

- QUARTERLY 1. On a field or, in chief dexter, an eye sabled proper. In chief sinister, a hand clenched and ensanguined all proper. In base, a shin bone indented between a chevron vert, semeed with duck's eggs proper in series.
2. On a field gules, 3 gadgets, between 26 small Knuts, all proper.
  3. On a field azure, in chief the sun in his splendour: in base, the sea undy, semeed with crustaceans gules, surmounted by a Gig sable, containing rowers in action disconcerted.
  4. On a field argent, a sage in uniform proper, pointing to a board sable, whereon is depicted a calculation

simple of the first. In base, seven hard billets of the second, regardant.

CREST. On a Naval Crown, or, a bulldog sejant, with tail reflexed, gorged with a collar bearing the name Bill, and holding in the mouth an Australian flag all proper.

MOTTO. Adhaerendo attingo.

SUPPORTERS. Dexter, a Gee rampant, attenuated and protracted proper. Sinister, an Austral marsupial, habited as an able-bodied seaman all proper, bearing in the right Paw, a marline spike gules, with the motto "Veniant omnes."



# LIST OF OFFICERS:

## **EXECUTIVE STAFF:**

Commander D. W. GRANT.  
Lieutenant Commander C. B. ELWELL.  
Engineer Lieutenant W. A. MONK.  
Lieutenant C. J. POPE.  
Engineer Lieutenant R. C. BODDIE.  
Paymaster E. W. TRIVETT.  
Gunner T. L. DIX.  
Artificer Engineer A. E. MARDEN.  
Artificer Engineer A. E. CREAL.

## **EDUCATIONAL STAFF:**

Director of Studies—  
F. G. BROWN, B.A., B.Sc.  
Chief Naval Instructor—  
Rev. W. HALL, B.A.  
Senior Naval Instructor—  
S. C. SMITH, B.A.  
Senior Naval Instructor—  
F. W. WHEATLEY, D.Sc., B.A.  
Naval Instructor—  
F. B. ELDRIDGE, B.A.  
Naval Instructor—  
M. H. MOYES, B.Sc.

## **CADET-MIDSHIPMEN:**

Cadet-Captain F. L. LARKINS.  
Cadet-Captain J. B. NEWMAN.

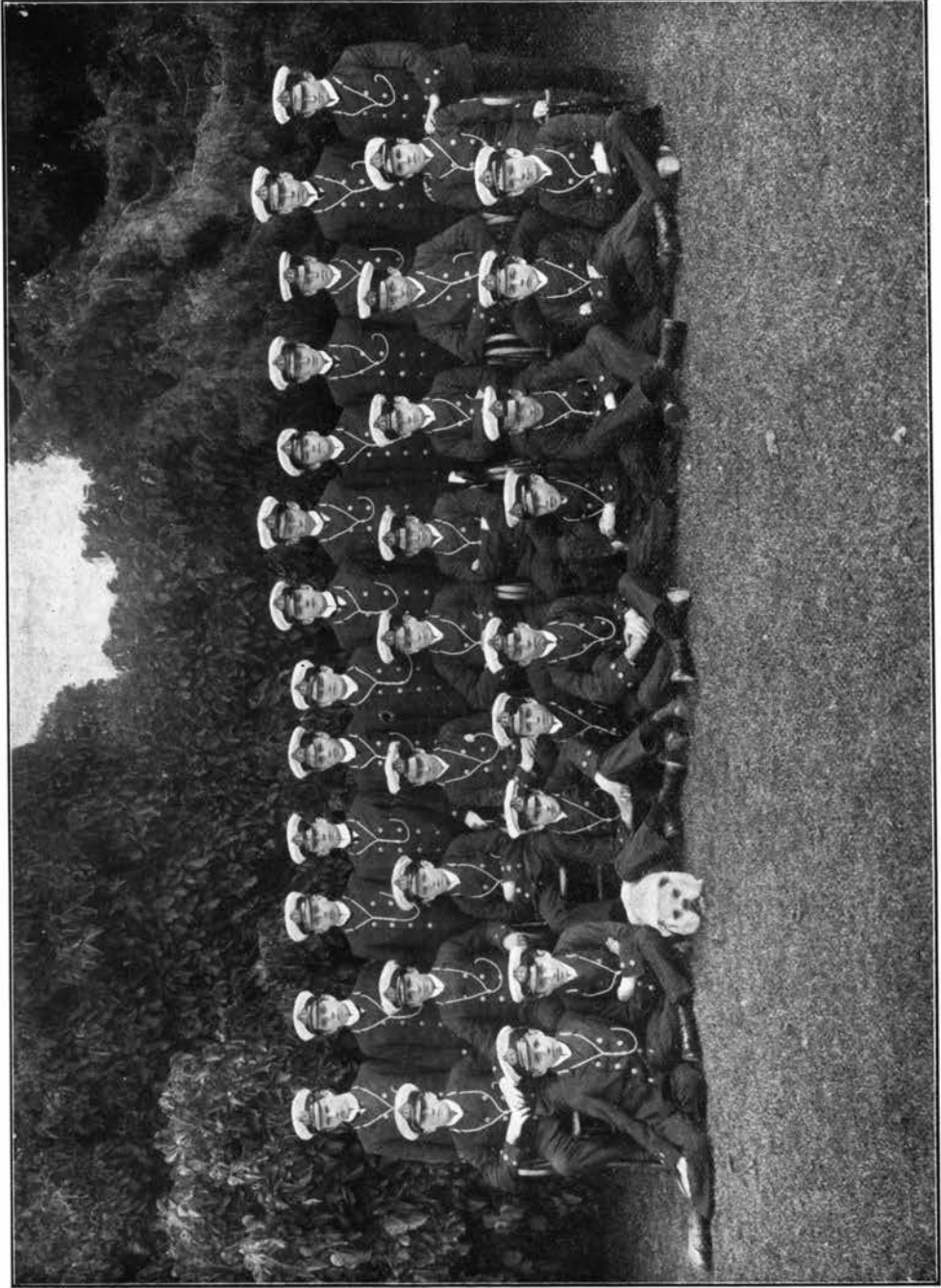
Cadet-Captain E. A. FELDT.  
Cadet-Captain J. BURNETT.

### **"2nd Year."**

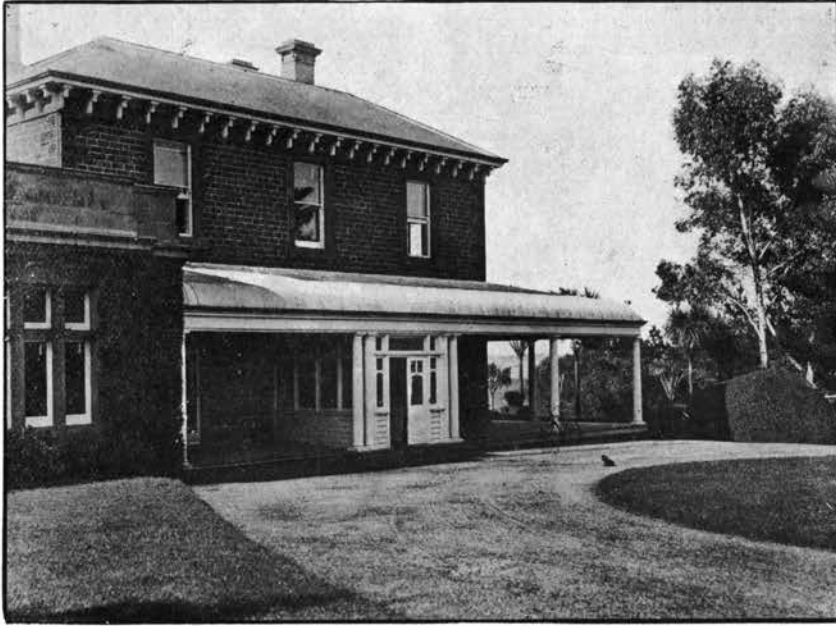
G. W. T. ARMITAGE  
N. K. CALDER  
J. A. COLLINS  
A. D. CONDER  
E. S. CUNNINGHAM  
J. C. D. ESDAILE  
H. B. FARNCOMB  
F. E. GETTING  
L. F. GILLING  
P. H. HIRST  
E. B. HOWELLS  
P. J. KIMLIN  
J. V. S. LECKY  
R. B. M. LONG  
H. A. MACKENZIE  
E. S. NURSE  
W. L. REILLY  
C. A. R. SADLEIR  
H. A. SHOWERS  
H. J. H. THOMPSON  
L. L. WATKINS  
A. J. B. WATTS

### **"1st Year."**

D. D. AITKEN  
P. C. ANDERSON  
J. M. ARMSTRONG  
C. C. BALDWIN  
K. A. BAXENDELL  
F. G. H. BOLT  
G. T. BROADHURST  
R. C. CASEY  
A. P. COUSIN  
P. F. DASH  
K. DUDLEY  
G. R. EVANS  
G. A. GOULD  
A. R. HOLLINGWORTH  
A. KELLY  
I. C. R. MACDONALD  
O. F. McMAHON  
H. G. K. MELVILLE  
J. W. MORGAN  
H. H. PALMER  
J. F. RAYMENT  
L. E. ROYSTON  
N. H. SHAW  
R. C. SPENCER  
A. H. SPURGEON  
A. J. G. TATE  
W. H. THURLBY  
L. J. TOWERS  
F. H. VAIL  
H. M. L. WALLER  
R. V. WHEATLEY



1914 ENTRY OF CADET-MIDSHIPMEN.



R. A. N. COLLEGE.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**W**ITH this issue we make our second bow before a discriminating, yet withal forbearing, public. Last year we claimed the indulgence of our readers with respect to the literary calibre of the magazine. We then urged the multiplicity of official and unofficial duties devolving upon the editorial staff, and hoped that we should have more time and leisure in the production of this issue. However, that pious hope lacked realisation, for we now find ourselves busier than ever. Still we trust to the sporting instinct of our subscribers to recognise the effort we have made. We renew our appeal for copy and for your general support.

This is a world of change, and our little corner of it has its quota to add to the general scheme. A new entry of Cadet-Midshipmen has set foot upon the first step of the gangway that leads—where? That depends largely, we suppose, upon them-

selves, but we trust that by diligence and industry they will one and all develop into efficient officers living up to the best traditions of the Naval Service.

We have to record the loss of Captain and Mrs. Chambers, and Miss Bertrand, who left the College on April 1st for pastures new. We wish them the best of luck, and a "Dreadnought" appointment for the Captain.

The increase of Cadet-Midshipmen has necessitated a corresponding increase in the staff responsible for their training. The Mess extends a hearty welcome to Lieutenant-Commander Elwell, Naval Instructor Eldridge, Senior N. I. Wheatley, Naval Instructor Moyes, Lieutenant Pope, Artificer-Engineer Creal, and Engineer-Lieutenant Boddie. The editor records with pleasure the gleam of satisfaction with which the business manager notes the increase of the staff, all of whom he regards as actual subscribers and potential contributors. That optimistic gentleman considers that with this increased support (financial and literary) the magazine will ere long prove more and more worthy of the College and the Service generally.

The buildings, though lacking in architectural beauty, are fulfilling more or less the purpose whereunto they were sent. Classrooms, workshops, gun rooms, and dormitories are sufficient to house, with some degree of comfort, all the Cadets until the great trek begins at the end of the year.

Amidst the trials and tribulations of our present life we have not had time to do more than idly dream of what is involved in shifting to new quarters at Jervis Bay, but we hazard the opinion, without prejudice, that there is a pretty heavy task looming ahead for somebody or everybody.

Additional gear for this year brings our complement of boats up to 2 cutters, 2 gigs, and 5 skiffs, all of which have been used a great deal for instructional (and picnic!) work. With some degree of idle curiosity and silent awe we note the provision of certain weird machinery for the workshops, and much uncanny mathematical apparatus for the Study Blocks.

At the end of last year we lost the services, and incidentally the cheery companionship, of Engineer-Lieutenant Weeks, who left us in December with the intention of enrolling in the Naval Aviation Corps in England. As a Mess we miss his merry laughter, and yearn at times for his inspiring morning paean of praise for his continued daily existence. Should this meet the eye of the said Engineer-Lieutenant Weeks, we would wish to convey to him our sincerest good wishes for success wherever his career may lead him.

Our congratulations are due to Engineer-Lieutenant Monk and Commander Grant. We felicitate the former on his engagement to Miss Bertrand, who last year was a familiar figure at various official and social functions at the College. We trust that life holds in store for them health, happiness, and prosperity. The Commander, who played a big part in the affairs of the College last year as Number One, has been promoted, and takes temporary charge of the College pending the arrival of a new Captain. This magazine, which owes its existence to him, would add its congratulation to those of Officers, Cadets, Ship's Company, and well wishers outside our immediate circle.

The first Sunday of this term witnessed our first official christening. On that occasion Adrian George Monk Brown (appearing on the unofficial ship's books as Buster the 2nd) was received into the faith of his fathers. The ceremony was performed by the chaplain (Rev. W. Hall) in the presence of the officers—and one Cadet who strayed into the landscape, *mirabile dictu*, before his leave was up. Something of a naval character was added to the event by the improvisation of the ship's bell as a font. Engineer-Lieutenant Monk and S.N.I. Smith stood as sponsors, which fact seems a fair guarantee that the young man's moral and intellectual future is fully assured.

We had a fairly successful cricket season, winning a large number of our matches. Burnett comes out on top of the batting averages, having scored 402 runs in 19 innings, with an average of 33.5. Reilly was the most successful bowler, taking 42 wickets with an average of 7.4 runs apiece.

We are playing all three games (Rugby, Soccer, and Australian) this year, and hope to keep them up in future, so that when the Cadet-Midshipmen go to sea they will get the chance of a game at whatever port they happen to put into. We have not had many outside matches, but plenty of Inter-Watch, Inter-Part-of-the-Ship, and Inter-Class to keep us busy. Hockey has also been taken up with great zest. The results of the Inter-Part-of-the-Ship Soccer and the Inter-Class Hockey have not yet come in.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Newman, Mr. Feldt, and Mr. Burnett on getting their promotion to Cadet-Captain, all of whom have been promoted since our last issue.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:—Magazines from the R.N.C., Osborne; R.M.C., Duntroon; and Geelong Grammar School; also "Lanyard Lyrics" from the R.N.C., Osborne.

We would further gratefully acknowledge the practical support of Captain Hughes Onslow, whose donation to our magazine expenses comes like manna from heaven to the soul of a harassed business manager. The latter reports that thus far he has not declined to receive such contributions to his coffers. Should any of our

readers feel disposed to follow Captain Onslow's excellent example they are advised to do so early, before the B.M. has time to change his point of view respecting donations!

It is with unfeigned regret that we have to record a vacant chair in the "2nd Year" Mess. Death, mors edax, claimed his toll, and Cadet-Midshipman Albert answered his call. After some weeks of illness his medical advisers proclaimed him well on the road to recovery; indeed, we had expected his return to duty by the very train which brought news of his unexpected death. He died suddenly of meningitis, and was buried with full naval honors at Sydney. A promising career cut short at its inception. To his messmates, and particularly to his parents, we tender our deepest sympathy.

Vae! mors omnia bella devorat!

In conclusion we wish all members of the College a pleasant leave. We heartily agree with the sentiment of a certain gentleman, now deceased, who proclaimed, "dulce est desipere in loco." We gather that this has some reference to making merry when the fitting occasion offers. If our information is correct, we duly report that the moment has arrived, and trust that each will, in his own way, desipere to his heart's content!

1913.

- Aug. 1—Cadets returned from their midwinter leave.
- Aug. 9—Steamboat arrived "with the signs of the sea showing plain." Three fowls, two ducks and four bantams found murdered in the chicken run. Jury bring in a verdict against Bill Grant.
- Aug. 16—Football match (Australian game), Cadets v. Geelong Grammar School Juniors. Result in our favour.
- Aug. 20—Rumours floating round that we are to go to Jervis Bay next February.

- Aug. 21—Above rumours confirmed by letter received from Cadet's small sister.
- Aug. 22—Rumours contradicted. Latest buzz says we stay here for another year.
- Aug. 30—Cross country race from Limeburners' Creek. Mr. Newman takes the cake.
- Sept. 2—Rifle match against H.M.S. "Psyche." We were second.
- Sept. 3—R. A. N. C. played H. M. S. "Psyche" at soccer and beat them by 5 goals to 1.
- Sept. 9—Whole day off. Picnic to Snake Island in the steam 'bus. Bill was sea sick.
- Sept. 10—Started summer routine and cricket. Mr. Conder seen to bowl one **straight** ball at the nets.
- Sept. 19—Visit of the English Parliamentarians to the College. Arrived at 3.15 p.m. in a fleet of motor-cars, headed by the flagship, containing Lord and Lady Emmott. 3.20 p.m.—hurried into the gym—flew into the workshops—dashed into the seamanship room—rushed into a class room and . . . . . vanished in a cloud of dust.
- Oct. 2—Cadets proceeded on mid-term week's leave.
- Oct. 4—Australian fleet, composed of the battle cruiser "Australia," light cruisers "Sydney," "Melbourne," and "Encounter," destroyers "Yarra," "Parramatta," and "Warrego" arrived at Sydney.
- Oct. 10—Cadets returned from leave. The Sydney Cadets were given special leave to visit the "Australia" on Saturday afternoon, and consequently returned to the College with "every hair of their heads a spun yarn and every drop of blood Stockholm!"
- Oct. 18—Cadets played Melbourne Grammar School Juniors at cricket, and beat them by 7 wickets.
- Oct. 20—Cadets visited flicker show at Britannia Theatre, North

- Geelong. Captain Chambers gave a short discourse on the "Life of Nelson."
- Oct. 29—Cricket match v. "Encounter." We most emphatically did **not** win.
- Nov. 1—Cricket. Cadets v. Scotch College (Melbourne), under 15. A win for us by four wickets.
- Nov. 4—Melbourne Cup won by Posinatus. Much jubilation among a few members of the ship's company who were "in the know." (I was not.—Editor.)
- Nov. 15—Cricket. Cadets v. Melbourne Grammar School (Juniors). Beat us by an hundred odd runs.
- Nov. 17—Whole day off.
- Nov. 22—Cricket. Cadets v. Geelong Grammar School (Juniors). A drawn game.
- Nov. 25—The touring Yankee boys, rigged out to kill, in brown corduroys, with small Stars and Stripes pinned all over them like presents on a Christmas tree, paid us a visit.
- Nov. 29—Cricket. Cadets v. Geelong College (Juniors). After an exciting game we were defeated by 13 runs.
- Dec. 1—Queen Alexandra's Birthday. Dressed ship.
- Dec. 6—Cricket. Officers v. Cadets. Officers just (?) beaten after a most exciting finish!
- Dec. 7—Excitement caused by beating the officers proves too much for Cadet-Midshipman Mr. Ernest Semple Cunningham, R.A.N. (the scorer), who promptly develops measles.
- Dec. 13—Boat race. Cadets v. Petty Officers. A very close thing, just won by the Petty Officers by barely one boat's length.
- Dec. 16—Ship's company gymkhana in the afternoon. Sing-song in the evening.
- Dec. 17—Cadets proceeded on Christmas 1914. leave.
- Jan. 19—Adrian George Monk Brown (Buster the 2nd) joined the establishment, and graciously consented to become an honorary member of the Officers' Mess.
- Feb. 11—New "Year" of Cadet-Midshipmen joined.
- Feb. 12—The "Boys of the Old Brigade" joined, rigged out regardless, in their Knew Knutty mufti suits.
- Feb. 14—Cricket Match. "1st Year," Port Watch v. Starboard Watch. Result, a tie.
- Feb. 21—Cricket. Cadets v. Geelong College (Juniors). A win for us by 94 runs.
- Feb. 25—Cricket—1st Year 1st Eleven v. 2nd Year 2nd Eleven. 2nd Year won by two wickets.
- March 2—Rear-Admiral Sir George Patey inspected the College.
- March 3—A whole day off. Cadets taken up to Melbourne in the "Protector" and shown over H.M.A.S. "Australia."
- March 6—Finals of the Cadets Swimming Competition.
- March 18—Cricket. Officers v. Cadets. A drawn game.
- March 24—Lieutenant Grant promoted to Commander.
- March 25—Farewell dinner and sing-song to Captain and Mrs. Chambers. Cricket—Cadets (two elevens) v. Geelong Grammar School. The 1st Eleven had the worst of the argument, but our gallant 2nd Eleven, led by the redoubtable Mr. Feldt, emerged triumphant.
- March 28—Cricket. Cadets v. Melbourne Grammar School (Juniors). A drawn game in our favour.
- April 1—Captain Chambers left for England.
- April 4—Cricket. Cadets v. Geelong College. They won by six wickets.
- April 20—Boat race. Officers v. Cadets. Officers won by one boat's length.
- April 21—Boat race. Cadets v. Ship's Company. The latter won rather easily by six boats' lengths.
- April 22—Cadets proceeded on mid-term week's leave.
- April 29—Cadets returned from leave.



- May 5—H.M.A.S. "Melbourne" anchored off Geelong.
- May 6—Accession Day. Dressed ship. "Melbourne" fired a salute of 21 guns at noon.
- May 8—Played the Officers of the "Melbourne" at hockey and got beaten by 5 goals to 2.
- May 9—College played "Melbourne" at Soccer, and lost by 4 goals to 1, and at lawn tennis, which we won by 7 sets to 1. Honors easy.
- May 26—Queen Mary's Birthday. Dressed ship.
- June 3—His Majesty the King's Birthday. Dressed ship.
- June 5—Soccer (Cadets v. Ship's Company). The latter just won after a good game, by 3 goals to 2.
- June 13—Cadets gave a dance at the College to C. of E. Grammar School girls. The **stentorian** cheers given by the latter at the conclusion of the dance clearly indicated forgiveness for "down-trodden" toes, and were greatly appreciated!
- June 29—Mid-Winter Exams commenced.
- July 8—Cadets proceed on Mid-Winter leave.

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### HOW TO GET ON IN THE NAVY.

"There is plenty of room at the top" is a very true saying, and nowhere truer than in the Navy. The ladder of promotion is steep and crowded on the lower rungs. The advice I would offer here is how best to get through the crowd that jostles round the foot. By the time you have climbed even for a few years you will be able to formulate rules for yourselves, but sometimes by then the chance has been missed. Madam Eve was the first person on record who took advice, and if we are to credit the account in the Scriptures it was that which led to all the work which has been done since done in the world. I am afraid I cannot claim to be as wise as the serpent but should you take my tip it will bring about the same result—WORK.

Yes, of course, work of one kind or another is the main thing, but there are certain other details which are not to be despised. At first sight it may seem that out of every "year" of cadets that start the climb some are clearly marked out for success and some equally clearly for failure. I think, from my own observation, there are about the same proportion of the brilliant ones really succeed as of the tail who really fail, and neither is a large proportion. It may be that success comes early to some, that they cease to value it; but, for whatever the reason (as a study of old Navy Lists will show), there is plenty of hope for the man who starts with only average ability.

I propose to try and note a few of the causes other than purely professional ability which will help a youngster to get on in the service. One's service career may roughly be divided into three phases:—(1) The purely instructional, (2) the subordinate or junior service, (3) command. It is only of (1) and (2) that I propose to say anything, and more particularly of the latter, for it is in this phase that an officer makes his mark or fails to secure that belief in his ability which will ensure his promotion to class (3), which spells success. During the period of instruction it is only necessary to obey orders and work to the best of your ability. Avoid habits of mind and body which will cause your efforts to be less efficient. Be straightforward and honest in all your dealings, both with your instructors and your messmates, and above all remember that it is by your companions you will be judged. A clever bit of deception, skilfully carried through, may avoid punishment, yet leave your brother-officers with the idea that you are too clever to be trusted. There is nothing that sticks closer to a man through life than the opinion that was formed of his character by his companions in the training establishment. The habits on which the opinion was based may have been lived down or overcome long ago, but the impression remains. Therefore, whatever else you do, strive to let your mess mates feel that you are one who can be trusted.

In years to come you will realise, better than you can now, how often a good

appointment, which may be a start in the service, is owed to advice of an old contemporary who has already won the trust of a senior officer.

Another little detail before we leave the instructional period. There are certain matters which can only be acquired by pure effort of memory, which will be useful to you right through your professional career. Now is the time to get hold of them so that they will stick. In after life you will find it possibly easier to learn, but also easier to forget. What you really learn now will be there for all time, so don't put it off. You may also start your repute as a useful man at games. I make a special point of this, as very probably the first question which will be asked about you when you get to a sea-going ship will be on this subject. Now it is very easy to over-estimate the importance of games as a factor in getting a youngster on in the service, but it is equally easy to do the reverse. I can hardly call to mind a man of my acquaintance who has reached the higher ranks who has not been keen about sport in one form or another. It may be that you have not the quickness of eye to really excel in any branch of sport, but do not let that stand in your way. Almost any one with a sound body (and you all have that) can do well enough if he has only the will, with practice, to merit a place in a ship's team, and the stonewaller is often as useful as the brilliant bat. To those who have a natural aptitude for games my advice is: Do not forget that sport is not the end but a means to that end. The man who is keen on games, whether cricketer, golfer, shot, footballer (what you will), is not going to spoil his eye and nerve if he can help it, by any of those vices which undermine the health. The foundations of a healthy constitution laid by the practice of field sports, will support him during long and trying hours on the bridge or in the turret, and his nerve will be sound years after men of his age have begun to fail.

Don't forget that though the Admiral may first notice a young officer because he saves a fleet match by a brilliant performance, yet UNLESS his Captain can reply to the query, "What sort of a young fellow is Mr. Dash?" with "He's as useful

as an officer of the watch as he is on the cricket field," the notice is not likely to do him good, but rather the reverse. An Admiral may, moreover, like to see his officers good dancers and popular in society, BUT he does not want it at the expense of his work.

There is probably nothing that will do so much towards getting a man on in life as to get known early in his career as "the man who does so and so," provided the "so and so" is something creditable to his service reputation. The man who can take in a signal rapidly and accurately when a signalman is not available; who can, in an emergency, "flash" for a boat with a street lantern and his cap; who never misses an opportunity of surveying a poorly-charted harbour; the man who works his gun's crew up to such a state of efficiency that the inspecting officer or his Captain is bound to notice the result—this officer will soon have the "label" attached. The world at large loves to put a label to a man—it saves such a lot of trouble!

All characters are complex, which means that there is a mixture of the good and bad in all of us. When we say that a man is brave or a coward it generally means that in some crisis he has impressed us one way or the other. Very often judgment may have been passed with very little to go on, but the label has been pasted, and it is very hard to wash off. I remember a very fine officer who rose to be Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth (the blue ribband command of the service), who, in spite of success, never quite got rid of a label he picked up of "not being very brave," which he got at the taking of the Taku forts. Everyone had forgotten the details, but the fact had an awkward way of cropping up, even after 40 years of meritorious service. Get your label soon, and let it be a good one. Be known as the "man who is white right through."

Never take liberties with discipline if you want to get on. You may over stay your leave by an hour or two, and through it lose the chance of a lifetime. Fate seems sometimes to lie in wait for the good man who slips but once, while the waster may do the same thing a dozen times with impunity. It may be that the worthless

officer is being given enough rope to hang himself, whilst the good man must be saved for better things.

I fear I have already written more than you will have patience to read, so in concluding I will give you the tip which I believe to be most important of all—DON'T WANT SUCCESS TOO BADLY—it will lead you to be nervous and over anxious in your duty. Make yourself fit for promotion, and promotion will come all right. There are lots of senior officers on the look out for juniors who can be trusted to do their work without hunting. Above all, if a senior officer takes notice of you, don't slink away at the first chance as if you had been guilty of some crime. Remember that it wasn't so very long ago that he was a youngster, too, and he would much prefer that you didn't too obviously remind him that he is one no longer! More than one of my contemporaries owes much of his success to the fact that he could talk naturally to a senior officer, whilst many owe at least part of their failure to what they would call a dislike of "stripes."

B.M.C.

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### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN EXPLORER.

. . . . And so, after many days struggling with the elements, having lost all our boats, and being well nigh swamped, we came to an anchor in a harbour called Geelong. On landing to obtain a fresh supply of water I came across a wondrous strange place, and, seeing one of the inhabitants (of whom more anon) I inquired the name thereof, and was informed it was called the Ranc. This Ranc was inhabited by a strange tribe, several of whom were apparently dwarfs. It seemed curious to me (but was nevertheless a fact, as I was duly informed by one of the chiefs of the tribe) that these same dwarfs make more noise than their bigger brethren—in fact, the smaller the dwarf the louder and more piercing are the sounds emitted.

The dress, as worn by the members, differs considerably. The high chief was attired in blue raiment, slashed here and there with gold bands, and the front of his

coat is studded with knobs of pure gold. He wore a cap with a peak to the front (adorned with gold leaves of the oak) in order, as I was told, to keep the fierce rays of the sun from peeling his nose. Apparently gold lace is one of their gods, for they said that all members of the tribe strive continuously to add stripes of gold lace to their dress; but this privilege is guarded very jealously, and certain rites and severe ordeals must be passed before any member may add so much as half a stripe to the adornment of his person. A few of the dwarfs have had this great honour conferred on them, and these same are placed in authority over the others. Every morning the favoured few gather the remainder together and speak to them with sharp words, "shun!" "bythrite!" and other mystic utterances, whereat they all stiffen up and move together with great speed.

Others of the tribe were clothed in loose-fitting garments of blue and white, called jumpers, with trousers shaped like a bell at the foot, with the names of their fetish, in letters of gold, round their head piece. I learnt that one of their chiefs was much concerned about the growth of the dwarfs, and every day he causes them to assemble in one of their temples called "Jimnadium." There, for the space of one hour, they execute their war dance, flinging their arms in all directions and twisting their bodies into marvellous contortions. At the conclusion of the ceremony they raise their arms heavenward, and, closing their eyes, hiss loudly. Truly a strange and awe-inspiring spectacle!

The dwarfs are much skilled in the working of wood and metal, spending much of their time at these pursuits. At times they must needs gash their thumbs with chisel or hammer as a peace offering to one of their gods called "Eng-nearing," meaning, I think, "favoured one," or beloved of the dwarfs."

They have a curious method of punishing any of their tribe guilty of an offence. He is placed in a field, where eleven others gather round him, armed with a small, hard ball, which they hurl at him with great violence, the while he defends himself with a wooden club. A few of the more skilful last out some considerable

time, but even the hardest of these warriors must eventually give them best, and he retires wailing and gnashing his teeth. Others retire almost at once, and are heard to murmur "blobagen" and other strange words of which I dared not ask the meaning.

At other times they gather together in the field, clad in strange clothing of divers colours, to strive against one another in mock warfare. A leather ball is thrown hither and thither, and each one battles for the possession of it—it being deemed a great honour to secure it. While they are doing this a few of the more fortunate ones are permitted to disport themselves with magic wands in a quadrangle, at times waving the wands above their heads and round their feet, and then suddenly will they relinquish their hold of the wands and dash round and round the quadrangle at great speed. I did not discover whether honour was conferred on those participating in these rites, and on my asking what it was called was told "Numbafor," or "Xtradril."

Four times a year are the dwarfs driven, sorrowing, to their homes, amidst great lamentation, as it is not considered meet that they should enjoy the glory of the Ranc for too lengthy periods. Most of the elder members of the tribe speak, using strange words and phrases, "vastorling," "belathat you lubba," and so on, so that it makes conversation with them extremely difficult for any one not intimately acquainted with this form of

speech, called "Ceetork." Many other strange customs have they, and so interested did I become that I was exceeding sorrowful when my time came to leave them and return to my vessel in the harbour.

### PROBLEM.

Suppose  $M$  to be the driver of a motor-car, going a velocity  $V$ . If a sufficiently high value be given to  $V$  it will reach  $PC$ . In most cases  $V$  will then be made equal to  $O$ . For low values of  $V$ ,  $PC$  may be neglected, but if  $V$  be high it will be necessary to square  $PC$ , after which  $V$  will again assume a positive value. It is well known that  $PC + LSD = (PC)^2$ .

The quadrature of  $PC$  may sometimes be effected by substituting  $XXX$  for  $LSD$ . This is preferable if  $LSD$  is small as regards  $M$ . If  $LSD$  be made sufficiently large,  $PC$  will vanish.

Now when  $JP$  is substituted for  $PC$  (which happens when  $PC-M$  is large) solution is more difficult, because no value of  $LSD$  will square  $JP$ ,  $(JP)^2$  being an impossible quantity.

The quantity  $PC$  is often variable, and may result in an arbitrary value being given to  $V$ , differing largely from the real value. This may, in the limit, result in  $PC-M = CS$ , which equation must be

$V$   
solved by logs (but they must be used with care).



"THE COLLEGE CAT PIPES TO DINNER." (Bill sounds the "Advance.")

**ODE TO THE STEAMBOAT.**

When first I saw thy sylph-like form  
 Clad in becoming gown of gray,  
 I stood enchanted; watched thee glide  
 Up to thy moorings in the bay,  
 Oh, steamboat.

A model thou of latent power;  
 Proud boast of engineering skill  
 I thought thee; but thou hadst not then  
 Rolled to and fro, and made me ill,  
 Oh, steamboat.

But now thou spatterest me with oil,  
 Or pour hot water down my chest,  
 Or toast my toes with fiery coal.  
 Is this the way to treat a guest,  
 Oh, steamboat?

In spite of these, thy merry jests,  
 Thy joys I never will forget;  
 Go, do thy worst! Thy boiler burst!  
 With all thy faults I'll love thee yet,  
 Oh, steamboat.



**SWIMMING AND DIVING  
 COMPETITIONS.**

The finals of this competition were held on Friday, March 6th. Newman got a very good start in the championship, and, swimming with a powerful trudgeon stroke, won by about 7 yards. Feldt made a fine effort to overtake him, and nearly drew level at the turn. This, however, left him very exhausted, and he soon dropped back.

2 P 1 had rather an easy time in the Inter-class Relay, and never looked like getting beaten.

The diving was quite successful. Sadleir, although handicapped by a sprained wrist, came out on top. He managed to pick up all the plates thrown in (eleven), ten of them in his first plunge. His diving was extremely neat. Armstrong ran him very close, there being little to chose between the two in the actual diving. Neither touched either of the hoops. Full results appended:—

**First Heat.**  
 Armstrong, 2nd  
 Collins, 1st  
 Tate  
 Reilly

**Third Heat.**  
 Calder  
 Thompson, 1st  
 Watkins, 2nd  
 Conder

**Fifth Heat.**  
 Wheatley  
 Esdaile  
 Watts, 1st  
 Cunningham, 2nd

**First Heat.**  
 Collins, 2nd  
 Farncomb  
 Albert, 1st  
 Howells

**Third Heat.**  
 Royston  
 Watkins  
 Getting, 2nd  
 Armstrong, 1st  
 Thompson

**Second Heat.**  
 Farncomb, 2nd  
 Hirst  
 Getting, 1st  
 Gilling

**Fourth Heat.**  
 Kimlin  
 Albert, 2nd  
 Larkins  
 Newman, 1st

**Sixth Heat.**  
 Nurse  
 Mackenzie  
 Royston, 2nd  
 Feldt, 1st

**SEMI-FINAL HEATS.**

**Second Heat.**  
 Newman, 1st  
 Cunningham  
 Feldt, 2nd  
 Watts

**FINAL HEAT.**  
 Albert, 3rd  
 Newman, 1st  
 Armstrong  
 Feldt, 2nd

**Inter-Class Relay Race.**

1 P 2	}	2 S 2	}	2 S 1	}	2 P 1
2 S 2						
2 S 1	}	2 S 1	}			
2 P 2						
1 P 1	}	1 P 1	}			
1 S 2						
2 P 1		2 P 1				
a bye		2 P 1				

**Diving.**

1st, Sadleir . . . . .	137	marks
2nd, Armstrong . . . . .	134	"
3rd, Newman . . . . .	125	"
4th, Watkins . . . . .	120	"
5th, Larkins . . . . .	110	"
6th, Watts . . . . .	109	"
Twenty cadets entered.		

## ACCOUNT OF CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

By P.J.K.

On Saturday, August 29th, the cadets were towed over to Limeburner's Creek by the motor boat (I hope the cadets enjoyed being TOWED—Ed.) and landed there. WE were to run or walk back to the College again, and the first home was to "take the cake."

We were lined up on the shore, and Lieutenant Monk gave the word to go. Everyone started off as if it were a hundred yards' sprint, but we soon lengthened out, and the stragglers got left behind. Shortly after the start Mr. Reilly shot off at right angles on his patent short cut home via Ballarat, and the remainder divided in two—one half cutting away in an inland direction to find the railway, and the rest hugged the shore as far as the freezing works, where they picked up the others again. The first obstacle we came to was a swamp, in which we sank up to our knees and got most delightfully dirty. Mr. Newman, who was in the van, gallantly swam across the foaming briny of the creek, risking sudden death from sharks, cramp, crocodiles, and other animals! Our troubles were not yet over, for we were attacked at the freezing works by a pack of hungry dogs, but we increased speed of engines, and were soon out of danger. We at length reached our haven of rest at the College, and after a hot bath felt all the better for our run.

Mr. Newman "took the cake," which was presented to him by Mr. Lecky (the last man in), who made a fine speech, consisting of ten words! The following was the order of coming in:—

- |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Mr. Newman   | 5. Mr. Calder  |
| 2. Mr. Collins  | 6. Mr. Larkins |
| 3. Mr. Saddleir | 7. Mr. Long    |
| 4. Mr. Nurse    |                |

Mr. Lecky would have won, only he had to wait for Mr. Albert and Mr. Armitage. Paddy would have won, but he wasn't fast enough.

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## GYMKHANA.

The ship's company held a small gymkhana on December 16th, which was the result (we believe) of certain differences

of opinion as to the speed limits of "The Naval Mounted Horse" and those of North Geelong. Everyone was much amused at the uniform as adopted by the above regiment, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent by all hands (with the solitary exception of the greasy pig!).

### Programme:

1. Horse Race (1st Heat)—1, French; 2, Spillane.
2. Egg and Spoon Race—1, Greening; 2, Smith.
3. Sack Race—1, Young; 2, Martini.
4. Horse Race (2nd Heat)—1, Miss Peek; 2, Veal.
5. Married Men's Race—1, Greening; 2, McManus.
6. Single Men's Race—1, Spillane; 2, Hollywood; 3, Young.
7. Horse Race (Final)—1, French.
8. Cycle Race—1, Roberts; 2, McManus; 3, Irving.
9. Three-legged Race—1, Conder, Croud; 2, McLachlan, Hennigan.
10. Veterans' Race—1, Peek; 2, Conder.
11. Greasy Pig—Mr. Reilly (by the star-board after leg).
12. Tug-of-War—Seamen beat Stewards by two pulls out of three, after a strenuous tussle.

---

An old salt was spinning yarns about his sailing ship days to an admiring crowd of modern tarry breeks, and had just remarked that in his days, before going for a long voyage, they always laid in a stock of live provisions, cows, sheep, etc. One of his audience asked him how they managed to keep the stock alive. "For instance, how did you feed the sheep when you ran out of grass?"

"Oh," said the old salt, "that was quite simple. We fitted them with green spectacles and fed 'em on shavings from the carpenter's bench!"



"BUSTER."

## HINTS ON PULLING RACES.

By "ONE WHO KNOWS."

1. Sprain your wrist on the day of the race.
2. Pull to the start with all your fenders and the painter hanging over the side—it gives a smart appearance to the boat.
3. Take the plug out and put it in your mouth. This lightens the plug by placing it further from the centre of the earth's attraction, and therefore lightens the boat.
4. It is important to begin an argument with the cox, just before the gun goes. As many of the boat's crew as possible should join in.
5. Coxswains should endeavour to put the helm hard over at intervals during the race—this often leads to conversation with the stroke oar and tends to break the monotony of the race.
6. Finally, remember that the bull dog never knows when he is beaten, so under

no circumstances admit defeat—even if beaten by the length of several streets—argue the point and claim a foul.

The views of other (!) eminent oarsmen have been sought, with the following gratifying results:—

Mr Blinkers, the well-known (to the police) jockey writes:—

"Dear Sir or Madam, —I have often pulled in my races and have only been bowled out four times, but the last time I got six months."

Victor Dubois, the famous bow-tie (I mean bow-oar) writes:—

"Not nécessaire. Pour réussir bien dans les courses à l'aviron, il faut surtout avoir de grandes moustaches fortement cirées. Ensuite la question de costume mérite une considération profonde. Les sentiments des français les plus illustres, après de ce sujet, nous révèlent, en effet, une diversité épatante. Napoléon, on sait bien, avait un penchant pour l'uniforme de la vieille garde; par contre, Mlle. Gaby Deslys a écrit 'J'aime mieux la robe de nuit.' Charlemagne en canot portait toujours une cuirasse de fer; mais, M. Georges Carpentier nous dit que pour s'habiller comme il faut, on doit absolument porter des guêtres blanches et des gants jaunes. De ma part, j'estime outre mesure le trousseau tartan et le chapeau à haute forme . . ." (Assez! assez! I'm about fed up with this.—Editor.)

The celebrated Persian stroke, Mr. Perhapzi Katcherkrab, has also favoured us as below:—

"Kgfa nfij379a vKG is to wj84nenyga pussmeow."

We quite agree with all he says, but the distinguished Asiatic has probably misunderstood us, as his letter refers to stroking cats and not boats' crews.

Lastly, Mr. Cadet Midshipman Billing contributes the following illuminating remarks:—

"Two orders should be given to the boat's crew as soon as possible—(1) Hard a starboard! This has the effect of ? (2) Hold water larboard! This increases the above effect."

### COMMISSIONING OF THE STEAM BUS.

On the morning of August 9th, 1913, a crew, in charge of Mr. Dix, left the College and took train for Williamstown to bring down the steamboat which had long been promised us.

We arrived at Williamstown at about 10 a.m. After the usual commissioning functions had been gone through, and the crew, with the additional hands from the "Cerberus" put through their "stations for leaving harbour," the main engines were tried, and being successful, we cast off from the pier at precisely 11 a.m. With P.O. Glen at the wheel we rounded the Pile Light, and met with a head wind and very choppy sea; but we were all prepared for dirty weather, and had rigged ourselves out in T.B.D. gear, so we rather enjoyed it than otherwise. After being under way for about 15 minutes we ran into a very nasty squall, and the poor old bus would insist on trying to stand on her nose, much to our discomfort, the seas breaking right over the wheel-house and cooling the folk in the engine-room. It being misty, we set our course as S 45 W (by compass). Having two compasses on board, we were able to compare one with the other, and found that there was a 4-point difference between them! Evidently our course by compass could not be relied on. However, we put one compass on the fore hatch, and lashed it down, and, when the seas would allow us, occasionally checked our course by the helmsman sliding the window back in the fore part of the wheel-house, dodging the seas in doing so. This naturally required great judgment and speed on the part of the helmsman. Things went O.K. until I heard a terrific yell from the interior of the wheel-house, and, looking in, I saw one of our passengers apparently trying to peer through the glass, with his nose against the pane; but on closer investigation found that the said passenger had been trying to look through the glass at the moment the helmsman had slid back the window, and his nose was fairly caught, and bled profusely. Tranquility being again restored (the helmsman had unthinkingly remarked that the said passenger would make a good port bow light), we proceeded on our way until we were again startled by the bursting of a gauge-

glass in the engine room, and Stoker Welch appeared on deck with a nasty cut on his head caused by the glass striking him. We soon patched him up, and things went on merrily again. Our speed was now about "one and an onion," for the wind had freshened and the seas, when they struck the wheel-house, stopped us absolutely dead. Trouble now began to come from the engine room, as the seas had got down below to such an extent that the E.R. staff were working up to their knees in water, and the pump for removing the water from the bilges had refused duty, so we were forced to reduce speed. As soon as we got under the lee of Port Arlington the sea moderated, enabling us to open up for'ard to allow our stoker P.O. to examine our fresh water tanks. He reported that there was quite a small amount left, and it began to look as if we should have to put into Port Arlington for water, but as better weather now prevailed, and things were more comfy in the engine room, we decided to go on.

We entered the Hopetoun Channel at 3 p.m., but even then continuous questions were coming from the E.R. as to how far we had to go. We finally dashed (?) alongside the pier to the accompaniment of loud cock-a-doodle-doo on the siren, and after discharging our passengers and stores, we laid out her moorings, thus ending the historic voyage of the "Bus."

### RESULT OF CHESS TOURNAMENT.

#### Final Game of Chess Tournament.

White.	Black.
ESDALE.	CONDER.
1. P-K4	1. P-K4
2. Kt-QB3	2. P-QB3
3. Kt-KB3	3. P-KB3
4. P-Q3	4. P-Q4
5. P x P	5. P x P
6. B-K3	6. B-Q3
7. Kt-QKt5	7. Kt-B3
8. Kt-R4	8. P-QR3
9. Kt x B	9. Q x Kt
10. Q-B3	10. B-K3
11. Q-R5 ch	11. P-KKt3
12. Q-K2	12. P-Q5
13. B-Q2	13. Castles
14. P-QR3	14. Kt-R3
15. B x Kt	15. KR-Ksq
16. Castles	16. Kt-K2



- |             |                |
|-------------|----------------|
| 17. R-Ksq   | 17. Q-Q4       |
| 18. P-QKt3  | 18. K-Ktsq     |
| 19. B-Q2    | 19. R-QBsq     |
| 20. B-Kt4   | 20. Q x QKtP   |
| 21. B-Q6 ch | 21. K-Rsq      |
| 22. P-QB3   | 22. R x P ch   |
| 23. K-Q2    | 23. Q-B7 mate. |

Great interest was taken in the chess tournament, and several good games were played. We congratulate Mr. Conder on his win, but venture to prophesy that he will have his work cut out in defending his title of champion in the next tournament, judging by the form shown by several of the competitors. He played a care-

ful game throughout, and seldom made a careless move. Most of the cadets have only an elementary idea of the game, but we would strongly advise them to cultivate it.

Can any cadet solve the following chess ending?

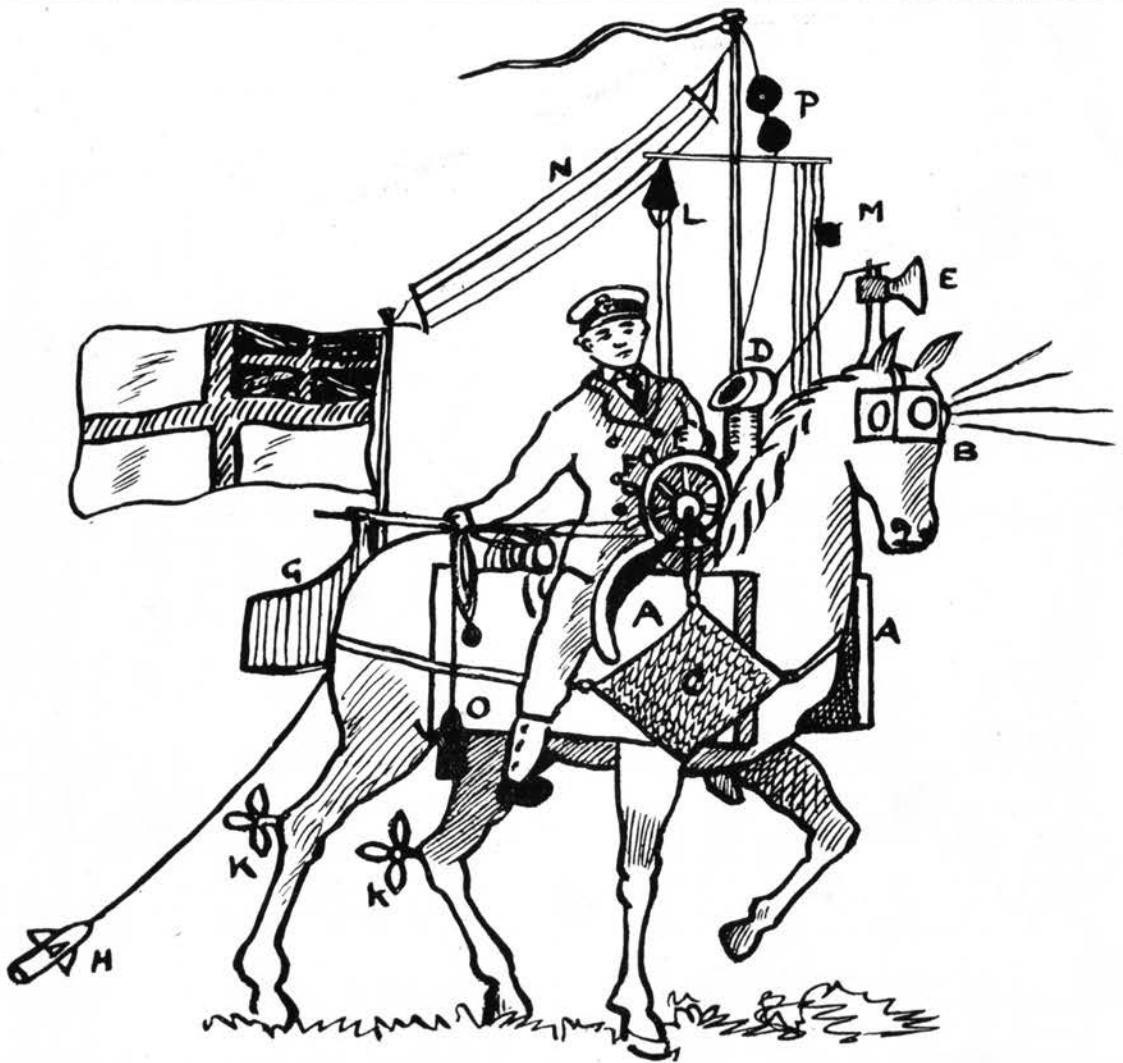
- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| White K on QRsq | Black K on KRsq |
| „ Q on QR3      | „ R on QKt7     |
| „ P on KB5      | „ B on K4       |
| „ P on KR5      | „ P on KB3      |
|                 | „ P on K5       |

White to play and win. (Of course he can **draw** by giving perpetual check.)

SEMI-FINAL. FINAL.

1ST ROUND. 2ND ROUND. 3RD ROUND.

	Howells	}	Farncomb	}	Farncomb	}	
	Farncomb						
	Cunningham	}	Cunningham	}		}	
	Long						
Lecky	}	Lecky	}	Lecky	}	}	Esdaile
Larkins							
Burnett	}	Burnett	}		}	}	
Sadleir							
Feldt	}	Feldt	}	Esdaile	}	}	
Albert							
Esdaile	}	Esdaile	}		}	}	
Hirst							
Collins	}	Nurse	}	Conder	}	}	Conder
Nurse							
Newman	}	Conder	}	Conder	}	}	
Conder							
	Shows	}	Gilling	}		}	
Byes.							
Howells	Gilling	}		}		}	Conder
Farncomb							
Cunningham	Reilly	}	Reilly	}		}	
Long							
Showers	Calder	}		}		}	
Gilling							
Reilly		}		}		}	
Calder							
Kimlin	Kimlin	}	Kimlin	}		}	
Getting							
	Getting	}		}		}	



## THE NAVAL HORSE.

In view of the devotion of Young Australia to the horse, a suggestion has been made as to whether steam tactics could not be taught upon the back of that animal.

At great trouble and expense we have evolved a design which, we feel sure, the Navy Board will unhesitatingly . . . . . reject:—

- AA Liquid fuel tanks for horse or rider.  
 B Combined bow and steaming lights.  
 C Collision mat. As this would be frequently used to repair damages, it should be made of extra stout canvas, closely thrummed.

- D Binnacle, fitted with specially constructed liquid compass to ensure a steady card when travelling at high speeds.  
 E Siren or whistle. 3 short "BLASTS" indicate full speed astern.  
 E Siren or whistle. 3 short BLASTS when the horse is securely anchored or moored head and stern.  
 G Rudder. Before placing in position it is advisable to unship the animal's tail, having previously taken the precaution to put a stout lashing on his after legs.

- H Patent log. By a simple arrangement this may be converted into a latest pattern stockless anchor, when not under way.
- KK Propellers. On no account should these be utilised by the rider in lieu of spurs.
- L Steaming cone. For indicating a change of speed to the next astern, thereby lessening the chances of collision.
- M Speed flags. Indicating the number of knots Admiral will ENDEAVOUR to maintain.
- N Wireless. Very useful for summoning aid in cases of distress.
- O Hand and lead line. The rider must not use this as a whip.
- P "Not under control" balls. Hoisted close up (N.B.—These balls should **never** be lowered) indicates "I cannot manage this brute."



## A VISIT TO H.M.A.S. "GEEWHIZ."

By the Special Correspondent of the  
"Hullabulloo Gazette."

(With Apologies to the "Britannia  
Magazine," 1891.)

Mr. Editor having informed me that he desired a few details about the life on board one of our warships, I at once booked a seat in the express, determined to explain fully to our readers the ways of

"The sailor men who sail upon the seas,  
Who keep the laws and fight the wars  
And live on yellow peas."

I embarked in a small shore boat, and was informed by the boatman that the ship was lying out in the roads. I expressed my surprise on hearing that the ocean had roads, and received an indignant reply in the negative to my query as to whether the waves were called ruts. After being buffeted about by the wind and sea (which ran mountains high) I arrived outside the "Geewhiz," and, grasping a rope which I saw hanging down the side, gave

it a vigorous pull. As, however, I did not hear the bell ring in response to my efforts, I clambered up the stairs and gained the deck in safety.

I saw a man standing near the entrance and asked him if he were the captain, as I had a letter of introduction to give him. He replied that he was not exactly the captain, but was called a "side boy," but had hopes of attaining that rank before he became a grandfather. He certainly looked very young, so possibly his hopes may be realised. He then escorted me down to the captain's cabin, and I duly presented my letter. The captain said he would be happy to give me every facility for acquiring nautical copy for my paper, and showed me the way to the Ward-room. The officers were most kind and attentive, and spun several yarns of their hairbreadth escapes from storms, pirates, and the like, until it was time to turn in. I was told that there would be an evolution next morning—"lay out sheet anchor and cat by hand"—and that I would have a good opportunity of obtaining "copy" if I kept my "weather eye lifting."

Sure enough, next morning, at an early hour, I was awakened by a stentorian voice shouting, "Away first cutter." I couldn't quite understand why a hair-dresser should be on board at all, and was not surprised that they should wish him out of the way during the "evolution," but I must confess I was somewhat astonished to hear an officer shout, "Your painter's hanging over the side." Now what should they want an artist for on board a man-o'-war? No wonder the wretched man was seasick! There was now much shouting and tramping of feet upstairs, and I concluded rightly that the "evolution" had commenced. Most of the expressions I heard from time to time were incomprehensible, but some, dealing with domestic animals and savouring of the farm, were quite easy to understand.

I was aware that sailors were fond of keeping pets, but had no idea they would be allowed to keep so many on board. Such expressions as "Is the horse clear?" "Put it abaft the manger," "Send the gig away," indicated the presence of a horse on board. There was also a donkey belonging to the Engineer-Commander, which he

kept in the engine room. Then I heard the Commander allude to a "mouse," which was apparently nibbling a hook, a "lizard" on a boom, and a "cat's paw." Some "hounds" had a kennel near the mast, and their whelps were round the capstan; while a remark dropped by a sailor concerning a "second dog" clearly proved that there was more than one on board.

They had nearly got the anchor up when one of the pets—a cat this time—apparently got in the way, causing some inconvenience. "Away with the cat!" followed by a loud splash, showed that the wretched brute had been ruthlessly thrown overboard. The general belief that sailors are kind to dumb animals can therefore hardly be correct. The hairdresser must have returned about this time, as some one remarked that "the cutter's gripes had a turn in them," due, I supposed, to his consumption of too much salt pork, but "get hold of the leech" and a shout of "port" showed that the doctor was attending to the poor fellow.

The callous manner in which these misfortunes were alluded to made me doubtful of my own safety, and imagine my horror when I heard the Commander remark, in matter-of-fact tones, "Tell the first lieutenant there's a dead man hanging from the yard arm," and the cheerful response "Aye, aye, sir!" from one of the sailors. But this was not all. "Get the skulls into the skiff," "set the shroud up," and some remarks anent a "dead eye," completely unmanned me, and, hastening on deck, pale with horror, I shouted to my boat to come to the foot of the stairs, and, jumping in, was taken far from the scene of these dreadful tragedies, never again to venture on board one of His Majesty's Australian warships.

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### THE RHYME OF THE OLD OFFENDER.

It is a First Lieutenant,  
 And he stoppeth none but me;  
 "Mr. Brown, a moment please!"  
 Why not Jones, I cannot see  
 \* \* \*

The messroom doors are open wide,  
 The lights are burning bright;  
 Three gongs are gone, the feast is on;  
 Can't see the merry sight?

I stand before him. "Sir?" says I.  
 (I cannot choose but hear.)  
 "Your lanyard, boy, where is it now?"  
 "Sir, in my chest, I fear."

"Go, fetch your lanyard, Mr. Brown;  
 And for to-night, you see,  
 At defaulters' table you must sit  
 For being late for tea."

At half-past eight a.m. I'm there  
 (And how much will I get?).  
 "Inside! Brown is next, sir, please."  
 I'm sure he's got me set.

"Four days four! Right Turn! Quick  
 march!"  
 The Gunner has his will.  
 I go, and round me buzz like bees  
 My friends who say "Poor Bill."

The next four days I have to spend  
 At pole drill and the rest,  
 And while I double round the quad  
 These same good friends do jest.

But at the end of these four days,  
 Although I'm spent and worn,  
 A sadder and a wiser boy  
 I'll rise for many a morn.

J.A.C.

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### ESSAY ON WORK.

By P.J.K.

These are a series of thinks I thought on work (while I was doing pole drill).

Work can be looked at from two points of view—one from the physics lab. and the other from the quadrangle when you are doing No. 4.

Work is a matter of foot and lbs. in the lab., but feet and poles in No. 4.

In the lab. you have to sit and twiddle levers and develop ft. lbs., while you twiddle poles and develop your feet in No. 4.

In the lab. you work the work a fly does when crawling up an elephant's eyebrow.

In the quad. you work out how much more time you've got to do.

You don't exactly beam with benevolence upon No. 4, but still it is work. If there was no work we would pine away, so work has its uses.

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## A FEAT OF SEAMANSHIP.

(Reprinted by kind permission of the "Morning Post.")

In the summer of 1911 H.M.S. "Niobe" (the cruiser purchased by the Canadian Government for training purposes) was sent to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, apparently to adorn the celebration of the "Yarmouth Old Home Week"—whatever that festival may be. It was publicly said in Canada at the time that she was despatched, that it was against the advice of Admiral Kingsmill and his captain, and at the request of a member of the Canadian House of Commons. However, she sailed for Yarmouth and the "Old Home Week," and on the way she struck upon a rock off Cape Sable. She lost her rudder, twisted her stern post, disabled one engine, was unable to use the other, and leaked copiously. And there she lay, exposed to the south-west, a gale from which quarter must have sunk her.

At the same time H.M.S. "Cornwall," training cruiser for cadets, happened to be cruising off Newfoundland, in whose waters the young gentlemen enjoyed excellent fishing in their hours of relaxation. Hearing of the disaster to the "Niobe," the captain of the "Cornwall" telegraphed, offering to go to her assistance, to Admiral Kingsmill, who accepted in the name of the Canadian Government.

The "Cornwall," touching at St. John's, read in the newspapers alarming accounts of the desperate plight of the "Niobe," and put to sea at high speed. A thick fog descended upon the face of the waters. Now here is a notable thing: The "Cornwall" never saw the ship she rescued until she had rescued her! That night the "Cornwall" anchored in the fog, at a point some 12 miles from the "Niobe." The next morning the fog was as dense as ever. The captain of the "Cornwall" must

chose between waiting for the fog to lift, and thereby risking the loss of the "Niobe," should a gale get up, and finding her in a fog, in unknown waters and a strong tide. His chart was old, but filled with apparently reliable information, which showed that he might proceed with reasonable safety. A wireless question to the "Niobe" and to the Cape Sable Lighthouse elicited the reply that a buoy moored near the "Niobe" was in fact where it ought to be in relation to a dangerous submerged reef. The "Cornwall" decided to go on. Cape Sable was located by its fog horn. The buoy was also located by its sound, and was found to be on its correct bearing, according to the chart.

So the "Cornwall" groped her way through the dense fog in a flat calm, the leads going, sounding the sea bottom, at slow speed. According to the chart she was a mile from the submerged reef when she grounded on it. The men ran to collision stations, the bower anchor was dropped, and soundings were taken all round the ship. The lead told that the reef was of the shape of a house with two chimneys, one higher than the other. The fore part of the ship rested on the top of the lower chimney, her side rested against the side of the top of the taller chimney. The double bottoms from the after boiler room forward were full of water. The inner bottom was intact. When a modern warship takes the ground the immense weight of her guns, armour, and engines presses down upon the thin plating of her bottoms, so that a touch rips it open. The old wooden ships, with their vertically wedge-shaped hulls, had much less to fear. The "Cornwall" laid out another anchor with the rising tide, so that if the tide, rising 10 feet, did not float her off, as it went down again the pull of the anchor would shift her. By this time the strain on the inner bottom became evident, the plates bulging slightly inwards.

A message to the "Niobe" brought two salvage tugs, which, after much careful labour, hauled the "Cornwall" into deep water. Shores were fixed to strengthen the bottom. No one knew exactly in what the damage consisted, for the tide was so strong that divers could not go down to examine the hull. The "Cornwall" steamed

three miles to deeper water, and there anchored. The fog continued, so did the calm. The "Cornwall" herself was hardly in a condition to weather a gale, but it does not seem to have occurred to her captain to turn back. The "Cornwall" sent a wireless message to the "Niobe" to tell her that if she could be towed by the tugs next morning to the place where the "Cornwall" lay, a distance of five miles, the "Cornwall" would take her into Halifax. It was now the turn of the "Niobe." The two tugs had not enough power for so heavy and hazardous a task, but they went to work. The chief danger was that as the "Niobe" was shifted, the tide would carry her on shore in spite of the tugs. The hawsers parted time and again, and every time the "Niobe" must drop anchor. The tugs and their wounded convoy took five hours to traverse the five miles of fog-laden sea to the waiting "Cornwall." As the "Niobe" let go her anchor the fog lifted, and the "Cornwall" saw her for a few moments. Then the fog shut down again, so that the "Cornwall" could only be guided by the "Niobe's" siren. What the "Cornwall" had to do was to veer down with a racing tide to within four or five hundred yards of the "Niobe's" bows, drop anchor there, and send a boat to the "Niobe," carrying the grass line, to which is attached the hemp, to which is attached the towing hawser. The hawser, sagging to the bottom, while it was being hauled in by the "Niobe," caught in the rocks. At this time the two vessels were invisible one from the other. Late in the evening the job was done, and the "Cornwall," towing the "Niobe," stood out to sea. The "Niobe," having no rudder, kept one tug shouldering her astern to keep her straight. The holes in her bottom were patched with canvas secured with wooden battens. What would have happened if the weather had roughened, fortunately did not happen.

For 24 hours the "Cornwall" towed the "Niobe" through the fog, and, save for a glimpse once or twice, never saw her. Then she emerged suddenly as from a wall into daylight. That night they dropped anchor off Halifax Dockyard.

The "Cornwall's" captain, in addition to the responsibility of saving the "Niobe," had to carry the whole responsi-

bility of the safety of the cadets. He adventured in strange waters, in a fog, was betrayed by his chart, struck a rock, got off again, and with half of the bottom of his ship crumpled up, took in tow, in a tide race, and still in a fog, a totally and completely disabled vessel, and brought her into dock.



### THE SAD STORY OF THE OLD MAN.

Once upon a time an old man went for a walk, accompanied by his Nurse, And er son.

"It Reilly seems to be Getting Calder," said the old man, wrapping his Long coat closer about him, "but this cold weather makes a New man of me—I never Feldt better in my life!"

"It will be Lecky for you," replied his Nurse, "if these Showers hold off. Good 'Evans! Watt's the good of Rayment like that? You'd better Burn ett!"

Suddenly round the corner came his Cousin, the township Sadleir.

"My horse is Bolt ing," he cried, "and my Arm, strong as it is, cannot hold him!"

Shaw enough, straight at the old man he Dashed, Gilling him on the spot.

R.I.P.



### FAMOUS TRIALS.

#### Grant v. Bill Grant.

Bill Grant, described as a bull dog of exceptional ugliness, and with no occupation other than eating and sleeping, was brought up on an indictment charging him (1) with being absent without leave from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. on August 3rd, 1913; (2) with unlawfully killing, with malice aforethought, one cock, by name Robinson; two hens, Mary and Ellen; two ducks, Flossie and Gertrude; four bantams, Clarence, Bertie, Cuthbert, and Archibald.

Mr. Clove Hitch, K.C., conducted the case for the prosecution. The prisoner was undefended by counsel.

Mr. Hitch, in opening the case for the prosecution, said that the prisoner came of a good old Australian family, but left home at an early age to join the Royal Australian Navy, receiving his appointment to the Naval College in January last, where he had since resided. He spent most of his time in eating and sleeping, any form of work being abhorrent to him. His conduct for the first few hours after reporting himself, "Come aboard to join, sir," was exemplary, but since then his offences against good order and naval discipline had been most numerous; in fact one punishment sheet had been completely filled in less than three months. (Sensation in court.)

Prisoner: Several of the punishments were unmerited. The puppy was guilty of many offences for which I suffered (a bark—"liar!"), and chasing cats was the natural result of being kept by my master in such exceptionally good nick.

His Worship: And what, might I ask, does the prisoner mean by "good nick?"

Mr. Hitch: It is a vulgar expression, your Worship, used by members of the sporting fraternity to denote the fact that their bodies are, what they term, trained to a hair. The use of such an expression by the prisoner merely tends to show what company he has been in the habit of associating with.

Prisoner: You leave my friends alone!

His Worship warned the prisoner that no good could come of these interruptions; in fact they might damage his case. He (the learned judge) was prepared to give the prisoner every chance of defending himself, in view of the fact that the prisoner's face might prejudice the jury against him, but there was a limit to everything.

Counsel, continuing, said that with regard to the first charge, it was clearly proved that the prisoner had not asked for leave, as his name had not been entered in the Dog's Leave Book. He would now touch on the more serious charge of murder. The fowl Robinson was an inoffensive and respected member of the chicken run, and was so named by his affectionate messmates, because he crew

so— (Loud laughter, which was instantly suppressed, the judge remarking that if there was any more of this unseemly conduct he would have the court cleared. This was a court of justice and not a music hall.) The cat Ratkin had given evidence that he had actually been an eye witness of the murder, which evidence was confirmed by that of Possum. (The proceedings here were interrupted by the prisoner making desperate efforts to reach the witness, and he was only secured after a keen struggle.)

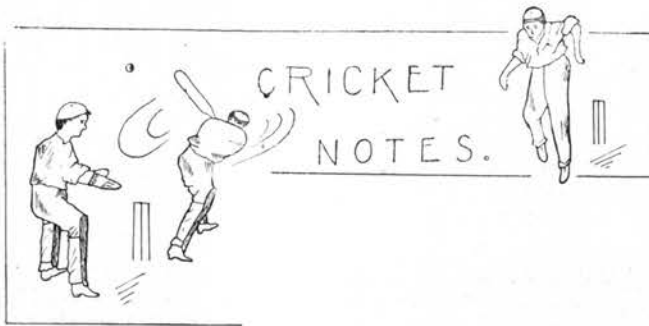
Counsel went on to say that the crime was deliberately planned and carried out with fiendish ingenuity. He did not see how the jury could bring in a verdict other than guilty after hearing the evidence. The prisoner addressed the Court at great length on his own behalf. He said he quite realised the gravity of the charge, but the evidence was very flimsy. Both witnesses had a personal dislike for him, and had nervously contradicted themselves every time he had growled a question. The docility of dogs of the bull dog breed, of which he was proud to be a member, was an accepted fact, and he was no exception to the rule; in fact he was so tame he would eat out of your hand, if there was anything worth eating in it. He would like to impress upon the learned judge the fact that he had only 365 punishments registered against him in the Conduct Book for the past year, and hoped that this would weigh in his favour.

After the judge had summed up against the prisoner the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, without leaving the court, and the prisoner was sentenced to a severe castigation, with the loss of all good conduct bones, and to pay for the victims out of his biscuit allowance.

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Newly-joined Cadet-Midshipman to Naval Instructor: "Please, are you the study corporal?"

Naval Instructor: "No, my lad; you have come to the wrong man. I am only the window cleaner! You will be able to tell the study corporal by the straw in his hair!"



### Characters of 1st XI.

- F. L. Larkins has captained the team quite well, but has a tendency to keep a bowler on too long. Will make a good bat when he conquers his desire to knock the cover off the ball in the first over! A useful slow leg-break bowler. Has a very safe pair of hands. Obtained cap.
- J. Burnett. A very sound bat. Rather a slow scorer at present, but has many nice strokes, and has the sense "to wait for the ones to hit." Should improve when he gets more beef behind his strokes! A useful wicket-keeper. Obtained cap.
- W. L. Reilly. One of the best all-round members of the team. A very good painstaking bat, and has made some excellent scores. A good slow bowler (when he gets his length!), breaking a good bit from either side. Good in the field. Obtained cap.
- H. B. Farncomb has a very nice style and should develop into a really good bat. Rather inclined to "slog." A fair bowler, but poor in the field. Obtained cap.
- J. B. Newman has kept wicket for the XI. in nearly every match since he joined, with conspicuous success. A fair bat. Obtained cap.
- C. A. R. Sadleir bats in good style, and has a variety of strokes. Too keen to make runs quickly. Should improve. Obtained cap.
- H. A. Showers. Right hand medium bowler. Should try to cultivate a length, and not try to bowl too fast. A fair bat. Obtained cap.
- A. J. G. Tate. A left-handed bat. Has a very good idea of the game, and a very bad stroke to leg! Should improve.
- E. S. Nurse. A painstaking bat and fair bowler. Rather a nervous starter, but hits out well when he gets set, which, up to date, has not been a very frequent occurrence! Poor in the field.
- G. A. Gould. Bats in rather a cramped style. A keen fielder.
- J. A. Collins. The "white hope" of the side. Goes in to hit and keeps on hitting—for as long as they'll let him!

## CRICKET.

Sept. 27th—Cadets v. Ship's Company.

(By E.S.C.)

We are fortunate in having a fine day for this our first match of the season.

The Ship's Company won the toss and decided to bat. P.O. Glen, the first man, was unluckily run out in the first over off a bye. Sig. Smith, his partner, played carefully. The fielding of the Cadets was good, and did not give much away. Shipwright Radford started to hit, but soon lost Smith, who was out to a catch by Larkins, and next ball the captain, Jones, was caught by Burnett. Radford continued to play well, hitting a couple of good twos. B. O. Leeds followed Jones, but was caught by Newman before he had scored. A few balls later, P. O. Greening was bowled by Showers, who had then got 4 wickets for no runs. A. B. Young, the next man, was well caught by Farncomb.



Reilly then went on to bowl, and the remaining wickets fell rapidly, and the innings ended for 21. Reilly and Burnett opened the innings for the Cadets, and started to hit out at once. With the score at 17, Burnett was run out, and Larkins followed, to be also run out after he had scored 11. Reilly then retired l.b.w., and Farncomb suffered a similar fate. Showers

was well caught by Radford, and soon after Howells was caught and bowled by Jones, and the innings closed for 70.

The Ship's Company did better in the next knock, Radford, Glen, and Young being top scorers, and took the total to 45, the Cadets thus winning by an innings and 4 runs.



SHOWERS            GOULD            CUNNINGHAM            COLLINS            NURSE  
 REILLY            BURNETT            LARKINS (Capt)            NEWMAN            FARNCOMB  
                          SADLIER            FIRST ELEVEN.            TATE

Full score:— SHIP'S COMPANY.  
 First Innings.

P.O. Glen, run out . . . . .	0
Sig. Smith, c Larkins, b Showers . .	3
Shipt. Radford, c Howells, b Showers	10
P.O. Greening, b Showers . . . . .	0
S.C. Jones, c Burnett, b Showers . .	0
P.O. Leeds, c Newman, b Showers . .	0
A.B. Young, c Farncomb, b Showers	0
A.B. Conder, b Reilly . . . . .	0
P.O. Mansell, c Newman, b Reilly . .	4
A.B. Hollywood, b Showers . . . . .	2

A.B. Croud, not out . . . . .	0
Extras . . . . .	2
Total . . . . .	21

Second Innings.

P.O. Glen, c Larkins, b Howells . . . .	6
Sig. Smith, c Howells, b Long . . . .	0
Shipt. Radford, not out . . . . .	20
P.O. Greening, b Howells . . . . .	2
S. C. Jones, b Howells . . . . .	0
P.O. Leeds, run out . . . . .	4

A.B. Young, c Reilly b Farncomb ..	6	Baillue, b Showers .. . . . .	0
A.B. Conder, b Feldt .. . . . .	1	Love, b Reilly .. . . . .	2
P.O. Mansell, b Farncomb .. . . .	3	Armstrong, not out .. . . . .	0
A.B. Hollywood, c Burnett, b Feldt .	1	Broom, not out .. . . . .	0
A.B. Croud, run out .. . . . .	2	Extras .. . . . .	2
Total .. . . . .	45	Total .. . . . .	48

## CADETS.

## First Innings.

Mr. Burnett, run out .. . . . .	12
Mr. Reilly, lbw, b Jones .. . . . .	16
Mr. Larkins, run out .. . . . .	11
Mr. Farncomb, lbw, b Glen .. . . . .	2
Mr. Newman, b Jones .. . . . .	3
Mr. Sadleir, b Jones .. . . . .	2
Mr. Showers, c and b Radford .. . . .	0
Mr. Howells, c and b Jones .. . . . .	0
Mr. Nurse, not out .. . . . .	7
Mr. Feldt, b Jones .. . . . .	0
Mr. Long, c and b Jones .. . . . .	15
Extras .. . . . .	2
Total .. . . . .	70

**Oct. 18th—Cadets v. Melbourne Grammar School (Junior Team).**

Played on our ground and resulted in a victory for us by 7 wickets.

We were very glad to welcome "our friends the enemy," and hope to have the pleasure of seeing them on many future occasions.

They sent down rather a weak team, and, thanks to Reilly, Burnett, and Farncomb in the batting line, and Reilly in the bowling line, we managed to win quite comfortably. Newman, too, helped to keep their score down by his excellent work behind the "sticks." Long did some sensational bowling in their second innings, getting five wickets for 7 runs.

Full score:—

## MELBOURNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

## First Innings.

Herd, b Farncomb .. . . . .	2
McCullock, c Reilly, b Farncomb ..	23
Rushworth, b Showers .. . . . .	6
MacLellen, c Feldt, b Reilly .. . . .	8
Williams, b Reilly .. . . . .	5
Leman, run out .. . . . .	0
McIntyre, c Burnett, b Reilly .. . . .	0

## Second Innings.

Herd, c Larkins, b Long .. . . . .	0
McCullock, not out .. . . . .	7
Rushworth, b Long .. . . . .	12
Williams, c Burnett, b Long .. . . . .	0
Leman, b Long .. . . . .	0
Armstrong, c Newman, b Long .. . . .	0
Extras .. . . . .	0
Total (5 wickets) .. . . . .	19

## R.A.N.C.

## First Innings.

Cadet Burnett, c Armstrong, b Herd .	10
Cadet Reilly, b Herd .. . . . .	26
Cadet Larkins, c Leman, b Broome ..	7
Cadet Howells, c and b McIntyre .. . .	6
Cadet Sadleir, b Herd .. . . . .	5
Cadet Farncomb, not out .. . . . .	23
Cadet Newman, b McIntyre .. . . . .	0
Cadet Nurse, b McIntyre .. . . . .	2
Cadet Showers, c Armstrong, b McIntyre .. . . . .	10
Cadet Feldt, not out .. . . . .	1
Cadet Long, did not bat .. . . . .	0
Extras .. . . . .	6
Total (8 wickets) .. . . . .	96

**Oct. 29th — R.A.N.C. v H.M.A.S. Encounter.**

The less said about this match the better—from our point of view!

We managed to dispose of our opponents for 66, and then, having got 35 runs for 4 wickets, lost the game.

Burnett and Reilly opened the innings for us, and both batted extremely well, especially the former, who kept his end up while 7 wickets fell, and defied their bowling for nearly an hour and a half. The bowling honors were shared between Mr. Smith and Lieut. Monk, the former getting 5 for 26 and the latter 4 for 28.

Full score:—

H.M.A.S. ENCOUNTER.

First Innings.

Lieut. Wilkinson, run out . . . . .	14
Reid, b Smith . . . . .	18
Lieut. Wilmot, b Monk . . . . .	0
P.O. Wilson, c Burnett, b Smith . .	0
Captain Smith, c Reilly, b Smith . .	4
Lieut. Mortimer, b Smith . . . . .	0
Robinson, b Monk . . . . .	2
Lieut. Langford, c Farncomb, b Monk	0
Bryant, c Grant, b Monk . . . . .	5
Drewitt, not out . . . . .	7
Hood, b Smith . . . . .	4
Extras . . . . .	12
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Total . . . . .	66
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R.A.N.C.

First Innings.

Cadet Burnett, c Hood, b Wilkinson . .	10
Cadet Reilly, b Capt. Smith . . . . .	15
Lieut. Monk, c Bryant, b Drewitt . .	5
Cadet Larkins, lbw, b Drewitt . . . .	4
Cadet Farncomb, c Langford, b Drewitt	6
Cadet Hennigan, b Drewitt . . . . .	3
Lieut. Grant, c Wilson, b Drewitt . .	0
Lieut. Weeks, c Wilson, b Wilkinson	0
Radford, b Wilkinson . . . . .	1
Roberts, b Drewitt . . . . .	0
Mr. Smith, not out . . . . .	0
Extras . . . . .	4
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Total . . . . .	48
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**Nov. 1st—Cadets v. Scotch College  
(Melbourne) Juniors.**

This was the first match of the season for our opponents, and they were obviously out of practice. In spite of this they gave us a rare fright, for after getting them out for the small total of 27, we proceeded to lose 6 wickets for 22! However, Showers and Feldt came to the rescue, and we managed to beat them by 4 wickets. The perfect understanding between these two Cadets, and their running between the wickets, should serve as a lesson to the rest of the team.

Full score:—

SCOTCH COLLEGE.

First Innings.

Alexander, b Showers . . . . .	4
Brown, c Nurse, b Reilly . . . . .	0
Fitts, b Showers . . . . .	1
Thwaites, c Larkins, b Showers . . . .	9
Richardson, c Long, b Showers . . . .	0
Butchart, c Newman, b Reilly . . . . .	0
McMillan, b Reilly . . . . .	2
Russell, c Larkins, b Showers . . . . .	3
Staley, c Burnett, b Reilly . . . . .	3
Broadhurst, st Newman, b Reilly . . . .	0
Newnham, not out . . . . .	1
Extras . . . . .	4
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Total . . . . .	27
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Second Innings.

Alexander, c Sadleir, b Reilly . . . . .	0
Brown, not out . . . . .	3
Fitts, c Newman, b Reilly . . . . .	1
Thwaites, c Howells, b Farncomb . . .	14
Richardson, not out . . . . .	3
Butchart, c Nurse, b Reilly . . . . .	3
McMillan, c Larkins, b Reilly . . . . .	3
Extras . . . . .	10
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Total (5 wickets) . . . . .	37
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R.A.N.C. CADETS.

First Innings.

Cadet Burnett, c Richardson, b Alexander . . . . .	6
Cadet Reilly, b Russell . . . . .	2
Cadet Farncomb, b Alexander . . . . .	5
Cadet Larkins (capt.), lbw, b Alexander . . . . .	1
Cadet Sadleir, b Alexander . . . . .	1
Cadet Newman, b Russell . . . . .	0
Cadet Nurse, run out . . . . .	4
Cadet Showers, c Fitts, b Brown . . . .	9
Cadet Howells, b Russell . . . . .	1
Cadet Long, b Russell . . . . .	0
Cadet Feldt, not out . . . . .	14
Extras . . . . .	12
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Total . . . . .	56
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**Nov. 8th—R.A.N.C. v. A Geelong Club  
Team.**

We issued a challenge to the Club, accompanied by certain rules and regula-

tions, one of which stated that the team was to consist of 5 cricketers, the remainder being "alleged cricketers," which challenge 11 sportsmen proceeded to accept with alacrity. They arrived in time for lunch (and a small "milk and soda" before lunch), and the game started at 2.45 p.m. They won the toss and elected to bat first. They started in to hit from the word "go," and put on 34 runs before the first wicket fell. 59 runs were on the board with only one wicket down, and we thought we were in for a rare hiding, but happily the "alleged cricketers," seeing our growing discomfiture, decided to give us as little trouble as possible, and the side was out for 125, Mr. De Little having carried his bat for an excellent innings of 53. The First Lieutenant and Mr. Reilly opened the innings for us, and put on 30 runs before the latter was run out, having played in good style for 13. Lieut. Weeks filled the vacancy, and runs came at a great pace, two sixes being run out. The second wicket fell at 89, Lieut. Grant being bowled by Mr. De Little for 58. Mr. Smith then came in, and the balance was secured with the loss of one more wicket, the R.A.N.C. thus winning a most enjoyable game by 6 wickets.

We have no doubt that the best team did **not** win, the chivalry of the losers in allowing so many to trickle to the boundary undoubtedly giving us the victory! Cadet Newman did splendid work behind the stumps.

Full score:—

GEELONG CLUB.

First Innings.

Mr. Anderson, b Monk . . . . .	20
Mr. De Little, not out . . . . .	53
Mr. Orr, c Grant, b Reilly . . . . .	14
Mr. Marryatt, st Newman, b Reilly . .	0
Mr. Shannon, b Grant . . . . .	9
Mr. Lascelles, run out . . . . .	6
Mr. Bostock, st Newman, b Reilly . .	0
Mr. Jobbins, b Monk . . . . .	9
Mr. Douglass, b Monk . . . . .	0
Mr. Cooper (capt), st Newman, b Larkins	0
Mr. Wilson, st Newman, b Monk . . . .	6
Extras . . . . .	8
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Total . . . . .	125

R.A.N.C.

First Innings.

Lieut. Grant, b De Little . . . . .	58
Cadet Reilly, run out . . . . .	13
Lieut. Weeks, c Bostock, b Shannon .	22
Mr. Smith, not out . . . . .	28
Lieut. Monk, b De Little . . . . .	11
Cadet Larkins, not out . . . . .	4
Cadet Farncomb, did not bat	
Mr. Trivett . . . . .	"
Mr. Dix . . . . .	"
Cadet Newman . . . . .	"
Mr. Marden . . . . .	"
Extras . . . . .	9
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Total (3 wickets) . . . . .	145

Nov. 15th—Cadets v. Melbourne Grammar School (A Junior Team).

Played on their ground in rather un-cricketal weather. They were playing a much stronger team than that which came to visit us; in fact only four of the old team were included. We got a rare hiding, the School knocking up 182, of which Harrison was responsible for a well-played innings of 73, and Wade, who made 52 not out, when we could only total 78. Wallis played havoc with the Cadets, getting seven wickets at a cost of only 2 runs! However, we gave them a bad fright, having scored 67 with only one wicket down, and half an hour left for play, when Wallis proceeded to "wipe the deck" with us! Burnett, Reilly, and Newman shared the honors, all three batting in excellent style.

Full score:—

MELBOURNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

First Innings.

Longlands, c Sadleir, b Farncomb . .	11
MacLellan, b Farncomb . . . . .	21
Harrison, run out . . . . .	73
McCulloch, c Larkins, b Reilly . . . .	9
Rushworth, c Burnett, b Reilly . . . .	2
Herd, c Showers, b Reilly . . . . .	0
Wallis, b Showers . . . . .	0
Wade, not out . . . . .	52
Brookebank, c Newman, b Showers . .	0
Smith, c Farncomb, b Showers . . . . .	4
Leslie, c and b Showers . . . . .	0
Extras . . . . .	10
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Total . . . . .	182

R.A.N.C. CADETS.

First Innings.

Cadet Burnett, b Wallis . . . . .	23
Cadet Reilly, b Longlands . . . . .	11
Cadet Newman, c Wade, b Wallis . . . . .	30
Cadet Farncomb, run out . . . . .	0
Cadet Larkins, c McLellan, b Wallis . . . . .	3
Cadet Saddleir, b Brookebank . . . . .	0
Cadet Showers, b Wallis . . . . .	1
Cadet Feldt, not out . . . . .	2
Cadet Nurse, b Wallis . . . . .	0
Cadet Long, c Longlands, b Wallis . . . . .	0
Cadet Howells, b Wallis . . . . .	0
Extras . . . . .	8
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Total . . . . .	78

R.A.N.C.

First Innings.

Cadet Burnett, not out . . . . .	23
Cadet Reilly, not out . . . . .	15
Cadet Farncomb, did not bat	
Cadet Larkins . . . . .	"
Cadet Newman . . . . .	"
Cadet Saddleir . . . . .	"
Cadet Showers . . . . .	"
Cadet Feldt . . . . .	"
Cadet Nurse . . . . .	"
Cadet Long . . . . .	"
Cadet Howells . . . . .	"
Extras . . . . .	2
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Total (no wickets) . . . . .	40

**Nov. 22nd—Cadets v. Geelong Grammar School (Juniors).**

Played on their ground. Our opponents won the toss and elected to take first knock. Showers and Farncomb were entrusted with the attack, and the former bowled well throughout the innings. The only batsman to give any real trouble was Webster, who made 39 by careful play, and the side was despatched for a total of 96. Reilly and Burnett opened our innings, and knocked up 40 between them, without being separated, but just as they were apparently getting "set," it commenced to rain, and the match had to be abandoned as a draw, we requiring 57 to win, with all our wickets in hand.

Full score :—

GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

First Innings.

Ferguson, run out . . . . .	2
McEwan, run out . . . . .	10
Webster, b Farncomb . . . . .	39
Jackson, b Showers . . . . .	13
Hardy, b Larkins . . . . .	3
Dyson, b Larkins . . . . .	2
Bloughman, c Saddleir, b Showers . . . . .	3
Fetherstonhaugh, c Newman, b Larkins	10
Fitznead, not out . . . . .	1
White, c Larkins, b Farncomb . . . . .	3
Beauman, st Newman, b Farncomb . . . . .	2
Extras . . . . .	8
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Total . . . . .	96

**Nov. 29th—Cadets v. Geelong College (Juniors).**

Played on our ground. A most exciting match, which was won by our opponents by the narrow margin of 13 runs. They won the toss and batted first, knocking up a total of 105, of which Hawkes was responsible for 31 and Philip 20. Reilly took 5 wickets, and had two chances missed off his bowling. We managed to carry our score to 86 for eight wickets, thanks principally to Newman, Saddleir and Nurse, but the latter was then bowled and we defeated "on the post" as stated.

Full score :—

GEELONG COLLEGE.

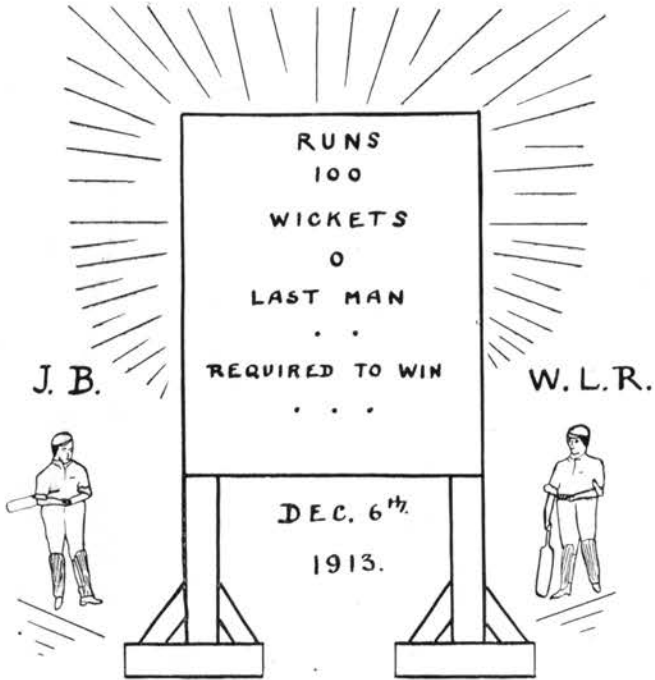
First Innings.

Campbell, c Reilly, b Farncomb . . . . .	1
Philip, b Larkins . . . . .	20
Hawkes, st Newman, b Reilly . . . . .	31
McFarlane, lbw, b Reilly . . . . .	6
Franklin, st Newman, b Larkins . . . . .	0
MacPherson, c Burnett, b Showers . . . . .	9
Stott, c Larkins, b Reilly . . . . .	1
McKindlar, st Newman, b Larkins . . . . .	12
Sinclair, c Esdaile, b Reilly . . . . .	9
Small, c Long, b Reilly . . . . .	3
Robins, not out . . . . .	5
Extras . . . . .	8
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Total . . . . .	105

R.A.N.C.  
First Innings.

Cadet Burnett, b Franklin . . . . .	8
Cadet Reilly, b Hawkes . . . . .	1
Cadet Newman, c and b Stott . . . . .	16
Cadet Feldt, b Hawkes . . . . .	1
Cadet Larkins, b Stott . . . . .	10
Cadet Sadleir, st McFarlane, b Hawkes	13

Cadet Showers, b Stott . . . . .	5
Cadet Farncomb, b Hawkes . . . . .	0
Cadet Nurse, b Hawkes . . . . .	16
Cadet Long, not out . . . . .	8
Cadet Esdaile, b Hawkes . . . . .	5
Extras . . . . .	9
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>92</b>



**Dec. 6th—Officers v. Cadet-Midshipmen.**

The Officers got a very bad beating in this match, the Cadets, who batted first, scoring 255 for six wickets, and disposing of their opponents for 66!

Reilly and Burnett put up a record first-wicket partnership for the College, scoring exactly 100 before they were parted. The former played a reilly (Oh! Oh!—Editor) excellent innings of 89—another individual record for the Cadets. We do not like to make excuses for the poor display on the part of the Officers, but we cannot help thinking that the result would have been reversed had not Dr. Newman, who had opened his innings with a beautiful stroke for 1, and was already treating the bowling with an indifference worthy of Trumper at his best, been deliberately struck with the ball on the head, thus completely “putting his eye out.” We most

strongly protest against these “win at any price” tactics! Full score:—

**CADETS.**

First Innings.

Cadet Reilly, b Mr. Smith . . . . .	89
Cadet Burnett, c Mr. Smith, b Lieut. Monk . . . . .	48
Cadet Newman, run out . . . . .	18
Cadet Farncomb, b Lieut. Monk . . . . .	36
Cadet Larkins (capt.), b Lieut. Grant . . . . .	28
Cadet Sadleir, b Mr. Trivett . . . . .	7
Cadet Nurse, not out . . . . .	0
Cadet Showers, not out . . . . .	0
Cadet Feldt, did not bat	
Cadet Long	“
Cadet Esdaile	“
Extras . . . . .	29

Total (6 wickets) . . . . . 255  
Innings declared closed.

OFFICERS.

First Innings.

Eng.-Lieut. Weeks, c and b Reilly ..	0
Mr. Trivett, c and b Larkins .. .. .	3
Mr. Dix, st Newman, b Larkins .. .. .	0
Capt. Chambers, c Showers, b Larkins	1
Lieut. Grant, c Larkins, b Showers ..	33
Mr. Francis, c Showers, b Larkins ..	0
Dr. Newman, c Reilly, b Larkins .. ..	1
Mr. Brown, b Reilly .. .. .	0
Mr. Smith, b Larkins .. .. .	9
Eng.-Lieut. Monk, b Farncomb .. ..	16
Mr. Marden, not out .. .. .	1
Extras .. .. .	2
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Total .. .. .	66

**Feb. 21st—Cadets v. Geelong College Juniors.**

Played on our ground, and resulted in a win for us by 94 runs. Burnett played very well for 56, he and Reilly putting on 46 for the first wicket. Newman, as usual, kept wicket well, and no extras were registered. Reilly played havoc with our opponents, getting 8 wickets for 35 runs. The win was very welcome, as they had beaten us on our own ground previously—the only home defeat so far (touch wood!).

Full score:—

R.A.N.C.

First Innings.

Cadet Burnett, c Phillip, b Franklin ..	56
Cadet Reilly, c McKinley, b Hawkes ..	18
Cadet Newman, c Phillip, b Stotts ..	26
Cadet Tate, b Stotts .. .. .	13
Cadet Farncomb, st McPherson, b Stotts	6
Cadet Nurse, b Phillip .. .. .	7
Cadet Larkins (capt.), b Phillip .. ..	7
Cadet Sadleir, not out .. .. .	11
Cadet Showers, c Franklin, b Phillip ..	2
Cadet Feldt, did not bat	
Cadet Gould .. .. .	
Extras .. .. .	13
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Total (for 8 wickets) .. ..	159

Innings declared closed.

GEELONG COLLEGE.

First Innings.

Phillip, b Reilly .. .. .	4
Campbell, c Gould, b Larkins .. .. .	2
Hawkes, st Newman, b Reilly .. .. .	9
Franklin, b Reilly .. .. .	0
McKinley, c Larkins, b Reilly .. .. .	6
McPherson, c Sadleir, b Reilly .. ..	16
Stotts, c Tate, b Reilly .. .. .	10
Spowart, c Newman, b Larkins .. ..	13
Small, c Gould, b Reilly .. .. .	0
Robbins, hit wicket, b Reilly .. .. .	3
Levy, not out .. .. .	2
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Total .. .. .	65

**March 18th—Officers v. Cadets.**

The Officers got a little of their own back this time, but the Cadets, after having 7 wickets down for 61, managed to keep their end up and played out time, the result being a drawn game. Burnett played a sound innings, and undoubtedly saved his side. Showers bowled well.

Full score:—

OFFICERS.

First Innings.

Lieut. Grant (captain), c Larkins, b Showers .. .. .	65
Paymaster Trivett, c Larkins, b Showers	1
Nav. Inst. Wheatley, st Newman, b Reilly .. .. .	1
Nav. Inst. Moyes, lbw, b Nurse .. ..	45
Lieut. Elwell, c Sadleir, b Showers ..	0
Lieut. Pope, c Sadleir, b Showers ..	10
Eng.-Lieut. Monk, b Showers .. .. .	1
Gunner Dix, b Reilly .. .. .	4
Art.-Eng. Creal, b Larkins .. .. .	0
Art.-Eng. Marden, b Showers .. .. .	0
Nav. Inst. Eldridge, not out .. .. .	1
Extras .. .. .	11
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Total .. .. .	139

CADETS.

First Innings.

Mr. Burnett, not out .. .. .	34
Mr. Reilly, b Monk .. .. .	9
Mr. Newman, b Monk .. .. .	0
Mr. Farncomb, c Trivett, b Monk .. ..	3
Mr. Sadleir, c Creal, b Monk .. .. .	6
Mr. Tate, c Grant, b Monk .. .. .	0
Mr. Larkins (capt.), c Creal, b Monk	7

Mr. Nurse, b Moyes . . . . .	6
Mr. Showers, not out . . . . .	8
Mr. Long, did not bat	
Mr. Gould            "            "	
Extras . . . . .	17
Total (for 7 wickets) . . . . .	90

### March 25th—Cadets First XI. v. Geelong Grammar School.

On their ground. The less said about this match, from our point of view, the better; We would, however, like to place on record our appreciation of the sporting declaration of our opponents' innings, when only 88 runs stood to their credit.

Full score:—

#### GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

McEwan, b Reilly . . . . .	12
McFarlane, c Farncomb, b Larkins . .	23
Jackson, not out . . . . .	36
Fitznead, c Long, b Larkins . . . . .	5
Dyson, not out . . . . .	4
Fetherstonhaugh, did not bat	
Fell                                           "	
Armstrong                                   "	
White                                       "	
Ferguson                                   "	
Black                                       "	
Extras . . . . .	8
Total (3 wickets) . . . . .	88

Innings declared closed.

#### R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, run out . . . . .	8
Cadet Reilly, b Fetherstonhaugh . . .	6
Cadet Newman, c Jackson, b F'haugh	0
Cadet Tate, lbw, b Fetherstonhaugh .	4
Cadet Farncomb, b Fell . . . . .	0
Cadet Larkins (capt), c McEwan, b Fetherstonhaugh . . . . .	1
Cadet Sadleir, b Fell . . . . .	0
Cadet Showers, c Jackson, b F'haugh	4
Cadet Nurse, b Fell . . . . .	0
Cadet Long, not out . . . . .	0
Cadet Gould, not out . . . . .	7
Extras . . . . .	5
Total (9 wickets) . . . . .	35

### March 25th—Second XI. v. A Geelong Grammar School Team.

A victory for us by 25 runs, thanks to a fine innings by Mr. Collins, and some superb bowling on the part of Mr. Feldt and Mr. Esdaile.

Full score:—

#### R.A.N.C. 2nd XI.

Cadet Hollingworth, lbw, b Tewksbury	4
Cadet Feldt (capt), c Tewksbury, b Ware . . . . .	3
Cadet Vail, b Tewksbury . . . . .	0
Cadet Esdaile, b Ware . . . . .	0
Cadet Hirst, b Tewksbury . . . . .	2
Cadet Calder, b Ware . . . . .	0
Cadet Collins, run out . . . . .	16
Cadet Mackenzie, b Tewksbury . . . .	2
Cadet Kimlin, not out . . . . .	6
Cadet Watkins, c Hubert, b Tewksbury	9
Cadet Howells, b Tewksbury . . . . .	1
Extras . . . . .	8
Total . . . . .	51

#### GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Jardine, c and b Feldt . . . . .	4
Ploughman, b Feldt . . . . .	7
Hopkins, c Hirst, b Feldt . . . . .	1
Landale, not out . . . . .	5
Hurburt, run out . . . . .	2
Welb-Ware, lbw, b Hirst . . . . .	0
Tewksbury, b Feldt . . . . .	1
Bossence, b Esdaile . . . . .	0
Macleod, b Esdaile . . . . .	0
Duncan, b Esdaile . . . . .	0
White, run out . . . . .	2
Extras . . . . .	4
Total . . . . .	26

### March 28th—Cadets v. Melbourne Grammar School.

On our ground. They sent over rather a weak team as compared to the last one we had to contend against, and consequently we had much the best of the game. Sadleir played a very nice game, getting in several really good strokes all round the wicket, with a sound defence. Reilly bowled well. Result, a draw.



Full score :—

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, lbw, b Robinson .. .. .	8
Cadet Reilly, c Williams, b Gilruth .. .	12
Cadet Newman, b Robinson .. .. .	0
Cadet Sadleir, b Gilruth .. .. .	27
Cadet Larkins, c Joyce, b Robinson .. .	4
Cadet Tate, c Hunt, b Williams .. .	13
Cadet Showers, b Armstrong .. .. .	7
Cadet Farncomb, c Robinson, b Gilruth ..	0
Cadet Gould, lbw, b Robinson .. .. .	7
Cadet Nurse, b Robinson .. .. .	13
Cadet Collins, not out .. .. .	12
Extras .. .. .	1
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Total .. .. .	104

MELBOURNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Love, b Showers .. .. .	5
Hobson, b Larkins .. .. .	13
Armstrong, not out .. .. .	17
Williams, b Larkins .. .. .	2
Williams, st Newman, b Reilly .. .	1
Joyce, lbw, b Reilly .. .. .	3
Schlesinger, run out .. .. .	3
Robinson, b Reilly .. .. .	4
Hunt, b Reilly .. .. .	0
Gilruth, c Tate, b Reilly .. .. .	0
Smith, not out .. .. .	0
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Total (for 9 wickets) .. .. .	48

April 4th—Cadets v. Geelong College.

A very bad day for us! Reilly and Burnett put up 24 before Reilly left, and then 8 wickets fell for an additional 6 runs! Our opponents made a disastrous start, having 2 wickets down for 2 runs, but eventually beat us by 6 wickets. We did better in the second innings, knocking up 57 for 2 wickets, and getting 5 of our opponents out for 36.

Full score :—

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, b Stott .. .. .	15
Cadet Reilly, c and b Stott .. .. .	8
Cadet Newman, b Stott .. .. .	3
Cadet Sadleir, b Stott .. .. .	0
Cadet Tate, c McPherson, b Stott .. .	0
Cadet Larkins, b Stott .. .. .	1
Cadet Farncomb, b Stott .. .. .	0

Cadet Showers, b Hawkes .. .. .	1
Cadet Nurse, b Hawkes .. .. .	0
Cadet Gould, b Hawkes .. .. .	0
Cadet Collins, not out .. .. .	0
Extras .. .. .	2
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Total .. .. .	30

GEELONG COLLEGE.

Campbell, b Showers .. .. .	0
Hawkes, c Showers, b Larkins .. .. .	25
Philip, b Showers .. .. .	2
Franklin, b Larkins .. .. .	17
McPherson, b Larkins .. .. .	0
McKindley, c Reilly, b Larkins .. .	4
Stott, not out .. .. .	23
Purnell, c and b Reilly .. .. .	16
Sharland, lbw, b Larkins .. .. .	3
Robins, b Larkins .. .. .	0
Levy, b Showers .. .. .	0
Extras .. .. .	13
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Total .. .. .	103

In our second innings Larkins scored 29 not out, Collins 24.

R.A.N.C. PROVERBS.

- A racing gig's crew gathers no crabs.
- An hour in the Mess room's worth two in the Canteen.
- Pole drill makes the arm grow stronger.
- Half a cigarette is better than no smoke.
- A cave in time saves two days 9.
- The fear of the "horse" is the beginning of wisdom.
- The nearer the home the longer the leave.

EXAMINATION PAPER.

SIGNALS.

(Time allowed—one year).

1. A fleet of 8 Cadets, playing Rugby, are in 2 pt A....G 20, guides of columns being L....S and N....n. They are bearing down at 20 knots (with the ball at their feet) on the destroyer L....ky in I pt A, with 7 flag flying in 3 places. The

flagship L...s hoists the signal "increase speed of engines."

Who gives way and why?

2. Give colours of—

- (a) The face of a Cadet who has been called a "pretty boy" by his aunt, in the presence of his mess-mates.
- (b) A Cadet's handkerchief after he has finished cleaning his fountain pen.
- (c) Mr. L...k.s' hair wash.
- (d) The eyes of Mr. .... after his combat with Mr. ....

3. What distress signals are hoisted by—

- (a) A Cadet at defaulters' table for dinner on Friday?
- (b) Mr. B.d.t doing pole drill?
- (c) Bill Grant, when caught killing chickens?

4. Smoke is seen issuing from a fleet of Cadets "not under control."

The officer of the day is seen approaching.

What sound signals are made by "look-outs?"

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## YARNS.

### HOW THE SKIPPER LOST HIS VOICE.

H.M.S. "Agony" was slowly steaming through the Odontmakeus Straits. It was dinner time, and most of the midshipmen were in the gunroom doing their best to lighten the table's load—which load at best was never heavy. For a wonder, things were extraordinarily quiet in the gunroom, each mid being apparently far too hungry to talk. Just as they were finishing, the midshipman of the forenoon watch came in, and having upset two chairs and the cruet stand by way of a start, called in a loud voice for his whack of straight-bake, and remarked, "I suppose you all know that the skipper lost his voice this morning while we were at general quarters."

Now the skipper, as is frequently the case in the Navy, had a voice trained to compete with hurricanes, and was not in the least afraid of using it when things went wrong, as all the midshipmen knew right well. "What!" they cried, "lost his voice! How on earth did that happen?"

"Well," said the mid, "it was like this: The skipper was in the fighting top, and for 20 minutes he was calling orders down the tube, and could not get a reply. Each messenger that was sent there got put in the 'rattle' for not passing the word on. You can guess the state the skipper was in—things were just humming, I can tell you. The skipper at length came down, and 'return stores' was sounded. No. 1 then sent for 'Chips,' and told him to examine the tube from the top, so 'Chips' started off to overhaul the pipe that speaks."

"Look here," said one of the mids, "what's all this got to do with the captain losing his voice?"

"Wait a bit," said the other, "I'm coming to that. After a while 'Chips' came back and reported that he had found the tube broken half way down from the control-top, and that's where the skipper lost his voice—it escaped through the hole! That's all," said the mid as he did a full-power steam trial through the door, followed by a salvo of sea boots.

### A GOOD CATCH.

One fine evening, one of His Majesty's ships, cruising in foreign waters, had the misfortune to run her bows on to a sunken reef. Throughout the night the efforts of the whole ship's company were required to get the ship off. For this purpose all hands were fallen in on the quarter deck, and those not actively employed were crowded as far aft as possible to act as dead weight and bring the ship up by the bows. After a strenuous, but successful, night's work, the commanding officer prepared himself for the usual breakfast of tinned delicacies, but was overjoyed to find fresh cod steak for his meal. Curiosity led him to ask his steward how fresh fish came into the ship, and the reply was that E. R. A. Fieldhare had caught it. Fieldhare was forthwith summoned to be thanked for his catch. Curiosity again

overcame the C.O., who asked when and where he had caught fresh fish, and the reply was, "Last night, sir, when you were on the reef!"

"WHAT!" said the C.O. "do you mean to tell me that you were FISHING when all the rest of us were hard at work getting the ship off? Three weeks' leave stopped; so now you'll have plenty of leisure for fishing!"

### CRIT.

It took place during the Russo-Japanese war. Several British naval officers were the "guests" of the Japanese Government on board their battleships during the war. One of these was a Captain X....., R.N., who had been detailed off to the "Mikasa," the flagship of the Japanese fleet under the command of Admiral Togo.

The evening before the historic battle of Tsushima, Captain X.... was asked by Admiral Togo from what position in the ship he would like to view the coming conflict, and suggested that perhaps the conning tower might suit him, it being well protected by armour and in a good central position. But that would not suit Captain X..... He said he would prefer to have his deck chair, a table, and a box of cigarettes placed for him on the extreme end (entirely unprotected) of the fore bridge! When asked by a brother officer afterwards whether he was not just a little frightened during the action, being in such an exposed position, he replied, "Of course I was, but I was not going to let those chaps see that I was!"

It may be mentioned that part of the fore bridge was carried away by a shell during the action, so Captain X.... had his comfortable deck chair shifted to the **top of the fore turret!** While he was there, a shell exploded, and several men near him were killed, their blood actually staining the spotless white uniform he wore. He then retired below, and the Japanese officers naturally concluded that he had had enough, but were greatly surprised to see him, a few minutes later, reappear rigged out in a CLEAN suit of whites!

### EVOLUTIONS.

It is customary in the Navy to have a "general evolution" on Monday mornings, consisting of such exercises as "clear ship for action," "out torpedo net defence," "out bower anchor," etc. The latter evolution consists in getting the heavy 5 ton anchor slung under a boat, conveying it, with wire hawser attached, some distance ahead of the ship and letting it go. This would be done if the ship happened to go aground, as a means of hauling her off, and consequently the quicker it is done the better.

Every ship in a fleet naturally tries to earn the reputation of being "a smart ship," and competition in all things, including evolutions, is very keen.

Now a certain battleship, whom we will call H.M.S. "Row," of the Mediterranean Fleet, in the "early nineties" was first ship every time during a long cruise that this particular evolution was indulged in, and not only first ship but first with plenty to spare. In other evolutions she did not figure so well. Now as a rule the anchor is not let go, as the labour entailed in weighing it is immense, but on this particular Monday morning, when H.M.S. "Row" was, as usual, an easy first (the heavy anchor being placed under the boat with great ease and rapidity), the Admiral made the signal to "let go."

The officer in charge of the "Row's" boat signalled that the slip had jammed. Flagship signalled "cut the slings," and to the surprise and intense delight of the entire fleet, whose attention had been drawn to the incident, up popped the "5-ton" anchor, and gently floated away!

As a punishment for "not playing the game" the Admiral made the captain of H.M.S. "Row" tow the now famous wooden anchor astern of his galley round the whole fleet!

### AN APT RETORT.

Once upon a time two of His Majesty's third-class cruisers, the "Masea" and "Malusa," were lying at anchor in Plymouth Sound. During the previous few months they had been steaming in company (more or less) on boiler trials from

Plymouth to Malta and back. They had in consequence become "chummy" ships, and also mighty jealous, the one of the other, in all things appertaining to the smartness of their respective ships, the "owners" in particular laying themselves out to have a sly dig at one another when opportunities cropped up.

I happened to be officer of the watch on this occasion, and was standing on the poop of the "Masea," talking to the captain (the smartest in the service, of course, and FAR superior to the captain of the "Malusa!"), when the signalman of the watch ran up the ladder, and, saluting, presented a pad to the captain, "Signal from the 'Malusa,' sir." It ran: "Captain to captain. I hope you will excuse me pointing it out, but your whaler is not square at the davits." Our captain was furious, and I heard him murmur something about infernal cheek, as he glared across the water at our "chummy" ship, when suddenly his face lit up, and he shouted to the signalman to bring him a Bible at the double. He hastily turned the pages and found what he wanted in an astonishingly short space of time. Turning to the signalman, he told him to make the following reply: "Captain to captain. With reference to your last signal re my whaler, I would call your attention to the Gospel, according to St. Matthew, chapter 7, verse 5," and looking across at the "Malusa," I was delighted to see that their whaler was a good bit more a' cock bill than ours!

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## DRIFTING.

I had long been desirous of going for a short cruise in a sailing boat, and, now that my chance had come, I decided at once to spend a holiday in this fashion. The craft at my disposal was of about 5 tons, fitted with a small cabin and stove, and indeed was very suitable for carrying out the plan I had in my mind. One Wednesday evening I resolved to sail to Melbourne, distant about 40 miles, and to start early the following morning. The services of Mr. Peter Dell were secured, and, in his own words, he shipped as crew and general "Handy Andy." Our cook, wine steward, and caterer was composed

of about 17 stone of solid muscle, rejoicing in the name of Mr. Willie Spillany, but usually known as the "Mighty Atom" or "Tiny." As our preparations for embarking on the morrow were behindhand, the crew, Mr. Peter Dell, and the cook, Mr. Willie Spillany, were despatched to the neighbouring village to lay in the necessary supplies of provisions, etc., and sailing orders were given them for 9.30 the next morning. On arrival at the pier the following morning I saw preparations being made aboard the yacht for the start. Wishing to satisfy myself before finally embarking that we had forgotten nothing, I hailed the yacht and asked if all the gear was aboard. The crew evidently were hard of hearing, for the reply floated back, "Yes, sir, all the beer is stowed aboard!" However, I found all in readiness, so I embarked, and slipping the moorings, we started on our voyage. With a good stiff breeze we reckoned to reach Melbourne in about 6 or 7 hours, and in view of this fact I had laid in only enough provisions for two days. We had a light breeze on our starboard bow which was sufficient to carry us, after a deal of tacking, through the narrow channel forming the only entrance to our bay. From here we set our course to pass the Wilson Spit, and it was at this spot that our troubles commenced. The wind dropped almost completely, and Mr. Peter Dell was forced to remark that "with the owner at the tiller, and a cargo like the 'Mighty Atom,' and no wind, we couldn't expect to make much headway." Whether this was a reflection on my amateur notions of seamanship or not, was not explained, but the fact remains that from Wilson Spit to a pier off Werribee we drifted. This amusement started at about noon, and continued until about 6 o'clock that evening, when, to quote Mr. Dell, "his visions of Melbourne that night had faded, and he felt cheerful enough to fall off the mess-stool from laughing.

We decided to anchor off the pier for the night and hope for better luck in the morning; and this we did, laying out two anchors. This was necessary, as, although there was no wind, there was a singularly nasty sea which kept the yacht jumping about like a billy goat in a cabbage patch, as some one remarked. This motion prevented our lighting the stove, so the even-

ing meal consisted mainly of tinned sardines. After supper Mr. Willie Spillany enlivened matters with a song entitled "There Are Nice Girls Everywhere;" but from his subsequent remarks he appeared doubtful about the supply in that part of Australia near which we had anchored. This was followed by another song by Mr. Peter Dell, "I am Longing for the Dear Old Home Again," and the feeling and expression with which he rendered it was a sure indication that Mr. Dell was not wildly excited about the joy of spending the night afloat in a small yacht. The musical proceedings were concluded by "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which I contributed, and I sincerely hoped the rocking would soon cease. After this we piped down for the night, arranging that one of us should be awake and visit the deck every half-hour or so. Personally, I had no difficulty in keeping awake, as I was rolled off the bunk every time I attempted to sleep. It was during one of these visits to the upper deck that the wonderful sight I am about to describe was seen. The skiff was bumping the counter of the yacht, and the noise woke up Mr. Dell, who turned out to see what was wrong. To use his own words, "when I got on deck I saw a sight which nobody has ever seen before, or will again," namely, a star with steaming lights. I was called to view this extraordinary phenomenon, and after studying this strange affair for a few minutes, I decided it was the pierhead light, which shows green to the east, and red and white to the westward. Mr. Dell blamed the supper of tinned sardines. During all this bumping and tossing about Mr. Willie Spillany was sound asleep, wrapped in a mainsail, which was the best substitute he could find for the necessary rugs and blankets we had left at home. At daylight, after thawing ourselves with some hot tea, we again out to sea. By 10 a.m. the wind had all gone past, and we were again drifting. At 4 p.m. we drifted in sight of what was thought to be a blue funnel boat at anchor, but which turned out to be the Pile Light. At 7 p.m. we arrived at Williamstown. Mr. Dell's diary contains the following notes concerning the next day or so spent at Melbourne:—

Friday, 25th.—Arrived Williamstown. Owner landed to find a berth and get pratique. Directed to berth alongside State Wharf. Bribed the pier rozzer with a bottle of milk to look after the yacht like a father.

Saturday, 26th.—Following our private business ashore. "Tiny" having discovered some relation at the port, we both spent an enjoyable Saturday and Sunday. Orders from owner to start back at day-break Monday, 28th.

Monday, 28th.—7 a.m. returned from leave and departed from Williamstown on the homeward journey, in a dense fog, and amidst the shrieking of syrens (steam ones). 9 a.m.—The owner announced that he had picked up the Gellibrand Light, but it turned out to be the reflection of the sun through the mist, shining on a seagull's wing.

To resume my narrative, the remainder of the day was spent in drifting homewards. By nightfall we were again off Werribee Pier, but decided to drift and sail during the night as being more pleasant than anchoring in that spot again. At this point Mr. Willie Spillany announced that he was under engagement to take five ladies to a ball that night, and reckoned that a yarn about being becalmed at sea would sound pretty thin, and would hardly be credited by the disappointed damsels. At about midnight we were drifting too close to the beach, and therefore had to anchor again. The night was uneventful, but bitterly cold, and the stove smoked so abominably that warmth from that source was denied us. At daybreak a breeze had sprung up, and we were soon under weigh again. There was little for breakfast, the only provisions left being three eggs, about half a pint of milk (strongly flavoured with kerosene), and a little whisky. From a mixture of these, described by Mr. Dell as a typhoon cocktail, we breakfasted, but it was not a success. The wind, however, held long enough to get us back slowly to our moorings. To finally quote Mr. Dell: "Thus ended a very pleasant cruise, and I hope to have some more when the weather breaks!" In conclusion Mr. Dell remarked that the accumulated odour in the cabin of sardines, kerosene, and Mr. Willie Spillany's cheap

line of cigarettes, was something to be remembered. I venture to add to this list another strange perfume, that of Mr. Peter Dell's pipe.

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Scene—Coronation Day in London.

Naval Brigade is marching over London Bridge. The bridge is lined with soldiers who have been standing at attention for about 4 hours. As the Naval Brigade passes then, one of the soldiers, who was particularly well "groomed," falls down in a faint. A petty officer in the Naval Brigade having picked him up, remarks to the sergeant, "Don't worry. Pipeclay him and stow him away, and he'll do for another time!"

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## FOOTBALL NOTES.

"No game was ever yet worth a rap  
For a rational man to play,  
Into which no accident, no mishap,  
Could possibly find its way."

—A. L. Gordon.

### R.A.N.C. Cadets v. Ceelong Grammar School Juniors.

(AUSTRALIAN GAME).

This match took place on Saturday, 16th August, on their ground. We thought that we should stand little chance against them, as we had had no practice, and some of our team had never played before, but our hardy warriors managed to win quite comfortably in the end. It was a good match all round.

In the first quarter they pressed us, and scored 2 goals to our nil, and the Cadets seemed hopelessly outclassed. In the second quarter, with the wind with us, our team began to find their legs, Larkins and Newman being prominent, and half-time came with the score—R.A.N.C., 2 goals 3 behinds; G.G.S., 4 goals 7 behinds. The Cadets put up a good defence in the third

## LAWN TENNIS.

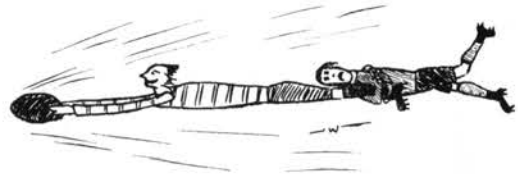
The Officers played a match (two doubles) against the Officers of H.M.A.S. "Melbourne" on our court on May 9th, with the following result:—

Commander Grant and Mr. Smith beat Rev. Tulloh and Surgeon Carr, 6—2, 6—4.

Engineer-Lieutenant Monk and Mr. Moyes beat Paymaster Stewart and Lieutenant Grey-Smith, 6—4, 6—1.

After tea the first and second strings, after playing 1 set each (their first string won and second string lost) split up, and more sets were played, the final result being:—

R.A.N.C.—7 sets (45 games); H.M.A.S. "Melbourne," 1 set (21 games).



quarter, and also added a couple of goals to our score. We scored heavily in the last quarter, due probably to the excellent training we were in. The Grammarians were rather astonished at Hirst's Soccer goals, but they came in very handy at the end. The final scores were:—

Cadets—12 goals 17 behinds.

Grammar School—6 goals 7 behinds.

Larkins, Newman, Showers, Long, and Calder are worthy of mention as having played a good game. P.J.K.

### R.A.N.C. v. H.M.S. "Psyche."

(SOCCER).

Played on our ground on September 3rd. A very strong wind was blowing down the ground, which prevented anything in the nature of accurate play. We had the wind with us for the first half, and principally by aid of the "kick and rush," managed to score 4 goals (1st Lieutenant 3, A.B. Young 1) to our opponents' nil. We played 3 backs in the second half against the wind, and owing to the very good work of

Steward Roberts, backed up by Mr. Smith, and the redoubtable Spillane, with Cadet Newman doing excellent work in goal, we managed to keep them in check. Their 1st Lieutenant scored one goal with a very fine shot, and in reply our 1st Lieutenant scored for us from a nice centre by Radford, making the final score 5 goals to 1 in our favor. Our team was composed as follows:—

Goal: Cadet Newman. Backs: Mr. Smith, Leading Stoker Spillane. Halves: Steward Roberts, A.B. Hollywood, Cadet Larkins. Forwards: A.B. Young, Cadet Sadleir, 1st Lieutenant, Shipwright Radford, Lieutenant Weeks.

**Cadets v. Ship's Company.**

(SOCCER).

By P.J.K.

On the 5th May the Ship's Company matched their brawny muscles against the slim bodies and developing triceps of the Cadets at a game of Soccer. There was a strong W.N.W. wind blowing, so that Greening, their captain, elected to kick with the wind. The game started with a rush by the opposing forwards, but this was repulsed, and a pass to Feldt relieved the pressure. He whipped the ball up the field, but there was no scoring. The game then pressed up our end, and resulted in a goal being scored. After some more haggling with a corner kick, Young got away with the ball, and another goal was scored for the Ship's Company. Nothing more occurred up to half-time, although some brilliant play was witnessed on both sides. With the wind at their backs, the Cadets made good their attack, but with no result, until Long scored a magnificent goal from the line. After the kick off we again pressed, and Sadleir scored a nice tricky goal, thus making the scores even; but later another goal was scored by Reid. After this all efforts by our side were unavailing, and we were thus beaten by 3 goals to 2. Although the Ship's Company thought they would have a walk-over, yet they found our boots hard, to the cost of their shins! Our best players were Long, Larkins, Rayment, and Newman (I am not responsible for this officer's opinion. —Ed.).

The teams were as under:—

<b>Cadets.</b>	Goal.	<b>Ship's Company.</b>
Newman		Smith
Collins	Right back	Price
Larkins	Left Back	Spillane
Rayment	Right half	Greening
Showers	Centre half	Jones
Esdaile	Left Half	Neil
Feldt	Outside Right	Roberts
Burnett	Inside right	Cooper
Sadleir	Centre forward	Reid
Calder	Inside left	Radford
Long	Outside left	Young

The Referee had occasion to warn Mr. Calder against rough play with the inoffensive Spillane (!), but otherwise the game was most enjoyable.

**HOCKEY NOTES.**

**R.A.N.C. v H.M.A.S. "Melbourne."**

**May 8th.**—This match was played on our ground, and resulted in a win for our opponents by 5 goals to 2. As our ground is too small for a full team, we decided to play 7 aside. We managed to draw first blood, the Commander getting a goal 2 minutes from the start, but they soon drew level and added 2 more goals before half time. The Cadets played quite a good game (especially Collins and Mackenzie), considering the little practice they had had, and we hope to do better next time we meet. Our team was as under:—

Centre forward	Gould
Goal	Lieutenant Pope
Back	Mackenzie
Right half	Larkins
Left half	Collins
Right forward	Commander
Left forward	Long

Ordinary seaman comes aboard 9 hours adrift, and is brought before the O.O.W.

O.O.W.: "Well, what have you got to say?"

O.S. (quietly): "Well, sir, I shan't say anything about it if YOU don't!"

**THE FORCE OF HABIT.**

You are old, father William, the young man said,

And really it makes people talk;  
Why on earth should you trouble to pick up the double?

You've plenty of time to walk.

You are right, said his father, I was when a youth

A kidshipman, merry and bright;  
We ran here and there, and we ran everywhere,  
And I haven't forgotten it quite.

You are old, father William, the young man said,

Yet what little hair you have left  
You keep as close shorn as the day you were born;

Are you of your senses bereft?

Do not scoff at your father, old William replied;

A sailor is not like a poet;  
One inch was permitted, and longer than that  
I was never allowed to grow it.

You are old, father William, the young man said;

Please tell me why you do  
Stand stiff as a rod (it looks very odd)  
When anyone speaks to you?

You are very observant, my son, he replied;

But I see no reason to crab it;  
We "smart" had to be at the R.A.N.C.,  
And I cannot get out of the habit.

You are old, father William, the young man said,

And yet I observe, with dismay,  
That you wash and you scrub, have ten showers and a tub,  
And brush your hair nine times a day.

Very true, said his sire, if you'd done as much time

In the steamboat's stokehold as I,  
With the boat on the roll, midst the oil and the coal,

You really would not wonder why!

Scene—Rifle Range, Geelong.

Petty Officer of Team (coaching one of his hopefuls): "Aim straight at the bullseye."

Hopeful One (fires and misses): "That's a steady one, anyhow."

P.O. (sotto voce): "I'll give him a steady one with the rifle butt in a minute."

H.O. fires again and misses, in spite of the coach.

After firing 9 rounds and getting 9 steady misses, rises and says "Hard lines."

P.O. offers him one round, and remarks, sarcastically, "Here you are; go down to the butts and shoot yourself," and turns to go to the next firing point.

Hopeful strolls down to the butts with his one round and rifle.

A few minutes afterwards the remainder of the team hear the report of a rifle, and, thinking that Hopeful has really done something serious, rush down to the butts and find Hopeful standing with his cap in his hand, scratching his head.

On being asked what was the matter he replies, "What's the good of you giving me **one** round to shoot myself with—I've made another miss!"

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Captain of Marines, doing O.O.D. duty, is inspecting the M.T. mess deck. He comes to No. 9 mess, who have a tin dish full of "doughboys" waiting for 6 bells, to go in the pot.

Captain of Marines: "Oh—er—what are those miniature puddings doing out of the galley?"

M.A.A. (correcting him): "Doughboys, sir, doughboys."

C. of M.: "Well, put those miniature puddings in the scran bag, and put Petty Officer Doboys in the commander's report!"

Captain to O.O.W. (who is wearing a very high collar): "Do you see that dead man hanging from the control top, sir?"

O.O.W.: "No, sir."

Captain: "No, of course not. If you did happen to look aloft you would cut your ears off!"





FARNCOMB  
CUNNINGHAM  
**SING-SONGS.**

The Ship's Company gave a very successful sing-song on December 16th, the day before the cadets went on their long leave. We would like to congratulate all the performers on putting up such a good show, and our best thanks are due to Mr. Dix, who took so much trouble in getting it up.

The programme was as under:—

PROGRAMME.

1. Opening Chorus . . . . . Concert Party
2. Song—"They all Love Jack" . . .  
 . . . . . Steward Roberts
3. Song—"My Concertina"  
 . . . . . A. B. Young
4. Song—"When Dreams Come True"  
 . . . . . A. B. Hollywood
5. Mandoline Selection . . . . P.O.'s Glen,  
 .. Mansell, Blackmore, Jones, Peek
6. Song—"John Bull's Letter Bag"  
 . . . . . P. O. Glen
7. Song—"The Singer was Irish" . .  
 . . . . . P. O. Greening

ALBERT  
COLLINS  
SADLEIR  
ESDAILE

8. Recitation—"The Spanish Armada"  
 . . . . . Corpl. Conder
9. Song—"Now I Have to Call Him  
 Father" . . . . . C.P.O. Revell

Interval of 10 Minutes.

1. Song—"May Be" . . A. B. Hollywood
2. Song—"The Colliers" . P. O. Radford
3. Song—"Go to Sea" ... Steward Roberts
4. Song—"Waiting at the Church"  
 . . . . . P.O. Glen
5. Recitation—"A Midnight Charge"  
 . . . . . Cpl. Conder
6. Song—"Listen To Me" . . . . .  
 . . . . . A. B. Young
7. Song—"Lost Sheep on the Mountains"  
 . . . . . Sig. Smith
8. Mandoline Selection . . . . The Quartet
9. Song—"Wild Man of Borneo" . .  
 . . . . . C.P.O. Revell

God Save the King.

### March 25th.

Quite the most successful entertainment we have had at the College. All the performers in the sketch are to be warmly congratulated on their acting. No stage fright was evident, and the show went off with a bang. Miss Angelina and Miss Julia both looked extremely chic, and the rest of the cast were equally picturesque!

With regard to the sing-song proper, the "star turn" was undoubtedly the "Four Jolly Sailormen," all of whom looked as if they had been sailing in a "Saucy Bird that flies o'er the foam" from earliest infancy. There was not a single item that did not receive a hearty round of applause. Our best congratulations to ALL the performers!

#### PROGRAMME.

##### 1. Sketch—"Ici on parle francais"

Spriggins . . . . . Cadet Albert

Mrs. Spriggins . . . . . Cadet Thompson

Angelina (a fair young thing,  
daughter to above) . . . . .  
. . . . . Cadet Cunningham

Major Regulus Rattan (retired  
Officer of Marines) . . . . . Cadet Esdaile

Victor Dubois (a young French-  
man, chasing Angelina) . . . . .  
. . . . . Cadet Farncomb

Julia (a second fair young thing,  
wife to Major Rattan) . . . . .  
. . . . . Cadet Sadleir

Anna Maria (explains herself) . .  
. . . . . Cadet Collins

Policeman . . . . . Petty Officer Glen

Scene—A house in Lonsdale Street,  
close to Navy Office.

##### 2. Song—"The Emblem" . . . . . . . . . . Steward Roberts

3. Song—"The Policeman" . . . . .  
. . . . . A. B. Young

4. Song—"A Dervish Vigil" . . . . .  
. . . . . Mr. Moyes

5. Song—"John Bull's Letter Bag"  
. . . . . P.O. Glen

6. Song—"Four Jolly Sailormen"  
Lieut. Elwell, Cadet Calder, Cadet  
Cunningham, Cadet Sadlier

7. Recitation—"Shamus O'Brien"  
. . . . . Corpl. Conder

8. Song—"Admiral's Broom" . . . . .  
. . . . . Eng. Lieut. Monk

9. Song—"Marching Home" . . . . .  
. . . . . P. O. Williams

10. Song—"May Be" . . . . . A. B. Hollywood

11. Recitation—"The Twins" . . . . .  
. . . . . G. Hennigan

12. Song—"I Wonder if You Miss  
Me Sometimes" . . . . . L. V. Beavis

13. Song—"Thora" . . . . . Steward Roberts

14. Song—"Rolling Home" . . . . . P.O. Glen

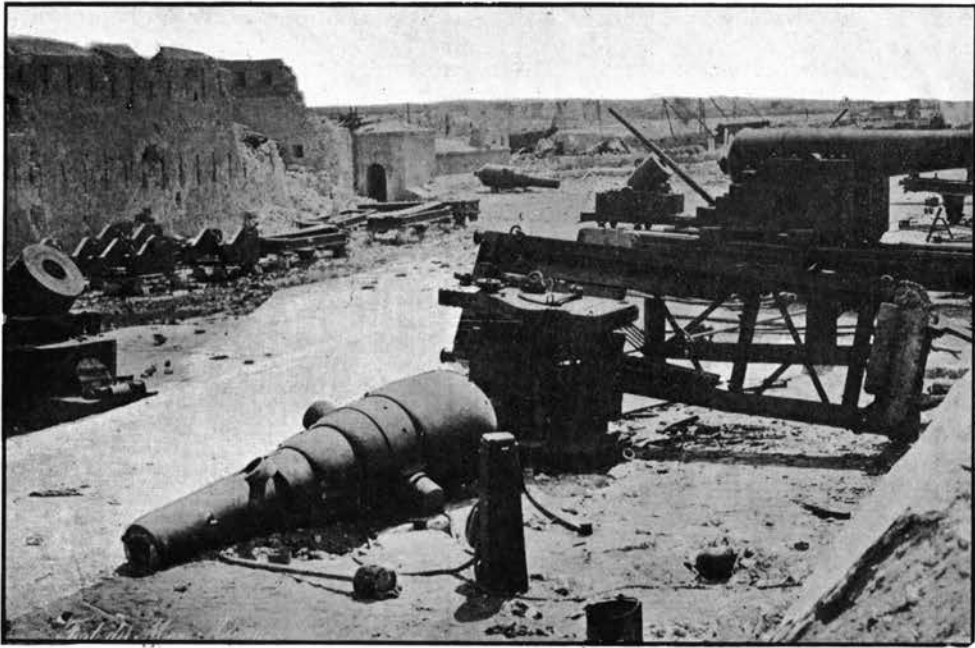
15. Song—"The Midshipmite" . . . . .  
. . . . . Lieut. Elwell

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God Save the King.

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FORT "MEX."

## THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

By B.M.C.

Thirty-two years ago this July was the last occasion of a British fleet going into action, and except for some early employment of ironclad batteries during the Crimean war, it was, I believe, the only time that a British ironclad fleet has ever engaged the enemy.

Thirty years is a large slice out of one's life, and as I look back over the vista of years I find it difficult to reconstruct all that I felt and knew at the time as distinct from other matters that I have since heard or read about.

The ship in which I was then serving as a midshipman was H.M.S. "Monarch," a turret ship, the nearest in build to the ill-fated "Captain," which came to such an untimely end one dark night in the Bay of Biscay. The "Monarch" was, however, much more seaworthy, having a higher freeboard, whilst her masts had been reduced many feet in height after the above noted catastrophe.

I do not think I had ever heard of Arabi Pasha, the leader of the military mutiny,

with his cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," before a certain lovely morning in the early Mediterranean summer, when we encountered the rest of the fleet at sea and received orders to join up instead of completing a very pleasant detached cruise. We were to accompany the fleet to Suda Bay, in Crete, to be in readiness should matters in Egypt approach a climax. The "Monarch" was a comparatively light draught vessel, and we knew that she would be one of the first to be sent to Alexandria should anything serious be in the wind.

During our long stay at Suda Bay the "Bacchante" arrived, and we held the fleet pulling regatta. The young princes were on board, and had just returned from a trip round the world. She had encountered bad weather in the Australian Bight, and by some accident (possibly not without purpose!) had lost all her heavy boats. These had been replaced by some Australian built boats, much lighter and faster than those furnished by the British dockyards. As a result the "Bacchante" swept the board of prizes, and much ill-feeling was the result. It culminated in a chal-

lenge from the "Monarch," who owned the crack pulling cutter. I remember that the race was a mere procession, and the "Bacchantes" had the bad taste to jeer at the beaten boat. Next day the "Bacchante's" launch (a certainty for the all-comers' race) was boarded by the launch of the "Superb," our chummy ship, who, after a free fight with stretchers, made it quite certain that she at any rate would not come in first! How the matter was finally adjusted I don't know, since next day the "Monarch" was ordered off to Alexandria, where for many a long day we lay in the inner harbor. Very shortly after our arrival, one Sunday afternoon—I remember it particularly, as the Commander had called in our watch bills for inspection, and the gun-room leave was stopped, with only two exceptions, and this sad happening put an end to a long-planned expedition to the Khedive's apricot orchards, and the resulting laments were long and continuous—it was my afternoon watch, and at about a quarter to 4 I noticed a boat about to come alongside. The man sitting in the stern had something red about his head. He was supported up the side, and we were then able to see that his head had been beaten almost to a jelly, and the red was a mass of blood. At practically the same moment the signal was seen flying from the masthead of the "Invincible," "Prepare to land every available man," and in a moment the ship woke up from the usual Sunday afternoon "caulk." Purchases were triced up, and the whole ship was alive with men. How they raced and strained at the ropes! The Commander was on shore, and the First Lieutenant, rather a slow man, failed to give the order to "belay" in time while hoisting out the launch. The purchase blocks met with a crash, and for a moment it looked as if the rope must part, and the falling mass of the great boat (the largest in the ship) would sweep away the bridge and all upon it. Our Captain (afterwards Sir Henry Fairfax, and Commander-in-Chief of the Australian station) was a singularly quiet and nervous man, but he had that faculty, inherent in so many men of his type, of always rising to an occasion. He stepped forward and ordered a new tackle to be triced up to take the strain, and the boat was soon floating quietly alongside. We

did not land then, but the boats were employed in bringing off refugees from the shore, for by this time we heard that the mob had risen on all the Europeans, and had bludgeoned to death many who were unlucky enough to be in the streets at the time. I think we had something like 600 refugees on board—men, women, and children—and I could tell you many quaint tales as to the happenings of the next few days, before they were removed to the "Rosetta," a ship hastily fitted up for the occasion. The one incident which stands out clearest in my memory was that of a small child falling head downwards into the soup tureen, which in those days used to be placed upon the table and served by the major of marines, the mess president. I don't think the child was hurt, though it must have fallen a dozen feet. I do remember the major's language, though, over the state of his shirt and mess jacket!

The next thing which is clear in my memory was the arrival of the remainder of the fleet. These anchored outside the harbor. Alexandria consists of an outer and inner harbor, or rather a big harbor formed by a promontory and breakwater, the whole being again divided by another and smaller breakwater. The "Invincible," temporarily flagship, and several gunboats, together with French, American, and other small craft, lay in the inner harbor, the "Monarch" and several Frenchmen and Italians lay in the outer harbor, the remainder of the fleet being outside, rolling at times in a most uncomfortable way. Among the gunboats was the "Condor," commanded by Lord Charles Beresford, even then a man of considerable note. From where we were lying the most notable object was the tall lighthouse of Pharos, the centre of a big stone fort mounting heavy rifled ordnance, as powerful as those mounted by any of our ships except the "Inflexible." To the right of this fort was the Khedive's palace, with the two Khedival yachts at anchor. To the right again was a jumbled mass of shipping, backed by the flat-roofed houses of a typical Mediterranean town. The shore stretched round some 16 points of the compass, low, yellow, and sandy, broken here and there by a palm tree or windmill, and the outline of forts and barracks, the forts mounting hundreds of guns, mostly smooth

bore, though there were a fair number of 9-inch and 10-inch Armstrongs as well. The rest of the circle was filled in with the long low line of the breakwater, on which a heavy surf constantly broke.

Such was the view we had continually before us for the next month, our only amusement being to watch the Egyptians drilling at their guns. I need hardly say that we were not idle as regards our own gun drill. Each day some new story was current as to the chances of a fight, but most of these tales originated, as we used to say, in the cook's galley! As time went on the impression that we were really in for a fight grew more and more pronounced. Most of us thought that the French would join with us, and it was not until within a couple of days before the bombardment that the French ships regretfully took their departure. I remember the black-masted ships steaming past with their tremendously long rams. I fancy there was some cheering, as there was when the Americans left. These latter were the old-fashioned wooden frigates which had taken part in the Civil War. I think the "Hartford Iroquois" was there, and others, tall masted, black craft, with bottle-shaped Dalgren guns.

Somewhere about the end of the first week in July we all cleared for action. We had rowing guards and wire hawsers to keep anyone from coming near the ship at night, as there was just a chance of them trying to use explosive mines. The wooden ships had prepared for action by hanging flakes of chain cable against the sides, stopped to bolts every few links, and the whole boarded over, making a very fair protection.

On the tenth of July some delegates visited the flagship, and when they left it was rumored that next day something was really going to happen. Steam had been up for some time, and orders were passed that at 4 bells in the first watch we were to weigh without lights, and proceed to a station off Fort Mex, half a dozen miles away, so as to be ready for the morning. I remember very well the anxious waiting for the order. It was not improbable that the forts would open fire if they saw us move. The harbor lights were extinguished, so there was nothing to guide us

in the rather intricate navigation. The Egyptian gunners had been laying and training their guns for days, and knew every distance perfectly. We were only a mile or so from the nearest fort, and at that distance the heavy round shot and shell would be almost as effective as those fired from rifled ordnance. I was sitting in the stern gallery with a cousin, another midshipman, and we had given one another letters for home, should anything happen on the morrow. I recollect that I was not over sanguine as to his chances, as he was stationed on the hurricane deck at the machine guns, whereas I was under armour in the battery. I told him that I was afraid all the unarmoured portion of the ship was bound to be destroyed. At last the time came to weigh, and never was that evolution performed with less noise. As far as I can remember it was a still, dark night. Our staff commander (a member of a specialist line now extinct) was a capital navigator, and I think never got sufficient credit for that bit of work. We drew at least a foot more than did the "Invincible," who was much cracked up in the papers, and in that shallow water every foot counted. "Tubby" Hitzell, the said Staff Commander, had been one of the officers mixed up in the riots, and as he was an enormously fat man, we had the yarn in the gunroom that he had escaped by rolling, as that was his fastest method of progression!

The next thing which stands out clearly in my memory is the actual morning of the bombardment, the 11th of July. There was not much going in the way of breakfast, as the hot plates of the galleys had been taken to improvise shelters for some of the smaller guns. We did, however, manage to get some cocoa and ship's biscuit from somewhere.

The men were all stripped to the waist, and the officers wore singlets, with serge jackets and trousers. We were a long time at quarters before anything took place, other than loading the guns and getting up reserves of ammunition. I must own that I did not feel particularly happy during that wait. I had an idea that immediately after the first gun was fired shells would burst through the side of the battery and that all would become a scene of blood and destruction.

The great turrets, with their clumsy 25-ton guns, swung backwards and forwards, and now and again one could hear the orders of the officers at the sighting hoods, altering the range. Sometimes word would be passed down if anything interesting was happening. At last there came a loud double boom. It was, I think, the "Inflexible" firing the first shots from her 81 ton guns. This was followed by bursts of firing from all the ships, and the crashing roar of our own guns, filling the battery with a mist of lime dust from the white-washed beaming overhead. Our work became so strenuous that there was no time to think of danger. I remember a cheer going up as the news was passed down that a magazine in Fort Ada had blown up. Next I remember being in the spare sighting hood of the turret. I suppose I had asked permission to get up and have a look, the senior midshipman taking my place below. I had my telescope with me, and was very happy. The whole ship shook with the concussion of our heavy guns. Now and again would come the rushing roar of the Hales war rocket, not then abandoned, and one would see the white trail left by the path of the projectile.

Whenever there was a pause in the other firing the rattle of the machine guns would assert itself. We fought at pretty close range, and after the action we found many of the steel Nordenfeldt 1-inch bullets embedded in the soft iron coils of the Armstrong guns. I could follow the track of our heavy projectiles from the guns to the forts, and it was always a great joy to see one of the Egyptian guns rear up as the shell burst and point its muzzle into space—another gun silenced!

The "Penelope," our nearest neighbor, was at anchor, and getting it pretty hot. Most of the damage came, as we afterwards ascertained, from a 40-pounder Armstrong breech-loader, which fired from a platform built within an ordinary house, and which was never located until after the action. We were very nearly the cause of her greatest loss, as our turret, when training past her, was suddenly fired from the conning tower, and our projectiles passed but a few feet over her poop. I can well remember the cry of horror which went up as the guns were dis-

charged. Another bit of work which stands out in my memory was the shelling of some barracks behind Fort Mex. These barracks were surrounded by a moat some 40 feet in depth, and crossed by a draw-bridge. We did not know it until afterwards, but in a store room in this building there were about a thousand heavy observation mines which should have been studding the bottom of the harbor, but their placing had been too long deferred. One of our shells had fallen in the midst of this store, and though the mines did not explode it created a stampede on the part of a regiment stationed there to oppose any attempt at landing. As the poor wretches crowded on to the bridge another shot cut one of the supporting chains, and with my glasses it was possible to see them falling into the ditch, clutching vainly at the timbers, whilst a veritable storm of machine gun fire was played upon them.

The westernmost fort was known as Marabout, and the gunboats had devoted their attention to it, the two which took the greatest part being the "Condor" and "Bittern." By taking up a position which the shore guns could not reach owing to the limitations of their embrasures, these two little unarmoured craft silenced practically the whole of a battery, one shot from which would have sent either to the bottom. The signal, "Well done, Condor," was well earned, but we thought the "Bittern" was entitled to a signal, too.

During the afternoon the fire from the forts in our part of the lines had practically ceased, and the "Invincible" landed a party to destroy any guns which were not permanently out of action. We had reason to believe that troops were lying under cover close behind the forts, and it was most exciting watching the little party swim through the surf and mount the embrasures. Then came the crack of exploding gun cotton and the rush back to the boats. We were all ready to cover the party with our guns if the enemy tried to interfere.

Later on the "Monarch," which had been under way all day, obtained permission to proceed up harbor and attack Windmill Fort, an old friend under whose guns we had lain for weeks, and off we went. One shot passed under the hurricane deck and knocked the wind out of the Major of

Marines in passing. I was close by at the time, and it made a most ghastly noise. It was curious to see the projectiles just lobbing over the ship and turning end for end in the air. I was sent for to the bridge, and was standing by the conning tower, close to the Captain. As I have said before, he was a very nervous man. We drew near the fort and the shot fell closer as they got the range; then one passed just over our heads, making a tremendous noise. Instantly every head ducked, except the Captain's. He was a veteran of the Crimea and Baltic. He laughed and said, "There is no need to duck, gentlemen!" I don't think we did it again. Just then, to our disgust, the signalman reported: "Admiral thinks you are drawing too hot a fire, and you are to close him out of range."

I am afraid my pen has rather run away with me, so I will end my recollections by saying that when the gunroom compared notes that evening it was universally agreed that we had never had a more enjoyable day in our lives!

B.M.C.



## WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The general development of the Cadets up to date has been most satisfactory. The newly-joined "1st Year" are increasing in practically the same proportion as the "old brigade" did last year, and in height, at least, bid fair to outstrip them. The physical training is conducted not so much with the hope of putting on muscle (although this naturally follows to a certain extent), but with the idea of building up the body harmoniously, particular attention being paid to the development of the chest, and thus of the heart and lungs, as health and physical efficiency are largely dependent upon the action of these organs. There is hardly a Cadet in the College who is not "fit as a fiddle"—which is as it should be.

It is a curious fact, but the periodical measurements have shown that a large majority of the Cadets go down in weight during the time they are on "long leave." This, we think, is due to irregular meal hours; to ice-cream being employed as a substitute for roast beef, and picture

shows for bed! However, they soon pick it up again on their return, so where's the worry?

Results of the various measurements are given below:—

### "2nd Year" Cadets.

#### AVERAGE ON JOINING.

Age.	Height.	Weight	Chest
yrs. mon.	ft. in.	lbs.	(Exp.) inches
13 8.6	4 11.8	98½	31
AFTER ONE YEAR.			
14 8.6	5 3.4	110.1	33.3
INCREASE.			
1	3.6	11.6	2.3

#### Greatest Increases in 1 Year.

HEIGHT ..	Mr. Showers ..	4½ inches
	Mr. Thompson ..	4¾ "
	Mr. Albert ..	4¼ "
	Mr. Nurse ..	4½ "
	Mr. Vallentine ..	4¼ "
	Mr. Watts ..	4¼ "
	Mr. Burnett ..	4 "
	Mr. Kimlin ..	4 "
	Mr. Reilly ..	4 "
	Mr. Watkins ..	4 "

WEIGHT ..	Mr. Showers ..	22½ lbs.
	Mr. Watts ..	20 "
	Mr. Thompson ..	19½ "
	Mr. Farncomb ..	18 "
	Mr. Watkins ..	18 "
	Mr. Long ..	17 "
	Mr. Nurse ..	17 "
	Mr. Vallentine ..	15½ "
Mr. Howells ..	15 "	
	Mr. Reilly ..	14 "

CHEST . . . .	Mr. Watkins ..	4½ inches
	Mr. Watts ..	4 "
	Mr. Thompson ..	3¾ "
	Mr. Larkins ..	3¾ "
	Mr. Farncomb ..	3¾ "
	Mr. Nurse ..	3½ "
	Mr. Collins ..	3½ "

#### Comparison Between the Terms.

##### "2ND YEAR" ON JOINING.

Age.	Height.	Weight	Chest
yrs. mon.	ft. in.	lbs.	inches
13 8.6	4 11.8	98.5	31

"1ST YEAR" ON JOINING.

13	7.5	5	0.7	91.7	30.3
1			.9	6.8	.7

TALLEST CADET IN THE COLLEGE—

Mr. Nurse .. 5ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

SHORTEST CADETS—

Mr. Tate . . . 4ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.  
 Mr. Bolt . . . 4ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.  
 Mr. Broadhurst 4ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

HEAVIEST CADET—

Mr. Larkins .. 140 lbs.

LIGHTEST CADET—

Mr. Spurgeon . 75 lbs.

BIGGEST CHESTS—

Mr. Larkins .. 36 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
 Mr. Newman .. 36 $\frac{1}{4}$  "  
 Mr. Watkins .. 36 $\frac{1}{4}$  "

The general development of the "2nd Year" Cadets (the result of one year at the College) is extremely good—

6 V.G.I's 10 V.Gs. 7 Gs. 5 Mods.

"1st Year" on Joining—

nil. 2 ,, 15 ,, 8 ,,  
 4 fair 2 poor

CADETS OF "V.G.I." PHYSIQUE—

Mr. Collins  
 Mr. Getting  
 Mr. Larkins  
 Mr. Newman  
 Mr. Nurse  
 Mr. Showers

"1st Year" Cadets.

AVERAGE AFTER THREE MONTHS.

Age.		Height.		Weight		Chest
				(Exp.)		
yrs.	mon.	ft.	in.	lbs.	inches	
13	10.5	5	1.4	96.8	31.5	

AVERAGE ON JOINING.

13	7.5	5	0.7	91.7	30.3
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INCREASE IN THREE MONTHS.

Height, .7 inches; Weight, 5.1 lbs.;  
 Chest, 1.2 inches (expanded), GOOD.

The averages of the present "2nd Year" for the same date last year were:—

Height, 5ft. 1in. (or .4in. shorter than present "1st Year").

Weight, 103 lbs. (or 6.2 lbs. heavier than present "1st Year").

Chest, 31.6 in. (or .1in. bigger than present "1st Year").

The corresponding increases of present "2nd Year" during the SAME period last year were as follow:—

Height, 1.1 inches; Weight, 5.5 lbs.;  
 Chest (expanded), .6 inches.

The present "1st Year" are therefore catching up in the chest (the most important measurement, but are losing very slightly on weight (the next in importance), and height (of which latter they have a little in hand).

Greatest Increases in the Three Months.

CHEST ..	Mr. Thurlby . . .	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
	Mr. Bolt . . .	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
	Mr. Dudley . . .	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
	Mr. Macdonald . . .	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
	Mr. Casey . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	Mr. Cousin . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	Mr. Shaw . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	Mr. Waller . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

WEIGHT	Mr. Baldwin ..	10 lbs.
	Mr. Bolt . . . .	10 "
	Mr. Baxendell . . .	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	Mr. Gould . . . .	9 "
	Mr. Waller . . .	9 "
	Mr. Palmer . . .	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	Mr. Shaw . . . .	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	Mr. Vail . . . .	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

HEIGHT	Mr. Baldwin . . . .	1 inch
	Mr. Bolt . . . .	1 "
	Mr. Dudley . . . .	1 "
	Mr. Evans . . . .	1 "
	Mr. Gould . . . .	1 "
	Mr. Hollingworth . . .	1 "

BIGGEST CHEST—	Mr. Rayment . . .	34 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches
	Mr. Thurlby . . .	34 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

TALLEST Mr. Evans . . . . 5ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

SHORTEST Mr. Tate . . . . 4ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

HEAVIEST Mr. Waller . . . . 118 lbs.

LIGHTEST Mr. Spurgeon . 76 $\frac{1}{2}$  "



**THE RUBAIYAT OF A KHADETT.**

Awake! for B. . r. . tt, in the garb of night,  
 Has rung the gong that puts the stars to  
 flight,  
 And lo! the gunner of Khadetts doth  
 stride,  
 With stately tread, into the Dorm of light.

While dreaming that an Admiral was I,  
 I heard a voice without the bath-room cry,  
 "Awake, my little ones, turn out! turn  
 out!  
 "Before the water in the shower be dry!"

At 8 o'clock, all those who stood before  
 The mess room, shouted "Open then the  
 door,  
 "For little time for breakfast do we get;  
 "Come, steward, fill my cup, some more,  
 some more!"

Each day at nine I eagerly frequent  
 Class rooms and Shops, and hear great  
 argument  
 About it and about; but everything  
 Goes out by that same ear as in it went!

I sometimes think that never blows so  
 strong  
 The wind as when we have a race. Why  
 L. . . . g  
 Has e'en been known to catch a crab, and  
 he,  
 As everybody knows, can do no wrong!

The ball no question makes of ayes or  
 noes,  
 But to the fence (or not) perhaps it goes;  
 Yet he that tossed it down to thee full  
 pitched,  
 He knows about it all—He knows—**HE**  
 knows!

Ah W. . . . ts! could you and I with  
 "G. . . . ts" conspire  
 To reach the canteen after the "retire,"  
 Would we not shatter it to bits, and then  
 Refresh our "Marys" to our hearts'  
 desire!

Some for the glories of this term, and  
 some  
 Sigh for the promise of the leave to come.  
 Oh, buck up NOW and let to-morrow go,  
 Nor heed the calling of your distant mum!

A book on Sunday underneath a bough,  
 A dash of sun, no breath of wind, and thou  
 Beside me, G. . tt. . g, with some 'Frisco  
 jubes,  
 And Osborne House were Paradise enow!

**RIFLE MATCH.**

Through the kindness of the Rifle Club  
 of H.M.S. "Psyche" in loaning us rifles  
 and supplying us with ammunition, we  
 fired our first match at Geelong rifle range  
 on 2nd September, 1913, against a team  
 from that ship. Although defeated we all  
 enjoyed our afternoon's sport. "Misses"  
 were too frequent on our side, and at 600  
 yards Officers' Steward Penfold failed to  
 find the target! Want of practice was  
 the principal factor in the cause of our de-  
 feat, our members not having handled a  
 rifle for two and three years. Appended  
 are the scores:—

H.M.S. "PSYCHE."

	300	500	600	Tot.
	yds.	yds.	yds.	
Ch. Sto. French . .	30	29	31	90
P.O. Tel. Brooke .	28	32	29	89
P.O. Phillips . . .	29	28	27	84
Blacksmith Haynes	27	27	26	80
L.C.C. Kenway . .	25	26	26	77
Lieut. Tucker . . .	22	17	25	64
A. B. Ledger . . . .	21	18	22	61
				<hr/> 545

R.A.N. COLLEGE.

P.O. Glen . . . . .	23	29	24	76
Paymaster Trivett .	23	24	24	71
P.O. Leeds . . . . .	17	29	20	66
Off. Stew. Elliott .	12	26	13	51
Off. Stew. Jean . .	16	24	8	48
A.B. Young . . . . .	11	21	15	47
Off. Stew. Penfold .	12	14	0	26
				<hr/> 385

H.M.S. "Psyche" therefore won by 160  
 points.

**HE'S A CADET.**

There is a College by the Sea  
 (R.A.N.C.),  
 Where we disport ourselves in boats,  
 Take Seamanship and Signal notes,  
 Work out Departure and D. Lat.,  
 And other things as bad as that;  
 So if you meet a youth who tries  
 To Morse a message with his eyes  
 You can bet  
 He's a Cadet.

You are not always kind to me,  
 R.A.N.C.,  
 For when I do my number four  
 The beads of perspiration pour,  
 And Horner's dreadful operation  
 Worries me to desperation.  
 So if you meet a youth who looks  
 Quite capable of writing books,  
 Do not fret,  
 He's a Cadet.

I s'pose these things just have to be,  
 R.A.N.C.,  
 But in the shops my thumb I hit,  
 And chip and chip and chip and chip;  
 Or pour the molten metal out  
 Right on my toe. There's not a doubt  
 That if you meet a grimy youth  
 With tousled hair and looks uncouth,  
 You may bet  
 He's a Cadet.

But there's the other side to the  
 R.A.N.C.,  
 For when the week's work has been done  
 We get rigged out in Number One,  
 With monkey jacket, neat and smart.  
 A sight to gladden every heart.  
 So if a smart young lad you meet,  
 Who looks as if he'd bought the street,  
 You can bet  
 He's a Cadet!!

**A QUIET NIGHT ASHORE.**

It was a dirty night, a faint-hearted moon shedding a fitful light over the dark waters of the bay. We had everything clewed up ready to slip out with the tide—we were now merely waiting for the skipper to come aboard and cast off. However, a week's moderate, but not bigoted, temperance had been too much for him, and we

somehow gleaned that the "old man" had gone ashore for the purpose of imparting some little color into the sober landscape of the village port.

At 4 bells in the first watch the mate went ashore, as was his wont, to collect the skipper. After a hasty but fruitless survey of the Pig and Whistle, the Dun Cow, and the Merry Widow, the mate discovered the object of his quest comfortably ensconced in the one armchair of the Sailors' Arms tap-room. The general aspect of the room suggested the fore-castle of a smack after a heavy gale—chairs and tables had come adrift, a wreckage of bottles and glasses strewed the sanded floor; fragments of bread and cheese; tobacco plugs and pipes lent a touch of domestic peace to the general scheme.

The fire burned low in the grate, a feeble-minded lamp cast a lurid haze over the beaming features of the "old man," who surveyed his handiwork with all an artist's appreciation. His reverie was broken by the entrance of the mate.

"Wot cheer, Bill!" said the "old man," with the air of one who does great things and seeks no reward, "just takin' a little quiet and gentle exercise before goin' aboard!"

"Bless me soul, skipper!" said the mate. "My! What a time you've been 'avin'. Where's everybody?"

Casting a hurried and approving glance over the shipwreck, his gaze at length pierced the murky haze and reached the floor.

"But, I say, skipper," queried he, "wots all them grapes doin' on the deck?"

"Grapes, be blowed," replied the "old man." "Grapes! them's not grapes. Them's eyeballs!"

Late that night we let go our moorings and picked our way cautiously among tramps and tugs and odd sorts of hookers, reaching the open sea at last. Then a weary skipper left the bridge and turned in, with a final "Grapes, Bill! Grapes, be **blowed!**" the "old man" was soon lost in delightful dreams of a pleasant little evening party ashore.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**JOCK.**—Raw beef steak sometimes prevents the discoloration.

**NUT.**—Soft felt hats seem to be in vogue just now. Yes, it should be brushed straight back from the forehead. Most hairdressers keep the brand of pomade you require. Certainly, pale puce socks—most nutty! No, sucking a straw "on the block" is not now considered to be good taste.

**PERPLEXED.**—Take the brake off.

**TED.**—Never by the scruff of the neck. You might try coaxing the creature on to a cushion. Your other suggestion would not be applicable to the Manx variety.

**COLLECTOR.**—We strongly advise you to discontinue the practice of descending with the egg in your mouth. The slightest jolt may cause it to detonate, and should the egg be partly bird, a most unpleasant taste is left in the mouth.

**C.C.**—Yes, hot baths before breakfast are injurious to the young. You would do better to take a cold shower at your age. It would probably be better in any case to be clear of the bathroom by 7.30 a.m. Bad temper in the morning is natural to those of mature years.

**TROUSERS.**—Blue jean, when new and unwashed, has that effect. Sand and canvas, if freely used, will remove the color.

**SEAMANSHIP.**—Yes, it is usually necessary to start racing at the scheduled time. Chipping in is to be discouraged. Slackness in the former detail frequently results in the offender being "too late." Before starting, see that all gear is secured for sea. Of course if the sudden gust caused the collision, it could not have been your fault.

**BLOODTHIRSTY.**—Very rarely. In the cooler weather we shall probably have a few more. Certainly by putting a chit in.

**CRAZY.**—Your questions are silly and beside the point. He is usually to be found either under the settee or in the foretop flaking down the sand.

**WILLOW.**—Yes, a draw, obviously in favor of your opponents. Sorry you could not repeat your first success, but with more practice you might possibly do so next season. Yes, a very good thing you did not challenge 22.

**NUNKEY.**—No. The second crew won, and were therefore the better crew. Possibly they were better trained. Undoubtedly a bad cox does make a difference, but he was your choice. Very pleased to hear you were second in all your other races, but you do not mention who were third or fourth. With more practice you may yet be first.

**DOGGY.**—Briffa McNab is his correct name. "Mong" is only a nickname bestowed on him by those jealous of his courtly nature and perfect breeding. In doggy circles he is the "very perfect gentle knight."

**PAIN.**—Skinned knuckles are prevalent at this period. Most "1st Year" Cadets suffer from this complaint, which usually passes off without trouble. It is inevitable in the pursuit of technical knowledge. Yes, I quite agree, a small pad might save some of the agony, but when you learn to hit the chisel you avoid the trouble.

**TANGO.**—No, I know of no regulation limiting the size, weight, or thickness of boots to be worn at a dance. The best plan is to go to a really reliable bootmaker, who will fit you out with the necessary shoes. As you say, it was distinctly awkward, and no wonder the fair young things did not like it. The present fashion is to provide yourself with a pair paid for by father. You might consider the idea of splitting a pair between yourself and your "raggy," as you say you are so hard up. Of course you would have to slip out and change in some quiet place, as you certainly would not be allowed to keep your boots in a corner of the ball room.

**For Sale**  
**LADIES' DANCING SHOES**  
(Size 2)

Slightly Soiled through being  
TRODDEN ON.

Apply—"FLAPPER,"

Girls' C. of E. Grammar School,  
Geelong.

**Don't Read This**

If YOU are a NON-SMOKER.

Our Famous  
BROWN PAPER CIGARETTES  
are Unrivalled.

**GIVE THEM A TRIAL**  
(in the Bathing Shed).  
**You will Never Smoke Again.**

Write for booklet to—  
H.J.H.T. & CO.

**DO YOU TANGO?**

No? Then come to our Saturday Night Hops. Just the thing to make you feel at home in any ball room. Bring your own shoes (if you have any). Our staff of accomplished teachers are unique, and provided with untearable clothes, armor-plated shoes, and all requisites for teaching the most backward pupils with the least discomfort to themselves.

**DON'T BE SHY**

Write or 'phone.

Telegraphic Address, "BOOTS."

**THIS SPACE  
TO LET.**

Engagement Rings!

ENGAGEMENT RINGS!

Engagement Rings!

Try **US** just this once. We can turn out any NUMBER you may be likely to RE-QUIRE, in our **Moulding Shop**, :: :: guaranteed good **Solid Brass**. Why go to the expense of Buying Gold ones. :: ::

Write at once for full particulars to—

"WILLIE,"

The Shops, North Geelong.

**Inverted Ship's Bells**

**Hired out on  
EASY TERMS**

**JUST the THING for BABY**

A.G.M.B. writes:—"I used one of your inverted bells when I was quite a nipper. I have never forgotten the experience. I expressed my approval at the time, and have not altered my opinion since."

**£5,000,000**

**Given Away in Prizes**

(Perhaps)

All You Have to Do

**Is to Fill in the Last Line of  
Our Prize Limerick**

*There was a Cadet who said Oh,  
What a lot I'm expected to know,  
What with Maths. and Navig.,  
Engin., Seamy., and Sig.,*

\* \* \* \*

Get your Sister to help you!

Get **SOMEBODY ELSE'S** Sister to help you!

**DON'T DELAY. DO IT NOW**