

THE CONCORDIENSIS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE

VOLUME XL.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1916.

NO. 17

VARSITY IS READY FOR STIFF BATTLE

Several Last Minute Shifts Are Made.

THE LINE-UP.

Moynihan Ready to Go In at Moment's Notice—Mudge on Reserve List.

The squad went through light signal work yesterday afternoon, in final preparation for the game with New York University this af-

Varsity End



Friday, the 13th

ternoon. The Garnet team will probably present a full strength team today. It is expected Frank Moynihan and Jimmy Mudge will be back in the line-up. Moynihan is again working out in one of the halfback positions and Mudge has been switched to end, his place at quarterback being taken by Carl Wittner.

"Babe" Rosekrans is continuing to star in the kicking department. In practice he sent the ball over the bars twice in trials at drop kicking from the forty-five yard line. He is punting better than ever before and is likely to play an important part in the early periods of today's game. Roof will be in the backfield today. There may be several shifts in the line positions,

SOPHOMORES WIN FIRST GAME BY SCORE OF 6-0

The class of 1919's football team took the first game of the Freshman-Sophomore series from the Frosh by the narrow margin of 6 to 0. Although the football was rugged and sometimes amusing the two teams were nearly enough matched to make the contest extremely exciting and a large part of the student body turned out to witness it.

The only score came in the last quarter when W. Tell made a sweeping end run, shook off half a dozen tacklers and crossed the Frosh line for the tally that spelt defeat for the 1920 men. The Frosh team seemed to be better or-

ganized than their opponents but for some reason or other could not score against the aggressiveness of the Sophomores. More scores might have been made if it had not been for fumbles at critical times. Both teams seemed to get nervous under the shadow of the goal posts, and lost the ball on fumbles only too often. The other games of the series will probably be more interesting than ever for the coaches of the two teams are going to work hard either to keep the advantage already gained or make up for the defeat suffered in the first game.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS ON THE CAMPUS TODAY

Three Functions on the Day's Program.

PHI DELT. DANCE.

Alpha Delta Phi and Sigma Phi to Entertain at Tea Dances Following Game.

There will be three social functions upon the Hill this Saturday. Sigma Phi and Alpha Delta Phi will give teas directly after the game and Phi Delta Theta will hold a dinner dance.

The patronesses for the Sigma Phi dancant will be Mrs. Philip of Schenectady Mrs. De L. Watkins of Schenectady. Mrs. Therser of Albany and Mrs. Vander Bogart of Schenectady. "Collins' Orchestra" of Albany will furnish the music.

The patronesses for the Alpha Delta Phi tea will be Mrs. L. Gibson, Mrs. Erdman, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. W. Hanson, Jr., Mrs. Yelverton and Mrs. Richmond. All the town alumni and all professors on the Hill are invited. There will be no dancing.

Remich's Orchestra will play for the dancers at the Phi Delta Theta House. Mrs. Moon of Schenectady and Mrs. Hawn of Albany will be chaperons. About eighteen couples are expected.

because of the large number of men on the squad trying for these positions. All are working hard and the team will not be weakened, Coach Fred T. Dawson says, if some of the so-called regulars are replaced today.

Union's line-up will be: Foster, left end; Bowman, left tackle; Speer, left guard; McDnald, center; Hanley, right guard; Hav, right tackle; Fridav, right end; Wittner, quarterback; Goff, left halfback; Roof, right halfback; Rosekrans, fullback.

FROSH ENROLLMENT ANNOUNCED AS 193

In Meeting of Board of Trustees.

COLLEGE TOTAL 540.

Dr. Cady Staley Makes \$10,000 Gift For Engineering Endowment.

At a fully attended meeting of the Board of Trustees of Union College, President Richmond reported the enrollment of the freshman as 193, the largest in the history of the college, and a total enrollment of 540, which also exceeds all past records.

The Treasurer's report showed all bills for the past year paid and no indebtedness of the college, with a slight surplus for the year. The Treasurer also announced an additional gift of \$10,000 from Dr. Cady Staley, of the class of 1865, for an engineering endowment. This brings the total of Dr. Staley's gifts to over \$50,000.

A resolution was adopted to devote the entire Butterfield Memorial building to the use of chemistry. The building will be re-designed with this in view. It is expected that the erection of this building will begin in the early Spring.

A new course of study was also authorized, leading to the degree of Bachelor in Chemistry.

MR. BYNNER TO LECTURE ON MODERN POETRY

Mr. Witter Bynner will lecture at the college, under the auspices of the English Club, on Friday evening, December 15th. The lecture will deal with modern poetry, and more extended notice will be given later.

TWO MORE GAMES PLAYED IN LEAGUE

Sigma Phi Easily Defeats Lambda Chi Alpha.

ALPHA DELTS WIN

Five Teams Surviving After First Week's Combats—League Most Successful.

LAMBA CHI ALPHA WINS.

In the fourth game of the Interfraternity series, Sigma Phi trimmed Lambda Chi Alpha to the tune of 26-5. "Bill" Tell and "Pete" Hoag played good basketball from start to finish. "Bill" heaped up a total of twelve points and "Pete" Hoag six points. The game was slow compared with any of the other games of the series, but some of the individual playing took the monotony of the slow, drivling wooden playing that prevailed most of the contest. The contest braced up considerably in the second half, however, on the substitution of some new men, who seemed to put some "pep" into the Lambda's.

Lambda Chi Alpha—Mills, forward; Carter, forward; Williams, center; Dean, guard; Mochridge, guard.

Sigma Phi—Hartman, forward; Tell, forward; P. Hoag, center; Hawley, guard; J. Hoag, guard.

Substitutions: W. Smith for Williams, Schabar for Dean. R. Smith for Mochridge. Goals from field: W. Tell (6), P. Hoag (3), Hartman (2), J. Hoag (2), R. Smith, Carter. Goals from foul, Carter. Referee, "Sid" Brown. Time of Halves, 10 minutes.

ALPHA DELT. VICTORY.

In the fifth game of the Interfraternity series the Alpha Delta Phi team won from the Phi Delta Thetas by the score of 13-9. It was a very close match and there was a fighting chance for either team throughout the entire game. Both teams are well balanced but the Alpha Delts got the breaks. With a bit more practice the Alpha Delts will have one the the best teams on the campus. The pass work at times was brilliant and then died down—not so consistent as D. U. or the Sigs. The teams that have come through this week's schedule are, Pyramids, Psi Upsilon, Delta Upsilon, Sigma Phi and Alpha Delta Phi.

Alpha Delta Phi—B. Lester, right forward; Persons, left guard; Palmer, center; Notman, right guard; Wadsworth, left guard.

(Continued on page 4.)

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1916.

(Editorial Contributed.)

A NEW THOUGHT.

The strength of a college lies not solely within its gates. It is necessary that every live institution should take an active interest in those who have gone out and those who are coming in. Its strength lies for a great part in its alumni; its growth in its sub-freshmen.

Union stands foremost in its relation to its alumni. The Graduate Council is an excellent body and is doing remarkable work. I believe we were the first of the colleges to have such an organization of any power.

The starting of sub-freshmen our way lies in the hands of the alumni and fraternities solely at present. This has proved to be very efficient but not efficient enough. Let there be some student organization to undertake this work. May the applications for entrance be in such a number that the requirements may be even greater and the standing of Union be raised higher because she can choose her sons from the best.

THE FORUM

CONCERNING N. S.'S.

To the Editor:

There appeared in last Monday's issue of the CONCORDIENSIS an interesting editorial "Concerning First Grades." We were surprised that any college man should take so slighting an attitude toward scholastic prowess and the outward marks of its success, i. e., first grades.

In American colleges today an abnormal emphasis is placed upon "extra-curriculum" activities, especially athletics. Can't you imagine a great student mass meeting in Doc Mac's lecture room for the purpose of stirring up enthusiasm for the courses in philosophy? After seven solid minutes of vociferous cheering and applause,

"Hoffy" takes the floor: "It's a rotten shame, fellows, the way we have to buck up against and crush some of those poor under-developed Junior minds. Why aren't you men with mental 'guts' out there doing something for your college? Think of a big-brained man saying that he can't take the philosophy of education course, because he is out for football. How many of you men think that football is the biggest thing in college?" There is an absolute silence. "How many think scholarship the biggest thing here?" Every hand is raised, and "Hoffy" sits down amid another burst of applause. Can you imagine such a scene? We can't.

But to get back to the editorial. It is a great deal easier to point out examples of the failure of the "first grade" man than of his success, just as it is easier to give instances of the downfall of the wealthy young man than of his triumph. It is natural for us to expect that the "first grade" man will succeed, and when he fails the exception makes the deeper impression upon our minds, just as the downfall of the wealthy young man, whom we expect to triumph, strikes us the more forcibly. And as a corollary, it is easier to point out examples of the success of the "N. S." man than of his failure, just as it is easier to give instances of the triumph of the poor young man than of his downfall. So in this case also we are more deeply impressed by the exception than by the rule.

The writer of that editorial hints at the question, "Why have any scholarship at all in college?" If a man can be a great general or a great financier on an "N. S." record, why aim to do your best in scholarship?

The editorial concludes with these sentences: "He used his shrewdness to make money. Would it help him much to find a logarithm or translate a page of Horace?" We ask: would he be able to use his money as well and enjoy it as thoroughly, if he were an "N. S." man, as if he were able "to find a logarithm or translate a page of Horace" in a "first grade" way?

(Signed)

"Pete" Hill, '12

is out for the Assembly. His friends on the "hill" will tell you why.

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THE CONCORDIENSIS

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NO. 17

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—SOCIALIST

Roughly speaking, there are three kinds of Socialists; theoretical, Utopian and practical. It is Shaw's supreme distinction that, beginning as a theoretical Socialist, he has ended as a practical opportunist.

Henry George and his "Progress and Poverty" were the prime motors in directing Shaw to Socialism, but it was Karl Marx who first shunted Shaw on to the economic task.

At bottom, it was a deeply religious, fundamentally humanitarian motive, which drew Shaw into Socialism. The birth of the social passion in his soul finds its origin in the individual desire to compass the salvation of his fellow man. A burning sense of social injustice, a great passion for social reform directed his steps. Socialism was the need of the age and it could only be achieved through the freedom and development of the individual.

There is a tendency of the popular mind to confuse Socialism with anarchism.

Shaw opposes individualist anarchism, since, under such a social arrangement, the prime economic goal of Socialism: the just distribution of the premiums given to certain portions of the general product by the action of demand, would never be attained. This system not only fails to distribute these premiums justly, but deliberately permits their private appropriation.

Shaw gives three reasons why the national income ought to be divided. First, the possession of equal money by all is the only way of securing that the needs of all shall be met before any luxuries are produced; secondly, there will be no real democratic government until wealth is equal; thirdly, the eugenic reform cannot be carried out while there are inequalities of wealth and caste.

Shaw agrees with the extreme Socialists in demanding equality of income, but differs violently from them in estimating the effect of this and the way to attain it.

In Shaw's opinion, the social struggle does not follow class lines at all, because the people who really hate the capitalist system are, like Ruskin, Tolstoy, Morris and Marx, themselves capitalists, whereas the fiercest defenders of it are the masses of laborers, artisans and employees whose trade is at its best when the rich have the most money to spend.

(Continued on page 4.)

IN THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING KARWAN

Ever in the sky was the sunset, and ever the sunset changed. The gamut of colors was without end and the combinations of colors were past the imagination of man to conceive. It was a long, low land where rushes and tall grasses grew and where the roads went straight on and never turned. Through the time of all dwellers in the land the same wind had blown; never slower nor faster but always chilly from the place of the sunset. In the midst of the country upon the only mountain was a towered palace out of bright steel which reflected the red of the sunset upon its wells. The turrets were like shafts of fire to the eye, burning, brilliant, but never bending before the wind. And the way up the mountain was steep with many rocks. High up on the walls were the gates—far above the reach of any man, and of these inaccessible entrances there were four, one to the north, one to the west, one to the east, and one to the south. When any man desired entrance to the castle, he pulled a great rope which rang a bell within the walls, whereupon the gate opened and the porter demanded the visitor's business. But before the newcomer was permitted to enter he was compelled to swear by his soul to three conditions; to never mention his youth; to speak not of the present; and to utter no word concerning the future. When the oath had been taken, a huge basket was lowered in which the man seated himself and was drawn up by the porter and the gates were closed.

But besides these four gates there was another, a small door to the east to which a narrow road led. This gate was for those who went each day to gather flags in the country about the castle. And when they had gathered great bundles of flags they returned and the last one in bolted the gate and swung the three chains across the door.

Within the castle there were inhabitants to a very great number. To look upon them was a cause for deep sorrow; for all of them were old—older than the oldest being who ever lived upon the earth. The women were shrunken almost beyond recognition and the men were so covered by their hair and beards which were so long as to impede their trembling footsteps that their garments were scarcely visible.

Each person pursued the wonted occupation of his early days. There were the kings who quarrel-

ed amongst themselves; there were the vain women adorning themselves; and there were the beggars who sat upon the fountain edge within the great courtyard and begged alms.

And once there stood upon the walls two men, a beggar and a swordmaker. The swordmaker had arrived but the day before.

"What is the faint glow which I perceive in the east, beggar?"

"That, swordmaker, is the glow from the towers of the City of Youth, and there are times when we hear far-away music coming out from that direction, whereat every soul which hears is stricken ill for three days and recovers only by bathing three times a day in the pool of the fountain in the great courtyard."

"And what is the property of cure in the water of the fountain?" asked the swordmaker.

"It is the fountain of Hate of Youth and to whomsoever bathes therein memory of his other days is no longer possible and him the glow in the east cannot affect."

And then the beggar went down to beg in the courtyard and the swordmaker to temper a sword for the great King Karwan who was the chief king of the city.

And after some hours a loud babble arose in the market-place where the guards were leading a very young and beautiful woman and a child before King Karwan. And there was a mighty hissing and hoarse shouting at the two and the beggars were spitting on them and the old women were beating them with their staffs. When they were brought before the King he demanded who gave them entrance, to which the four gatekeepers replied that no one of them did so. He then demanded of the young woman how she had gained admittance. She reluctantly answered that she had come in through the east door which was unfastened.

At this reply there was a terrified silence which lasted several minutes as though everyone held his breath to hear the King's next question.

But the King sat long in meditation and did not ask the question anticipated.

"Whence came you to this castle, and for what purpose?" asked the King.

And trembling more than before and clinging close to the child, the woman replied: "I came out from the City of Youth to walk in the night and in the darkness I lost my way in the maze of roads about the city and finally I came upon a

MOON MAGIC

The moon sits singing on a bough of heaven,
Uprisen from the meadows of the sea,
Singing mid the stars which are seven
Like a white bird upon a silver tree.

Or as a lady wrapped in the night's sadness
Walks, dreaming, down a garden path
To see within the pool the same strange sweetness
This lover, and the other, ever hath.

"A mad Pierrot heart," I hear them saying,
"Beautiful like birches by the moon."
I know—ribbons of moonlight she was laving,
Poignant like a near-forgotten tune.

On me while I slept that first night, dreaming,
That first night when I felt this world-thing—
I know. It was the moon with all her gleaming
That made me mad, that always makes me sin.

BRAND NEW.

"He's a fine-looking young fellow," said the lawyer.
"Ye-e-es," assented his friend dubiously.
"Well, anyway, he has a mighty good head."
"It ought to be good," was the reply. "That man's head is brand new—he's never used it any."—Argonaut.

road which led me straight to this castle. And I desire only rest and shelter."

When she had ceased speaking the uproar was frightful and the whole assembly in the audience chamber including the great King fell upon them and drove them through the streets out the gate through which she had entered, flinging stones and curses upon her. And looking back, she perceived over the door graven characters which said:

"This is the City of those who Were Never Young."

And the whole population of the city immediately rushed to bathe in the fountain in the great courtyard so that there was a confusion so terrible that many were mortally injured.

WE MET BY CHANCE.

Many of our students must have noticed that fine old gentleman strolling about the college grounds a long time on Thanksgiving Day. Everything about him looked so strong and complacent that no wonder several reports were circulated as to his position, that he was the ex-president of a college, that he was one of our revered poets, that he was that noble American sculptor from the neighboring city of A—. But this last surmise was contradicted by some one who had visited the sculptor's studio, and who said there was, indeed, a striking resemblance to the massive but athletic figure, pure complexion, snowy beard and life-problem-solved expression of both, but that our visitor was at least ten years the artist's senior.

I think I was the only one who had the honor of conversing with this gentleman while he lingered among us. I had wandered back a long distance from the dormitories and stood on the upper side of the farthest bridge, watching the brook exult over the sullen discomfiture of the early snowfall. My thoughts had started from the remark a companion had made to me on the same spot, that he would some day have such a brook bounding through his own grounds, and had run on thence I do not know how long. I was living in the future, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder. But the touch was so eloquent that I understood it, and did not look up until the spell, which had held me, gradually broke itself. Then I turned and found the old gentleman gazing into the stream as dreamily as I had gazed. When I moved, his head slowly rose, he left off leaning on the bridge, and presently took his eyes from the water and fixed them on me. For all that the look was so dreamy I know it searched me through and through. Beneath this passing cloud of disposition was something in him which would have fallen from me had I not been honest. Perhaps I was under partial magnetic control. I had no desire to check his gaze. I remember only a phase of delicious frankness. He raised his hand from my shoulders and passing it within my arm, drew me along the path through the grove with the same recondite affectionateness which I now remember to have felt from the first. Returning by degrees from reverie to reflection, from reflection to conscious observation, he came at length to relate substantially the following story. I can account for such confidence only by supposing that he detected and understood the intense sympathy with which I listened to him:

"Just fifty years ago I stood where you stand. I was a sophomore at U— College. But that was before yonder buildings were erected. This hill, I remember, as a favorite walk, and a scene of a duel I happened to witness between two Virginians. The college, in my day, was what your old professors now call West College. Beside it and close under my win-

dow flowed the great Erie canal, and where the city school children now romp and shout the dignified academic used to leisurely pace up and down, back and forth.

"I was a country boy, fresh from the farm. My father before me had studied Latin and Greek, and my mother, also, was educated. But their attention had been directed much more to giving us children strong thoughts and deep morals, than to cultivating superficial manners. I am no longer surprised or indignant that, therefore, my society was not courted by fashionable collegians. My con-

sequent mortification did not, however, long prevent me from observing that mixed with much affectation they had many qualities worthy of my emulation, and I resolved to be as fine a gentleman as any of them.

"Meanwhile I was cut off from society which now I began to desire. In my case it was the absence of Eve that made me pluck from the tree of knowledge. I read eagerly, as few of you do now, 'Cicero and Epictetus, and Plutarch and Polybius'—'truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.' I

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—SOCIALIST

(Continued from page 3.)

Shaw realized that the proletariat, instead of being the revolutionary, is in reality the conservative element of society.

Shaw said in an article in the "Clarion," that he refused to agree with anybody on any subject whatsoever. "Let them agree with me if my arguments convince them. If not, let them plank down their own views. I will not have my mouth stopped and my mind stifled." X. Y.

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WE MET BY CHANCE.

(Continued from page 4)

traveled far in the pale realms of reason, even to the temple of pure religion, and dwelt in the summer-land of song. I philosophized upon the development of civilization, and discovered how the arbitrary claims of good society come to have a binding force, and that it justly exacts a refinement in etiquette out of all proportion to the amount of thought it expends on other subjects. Many a night I would carry on these thoughts leaning out of my window over the canal. It was right pretty to watch the oncoming and receding boats, meeting or passing one another, and turning out of sight. Sometimes a packet would come dashing along and when the passengers heard the students singing under the trees and saw the many lighted halls, they would have the galloping horses held up that they might float silently along until the headway of the boat had born them out of hearing.

"About my only acquaintance was with people who passed on the boat. I might indeed have

had a room on the opposite side of the college overlooking the street; where lived certain favored young ladies,—favored both by frequent but unsatisfactory communication with young gentlemen across the way, and curiously enough by an unusual number of young lady callers. I might have engaged in this harmless flirtation, but I preferred more distant relations such as I held with the passengers over the great waterway. It was among these, I saw a full blown, beautiful woman. She was standing on the deck of a westward bound packet, probably two or three and twenty, large and queenly. Her glance caught mine, hung for a moment, while the rich color on her cheek, heightened and then fell. Afterwards I thought of her many times and wondered if she were not going to join her betrothed in the wilderness of western New York.

"Another day a boat passed gaily by, and standing on the staircase at the stern was a slight young lady with a face intensely alive in every feature. As she rejoiced in the glory of the scene her happiness was so evident I could not but smile in sympathy. She

recognized my mood without being offended, and when I tossed down a rose, gleefully clapped her little hands while it was falling, caught it and pinned it on her bosom. Ah! those were happy days in college, too quickly ended. If I were at home my wife would perhaps show you the same rose faded. She might even tell you its history. If her failing strength permitted, for we are growing old, my wife could teach you probably as much philosophy as any of your professors. She has been my imagination; and her intuitions are well nigh infallible.

"Incidents like these and others more commonplace—that is with commoner people, but perhaps such passages with common people are the most romantic—showed me I had the same nature with thousands of my fellow beings, and I might some day taste the most intoxicating pleasure, power over human souls.

"But college days did end and I sought my fortune elsewhere. Long before I left college the ambition I had felt to be a gentleman had been satisfied and lost in other ambitions outside of myself. I went forth to work for others and upon others, to engage in that transcendent battle where soul leaps up and grapples soul, to embark in a business where we handle not bills and goods, but human hopes and loves, and destinies. This—this is the life! I have succeeded, for I have been true to myself. I have not meddled with any man's individuality, nor have I agitated any heart for my own pleasure or reputation. Yet when I go home, I shall find a city full who love me, and follow my lead. I have come back to this spot to spend my Thanksgiving Day, because I received the influx of those forces which I have since operated for my own happiness, and my brothers. 'Young man,' he said and I shall never forget the sweetness of the tone, 'my heart was cleaved to yours this afternoon. I believe your life will be like mine.' We had drifted down town and I left my venerable friend at his hotel. He departed this same night, having invited me to his home. I shall go soon to visit him for my desire to know his wonderful wife is hardly less than to meet himself. But whether I see him again or not I shall remember him as the noblest man I have ever met. E. P. W.

CALL FOR CANDIDATES.

The call for candidates for the position of assistant song leader has been sounded. All those who wish to try-out for the position are requested to hand their names at once to Hugh Williams, '17, varsity song leader.

SCOTTICISM.

McTavish and Macpherson are adrift at sea in an open boat.

McTavish (on his knees): O, Lord, I ken I've broken maist o' Thy commandments. And I've been a hard drinker all my days. But, O Lord, if we're spared this time, I promise never—

Macpherson: I widna commit myself ower far, Donald. I think I see land.

Read All Of This



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REV. MOLDENHOWER**VESPERS SPEAKER**

The speaker for Sunday vespers will be the Rev. J. V. Moldenhower of the Second Presbyterian Church at Albany. Dr. Moldenhower has often spoken at vespers, and he is a great favorite with all Union men. He is sure to have a talk that is worth while, and is sure to keep alive the interest and enthusiasm of his hearers. The fact that he is highly spoken of by Dean Ripton, should alone be sufficient evidence of his merit.

Vespers will begin at 4:30 P. M., and will be preceded by the usual song service, an innovation which proved popular with the students last Sunday. The song service is under the charge of Hugh Williams and Wilson Clough.

It is hoped that a large audience will be on hand to greet Dr. Moldenhower.

PRESS CLUB NOTES.

At the weekly meeting of the Press Club on Wednesday night, it was announced that the contract for the annual Union calendar put out under the auspices of the Club had been let. The 1917 calendar will be of an altogether novel and unique design and a memento which every student and friend of Union will be fortunate to possess.

TWO MORE GAMES**PLAYED IN LEAGUE**

(Continued from page 1.)

Phi Delta Theta—Weinert, right forward; Reed, left guard; Northrup, center; Rogers, right guard; O. Hawn, left guard.

Goals from field: Northrup (2), O. Hawn (2), Wadsworth (2), Notman (3), Palmer (1). Goals from foul: Wadsworth, O. Hawn. Referee: Miller. Time of halves: 10 minutes.

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