



*Royal Australian  
Naval College  
Magazine*

Fourth Number—  
JULY 1916

# Royal Australian Naval College Magazine

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Fourth Number.—July, 1916.

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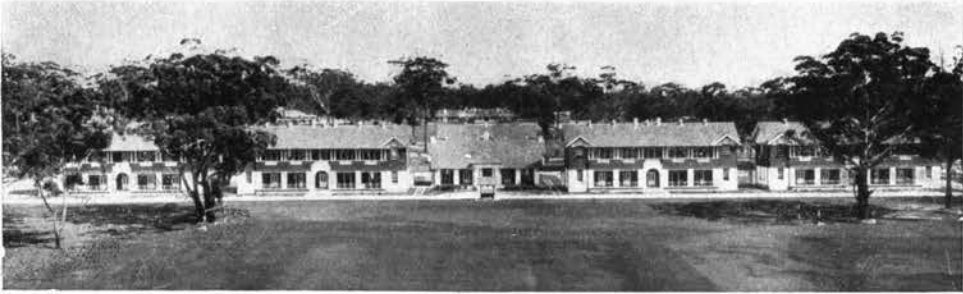


Sydney :

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1916





The Quarter Deck and General View of Buildings.

**Editorial Notes.**

*"War, war is still the cry."*

The great war drags slowly on, and who can say when the end will be? Battles such as we have never dreamt of are being fought on all fronts. A few yards of trenches are captured or some fort is taken. The Russians have been driven back and are again advancing. Our Australian troops have been withdrawn from Gallipoli after winning fame for themselves and their country, and are now fighting elsewhere. New armies are being trained, more munitions gathered together, and we are waiting and hoping for the great concerted offensive, the big push. Our Navy maintains its ceaseless vigil and the blockade is being ruthlessly drawn tighter. So weeks and months pass by till we are at last thrilled with the news of a real **scrap**. A portion of the British Fleet has found the German Fleet at sea, and one of the greatest battles in naval history eventuated, in which our fleet gained a magnificent victory and we retained the supremacy of the sea. The Germans did not await the arrival of Admiral Jellicoe and his battleships, but raced back to port. Thanks to the misty weather they thereby escaped much further loss. We mourn the loss of many brave officers and men, and regret the destruction of some fine ships. Such losses are, how-

ever, inseparable from a modern naval engagement, and we are comforted and cheered by thereflection that the lives of these heroes have been given to their country, and not in vain.

Once again we have the pleasure of reporting on the extremely good health of the Cadets during the last year. A slight epidemic of influenza, a single case each of diphtheria and scarlet fever and two of measles have been, during that period, the only infectious diseases to engage the surgeons' attention, and the fact that these have been confined to such narrow limits is evident testimony to that officer's care and zeal, and the physical fitness of the Cadets.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed a new entry of Cadets. We were perhaps more pleased to have them with us in that they brought us up to full complement and we now feel that at last we are in full swing.

Four of our officers have returned to England. C.N.I. Hall, Eng. Lt. Cr. Boddie, Ch. Art. Eng. Marden, and Art Eng. Creal left us, having completed their service with the Royal Australian Navy. The College will always be grateful to these officers for much valuable assistance rendered during their lengthy stay. Surgeon Skeet left for service at sea, having been with us but a little while. We extend a hearty welcome to Surgeon Bartlett, Eng. Lt. Stuart Eng. Lt. Wood, Art. Eng. George, Chaplain Chalmers, N.I. Varey, N.I. Slater, Ch. Art. Eng. Allard, who

is Barrack Master, and Eng. Commander Rolle, who has taken charge of Engineering.

We congratulate Lt. Cr. Cotton-Stapleton, S.N.I. Moyes, Ch. Gunner Dix, Ch. Art. Eng. Marden, Ch. Cadet Captain Feldt, and Cadet Captains Armstrong, Hall and Cairns, on their various promotions and Paymaster Crow on successfully passing his examination.

S.N.I. Franklin and S.N.I. Moyes have been away for sea service in general and navigation in particular for periods of one month and three months respectively in H.M.A.S. *Encounter*, and both have returned highly satisfied with and profited by their experience and work.

Instead of the old two-term year, with its two sub-divisions and leaves of eight weeks, two weeks and two of one week, 1916 has introduced a different system. The year is now divided into three terms, each consisting of thirteen weeks, with leaves of seven weeks, four weeks and two weeks. It is early yet to judge the result of this innovation, but we are hopeful that it will prove as successful here as it has done in the schools, where it has been thoroughly tested. For us it possesses the great merit of having two leaves long enough to permit Cadets to visit their homes twice a year, instead of only once as frequently happened previously.

H.M.A.S. *Franklin* made her arrival off the College in the second term of last year. All expressed themselves well pleased with her general appearance, but after she began her fortnightly trips to Sydney with a watch of Cadets on board misgivings arose, which developed into positive dislike. It was found that she lost her attraction after passing through the heads, owing to her extreme buoyancy, and now she does her Sydney trips without Cadets. Every week, however, the ship steams in the Bay, and when the weather permits, proceeds to sea and instruction is given to all Cadets in

engineering, seamanship, and navigation on board.

A char-a-banc and a motor car have been added to the College equipment, and several buildings have been completed, or are in course of construction. Amongst these may be mentioned two study blocks, each containing two large class rooms, capable of accommodating forty Cadets. The N.I. offices and Common Room are situated in these buildings. Other additions are the garage, the school on top of the hill, the stables, a coal bunker, with a capacity of 200 tons, and a residence for Home Affairs officials.

Our congratulations are due to Cadets Collins, Esdaile, Farncomb, and Gilling, who have gained the Otto Albert prizes for engineering and seamanship in 1915.

In the early part of the second term of 1915 the College was honored by a visit from His Excellency the Governor General, who gave a stirring address to the Cadets and made a thorough inspection of the College. On this matter we cannot do better than reprint N.O. 60/15:

The Governor General congratulates Captain Morgan and Commander Grant and the Staff Officers and instructors on the admirable installation provided by the Royal Australian Naval College. The manner in which the compliment of Warrant Officers, and Naval Ratings fulfil their functions, the bearing, intelligence and smartness of the Cadets testify alike to the high character of the organisation, discipline, and training at Jervis Bay. Everything points to the assured success of this all-important branch of the Commonwealth naval organisation.

The Governor General will report to His Majesty the King that the impression derived from his visit is that, thanks to the high standard of training in the Naval College, there is every prospect that the future officers of H.M.A. Fleet will maintain the traditions of the British Navy in the Southern Seas.

The College is grateful to His Excellency for a handsome Silver Challenge Cup which he was pleased to donate. This is to be held for a year by the winners of the tug of war, and at present adorns the Third Year Gunroom.

At the beginning of this year we had a visit from a Sydney team of tennis players of great renown, consisting of Horace Rice, who has represented Australia in Davis Cup contests and who has held the singles championship all the States of Australia at one time or another, Edgar Rice, H. S. Utz and P. Loudon, all of whom have represented New South Wales. The primary object of the visit of these players was to enable Cadets to witness the play of first class exponents of the game, which is essential to their improvement and to participate in play with them. After an officers' four had been vanquished Horace Rice played a single with Utz., and the visitors then paired off with Cadets for the rest of the afternoon, and were good enough to extend their instruction on the following day. The benefits derived from these games are absolutely incalculable, and we only regret that they cannot occur more often.

Keen interest has been maintained in sports. During the last term of 1915, in addition to football, a regatta and a series of tennis tournaments were held, and in the first term of this year, as well as cricket, we have had an athletic sports meeting and aquatic sports of which detailed accounts appear elsewhere.

Before the next number of the Magazine appears our present fourth year will have gone to sea, and we therefore take this opportunity of wishing them well in the strenuous times ahead. We have observed their progress in the class-rooms and on the playing fields, we have watched their mental and physical development, we have seen the good example they have set to their younger brothers, and we shall watch them with pride and with con-

fidence as they go forth to do their duty to their country and themselves. But we would point out to them in all humility that they are going into troublous times, and that they will be severely tried, both in the execution of their duty, and in their gun-rooms and ashore. So we would enjoin them to be ever mindful of the glorious traditions of the Royal Navy, and to so act that Australia will be proud of the deeds and conduct of the pioneer officers of the Royal Australian Navy.

### College Log.

July 21—Cadets returned from mid-winter leave.

July 24.—Rugby:— Cadets v. Ship's Company; Cadets won by 9 points to three.

July 26.—Governor General inspected the College.

August 4.—All Comers go-as-you please Marathon. Mr. Sadleir, accompanied by his performing pig again took the cake.

August 14.—Rugby.—Cadets v. Huskisson; Cadets won by 14 to 3.

August 30.—Whole day off; picnics, etc. Destroyers arrived.

August 31—Soccer, Ship's Company v Flotilla. Flotilla won 6 goals to 4.

September 1.—Rugby. Cadets v. Flotilla. Cadets won by 23 to 6.

The Flotilla concert party gave an excellent entertainment in the Gymnasium at 8 p.m. A strong nor' easter getting up during the show, most of the performers found they had to sing themselves to sleep on our verandahs and other odd places.

September 18.—Tennis. Officers v. Cadets. Cadets won by three matches to two.

September 26.—H.M.A.S. *Franklin*, tender to the R.A.N. College, arrived and anchored off the workshops amidst tremendous excitement.

September 29.—Cadets embarked in *Franklin en route* for Sydney, to witness the launching of the *Brisbane*.

Shortly afterwards a large number of the aforesaid Cadets might have been seen leaning over the lee side, casting admiring glances (and other incidentals) at the ocean.

September 30.—Cadets landed at Cockatoo Island, to witness the launch and to replenish their empty holds, as all were at this time in ballast. The latter evolution was as successfully performed as the former, if we may judge by the number of Cadets whose Plimsol mark was awash after the event.

P.M. Cadets proceeded on mid-term week's leave.

October 8.—Cadets returned from leave.

October 10.—Mr. Reilly prostrated with grief on learning that he must practise for the regatta instead of playing cricket.

November 7.—Captain leaves College to select thirty hopes of Australia.

November 10.—Regatta Day. A most enjoyable day, and a day of great surprises. Foretopmen carry off the Shield in the cutter race.

December 6.—Exams. commence.

December 11.—Finals of the tennis tournament.

December 14.—Exams. finish, to the secret sorrow of the Cadet High-brows and the delight of the Brainless Wonders.

December 15.—Sing-song in the Gymnasium by Ship's Company. Usual success!

December 16.—Cadets proceed on leave, amidst wailing and gnashing of teeth, especially from those Cadets who missed the last 'bus.

Peace, perfect peace!

1916.

February 9.—New batch of Jellicoes in *embryo* arrive at the College in H.M.A.S. *Ponderous*. The College barber beams!

February 10.—Old brigade arrives at midnight or thereabouts per H.M.A.S. *Franklin*, most of them "flying light."

February 12.—The First Year show their prowess on the cricket field, the Port Watch badly strafing the Star-board.

February 19.—Cricket carnival—Officers v. Cadets. Easy victory for the Cadets owing to the bad light and also to the fact that the Captain was not put on to bowl early enough in the innings!

February 26.—Cricket. Cadets 2nd Eleven v. Camp and Ship's Company. A win for the latter by four wickets.

March 11.—Mr Horace Rice and Co. visit the College in order to pick up a few wrinkles about the game of tennis as it should be played!

March 18.—Aquatic Sports.

March 27.—Whole day off. Picnic parties depart, armed with frying pans, and piles of "chow-chow."

April 1.—Gymnastic display by Cadets in the Gymnasium, followed by a dance.

April 12.—Lawn tennis match. Officers v. Cadets. Won by the officers by three matches to two.

April 13.—Practice for sports commences. Quarterdeck flooded with Cadets dashing about hither and thither, and leaping wildly in the air, in shorts (very) and feet (bare).

April 17.—Commenced winter routine.

April 29.—Sports' Day.

May 1.—Football commences. 1st Lieutenant seen to bounce the ball.

May 6.—Hockey. Officers v. Cadets. Cadets won by 6 goals to 4.

May 10.—Cadets proceed on leave.

June 7.—Cadets returned from leave with the usual Paderewski hirsute appendages.

June 10.—Rugby. Cadets v. Ship's Company. Cadets won by ten points to nil, after a strenuous and greasy game.

The Burnett and the Reilly birds  
Were walking hand in hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand.  
"If this were only Bulli soil,"  
They said, "It would be grand."

## The Boy Officer.

(Extracts from the *United Service Magazine*.)

"The suggestion has often been made by those whose opinions are entitled to respect that the Army might well be advised in taking a leaf out of the book of the Sister Service by reverting to a system which maintained in the time of our forefathers of entering officers for the Military Service as boys. It is quite conceivable that to young and ardent minds the profession of arms, with its constant excitement, elements of danger, and prospects of glory and fame, should at all times have presented powerful attractions. In the consideration of such importance to the future efficiency of the Army as that involving boys leaving home and school at a tender age, there is, fortunately, the precedent of the Royal Navy, in which the system is attended with the happiest results.

We have high authority for heading the list of qualifications for leaders of men, with physical courage and moral courage bracketed. The possession of the one without the other is, however, by no means rare. For subordinate commanders physical courage should, perhaps, come first. It is related that when Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, joined the Army fresh from school at Glasgow, at the age of 15, he was gazetted an Ensign in the 9th, now the Norfolk regiment. In the battle of Vimiero, his first engagement, the Captain of his company, feeling for so young a boy, and fearing that some pardonable display of nervousness might mar the lad's future career, took him by the hand, and leading him to the head of the Battalion, walked him up and down for a few minutes in full view of the enemy's artillery, which had opened fire. He then let go the boy's hand, and told him to join his company. Colin Campbell never turned a hair, and as his Captain discovered, was as fearless as any man in the regiment.

If determination is, as we know it to be, an essential in a good officer, it is a virtue which characterised England's most famous leaders when in their teens. A strong sense of duty is given as one of the essentials of a successful commander. It prevails in an "*Eminent degree in our young naval Cadets and Midshipmen.*" Nor is evidence wanted of its existence in the boy officers of the Peninsula Army. Sir David Baird's school days furnish an excellent example. Before becoming an Ensign at the age of 14, he was educated at a private college in which the pupils were subjected to all the routine of military service, and one of his companions relates a story of him which is worth recalling. Young Baird, when on sentry one evening, was asked by a boy with whom he was on special terms of friendship, and who was conscious of his great influence over him, to permit him to pass to enable him to fulfil some engagement in London. Baird pleaded duty and refused. Upon which his companion reminded him of his ability to force his way if he wished. "You can knock me down, no doubt, and walk over my body, but I will not willingly allow you to pass." *When a strong sense of duty is combined with a strong sense of responsibility, it becomes an Asset of the Greatest Value.*"

## An Interview.

One day a-strolling on the beach  
Not far from Captain's Point,  
I met a weary looking youth  
Whose face seemed out of joint.  
"Come tell me who you are," I said,  
"And how you do exist."  
He only sighed, and wept, and shook  
His leg of mutton fist.

I seized him by the shoulder, and  
I punched him in the eye,  
"Wake up, you lazy lump," I said,  
And then he made reply.

"I am, as you can see," he said,  
"A sort of sailor lad."  
"They took me from my cheery home,  
And made me very sad;



They thumped my chest, and took my weight,  
Examined me, and they  
Then put me into uniform  
And made me work all day."

"Come tell me what it is you do,  
And what it is you make?"  
I pulled his hair out by the roots  
And shook him with a shake.

He said, "I make mistakes all day,  
I dream of leave all night,  
And in the afternoon I make  
A bowline on the bight.  
They punish me with No. 4,  
And cut off all my hair,  
While at Defaulters' Table I  
Must live on simple fare."  
He then let rip another moan,  
And shed another tear.

But I was thinking how he'd look  
As captain of a ship,  
And so I missed what he had said,  
And whacked him on the lip.  
"Come, tell me what you learn?" I said,  
"And what you get to eat."  
He turned a bleary eye on me,  
And shuffled with his feet.

"I learn to read the sextant,  
And I learn to take a sight;  
I know the sign for chlorine,  
And all about cordite;  
They teach me how to make a mould,  
And fix up piston rings,  
To chip my fingers to the bone,  
And many other things.  
For dinner we eat sea-gulls eggs,  
Mixed up with prunes and rice.  
For tea we have a prime sardine,  
Or something else as nice;  
Of course it doesn't matter much,  
For sure enough, next day,  
We'll go on board the "Franklin" for  
A trip round Jervis Bay!"

\* \* \*

At this he smiled a weary smile,  
Which I was glad to see,  
And said in spite of what he'd told  
That afternoon to me,  
That he would wish no better lot  
Than the one that he had got;  
In fact there was no better spot  
Than the R.A.N.C.

## Pictures Presented to the College.

*Description of the Pictures recently presented to the College by Mrs. Sparke, to whom we tender our sincerest thanks.*

### BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

The large plate is commemorative of the Naval Battle of St. Vincent, 14th February, 1797. The five chief portraits are of Admiral Sir John Jervis, Vice-Admirals Sir C. Thompson, the Honorable William Waldegrave, and Sir William Parker, of Harburn, and 5th, "the greatest sailor since our world began," Commodore Horatio Nelson, who had yet to bear the leading part "in strifes before the renown of which the name of Salamis fades away." The other portraits are of the famous captains who took part in the engagement.

For the splendid and far reaching victory, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Jervis, was made Earl St. Vincent, Admiral Waldegrave was made a Baron, Vice-Admirals Thompson and Parker were made Baronets, and Commodore Nelson received the insignia of Bath. Both Houses of Parliament voted their thanks, and the freedom of London was conferred on all the leaders. Contemporary history says that "The most striking feature in the above highly important victory is the boldness that prompted the attack." Another Commander might have paused ere, with 15 sail of the line he ran into 25, but Jervis, relying upon the firmness of his band, and viewing with the eye of a practised seamen, the loose and disordered state of the foe, resolved at once to profit by it; he rushed on and conquered "at a time," as he said, "victory meant so much to England." No doubt as a political event, its consequences were pre-eminently great, and it certainly frustrated the intended invasion of England.

To the Cadet-Midshipmen at the College the plate will be a reminder of the great sailors who helped to win for Britain the sceptre of the sea. In this connection the words in the preface

to *Anson's Life of Jervis* seem appropriate: "Many a man will feel heartened and strengthened, when the time of trial comes, as come it must, by having read of the lives of these great men, and by the belief that they may still be watching with keenest interest those who now or in the future may be entrusted with the task of upholding the cause of the country which they lived and died to save."

#### RICHARD BOWEN.

Richard Bowen, the discoverer and namer of Jervis Bay, was born at Ilfracombe, Devonshire, in 1761. He came of Naval Stock, and had three brothers in the navy. One was the famous Admiral James Bowen, who before reaching this rank, had piloted Earl Howe's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, into victorious action off Ushant on the 1st June, 1794. Another brother was Captain of the *Prince George*, the Flagship of his father-in-law, Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker, when the latter was second in command.

Richard Bowen entered the Navy at a young age, and was a midshipman under Sir John Jervis, acted as aide-de-camp to him on the *Prince*, was Lieutenant in 1790, came to New South Wales in charge of a transport in 1791. While on the voyage out he discovered and named Jervis Bay after his chief, whom he soon again rejoined. He was Commander in 1793 and Post Captain in 1794. After again and again distinguishing himself in action he met a glorious death at Teneriffe. Although nearly all his life he had been with Jervis, it was under Nelson that he met his end. Space does not now permit the details of a picturesque career, except to mention that he died with others in a brave, though hopeless attack on Santa Cruz, than "which no place was more invulnerable to attack, or more easily defended." This, however, did not daunt the stout hearts that made the attempt. In the attack Rear Admiral Nelson lost his arm, Captain Richard Bowen and

his First Lieutenant met each a noble death, and here indeed, fell nearly the whole of the party by death or wounds.

In noticing the death of Captain Bowen Rear Admiral Nelson, in despatches, paid the highest tribute possible to Bowen's courage and enterprise. James, in his *Naval History*, says "This eulogy from Nelson did more to ennoble the object than the mere act of conferring the Order of Knighthood, and yet Captain Bowen had undoubtedly merited one long before he met his death under the walls of Santa Cruz. Both Earl St. Vincent and Rear Admiral Nelson strongly importuned Earl Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, on the subject of a monument to Captain Bowen's memory. Nelson, in his usual energetic manner, writes Earl St. Vincent thus:—"Why is not a monument voted in St. Paul's, to perpetuate the memory of the gallant Bowen? I put it strongly to Earl Spencer. If you have an opportunity, pray express my surprise, that no mention has been made of him in either House of Parliament." But on the plea that the affair in which Captain Bowen had perished was a failure, this customary tribute of a nation's gratitude to her heroes was withheld."

In these later days gallant conduct receives its recognition, notwithstanding the failure of the enterprise which called it forth.

Perhaps the accidental discovery of Jervis Bay, a peaceful incident in a stormy life, may after all prove a more enduring memorial to Bowen's memory than the monument in St. Paul's so earnestly advocated for him by Nelson. Be that as it may, Richard Bowen (thus identified with Australia's early history) holds a place among the heroes of the Empire and for them all, as Tennyson says:—

"We have a voice with which to pay  
our debt,  
Of boundless love, and reverence and  
regret,  
To those who fought and kept it ours,  
And keep it ours, O God, from brute  
control."

CAPTURE OF THE *MAHONESA*  
BY THE *TERPSICORE*.

(Commanded by Captain Richard  
Bowen.)

The capture of the *Mahonesa* represents one of Captain Richard Bowen's naval victories. The two ships shown in the picture are the British 32-ton frigate *Terpsichore*, and the Spanish 32-ton frigate *Mahonesa*.

The following description is from *James' Naval History*. On the 13th October, 1796, at daybreak, Captain Richard Bowen, while cruising off the Port of Carthagea in the *Terpsichore* observed a strange frigate to windward, standing towards her. The former's situation was such, that an engagement with an enemy, of the apparent force of the ship approaching, was not desirable. The *Terpsichore* had left 30 of her men sick in the hospital at Gibraltar, and her sick and convalescent lists showed more than that number still on board, many of whom were dangerously ill, and none strong enough to be useful at quarters. Under all the circumstances, therefore, Capt. Bowen could hardly flatter himself with bringing off either the enemy's frigate if captured, or his own, if disabled. To fly, however, was not to be borne, and the *Terpsichore* continued standing on, without any alteration in her course. So at 9 hours 30 minutes the frigate *Mahonesa* having approached within hail of the *Terpsichore*, hauled to the wind on the latter's weather beam. The *Terpsichore*, whose position was then tolerably good, fired one gun as a trier of her opponent's intention. It was instantly returned by a whole broadside, and the action proceeded with mutual spirit. After awhile the Spanish crew began to slacken their exertions; and at the end of one hour and twenty minutes, the *Mahonesa* tried to make off. By this time the *Terpsichore* had her three lower masts and bow wounded, her spare spars and boat shot through, two of her anchors disabled, and her rigging and sails much cut. In the course of twenty minutes, however, by

characteristic alacrity in refitting and making sail, the British was again close alongside of her antagonist, with every gun well charged and pointed; when the *Mahonesa*, whose booms had fallen down and disabled her waste guns, and who was altogether in a crippled and defenceless state, hauled down her colours. Notwithstanding the crippled state of the *Mahonesa's* masts, which had been left with scarcely a shroud to support them, Captain Bowen succeeded in carrying his prize to Lisbon.

After having repaired at Gibraltar the damages sustained the *Terpsichore* was again at sea in search of an opponent, which she discovered in the 36 gun French frigate *Vestale*, about 20 leagues to the westward of Cadiz, and Bowen succeeded in beating and capturing this vessel, thus taking in succession two frigates of the enemy, both equal, if not superior force to his own. In Grant's *British Battles of Sea and Land*, a full description is given of this fight, and the writer concludes by saying: "The affair of the *Terpsichore* was deemed one of the best fought frigate actions during the year, especially when it is borne in mind that there were only 200 men available in the *Terpsichore* as against 300 in the *Vestale*."

Bowen's vigilance in protecting trade and his equal ardour in vindicating the honour of his country was recognised, and the merchants of London, who showed their appreciation in this connection by the presentation to Bowen of an elegant piece of plate.

**Tut-tut!**

A Frenchman and an Englishman went into a restaurant for dinner.

The Frenchman said to the Waitress: "Bring me some Turkey with Greece."

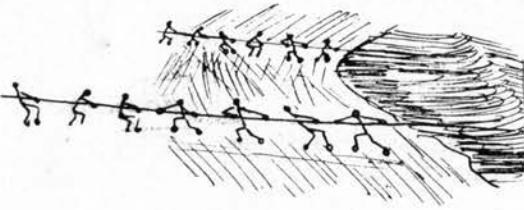
She said: "' I believe you are a German!"

He replied: "No, I am Hungary."

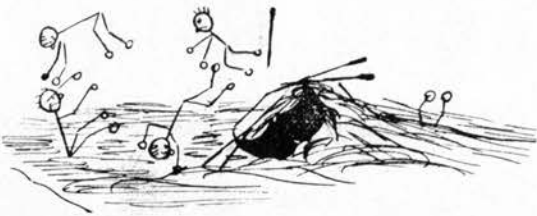
The Englishman chipped in: "Don't be Russian it or she won't Servia."

"All right," said the Frenchman. "I shan't Roumania."

# SEINING



Seaweed



### Aquatic Sports.

These sports were held on March 18, and afforded quite a lot of amusement, especially the last event.

Selk put up a great fight for the championship, and was only just beaten on the post by a couple of feet by Newman, the holder.

The diving was distinctly good, and Selk must be congratulated on his win from so many competitors.

Esdaile brought down the house with his sensational Blondin act.

Results:—

Fourth Year Inter-Class Relay, won by 4s1, the team being Collins, Cunningham, Esdaile, Feldt, Nurse.

Third Year Inter-Class Relay, won by 3.S.2., the team being, Armstrong, Macdonald, McMahon, Royston, Waller.

Second Year Inter-Class Relay, won by 2.P.2, the team being, Willes, Selk, Dowling, Hunt, Hodgson.

First Year Inter-Class Relay, won by 1.S.1., the team being Buchanan, Cant, Donovan, Greenlees, Ross.

Championship: 1st, Newman; 2nd, Selk; 3rd, Armstrong.

Diving: 1st, Selk, 129½ marks; 2nd, Hall, 128½; 3rd, Armstrong, 125½.

Slippery Pole: Esdaile, first prize; Haymen, second prize (before anyone could stop him.)

### The Laws of the College.

Now these are the laws of the College,  
And of this there shall be no dispute,  
Cadets that uphold them shall prosper,  
But the others must all meet the "boot."

Lo! a First Year run foul of a Fourth  
Year,  
And receiveth reproof on the cheek;  
(Can a Light Cruiser gun-fight a  
Dreadnought?)  
It were better for him to be meek.

A vessel on entering harbour  
Is given a berth of her own,  
And none other ship shall disturb her  
So long as her anchors are down.  
So the home of Cadets is their gunroom,  
Much noise may they make and much  
din,  
But until the permission be given  
No others may enter therein.

Take ye heed of one "G" on the bugle,  
Do not hang about, tarry, nor wait;  
It is better to be an hour early,  
Than fall in but ten seconds late.

Strive ye hard from "Revelly" to  
Quarters,  
Although the clock hands seem to  
creep;  
The Classrooms are built for your work-  
ing;  
Your bunks are the place for your  
sleep!

A ship may get hit in an action;  
Her "chummy ship" takes her in tow;  
What matter? the chances were even,  
*Their* time will come later they know.  
So when at the end of your first year  
Your chum has the badge on his sleeve,  
Remember *your* chance may come next  
year,  
Don't worry, just have a good "leave."

If ye err and get put in the rattle,  
Take your drill with a smile on your  
face;  
To err or to skylark is human  
But to brood or to sulk is disgrace.  
Steer clear of that shoal, "Regula-  
tions."

If ye foul it ye're sure to be caught  
And then ye will buoy for the others  
That rock, the Commander's report!

As a battleship lifts to the wave crests  
And shoulders the greatest aside,  
Nor turns from her own course a hair-  
breadth,  
Until in the harbour she bide;  
So shall ye, if misfortunes befall you,  
And your luck seems uncommonly thin,  
Thrust aside all your grousing and  
moaning;  
Just carry on trying—and grin!

Mark ye well all these words, and remember  
 (For on this dependeth your fate)  
 All laws are as nought beside this one—  
 "SERVICE FIRST," and run all of ye  
 STRAIGHT.

As the smoke poureth out of the funnels,  
 Floats away and is lost to the ken,  
 So shall ye, who these laws fail to  
 follow,  
 Melt away and don "mufti" again.

### Gallipoli.

#### SOME NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF LT. COL. GARDINER AUSTIN, R.E.

Left Mena Camp at 2 p.m. on April 5th with little regret. A violent haru-sene was blowing and the place was unbearable. After four months' work from 9 a.m. till midnight I cannot say that I am sorry to be away. Made a last round of visits buying stores, and caught the 6.35 for Alexandria. Arrived at 9.55. The 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th were employed in embarkation duties. Came aboard the *Minnewaska* at 5.30 p.m., having done all that it was possible to do. We were due to sail at 7 a.m. Weighed anchor. Most interesting send off. Everybody on deck in pyjamas, from the General, Sir W. R. Birdwood, down; in best of spirits, cracking jokes. The harbour absolutely full of troopers all loading up night and day. Got a most delightful four berth cabin to myself, one of the first fruits of the new exalted rank! Sea like a mill pond! and oh, the joy of it! after four months of work by night and day to know that for the present you can do no more. Until my work begins on the other side I can enjoy my leisure. I just sit and talk or rest or mostly sleep, making up for the past hours wasted in sleepless nights when my brain refused to rest for the thought of to-morrow's needs. Just a blessed peace is on everyone. The food is top-hole. Eat, drink, read "Old Curiosity Shop,"; a little work and a few

facts to work up—that shall be my life for the next few days; and then? Well, we all wonder, what then? I believe we are bound for Lemnos, our base.

10th and 11th.—Spent a delightfully lazy day, chiefly in sleep. The sea is glorious. It is difficult to bring home to one's mind that this is not a pleasure trip, which will end as all other trips do—custom house, porters, etc.

These will be replaced by trenches and armed men. Instead of doing their best to please they will doubtless be delighted if they knock you over. At Church, yesterday, the G.O.C. made a short speech in which he told us that the Turks had been largely reinforced by Germans, and that we might be on the eve of the biggest flanking movement in history. I am all packed ready for the road. Instead of the piles of luggage with which I am associated, I have a valise, a kit bag, water bottle and a despatch wallet. Two complete sets of everything are carried. I am greatly put about as to what to wear. I have recently got a new coat from Daniels, also a British warm. Both are particularly smart, the sort of thing which would not disgrace Piccadilly. If I wear them they may be spoiled. If I don't they may be lost for ever, for once we leave the ship we shall be cut off; I think it will end by my giving the Turks a treat; it is safer and warmer; the coat is delightful, soft, warm stuff. I shall stuff the pockets with socks and soap! We all left our swords at Alexandria. I rather wish now that I was a better shot with a revolver, for it looks like nasty work ahead. . . .

The harbour is a magnificent one, and just now it presents a splendid appearance. There are about seventy transports, and more are expected, the New Zealand lot being under way. Besides ourselves there are the 29th Division from India, and a Naval Brigade, 70,000 or 80,000 of us all told. The *Queen Elizabeth* lies right out. She goes out every day to have a look round, and comes back at night. Yesterday she had her speed trials, and touched 24 knots. She was

also fired at. Besides her there are about a dozen other ships of a very obsolete type, so old that one would not be surprised to see the ark come along and take up her moorings! However, I expect they will play their part and give a good account of themselves. It all forms a most interesting and impressive sight, and makes one feel the power of the Empire. All to-day (13th) I spent going round the Fleet, making final arrangements regarding ammunition. We had too many eggs in one basket, and are now adjusting them. We had a jaw-wow this morning at which the plan of operations was given to us. It is premature to put on paper, but we are up against a tough proposition. Our Division will play a leading part.

April 23rd.—The last few days have for me passed very quietly going around the Fleet distributing ammunition, etc. The Fleet is a wonderful one, representing almost every class of ship. The air craft go out daily and bring back reports and sketches of the enemy's position and we have it all dotted down in our sketch books. We leave here and rendezvous off the Island. Early the next morning we go in our appointed order. On the...th Brigade will fall the initial brunt. With luck and good leadership, and they have a magnificent Brigadier, they will do what they are there to do—viz., take the trenches at the point of the bayonet. With bad luck they will be decimated. Having made good a footing, they entrench. The Fleet in the meanwhile conduct the rest of the convoy which come up in A, B, and C echelons. Behind the...th Brigade comes the ...th Brigade, which has to hold the flank under cover of the guns of the Fleet, the *Majestic*, *Triumph* and *Bacchante* being the leading ships. The ...th Brigade having landed, the rest of the echelon lands in torpedo boats. This includes the Staff. The ammunition and supply ships also come up, and the ammunition is put on shore. My own particular job at first is to receive it, and get it under some sort of cover. I have the spot marked out in the map.

But whether it is suitable or not is another matter. Getting it up to the troops is another question. White, chief of Staff, was very nice about it. "Give it to Austin and he will get it up, somehow." Just at present, however, Austin does not quite see how it is to be done. Of course waggons will not be available for some days, and so we are taking the mules of the Mountain Battery and have brought donkeys. All the main bags we can raise are impressed, and shall sling the bags into them. But at first we shall have to lift them up to the regimental reserve by hand labour, exciting work. I shall do as much as possible at night. The cheerfulness that exists is extraordinary. It is impossible to realise that in a few hours we shall be taking part in one of the great battles of history.

April 24th.—We left Lemnos at 5 a.m., and lie on the other side of the island at our rendezvous, preparatory to going in early to-morrow (Sunday) One of our transports had an exciting experience last week. Coming from Alexandria, she was hailed by a Turkish torpedo boat, who gave her five minutes to get out her boats. Good for the Turks. I did not know they were such sportsmen. That five minutes saved her, for seeing another transport, the torpedo boat dashed off to deal with her. It was in vain, however, for the *Osiris* showed a clean pair of heels. In the meanwhile two British ships hove in sight. The Turk discharged two torpedoes at the *Maniski*, both of which missed, and was off with our boats after her. They did not catch her, but she was forced to beach herself at Chios, where she now lies, and where they found a party of Greeks anxiously waiting to intern them., which they did. Now all transports take the longer route and more of our torpedo boats are out. There is a very circumstantial rumour that Sampson, the famous airman, is missing. I saw him up in his plane on Sunday, but apparently he has not been heard of since. Bad luck for us; it may be a ruse; they say that the Germans had a reward out for him.

The men are all on deck. We are lying in a little bay on the opposite side of the island, serving out ammunition, two hundred rounds per man. Rifles being cleaned and bayonets brightened up. I was fortunate enough to get two machine guns and eight howitzers yesterday, thanks to Hill's kind offices. Though very busy himself, he dug them out, together with clothing, etc. The General was pleased when he heard of it, for the guns they gave us in Australia were very old. So up to the very last I have served them. Knowing the ropes I have got stores which otherwise they might have gone without, and which will save many a life, also take many a life. We bid farewell temporarily to General Birwood yesterday afternoon, and to General Smith last night. We gave them a cheer and wishes for a speedy re-union on the beach at Gaba Tepe—perhaps! I felt as I have often felt when waiting to go in at cricket, that is slightly nervous with a longing that it was all over. With a difference, however. At cricket a ball in the wicket hurts one's *amour propre*; at war a ball somewhere else hurts one otherwise, look at how you will. However, I suppose it is all written down somewhere, and not for worlds would I look into the future for twenty-four hours. By a stroke of bad luck I have got a nasty cold. It has been going round the ships, but I had hoped that I would escape. I have dosed myself with aspirin and ammoniated quinine, and scrubbed my throat with tannin and glycerine, and it is yielding to treatment. In addition to our attack landings take place simultaneously at — by the 28th English Division, at —, the Naval Division, the latter a demonstration only, but the 29th is to be a serious attempt. The French also on the other side make a serious attempt to land. I have decided, in addition to my other impedimenta, to take a pick and shovel with me. T— and I will be armed thus, and will endeavour to dig ourselves in as quickly as possible. Marsh is alongside of me with his supply depot. We go ashore in the same boat.

Sunday, 4th.—First shot fired by us at 4.5 a.m., and since then constant bombardment. Glorious sunrise; —rd Brigade got ashore, I hear, without firing a shot; now they are fighting for life. 6.15 a.m.—Torpedo boat just come alongside with wounded; Aeroplanes and balloons up; shrapnel now bursting thick.

May 6th.—Little time for writing lately, so I will write "backwards." We had an exciting little experience this morning. I have started a new depot on the south beach, and was busy working at it, when a stranger on a mule was seen approaching us from the enemy lines with a white flag. It appears that he was a deserter, and as soon as he got near us they let fly at him with shrapnel. I hope that in future deserters will choose another place to desert. (I had just written this when shrapnel burst outside my shelter, which is now full of all sorts and conditions of men, a General, an Indian, a parson, etc.) They have got an enfilade on the beach and are raking us with shrapnel. A great friend of mine, Young, of the A.S.C., with whom I share a bungalow, has been carried past, two mules have been knocked over, a man's head has been blown off, and there are cries from the hill for stretcher bearers.

Young has been brought in here in great pain from a wound in his arm, fortunately not serious. They got the range to a yard, and it is decidedly unpleasant for my depot. I was under cover, but still it was pretty alarming. Two yards behind they burst one among the mules, killing 15 and two horses. It was pitiful to see the poor, wounded creatures limping, and staggering past. Having a little time to spare I will continue my diary. We have arranged our ammunition, store, etc., all down to the beach, leaving lanes between them to offer shelter. The one gun which I wrote of before, has developed into a well concealed battery, which completely enfilades our beach and to put it mildly gives us hell. At the first sound which we now recognise distinctly from our own guns, you see everybody dash



behind a stack of forage or into a hole accompanied by shouts of laughter. It is very serious, of course, but in actual practise it is irresistibly comic to see a chap suddenly disappear into the earth with an anxious shrapnel after him. At other times you make a side-long lurch to right or left at a pace which fairly astonishes you, and there you sit until they have finished the dose. Do what we will we cannot find that battery . . . The *Bacchante* lies off Gaba Tepe, and when she thinks she has the battery gives them a broadside of six-inch, which has so far displaced tons of earth, but left the battery intact. Our guns and howitzers go at them all day, to no avail, the only thing that stops them being the balloons or aeroplanes. When one of them goes up they stop at once, so as not to give away the position. It is a splendid battery, new guns evidently, and I should say from their accuracy, fought by Germans. Their ranging is wonderful. They begin from the lower beach and range right up, and during that time, to show your nose out, or to fail to dash for cover is to run a grave risk. Going from one of my depots to another is a journey full of incident. There is another gun which shoots across the other way, and the brute has given me a lot of unnecessary exercise. I hear the shell, but cannot in the short time available, tell which it is, so down I go like a rabbit, to emerge with a sickly smile when he goes over and bursts out at sea. They plastered my depot one day, but I was not there. One shot hit a pile of picks, and for a time picks and shovels rained down indiscriminately. Another set some equipment on fire, but missed the ammunition. My officer up there had a gruesome experience. I told him that his dug-out was not deep enough, so he was proceeding to dig it deeper when he came across a corpse. He had been sleeping for two nights within six inches of it. Now to hark back to April 25.

My turn for landing came at about 9.15, and it was not with a feeling of joy that I noticed that Gaba Tepe

on the right had a gun which paid particular attention to landing parties.

However, just as I went ashore it made some pretty practise at the transports which greatly interested me. At about a quarter of a mile from the shore we had to get into a boat which proceeded at a snail's pace (or so it seemed to me). A jolly little 30-knot motor launch with a good 12-inch armoured plate between me and that beastly four inch would have made me far happier. She gave us some shrapnel which fell astern, and jolly nearly made me fall—new coat and all—into the water. Like so many Julius Caesars we leapt into the water and waded ashore, at which point the most horrible, nevertheless the most interesting, day of my life began. We landed at the north end of a little cove., just north of Gaba Tepe beach. The merest novice would not have required more than the sight of the dead to tell him how great must have been the effort of the Third brigade to land that morning. Straight opposite the ground rose sharp, round to the left it rose sharper, until it became precipitous. On the left, where the greater portion had landed, the ground was more level. There will be few more stirring incidents of the war than the landing of the 3rd Australian Brigade. It is far too great a thing to boast about. In future they will talk about it with quiet pride and leave the boasting to others. The hills were seamed with trenches, but oddly enough with no barbed wire. Had they put barbed wire, no troops could have got ashore, and why they did not do so must ever remain a mystery. The only conclusion one can draw is that they never thought anyone would be so foolhardy as to attempt it. There comes in the curious part of it. We never did intend to land there. By one of those mistakes which God Almighty forces upon men, we missed Gaba Tepe beach in the early dawn, and struck the southern point of a beach similar in appearance. At Gaba Tepe I doubt if even the Third Australian Brigade, led by a gallant Scotsman, Sinclair-Maclagan, who deserves everything his country can

give him, could have carried the heights. There was this wretched four inch guns, doubtless numerous maxims, and through glasses one can see the beach, right down to and into the water, interlaced with barbed wire. Had they landed there, we who followed must have been mowed down at leisure, for they could not have protected us. However, land they did, in the face of a fire which cut ribbons in their ranks. The nearest trenches were about thirty yards up the hill and the work done there was bloody. Just on the crest there was a lookout, where there had evidently been a maxim, which, as long as it was in action, must have done cruel execution. On they went, until by scrambling and crawling over rocks and through scrub, they reached the crest, leaving a gory path behind them. By this time the 2nd Brigade had come ashore in support, and followed on, extending towards the south. My first act was to search for a suitable place for storing ammunition. The place seemed strange, as of course it was, seeing that we had landed at a different beach, but I did not know that then. Clambering up the hill I came to one of their dug-outs, which had been hastily evacuated, and which was full of a curious medley of goods—bread, meat, hand grenades, slippers, ammunition—in fact, everything clean and unclean one can imagine, chiefly latter. The General and his Staff were there, and we were talking, when WHIZZ!—we had forgotten the snipers, and I began the first of those movements which is now developing into a fine art. After remaining under cover in this salubrious retreat for a few moments, I cleared for the beach, and recommenced my search. And so it went on, with the sole difference that snipers gave way to shrapnel. I had hoped to get the ammunition under some sort of cover, but time did not permit of that. As it came ashore we simply dumped it on the beach, and there it took its chance. Not that there was much danger for small arm ammunition will not explode from shrapnel. As I have since proved in a very prac-

tical manner. The gun at Gaba Tepe still kept putting them over us in a most alarming manner, but fortunately a high bluff to the south kept them so high that they did little harm. Since then they have improved. Another battery to the east kept them bursting overhead, but they were more dangerous to the boats than to the beach. One poor fellow they did get. He was just stepping ashore, when he pitched forward and fell. One struggle, and he lay still. Another battery from the north-east, however, gave us particular beans.

From the number and accuracy of its shots I can only marvel that it did so little harm. I got the major portion of the ammunition from off a little pier which they could cover with the most irritating accuracy. It is a curious experience, taking cover as best I could behind mules, stores of ammunition, etc. I had to face this infernal shower of shrapnel, which with a fraction of a second's deflection would be upon us, but either because the deflection was not applied or that they could not see our store, we worked in comparative safety. But the sights were terrible. As the lighters were emptied the wounded were put into them, and there these poor, helpless fellows, lay, amid the pitiless hail of shots. When they were full they were towed off, the pinnaces zig-zagging, and the guns following them. The wonderful thing is that so few of the poor fellows were shot.

All day we worked on. As the mules came ashore they were loaded up, and off they went up the hill. For two solid days I loaded mules, and neither washed nor slept. But the horrors of the days were as nothing to the horrors of the nights. As darkness came on, the whine of musketry above our heads became a roar, and the beastly shrapnel grew more and more vigorous until at about 1 a.m. it stopped. Why they stopped I can't surmise. Had they redoubled their efforts we might have had a different tale to tell. With darkness came the uncanny feeling that darkness in a strange place always brings. Rumours of all sorts came through from the trenches. The Col-

onel was killed; this battalion had been cut to pieces; the line had been pierced, or the enemy was retreating. From time to time I went to headquarters to gather the news. There, by the light of a candle, the Generals were consulting, and there, later on, came the Admiral. I cannot put on paper what I heard that night.

At about 2 a.m. there was a pause in the firing, as if by mutual consent. I sat alone on my pile of ammunition and mused. The spirits of night and of death were abroad and my sensations were curious, abnormal, as if the whole thing were some fearful dream. The moon shone bright, and its beams cleft the water down to my very feet. Just opposite, steeped in brilliant light, lay the isles of Greece, so loved by Byron. Imbros in front, and Samothrace away to the right, its peak just touched with snow. Each little peak and summit stood out in the strong light. The twinkling lights of the transports shone in the distance and in front of them lay the huge hulking forms of the men o' war. Man alone could be vile among such surroundings, and vile indeed was his handiwork. Slowly wending its way down the hill to my left came an incessant stream of maimed and mangled humanity. Some painfully limping with the assistance of a comrade, others supported on either side, others again carried on stretchers in every agony and contortion of body, the stretchers steeped in blood so that you could smell it. At my feet their bodies almost kissed by the little waves, lay the stiff bodies of men, gallant fellows who had fought their last fight and lay there dead, on their way to the boats. And with it all not the sound of a groan. Behind, the doctors plied their busy trade, and as each man was bound up he was carried to the waiting boats, on which the enemy could turn his shrapnel at will. My God! if one half of the world could but see for five minutes there would never again be any war. Public opinion would stop it, and nations would make any sacrifice to dignity—I had nearly said honour—to avoid

such terrible slaughter. My musing was not to last long. A screech and a flash and the beastly chorus began again. The rattle of musketry became louder, and I began again my vile occupation of sending up little things of lead and nickel with which my own side could inflict the like suffering which I had seen, on a race of men they had never seen.

The result of the Admiral's midnight visit was plainly seen the next day. At about 4 a.m. I lay down on the beach at full length. I was dead beat, but the drizzling rain and a stone for a pillow, was not conducive to sleep. Soon I was awakened by the sort of noise one must hear to appreciate properly. Every gun in the Fleet was in action. The baby cry of the 12 prds, the yells of the 6in.; the hoarse roar of the Triumph's ten inch (poor old *Triumph*) and over all was *Lizzie's* voice. To know what it is like you must hear it. It is like a violent smack in the face. The bombardment put heart into our fellows, they dug themselves in, and so cowed were the Turks that it was some time before they ventured an attack. Still their gallant artillery stuck to their guns and as our Fleet stopped firing their guns began and raked the beach. It is an extraordinary thing to sit and watch shrapnel bursting a few yards from you and to know that without real bad luck you are safe. The little Middies amused me intensely. Each lighter was towed by a launch in charge of a Middy, and I used to watch them as they landed just near me. One little beggar I saw standing on the edge of the pier with his hands in his pockets watching the shells burst. You saw him look up when the shriek of a shrapnel was heard, in the calmest way, just as one would follow the course of a rocket. When it burst, he sort of cranned his neck to see the result, and then waited for the next! True they were bursting about a hundred yards off, but these Germans are artists at ranging, and a little deflection would have put him in the midst of it. Just when the shrapnel was at its height, I noticed a Middy

(quite the tinniest I have ever seen), with big blue eyes, standing on the edge of the pier with this horrid stuff all around him. Poor little beggar, he did not wish to leave his boat, but on the other hand I don't think he was anxious to stay where he was any longer than he could possibly help. A naval officer passed by, looking for cover, so I asked him to come in and at the same time asked him if the little Middy could not join us. He shouted to him and cursed him in little heaps for not taking cover as he had told him to do. All the poor little chap could find to say was "I never heard you, sir," So I hauled him on to my ammunition pile, where he crouched down like a little mouse, but he was not in the least frightened. I asked him how he liked war and he said "he had not seen much of it yet." I think myself that these little fellows who have been in battleships and in the launches when we landed, have seen as much of the war as many an older man whose breast is decked with medals. Their gallantry was wonderful. You saw them taking out their lighters of wounded or stores under a hail of shrapnel, scorning cover, and the small Middies standing up in the stern, steering.

Monday was to me much the same as Sunday. They pitched their shell along the beach at intervals, and why there were so few casualties is to me a mystery. We thought it was bad then, but it was nothing as to what was to come after, when they got a battery at Gaba Tepe, which we could locate, but not knock out. On Monday night old Z went off his head. He had been such an infernal nuisance to me and Marsh that it was with a feeling of relief that we heard that they had packed him off. It was none too soon as far as I was concerned, for I should have had to see the General about it. He would dash up with a look in his eye, "Have you sent ammunition to the 3rd Brigade?" I would tell him I had, but in five minutes he would be back with the same question. Poor old thing, he got it at the back of his substitute for

a brain, that the 3rd Brigade, which was the leading brigade, was cut to pieces. I again assured him, but when he came a third time it was as much as I could do to restrain myself from telling him that he was a doddering old ass, who had no right in a show like this. However, I did tell him that I knew how the 3rd Brigade stood, and that if the other Brigades went short it would be the result of his orders, not mine. After that he left me alone and turned his attention to M., who was working the water. That night he saw fleets, not only 3rd Brigades, so they packed him off to Alexandria. The funny thing is that he came back again, only to be returned once more. He made tracks for me, and said he had come to see my depot. I extended a cordial invitation and said I would take him to my new depot that afternoon. I intended to get him there at about four o'clock when they usually started to shell it; it was a pity they sent him off before that day, for he would have witnessed as pretty a piece of shelling as he could have wished to see. It was the afternoon they knocked us out. Wednesday night was quite the most unpleasant I have ever spent. They opened on us with a gun from the N.E., the shells of which burst just the other side of the ridge. You neither heard the sound of the gun, or the burst. It just swished over the edge of the hill and dodging was useless. There were a good number of casualties, but they could not have realised the damage they were doing, or they would have gone on with it longer. After they had shelled us for an hour or so they made a violent attack, so violent that all the men on the beach were called out to man the second line of defence on the ridge just over the beach. I was lying down when I got orders to issue ammunition for them, and had to turn out of my cosy little funk hole. Cover was useless, for it was on you too quickly. I think I went down to the beach with a sort of a skipping motion as the beastly stuff rattled among the boxes. I did all that I had to do, and then went back to M's. dug out till about 2 a.m., with a perfect

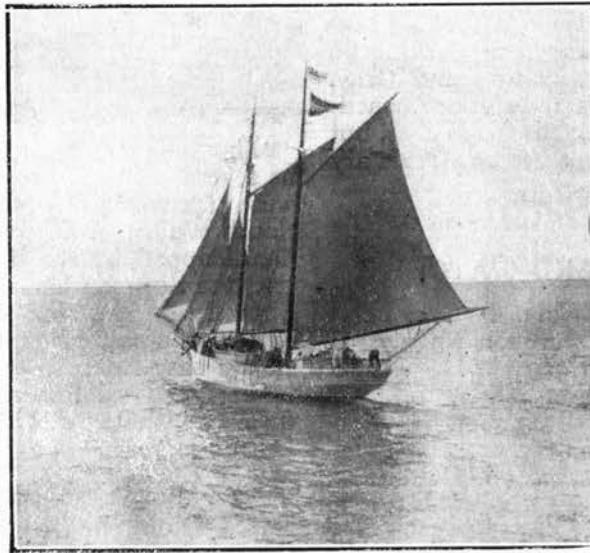
hell fury of firing going on. Later I suggested a stroll to my depot, and off we started. Slap-bang! and two shrapnel burst over us, quite high, but the suddenness of it made me feel quite sure I was killed! however, I wasn't, for it fell harmlessly into the sea, but we dashed for cover like a couple of startled rabbits, and waited until it was over. Next day they brought up a battery of four guns at Gaba Tepe and the only thing we could be thankful for was that they had not done so before. The Fleet went at them, and our guns went at them, but so skilfully were they concealed that we could not knock them out. Their ranging was magnificent. They went straight up the beach and back again, but as by that time we had got to cover, the damage was moral rather than physical. Occasionally, though, they got a man who was not quick enough in his dive for safety. They got G. and F., while having tea at headquarters, neither of them very seriously. A day or so after, the Anzac beach was rather congested. I got orders to establish a depot on Gaba Tepe beach. It was an evil looking place, and I hated it from the first. It was like looking down the mouth of that spiteful battery. My first act was to build a nice high wall, of clothing stores and it was lucky we did so, for brother German (it could not have been brother Turk) gave us a taste of his metal next day. He was a wily bird, for he did not want to frighten us entirely away. He gave us about a dozen shells, but none hit fair, and the bullets did no harm. In the meantime, seated underneath bales, we smoked and watched as pretty a display of shooting as you could wish. They ranged right up to the beach to the north east, then to the further beach and back again. They then stopped and we went in. By next morning we had all ashore and nicely stacked, and M. had his food all nice and neat. Then they opened fire on us. The first shot killed ten men and fifteen mules. We stuck it out that day, and dug ourselves in, but the third day saw the end of it. I was on the north beach at my other depot, but the bombardment

told me that my fellows were getting it hot. Waiting till they started to lengthen the range, I started off. I tried to be as dignified as possible, but with one eye on the battery and the other on the nearest dug-out into which I flung myself at every sound. I could not have been surprised if I had been run in as being the gentleman who had discovered a broken cask and spent the previous night with his mouth to the cock! However, I got there, only just in time. It was a pitiable sight. They came over in bursts of four, right bang on us each time. I had erected an armourer's shop to repair the hundreds of rifles which were being brought back from the firing line. A high explosive went clean through the roof and demolished it, but fortunately nobody was there. (The poor chap who might have been there was killed next day.) They fairly knocked us to blazes. Ammunition was shot up into the air, but fortunately I had taken the precaution to remove the gun ammunition and to bury the high explosives. The rest was knocked edgeways into the sea or on to the beach. One shell buried itself in a bale just at the floor of the dug-out. After that I reported to the General that it was folly to stay there. So all that night—well, we didn't call it running away—we loaded up and took up a safer position a mile away. M's. stores remained because the General said he could well spare some of his cheese! We were making hand-grenades at one time, and being short of material, I suggested some of M.'s cheese. It was ruled out as being too cruel, and contrary to the Hague Convention! The next day, the poor chap I had left in charge, was blown to atoms in the very dug-out I had occupied the day before. When so many have had their hair-breadth escapes (many of which do not lose in the telling) my own seems very prosaic. I was walking along the beach with H—. He went one side of a water-cart, I the other. A bullet whizzed over the hill and went right through the cart and between me and a man walking behind. Another time I stopped to pick up something on the beach, and as I did

so a bullet buried itself in a bale of hay beside me. Another step and it would have got me waist high. The main point of the story, however, is that it did not! Another time I was to have come down with F—. He was engaged, so I came alone. He was hit and I got off. This was the night I skipped so actively. My men have also been lucky. What really surprises one, is the utter callousness one develops in the trenches. I heard of a story of three men at breakfast. A shell killed one. They buried

### Dutch Courage.

Commander, sitting in the smoking room, taking a "nighcap" before turning in, spills a drop on the deck, and a small mouse running from under his chair, licks it up. Noticing this, he drops a little more, which is again promptly licked up by the mouse, who retires under his chair. Commander, wondering what effect so much alcohol will have on the mouse, suddenly notices him standing on his hind legs in



Prize captured  
from  
the Germans

"Somewhere"  
near Australia,  
by H.M.A.S.  
"Encounter."

Note the British flag flying over the German.

him and then finished their breakfast over his grave. I have made many friends in the force, and the sort of indifference with which one hears of their death is most peculiar. I can only suppose that the sight of so much suffering, and death continuously, combined with the knowledge that there is always something to be done next, dulls certain nerves.

Oh! extra drill's an awful curse;  
If we had more it might be worse,  
So when our men have crossed the  
Rhine,  
I'll give the Kaiser ten years "nine"  
Or better still, a bloomin' hearse!

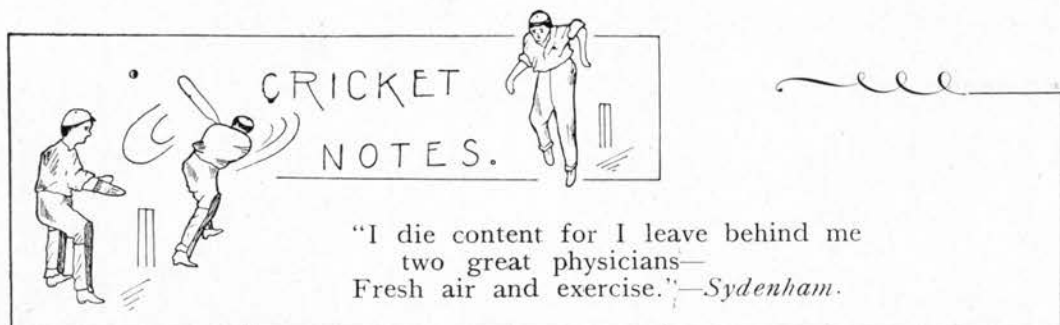
the middle of the room, and a still, small voice exclaims, "Now trot out yer blooming bulldog!"

Visitor: "What year are you in?"  
Cadet: "Second year, sir."

Visitor: "Ah, well, you know it all rests with you in life, my boy. Just work hard, and you may get into the Third Year, or even perhaps the Fourth Year!"

Cadet (*sotto voce*): "Garn, you don't say so."

Lieutenant: "Are you amidships?"  
Cadet (at the wheel): "No, sir; a Cadet-Midshipman."



Feb. 12.—1st Year, Port Watch v. Starboard.

Thanks principally to a fine innings by Mr. Spurgeon, and good bowling on the part of Messrs. Dalton and Gray, the Port Watch defeated the Starboard. Mr. Cant played well for his Watch, but his efforts did not receive the necessary support..

Score:—

STARBOARD WATCH.

Cadet Greenlees, c Fly, b Gray	0
Cadet Buchanan, c Spurgeon, b Gray	0
Cadet Middleton, b Gray	6
Cadet Cant, b Dalton	19
Cadet Hayman, b Gray	0
Cadet Stocks, run out	2
Cadet Clark, c Lawson, b Dalton	5
Cadet Pockley, b Lawson	2
Cadet Arundel, not out	1
Cadet Donovan, c Spurgeon, b Dalton	0
Cadet Morris, c and b Dalton	2
Extras	6
Total	43

PORT WATCH.

Cadet Lawson, c Clark, b Pockley	4
Cadet Gray, c Middleton, b Donovan	3
Cadet Rex, b Cant	3
Cadet Dalton, c Arundel, b Pockley	2
Cadet Spurgeon, c Stocks, b Pockley	27
Cadet Dechaineux, b Cant	0
Cadet Fly, retired hurt	9
Cadet Williamson, b Cant	0
Cadet Robinson, b Pockley	0
Cadet Monteith, did not bat	

Cadet Luke, did not bat.

Extras	7
Total for eight wickets	55

Feb. 19.—Officers v. Cadets.

The officers' team was rather weak, as several of their proper members (sic) were (presumably) playing for New South Wales. Those who did play were handicapped by the light, and the fact that the Surgeon had omitted to put Mr Showers on the sick list. Mr Larkins of the safe pair of hands, missed an absurdly easy catch in the officers' second innings, thus confirming the "bad light" theory. Well, well! Tut, tut! etc.

Full scores:—

OFFICERS—1st Innings.

The Captain, b Reilly	0
Commander, c Larkins, b Reilly	4
S. N. I. Morrison, b Showers	5
Eng. Lt. Macleod, b Showers	27
S. N. I. Wheatley, b Showers	0
S. N. I. Moyes (Capt.), b Showers	0
Mr. Baker, b Showers	0
Ch. Gr. Dix, b Reilly	0
S. N. I. Franklin, b Showers	3
Pay. Crow	0
Lieut. Stapleton, b Showers	0
Extras	3
Total	43

CADETS.—1st Innings.

Cadet Burnett, c Baker, b Morrison	31
Cadet Reilly, c Macleod, b Morrison	8

Cadet Sadlier, c Macleod, b Com- mander ... ..	24
Cadet Tate, b Moyes ... ..	16
Cadet Larkins, c and b Macleod ...	16
Cadet Newman, b Captain ... ..	3
Cadet Farncomb, not out ... ..	6
Cadet Gould, not out ... ..	1
Cadet Showers, did not bat.	
Cadet Nurse, did not bat.	
Cadet Vail, did not bat.	
Extras ... ..	4
<hr/>	
Total (six wickets)	109

OFFICERS.—2nd Innings.

Eng. Lt. Macleod, b Larkins ... ..	2
Lt. Stapleton, stp. Newman, b Reilly	0
Mr. Baker, c Sadleir, b Reilly ... ..	2
S. N. I. Wheatley, c Sadleir, b Larkins ... ..	1
S. N. I. Franklin, run out ... ..	4
S. N. I. Moyes, l.b.w., b Showers	1
S.N.I. Morrison, run out ... ..	2
Captain, not out ... ..	6
Commander, stp. Newman, b Tate	13
Ch. Gr. Dix, did not bat.	
Pay. Crow, did not bat.	
Extras ... ..	4
<hr/>	
Total (8 wickets)	35

March 4th.—*Cadets' XI v. The Ship's Company.*

Aldenhoven, Jones and Chisholm played well, but a useful innings by Cadets Farncomb and Mackenzie in the second innings, gave the Cadets a narrow victory.

Full scores:—

CADETS.—1st Innings.

Cadet Tate, b Chisholm ... ..	7
Cadet Gould, b Jones ... ..	15
Cadet Nurse, b Jones ... ..	1
Cadet Farncomb (Capt.), c Henni- gan, b Chisholm ... ..	2
Cadet Esdaile, c and b Jones ... ..	7
Cadet Collins, b Jones ... ..	6
Cadet Vail, b Jones ... ..	0
Cadet Mackenzie, b Jones ... ..	1
Cadet Cant, not out ... ..	4

Cadet Royston, c Hennigan, b Al- denhoven ... ..	0
Cadet Rayment, c O'Loughlin, b Aldenhoven ... ..	0
Extras ... ..	4
<hr/>	
Total	47

CADETS.—2nd Innings.

Cadet Tate, b Aldenhoven ... ..	11
Cadet Gould, c Jones, b Hennigan	11
Cadet Nurse, b Chisholm ... ..	2
Cadet Farncomb, b Chisholm ...	31
Cadet Esdaile, b Jones ... ..	0
Cadet Collins, b Aldenhoven ... ..	5
Cadet Vail, c and b Chisholm ...	4
Cadet Mackenzie, b Aldenhoven ...	16
Cadet Cant, b Chisholm ... ..	3
Cadet Royston, not out ... ..	3
Cadet Rayment, c Redman, b Chis- holm ... ..	0
Extras ... ..	4
<hr/>	
Total	70

SHIP'S COMPANY.—1st Innings.

Jones (Ck.), c and b Nurse ... ..	0
Hennigan, b Nurse ... ..	0
Aldenhoven, b Nurse ... ..	0
O'Loughlin, b Farncomb ... ..	11
Jones, T., b Nurse ... ..	0
Carter, b Farncomb ... ..	11
Chisholm, not out ... ..	27
Jones, A.B., stp. Vail, b Nurse	5
Broadley, c Cant, b Tate ... ..	2
Redman, b Farncomb ... ..	0
Joss, b Nurse ... ..	1
Extra ... ..	1
<hr/>	
Total	48

SHIP'S COMPANY.—2nd Innings.

Jones (Ck.), c Gould, b Nurse ...	0
Hennigan, b Farncomb ... ..	4
Aldenhoven, b Nurse ... ..	0
O'Loughlin, l.b.w., b Farncomb ...	4
Jones, T., not out ... ..	15
Carter, b Tate ... ..	14
Chisholm, c Gould, b Nurse ... ..	15
Jones, A.B., c and b Tate ... ..	0
Broadley, b Tate ... ..	0
Redman, b Tate ... ..	0
Joss, c and b Farncomb ... ..	0
<hr/>	
Total	52



April 8th.—*Cadets v. Ship's Company and Camp.*

A win for the Cadets by an innings and 69 runs. Larkins played a good innings, and was assisted in swelling the total by Reilly and Gould. Reilly and Showers shared the bowling honours in the first innings, and Larkins was principally responsible for the early despatch of our opponents in the 2nd venture. Showers is to be congratulated on performing the hat trick for the second time this season.

Full Scores:—

CADETS.	
Cadet Burnett, c Chisholm, b Aldenhoven ... ..	1
Cadet Reilly, l.b.w., b Aldenhoven ... ..	25
Cadet Sadleir, c Jones, b Chisholm ... ..	2
Cadet Tate, c Aldenhoven, b Chisholm ... ..	0
Cadet Larkins (Capt., c Dowe) b Aldenhoven ... ..	59
Cadet Newman, b Buxton ... ..	1
Cadet Farncomb, c Dowel, b Jones ... ..	8
Cadet Gould, c Broadley, b Chisholm ... ..	22
Cadet Showers, c Aldenhoven, b Chisholm ... ..	3
Cadet Nurse, not out ... ..	5
Cadet Royston, c Buxton, b Aldenhoven ... ..	3
Extras ... ..	2
<b>Total</b>	<b>131</b>

SHIP'S COMPANY AND CAMP.

1st Innings.

Dowel, run out ... ..	10
Lynch, c and b Reilly ... ..	7
W. Jones, b Showers ... ..	1
Chisholm, b Reilly ... ..	0
Buxton, not out ... ..	5
Aldenhoven, c and b Showers ... ..	3
C. Jones, b Reilly ... ..	2
Ross, b Showers ... ..	2
Hughes, b Showers ... ..	0
Broadley, b Showers ... ..	0
C. Chaplin, stp. Newman, b Reilly ... ..	1
Extras ... ..	5
<b>Total</b>	<b>36</b>

2nd Innings.

Dowel, b Farncomb ... ..	5
Lynch, b Larkins, ... ..	0
W. Jones, c Reilly, b Larkins ... ..	0
Chisholm, c Gould, b Larkins ... ..	6
Buxton, c Newman, b Larkins ... ..	7
Aldenhoven, run out ... ..	8
C. Jones, stp. Newman, b Reilly ... ..	2
Ross, not out ... ..	2
Hughes, b Reilly ... ..	0
Broadley, did not bat ... ..	0
C. Chaplin, run out ... ..	0
Extras ... ..	3
<b>Total</b>	<b>33</b>

April 5th.—*Officers v. Cadets.*

This match was won by the Cadets. Nuf sed. Full scores:—

CADETS.

Cadet Burnett, c and b Chalmers ... ..	38
Cadet Reilly, b Moyes ... ..	15
Cadet Sadleir, b Morrison ... ..	0
Cadet Tate, b Franklin ... ..	26
Cadet Larkins, b Commander ... ..	1
Cadet Newman, not out ... ..	29
Cadet Gould, b Captain ... ..	0
Cadet Showers, b Captain ... ..	1
Cadet Nurse, b Moyes ... ..	6
Cadet Vail, run out ... ..	1
Cadet Royston, c Eldridge, b Moyes ... ..	11
Extras ... ..	13
<b>Total</b>	<b>141</b>

OFFICERS.

Commander, b Showers ... ..	0
S.N.I. Franklin, c Burnett, b Reilly ... ..	2
Lt. Cr. Seton, not out ... ..	11
Mr. Baker, b Showers ... ..	0
Eng. Lt. Cr. Boddie, c Burnett, b Showers ... ..	0
Captain, c Burnett, b Reilly ... ..	0
S.N.I. Moyes (Flag), b Reilly ... ..	4
Ch. Gr. Dix, c and b Reilly ... ..	0
S.N.I. Morrison, b Reilly ... ..	0
N.I. Eldridge, b Larkins ... ..	1
Rev. Chalmers, b Reilly ... ..	0
Extras ... ..	8
<b>Total</b>	<b>26</b>

**"S'trousers."**

My trousers have been grievously attacked,  
The seat is suffering violently from shock;  
I'm doubtful if the skin is still intact,  
Where I received a very nasty knock.

The dye which makes my trousers' colour blue,  
Is not so fast as manufacturers say,  
For when I pass my counter in review  
I see the colour blue has come to stay!

It's most unpleasant when you wish to sit  
And find the chair feels like a red-hot rack;  
You wish to goodness that the rod had bit,  
A little higher up your massive back!

My lamentation seems to ease my pain,  
I seem relieved and not so sore withal,  
But still I think my scars will long remain,  
And I, the pain, will easily recall!

I've learnt a thing which makes me cautious now,  
And all who like not castigation, heed,  
The Fourth Year have far longer legs than thou,  
And stronger arms to ply the stinging reed.  
—*Pomme de Terre.*

Chauffeur to Commander: "The radiator cap of the car is adrift, Sir!"  
Petty Officer (standing near): "I think I see it outside the Gym on the grass, Sir."  
Commander (after thinking a bit): "All right, just bring it here, and if it doesn't fit you can take it back!"

The sailor man had been showing a lady visitor round the College. After thanking him, she said: "I see by the by the regulations of your College, that tips are forbidden."  
"Lor, bless yer, Mum," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

**Correspondence between Capt. C. H. Morgan, R.N., and Mr. William Grant on the subject of an Account for Damages by the latter.**

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL COLLEGE,  
JERVIS BAY,  
January 4, 1916.

Sir,—  
I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your account dated the 2nd inst. To say that I was surprised, and not a little hurt, is to put the matter in as gentlemanly a light as is possible under the circumstances.

It may perhaps interest you to know that I am in the habit of consuming certain delicacies from the dishes as placed each night for the consumption of my messmates (*sic*), Mr. Robert Franklin, and Sir Rags Moyes, Bart., yet up to the present I have received no account from these *gentlemen*. It is certainly true that they have presented me with a joint note on the subject, but my reply, on this occasion, although abrupt, was apparently in every way satisfactory, as I have since been made an honorary member (without portfolio) of their Mess. (This latter word describes their commissariat arrangements with great accuracy).

On looking up my books I find also that your account is far from accurate, and must request that you readjust your own, after careful perusal of the following:—

	CREDIT.	£	s.	d.
To the blowing of one superfine, extra large bubble causing cessation of worry to Captain due to excessive correspondence in office ... ..		5	2	3
To one well-executed wiggle waggle, curing Mrs. Captain of Blight . . . . .		3	4	
To 1 swim of 300 yards ...	4	1	5	
To amusing Soldier Guest	10	0	0	
To chasing and frightening away one hostile cat, and thus preventing espionage on milk can ... ..	14	3	1	

	£	s.	d.
To the supply of 5,348,127 f—s ... ..			gratis
Total ...	£33	10	1
DEBIT			
To one night's board on extremely uncomfortable couch ... ..		2	6
To one bath, tepid water, inferior soap ... ..		0	2
To one broken jug in bedroom ... ..		0	1
To impolite actions in blowing out cheeks at Mrs. Captain, and etc. ... ..		0	3
Balance Creditor ... ..	33	7	1
Total ...	£33	10	1

I remain,

Slobberingly yours,  
BILL GRANT

CAPTAIN'S HOUSE,  
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL COLLEGE,  
JERVIS BAY,

12th February, 1916.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter and account of 4th ultimo, I regret that it has been impossible to reply to you sooner.

The receipt of your communication, however, was such a shock to my wife and myself that we have been absolutely prostrated, and it is only now, with shattered health, that I find myself able to address you.

We have had a visit recently from Sir Rags Moyes, Bart., and Mr. Robert Franklin, and, from all these gentlemen have told us, we cannot reconcile your statements with the actual facts.

It would appear that you adopted a policy of intimidation towards these gentlemen, and have been in the habit of forcibly depriving them of their daily fare. The appearance of Sir Rags certainly lends colour to their version, and Mr. Robert Franklin assures me that all the sustenance he has been able to rescue from the remnants of the feast has only just been able to nourish his tail.

Turning to your account it is with pain that I find a most preposterous and inaccurate statement of our monetary relations.

I will now take it in detail, first dealing with the credit side.

Item No. 1. The bubble charged for, although doubtless blown with good intent, was certainly of a most inferior nature, and would not even have expanded a Zeppelin. I find myself obliged to strike off £5 from this item.

Item No. 2. The wiggle-waggle, far from being well executed, was very mediocre. It certainly momentarily relieved my wife's state of mind somewhat, but I am compelled to strike off fourpence.

Item No. 3. The swim referred to turns out on measurement to have been 15 yards only, and I am therefore obliged to divide the charge of £4 1s. 5d by twenty. It is sad to see such a laxity of morals in business.

Item 4. I am aware that you endeavoured to show our soldier guest some civility, and, although we had hoped not to have to hurt your feelings, it is with deep regret that he told us privately that you were indeed a dull dog. Consequently £9 must be struck off this item, for your good will is amply repaid by a sovereign.

Item 5. We cannot recall any incident such as you refer to. Our experience has always been that, upon the appearance of one of the feline species, you have always been in a "pretty twitter." This item is therefore struck out in toto.

Item 6. I shall refer to this matter later. Your "lively" generosity is hardly appreciated.

Now turning to the debit side:

Item 1. You do not encourage us to offer you hospitality in our humble home, and I have yet to learn that "gentlemen" partake of their *board* on a couch in a lady's house. Presumably you mean lodging, and knowing your lack of education, we excuse you.

Item 2. If I recollect rightly, my coxswain and myself struggled with you gratis. There is an old saying, "once bit, twice shy," and we shall not err again. Please delete the charge of twopence.

Item 3. Owing to your greed, avidity and impatience a jug worth a king's ransom was badly "strafed" in my dressing room. In view of our past friendship I charged you but 2s 6d for this priceless piece of porcelain. This amount must be restored.

Item 4. My wife is so hurt at the impolite actions referred to she has lost 17 stone in weight, and I am seriously concerned regarding her health. I regret therefore that I must charge you £1 7s for your conduct..

I now refer to your gift of 5,348,127 f—s. It is most kind of you to be so thoughtful on our behalf and to provide us with such lively entertainment. At the same time we are somewhat embarrassed by your noble gift and we trust that you will not, in future, consider it necessary to confer any similar favours upon us.

To sum up:

	CREDIT.	£	s.	d.
Item 1 ... ..		2		3
Item 2 ... ..		3		0
Item 3 ... ..		4		1
Item 4 ... ..		1		0

Total Credits £1 9 4

	DEBIT.	£	s.	d.
Item 1 ... ..		2		6
Item 2 ... ..	gratis			
Item 3 ... ..		2		6
Item 4 ... ..		1		7

Total Debits ... £1 12 0

Balance to Debtor ... .. 2 8

If you do not immediately signify your concurrence in these alterations, I shall at once place the matters in the hands of my solicitors, Messrs. Baker and Proon.

I have heard a rumour that you consider you were slighted by not being included in the New Year's Honour List. I fear it is only a case of pride having a fall. When you are pleased to

be more obedient and condescending in your treatment of, and in your relations with, your neighbours and comrades, perhaps His Majesty may deign to take notice of you.

I am, sir,

Yours in Shattered Health,  
C. H. MORGAN,  
Captain, R.N.

Mr. William Grant, R.N.,  
'Bubble Court,'  
Wiggle-Waggle Street.

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL COLLEGE,  
JERVIS BAY,  
February 12th, 1916.

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 12th inst., and trust that you will forgive me if I express surprise and astonishment at its contents; in fact I may say that I fully expected to find the letter signed "Wilson," President, U.S.A.

My account was most carefully compiled, and I am unable to find any flaw on comparing it with my books. I have no duplicate of this document, but it is hardly possible that any errors could have crept in on account of faulty type-writing, so noticeable in your own epistle. Let that pass. For instance, I am at a loss to understand why you should deem it necessary to eliminate the sum of £5 from the cost of the bubble. The colour was well nigh perfect, and the drool attachment a masterpiece. I was also subsequently informed by the delighted spectators that its size constituted a record, and had it not inadvertently burst owing to a badly controlled draught in your office (for which I charge nothing) I should certainly have offered it to the French Government as an observation balloon for the defence of Paris.

The wiggle-waggle involved great muscular effort and Surgeon Bartlett informs me that the X-Rays photograph reveals the distressing fact that my backbone has received a permanent and most unbecoming kink in consequence of my efforts on that memorable occasion. I merely mention these two items

to your good self in order to convince you of the deadly accuracy of my claims, and consider it unseemly and undignified to refer to the others.

Any further correspondence must be forwarded through my solicitors:—

Messrs. Bobs, Rags, et Cie.,  
22 Chow-Chow Chambers,  
Slobber Street, B.F.

Before concluding this letter I wish to voice a grievance for your consideration and early action.

Some time ago my messmate, Mr Rags Moyes (Esq.) was created a baronet.

We dined him in the Mess and after the bones had been passed round, I made a short speech congratulating him on his advancement, and his reply gave me to understand that my own name would be included in the New Year's Honours. He even mentioned that he would hardly be surprised to hear that I had been raised to the peerage—(cheers.)

I regret that he was misinformed. Nothing has been done in this matter. Now, sir, I would have you know that I am (or rather was) the senior dog in this establishment, and I feel my position very keenly. As a matter of honor I must permit Sir Rags Moyes, Bart., to consume as much of his chow-chow as I have left for him, before I strafe my own. This position is intolerable to a dog of my size, stately presence, and comely appearance. My teeth at these times fairly itch to get a good grip on his ear, and I fear my neutrality will break down under the excessive strain. I trust, sir, that this matter will receive your early consideration and timely approval, and also that my account with you will be settled without further vexatious delays.

I have the honour to be,

My dear sir,

Very slobberingly yours,

WILLIAM GRANT.

Captain Charles H. Morgan, R.N.,  
Gingernut Homestead,  
Barleywater.

Bah.

(This correspondence must now cease.  
Ed.)

## A Stirring Tale of the Sea.

The moon was shining brightly on the well polished bald pate of the Captain, who was standing calmly on the bridge picking his teeth with a marlin-spike. He was a fine specimen of the typical sea-dog. Every hair of his head was a spun-yard, and every drop of his blood Stockholm. He certainly carried much ballast aft, but thanks to a generous topgallant forecandle he managed to keep on an even keel.

The only sound which disturbed the tranquillity of the night was the gentle lapping of the mountainous waves against the noble vessel's side, and the whistling of the wind through the rigging and nether garments of the Captain. Just as he had finished his third cup of milk and soda, there came a sudden crash. "Yo, ho!" he cried, "the ship struck a rock; pipe all hands on deck to man the pumps; starboard watch, watch the boats; port watch, watch the life-belts; women and children first; I must be the last to leave the ship! heave ho, me hearties! lower the jibboom spanker, and splice the main brace before she turns turtle!"

With a shout of "Aye, aye, sir," his brave sailors sprang into the rigging, and shivered their timbers. This gallant deed had the desired effect of quieting the passengers; but just as the quartermaster was putting the helm hard a-starboard, a tidal wave struck the saucy craft amidships, and before the side boy could unship the rudder, another wave swept the ship from stem to stern. Nothing could now save the boat and the water poured in through the galley funnel. She was doomed.

With one spring the Captain landed on the poop; "Jump, yer lubbers, jump!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, and they jumped.

Not a soul was saved, except the Captain, who stuck to his ship!

After Getting Long Baldwings,  
Cant Little Gray Stocks Fly?

# Who are they?



**Result of Marathon.**

- 1 Mr. C. A. R. Sadleir, with his performing pig.
- 2 Hall.
- 3 Eng. Lt. Cr. Boddie (sulky.)
- 4 Newman.
- 5 Rowlands.
- 6 Hunt.
- 7 Hewitt.
- 8 Collins.
- 9 Nisbet.
- 10 Dudley.
- 11 Royston.
- 12 Gower.
- 13 Shaw.
- 14 Hollingworth.
- 15 Kennedy.
- 16 Burnett.
- 17 Aitken.
- 18 Rayment.
- 19 Cairns.
- 20 Baldwin.
- 21 Spencer.
- 23 Reilly.
- 24 McMahan.
- 25 Miller.
- 26 Rands.
- 27 Poppenhagen.
- 28 Little.
- 29 Gould.
- 30 Palmer.
- 31 Casey.
- 32 Rorke (walk.)
- 33 Vail (walk.)
- 34 Spurgeon
- 35 Watkins (bicycle.)
- 36 Commander and Mrs. Morgan, (Mk. 1\*)
- 37 Kimlin.
- 38 Baxendell.
- 39 Bolt.
- 40 Feldt.
- 41 Nurse.
- 42 Armstrong.
- 43 Howells.
- 44 Rosenthal.
- 45 Walker.
- 46 Selk.
- 47 Hodgson.
- 48 Farncomb.
- 49 Dowling.
- 50 Morgan (Mk. 2).
- 51 Wines.

- 52 Lecky.
- 53 Carter.
- 54 Cunningham.
- 55 Thurlby.
- 56 Miss Jujar.
- 57 Dash.
- 58 Chesterman.
- 59 Hore.
- 60 Tate.
- 61 Wheatley.
- 62 Showers.
- 63 Willes
- 64 N. I. Eldridge (bike.)
- 65 Armitage.
- 66 Hirst.
- 67 Barling
- 68 Wackett.
- 69 Melville.
- 70 Cousin.
- 71 Anderson.
- 72 Conder (bicycle.)
- 73 Gilling.
- 74 Morgan (Mk. 1.)
- 75 Clarke. }  
75 Childers. }  
75 Cusack. } Sons of the C.  
75 Carse. }  
75 Calder. }  
Larkins } Took the wrong Turning  
Getting }

**POINTS SCORED.**

1st Year (3 minutes' start) ... ..	125
2nd Year (1½ minutes' start) ... ..	170
3rd Year (scratch) ... ..	248

**Times:**

Mr. Sadleir ... ..	21 minutes
Mr. Hall ... ..	38 minutes
Eng. Lt. Cr. ... ..	37 minutes
Mr. Newman ... ..	36½ minutes
(or 10 miles per hour.)	
Commander ... ..	42 minutes
Mr. Watkins ... ..	41½ minutes
Walkers ... ..	50 (approx)

**The Billet Cart Picnic.**

- Cadets Cinq,  
Cart stank,  
Weather dank,  
Food rank,  
The rest — (blank.—Ed.)

**H.M.A.S. "Franklin."**

While hoping not to offend anyone, I must make a few remarks on the *Franklin*. I trust I do not offend the feelings of Cadet-Midshipmen by bringing up to their mind's eye with undue frivolity and lack of reverence, the sacred memories of the hallowed past.

At sea, most of the Cadets either lay down and weltered in their agony, or hung over the side and made peculiar noises with their necks. They began to ask one another if they had been "over the side?" This would appear to mean in ordinary language, "Has the supreme moment yet arrived?"

Personally I was continually kept in suspense, waiting for the supreme moment, while on the other hand there were several Cadets who had twenty or even thirty "supreme moments."

I lay near a bucket of sea water wondering whether I should kick it or merely use it as a receptacle. On second thoughts I decided on the latter course. Cadets lying about the decks with palid faces, would suddenly rise, and dash with fearful energy to the side. There, amidst sundry gurgles of satisfaction, a present would be laid at the feet of Neptune. It is not particularly pleasant if the Cadet concerned mistakes your feet for those of Neptune. In conclusion I may say that I did not (emphatically) enjoy my first trip in the *Franklin*.

P. J. K.

**Diary of Samuel Pepys.**

(CADET MIDSHIPMAN, R.A.N.C.)

June 18th.—(Lord's Day.)—To-day I wear for the first time my new Monkey Jacket, which has but lately arrived from the tailor, and it does suit me mighty well, albeit the wretch forgot to sew the buttons on my nether garment. But, Lord! what can one expect from these land lubbers? To Division at a  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 9, and our Year quite the smartest of all to my thinking, which pleased me exceeding-

ly. Anon to Church, where the Chaplain do make an excellent good sermon. It pleased me beyond everything to see the way the Cadet-Captains do march up in true naval style, standing strictly to attention, while rendering the offertory (including threepence, which I give freely, it being my good conduct allowance, and in excess of my weekly pay). In the afternoon, drinking tea with one of the officers' wives, and she would have me tell of the Rugby match of yesterday. And so told her, but had no good thing to say of Mr. Rayment's play (he being but a 3rd year, and of no account), but would rather dwell on the manner of my obtaining a free kick, which set the lady in a pretty tosse, she having a great liking for this Mr. Rayment. We then fell a talking on our colours, very pretty to see at the start, but Lord! after a few scrummages, the "All White," more nearly resemble the "All Blacks" to my thinking.

June 19th.—To the Gunner's Office at 8.45, where I met with the Commander, and we did discourse at some length on my conversing after the "Rounds," which matter being bruited about, did come to the ears of Cadet-Captain Johnson, whereat he did put me in the report. But what evil signs of the times, when the Commander must needs take Mr. Johnson's statement against my own disavowal.

Served this day at Defaulters' Table of an aitch bone of beef at dinner, but I find it not to my liking, so whiles my chum (who has a portion not so tough and stringey) do go to speak with the officer of the day, I change my plate with his, knowing that his teeth be good. Which pleases me mightily that I should have thought of it. Doubling round the quarter-deck in the afternoon, I did contrive for a First Year to lead the way, natheless he did run too fast for my pleasure, and I did make resolve to kick him afterward, which thing I did heartily to my great content.

June 20th.—To the Gunner's Office at  $\frac{3}{4}$ s after 8. After the interval to the workshops where I did



carry on with my brazing of a T. piece in the Smithy, and did meet with Mr. Brown, a vain, prating fellow, who is employed in a like manner. But Lord! such a poor job as ever I did see in my life. Presently, in comes me Lord Stuart, who, after examining my work, did upbraid me for my careless brazing, pointing out the T piece as fashioned by this Mr. Brown as an example, which did make me mad. And anon Mr. Brown, trying to catch my eye, did raise his hand to his nose, and wink his eye at me, but I made as if I saw him not.

After dinner to the canteen, where I did purchase for myself one large box of Mr. Caddbury's chocolates, two tins of shrimp paste, and a stoup of good Cherry Fizz, (2s 9d), which will be enough, I think, till come Wednesday, and also one bar of chocolate (1d) for my chum, Mr. Smith, who lies in hospital of a sweating. I do not hold with the over-feeding of one taken with a sickness, but rather should he be kept on the low diett. To-day, being my Aunt Sussannah's birthday, I send her a picture postcard of the College (1d) and did remind her that I cannot enter for the competition in the photographie as my camera lies broken.

June 21st.—Much talk this day about the rugby match for Saturday, some saying that my Lord Esdaile should play, and some Sir Peyton Kimlin holding that his footwork is the more cunning. But Lord! what idle talk, for Captain Feldt did inform me but yester e'en that as like as not Mr. Armstrong would receive the appointment.

This day being set for the examination in the mathematiques, I to the hospital, being seized with a shivering and as severe an ache as ever I felt in my life, but the Chirurgion, after feeling my pulse, did send me away, which did vex me more than anything. After Prep., to the Gun-room, where I did meet with Sir Peyton and he tells me of his great new invention whereby his clothes are folded neatly on his chest box automatically

for the Commander's rounds. Mighty ingenious, and I did resolve to try it for myself as soon as may be. And so to bed.

June 22nd.—At 8.35 to the Gunner's Office, where I met with the O.O.D. By the Paymaster's accounting this day I find myself to be £1 2s 9d in the bank; and with my pocket money on Saturday (1s. less 7d, which I must pay for the scran bag), and the sum owed to me by Mr. Johnson (2d) will make me £1 3s 4d, which is more money than ever I had in my life.

To the Seamanship Room in the forenoon, where with Mr. Collins I am put to the making of an eye-splice, but his fingers being clumsy we do but make a poor job of it. Anon to flag-wagging, with my Lord Howells writing down to my dictation. But Lord! his spelling so vile as to convince the Yeoman that I did make a most grievous number of errors. And so puts me in the report; as naughty a doing as ever was. So what will be the end of it all, God knows!

June 23rd.—In the interval to the Messroom, where, for our eating, scones and beef tea, the latter hot and mighty soothing, but having no great liking for the scones, do give my share to Cadet-Captain Johnson, who did threaten to put me in the report this morning.

Presently comes Sir Joseph Burnett with some Canteen biscuit, of which he gives me a portion, and so away, all merry.

To the gymnasium afterward, where we are put to a great number of difficult and fatiguing exercises, and must needs finish all with a double round the quarterdeck, which makes me fear for my breath. My shoe lace coming undone, I stop half way with the intent to rejoin the class at leisure when it shall be done up, but the Commander, suddenly appearing from the Messroom, see me and did make me double all round again, which thing did, I think, make me more mad than ever I was in my life.

June 24th.—This day, being Saturday, I to the Gymnasium at eleven of

the clock to receive my weekly allowance of the Paymaster. But after falling in Mr Willard must needs ask me in a whisper whether I have forgotten that I do owe him threepence, and whether I am provided with a withdrawal slip. While replying to the wretch I am seen by the Commander, who must needs wave me away, so that I get nothing from the Paymaster this week, which vexes me devilishly, and I decide to write me out a chit to fight Mr. Willard in the Gym., but remember that he did take boxing lessons of his father before joining, so will demand an apology rather than do him a personal injury, seeing that he cannot receive the debt that I owe him. And so all merry to the Messroom for a scone and a stoup of bovril.

After dinner, at a quarter after two, walking round the quarterdeck with Sir Harold Fancomb, we did discourse at some length on the *Franklin*. He would have it that the rolling and the pitching of this vessel was caused by the weight of cadets hanging over the side and the stern parts, and did disclose to me a mighty clever invention whereby this may be avoided. He would station the trumpeter on the bridge, and when he saw that the ship (by reason of the wave motion) must heel to the larboard, he would sound one blast on his trumpet. At which all cadets who were seized with sweating, must needs run to the starboard, and so the roll be reduced. He would have us wait and chuse a gale of great violence to test his invention. God help us all!

### The Rude Awakening.

A young Cadet was far away,  
Sitting by the sea;  
Eatables around him lay,  
Happy lad was he.

Suddenly the scene did change,  
Passing out was he;  
"No more mathematics strange,"  
Mused he merrily.

Then the scene did change once more  
To the bleak North Sea,  
In a Dreadnought far from shore,  
Dix in hand stood he.

While all around the Germans lay  
Firing fitfully,  
The dead and dying strewed the way  
To final victory.

\* \* \*

Then suddenly a bugle clear  
Sounding reveille-e-e  
Woke him for his labours drear,  
Saddened boy was he.

### Regatta, 1915.

The Regatta opened with First Year Skiffs, in which three crews were left to compete. This was won fairly easily by Rosenthal, Dowling, Wines (cox), from Nisbet, Hall, Miller (cox).

The C.P.O.'s Sculls provided a good race, with some rather erratic steering. Result, P.O. Price 1, C.P.O. Dyer, 2; won by four lengths.

The open Skiffs provided by far the best race of the day, and all three teams finished within two and a half lengths. Results:—

Howells, Newman, Watkins, Little (cox) 1; Waller, Thurlby, Gould, Wheatley (cox), 2; won by one and a half lengths

Seamen's Sculls was won by A.B. Jones through erratic steering on the part of his opponent who in a very level race finished the wrong side of the judge's boat.

First Year Gigs. Result:

1S2 won easily by seven lengths from 1S1. Winning crew: Rands, Rowlands, Abbott, Chesterman, Hall, and Cairns, Miller (cox).

Champion Sculls. This provided an excellent race. Getting obtained the lead, and held it practically the whole way, but Gould hung on to him in great style, and Getting's left wrist giving out in the last hundred yards, Gould went past him, and won a good race by two lengths.

The Stokers' Sculls were easily won by Stoker Della.

Second Year Gigs. Won by 2P2, after a good race, by two and a half lengths from 2S2.

Winning crew: Baldwin, Baxendell, Cousin, Macdonald, Palmer, Thurlby, Wheatley (cox).

Third Year Gigs furnished a surprise win for 3S1 by five lengths from 3P1. Winning crew: Collins (stroke), Thompson, Farncomb, Esdaile, Feldt, Nurse, Cunningham (cox).

The Stewards' Sculls were won by Off. St. Roberts, his opponent not finishing.

Ship's Company Gigs. Won by the College C.P.O.'s and P.O.s., who beat the crew from the *Tender* by one and three-quarter lengths after a magnificent race.

Interpart-of-the-Ship Cutter Race for the Championship shield. This was won quite easily by the foretopmen, who beat the maintopmen by five lengths.

Winning crew: Dowling, Bolt, Armitage, Reilly, Howells, Dash, Conder, Waller, Feldt, Long, C.P.O. Dyer, (cox.)

The *Tender* left the wharf at 1 p.m. sharp, routine ceasing at 12.15. She carried a full compliment of Cadets, filling the decks and tops, and a large gathering of officers with their wives and visitors on the bridge. She acted as starting and umpiring ship, and also towed the competitors to their stations. The courses were along the shore from Huskisson to a line between the judge's boat and a flag buoy. The weather was very kind, and we had one of few really still days, without even a swell to daunt the fearful from the *Franklin*. There had been consistent rumours that the Wardroom officers were providing tea on the *Tender*, and although, owing to a lapse on the part of the Mess Secretary, there was no official announcement on the subject, the tea materialised in good order, and enlivened the proceedings. The Cadets made as much noise as usual on such occasions, and everyone appeared to spend an enjoyable afternoon.

## A Fly Day.

(A Reminiscence of the Hot Weather.)

- 6.50 a.m.—Woke up. Started the propellor and flew to the balcony; alighted on Cadet's face.
- 6.51 a.m.—Dodged slap with a brilliant side step, and countered to his eye. Driven off by his curtain of fire; flew to rail and thought.
- 7.0 a.m.—Awful noise caused by bugles and gongs, and Cadets turning out of their bunks. No place for me. However, I know where the fertilizer is kept.
- 7.55 a.m.—Raised steam, course as requisite for the mess room. Seems a room of milk and honey. Promises well.
- 7.59 a.m.—Came to an anchor on a porridge plate. Cadet starts making tidal waves. Most dangerous. Must remember to put on my life belt next time, and organise pontoon detachment.
- 8.0 a.m.—Fell in.
- 8.1 a.m.—Washed out by tidal wave. Fly to Officers' Mess.
- 8.45 a.m.—Settled on Commander's nose. Blown off by high explosive newspaper. Decide to bring up reinforcements and carry out enveloping movement against marmalade. Partially successful, but finally had to evacuate position and conduct strategical retirement to the gymnasium.
- 9.30 a.m.—Spot Cadet responsible for my bath in porridge dish, standing rigidly at attention. Revenge approaches.
- 9.31 a.m.—Sing a hymn of hate, and settle on his face.
- 9.32 a.m.—Blown off by poisonous gases and silently strafed.
- 9.33 a.m.—Ditto.
- 9.34 a.m.—Ditto.
- 9.40 a.m.—Cadet retires in disorder, and I consolidate the ground gained.
- 10.5 a.m.—My scouts report very weak position of enemy at harmonium but apparently protected by handkerchief entanglement. Deliver a de-

terminated attack, and cause much embarrassment to enemy. Enemy forced to evacuate harmonium. Feel hungry again and settle on fertilized cricket pitch. Have forty winks.

5.30 p.m.—See Bill on the horizon, and pay him a visit as A.D.C.

5.35 p.m.—Commander's car approaches. Bill sets off at G.25. Light up two more boilers, and overhaul car. Alight on man's face. Nearly asphyxiated by smoke. Retire again to fertilizer in disgust. Sleep.

### Yarns.

#### WHEN "TIDDLEY" WEST GOT FLABBERGASTED.

When H.M.S. *Billy Ruffian* was on the China Station, one of the ship's company was known as "Tiddley" West.

Now West was a man who often had his cap on "going full speed astern" and never a button on his trousers. He always kept himself lashed up with spun yarn. In fact when Tiddley did go ashore, which was a very rare occurrence, his boot laces were made of spun yarn!

Hence he was given the name of Tiddley.

Yet old Tiddley always considered he looked as smart as any member of the ship's company.

Now Tiddley was coxswain of the Picket boat, and having an early trip one morning, the boat's crew had perforce to clean in the rig of the day before going. Of course Tiddley did not know what the rig was, and was in a rare breeze to find out. He was not very "good cobbers" with the Quartermaster on watch and wouldn't humble himself by asking a favour of him. At last he bucks up courage to go to the Commander's cabin.

Tiddley (knocking at the door): ?

Commander: Don't stand there knocking, whoever you are, come in.

Tiddley (entering): Beg pardon, sir, but could you tell me the rig of the day?

Commander (after viewing Tiddley up and down): Oh, yes, West, I can. It's number seven and razors, and by the way, West—

Tiddley: Yes, sir!

Commander: That blue jean on your flannel wants inking. Now get out.

Exit Tiddley, flabbergasted!

#### STANDING ORDERS.

When Jumper Collins first joined H.M.S. *Sea Squash* the lads were not long in finding out that it was his first ship, and it was a common sight to see one of the ship's company spinning Jumper a binder, while his cobber walked off with a beautiful tub of Jumper's hot water.

Of course he had no idea that he had to stand rounds in the Galley, until picked up by the Jaunty. He then referred to one of his hot water pals, the Mess deck dogger, who was the lily-white dobbying firm, and asked him what he was supposed to report. He told him.

\* \* \*  
9 p.m. Rounds: Jaunty—"All correct?"

Jumper (saluting with both hands): Yes, sir, one copper half full, the other half empty. The cocoa on the boil.

Jaunty: Sick Bay, 8.30 a.m.

#### A YARN.

(By Copper Punt.)

Jack had already forgotten the light cruiser *Franklin*, and was securely moored in the train bearing him to Sydney on his well-earned long leave, fully determined to have a real dinkum time. As the train drew up at Wollongong, he jumped ashore to have some of Johnnie Walker's light refreshments. When he returned to his compartment he found two other gentlemen had occupied the opposite seat. As the train got under

way for the big smoke one of the gentlemen remarked, "Hallo, Jack my boy, and how long have you been in the navy?"

Jack replied, "I've finished my twelve in the Imperial, and have taken on for another five in the Horsetralian."

"Well," said the gentleman, "I suppose you've seen a good bit of the world and seen a few curious things. Would you be kind enough to tell us about some of your experiences?"

Jack said: "Well, I don't know about adventures, but if you want me to spin you a yarn, here goes. It happened one very hot Sunday after divisions, while I was on the East Indies station. Me and my mate went right forrard on the upper deck to have a quiet yarn and a smoke, when suddenly my mate shouts out, "Hi, Bill, look in the ditch." I looked, and there was a great tiger shark. I said to my mate, "Keep an eye out for the Jaunty and I'll have a go at him." As quickly as possible I took off my jumper and all the rest of my uniform and dived over the side. As I swam about a fathom below the surface I could see the great monster making for me. I had no time to lose, so putting my hand inside my jumper, I drew my knife, dived under him, and ripped him from head to stern."

The gentleman excitedly interrupted him saying, "But Jack you just said you took your jumper off before diving in."

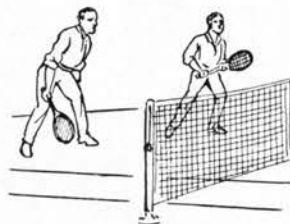
"Well," replied Jack, "you can't have it both ways. You asked for a yarn, and now you want a blooming argument!"

### Spendthrifts Three.

The story will be often told  
Of three Cadet-Midshipmen bold,  
Who swore eternal friendship when  
They were too young to be called men.  
They said, "Why should we spend our  
sposh  
On biscuits, sweets and other bosh?  
Never again will we spend our pay,  
But save it up for a rainy day."

Now, when that fateful day arrives  
We'll all be done with our earthly lives,  
And lo! we'll smile on the dauntless  
three,

Who never would spend their 1s 3d.



Tennis.

### Officers v. Cadets.

A most interesting match took place on the Cadets' Courts between the Officers and the Cadets, resulting in a win for the latter by 3 rubbers to 2.

This was the first match played on the Cadets' Courts and the result was in doubt until the last game had been decided.

The scores were as follows:—

- Commander Grant and S.N.I. Morrison beat Mr. Newman and Mr. Sadleir, 6-1, 6-0.
- S.N.I. Wheatley and S.N.I. Franklin beat Mr. Larkins and Mr. Conder, 3-6, 6-5, 6-4.
- Captain Morgan and N.I. Eldridge lost to Mr. Burnett and Mr. Cunningham 5-6, 4-6.
- Lt. Comr. Seton and Ch. Gunner Dix lost to Mr. Farncomb and Mr. Reilly, 3-6, 3-6.
- Ch. Art. Engr. Marden and Art. Engr. Creal lost to Mr. Calder and Mr. Spencer 5-6, 1-6.

A return match was played between the Officers and Cadets on April 12th, in which the former had their revenge. A noticeable feature of the match was the improved form shown by the Cadets, especially the first pair. The Officers had a stronger team engaged than in the preceding match and won by three rubbers to two.

Details are as follow:—

Commander Grant and S.N.I. Morrison beat Messrs Larkins and Burnett, 6-4, 7-5.

S.N.I. Moyes and N.I. Eldridge beat Messrs. Sadleir and Reilly, 6-5, 6-1

S.N.I. Franklin and N.I. Varey lost to Messrs. Newman and Conder, 2-6, 2-6.

Captain Morgan and Lt. Cr. Seton lost to Messrs. Cunningham and Dash, 3-6, 7-5, 4-6.

Eng. Lt. Cr. Boddie and Surgeon Bartlett beat Messrs. Spencer and Macdonald, 6-8, 6-4, 6-3.

Totals: Officers 3 rubbers, 7 sets 61 games; Cadets: 2 rubbers, 5 sets, 59 games.

### TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The results of the Cadets' Tennis Tournament are given below. The large number of entries for each event was most gratifying, as was also the form shown by Messrs. Burnett, Larkins, Sadleir, Conder, Reilly, and Cunningham, all of whom should make good players in the hereafter.

#### Championship Singles.

Semi Final: Larkins beat Reilly, 6-4, 6-4.

Final: Larkins beat Burnett, 5-6, 6-4, 6-3.

#### Championship Doubles.

Semi Final: Newman and Conder beat Vail and Royston.

Larkins and Sadleir beat Burnett and Reilly.

Final: Larkins and Sadleir beat Newman and Conder, 6-1, 6-3.

#### Handicap Singles.

Semi Final: (Burnett (O. 40) beat Hollingworth (O. 15).

Cunningham (O.  $\frac{1}{2}$  40) beat Larkins (O.  $\frac{1}{2}$ -50).

Final: Cunningham beat Burnett, 6-5, 6-1.

#### Handicap Doubles.

Semi Final: Hollingworth and Dash (R.  $\frac{1}{2}$ -30), beat Conder and Farncomb (O. 15).

Newman and Cunningham (O.  $\frac{1}{2}$ -30) beat Burnett and Reilly (O. 30).  
Final: Newman and Cunningham beat Hollingworth and Dash, 6-5, 6-3

#### First Year Singles.

Semi Final: Childers beat Dowling.

Willes beat Abbott.

Final: Childers beat Willes, 6-1, 6-3.

#### First Year Doubles.

Semi Final: Childers and Dowling beat Rorke and Cairns

Carse and Willes beat Cusack and Walker.

Final: Childers and Dowling beat Carse and Willes, 6-3, 6-0.

#### Officers' and Cadets' Doubles.

Semi Final: Commander and Larkins beat Burnett and Reilly.

S.N.I. Morrison and Cunningham beat Eng. Lt. Cr. Boddie and Sadleir

Final: S.N.I. Morrison and Cunningham (O. 30) beat Commander and Larkins (O.  $\frac{1}{2}$ -50), 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.

### The Fate of the good ship Yof-Yof.

(Translated from the Chinese by Ping Pong.)

O Mo,  
Yof-Yof  
She go  
Up N'oth.  
How droll,  
Seas high,  
She roll,  
O my!  
Wind blew  
Bad crew,  
No go,  
Foam flew,  
Big smack  
Strike ship  
She crack,  
Let rip.  
Off jump  
Into sea,  
Big bump,  
Oh me!  
Come shark,  
Some treat,  
In dark  
He eat.



**Ode to the "Franklin."**

A ship lay at anchor,  
All painted and smart;  
A Cadet as he watched her  
Felt qualms in his heart.

Right well did he know  
How ill he would be  
When next time she took him  
The trip to Sydnee.

He had been once before  
'Mid the pitch and the roll,  
The clanking of engines,  
And heaving of coal.

How well he remembered,  
When, his watch below,  
A harsh voice had cried out,  
"Come, lash up and stow!"

He crept to a cabin,  
And oh! what a smell,  
He rushed up on deck,  
For he didn't feel well.

An Engineer spied him,  
(His name I'll not say),  
"Now none of this rot,  
Get below right away."

In a nightmare he worked  
All through the long night  
And then he was hauled out  
To take a star sight.

He returned to the College,  
(Oh! what a relief)  
To the meal that awaited  
Composed of corned beef.

**Sequel.**

"Have no fears my good friend,  
'Tis the Captain's decree,  
Cadets in the Franklin,  
Won't cruise to Sydnee."

—Omega.

**Gymnastic Display.**

**Programme.**

- 1 Bayonet Fighting by Cadets Nurse and P. O. Price.
- 2 Horizontal Bar Display, by Commander, C.P.O. Dyer, Cadets Newman, Feldt, Howells and Selk.
- 3 Methods of Rope Climbing, by P. O. Price.
- 4 Chair Tricks by C.P.O. Dyer, and Cadets Newman, Larkins, Cunningham, and Rayment.
- 6 Swedish Drill Display, by Cadets of the Second Year.

**Interval of Ten Minutes.**

- 7 Farallel Bars Display, by Cadets of the Third and Fourth Years.
- 8 Blindfold Boxing and Three-legged Boxing, by Cadets Mackenzie, Cant, Greenlees, Rex, Arundel.



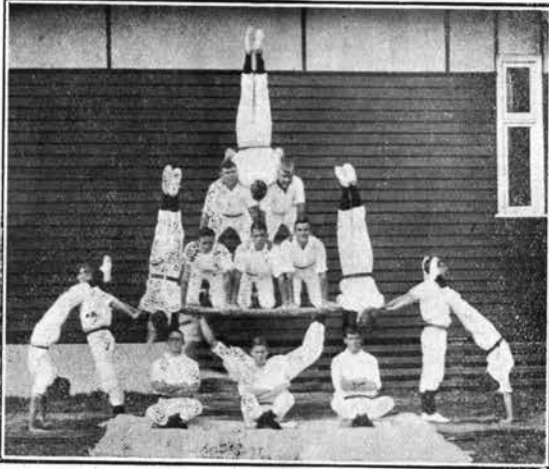
**Vaulting Horse Tableau.**

- Donovan, Williamson, Stocks and Tozer.
- 9 Illuminated Club Swinging and Torch Swinging, by C.P.O. Dyer.
  - 10 Wrestling, by A. B. Ansley, P.O. Price and O. S. Hammerton.
  - 11 Vaulting Horse Display, by Cadets of the Third and Fourth Years.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



"Health and good estate are above all gold, and a strong body above infinite wealth."

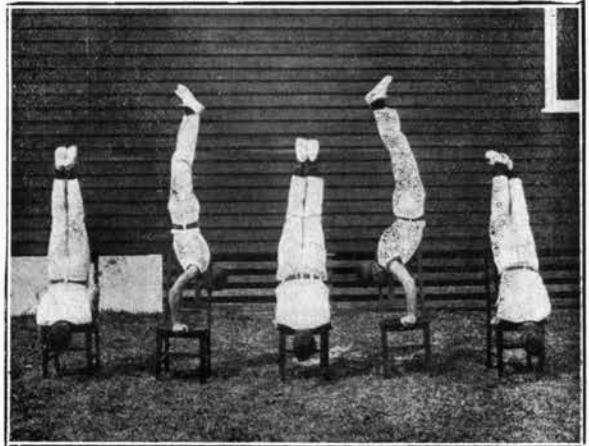


Parallel Bars Tableau.

A gymnastic display was given by the Cadets, assisted by the Commander and C.P.O. Dyer and P.O. Price on April 1st, in the gymnasium, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Yeoman of Signals, Johnson and Signalmen Dimble. Music was rendered by S.N.I. Riley, and Cadet Midshipman Kimlin. The Gymnasium was crowded and the spectators testified in no uncertain way to the excellence of the display, for which the Commander and the Physical Training Instructors and the Cadets are to be very highly complimented. Proceedings opened with a bayonet contest. It had been arranged that Cadet-Midshipmen Nurse and Collins should participate, but P.O. Price took the place of the latter, who had been injured. Nurse showed great cleverness and agility against his more experienced opponent, and was only beaten in the final "nudge." Exercises on the horizontal bar were then neatly carried out by some Cadets, led by the Commander and assisted by A.B. Anslev, who displayed a pretty combination of gymnastic cleverness and buffoonery. P.O. Price showed his ves-

satility with a rope climbing turn, in which various methods were well illustrated and his head-first descent was most thrilling. A display of chair-tricks, by Cadets, led by C.P.O. Dyer, proved very interesting. Tableaux, balances and backflirts succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity, and the item was marked by neatness and grace. The Commander proved too good for Cadet-Captain Feldt, with sabres, after a good bout, and the Second Year Cadets gained rounds of applause for their Swedish drill, which concluding by jumping over the living horse. This horse gradually grew from a pony to a draught, and was finally jumped by Cadets Miller and Selk in fine style, each clearing the nine Cadets forming the "horse."

The second half of the programme was opened with some clever work on the Parallel Bars, which was well carried out. This was followed by blindfold and three-legged boxing by some first year Cadets, which afforded great amusement to the spectators. Blows were freely swung, the chief sufferer being Referee Mackenzie, whose attention was chiefly divided between a large



Chair Tricks.

cigar, and a wee watch made by himself specially for the occasion. C.P.O. Dyer delighted everyone with his il-

luminated club and torch swinging. He swung in good time, and the effect produced was very pretty. Officers' Steward Hammerton then issued a most humorous challenge on behalf of Signor Attelabbi to wrestle anyone in the audience. In the Signor was recognised an old friend, P.O. Price. Ready response came from A.B. Ansley, who after divesting himself of several wardrobes, was revealed in his warpaint with muscles that stood out everywhere like mountains, and reminded one of the village blacksmith. Needless to add he conquered his puny opponent. The Vaulting Horse exercises furnished a good spectacle. Special attention was paid to the one in which Cadets dived over the horse through the legs of other Cadets, apparently on to their heads, with grace and precision. The final tableau with Cadet-Midshipman Cunningham up aloft waving the flag was well conceived and carried out.

**More  
Animals  
of the  
Naval  
College.**



The Scippagul (*Captanus Collegae*).— This bird is only safe when attacked in its own nest. Very ferocious at about 9 a.m. It feeds on General Orders and small pieces of waste paper, which latter tit-bits it pounces upon and devours voraciously. Often to be seen with its mate, who is of pleasing appearance, and seems to be very fond of the smaller and younger members of the species.

The Komm (*Ownerium Billiensis*).— This animal should always be avoided. At breakfast time the hunter must approach with great caution and as silently as possible, but the animal is generally more tractable after a heavy meal. Apparently too lazy to

use its legs, as it may frequently be seen flying about the grounds accompanied by a fierce hound. Uses No. 4 as a weapon of defence. Secretly fond of parting its fur in the middle. May possibly be trapped by an internal lubrication of Paelael, not forced. It is led round the buildings by its keepers at 9 p.m. every night, and its fierce roars as it enters each block, cause Cadets to tremble in their bunks, and hide away their library books. Feeds principally on grass, and may frequently be seen gazing mournfully at the bare patches on the Q.D.

The Scrumarph (*Setonius Baldero*).— This animal resembles the Bundoona in some respects, but lacks the generous growth of hair characteristic of the latter. It has great speed, and may often be seen dashing hither and thither, emitting hoarse cries, and at the same time hurling a leather ball wildly into the air. This madness only occurs during the winter. It may be goaded to fury by the hunter bouncing this leather ball instead of throwing it. In the summer it is quite docile, and browses gently off the sails of a cutter or gig.

The Rakaft (*Cottonius Femaliorum*).— This bird is noted for its rake, which is very pronounced. When in deep thought nods its head vigorously. A very fast walking bird which occasionally decks itself in the plumage of the female species. Worships small wooden images which it arranges and disarranges on a chequered board.

The Youf Youf (*Photographicus Enormii*.) The trumpeting of this animal can frequently be heard near the Maths block. This is disagreeable, and causes loss of sleep, but no notice should be taken of it. Its favorite foods are cameras, formulae and integrations. It has a parasite known as Bobbie, of doubtful parentage. The intellect of this animal varies between limits, but this is not established, although obvious.

The Squish (*Rotundus Tennissorum*.)

Constructs its lair by means of soft indiarubber balls and a net. When surrounded by these, it is perfectly happy. Feeds on "Little Red Renaults" and a choice foreign pulp called "Illustrations." Any hitch in commissariat causes it intense distress. When attacked by this animal, the hunter should at once shrug his shoulders, and gabble rapidly in French, and its fury will at once change to purrs of delight.

The Bulgine (*Cobbam Mechanicus*.)—

This biped may be located by the peculiar sounds it emits, which vary from growls to roars. Very fond of heat and heated bearings. Its home is in the machine shop, but it frequently migrates in the dinner hour to the Bachelor's Rest, where it refreshes the company by further growls.

The Orilio (*Vox Stentoriorissimus*.)—

This animal is "still lookin' well," although the *Australia* has lost its mascot. Every Sunday it settles on a rectangular box, which it thumps and kicks with its paws, meanwhile giving forth earth-quaking roars. A great detective, knowing even the antecedents of the words of our language. To snare this animal the trap should be baited with a good yarn or "red herring."

The Dolladook (*Corvus Dibwakka*.)—

This casual bird is in great demand on Saturday mornings, and may be seen hopping about gaily from twig to twig, *en route* from the Administrative block to the Gym. Its anger is easily kindled at the sight of a piece of yellow paper, but curiously enough a small portion of red paper will reduce it to tears of joy. It is employed by the College to disconcert visiting football teams by its hoarse cries of encouragement.

The Bulgee (*Sedogus Historica*.)—

Noted for its bowsprit, which is of the good old style. It lives on date puddings and inflicts them on others.

This species does not show signs of becoming extinct, a mark II having recently been added to the collection.

The Nik (*Ruggorum Premier*.)—

This animal, with its curious elongated body may be seen running about the Q.D. (principally backwards) waving its paws, pointing and emitting shrill whistles, during the cooler weather. On concert nights it pounces upon a smaller animal (*Bagpipiensis*), which it holds under its arm and by biting its tail, causes it to squeak loudly, and the most excruciating sounds are heard.

The Shelbust (*Corditis Superbus*.)—

A very heavy bird, probably due to the fact that its principal food consists of projectiles, punishment books and re-issues. It can be traced to its nest by the pungent odour of smoky asphyxiating gases which escape through the outlet. Its peculiar chuckle is disconcerting to the hunter, and any endeavour to get to windward of this bird will probably be frustrated.

### Athletic Sports.

A sports meeting was held on April 29th in lovely weather, and with the turf in excellent state. Preliminary heats were run off during the preceding fortnight, and the contestants in the jumps and cricket ball events reduced to half a dozen. The Commander, Lt. Cr. Seton and S.N.I. Moyes constituted the committee and to their efforts the success of the meeting was largely due. Eng. Lt. Cr. Boddie assisted the committee in the judging; S.N.I. Moyes acted as starter and S.N.I. Morrison as timekeeper. One of the features of the day was the appearance of the "Band," consisting of members of the Ship's Company, in fancy dress. A. B. Broadley, in his kilts, was bandmaster, with the assistance of a policeman, and prominent in the band were "John Bull," a curate, "Capt. Kettle," several ladies in the height of fashion, a Life-Guardsman, a cowboy, etc.

Study Corporal Conder was splendid as a giant with a wonderful mask; A. B. Ansley and his elephant fairly brought down the house. The latter looked the real thing, and those responsible for its creation are deserving of the highest praise. P.O's. Peek and Glen, who were inside the beast, carried out their job with success.

The racing resulted as follows:—

100 yards Championship (open): Watkins 1, Burnett 2, Farncomb 3. Also ran Feldt, Larkins, Long. Won by a foot; time 11 1-5 sec.

100 yards Championship (3rd Year): Baldwin 1, Rayment 2, Waller 3. Also ran: Dudley, Royston, Shaw. Won by inches; time 12 sec.

100 yards Championship (2nd Year): Rorke 1, Dowling and Rowlands, a dead heat for second. Also ran: Cairns, Hall, Hunt. Won by inches; time 12 sec. Dowling won the run off in 12 1-5 sec.

100 yards Championship (1st Year): Lawson 1, Arundel 2, Fly 3. Also ran: Cant, Clark, Pockley. A good race; time 12 3-5 sec.

Broad Jump: (under 5ft. 4in.): Hollingworth, 15ft. 6in., 1.; Rowlands 15ft. 2in., 2.; Tate, 14ft. 7½in., 3. Also jumped: Cant, Fly, Spurgeon, Mk. II.

Broad Jump (open): Feldt, 17ft. 6in., 1.; Burnett 17ft. 3½in., 2.; Newman, 17ft. ½in., 3. Also jumped, Larkins Long, Royston.

Mile (open): Newman 1, Collins 2, Hall 3. Won easily. Time 5min. 14sec.

High Jump: (under 5ft. 4in.): Hollingworth 4ft. 7in., 1.; Gower and Rowlands tied for second at 4ft. 6in. Also jumped: Cant, Pearson, Rayment. In the jump off later, Gower won.

High Jump (open): Conder 4ft. 8in., 1.; Royston, 4ft. 7in., 2.; Vail, 4ft. 6in., 3. Also jumped, Feldt, Newman.

Obstacle Race (open): Dudley 1, Showers 2, Casey 3. Also ran: Newman, Royston, Abbott, Cunningham, Burnett, Long, Hollingworth, Armstrong, Kimlin. Showers led to the maze,

from which Casey emerged first. He found difficulty with the tarpaulin, and Dudley got through first, just ahead of Showers. Time 2min. 31 1-5 secs.

Obstacle Race (under 5ft. 4in.): Hollingworth 1, Cunningham 2, Selk 3. Also ran: Aitken, Melville, Rayment, Bolt, Miller, Gray, and Clarke. Rayment led to the maze, from which Cunningham came first. He and Hollingworth came out of the tarpaulin together and the latter won by a yard in the run home. Time 2min. 36sec.

Sack Race: Palmer 1, McMahon 2, Dudley 3; also ran: Melville, Gray, Royston, Arundel, Tate, Selk, Bolt, Larkins, Long, Kimlin, Spurgeon, Mk I., Fly. Won by six inches. A third year triumph.

Officers' V.C. Race: Eng. Lt. Cr. Boddie and N.I. Hannay 1; Lt. Cr. Seton and Mr. Baker 2. This race was started by Mrs. Morgan. The Captain's and Commander's steeds both dwelt on the track. Falls were numerous.

Half Mile Handicap: Newman, scr., 1; Dudley, 24yds, 2; Armstrong, 34yds, 3. Also ran: Palmer, Hall, Waller, Mackenzie, Pockley, Getting, Nisbet, Sadleir, Childers, Baldwin, Nurse, Hore, Dowling and Wheatley. The winner caught his field 150 yards from the post and won easily. Time 2min. 15 2-5 secs.

Quarter Mile (open): Collins, 1; Feldt 2, Burnett 3. Also ran: Long. Feldt took the lead after going 100 yards and was passed by Collins, running a plucky race, 20 yards from the post. Time 58 3-5 secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball: Showers, 96yds. 2ft., 1; Larkins 2; Mackenzie 3. Also threw: Burnett, Gould, Vail.

Relay Race, half-mile: Quarter Deck won after a good race. Each Cadet carried the flag 50 yards. Every team dropped it at least once. Time 2min. 7sec.

Tug of War: Third Year 1, First Year 2, By the conditions each team was

not to exceed 110 stone. In the heats the Third Year had beaten the Fourth Year, and the First Year triumphed over the Second Year. In the first tug of the final the Third Year scored in 32 4-5 secs, but were beaten in the second in 1min. 26sec. They asserted their superiority in the final in 1min. 16 1-5 sec., and hold the handsome Cup presented by His Excellency the Governor General for twelve months.

Consolation Race: The conditions were that the Commander was to start from one end of the quarterdeck and the Cadets from the other, and the first Cadet to shake the Commander's hand was to be the winner. After a stern chase several Cadets together grabbed the hand of—Mr. Moyes. In some mysterious way he had got into the Commander's blazer, and had led them on a wild goose chase. Eventually Getting saw the Commander himself sitting quietly at the window at the top of the Gym., and won the prize.

The prizes were presented to the happy winners by Mrs. Morgan at Divisions on April 30th.

#### RECORDS.

- 100yds (open): Watkins, time 11sec.  
(heat.)  
100yds, 3rd Year, Rayment, 11 3-5 sec.  
(heat.)  
100yds, 2nd Year, Rorke, 11 4-5 sec.  
(heat.)  
100yds, 1st Year, Fly, 12 3-5 secs.  
(heat.)  
Broad Jump (open): Feldt, 18ft 5in.  
(heat.)  
Broad Jump (under 5ft. 4in.), Hollingworth, 15ft. 6in. (final.)  
High Jump (open): Conder, 4ft. 8in. (final.)  
High Jump (under 5ft. 4in.): Hollingworth, 4ft. 7in. (final.)  
Quarter Mile (open): Collins, 58 3-5 sec (final.)  
Mile (open): Newman, 5min. 14sec. (final.)  
Cricket Ball: Showers, 96yds 6in. (heat.)

#### Visitors.

- O.O.D. (to himself, on sighting a car, which has pulled up at the Administrative Block): Good heavens! another cargo of skirt. I wonder if they have a pass? (moves off to the attack.)  
O.O.D. (to Dear Old Lady in car): Excuse me, but have you a pass?  
D.O.L.—Oh yes (produces it). May we have a look round? What a lovely place you have got here; so pretty and quiet; we have had such a nice trip down; only two punctures, and four blow-outs. Wasn't it lucky? May I introduce you to my son? He is coming here next year. He has already gained a scholarship at his school, haven't you, dear? and simply loves boats, don't you, dear? and the sea and all that, and his father was only saying the other day ———  
O.O.D. (interrupting): Excuse me, but I am rather busy. Would you mind entering your name in the book, and I will send a Cadet along to show you round. (Exit O.O.D.)

(Five minutes elapse.)

- Cadet approaches, doffing his cap, very politely.  
Cadet: How do you do? I've got to show you round.  
D.O.L.: How sweet of you; I'm sure you'll do it nicely! where do we go first?  
Cadet: I suppose we had better have a look at the Gunroom. It is rather a mangy hole, but everyone is shown there first.  
(They proceed thither.)  
D.O.L.: How lovely, but where are the guns?  
Cadet: Oh, they were all taken away to Admiral Jellicoe's Flagship on the outbreak of war.  
D.O.L.: How very interesting! I suppose he wrote and thanked you for sending them?  
Cadet: I never heard of him doing so. But I expect Mr. Larkins, he is the senior cadet, you know, got a letter

- of thanks. This is where we turn in.
- D.O.L.: Turn in what?
- Cadet: Go to bed.
- D.O.L.: Oh! and what are the big boxes for?
- Cadet: That is where we stow all our telescopes, sextants, oilskins, slide rules, sou'-westers, binnacles and boatswains in.
- D.O.L.: What a lot of strange things you sailors use.  
(They leave the Cadet's quarters and stroll along to the Seaman-ship Room.)
- Cadet: This is where we're supposed to learn seamanship.
- D.O.L.: What a pretty room, and what lovely models.
- Cadet: Yes, this is a model of H.M.A.S. *Melbourne*.
- D.O.L.: Really? And why do they have this little ladder leading up the chimney for?
- Cadet: Oh, that's for the stokers. When they feel too hot in the engine-room, they pass their shovel over to the engineer officer of the watch and then climb up there for a breath of fresh air. So refreshing, you know!
- D.O.L.: How very thoughtful of them to think of providing it. And is that th bathroom?
- Cadet: Yes; the stokers sometimes get soiled if they are not careful, and have to wash their hands when they come off watch. (He leads the way out.)
- D.O.L.: What a nice looking Cadet, and what a big boy, too!
- Cadet: He! oh, he's not a Cadet; He is the gymnastic instructor.
- D.O.L.: Ah, and what does he do?
- Cadet (a trifle wearily): Curiously enough, he instructs us in gymnastics, physical drill, and extra drill, and all that sort of thing. Rather a bore, you know, but we've got to do it.
- D.O.L.: Extra drill; Is that when you're naughty?
- Cadet: Oh no, but when the Commander "thinks" we're naughty.
- D.O.L.: What a shame! what a nasty man he must be?
- (Cadet loyally refrains from comment.)
- Cadet: Shall we go down to the shops?
- D.O.L.: Oh, please don't bother; I can see plenty of shops in Sydney!
- Cadet (with emphasis): I mean the Royal Australian Naval College Engineering workshops.
- D.O.L.: I *beg* your pardon; yes, take us there, Charlie is so fond of engines, aren't you, Charlie? (Charlie looks and feels an ass.)
- Cadet: That's the smithy. This is my last job, supposed to be a hammer head.
- D.O.L.: It *is* a hammer head! how clever you must be!
- Cadet (who is in P2): I am; this is the machine shop.
- D.O.L.: What a lot of straps; what are they for?
- Cadet (*sotto voce*): Stropping the stokers' razors; (aloud): Making the wheels go round.
- D.O.L.: Oh, I see; and what do you make here?
- Cadet: Chiefly mistakes, but occasionally we manage to turn out something. And now shall we be getting back? I'm sorry to rush you, but the Commander is having tea with me at five o'clock and I don't want to keep him waiting too long; he is rather particular about punctuality.
- D.O.L.: Certainly. Please don't let me keep you. Good bye and thank you so much. It has been most interesting, and I'm sure Charlie and you will be great friends next year.
- Cadet (glaring at him): I'm sure we will!!

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**Ike.**

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Now Ike is a lad of the greatest re-  
nown,  
Famous throughout the bush and the  
town,  
For he's what's called "a bit of a  
clown,"

Our only Ike.

If you looked at his feet you'd get  
 a surprise,  
 (Some say he takes only ten's in size),  
 But avoid his hoofs if you are wise,  
 Our only Ike.

And when in the night time you sud-  
 denly wake,  
 And hear a loud noise like a violent  
 earthquake,  
 And even the walls are beginning to  
 shake,  
 It's only Ike.

When you're at work in the gloomy  
 stoke-hole,  
 And someone plays hockey with lumps  
 of coal,  
 You suddenly hear a loud shout of  
 "Goal!"  
 It's only Ike.

In the rugby match in the heat of the  
 fray,  
 You feel that to Heaven you're wend-  
 ing your way,  
 You hear a voice saying, "Well, here's  
 to *The Day!*"  
 It's only Ike!  
 —*Le Figaro.*

Marine Lieutenant (taking on duty  
 as O.O.W. for the first time): "Quar-  
 termaster!!"

Quartermaster: "Sir!"

M.L.: "Duty Hands water Picket  
 boat!"

Q.M.: "Aye, aye, sir!" (rushes away  
 blowing his front teeth out) "Duty hands  
 water picket boat!"

After she had been alongside a short  
 time, the O.O.W. looks over the side  
 and notices the Picket boat's discharge!

M.L.: "Picket boat!"

Cox: "Sir."

M.L.: "What the deuce do you  
 mean by it? Here have I got the  
 duty hands pumping water into your  
 beastly boat, and as fast as *they* pump  
 it in, *you* pump it out again.



Rugby

Notes.

"To set the cause above renown,  
 To love the game beyond the prize,  
 To honour, while you strike him down  
 The foe that comes with fearless  
 eyes."  
 —*Newbolt.*

Owing to the new three-term scheme  
 we commenced football somewhat late,  
 but it is now in full swing, and we are  
 looking forward to our annual fixtures  
 with the Sydney Schools with much  
 interest. This year we are taking on  
 the first fifteens, and we cannot help  
 feeling that, as the Yankees say, we  
 have bitten off more than we can chew!  
 However, win or lose, we will do our  
 best to give them a game at any rate.  
 The Inter-part-of-the-ship tournament  
 will commence shortly, and will be gov-  
 erned by the following rules:—

1. Each Part of the Ship will be re-  
 presented by two teams, a first and  
 a second, each team being com-  
 posed of ten players, viz., five  
 forwards, one half, three three-  
 quarters, and one full back.
2. Each First X will play each of  
 the other Firsts, and each of the  
 Seconds will play each of the  
 other Seconds, twice.
3. Two points will be scored for a  
 win in each match, and one point  
 for a drawn game.
4. That part of the Ship totalling  
 the greatest number of points will  
 hold the shield for one year. In  
 the event of a tie in the total, the  
 Parts of the Ship concerned will  
 play off with a full team, namely  
 XV.

5. The First X's for each part of the Ship will be selected by the three captains of the other parts and are to be selected as being the best ten players in that Part of the Ship.
6. No member of the First X's as selected may ever play in a Second X match, but a Second X player may play for the First X if required.
7. The duration of the match shall be twenty minutes each way, with no interval at half-time.
8. A full sized ground to be used.
9. In the event of a part of the Ship being unable to raise a team, or who fail to play out time, the maximum points to be awarded to the opposing teams.

The following are the results of matches played last season, which were not included in the last magazine:—

Cadets v. Sydney Grammar School, (June 26th), won 14 points to 8 points.

Cadets v. Ship's Company, (July 24th), won 9 points to 3 points.

Cadets v. Ship's Company (July 31st), won, 8 points to 3 points.

Cadets v. H.M.A.S. *Psyche* (Aug. 5), won, 27 points to 3 points.

Cadets v. Huskisson (August 14), won, 14 points to 3 points.

Cadets v. Huskisson and Ship's Company (Aug. 28th), won, 8 points to 6 points.

Cadets v. Destroyer Flotilla (Sept. 1st), won, 23 points to 6 points.

Our first fifteen this year will probably be composed as follows:—

- Full back, Showers (Cap.)
- Threequarters, Burnett (Cap.)
- "          Collins (Cap.)
- "          Feldt (Cap.)
- "          Waller (Cap.)
- Halves, Rayment (Cap.)
- "          Sadleir, Shaw or Newman.

- Forwards, Getting (Cap.)
- "          Larkins (Cap)
- "          Nurse (Cap.)
- "          Spencer.
- "          Howells (Cap)
- "          Armstrong
- "          Gould (Cap)
- "          Reilly, Long or Baxendell

### Answers to Correspondents.

MINE-LAYER.—No, they don't cackle even after laying a whole field of mines.

MAL DE MER.—Of course he should have chosen the leeward side of the *Franklin*, but if you persisted in dangling a piece of fat pork in front of his nose, I do not see that you can hold him entirely responsible. You should be able to obtain a new overall suit by putting in the usual chit.

CRICKET LOVER.—We believe Messrs. Horsburgh, Rex, and Co., are to be engaged as coaches to the team. The rumour that in future the Cadets' Eleven will play left-handed against them has been indignantly denied by the "Flagship."

ENGINEER.—Do not believe what they tell you. The safest way of stopping the band-saw is to put your finger in front of it. It does away with unnecessary labour and fingers.

RUGGER.—Yes, the kidney punch is very efficacious, but have you tried the kidney kick?

MUM.—You say you have been greatly worried over a certain sketch in a previous number of this Magazine. We advise you to get the Surgeon to amputate your feet and thus avoid any future annoyance.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—No. The rumour that the *Franklin* has been sunk by wood borers and white ants has been strenuously denied in official circles.



**Weights and Measures.**

“To be weak is miserable,  
doing or suffering.” —Milton.      “Throw physic to the dogs;  
I'll none of it.” —Macbeth.

There has been a remarkable increase all round in the weights and measures of all Cadets since joining the College, as the following statistics will show:—

	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	CHEST
Fourth Year—On joining ... ..	13 8.6	4 11.9	98.5lbs	31.0in.
After 3 years and 3 months		5 7.4	139.3lbs	36.9in.
Increase in		7.5	40.8lbs	5.9in.
Greatest Increases ... ..		Height: Mr. Armitage, 10 inches. Weight: Mr. Nurse, 56½ lbs. Chest: Mr. Watkins, 8¼ inches.		
Third Year—On joining ... ..	13 7.5	5 0.7	91.7lbs	30.3in.
After 2 years and 3 months		5 6	124.6lbs	34.8in.
Increase		5.3	32.9lbs	4.5in.
Greatest Increases ... ..		Height: Mr. Baldwin, 8 inches. Weight: Mr. Palmer, 45½ lbs. Weight: Mr. Baldwin, 45½ lbs. Chest: Mr. Bolt, 6¾ inches.		
Second Year—On joining ... ..	13 8.4	5 0	88.6lbs	30.1in.
After 1 year and 3 months		5 3.2	109.6lbs	33.8in.
Increase		3.2	21.0lbs	3.7in.
Greatest Increases ... ..		Height: Mr. Willes, 4½ inches. Weight: Mr. Wackett, 35¾ lbs. Chest: Mr. Rowlands, 5 inches. Chest: Mr. Hall, 5 inches.		
First Year—On joining ... ..	13 7.4	5 1	94 lbs	30.6in.
After Three Months ... ..		5 1.4	101.7lbs	31.7in.
Increase		.4	7.7lbs	1.1in.
Greatest Increases ... ..		Height: Mr. Buchanan, one inch. Weight: Mr. Monteith, 13lbs. Chest: Mr. Tozer, two inches. Chest: Mr. Morris, two inches. Chest: Mr. Monteith, two inches. Chest: Mr. Clark, two inches.		
Tallest Cadet in the College ...	Mr. Nurse, 6ft. 1¼in.			
Shortest Cadet in the College	Mr. Stocks, 4ft. 9½in.			
Heaviest Cadet in the College	Mr. Nurse, 170½ lbs.			
Lightest Cadet in the College ...	Mr. Arundel, 85 lbs.			
Biggest Chest ... ..	Mr. Watkins, 40 inches.			
	Mr. Getting, 40 inches.			
	Mr. Nurse, 40 inches.			