G. Dever, Team Secretary (self-appointed)	2nd Home.
J. L. Retallick	R. Defence.
L. S. Wilkins	3rd Home.
R. Lockyer	3rd Man.
H. R. Uren	Goals.
F. J. Gillies	2nd Home.
C. J. Martin	C. Point.
J. L. Ogilvie	L. Defence.

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 14th.

At 4.0 p.m. we all assembled at the Spencer Street Railway Station, when the tickets and badges were distributed among us. We then boarded the train, and at 4.30 p.m. we departed from Melbourne. Before the train had reached North Melbourne, Puddin had landed two girls, and the self-appointed team secretary was doing his best to crab him. The journey to Ballarat was uneventful and we passed away the time admiring the scenery, playing cards and other quiet games (two-up was barred by the management, so we could not play that).

We arrived at Ballarat at 7.10 p.m., where we indulged in a hearty meal, the Australian record for thirty minutes being broken by our champion, Mr. C. J. Martin; he raised the record by two returns of each course, but the secretary was not very far behind him.

We then started on the main part of our journey, and putting our watches back thirty minutes we retired to bed, being tucked in by the Skipper and Mr. Balmer. We soon realised that Mr. Clapp's seats were not very comfortable and that sleep was an utter impossibility, so we started patrolling the carriages. However, this was soon put to an end by our team leader, Captain Victoria Arthur, who said that if we did not go to bed he would report us to the High Court in the morning. However, we got through the night somehow.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15th.

We arose with the fowls, i.e., daybreak, had a wash, some did not, and arrived at Murray Bridge, S.A., at 6.03 a.m. (Adelaide time). We again showed our worth at breakfast, doing justice to the S. A. Railway's meal.

We pulled in at the Adelaide Railway Station at 9.0 a.m., had our photos taken by the local press reporter (kindly note that we did not break the camera), and were then met by the officials of the

South Australian Lacrosse Association, who conducted us to the Victoria Hotel, Hindiey Street, where we were to stay. We arranged our rooms, changed our clothes, and then assembled in the smoke room, where the South Australians gave us their official welcome. Mr. Balmer, Capt. Fearon and V. Arthur ably responded. We were then conducted around the town by the Skipper. We visited the Museum, the Art Gallery (where Vic. was left behind admiring the beautiful statues), the Hospital Cafe, where ice creams were served, and thence by a roundabout route back to the hotel.

At 2.0 p.m. we left for the Menindie Oval, where we were going to play a match against a combined South Australian "C" grade Lacrosse team.

The game was under the charge of Mr. W. A. C. Stubbs, an old Williamstown Lacrosse player and resident. South Australia won the toss from V. Arthur (this was the only thing they won during the whole tour).

At the start of the game South Australia were the first to find their feet, and with good passing they got the ball to Simmonds, who goaled with a nice shot, but after that burst they were not in the picture, our position play and stickwork being far superior to the South Australians. K. Speakman and G. Dever were the first to score for us, it partly being due to good long throws from the back line by V. Arthur.

In the second quarter Garnsworthy gave a good display on the forward line, his good position play resulting in his scoring three goals for the team. Tom Speakman also played well, and he goaled from a beautiful left hand shot which would not have disgraced any senior interstate player, and L. Wilkins, one of the young members, opened his account with a good goal.

All the South Australian efforts were invariably broken up by our strong back line, the backbone of which was V. Arthur, who was not beaten once during the whole tour.

The third quarter was more evenly contested. This was mainly due to the fine goal-keeping of Cox, the South Australian goalie, and they added three more goals, but we replied with goals by K. Speakman, J. Ford and T. Speakman.

Our stamina told in the final term of the game and we added four more goals.

The final scores were—Victoria, 14 goals; South Australia, 4. Goal Throwers—Victoria: K. Speakman (4), Garnsworthy and Ford (3 each), T. Speakman (2), Dever and Wilkins (1 each). South Australia: Simmonds, Stubbs, Rainsford and Taylor.

Best players for Victoria were V. Arthur, T. and K. Speakman, Garnsworthy, Ford, Gillies and Wilkins.

For South Australia the best players were Cox, Shepherd, Stubbs, Simmonds, Rainsford and Graham.

We were honoured by the presence of the Hon. C. J. Martin, the honorary jester of our team, as a spectator for this match.

We were very sorry we had to drop H. Balmer and J. H. Fearon, and I will take this opportunity of telling them that with a little more practice they would be two of the best junior players in Victoria, and I hope that in future trips they will be worthy of inclusion. However, they ably filled the positions of trainer and cashier.

I would also like to congratulate the two infants of the team on their remarkable exhibition of lacrosse. Although one of them did not score, it was to his credit that two other members of the team goaled, and I predict for them a very successful career in the game.

We then returned to the hotel and had our tea, after which Captain Fearon rendered a solo entitled "Put me in my little bed," accompanied by one of Gilbert and Sullivan's young ladies. The evening being free, some went to the pictures, but the sensible ones went to bed early and had a good night's rest.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16th.

On Sunday morning some of the boys went swimming in the lake (Leo thought he was a worm and tried to wriggle through the mud at the bottom), while others went rowing, where some locals, seeing our "V" badges, thought we were a racing crew representing Victoria and they wanted to know when we were racing.

In the afternoon we were taken for a motor trip in cars supplied by members of the South Australian Lacrosse Association, through the hills and to the summit of Mount Lofty. En route we stopped at an apple orchard owned by Mr. G. B. Otto, one of the members of S.A.L.A., where Pud thought he was in the garden of Eden. "You asks 'im, he'll tell yu." We loaded the cars with apples and then went on to the Mount Lofty refreshment rooms, where we had a very enjoyable afternoon tea and thence back through Bellair to Adelaide.

At tea on Sunday, a very nice young lady dropped her handkerchief near Pud's table. He forgot about his stomach for once and made one mighty dive at it and returned it to its fair owner amid hearty cheers from the boys.

It is often said that the devil finds evil things for idle hands to do. This was the case on Sunday night, when we all went down to the river and hired boats and embarked on a treasure hunt. Pud was the only successful pirate and his plunder was in the form of a fair young maiden with whom he parked in the rushes at the bank of the river; the rest of us spent the time chasing swans. Hearing the terrific din and wondering who was being murdered, the police turned out in force to arrest the murderers, but, realising their mistake, they reported us to Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer for disorderly conduct. The Skipper decided to suspend operations until Monday morning.

MONDAY, APRIL 17th.

After breakfast we assembled in the court room. The trial was in charge of His Worship Judge Balmer and the Crown Prosecutor J. H. Fearon. The accused were not allowed to defend themselves and the jury found them guilty without retiring, but we were acquitted on entering into a bond to be of good behaviour for the rest of the trip.

We were then taken to Glenelg to have a swim. We stripped in the yacht club rooms and then went out on the jetty, from where we could dive. While we were enjoying ourselves in the briny, two youths came along in a canoe. They were evidently trespassing on King Neptune's palace waters for, with a mighty roar, he arose from the depths of the ocean, tipped them into the water and took them prisoners to his dungeons under the sea. You might wonder who King Neptune was. You ask Pud, he'll tell yu.

We then got dressed and raced for the Grand Prix of the Dodge-em Palace and then returned to Adelaide for dinner.

In the afternoon we played our second game against Legacy Club, premiers of "D" Section and holders of the Fearon Cup, which was donated by our sporting president to the South Australian Lacrosse Association.

In this game we again showed our superiority over the South

Australians. The match was again refereed by Mr. Stubbs, who was very fair to both sides.

The first quarter was fairly even, as we had not got warmed up properly (I should have said cooled down), but brilliant dashes from the centre by Tom Speakman enabled him to score twice, the back line again proving their worth by keeping the South Australians from scoring.

In the second quarter we began to feel ourselves, and except for the wonderful goal-keeping of Curlis, the S.A. goalie, we would have scored about a dozen times. Ford and Garnsworthy each got two goals for us in this quarter, and again the back line kept the South Australians from scoring.

Legacy opened its account in the third term when Britton, after taking a good pass, found the net. We added three more goals before the final change.

In the final quarter we completely overwhelmed the South Australians, when Garnsworthy, Ford and Dever added goals. Legacy's second goal was scored by Deverall.

The final scores were—Victoria, 11 goals; South Australia, 2 goals.

Goal Throwers—Victoria: Garnsworthy (3), Ford (3), Dever (3), T. Speakman (2); South Australia: Britton and Deverall.

The best players for Victoria were Ford, Martin, Arthur, Dever, Garnsworthy, Uren, Gillies and Wilkins; and for South Australia Curlis, Deverall, Barry, Britton and Clark.

I regret to say that K. Speakman received an injury to his hip early in this game and had to retire, but I hear that he is now progressing well.

In the evening we were entertained at a picture night organised by the S.A.L.A., it being noticed that Porridge and Skippy were very popular with the ladies.

TUESDAY, APRIL 18th.

On Tuesday morning Skippy was presented with Captain Fearon's boater as a souvenir of the trip. We were then taken around the city, going on the roof of the T. & G. building, through 5 C.L., an "A" class radio station, and through the Amscol ice cream works, where free samples were distributed.

In the afternoon we visited Semaphore, where we were to have a swimming carnival, but as it was too cold the Skipper decided to hold a steeplechase instead. We got away to a good start, but the favourite, V. Arthur, came to grief at the second hurdle. Pud went on to win in fine style, the rest of us dropped out about eight furlongs from home. We then had afternoon tea and returned to Adelaide in the train which runs up the middle of the main street at Semaphore.

I think that this journey back to Adelaide was one of the most enjoyable parts of the trip, our friend Pud obliging us with solos of several well-known songs. His beautifully clear voice held the crowd in raptures as he sent the notes vibrating through the air.

We had to hurry through our tea so as to catch the Melbourne train which left at 6.40 p.m. The officials of the South Australian Lacrosse Association were on the platform to see us off.

In the train we had a speech night and a concert combined, each member of the team heartily thanking Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer for the wonderful trip. We then went on with our concert, each member rendering a solo. The particularly outstanding soloists were Pud, Captain Fearon, who sang an operatic piece entitled "The Kiss," and Mr. Balmer, who sang one of Caruso's o'd favourites,

"The Green Grass Grew All Round My Boys." We then retired to our bunks for the night.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19th.

As on the journey going to Adelaide, we arose with the dawn and played cards, etc. Rupert Uren thought he would play at being a pilot berthing a liner, but the wind caught his stern and knocked it through the pier, which, in his case, was one of the windows. We had breakfast at Ballarat and arrived at Spencer Street at 10.15 a.m. It seemed to me when I reached work that I had just awakened from a pleasant dream.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Captain Fearon very much for taking me on such a wonderful trip, and also our manager, Mr. Howard Balmer. At all times he was just one of the boys, and he deserves great credit for the wonderful way he managed our affairs. I feel sure that if other States had men like these in their associations the standard of lacrosse would be much better than it is to-day. I must also congratulate our team captain; he is a fine fellow, a good leader and an exceptionally good lacrosse player, and I hope that it will not be very long before he is representing Victoria in senior lacrosse. I also wish to thank the members of the team for all joining in together and making the trip such a great success.

Yours faithfully,

A. J. FORD.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIRTHS.—On Easter Saturday, April 16th, at Menindie, a new era in South Australian lacrosse was born when they realised the importance of junior players.

LOST AND FOUND—Lost, somewhere on Lake Torrens, on Sunday night, April 17th, the creases of a pair of dark blue trousers. Finder please return to L. H. Garnsworthy, Victoria Street, Williamstown.

LOST.—A good night's sleep was lost by members of the Victorian Junior Lacrosse Team between Ballarat, Victoria, and Murray Bridge, S.A., on the Melbourne-Adelaide express. Finder please return to the Victorian Junior Lacrosse Team, c/o Captain J. H. Fearon, "The Anchorage," Thompson Street, Williamstown.

FOUND.—A lady's silk handkerchief was found in the dining room of the Victoria Hotel, Hindley Street, Adelaide, on Sunday, April 16th, 1933. Same may be had by applying to C. J. Martin, Williamstown, Victoria.

WANTED TO BUY.—Two good-looking boys; must be young and have fair hair. Gilbert and Sullivan's Young Ladies, Adelaide, S.A.

Special Notice.—Better watch yourselves, Porridge and Skippy.

FOR SALE.—Best quality South Australian apples. Picked at Easter. Still in good condition. Any quantity, 3/- per case. Write A. J. Ford, 31 Laverton Street, Williamstown.

LOST.—A good voice was lost in the smoke room of the Victoria Hotel, Hindley Street, Adelaide, S.A., when it was needed to respond to an official welcome. Finder please return to V. Arthur, Champion Road, Williamstown, Victoria. Reward.

VIC. ARTHUR (Captain).

A brilliant idea! The good Samaritan (Captain Fearon) has decided to take a lacrosse team to the City of Churches. The team was selected and it included the Hon. Pudden Martin.

The trip over was highly successful and Pud, as usual, was well among the fairer sex. At Ballarat our eating abilities were tested and George headed the list by beating "Oge" by an apple and two pears. Pud and Vic. created much interest when they started to scratch and, after an extensive search, it was found that the railways had supplied "itch powder" for them; very considerate.

Oge and Pud were again in the picture, for when Oge was falling asleep he stretched out and put his foot in Pudden's mouth, which was helping the train along. In another corner of the carriage a mouse's roar was heard and, after we had gathered a search party, we discovered it was Leo making weird noises.

We arrived in Adelaide, which has spent its last peaceful nights for a few days. We stayed at the Victoria Hotel, where we entertained the Tivoli girls (who were also staying at the hotel) with our war cry. At the hotel we were met by the officials of the South Australian Lacrosse Association, and given a wonderful reception.

After our luggage was put away we were ready to explore the city, and with the permission of the manager we proceeded to do so. On Saturday afternoon we met the combined Adelaide team and won easily (13-4). We had to fill in the evening, so some of us went to the theatre, but Pud and George were lost and we are informed that they gained admittance to a Society Ball in the Governor's Hotel.

On Sunday morning a vote was taken: Church or swimming, and needless to say swimming was in the fore (Captain and Howard were the only votes for Church). Pud, who was showing the locals how to dive, had the misfortune to try and eat some dead pork when entering the water. Sunday afternoon was spent in a trip to Mount Lofty, which overlooks Adelaide. During this trip one of the South Australian officials invited us to look over his apple orchard, much to his sorrow. The boys were eating apples for days after.

Sunday night we held a "Henley on the Torrens," which was very successful. Ask Leo and Rupert do they like the cold water of the Torrens. In the meantime our Skipper and Manager had been down to the police station and to the local hospital looking for the team, which was messing about till 12 o'clock, true to the old traditions of a real "Henley on the river." The old adage "early to bed, early to rise" was well in the keeping with the boys who were "late to bed, late to rise."

Monday morning a trip to Glenelg, in which the boys gave a fine display of diving off the pier. Monday afternoon we played the premiers of "D" section, Legacy, and ran out victors, the score being 11 goals to 2 goals. Monday night we were entertained at a picture night by the South Australian Lacrosse Association.

Alas, Tuesday has come, and it is our last day in Adelaide. In the morning we were entertained at the 5 CL Broadcasting station, where the boys wanted to test their voices, but the station manager wisely refused to let them do so. We then journeyed to the local ice works, where we witnessed many interesting things, such as making butter, cheese and ice cream, and we were shown the use of the cool storages in which the ice cream was kept. Our guide brought out a tin full of Dixies, which we thought were to be given to us, but much to our surprise we were given one Dixie of ice cream each.

Tuesday afternoon was spent at Semaphore, where the boys held

a hurdle race. The favourite, Tinky Arthur, fell at the first hurdle, but carried on. Pudden was carrying too much weight and was narrowly defeated by our Stawell Gift Chicken George.

We were farewelled at the station by the South Australian Lacrosse Association, and one of our players made a great hit with one of the officials, who spent the whole of Tuesday making eight dozen cakes for him to eat on his way home.

All was quiet on the trip home, everybody seeing the trip was over. We disbanded at Spencer Street Station at 10.30 a.m. on Wednesday.

I take this opportunity to thank Captain Fearon on behalf of the team for his generosity in sponsoring this trip for the younger members of the club.

VIC. ARTHUR, Captain.

T. SPEAKMAN (Vice-Captain).

On Friday, April 14th, a happy party of boys and their managers set out from Spencer Street Station for a trip to Adelaide, to play a series of matches. As they left Spencer Street Station they gave a war cry "Who Are We," etc. After settling down and having a look around we set about playing cards and telling a few yarns. It was noticed that Pud was missing, and after a search he was discovered up at the top of the carriage with two "Lines." All the boys looked, and George and Oges then went and joined Pud. The boys were beginning to feel hungry, then the Skipper came along and gave a few instructions and told the boys a few of the things about Adelaide, and as soon as he mentioned that we were to eat at Ballarat the boys gave a cheer and then discussed what they would make the tables look like after "scran."

On arriving at Ballarat there was a rush for the door; Pud and George were there first, with the rest of the boys close up. What happened during the next half hour remains to be found out, but it was said that waitresses were buzzing about like flies feeding the gang.

After boarding the train and setting off again everyone was quiet for awhile, then Mr. Balmer (manager) came in and had a chat with the boys, telling them to have as much sleep as possible, as there was a hard match to play the following day. Up till 3.30 a.m. on Saturday everyone was playing cards, then Vic. started to doze off, but Oges and George would not take their socks off, so there was not much sleep for Vic. When we got up on Saturday at 9.30 a.m. we washed and then Vic. showed us some "fine" photos of his. Oh, yeah!

On arrival at Adelaide we all hung out of the windows and howled out the war crys much to the amusement of all the Adelaide people on the platform. After putting our things in the hotel where we were staying, we had a walk around the city, so as to know our way around if we got lost. After having a look in the Art Gallery, where Pud and a couple of others were interested, the manager suggested ice cream and all the stragglers hanging behind were well up to the front at the sound of ice cream. On the way back to the hotel, Skipper got his hat taken off him and he started to chase the boys around and have a bit of fun, but we were too fast for him.

Between 12.30 and 1 p.m. on Saturday the waitresses the first of a hard four days' work coping with the demand of thirteen hungry Williamstown boys as the "Me and You" (Menu), as Leo called it, was flying around, the "vultures" had eaten everything off the table.

When we had finished we sat down to prepare for the match in the afternoon.

During the match we showed the Adelaide officials and people what the boys from Williamstown, Victoria, could do in the way of wielding lacrosse rackets. Never did the S.A. boys have a hope of catching up to us, our speed and stickwork leaving them standing. After the match there was a rush for the shower. Pud, leading by a long way, got there first (to the moans of many) "a good half-hour's wait." Saturday night passed quietly, some of us going to the pictures and the rest went to bed.

Sunday, in the morning, we again had the waitresses on the move, while the rest of the people gazed in amazement at the way and speed we put away all the food, yards of sausages, etc. Vic. then suggested a swim, and we all proceeded to hike around Adelaide looking for a place, and at last we decided to swim in the river. Pud was the first to break the ice and the rest soon followed. When Leo dived in he must have been looking for worms on the bottom, for he came up with his hair and face covered in mud, much to our amusement.

After lunch we were taken for a trip around the mountains and saw some splendid sights. One of the drivers owned an apple orchard and he let the boys in. Soon there were not many apples left, the boys filling their pockets, guernseys, etc. Vic. and Jock had enough to last them for weeks. We then proceeded to have afternoon tea at one of the cafes, and the cream and tarts that disappeared made the waiters stare. After this it was expected that the boys would not eat much for tea, but we still kept up our reputation. Sunday night we had free, and it was noticed that there were a lot of boats cruising around the river. Pud, as usual, went looking for some "women," and he was caught by the boys rowing around with one in the back of his boat. Seeing the boys, Pud soon got out of our way. At eleven o'clock on Sunday night a band of tired and weary boys, wet through, slunk into the hotel.

Monday morning, the usual yards of sausages, etc., disappeared. We then were taken for a trip to Glenelg for a swim, and where Pud expected to see some of his yachting coppers. When we were ready for a swim we all dived in and swam across to the pier and dived off there. A large crowd of people gathered round and watched with interest the capers of the boys. Much amusement was caused when Pud dived in and upset a canoe containing two interested spectators, much to the laughter and cackles of the people. Pud's togs then broke and he came out of the water with them hanging half off his back, causing much amusement again. When we got dressed some went on the "Bump-'Em," while the rest of us strolled along the pier. Coming home we formed a snake and marched around lamp posts, bikes, motor cars, etc., until we were broken up by two "cops." In the afternoon we played a match against the Legacy Club (premiers of "D" section) and defeated them by 11 goals to 2 goals. Monday night we were the guests of the South Australian Lacrosse Association at the picture theatre.

On Tuesday, the last day, we decided to make the best of the short time that was left, so we were taken for a trip around Adelaide. We went to the top of the T. & G. building, where we got a splendid view of the city and the hills surrounding. After this we strolled along to have a look at the wireless station. On the way we found a Morton Bay fig tree and had a fight with the berries in the middle of the street. After this we were shown through the Amscol ice

cream factory (numbskull, as George called it) and saw them making ice and ice cream. Walking through big doors and cold rooms, we at last came to the room where the ice cream was, and were given a sample that broke the spoons when we tried to eat it.

In the afternoon we went to Semaphore to have a swim, but all of us "squibbed" it, too cold was the reason! Skipper then decided to have a race and the boys lined up, all eager to win. The course was to jump two small hurdles, around a bandstand, then along to a wall, jump over it (six-foot drop on the other side), then back along the sand. At the start George and Vic. took the lead, followed by Pud. At the first hurdle Vic. just got over it and at the second he crashed and slid along on his stomach, a perfect "duck shoot." The finish was close, George winning, with Pud, close up, second, most of the rest retiring. We then proceeded to have afternoon tea, after which we had some fun climbing around the cannons in the gardens.

During the return trip to the hotel we indulged in some singing. The way Pud sang had the boys roaring with laughter. We kidded him to sing "As I was walking down Bourke Street," and the way Pud started made Skipper and Mr. Balmer burst out laughing. When we got to the hotel it was time to eat. We all decided to eat the place out in the twenty minutes we had left. Nearly every one came a second time at the menu, and just as the waitress was bringing out the second helping we had to leave, much to the moans, by us. What the waitress said remains to be found out. The last that we saw of her was standing there with the tray of sweets the boys had ordered.

On the return trip home to Melbourne we drowned the talk of the people saying good-bye to their friends with the war cries, shaking hands with the S.A. officials and thanking them for their kindness to us; the train drew away from the station and we settled down to the trip home. We all crowded into one carriage and after everyone had given a speech, thanking Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer for their kindness in providing such a splendid trip, we cheered and cheered them till we nearly collapsed.

On Wednesday the happy party broke up on Spencer Street Station, some to go to school, some to work, and others to look for it. The boys will never forget the trip and kindness of the friend of all the boys—Captain Fearon.

THEY SAY—

That Pud is the best "fisherman" in the team.

That Vic. and Oges started to pack apples for the market after the visit to the orchard.

That Mr. Botto, as George called him, was very good to us.

That Pud put out a fire by throwing handfuls of dirt on it. Twenty cars pulled up. "Ceasers," sez Pud.

That Mr. Balmer complained of cutting himself with his razor each time he shaved. Ah, thinking of those Gilbert and Sullivan girls.

That we scared the S.A. boys before the match with the war cry.

That Choirmaster Ogilvie and his boys are good singers. Ahem!

That Lock ate too many apples. He was missing from breakfast the next morning.

That two sleepy-looking boys, with their boots not cleaned, came down to breakfast on Monday morning. Rowing must have knocked you out, Pud and Skip.

That Tom and Jim got no sleep on Sunday night. Hec was moaning about the creases in his trousers.

That the Williamstown boys were a credit to their club and Victoria, there being no complaints to make.

FRED GILLIES (Skippy, Age 13 years).

Good Friday, at half past three, we all met at the North Williamstown station. I felt all excited as we went to town in a crowded train. Getting off at Spencer Street, we were met by Captain Fearon and went around to the Adelaide express platform, where we met Mr. Balmer, our manager for the trip. He gave us our tickets, programme for the trip and our badges. I put the latter on my coat lapel and then I felt very important. We were shown our seats in the train. I could not keep still in the train with my excitement. At Ballarat we had a delicious tea. We had our tables reserved. I went back to the train and fixed about sleeping. Soon I was dozing off to sleep, thanks to Rupert Uren, who made me comfortable. I was the only one who had a decent sleep. I was awakened on Saturday and found that all the rest of the team had been up and washed while I was sleeping. I hurried and had a wash and by the time I had fixed everything we were nearing Murray Bridge. I had a wonderful view of the Murray River. At Murray Bridge I had a nice breakfast. From Murray Bridge to Adelaide we had a magnificent view of the scenery.

We arrived at Adelaide at about 9 o'clock, our flag flying proudly, and we were singing our war-cry more proudly. We were introduced to the officials, who were a swell lot of fellows. All the boys were greatly amused at the policemen. We were taken to the hotel in a car which had our luggage stacked on. We clung on like firemen, all over the car. When we arrived at the hotel Porridge and I were put in a room together, so we unpacked our things and scouted to look for the rest of the boys. We went into the smoke room, where we had speeches from the South Australian officials, Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer. Later we went and had a brief look about the city. When we came back to the hotel we had dinner and then got ready for the match against the combined South Australian "C" grade team. All the opposing team were decent sorts. We beat them 14 goals to 4 goals. We had several photos taken of us by members of the team. We all crowded into a car and sang our war cries on the way home. We had tea and then decided to go to a show, so we went to see "Bring 'Em Back Alive" at the Rex, but they only had single 2/10½ seats, and as we wanted seats all in a row, half of the team went back to the hotel and had a bit of a party. We went to see Tom Mix in some silly picture at the Civic, but went home at the interval disgusted.

On Sunday morning we decided to go for a swim at the city baths. We went down to them and were going to pay our money at the office when the old caretaker walked up and told us we were his guests, so we went in delighted, but to our surprise the pool was dry as a bone. The caretaker told us that they had finished swimming season and they were turning it into a stadium later on.

We wanted to go for a swim badly and we asked him where we could have a swim. He told us to go down to the weir, so we went down there. It was pretty nippy in, but we all enjoyed it. Some of the others hired boats and went rowing, but we had the best time, I think. On the way back we were walking along the lawns when Pud Martin, alias Bruiser, alias Arksome, alias Caesar, our champion eater, spots a girl. He walks down to her and gets into conversation and gets a meet-on for that night. We arrived home for dinner and ate a huge meal. The afternoon before us was going to be exciting.

At about two o'clock about six cars arrived to take us for a trip to Mount Lofty. We had too many cars for the team, so the Skipper

asked some of the Gilbert and Sullivan girls to come, so they filled up the vacant space. At last we set off and, climbing all the time, we arrived at an orchard where we were let loose. We did not know who it belonged to, but that did not matter. We swarmed the trees and loaded ourselves with apples and other fruit and set off to reach the top of Mount Lofty. We reached there after climbing steep slopes, the cars' speed only being about ten miles per hour. We had a marvellous view of the scenery around. We could see all Adelaide and the Gulf from this wonderful viewpoint. Later we went over and had afternoon tea at the Mount Lofty Tea House.

We got home in time for tea. Later there was a rumpus about bedrooms being wrecked. Everyone's bedroom got wrecked. Sunday night we went down to the river, where we raced one another. Later, Pud Martin came down with his newly-met girl-friend. We worried him for a while, but we soon got tired of that, so we left Pud in peace. We had a few more races with some strangers and we were victorious every time.

Monday morning we went to Glenelg, where we went for a swim. It was quite a sight seeing the train act as a tram and a train. Down on the Glenelg pier we caused quite a sensation with our diving experts. Apparently the people had not many swimmers and divers. We got dressed and then went to get the tram, when all the boys saw the Dodge-Ems. After a great time on these we came home and felt quite fresh for the match in the afternoon against the Legacy Club, premiers of the "D" section, 1932. We beat them 11 goals to 2 goals. We got home, had tea, and then went to a picture party that night, provided by the S.A.L.A. We saw a very humorous comedy and Gracie Fields in "Looking on the Bright Side." The people I met that night were very nice.

Tuesday morning, and we had quite a lot to do in the one day. We were allowed about an hour to buy souvenirs, and so all the team went down and bought white caps. We pinned our badges on them and they looked very nice too.

The team then went to the T. & G. building to wait for Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer to come. We waited there quite a while, this being the first time that they had been late. They arrived at last, then we met several members of the S.A.L.A., and went to the top of the T. & G. building, where we had a wonderful view of the surrounding suburbs and hills. Several photos were taken of the streets below. We then descended to the ground and were taken to the Adelaide wireless station, 5CL, where the announcer described different things to us. We were then taken to the Amscol ice cream, cream and milk factory and were shown all over it. There were very many sights that made our mouths water. We were shown how ice is made and we were taken into a room where it was 12 degrees. They kept ice cream in this chamber. We went home for dinner and packed most of our bags so that we would be prepared to leave as soon as tea was over. That afternoon we went to Semaphore. We took our bathing costumes down, but when we arrived there we changed our minds. We were going to have a swimming race, but that was over-ruled, so we decided to have a running race. I thought I was to win with the start I had, but I came a sad fourth. We went home in a steam train singing songs and war cries. We arrived, had a hurried tea, got our bags and stacked them on a car and then ran to the station, where we just managed to get the train.

It was the saddest moment of the trip, leaving friends who had treated us so very well. It did not seem very long between the time

we left Adelaide to Ballarat, when we had a big breakfast. We arrived at Melbourne singing our war cries, happy and sorry; we did not know whether to be sad or happy.

FRED GILLIES.

LIONEL H. GARNSWORTHY.

The long-looked-for day had arrived, and by four o'clock on Good Friday afternoon all the boys of the Williamstown and Victoria "D" Lacrosse Team had gathered on Spencer Street Station awaiting instructions. The tickets and badges having been distributed by Mr. Balmer, our esteemed manager, we said goodbye to Melbourne town at 4.30 p.m., full of joy and expectancy for what awaited us in the next few days.

Six o'clock saw us at Ballarat, where tea having been reserved beforehand was soon demolished. Darkness fell soon after leaving Ballarat, and the boys filled in the time by playing cards and singing. About 10 p.m. we were ordered to bed by our captain, Vic. Arthur, but, oh, what a bed! Sleep was beyond all the boys and everyone was glad to see Murray Bridge in sight—and breakfast. Passing over the bridge we were met by a wonderful sight of the morning mist hanging over the winding course of the Murray River.

Soon after leaving Murray Bridge dawn broke, revealing a most wonderful morning. As we got higher into the hills the scenery became much prettier, but only to be blotted out by a mist which enveloped the higher regions. It seemed no time before we arrived at the City of Adelaide, after viewing the wonderful homes and scenery of Mount Lofty.

At the Adelaide Station we were met by several members of the South Australian Lacrosse Association, and after having our photographs taken we were driven to our hotel, which was kept by Mr. Lee, a keen supporter of lacrosse in South Australia. Having parked our luggage in our respective rooms, we assembled in the smoke room, where we were given a cordial welcome by members of the association. Vic. Arthur, as captain, ably responded on behalf of the team.

The several remaining hours before lunch were taken up by the Skipper, who directed us around the main streets. Having had nothing to eat since breakfast at Murray Bridge, the boys did justice to their dinner, plates being returned all round.

In the afternoon we played a combined Adelaide "C" team and were successful, defeating them by 14 goals to 4. I might state that we had an advantage over this team as they were not familiar with each other, being selected from different teams. Saturday night being free, some went to the pictures, while the remainder decided to make up for sleep lost on the train.

Sunday morning found us up bright and early, all eager for the sound of the breakfast gong. Having broken our fast, we assembled in the smoke room, where it was decided that the morning would be free. With instructions to be home on time for dinner, we decided to spend the morning swimming and boating on the Torrens River, which has nothing on the Yarra.

In the afternoon a trip to the surrounding hills had been arranged by the S.A. Lacrosse Association, who were liberal with their cars, there being ample room for all. Half-an-hour saw us well into the hills, passing on our way wonderful orchards, gullies and gardens, which looked a picture. To the surprise of all we pulled up at Mr. Otto's property, which happened to be an orchard, much to the delight

of the boys who took full advantage of the invitation to help themselves. After filling every available space with apples, we continued on our way to the Mount Lofty summit, where we had a wonderful view of the surrounding country—the City of Adelaide, the outer harbour and Spencer Gulf. On our way home we were treated to afternoon tea by the association, whom we all voted the best of good fellows. We arrived back at our hotel after having spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

The night was granted free, with strict instructions to be home early. Being a fine moonlight night, the river was our chief attraction, where we hired boats, which looked quaint with the oil lamps attached to the bow. We spent the time in racing and making ourselves a general nuisance. Overstaying our time, we were ordered straight to bed on our return. In the morning we were courtmartialled, when the Skipper acted as judge and jury. We were found guilty, as a consequence, but only being first offenders we were given a severe lecture never to let it occur again.

Court-martial being over, we were taken to Glenelg, the seaside resort of Adelaide. There we interested a small crowd in diving from the jetty, whilst Pudden Martin created amusement by upsetting two innocent lads in a canoe.

In the afternoon we played the Adelaide Legacy team, premiers of "D" section, 1932, and easily defeated them by 11 goals to 2. After tea we were guests of the S.A. Lacrosse Association to a theatre party, where we saw Gracie Fields in "Looking on the Bright Side."

Tuesday morning arrived all too quickly and was devoted to sight seeing. From the roof of the T. & G. building we were shown the various points of interest around the City of Adelaide. From there we visited the 5CL Broadcasting station and the Adelaide Milk Co.'s works, both of which were most interesting and instructive. After dinner we visited Semaphore, another seaside resort. There we were lined up for an obstacle race, which caused great amusement for us all. George Dever was the lucky winner of a prize donated by the Skipper.

After a hurried tea we took our departure for the station to catch the 6.40 p.m. express to Melbourne. At the station we received a good send-off by the Adelaide Association and their ladies, who presented us with a nice box of cakes, which was greatly appreciated by the boys. After a fair night's sleep we arrived at Spencer Street at 10 a.m., all well and happy after one of the most enjoyable holidays one could wish for.

In conclusion, I would like to express my appreciation of the wonderful generosity and the wonderful spirit of Captain Fearon, who sponsored the trip. His main objects were to broaden the minds of the Williamstown boys and to promote junior lacrosse in South Australia, which is sadly neglected.

The success of the trip was mainly due to the excellent management of Mr. Balmer, combined with the wonderful reception and assistance of the South Australian Lacrosse Association, both of whom went to a lot of trouble providing for our entertainment.

LIONEL H. GARNSWORTHY.

L. S. WILKINS (Age 14 Years).

After many months' hard work on the part of Mr. Balmer (manager) and Captain Fearon (president), a trip was arranged to take a party of boys to Adelaide to play interstate lacrosse against teams in South Australia. The team was made up of boys out of the Williamstown Lacrosse Club (combined "D" and "E" teams). There were 13 boys, Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer—15 of us altogether. I won't bother about telling you of the trip in the train, as there is too much to say.

We arrived in Adelaide on the Saturday morning. We were welcomed by the South Australian lacrosse officials. We then crowded on some motor cars and were taken to the Victoria Hotel, where we were stopping. When we arrived and had been allotted rooms, I found that I had been put in with my mate, Skippy Gillies. Having had a wash and a clean up we went down to the smoke room, had a few words of instructions, and then we all went for a long walk. We went to the National Art Gallery; then to the Museum. After looking around a little bit of the city we arrived home to have lunch, and did we eat! Oh no! Ask somebody that went away on the trip. After lunch we had another meeting about the match. We then went to the Menindie ground, where we were to play the lacrosse match—an Adelaide combined "C" team. We beat them 14 goals to 4; a nice game. We then crowded into one car and were driven back to the hotel, singing and cheering loudly through the city.

We had tea, and, boy, did Puddin Martin eat? Then we sang up in the smoke room, with our wonderful pianist, Ken. Speakman. Then we decided what we would do that evening. Some of us went for a walk and some to the pictures. I came home with some of the boys and went to bed, and the next morning when I woke up there were no clothes on the bed and Skippy Gillies, my room mate, trying to crawl up the wall in his sleep. So I woke him up and we went into the room next door, where some others of us were sleeping. When they got up there was one big rush for the bathroom, but Puddin Martin was in there, as usual. Down at the training room at Williamstown nobody can get under the shower because Puddin Martin is always there.

It was Sunday morning and the boys were grumbling because they had to go to church, but Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer were kind and let us go for a swim at the Torrens Weir. Did we have a good time? It was then time for lunch, so we went back to the hotel, and were hungry, as usual. On Sunday afternoon we went for a motor trip up in the mountains. We had that many cars that we asked all the people from the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera. It was a wonderful trip. On our way we called on an apple orchard which belonged to one of the men that owned a car, and we were sick of apples. Don't ask me. After that we went on up to Mount Lofty, and we met some cricketers from South Melbourne. Then we went and had some afternoon tea at a tea-house on the mountain. We had a wonderful time at the tea-house. By cheering and singing our war cries the time went on, so we had to come back to the hotel.

On the way back the driver of our car had his brakes on all the time, and the friction made the strap catch alight. We soon put that out and got safely home. Finishing tea, we all went for a row on the river. The Captain and Mr. Balmer will tell you what happened that night. Next morning, when Skippy and I woke, everybody was going down to breakfast, so we hurried and got down just in time to have a little bit, and we got straight away. It was a surprise trip, and the boys found that it was to one of the main beaches, called Glenelg. When we got there we found that it was a lovely big beach. We were

welcomed by the Mayor, an old lacrosse player. We had very much to do, and we had some dives off the pier, with a big crowd of people watching us. We afterwards hurried back home.

Being Monday afternoon, we had to play a match against the Legacy Club—"D" team premiers last year. It was an exciting game, and we won again—another victory—12 goals to 2. We then crowded on any cars and were driven back to the hotel again. After washing we had tea, and we nearly cleaned the hotel out of food. That night there was a picture show on at the theatre over the road. We enjoyed ourselves very much. After the show was over Skippy and myself were introduced to all the young ladies, as we were the youngest there. After that we hurried home to bed to get some sleep, as we had had a hard day and were tired. Next morning we were a bit fresher, as we were to make the most of the last day in Adelaide.

We started off by buying white caps. Then one kind gentleman showed us over the T. and G. building. Then we hurried on and were shown over 5CL, the big broadcasting station at Adelaide. After that we were to go over and inspect the Amscol milk factory, where milk, cheese, butter, cream and ice cream were made. After looking at all the latest things they used, we were amazed at the way they did everything. Hurrying home we had lunch and hurried off to catch the 'bus for Semaphore—another big beach. It was too cold to go in for a swim, so we had an obstacle race, which George Dever won. Having had afternoon tea and taken some photos., we caught the train back to Adelaide. Eating a hurried tea, we all put our luggage on a single-seater car, hopped on ourselves and were driven to the station, where we started our return journey home, with much regret. We shook hands with all the people who had been such good friends to us, and the train left with our party singing our war songs. On the same train, the cricketers from South Melbourne were with us.

TO CAPTAIN FEARON AND MR. H. BALMER.

After having had a wonderful time myself, and all the boys, I thank the skipper and Mr. Balmer for the wonderful time we had, and I am sure that all those who went will be looking forward to any more trips that come along.

KEN. SPEAKMAN.

A team from the "D" and "E" Sections of the Williamstown Lacrosse Club has returned after a trip to Adelaide, kindly donated by Captain J. H. Fearon.

While in Adelaide matches were played against the South Australian "C" Section and Legacy Club, premiers of "D" Section," with a view of bringing under the notice of the South Australian Association junior lacrosse. This part the boys played well, giving a good exhibition each time.

A happy party of boys, with their manager, Mr. H. Balmer, and the "Prince of Sportsmen," Captain J. H. Fearon, left Melbourne on the 14th inst. for a visit to Adelaide. Nothing startling happened till we got to Ballarat. Then we had the first vision of "Pud," the human elephant, in action. After putting away all available edibles in quick time we started off, and prepared for what proved to be sleepless nights.

The next thrill was Murray Bridge, the breakfast station, where we gave an exhibition of vacuum cleaning on the food. Eventually we reached Adelaide, tired, but happy, and were driven to our quarters. After having settled down, we spent the rest of the morning in surveying the city. After a hearty dinner we played a match against the Adelaide "C" Section, and ran out easy winners. The evening being free we went to bed early, and what seemed no sooner than we had got to sleep we were awakened by the bell.

Breakfast went well, and, much to the delight of the old sea dog, Pud Martin, we went for a swim; but, alas! Pud was disgusted to find dead animals floating around us. On this occasion Retallick went digging the bed of the river up with his nose. Lucky for Leo, that it wasn't stone. On our way back to dinner Pud eyed a fair one on the river bank, and he was rather late back, having arranged a later date with her.

After dinner we went for a motor trip to the hills. Half-way up we stopped at Mr. Otto's orchard and disposed of quite a few hundred-weight of apples. After getting and eating as many as we could we went to the highest point, and had a wonderful view of the surrounding country. We then went to the tea rooms, but, to our disgust (mostly to Pud), we had no available room for the dainties, as the room was taken up with apples. It is said that a well-known turkey keeper had got a reserve to give to the turkeys.

On the way back we nearly had an accident, when a car caught on fire; but, thanks to Pud, we got out safe. Pud again came in handy by putting the big fire out with a mere handful of sand. Good old Pud!

The evening being free, we decided to return to the home-town sport of sculling. While enjoying ourselves thoroughly we saw a light on the horizon, and it proved to be Pud, with his lady in the back. We tried to follow Pud, but he showed his skill on the water by leaving us well behind. He never came up the river for a long time, and was last home, so we guess that he had a great time. On returning, we got a shock in finding the manager and captain awaiting us anxiously, and were told to attend a court-martial next morning.

After having breakfast and attending the court-martial, at which sentence was passed, we went for a trip to Glenelg Beach. While giving an exhibition of swimming and diving off the pier, Pud again showed his beastly temper by tipping two innocent South Australian boys out of their canoe and leaving them to get out the best way they could. Upon returning we had dinner, and afterwards played a match against the Legacy Club—premiers of the "D" Section—and again won by a good margin.

Monday night saw the boys in the peanut gallery at the picture theatre, which was something like the Empress—off scratch.

Tuesday—the last day—saw the boys up early, and after breakfast went through the broadcasting station, and how Pud would have liked to put his melodious voice over the air! We then had an interesting trip over the Amscol Ice Works.

In the afternoon we went to Semaphore Beach. The first amusement was a Hurdle Race, in which Arthurs, when coming in the straight, tripped over the first hurdle and bit the dust. Dever was the winner, with Pud second. The cash prizes were presented amidst cheers and shouts. (Oh, yeah.) We then put away the afternoon tea and went back in the train. Pud, again displaying his voice to the best of his ability, kicked up an awful din. The people thought we were sawing the train up.

After a hurried tea we went to the station to catch a homeward-bound train. After bidding farewell to the South Australian officials the train set off, and after going a few miles we decided to have a sing, say, or get thrown out meeting. The items that received the best encores were the manager's song, "The Green Grass Grew All Around," and Pud on "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." The manager's song, in which we had to all join in the chorus, was all chorus, but Pud was a treat to listen to. Special mention must be given to the captain's item. Arriving in Melbourne, we were sorry that such a great trip had ended. It was a wonderful trip, and with the thoughts of the trip will remain the thoughts of the man who made such a trip possible—Captain J. H. Fearon.

J. L. RETALLICK (Leo.)

We met at Spencer-street Station at 4 o'clock, and Mr. Balmer, our manager, distributed to us our badges, tickets and programmes for the trip. All aboard the train, two of the boys held the premier-ship flag out of the window and, to the sound of a war cry, lustily given, we left Melbourne. The first stage, as far as Ballarat, was spent in singing, reading and looking at the scenery. Everyone was as happy as could be, and no wonder! Good Friday—excellent! As Ballarat hove into view everyone awaited the dash for tea, and, as was expected, Puddin got there first. All did justice to the first-class meal that was placed before us, and we certainly did go through that food. When Ballarat had been left behind some of us settled down to sleep, but, finding it impossible, settled down to play cards or sing, as the mood came upon us. At last, about 3 o'clock in the morning, we did doze off, all except Geordie and Puddin, who spent most of the night trying to find out the names and addresses of two Adelaide girls aboard the train, but they were truly crabbed by Vic. and "Ogo."

Morning found us at Murray Bridge, where a real honest breakfast was put away, and, incidentally, Puddin nearly missed the train, trying to put away another piece of toast. From Murray Bridge to Adelaide we gazed out of the windows at the scenery, and were all excited when Adelaide came into view. An enthusiastic reception awaited us here, and with Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer in our midst, had our photo. taken for one of the papers.

Outside the station the Adelaide officials had their cars waiting, and, after piling on our luggage, we piled on ourselves, like flies to a flypaper, and thus arrived at the hotel. Mr. Balmer quickly settled us down in our various rooms, and then Captain Fearon took us on a sightseeing trip through the Art Gallery and Museum. Here we lost Vic. Arthurs, and at last found him gazing pensively into the eyes of a stuffed ape. Later on he practised some new tricks he had seen. The day was rather warm and the boys rather tired, but you should have seen the legs go when Mr. Balmer and Captain Fearon led the way to a refreshment room for ice cream. Refreshed, the party returned to the hotel via the main streets, and made a big dinner seem rather small.

Then in the afternoon came the match against the Adelaide combined "C" Grade. It was a good match, and good sportsmanship prevailed, although we came off the field winning by 14 goals to 4 goals.

Saturday night was a free night, and some decided to go to bed, others to the pictures, while George and Pud were looking for a soul-mate at a dance.

Sunday Morning.—It was another beautiful day, and it was generally agreed that a swim was the thing we needed. So, after breakfast, we hurried to the City Baths, where we were cordially welcomed by the man in charge and told to go in free. We were most profuse in our thanks until it was discovered that the baths were empty and were being prepared for a stadium. However, the weir was not far away, and a delightful swim was the result. While getting dressed on the river bank, a man rode along on a push bike dressed in a weird uniform, and as he passed he pulled his cap down over his eyes. Some thought he was a tram conductor, but at last we discovered he was a policeman.

In the afternoon, a motor tour up to Mount Lofty made it a day to be remembered, for it was a wonderful trip, especially when we stopped at the orchard and Puddin's well-known cry rang forth, "Come on, fellows." We did. The cars then proceeded to the sound of many munching jaws and the eternal throwing of cores out of the windows. Nevertheless, when we were offered afternoon tea, a bare couple of

hours later, we did not refuse, and the Adelaide officials were heard to remark, "Oh, for an appetite like that!" Strange also to relate, none suffered from colic.

Sunday night being free, all except about two or three adjourned to the river, and made life seem strange to the many startled couples, who saw strange oarsmen racing up and down the river and singing strange songs and war cries. There was great excitement when Puddin (who had landed a sweet young thing earlier) was seen rowing lustily down stream. We gave chase, but he got in a dark spot and eluded us. All came home to the hotel that night in a rather wet condition, and "Ogs" put his pants under the mattress to press them. Next morning he had squares and circles pressed into them, and many, many new creases. Also it was found that some who went to bed that night slept with their knees up, because the beds were too short, or was it only short sheets? Ask Jimmy Ford.

Monday turned out another hot day, and a mystery trip found us at Glenelg Beach. The journey, by tram on this trip, was a real eye-opener. The trams are far superior (on this particular line only) to any in Melbourne. In the course of our swim at the beach, Pud again came to the fore by overturning a canoe while the occupants were rapturously watching Vic. and the other good divers doing their show.

Back again to Adelaide, we prepared for our afternoon match against Legacy Club. This game we again won easily, although one of the Adelaide officials tried his best to give us colic by offering us more apples at half-time. We ate them all right and still played well. After wining this match—11 goals to 2 goals—we returned to the hotel to dress for our free picture night. It was a real good show, "Looking on the Bright Side," and everyone enjoyed it right through.

Tuesday all prepared to enjoy to the full our last day, and we did. First thing we purchased a white cap each, and then proceeded with the skipper and Mr. Balmer to the top of the T. and G. buildings. From this lookout a wonderful view of the well-laid-out city and surroundings is obtained. It was much appreciated. Next we hurried to a wireless studio and were allowed to see and hear how and why it works. Then came the Anscol Milk, Cheese and Ice Cream Works. This was truly interesting, and especially so when it came to the ice cream, which we sampled. Back again to dinner. Everyone appreciated the meals received. They were truly excellent and left nothing to be desired. "Ogs" and Pud always managed to put the waitress in a sweat with their ordering, and, between the lot of us, Violet (the waitress) had a rather busy time.

In the afternoon another mystery trip—this time to Semaphore—and as it was a bit cold for our proposed swimming race, the skipper gave us a fine Obstacle Race, in which Vic. did a neat swallow dive by tripping over an "obstacle." Geordie Dever won this, with Puddin Martin a close second. In the meantime Mr. Balmer had arranged afternoon tea for us, and in a regular, merry crowd we again satisfied our holiday appetites. Back to Adelaide again, this time by train, instead of tram and bus, as we had come, for a hurried tea. Tea time on that Tuesday is a meal that none will forget. We had just ordered our second round of sweets when Mr. Balmer called to us to hurry up to catch the train. I wonder what Vi. thought when she came in, with six dishes of sweets, to find the table empty?

On board the train again, bound for home, the boys endeavoured to entertain our manager (Mr. Balmer) and our sponsor (Captain Fearon) with speeches and songs. All the boys thanked the skipper personally for making this wonderful trip possible, and the Captain responded and said that the boys had behaved very well, thus making it one of his best trips. (Great cheers.)

Mr. Balmer was also thanked personally for the capable and wonderful efforts he went to to make the trip a success.

Later we settled down to sleep, but a certain person's feet delayed this until we made him put his shoes on again. Nobody missed breakfast at Ballarat; in fact, several of us managed to "back up" on the sausages. Wherever we went, the boys were always envied for their rapidity of action where food was concerned.

Arriving at Spencer-street Station on the Wednesday morning, the team broke up to go their various ways, but wherever they were—at work, looking for work, or at home—I do believe they were still together in spirit and still thinking of South Australia. Mr. Balmer will never be forgotten by the boys, as his ready comradeship made him very popular, and Captain Fearon has earned the deepest respect and gratification of all for giving us this wonderful trip, and I know that all the boys would do anything to please our skipper.

J. L. OGILVIE.

A combined team of "D" and "E" Section players of the Williamstown Club have returned from their enjoyable trip to South Australia, where matches were played against a "C" Section team and the junior Legacy Club, the latter being the "D" Section premiers last season. They also won the Fearon trophy, which was donated by Captain Fearon. Both matches resulted in a victory for Williamstown because of their stickwork and ability, which left the South Australians standing. The team left Melbourne on Good Friday, with their war cries and songs as hard as they could sing them. They sang all the way to Ballarat, with the aid of "Oigle," the choirmaster, but at Ballarat tea was waiting for them, and the singing stopped instantly. The champion eater—Pud—of course was first off the train. After having an enjoyable tea some of the members thought of having a sleep, but Pud and George thought of some girls, girls being Pud's masterpiece. The skipper and the manager retired early, as the boys thought, but they came back later to see what the boys were doing. After having a song the team retired for a sleep, which some of them never got. Everybody was on the spot next morning at 6 a.m., ready for breakfast at Murray Bridge.

We arrived at Adelaide at 10 a.m. and were motored to our hotel. After being fixed up with accommodation we went for a walk around the city and back for lunch. After lunch the first match was played against a combined "C" team on the Menindie Oval, which, of course, resulted in a victory. After the match we were taken back to the hotel for dinner. The evening being free, the team went away, some to dances and others to the pictures.

We visited the hills and Mount Lofty summit on Sunday, and the camera fiends had some fine views to take. Afternoon tea was partaken, and then for the voyage back to the hotel.

Monday we went to the Glenelg Beach for a swim, and then returned for lunch. In Glenelg we had a fine reception from the Mayor. In the afternoon we played our last match, against Legacy Club, which resulted in another win.

Tuesday being the last day, we went to Semaphore for a trip. The amusing part was seeing the trains running through the main street. After lunch we went through the Amscol Milk Factory, which was very interesting. The ice making and ice cream eating were the best parts.

After having a very enjoyable trip we returned home, some to go to work, others to look for it.

The management of the trip was excellent, and the team thank the manager greatly for his great service.

GEORGE DEVER.

During the Easter holidays a team from the Williamstown Lacrosse Club made a trip to Adelaide, with Captain J. H. Fearon (the president of the club) and Mr. H. R. Balmer (a life member of the club), who very capably filled the position of manager. The train left Spencer-street Station on Good Friday afternoon, and the journey was devoted to such pastimes as cards, songs, etc.

Naturally, our worthy sailor, Pud, soon became acquainted with two fair young maidens who hailed from Adelaide, to whom he recounted many thrilling stories of his life on the Topsy Dee. They arrived without mishap at Adelaide on the bright morn of Easter Saturday, there to be met and welcomed by numerous officials of the South Australian Lacrosse Association and then conveyed by car to the hotel. Then for a walk around Adelaide before dinner, the objects being the Art Gallery and the Museum, where the boys spent some time looking up the histories of their ancient and hairy relatives.

A match was played in the afternoon against a combined "E" team, and although Williamstown won—14 goals to 4—the rather uneven scoring did not in any way enhance the quality of the game, which was played in the best of spirits and thoroughly enjoyed by players and spectators alike. Then ensued a rush for the hotel, where Pud, spending only an hour and a quarter under a hot shower, was last to be seated for the evening meal. A free evening was occupied by the majority of the lads visiting a picture show, but Pud and George, more inclined towards the attractions of the fair sex, wended their way to a dance, there to exhibit many of Melbourne's intricate steps.

Sunday morning was spent in search of a swim, and they duly arrived at the City Baths. The caretaker allowed them to go in free of charge, and, not suspecting any catch, imagine their annoyance when they found the baths completely devoid of water. However, they satisfied their desire by swimming in the Torrens River. After dinner a number of cars belonging to S.A.L.A. officials were placed at the disposal of the lads, and they made a trip to Mount Lofty, which will be long remembered in the minds of the boys as one of the most beautiful car trips one could expect to make. On the way up, the lads were invited to have a look through an apple orchard, and by the time they were ready to leave the stock had greatly, though unnoticeably, diminished, and even Pud and Vic. were satisfied with the amount they had eaten and were taking away with them. In the evening it was decided that they would test their powers as oarsmen, the said decision being very much contrary to Pud's wishes, for he had promised to take one of Adelaide's "prettiest" for a row. However, if the time he arrived home is any indication, he had an enjoyable evening.

Monday evening was devoted to a trip to an unknown destination, which proved to be Glenelg—the St. Kilda of Adelaide. The population of Glenelg were thrilled at the high diving and swimming display given by the lads, in the course of which Pud was very much perturbed because the straps of his bathers broke and left him in the water in a very embarrassing position.

Then came the last match, against Legacy, and the team again upheld the prestige of Victorian lacrosse by defeating them 11 goals to 2.

Monday night was spent as the guests of the South Australian Lacrosse Association at a picture night.

Then, all too soon, Tuesday—the last day of this wonderful trip—had arrived, and in the morning they were taken over a radio station and shown the intricacies of broadcasting, and from there to the Amscol Ice Works, both visits proving very interesting and educative.

Another trip was made to a beach on Tuesday afternoon, this time

to Semaphore, the object being a swimming carnival, but the water looked very icy, and so, at Captain Fearon's suggestion, an Obstacle Race was partaken of, there being a prize for the winner. George showed amazing fleetness of foot to win by about ten yards from Pud, with Vic (who fell at the first hurdle) a close third.

But, alas! the only unpleasant incident of this trip—the departure—was upon them; but all bore it in the best of spirits, and as the train drew out of the station three hearty cheers were given for the South Australian Lacrosse Association, who had catered for the boys' pleasure in such a splendid manner.

On the way home each boy was asked to make a speech, and each tendered his heartfelt thanks to that great sportsman, Captain Fearon, who was so generously responsible for this trip—one that will be forever remembered in the memories of these boys.

J. LOCKYER.

Four Days in Paradise.—“Jump in,” “Who's got the flag?” “Stick it out, then,” “Oh, get off my toe!” “We're moving.” Thus commenced a trip never to be forgotten by any of us boys who were there. Everyone was fairly quiet until after we had overworked our jaw muscles for 30 minutes at Ballarat, but after this everyone felt more lively, and so we created a row till 10 o'clock. After 10 we settled down and didn't sleep. This was partly the train's fault and partly the fault of two females, who would persist in coming and turning on the electric lights each time we stopped. Six a.m. brought Murray Bridge and another eating exhibition. Nine o'clock brought Adelaide, where we were welcomed by a number of the S.A.L.A. officials. A couple of these men had cars outside the station, and we soon made them look like rubbish heaps by covering them—inside and out—with our luggage and selves. After getting settled at the hotel and having dinner, we set off for Menindie Oval, where we played the combined “C” team, whom we easily defeated, the final scores being 14—4. After the match we returned to the hotel, a tired, but happy, troupe. In the evening various things occupied our attention, but no one was very late to bed.

On Sunday morning most of us went for a swim in the river, with a dead dog, while in the afternoon we went for a motor trip to Mount Lofty, calling on the way at an apple orchard, where everyone made hogs of themselves and apple carts of the cars. From Mount Lofty one gets a wonderful panoramic view—equal to anything in Victoria—but this didn't, sad to relate, interest us so much as the afternoon tea which followed, and it was here that we showed to S.A.L.A. officials the quickest method to disperse with good food. The remarkable thing about it is that there were no doctors' bills to be met next morning. After tea we went out, and when we came home Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer came to the conclusion by the condition of our clothes that we had been out rowing, or swimming fully clothed.

Next morning we went to Glenelg—Adelaide's St. Kilda—and amazed the locals by our diving feats off the jetty, but didn't they stare when Puddin dived in and inverted the canoe by simply leaning on one side. In the afternoon we played the Legacy “D” team (last year's premiers) and defeated them 11—2. That night we were treated to a picture night by the S.A.L.A. at West's, just opposite the hotel.

Next day was spent in sightseeing. First we went up on top of the T. and G. building; then to 5CL studio, where some wireless intricacies were explained; from here we went to the Amscol Ice Cream Works; needless to say what we did here. After dinner we went to Semaphore, another seaside resort, and Captain Fearon got up a race.

Vic., falling at the first burdle, dug a trench in the gravel with his cast-iron nose. Then followed afternoon tea at a shop owned by Victorians and emptied by us.

On our return to the hotel we had a hurried meal and made for the train. Here we were given a great send-off by the S.A.L.A. officials. When we all settled down (15 in one compartment), all the lads showed by cheers and other methods how much they appreciated all that Captain Fearon and Mr. Balmer had done for us during the trip. Another sleepless night brought us to Ballarat and breakfast, and then to Melbourne, where every boy fell back into the old groove, and the next day the trip was but a memory.

RUP. UREN.

After a very peaceful night in the train we arrived at Adelaide, full of pep, on Saturday morning. We strolled around a little and visited the Museum to see the Captain's relations. Indeed, some thought they saw the Captain climbing amongst the branches of one tree. Was it you, Captain? That afternoon we played a match, winning by 14 to 4.

Saturday night most of us went to the pictures. What was wrong with your room, Leo, and George (L. Retallick and G. Dever)? Two perfectly innocent persons were accused of turning their rooms upside down on Sunday morning. Four went boating on the Torrens afterwards, the rest swimming in the weir, where some found a little bit of mud. After dinner all went on a motor trip through the hills surrounding Adelaide, and after visiting an apple orchard the car owners said the engines laboured at the hills. I wonder if this is true? We had afternoon tea on the summit of Mount Lofty, and after this most were too indisposed to have tea.

That night several strangers were seen on the Torrens in boats, where some had a very exciting time. It is reported that one boat's crew rowed briskly for home, feeling like singing: "And he played his ukelele as the ship went down," etc. Where were you, Pud? We didn't see you after 7.30 p.m. That night several were wrathful after visiting their rooms. What happened, "Left-Handers"? Apples seemed to be cheap on the first floor on Monday morning; in fact, Leo, Retallick was concerned with throwing them at R. Uren, who had started the engagement.

We later began a mystery trip in a Glenelg tram. After diving off the pier had been going on for some time, Puddin's togs annoyed him, so a canoe mysteriously overturned. How did it happen, Pud?

Monday afternoon we played another match, winning by 11 to 2. That night we were guests of the South Australian Lacrosse Association at the picture theatre. What caused you to be so late getting back to the hotel, Captain?

Tuesday morning all obtained white caps, which certainly set us apart of the Adelaide people. We visited the broadcasting station, 5CL; the T. and G. building, from whence we obtained a fine panoramic view of Adelaide; then we were conducted over the Amscol Ice Works. After dinner we went to Semaphore by a two-decker 'bus. At Semaphore we held a foot race, when Rup, Uren, the heavyweight of the team, romped home fifth, after two exciting tumbles all by himself. He ran several to a stanstill (all those who preferred walking to running on soft sand). We had afternoon tea; then came home by train (one running down the middle of the street). We held a sing-song, and Puddin Martin quite distinguished himself and drew loud applause from all. After tea we went to the station and boarded the train, and

as it drew out of the station we cheered the South Australians and gave our war cries.

Later we held another sing-song in the train. Again Puddin did well, and the Captain came in well with his beautiful voice. Everybody now gave a short speech and feelingly thanked the Captain and Mr. Balmer, of the Victorian Lacrosse Association, who had been our manager. Several did not have enough time for breakfast (20 minutes allowed), being used to Adelaide, and all who weighed themselves felt slightly heavier.

C. J. MARTIN (Puddin)

Having been one of the lucky ones picked to make the trip to Adelaide, I duly arrived at the station to catch the 4.30 express to Adelaide. We arrived at Adelaide on Saturday morning. After having a look around the city, the lucky ones picked to play went to the Menindie ground, where they defeated a combined team. That night only George and I went to a dance, where we had a great time. On Sunday we went for a wonderful trip up to Mount Lofty. That night all the team had a great time on the Torrens.

On Monday morning we had another great trip to Glenelg. In the afternoon we played a Legacy Club team and had a great game. That night we were the guests of the South Australian Lacrosse Association at a picture show at West's.

Tuesday morning we had a look over the principal places of interest around Adelaide. The afternoon was spent at Semaphore.

We left Adelaide that night, a very sad lot of chaps. We had an uneventful trip back and arrived on Wednesday morning, after having one of the most wonderful trips of our lives.

