

Williamstown

Junior Lacrosse Team's

Visit to Adelaide, S.A.

SEPTEMBER, 1934



Some Impressions

by

Members of the Team

ESSAY BY H. SPENCER.

FROM September 20th to September 26th, twelve members of the Williamstown Lacrosse Club were taken to Adelaide by Captain Fearon to represent Victoria against West Torrens, premiers of "C" Section in South Australia. The trip was organized and sponsored by our ever-popular president, Captain J. H. Fearon, who very ably acted as our manager also. The team was:

Captain J. H. Fearon	Manager
J. L. Ogilvie (Captain)	Centre
A. W. Hewet (Vice-Captain)	Point
L. A. Parker (Secretary)	3rd Home
D. McNeilage	1st Home
C. W. Avery	Goalie
F. T. McAdie	R. Defence
A. J. Sargeant	L. Defence
F. J. Gillis	2nd Home
G. E. Budden	3rd Man
K. Burgoyne	Cover Point
E. Emmerson	Attack
H. E. Spencer	Attack

Thursday, 20th September.—At 4 p.m. on Thursday afternoon, all the team assembled amidst great excitement at Spencer Street, where our tickets and badges were distributed to us. At 4.30 p.m. we left Melbourne to the roar of the war-cry led by Gus Hewet. It took us half an hour to clean up our goalie's literature, but most of it went out of the window as we heard the cries of "Paper."

Arriving at Ballarat at 7.10 p.m. all of us did justice to a good meal. We had to watch Kit, who tried to land all the waitresses. He also caused some fun when he asked the waitress if she had any straight bananas. After leaving Ballarat we all tried to settle down and sleep, but we found this impossible. But after dozing off just near Serviceton, our beauty sleep was interrupted by the ticket conductor. He was not greeted too well, and he was quickly ushered out. "How long to breakfast?" was the general cry, and there were great moans when we had to put our watches back half-an-hour, for it meant another half-an-hour to breakfast.

Friday, 21st September.—All were up at 6 a.m. (Adelaide time) when Murray Bridge and breakfast were reached. Here we showed our worth again to a good meal. Skipper tried to sign up a plump waitress as emergency goalie. However, after a few more hours journeying through wonderful country we arrived at Adelaide at 9 a.m. We had our photos taken by a photographer for the "Adelaide News," and we then crossed the road to the "Grosvenor Hotel,"

J. H. Fearon

where we were to stay, and here we were welcomed by the very popular South Australian official, Mr. Rule. Captain Fearon ably responded.

After unpacking, we all assembled in the lounge, where we were given our instructions. The boys soon got to know the girls from Glenola Club, Ballarat, who were staying on the same floor as us. After walking round the town, we had a good dinner, and then went down to our ground, which was behind the Adelaide Oval, for a practice. After practice we returned to the Grosvenor for tea, which was followed by an early night, all being in bed by 9 o'clock.

Saturday, 22nd September.—All slept well, I being late down to breakfast. After breakfast, some of us went down to the market with the girls. We were all well acquainted by then. Getting back just on 10 o'clock, we found Mr. Rule waiting to take us down to the Shell Building, where we were taken up to the roof. From there we got a glorious view of Adelaide and its suburbs. Coming down in the lift, the liftman tried to make us seasick, but we all proved good sailors. We were then taken to the Railways Institute, where we were entertained by a boys' drum and fife band, under the leadership of Mr. Becker. A saxophone player was warmly applauded by all. Mr. Becker welcomed us, and Captain Fearon again ably responded. Here our boys jumped up and gave the war-cry, which was greatly applauded by the local boys. Returning to the hotel, where we had a light dinner, we went down to the ground. The game was well-umpired by Mr. McCormack. We started well, when J. Ogilvie won the toss. We were also first to score, L. Parker getting a nice angle goal. At quarter-time the scores were one all. But in the second quarter West Torrens put on a good lead, and at half-time the scores were 10-3 in their favor. At this interval, Captain Fearon presented the two cups, which he has so generously donated to South Australia. The third quarter was a little more even, and at the third change the scores were 15-3. Then in the last quarter we played much better, putting on 5 goals to 3. But they ran out winners, with the score at 18-10. Our goals were thrown by D. McNeilage (4), J. Ogilvie (1), L. Parker (1), E. Emmerson (1), and F. Gillis (1). D. McNeilage was outstanding on the home-line, as was C. Avery in goals. His good effort earned great praise from the South Australians. J. Ogilvie, L. Parker, and H. Spencer played well around the centre and on the home-line. All the others played a serviceable game.

After tea most of us went down to the Adelaide competitions with the girls, a few going to the pictures. Captain Fearon tried to sign up a few girls for our team down at the competitions. We were all glad to get home and go to bed.

Sunday, 23rd September.—On Sunday morning we all went to

church with Captain Fearon, who made everyone attend. Laurie and Jack again showed their generosity by putting 1½d. in the plate. In the afternoon we were all taken by cars to the summit of Mount Lofty. We saw some wonderful scenery. When we arrived there some paid 3d. for a look through a big telescope, some looked for nothing, while others gathered wild flowers. On the way back, a stop was made for afternoon tea. We arrived back in time for tea, and after having finished another hearty meal, a free night was allowed. In the evening a concert was held in the drawing room, and another snap was taken by Laurie of Captain Fearon with a young lady in his arms. Our last night's sleep at the hotel was a peaceful one.

Monday, 24th September.—Before breakfast most of the lads went for a little boating on the Torrens. Three boats were out, the best one being under the command of L. Parker, with a girl friend, D. McNeilage, and H. Spencer. After breakfast, we were taken down to the Amscol ice cream factory, and here an interesting morning was spent, and ice creams given to us as we left. In the afternoon we were taken down to Semaphore Beach in a two-decker 'bus. Down at the beach a chap did not like Dicky taking his crabs as souvenirs. It was very warm down there, and the boys appreciated the action of Captain Fearon when he bought ice cream for all. We were amused to see the trains running down the middle of the street. We had to hurry back to our hotel and pack, so as to be down at the station by 4 o'clock, where a wonderful farewell was given us by the Glenola girls, Mr. Rule, and our firm friend, Mr. A. Taylor. The West Torrens captain was also present, and he gave us little tokens from his club.

After leaving Adelaide, we all assembled in our compartment to thank Captain Fearon. Jack Ogilvie was the first speaker, and he was followed by each of the team in turn. Three rousing cheers were then given for Captain Fearon, followed by the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." In replying, Captain Fearon said that we had behaved well and played well. He told us that our game had been a good one, and he was satisfied, although we had been beaten. He also gave us some good words of advice. After an uneventful trip home, we arrived at Spencer Street at 9.15 a.m.

In conclusion, I wish to thank our great leader, Captain Fearon, who made this wonderful trip possible. He was at all times just like one of the boys. In addition he showed himself to be a wonderful leader, and able manager, and a model sportsman. I am sure that it was a trip that will never be forgotten by us. I also wish to thank my team mates who joined in making this trip a success.

ESSAY BY LAURIE A. PARKER (Team Secretary).



TEAM composed of ten "F" Section players and two "E" Section players was selected and taken to Adelaide under the able managership of Captain J. H. Fearon, the sporting President of the V.L.A.

Thursday, 20th September.—The boys had all assembled at Spencer Street Station by 4 p.m., when tickets were distributed, but the badges failed to appear until just before we left. The train pulled out, however, at 4.30 p.m. amid the club war-cries and with pennant flying. Mrs. McNeilage's last words to "Oges" were to take care of Dickie, but all will admit that Dickie took very good care of "Oges." The weather was at first very uncertain, but it cleared up further away from Melbourne. The journey was uneventful as far as Ballarat, where we dined at 7.7 p.m. Here the boys saw the first nice line in the form of a waitress, who was dressed in white. Just before the train drew out "Oges" spotted two "lines," but since they were standing in the doorway of "Skipper's" sleeping car, he advised the secretary that no advance would be made. We left Ballarat at 7.35, and the rest of the night was spent sleeplessly at card-playing, reading, etc.

Friday, 21st September.—After an extremely sleepless night the boys restlessly awaited their arrival at Murray Bridge for breakfast. We arrived there at 6.10 a.m. and tumbled out to dine. Here we found a perfect match for Kit Burgoyne. She was only 4ft. thick and weighed about 17 stone. Dickie tackled his chops like an axeman unto a tree, and was not satisfied until they landed on the floor; and Eddie Emmerson poured a young gentleman's coffee into his tea, thinking it to be milk.

When Murray Bridge was left behind we were soon in the Mounts, and the scenery viewed while descending them at sunrise was marvellous. At 9 a.m. the train was met at the Adelaide Station by the officials of the S.A.L.A., and then the "News" representative pleased the boys by taking their photo, but the paper was proclaimed a washout when the photo failed to appear in the evening edition.

We were then conducted across the road from the station to the "Grosvenor," where we were to stay. We were hardly through the door when we knew that we were in for a good time, for right in front of "Oges" was a maiden fair. He thought she would be ideal company for the secretary, who reluctantly agreed. The natural course, then, was for "Oges" to arrange a "meet" with the young damsel and her friend (Thelma and Jean), and again the secretary reluctantly agreed, because he had to be where he could keep his "fatherly" eye on Jack. A few minutes later found us installed in

our rooms, and then we repaired to the sitting room where the "Skipper" informed us that we had the morning free, but that the afternoon was to be spent at training for the match to be played the next day. Within half-an-hour of our arrival in Adelaide we knew most of the 27 girls from the "Glenola" Physical Culture Club, Ballarat, who were also staying at the "Grosvenor." For the rest of the morning we walked round the town admiring the buildings and the beautiful way in which the city is planned out. We returned for dinner at 12.30, and whilst awaiting different courses Skipper would sing sweetly to the young ladies at the other end of the dining room. This proved to be a feature of every meal, after which he would excuse himself and sit with the girls. During this first meal he gave each young lady a small photo of himself, this being the start of his conquest of the fairer sex.

At 2 p.m. Mr. Rule, our tireless friend, called to take us training for our match. We were taken through the cricket ground, where our photos were taken, and we were then conducted behind the Oval to a smaller ground on which the match was to be played. By the time we had finished training, which consisted of a match between two sides (the forwards and the backs) we were ready to do justice to the beautiful meals served at the "Grosvenor." After tea, Skipper wisely informed us that we could wander round the streets until 8.30, so long as we were in bed by 9 p.m. This was unfortunate, but, nevertheless, the boys postponed their "important meetings" until the next day.

Saturday, 22nd September.—After a good night's rest the boys rose with the larks at 6 o'clock, and by 6.30 two sweet voices could be heard singing "alto" in the bathroom. This session was known as "Bath-time Melodies," and was ably broadcasted by our captain, Jack Ogilgie, and his accompanist. Instead of meeting smiles at the door when the session terminated, two angry young ladies demanded an explanation as to why a certain appointment had not been kept the previous evening. This was a very humiliating predicament to be in for the first time (?), but when the guilty parties explained that Captain Fearon had packed them off to bed before 9 o'clock they were duly forgiven and were allowed to proceed to breakfast. This time little Dickie managed to control his "wood-cutting" instinct and successfully kept his breakfast off the floor. (Perhaps the young ladies had something to do with it.) To the surprise of all present, he completed one side of the menu and then asked the Skipper if he could do the other side, too. Again Skipper deserted us and sat with the girls, so we disgustedly withdrew to the roof where lacrosse was practised. This had to be abandoned, because, owing to very accurate passing (?) numerous trips had to be made to the top of the next building in order to recover the ball.

At 10'clock Mr. Rule arrived to escort us to the top of the Shell

Building. The top of this high building commanded a perfect view of the whole of Adelaide. One could see how the city (although comprised of narrow streets, generally) was beautifully laid out in squares, which Mr. Rule informed us were each one mile of side. By looking along the streets which led to the hills you could see at first the big business houses, then the residential areas until the houses gradually thinned out and the farms appeared with the picturesque mountains as a background. In the heart of the city all public buildings (Government buildings, art galleries, colleges, etc.) are very conveniently situated together in North Terrace, not far from the station. The city itself is surrounded by beautiful parklands, through which you must go in order to reach the suburbs. Factory centres are kept separate from residential areas. Looking seaward, about twenty continuous miles of perfect sandy beach meet the eye. Mr Rule left very little to be explained about the lay-out of Adelaide, and then we left the building.

By 11.15 we had reached a small hall, where a fife band was to play to us. The band, which far exceeded all expectations, consisted of 152 fife players and 8 drummers, etc. The boys' ages were between 8 and 11 years, and for that age and number they displayed very good behaviour and smart discipline. Their ability was of high standard, and our boys thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. At the close their instructor presented Skipper with a copy of their favorite piece. Skipper's speech in thanks was followed by our war-cry, after which we returned to the hotel for dinner. The remaining half-hour before lunch was spent in the lounge, discussing methods of attack for the forthcoming match.

After an exceedingly light lunch we made our way to the West Torrens ground, which was situated behind the Adelaide Cricket Ground. By 2 o'clock we were stripped, and without any further delay the match started. Within five minutes Williamstown had scored the first goal, but later the opponents broke through our defence and scored, bringing the score to 1-1 for the first quarter. This score was a very good indication to the evenness of the play during that period. West Torrens attacked vigorously during the second quarter and scored 9 goals to our 2, making the half-time scores 10-3 in the South Australians' favour. Up to this stage, Ogilvie in the centre and Hewit at point were outstanding, assisted by "Spot" (Harry Spencer), who was clearing well on the wings. The third quarter was almost a repetition of the second, West Torrens registering 5-0. A great deal of the credit for their success goes to Chas. Scroop, who was playing brilliantly at centre, and caused frequent changes in the Williamstown centre. With the third quarter scores at 15-3 our boys gave their best display. A beautiful left-hand shot was netted by Jack Ogilvie, who was working very hard. Avery, in goals, repelled many attacks as coolly as during the

first quarter, and Dickie McNeilage, our small 1st homer, netted two brilliant shots. During this final term our boys played good lacrosse and outshone the opponents, who only scored 3 goals to our 5. Since the average age of our team was 15.9 years, it must be admitted that they did exceptionally well against practically a "B" Section, and although we were defeated by 18 goals to 8, it was a very fine effort on the part of our boys.

Goal-throwers.—Victoria: McNeilage (4), Ogilvie, Parker, Emerson, and Gillis. South Australia: Clyma (5), Scroop (4), Goring (3), G. Shawyer and D. Shawyer (2), Turner, and Provis.

Best Players.—Victoria: McNeilage, Spencer, Ogilvie, Parker, and Avery. South Australia: Nugget, Goring, Scroop, Clyma, and G. Shawyer.

Since this was the first season that Charlie Avery handled a stick, it would not be surprising to see him defending the interstate goals in a few years' time. Unfortunately our spare centre (Skipper) had to look on as first emergency, but as he is only a youngster, another twelve months' experience should see him selected without doubt. Already this lad (?) has shown marked improvement by earning promotion from second emergency to first emergency this year.

After the match the boys made their way wearily back to the hotel, where the two rash young fellows of the team collected two fair damsels and spent an hour rowing on the Torrens before tea. It is said that these two boys boasted that they could row all day without tiring, but half-a-hour later the girls were doubtful as to whether their escorts were capable of rowing them back to the boat-sheds. At 6 o'clock, however, everybody was present at the dining room, hence we conclude that the expert (?) oarsmen did get back.

The evening was free, and Skipper, who is a keen admirer of the curvy figures of the fairer sex, decided to support the Glenola Club girls in their competitions at the Town Hall. It will be noticed that most of the boys needed no asking to attend. In fact, it seemed as though each one had appointed himself as manager and chief trainer to one of the girls.

The evening, however, was one which should remain in the boys' memories for many years. Apart from the perfect figures, the performances of the girls were excellent and on the whole the results of the Glenola Club were very satisfactory. Skipper was in his element and thoroughly enjoyed the display, although at one stage he showed his lack of self-restraint by standing up in order to see the better some young ladies who were performing whilst lying on the floor. Skipper's chair was beside the passage way where the girls entered to contest, and there are many witnesses to the fact

that when the girls were waiting beside him, their figures and legs were intensely studied by him, with the result that next day he complained of having sore eyes. At 10 o'clock Jack accidentally rubbed his chin and to his surprise he found that it needed shaving. He then remembered that young ladies do not like prickly faces, so he immediately hurried back to the hotel to shave himself, and was back again by 10.30, just in time for the end.

The remaining hour before midnight, the boys spent at feasting with the girls in celebration of their success at the competitions. At about 1 o'clock Jack Ogilvie, who had been looking for me, fortunately found me admiring the beauty of the city by electric light from the roof of the "Grosvenor." He informed me that the door to the roof had been locked, so locking me out, and I am taking this opportunity of sincerely thanking Jack for having saved me from embarrassment and extreme discomfort of spending a cold night on the hotel roof. All members of the team, however, including Skipper, were in bed by 2 o'clock on Sunday morning.

Despite the late hour at which we retired, the popular session known as "Bath-time" Melodies, was again being broadcasted throughout the hotel by 6.30 on the finest morning of the tour. It will be noticed that the two voices participating, were rather cracked and husky. (Perhaps the young ladies should not have kept the boys up so late on Saturday night.)

Skipper told us that he had lost his overcoat. I suppose he wanted us to believe that he lost it whilst in our company, but we have suspicions that after he sent us to bed at 9 p.m. on Friday, he went out with some young lady. "Well, Skipper, we all think that if you apply to the caretaker of the Adelaide parks, your overcoat will be returned."

After an early breakfast several boys stripped into their lacrosse togs and vainly tried to appear nice enough for the girls to take their photos. Just then the Adelaide Salvation Army stopped outside the "Grosvenor," and being high-minded we listened to them. At 10.30 we bade au revoir to our fair companions until 12.30, and looking our best we set off for St. Peter's Cathedral, accompanied by Skipper. The cathedral is very beautiful, being built in the later Gothic style and having two spires. The inside was even more beautiful than the outside, being exquisitely decorated. After an interesting sermon an offering was accepted, and, overcome by a sudden fit of generosity the team captain and the secretary unstintingly contributed one and a halfpence between them. Church over, the lads hurried back for dinner.

At 2 p.m., Mr. Rule, "Algy" Taylor, and other S.A.L.A. officials arrived at the hotel with a fleet of swell cars which were to convey us and several members of the West Torrens team up into the Mount

Lofty Ranges. Jack Ogilvie, Alan Sargeant, Kit and myself picked out the best car we could find, namely, a Buick sedan, and climbed in. We were the last to leave, however, but we were almost the first to arrive at the summit after travelling at a minimum of about 30 m.p.h. On the way out of town our driver informed us that no houses in Adelaide were built of wood owing to the destructive work carried on by the white ants, and I will admit that during my entire stay in Adelaide, not once did I see a wooden house. The stiff climb into the hills begins right at the outskirts of the suburbs, and it is here that you find the well-kept orchards and the market gardens. There is scarcely 100 yards of straight road in any part of the run to the top of the mount, and the scenery viewed from this winding road is something that I can recommend all Adelaide visitors to see. At the summit we had a perfect view in all directions of the surrounding country. By looking through a very powerful telescope we could distinguish small objects on the beach fronts, and also vehicles moving in the streets more than 20 miles away. There was a charge of a silver coin to look through the telescope, but as you can guess, the man in charge did not make his fortune out of our boys. Many good snaps were taken from here and just as we were leaving, a huge wedge-tail eagle honored us by flying overhead. From here we motored to some tea-rooms, where we showed our ability to clean up the hot scones, tea and cream which were set before us. This was followed by a thrilling exhibition of shadow tennis given by Dickie and Gus. We then began our return by another road, so making it a round trip. When we were above the Morialto Falls we stopped and took several snaps, for here was some of the most beautiful scenery we had seen on the tour. It was now 5.15 p.m., and Jack and I had an appointment for 6 o'clock. Our driver got us there a quarter of an hour early by doing 55 m.p.h. along North Terrace, but in doing so we unknowingly passed the flag-ship, that is to say, the car containing the Skipper. For this most serious offence Skipper threatened us with court-martial.

The evening was spent in various ways. Our handsome goalie furthered his acquaintance with the young ladies by accompanying them to church, where to his disgust a young fellow cast his glad eye on Beryl. Severally others paraded the river in boats and haunted the atmosphere with our favorite song, "The Old Spinning Wheel." Jack and Kit thought they would land some Adelaide girls, but from what we gathered about the results they both lacked the necessary personality.

The secretary, who was left in the lurch, walked up and down the river bank alone (???) for three hours. By 10 p.m. most of us were gathered in the music room of the "Grosvenor," where we spent a very sociable hour or so with "Algy" Taylor, several West

Torrens chaps, and some Glenola girls. As it was Sunday we were both surprised and disgusted (oh, yeah!) when Skipper insisted (?) on dancing with the young ladies. Everybody retired more or less early; in any case the "Grosvenor" roof was vacated by 12.30.

Monday, 24th September.—At 6 o'clock on the Monday morning I rose and roused seven other chaps and a young lady who were all to take part in the Torrens Regatta, which was to be held before breakfast. By 6.30 we were all at the river and installed in our boats. Each crew consisted of three, a cox and two oarsmen. I know that Thelma, who acted as cox in our boat, will admit we would have been better off without a rudder, for such was the case. We were fortunate, however, in being able to pick up "Spot," who, by a miracle, had risen before breakfast. Although this meant that we had to pull four to the other's three. "Spot's" ability with the helm overcame the difficulty. The big race began and the winning crew was: Thelma and "Spot" (combined cox), Dickie and the secretary. We then rowed to the weir where some good views were seen, and by 8.30 we had returned for breakfast after a most enjoyable morning.

After breakfast, at about 10 o'clock, Mr. Rule again called for us, and this time he conducted three Glenola girls, Skipper and our team to the Amscol works. The first thing we were shown was the testing, grading, and stamping of eggs, ready for export. Then we saw the process of butter making, including the cream testing in the laboratory. This process is carried out under the highest of hygienic conditions, the butter being untouched by human hands. From here we were led to the ice-making plant, where the 400lb. blocks were completed in 24 hours and by means of a new system that they are installing they expect to produce a 400lb. block in 18 hours. These times are much faster than those of many Melbourne ice plants. After Dickie had stuffed fine ice down everybody's neck, we were conducted to another part of the works where thousands of gallons of milk are bottled daily ready for delivery. Then we were shown the most interesting part of the whole works, that is to say, the ice-cream making plant. This was very interesting, but not as interesting as the samples which were handed round afterwards. The boys were asked to say if they found anything wrong with it, but not notice was taken when they said that you could not really tell with the first sample. Mr. Rule and Skipper than thanked our guide on behalf of us visitors.

The Amscol works are undoubtedly very modern and very hygienically conducted, but there are many instances of that which causes unemployment, in the form of machines which do away with dozens of employees. It was now 12 o'clock, so we made our way back for an early lunch. Skipper then said that at half-past one we were to leave for a rushed trip to Semaphore and back. Until then

I had no idea that Jack spoke French so fluently, but I believe he had a meet on with Jean the pretty waitress, at 2 o'clock. Better luck next time. Jack.

Sharp on time we caught a double-decker 'bus which conveyed us to Port Adelaide, whence we travelled by tram to Semaphore. Here we went along the long pier and Dickie did not increase his popularity with a fisherman when he pulled the legs off some crabs. Skipper, who was in bright spirits, danced along the pier and shouted ice cream for all. When we jokingly told a fisherman to throw an under-sized fish back we were told to go places, so we returned to the tram. It was 3.30 when we reached the hotel again, leaving us barely an hour in Adelaide. This was spent at packing and farewelling our late girls friends. By 4 o'clock we were all gathered on the station, and were not long in finding our places on the train. Here we received a pleasant surprise, for the girls produced numerous streamers which each gave to their special boyfriend to hold. Algy Taylor (who jumped under the train to recover Jack's last two bob), Mr. Rule, and the other S.A.L.A. officials attended our departure. Chas. Scroop, the West Torrens captain, presented us all with small bouquets in our club colors, and also small cards bearing his autograph.

Then came our sorriest moment. The train moved slowly off, but not before several of the girls had succeeded in kissing everybody, including Skipper. The maze of streamers stretched and broke amid the deafening war-cry and with pennant flying. Soon we had left the City of Churches far behind. To any observer we were a sad-looking lot because our marvellous time had come to an end.

We all assembled in one compartment and thanked Captain Fearon from the bottom of our hearts for the wonderful trip he had given us. Skipper responded, and gave advice to different members of the team. He added that as a result of the match he picked out at least one "Budden" lacrosse player.

At about 6 o'clock we dined at Murray Bridge and then settled down for the night. I must not omit that one of the Glenola girls came home with us, so the boys who all pitied Kit for his lack of success in Adelalide, gave him a fair go. Needless to say Kit was parked until Ballarat was reached at 7 o'clock the next morning.

Tuesday, 25th September.—After a little more sleep than we had on the way to Adelaide, we were roused at 7 o'clock for breakfast at Ballarat, where Coral left us, leaving Kit broken-hearted. Again the lads again attempted to become acquainted with the waitresses, but 20 minutes was not long enough. Soon we were off again, and by 9 o'clock we were pulling into Spencer Street roaring our war-

cry. Although we had been defeted, we still flew the pennant. Half-an-hour later all had gone their various ways.

In conclusion I would like to thank Captain Fearon very much for having taken me on such a marvellous trip, but has been not only enjoyable but also educational to me. I wish to congratulate him for not only sponsoring the entire tour, but also for managing it in a way that left nothing to be desired; and he was at all times one of the boys (not omitting that he was one of the biggest sheiks.) On behalf of the team I thank Mr. Rule for his tireless efforts to entertain us. Nothing was to much for him to do, and we looked on him as our best friend in Adelaide. Many thanks are due also to the Glenola Club girls. There is no doubt that they made our stay at the "Grosvenor" what it was, with the fine sociable spirit they showed towards us, and the send-off they gave us has never been equalled on previous trips.

Lastly, I thank our Captain (Jack Ogilvie) and the team, who all pulled together with the best of spirit, and made the trip what it was. It was unfortunate that we did not win the match, which was the first interstate challenge ever to be made, but we played exceptionally well against our opponents who were both too big and too fast for us.

THEY SAY—

That Skipper filled a black note-book with shorthand notes on the behavior of the Captain and the Secretary. I wonder if it would bear revealing?

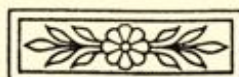
That Jack went up to the roof of the "Grosvenor" with his overcoat over his pyjamas and with a rug over him arm at 1 o'clock on the Sunday morning.

That Skipper lost his overcoat. Has he applied to the Adelaide park attendants yet?

That the fishermen at Semaphore were after crabs. Better look out, "Spot" and Dickie.

That Kit fell down the stairs (or was it the river-bank), and lost one knee of his strides and one elbow of his coat.

That the Glenola girls were swell. Ask Laurie and Skipper.



ESSAY BY CHARLES AVERY.

THE team all arrived at Spencer Street at 4 o'clock, and after buying literature at the station bookstall to supply our needs for the journey, we were presented with our tickets and were admitted to the platform. We stowed our luggage away in the racks, and finding our seats, we received our badges. After farewelling numerous friends and relations on the platform we resumed our positions in the train and with the pennant flying out of the window, we gave the club war-cry as the train slowly moved out of the station. We remained at the window still waving to those who farewelled us. We then took up a position on the other side of the carriage, to see some friends from school and our dear old school teachers at North Melbourne station. Further along the line at Deer Park and Sunshine we again saw some of our school friends. Then we settled down to view the country side, or perhaps to read books. Our first stop was at Bacchus Marsh, where the staff was given to the engine-driver. The train then proceeded to Ballarat, and after 2½ hours' travelling from Melbourne we arrived at Ballarat, where the boys did justice to a very fine tea, as well as trying to land certain waitresses. We left Ballarat punctually at 7.35 p.m., and at the next main stop, Ararat, we were busily engaged reading or playing cards. We bought refreshments to keep us going for the next part of the journey. After stopping at Stawell and Murtoa our next stop was Horsham, where some of the boys "snapped down" on pies. Our next stop was Dimboola, not of much importance. At the next stop, Nhill, there was a change of engines, and the crew of the new engine were requested to gather up pace by the boys. The next stop was Kaniva, and then we came to the next stop on the Victorian side of the journey, that is, Serviceton, 287 miles from Melbourne. Here we changed to the large South Australian Pacific type of engine. The train then roared on, while the boys got a little sleep. It stopped at Bordertown, Wolseley, Keith, Ki-Ki, and we finally arrived at Murray Bridge, after passing over and receiving a wonderful view of the Murray. At Murray Bridge the boys did justice to another wonderful meal. In fact, some of them ate so much that in their hurry to catch the train again, they left their overcoats behind, and had it not been for the rather plump waitress there the boys may have had to collect them from the Lost Property Office on the way back.

After leaving Murray Bridge we again indulged in a game of cards (not poker). Before Murray Bridge we stopped at Taillem Bend, the coldest place on the journey. Departing from Murray Bridge we began to ascend the Mount Lofty Ranges, which was fairly tedious because of the low speed. However, the countryside was very beautiful to gaze upon, so the time did not drag as long

as it might have done. Having passed the Lofty Ranges, from which we gained a wonderful view of Adelaide and the suburbs, we gradually passed into the suburbs of Adelaide. It was rather curious to hear a bell ringing at every cross road, but it is a rather ingenious idea on the part of some inventor. We at last arrived at Adelaide, again giving the war-cry as we came into the station. After dumping our luggage out of the window, we were welcomed on the station by the Adelaide officials. The next important thing was the taking of our photograph on Adelaide station, which, strange to say, did not crack the photographer's camera. We then left the Adelaide station, and so completed our journey.

Having left the Adelaide Station we proceeded to the "Grosvenor," opposite the station. The South Australian officials then officially welcomed us, and Captain Fearon suitably responded on behalf of the boys. Our luggage had been taken up on the lift and it was then time for us to follow and to receive the keys to our bedrooms. We were informed by the lift-boy that there was a party of girls from Ballarat on the same floor. One can imagine what happened when the lift boy mentioned girls. All of us were very eager to see these pretty lassies, and it wasn't very long before we had made their acquaintance—well, so much for the girls at present. After unpacking portion of our baggage and arranging things in order in the bedroom, we had the morning to do as we pleased—that is, we had a free morning.

Therefore we went to investigate the streets and shops of Adelaide, two of us visiting the various shipping companies and tourist bureaux in the hope of gaining some pamphlets, and were very successful at Elder, Smith & Co.'s in Currie Street. The chap at the counter gave us a large supply (he must have liked the nice smiles we gave him). Having a large number of pamphlets we went back to the hotel to deposit same in our bedrooms. Then the same two, accompanied by another, paid a visit to the numerous public institutions, such as the Public Library, Art Gallery, etc., which are situated on left side of North Terrace, going down. After a weary trudge through the Botanic Gardens to the Zoological Gardens, which we found were shut on account of the death of a director, we finally arrived at the Grosvenor just in time for dinner. This was our first meal in Adelaide, and I think the boys showed the waitresses what they could eat. The waitresses, of course, were very nice, at least the boys thought so. After dinner we went to our bedrooms and packed our lacrosse outfit ready to go down to the ground to practise. Mr. H. Rule met us at the hotel and escorted us to the ground. Once again we had our photograph taken as we were crossing the Adelaide Cricket Oval. We proceeded then to the dressing rooms, where we stripped and proceeded to practise under the supervision of our Captain (J. Ogilvie)

and Vice-Captain (A. Hewet). After a considerable period of training, and hot showers afterwards, we again returned to the hotel and spent the remainder of the time till tea "mooching around" in general. At 6 o'clock the sound of the gong aroused the boys, who quickly got ready to go to tea. After tea we went outside to gain the benefit of the refreshing Adelaide air. Everybody had to be in bed by 8.30 p.m., so as to have the rest needed before the grand match the next day. Most of the team were very tired, and I am sure it was not very long before everyone was in a very deep slumber and dreaming of the girls who were then at the gymnastics at the Adelaide Town Hall. They were very quiet coming home, and never aroused us from our deep slumber. Next morning everybody except "Spot" arose early, and the girls who apparently had a late night, were still in deep slumber. (Whether they were dreaming about the boys or not I could not say). After most of the boys had a hot bath or hot shower, we embarked on the lift to breakfast. After some of us paid a visit to the Market, accompanied by some of the young ladies. We were due back at the hotel at 9.40 a.m., so as to be ready to pay a visit to the roof of the Shell House. We were taken to the roof of this building by a swift-moving lift. Having arrived on the roof Mr. Rule described the laying-out of the city from the earliest stages. After taking some views on our cameras, we returned in the lift to the ground floor, where the lift-driver gave us a "ride on the ocean" and gave some sea-sickness for the afternoon. After leaving Shell House we then proceeded to a hall not very far from the station where we were entertained by the boys of a fife band. Having ascended on the stage the boys played for us some very good tunes. We were also entertained by a gentleman who played tunes on different species of a saxophone. After receiving the opinions of numerous boys as to what was going to be our fate during the afternoon, and after the "Skipper" had thanked the conductor for the fine performance, he received the theme song of the club. We again returned to the hotel, but on the way "Skippy" tried to land some nice young damsel at the top of the steps. The boys meanwhile became engrossed in some young lads of Adelaide descending a slope on their roller skates. However, we did not wait for long, as most of our stomachs were notifying us that it was about time they had a refill, and so we returned to the hotel rapidly. At the dinner table the boys did not eat very much, except fish and sweets, and the waitresses became worried, thinking they had poisoned us. They were consoled, however, when we informed them that we were dieting in preparation for the big match in the afternoon. Shortly after dinner we packed our bags ready to leave for the ground at about 1.15 p.m. Mr. Rule arrived at the hotel and we were escorted to the ground over a different route on this occasion, and two of the boys were nearly lost.

Having stripped, the team left the dressing rooms and received a hearty welcome from the South Australians as we took the field.

The match was started at approximately 2 p.m. in glorious weather with the sun shining brilliantly. After five minutes' playing we had broken through the West Torrens defence to score the first goal of the match, but shortly after they retaliated and brought the score to 1-1 at the end of the quarter. The second quarter was the fatal quarter for us, because West Torrens, who played vigorously all the quarter, rallied on 9 goals to our 2, giving the South Australians a handy lead at half-time. During the interval the "Skipper" presented the trophies which he had donated to the S.A.L.A. These were for the best and fairest player in "A" section, and the best and fairest player in "D" section. Then came the third quarter, which was almost a repetition of the second, West Torrens scoring 5 goals to our nil. However, we made up for our failures in the last quarter and outshone our opponents. Features of the last quarter were a beautiful left-handed shot by Ogilvie, who deserved it for his hard work all day, and two brilliant shot by our small first homer, Dickson McNeilage. In this quarter we scored 5 goals to our opponents' 3, and the final scores were 18 goals to 8 in favor of the South Australians. Goal-throwers.—West Torrens: Clyma (5), Scroop (4), Goring (3), G. Shawyer (2), D. Shawyer (2), Turner, and Provis. Williamstown: McNeilage (4), Emmerson, Parker, Gillis, and Ogilvie. Best Players.—West Torrens: Nugget, Goring, Scroop, Clyma, and G. Shawkyer. Williamstown: Spencer, McNeilage, Avery, Parker, and Ogilvie.

We were not downhearted, and showed it so by making merry on some local townspeople's motor car horns on the way back to the hotel, after having dressed and given some encouragement to the West Torrens team in "B" section final, which they won. I suppose it was because of our noble barracking. Upon returning to the hotel the boys received a hot reception from the girls, and so Laurie and "Oges" took theirs down to the river for a row, so that they might cool off. The remainder tried to buy out the refreshment bar of soft drinks, and were not long polishing them off. The gong again announced to the boys that eating time had arrived once more, and most of us made up for what we had to miss at dinner time. After tea the boys got ready and the majority of the team, including the "Skipper," went to see the show at the Town Hall, or in other words, the gymnastics in which our girls were competing. During the proceedings the boys gave all the support they possibly could, and as a result the girls managed to win some prizes. Afterwards the boys and girls returned to the hotel feeling very tired after all their doing that day, and went straight to bed—except the noble secretary. He took it into his head to benefit by some of Adelaide's sea-breezes with someone else (not mentioning names),

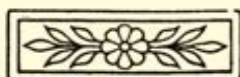
and was locked out by the night porter, and had it not been for Captain John Ogilvie he may have been there all early morning. Needless to say he had his coat and rug with him. Next morning the boys were up at usual hour, approximately 6 a.m., and most of them were making good use of the Grosvenor bathrooms. Then there was a general lolling around until breakfast, which the boys did good justice to as before. After breakfast the boys joined in the taking of photographs until about 10 a.m., and then it was time to get ready to go to church at St. Peter's. On the way back Laurie and Jack were forced to hurry as the church service ended rather late, and they had arranged for something at 12.30 a.m.

After dinner the members of the S.A.L.A. took us in cars to the summit of Mount Lofty—a gorgeous run, winding round the road at a speed not less than 30 m.p.h. (in our car, at any rate). On the top of Mount Lofty the boys obtained a fine view of the country-side through a telescope, though the chappie operating it was charging a silver coin. Having taken some snaps and gathered wild-flowers, we commenced our return journey. On the return journey we were entertained at afternoon tea by the South Australians. Afterwards, while waiting for the remainder to finish, Gus Hewet and Dickson McNeilage entertained us with an imaginary tennis match. Some of the cars then returned straight to the hotel, while the others returned by way of Norton's Summit and Morialto Falls, where snaps were taken of the country-side. We then made tracks for home, arriving at hotel in time for tea, after thanking the South Australians for their generosity. After tea some of the boys (or shall I say one) went to church with certain other people. One of those who did not go had a misadventure on the river bank—perhaps as a repentance for his sins instead of coming to church. However, after church we assembled in the sitting-room with some of the girls and the Skipper, and had a grand concert, including dancing to the strains of the piano, which was played by a boy we found at church. After this, we packed some things and then retired. During the concert, "Kit" and "Oges" had a good time elsewhere! Next morning eight of the boys, accompanied by one girl, went down to the Torrens and hired some boats to have a row before breakfast. After breakfast, at about 10 a.m., Mr. Rule arrived at the hotel, bringing with him souvenirs for us. After collecting the souvenirs we left for the Amscol works, accompanied by Mr. Rule and three of the girls, where we were shown the manufacture of ice, cream, butter, and ice cream, as well as several other processes. Before leaving we were each presented with an ice cream dixie. After thanking the gentleman who escorted us around the works, we left so as to arrive home in time for dinner. After dinner we were taken to Semaphore by the Skipper in the double-decker 'buses, and the tram from Port Adelaide. Semaphore

is the second largest seaside resort of Adelaide, and it has a very long jetty. It was on this jetty that young Dick decided to break off the legs of some crabs which a chap was catching, much to the annoyance of the chap. After walking the length of the jetty and back again and eating ice cream, we once more left for the hotel, arriving back at about 3.30. This left us half-an-hour to pack our things and get dressed, as we had to be at the station at 4 p.m. However, everybody managed to do so. We arrived at the station, found our seats, and stowed our luggage away ready for the long journey. Then the girls arrived, carrying bundles of streamers which were to be used in the send-off, and which was truly magnificent. As well as the use of streamers to farewell us the girls had other means which one can easily guess. The South Australians were also there to farewell us, and as the train left we again gave the rousing war-cry. Thus we started on the worst part of the trip—the home-coming. Before the train left we received from the West Torrens Club bouquets of paper flowers done in Williamstown colors, which were very nice. We were accompanied by one of the Ballarat girls on the homeward journey, and I think she enjoyed herself very much amongst the boys.

After about an hour's travelling all members of the team assembled in the one compartment, and all heartily thanked Captain Fearon for the wonderful trip he had given us. The Captain suitably responded. We arrived at Murray Bridge for tea at 7 o'clock, once again to be welcomed by the rather plump waitress. Then the journey was much the same as before. Arriving at Ballarat for breakfast at 7 a.m., we said good-bye to our lady friend. We then proceeded towards Melbourne and nearing Spencer Street the pennant was once again flown out of the carriage window, and the boys greeted their return to Spencer Street by the war-cry, and were met by different friends and relations. We then took the Williamstown train for home after a truly wonderful trip, to which we owe our heartiest thanks to Captain Fearon. Thanks are also due to the South Australians for the generosity they showed while we were over there.

Well, most of us gained plenty of experience in playing lacrosse as well as entertaining young ladies, and I daresay that the girls of the Glenola Club, Ballarat, will be receiving much correspondence during the next few weeks.



ESSAY BY J. L. OGILVIE.

DURING the period between the 20th and 24th days of September, 1934, twelve members of the Williamstown Premier "F" Section visited Adelaide to represent Victoria in the first Junior Interstate Challenge ever made. The trip was generously sponsored by Captain Fearon .

Leaving Spencer Street Station at 4.20 p.m. on Thursday, we departed from Melbourne with our minds set on a good meal at Ballarat, which was the first stopping place of our long journey to Adelaide. We arrived at Ballarat at 7.5 p.m., where we sat down to a very enjoyable meal. I must not forget about the waitress in the white dress. Kit doesn't. He thought her figure was nice. After boarding the train again, some of us played cards and others read papers and books. After Dickson had finished telling his snake stories we all thought it was time for a sleep. Then we rose on Friday morning (some washed, but the majority never), and thought of our stomachs again. On arrival of the train at Adelaide we were welcomed by the South Australian officials, and had our faces introduced to the photographer. Leaving the station we then went to our hotel to get settled. Then we went walking around the city to see the sights. Before leaving the hotel Laurie wanted to see some of the fairer sex, but the Captain would not let him. After lunch we went to the No. 2 Oval for some strenuous training. Here again Laurie couldn't show his best form, because of the absence of any of the fair sex. Friday evening saw everyone in bed at 9 p.m. Saturday morning we went to the top of the Shell Co. Building to get some views of the city and the surrounding suburbs. After leaving there we went to listen to the Adelaide Fife Band, which a credit to Adelaide City. On our return to the hotel we saw some boys on roller skates, who gladly gave us an exhibition. Then we thought we would go to the hotel and give the people an exhibition on eating, but we found later that we weren't allowed to eat too much.

All ready for the big game against West Torrens, but, alas! West Torrens turned out to be victorious, the scores being 18-8. They were a much bigger team in all respects than our boys, which, I think, caused our downfall. After the match Laurie and Jack went rowing, but one of them didn't like rowing, so they had to return.

Saturday evening, everyone went to a physical culture display for some reason, but Laurie was the only one who did any good! Kit and Jack were very downhearted, but they soon got over it. Sunday, we went to St. Peter's Cathedral to church, where the Skipper had his little black book and his shorthand going.

In the afternoon we went for a motor trip to Mount Lofty, where

we got some fine views through a telescope. By the way, the telescope had a small charge of 3d. a look, but Dickson started the ball rolling by going to have a look for nothing. After leaving Mount Lofty summit we had afternoon tea, where Dick and Gus got up to their tricks by playing baseball on a tennis court. We then returned home via Morialto Falls to the hotel for tea.

Sunday evening, we were scattered everywhere, but Laurie went away with a fine specimen of Ballarat, who happened to be a member of the Glenola Girls Physical Culture Club. Some of the boys tell me he was up on the roof at early hours of the morning. Kit and "Ogles" were the best behaved pair on the whole trip, because they had nothing to do with ladies—at least, I don't think so.

Monday, everyone looked very sorry because it was the day we returned to Melbourne. After breakfast we went to the Amscol Ice Works, where we were supplied with ice cream. In the afternoon we went to Semaphore, where we were delighted to see trains running through the main street. Skipper seemed very gay, for he was dancing along the pier. We returned to the hotel a very sorry lot of boys, because we just picked up our cases and luggage and went across to the station for our return journey. We had a wonderful send-off from the Glenola Club members, who made things lively for us. One girl kissed everyone in the team except "Ogles," because he is a woman-hater. Leaving the station with a great row we all settled down, and everyone gave a speech, thanking Captain Fearon for his generosity in giving us this trip. On Tuesday morning we all broke up at Spencer Street Station, some to go to school and others to work.

The boys who witnessed this trip will never forget Captain Fearon and his great kindness.

THEY SAY—

That Laurie got locked out on the roof of the Grosvenor Hotel on Saturday night.

That Skipper can write shorthand that only he himself can read.

That Dickson is a good bed-mate. (Ask Jack if he is).


That Skipper was very popular with a girl named Joyce.

That the Williamstown boys were a credit to their club, no complaints having been made.

That C. Avery is a coming interstate goal-keeper.

That the West Torrens centre man was like a tin hare. Ask "Ogles" and Laurie whether he was or not.

ESSAY BY G. BUDDEN.

 ON Thursday, 20th September, the lucky boys of the Williamstown Lacrosse Club, escorted by our generous 'President, Captain Fearon, assembled at No. 1 platform at Spencer St. Station. We were bound for Adelaide to play a challenge match against the West Torrens Lacrosse Club. As we received our tickets we strolled on to the platform and found the carriage in which our seats were reserved. After depositing our bags and rackets in the compartment we settled down to a long journey.

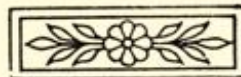
Arriving at Ballarat at half-past six we sat down to a hearty tea. Then Kit started to make eyes at the waitress, but without much success. Leaving Ballarat at seven we sang or read till about ten, and then tried to get some sleep—but very few succeeded. When we arrived at Murray Bridge at 5 o'clock next morning there were a lot sleepy eyed boys who got out of the train. We left Murray Bridge at half-past five and arrived at Adelaide at 9 o'clock, where we were met by officials of the West Torrens Lacrosse Club. We were then shown to the Hotel Grosvenor, where we were to stay. On arriving at the fourth floor of the hotel we encountered about 15 girls, and some very loud coughs from the boys. After getting settled in our rooms we all met in the lounge, where the Skipper outlined the program arranged for us during our stay. After dinner we had two hours' practice at the Neutral Ground, which is just behind the Adelaide Cricket Ground. When we got back it was tea-time, so we just had enough time to have a shower and get changed. After tea we went for a walk and were all in bed by 9 o'clock. And so ended the first day of our wonderful trip.

On Saturday morning we went on to the roof of the Shell Building, where we got some wonderful views of the city, and everybody added their names to a great collection on a tank on the roof. On Saturday afternoon we played the challenge match against West Torrens, and and I am sorry to relate we were beaten by a much heavier team, the scores being 18 goals to 8 goals. On Saturday evening some of us went to the pictures, and got lost coming home, and got back quite late. So ended the second day of our trip—just as good as the first, only we had lost the challenge match.

Sunday morning, we were not out of bed so early as the previous morning, but we all rose early enough to go to church at St. Peter's Cathedral. Had dinner when we got back from church and then got dressed for a trip to Mount Lofty in the afternoon. We had a wonderful time seeing some glorious scenery, and an enchanting view from the top of Mount Lofty. Sunday night went for a row on Lake Torrens, and then for a walk, so ending our last night in Adelaide.

Monday morning came amidst a lot of moans, for, alas, this was our last day in Adelaide. We went over the Amscol Ice Cream Works on this morning and saw the process of butter and ice cream making; also the bottling of milk. Monday afternoon, we all went for a wonderful trip to Semaphore, which is a very nice seaside place, getting back early, for the Melbourne express left at half-past four.

All our luggage having been packed, we went down to the station, boarded the train amidst a lot of farewells from the fairer sex and the West Torrens Lacrosse Team. The same old journey back: tea at Murray Bridge, 6 o'clock; breakfast at Ballarat 7 o'clock next morning; and back in old Melbourne town at 9 o'clock on Tuesday, the 25th. So concluded a wonderful trip given us by a wonderful man—Captain Fearon.



ESSAY BY E. H. EMMERSON.

AFTER winning the 1934 "F" Team Premiership match against Essendon, Captain Fearon (Skipper) promised to take us to Adelaide to play a challenge match against the West Torrens team, who were premiers of their section. We all met on Tuesday, the 18th September, 1934, and were given our instructions as to the trip, which was to start on Thursday, 20th, and finish on Tuesday, the 25th.

At 4 o'clock all the team met at Spencer Street Station, where we were to catch the Adelaide express. On the station we were issued with badges on which was inscribed V.L.C. and a large "W." We were to wear these in our coats wherever we went. We had a good trip over, although we were travelling most of the time by night. At Ballarat we had tea at the station and we also had refreshments at various stations along the line. The engine was changed at Serviceton, on the border, for a very powerful hill-climbing engine called the "Tom Barr Smith." At 6 a.m. South Australian time we stayed at Murray Bridge, and had our first meal in South Australia. Early next morning we were up and had a great view of Adelaide and its outlying suburbs. We arrived at Adelaide a little past 9 a.m., where we had our photos taken with our new premiership flag. Then we were taken to the biggest hotel in Adelaide, called the Grosvenor, which is directly opposite the station. There are no electric trains over there, the traffic being controlled by steam engines, motor trains (like those on the Geelong run), 'buses and trams. We were then shown to our respective rooms. Later we were all introduced to Mr. Rule, who was the head of the South Australian Lacrosse Club. He read us a programme for our tour. In the afternoon we had a couple of hours solid training at the back of the Adelaide Oval, on the ground on which we were to play the match. That night all the team had to be in bed early on account of the hard match on the following day.

After breakfast on the Saturday we were taken to the Shell Building, which at the time was the biggest in Adelaide. From the top we were shown all the outlying places of Adelaide. On a standard at the top of the building is a powerful searchlight, which flashes around above the town all night long. When we had concluded our visit we went to hear a boys' fife band of more than 160 lads. They were all dressed in grey trousers with a grey strip down the side, and a blue coat with brass buttons and a small cocked air-force hat on the side of their heads. These lads entertained us with some good items of modern and old-time music. We had light refreshments and then met in the smoke room where we were given instructions for the match.

The game was played as an eye-opener for the "B" Grade final. The West Torrens team were very big and fast, and succeeded in beating us by 18 goals to 8. The first quarter was very even, each team scoring only 1 goal, but in the second and third quarters we could not hold them and they piled on a big score. But the boys did not lose heart, and succeeded in last quarter in putting two more goals than West Torrens did. The goal-throwers for our team were: McNeilage (4), Parker, Ogilvie, Gillis, and Emmerson. The match was played with the best of spirit and sportsmanship, and were heartily congratulated West Torrens on their splendid victory.

On Saturday night some went to the pictures and others went to a physical culture display at the Town Hall. We were all up early next morning, and went for a walk. At 11 o'clock we went to church at one of the big churches of the "City of Churches." After dinner we met outside the hotel and were taken in cars to the top of Mount Lofty. From the top one has a magnificent view of all the surrounding parts of Adelaide. On the way back we stayed at a small cottage on the hillside and had afternoon tea. After tea we were free to go where we pleased.

Monday, the last day of our delightful trip, dawned bright and clear. Some of us (about six) went rowing on the Torrens River. Starting below the Torrens Bridge, we rowed up to the weir, where we got out and had a look at the now empty Torrens Weir. The water in Adelaide was not as pleasant at our Melbourne water supply, because it was bore water. After breakfast we were to visit the "Amscol" ice cream works. At about 10 o'clock we all walked down to the Adelaide Milk Supply Co-operation Limited. On the way we were given a badge of the Duke, a face with an amusing nose, and a souvenir match-box with the South Australian colours on it. When we reached the works we were shown right over the spotlessly clean factory.. When we reached the ice cream section we were all given a free ice cream. We thanked the manager for his kindness in showing us over the premises. In the afternoon we caught a two-decker 'bus and went to Semaphore, which is a fair distance away. After watching some chaps fishing, we went back to the hotel for the last time on the trip. At 4.30 we all went down to the station, where we were given a rousing send-off with streamers, etc. On the way back it was perfect weather, and we had an enjoyable trip home. We arrived at Spencer Street Station at about 9.30, and we all thank Skipper for the trip and for his great interest in the boys and in the game.