

No. 31.

DEVONPORT  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1919.

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# THE DEVONPORT High School Magazine.

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No. 31.

DECEMBER, 1919.

PRICE 6d.

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**Editor :**

R. G. TREVITHICK.

**Sub-Editor :**

J. E. C. GLASSON.

All communications should be addressed to  
"THE MAGAZINE EDITOR, DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL."

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## EDITORIAL.

Peace is with us ; but it is not the peace to which we looked forward. Internecine feuds seem the pastimes of the hour, whilst the whole horizon is heavy with the storm clouds of Social Regeneration and Labour Unrest.

It is in this unconducive atmosphere we sit down to write. Yet fearlessly we take up the pen, for we are confident that principles established upon the adamant foundations of Right and Justice, and for which millions have perished, will survive this passing phase of international upheaval.

The signing of the Peace Treaty on June 28th marked a decided step in the progress of the civilization for which we, in our small way, labour. But the celebrations which followed this great event were marred by that grim spectre of Death which still overshadows Europe. Like many similar bodies throughout our island, D.H.S. (both past and present) gathered to do honour to her fallen heroes : and often shall we think of that July afternoon when we reminded ourselves of their noble sacrifice.

Yet let us not look back with mournful eyes into the past ; rather let us rejoice that this great sacrifice has not been in vain. Then, with well-merited optimism we may look forward to a brighter future when all nations shall join in one common conclave where everything shall be over-ruled by the laws of true Christianity.

## REVUE.

R. N. Curnow has brought great honour to the School by winning jointly with another candidate the Jeaffreson Exhibition.

\* \* \* \* \*

University honours are not lacking to D.H.S.-ians; we congratulate J. Liddicoat, R. E. Stephens and H. Urch on obtaining their Inter. B.A.'s (London).

\* \* \* \* \*

R. E. Stephens (our late Editor) also carries off Alderman Munday's French Prize.

\* \* \* \* \*

Donnelly also deserves our heartiest congratulations on obtaining first place on the Paymaster Cadet list, of June last, though the medical examiners took exception to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cambridge Local Honours still fall our way—no failures this time. Well done!

\* \* \* \* \*

Our best wishes go with A. J. Warren, who, rebuffed by the Army Medical examiners, now seeks his fortune in seafaring.

\* \* \* \* \*

And with S. Williams (our last "Victor Ludorum"), who, like so many other old D.H.S.-ians, has entered the service of the Eastern Telegraph Company.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since the last issue, we have welcomed back many of our former staff, while we have said "adieu" to several who defended the breach whilst these were upholding the cause of Justice in foreign lands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Gates and Miss Yeale deserve much praise for the fine spirit in which they helped us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Armor deserves our congratulations for his bold and fearless conduct on August 6th. Good luck go with him!

\* \* \* \* \*

We deeply regret the departure of Mr. M. Sheldon-Williams, who always took such an active interest in all phases of our school life, and who was the inaugurator of so many school institutions.

Mr. Palmer has proved an able successor to him in the sporting field, while the Cadet Corps is in safe and capable hands with Lieut. H. Ferraro as O.C. His experience of "the real thing" in France (about which, however, he never utters a word) cannot fail to be a valuable asset.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pleasure is it to us to number amongst our "dons," Mr. Connor and Mr. Pritchard, able exponents of the classic and the mother tongues:

\* \* \* \* \*

The D.H.S. Memorial Service, held at the Stoke Damerel Parish Church on July 27th, was an impressive sequel to the celebrations of Peace Day. We thank the officiating clergy for their kind words on that occasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hearty congratulations to Mr. H. J. Poole, who has just taken Honours in Chemistry at the B. Sc. Degree Examination, London University.

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### THE DYKE EXHIBITION, 1919.

I shall have to revise my mental estimate of the new editor (Trevithick). Never during his career with us has he struck me as hyper-modest. In the "Revue" penned by him however, he emulates the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe." Not rich wards in chancery, but praise he bestows without stint on all save himself. Yet he has this year won for himself, and for us, the greatest honour that can fall to any pupil and school in the three Western Counties—the Dyke Exhibition. I am sure we need not recount to the readers of the D.H.S. Magazine what this Exhibition means; for a full explanation was given two years ago, when Bosworthick achieved the same success. And the mention of the first D.H.S. Dyke Exhibitioner recalls a whole gamut of emotion from joy to sorrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

All being well, Trevithick will enter Exeter College, Oxford, some time next year.

\* \* \* \* \*

As he has omitted the item of major importance, little wonder that he did not mention having obtained Inter. B.A. at London University last July, and the Local Committee prize as the best Senior Oxford candidate at the Plymouth Centre.

A.T.

## PRAEFECTI VALETE.

- A. J. WARREN.—Entered School, September, 1913 ; appointed Prefect, September, 1918 ; Full Colours (Football), 1918 ; Captain, 1st XI. (Football), 1918-1919 ; Captain of "Raleigh," January, 1919—July, 1919 ; Sergeant, Cadet Corps, January, 1919 ; Committeeman, Literary and Debating Society, 1918-1919 ; Entered the Merchantile Marine.
- R. E. STEPHENS.—Entered School, September, 1913 ; appointed Prefect, September, 1918 ; 1st XI. (Football), 1919 ; Sergeant, Cadet Corps, January, 1919 ; Editor, D.H.S. Magazine, April, 1919 ; Passed Inter. B.A. (London), July, 1919 ; Entered the Teaching Profession.
- J. LIDDICOAT.—Entered School, September, 1913 ; appointed Prefect, September, 1918 ; Committeeman, Literary and Debating Society, 1918-19 ; Passed Inter. B.A. (London), July, 1919 ; Entered the Teaching Profession.
- H. W. S. URCH.—Entered School, September, 1913 ; appointed Prefect, September, 1918 ; Sergeant, Cadet Corps, January, 1919 ; Captain of "Drake," 1918-19 ; Hon. Secretary, Literary and Debating Society, 1918-19 ; Passed Inter. B.A. (London), July, 1919 ; Entered the Teaching Profession.
- G. H. STEVENS.—Entered School, September, 1917 ; appointed Prefect, January, 1919 ; 1st XI. (Cricket), 1918-19, and Football, 1919 ; now studying Law.

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 SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of School Officers is as follows :—

PREFECTS.—A. E. Damerell (Senior Prefect), R. G. Trevithick, J. E. C. Glasson, F. E. Donnelly, R. Gilbert, A. Freeman, L. O. Jolliffe. L. Wannell, W. S. Visick, J. Screech, and R. Hill.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE.—Masters and Prefects.

1st XI.—Captain, L. Harwood ; Vice-Captain, K. Mason ; Secretary R. Paltridge.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—"Raleigh," J. E. C. Glasson ; "Gilbert," R. G. Trevithick ; "Grenville," A. E. Damerell ; "Drake," E. R. Osborne.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—Committee : R. G. Trevithick (Chairman), J. E. C. Glasson (Hon. Secretary), F. E. Donnelly, R. Gilbert, E. R. Osborne, W. S. Vistck (Musical Director).

D.H.S. CADET CORPS.—Commanding Officer : Lieutenant H. Ferraro ; Lieutenant A. Hutchings ; Second-Lieutenant C. F. Armor ; Sergeant-Major A. E. Damerell.

D.H.S. TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS.—Scoutmaster : Mr. Bennett.

WAR SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.—Secretary : Mr. A. Hutchings.

### NUGAE.

To all whom it might concern, please note :—

The Magazine box is not a storehouse for pig's food, nor is it an oven for roasting chestnuts.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have been pleased to receive a contribution from a certain L.D.C.E.M.C. . . . ., for the which we thank him, but owing to the requirements of our readers, we cannot devote the whole of the Mag. to his signature.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dignity of the Sixth is threatened by the persistency of new boys during their first morning's "break," to venture beyond the iron staircase. They have yet to learn that they must not round the square.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold the ravings of a statistician :—

"If all the pads were one great pad, what a great pad 'twould be."

Cave, O mighty Sixth, and be ye not covetous of thy neighbours' goods.

\* \* \* \* \*

Someone has remarked that we are indeed a very cosmopolitan lot : for besides having Englishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen, we have French and also some other foreigners—since no one can deny that the Cornishmen are not well represented in the school.

Since the Corps is now so efficient, why is it that all the Upper Forms haven't joined? "Well, of cor(p)s, . . ." they reply. But this isn't good enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

Us wud laike ter know if Maister 'Ill wud taik th' 'onery orfice uv Perfesser uv th' De'mshur langidge ter th' Jawing Serciety, fur 'is yarns be vurry faine, an' p'raps us might yer some moore o' 'em.

\* \* \* \* \*

Which member of the staff enticed a dog to school? Mum's the word.

\* \* \* \* \*

The school lawn is a wonderful place. Not only grass, daisies and dandelions are found there but also silver and copper. A florin, two shillings and two half-pennies were obtained from it in one week.

\* \* \* \* \*

The best brains in the school have been at work on this problem and the solution is to be found, not our over-flowing pockets, but the cost of mending material (*vide* Bates & Co.'s dividend last year).

---

## CRICKET.

The season of 1919 provided a full programme of fixtures, thirteen matches being played by the first XI. and ten by the 2nd. In addition the Wednesdays were fully occupied by the "House" and "Form" matches.

The attendance at the field proved that the game is popular, and the interest due to "house" matches showed that the competition was having its effect upon the game and its possibilities. The one serious drawback to any really successful cricket training is the poor surface of the field. Great results can hardly be expected when the practice is taken regularly on the turf, poor as that is, while the matches are usually played on matting.

The batting, although not approaching a high standard, was, at least, consistent. The best form was shewn by Mears, Skiggs and Stevens, the first of whom made the highest aggregate, and the highest individual score, while Skiggs had the highest average.

The bowling honours fell to Tanner, who, bowling splendidly throughout, took 66 wickets, which was more than all the others together. He was admirably supported by Skiggs with 33 wickets and Miller ii. 17 wickets. Donnelly and S. Williams also bowled with some success.

Of the thirteen matches played 11 were won and 2 lost. The fielding was excellent, and frequently drew appreciative comments by onlookers and opponents. There were many splendid catches, particularly by Mears and S. Williams, and the ground work was always splendid.

The second XI. had a very enjoyable time. Ten matches were played, 7 being won and 3 lost. The best batting was shewn by Paltridge, Hill, Cauley, and Quantick, and the most successful bowlers were Cauley and Waters, who took 66 wickets between them. Hegarty and Paltridge supported them by taking 19 wickets.

It is a matter for regret that the lower pitch is so very poor, but till times have changed, and the field with it, there is little hope for large scores from the second team.

#### THE XI.

HARWOOD.—Captain; did not quite come up to expectations; needs more vim; batted and kept wicket fairly well.

S. WILLIAMS.—Vice-Captain; disappointing as a batsman; fielded splendidly; needs to be more serious.

MEARS.—Batted well and fielded finely; on two occasions came near getting a half-century.

SKIGGS.—Batted and bowled well; batting average 17, took 38 wickets at an average of 4.2.

STEVENS.—Has a good style and batted well; very competent fielder.

DONNELLY.—Did fairly well, but did not shine; made a 'good' change bowler.

MASON.—Good in the field, but only moderate with the bat.

V. SMITH.—Bats in nice style; needs more dash; fielded well.

TANNER.—Bowled splendidly; took 66 wickets at an average of 3.7; a bit slow in the field.

JEFFERY.—Has a good style, but hardly fulfilled expectations.

MILLER ii.—Good change bowler; fair bat; good in the field.

## FOOTBALL.

The first XI. officers are :—Captain, Harwood ; Vice-Captain, Mason ; Secretary, Paltridge.

The season 1919-1920 bids fair to be a most successful one. The attendance at the field has been considerably above the average, the most noticeable feature being the enthusiasm of the juniors.

“ House ” matches provide a full fixture list for Wednesdays throughout the season, and the first and second elevens have a full fixture list for Saturdays.

An effort is being made to secure matches for a 3rd XI., which could easily be fielded.

An interesting feature this term is the regular series of “ form ” matches being played by the smaller juniors, an augury of good for the future.

Full colours have been awarded to Harwood, Mason, Donnelly and Wannell ; and half-colours to Miller i., Miller ii., Paltridge, Hegarty, and Waters.

---

 WANTED—AN EXPLANATION.

What is going to happen to D.H.S. now that there is only ONE “ late ” Prefect ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Are all who voted for rural simplicity willing to forego the Cinema for evermore ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Will the Palladium go bankrupt upon the departure of our picture-loving friend ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Why have the Civil Service Medical advisers taken such exception to D.H.S. ? Isn't “ tipping ” still in vogue ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Lemon-sucking for the battle-weary 1st XI. is an innovation. Can anyone explain where the money subscribed for the purchase of these lemons goes ? Has the institution any connection with Miss Lemon, of Palladium fame ?

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Yer pays yer penny and yer takes yer choice. ” Can anyone give the origin of this proverb now adopted by the whole of the Classical Sixth ?

Who was the Sixth-former who wanted to buy three gloves,  
two to wear and one to flip ?

\* \* \* \* \*

What becomes of the Sixth Form library subscriptions when  
the librarian is in London ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who's the master " that's gone an' bin an' done it ? "

\* \* \* \* \*

Who is the worthy gentleman who called the Sixth " a  
heterogeneous mass ? "

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## THE SPORTS.

The last sports to be held under war conditions were held at Greatlands on Thursday, July 31st, and were an unqualified success. The weather was delightful; the competition keen. The list of entries was a record, numbering about 200, and this notwithstanding that the sports were held at the end of the Cambridge Local week, and that no prizes were being offered to the winners.

The rivalry between the " houses " kept the interest at boiling point, especially as previous results had put " Raleigh " out of the race, unless something wonderful was done. In the end the Championship fell to " Gilbert," " Grenville " being the runners-up.

Three new records were made. In the half mile, under 16, Waters won in 2 mins. 39½ seconds; in the mile, open, Wilson made the time 5 mins. 28 seconds; while Tamblyn, in the long jump, under 14, made the new record 15 feet 7½ inches.

The Senior Victor was S. Williams, who ran and jumped splendidly. The Junior Victor, who was Collingwood, was an easy winner.

After the sports the boys assembled, and the Head Master presented the Challenge Cups amid the enthusiasm which only boys can shew on such occasions. Before concluding, he made kindly reference to Mr. Sheldon Williams, the Sports' Master, who was leaving, thus bringing to a conclusion a pleasant, if exacting time.

## RESULTS OF EVENTS.

100 yards (open).—1 Wilson, 2 Williams, 3 Mason. Under 16—1 Waters, 2 Pike, 3 Harwood. Under 14—1 Collingwood, 2 Quantick, 3 Boston. Under 12—1 Pearson, 2 Bastow, 3 Healey. Under 10—1 Widdecombe, 2 LePage. Under 8—1 Wilson, 2 Harper i.

220 yards (open).—1 Wilson, 2 Williams, 3 Wannell. Under 16—1 Waters, 2 Ingram, 3 Pike. Under 14—1 Collingwood, 2 Quantick, 3 Price. Under 12—1 Bastow, 2 Pearson, 3 Widger. Under 10—1 Mathieson, 2 Wilson, 3 Widdecombe.

Quarter Mile (open).—1 Wilson, 2 Williams, 3 Freeman. Under 16—1 Harwood, 2 Ingram, 3 Waters. Under 14—1 Collingwood, 2 Quantick, 3 Webb. Under 12—1 Harper, 2 LePage, 3 Mathieson.

Half Mile.—Under 16—1 Waters, 2 Pike, 3 Ingram. Under 14—1 Webb, 2 King, 3 Owen.

Mile (open).—1 Wilson, 2 Williams, 3 Rowe.

Long Jump (open).—1 Williams, 2 Ingram, 3 Harwood. Under 14—1 Tamblyn, 2 Gosling, 3 Bennett.

High Jump (open).—1 Williams, 2 Wannell, 3 Wilson. Under 16—1 Ingram, 2 Harwood and Caunter. Under 14—1 Quantick, 2 Sole, 3 Jeffery. Under 12—1 Fry, 2 Widger, 3 Lamerton. Under 10—1 Leete, 2 Irving, 3 Booth. Under 8—1 Wilson, 2 Harper, 3 Roach.

Cricket Ball (open).—1 Harwood, 2 Williams, 3 Waters and Ingram. Under 14—1 Oliver, 2 Collingwood and Blackmore.

Relay Race (Senior).—1 "Gilbert," 2 "Grenville," 3 "Raleigh." Under 15—1 "Raleigh," 2 "Gilbert," 3 "Grenville." Under 12—1 "Gilbert," 2 "Raleigh," 3 "Grenville."

Fielding.—1 "Grenville," 2 "Raleigh," 3 "Drake."

Tug-of-War (Senior).—1 "Grenville," 2 "Gilbert," 3 "Raleigh." Under 15—1 "Gilbert," 2 "Drake," 3 "Grenville."

Musical Chairs, on Bicycles.—1 Mason, 2 Freeman, 3 Coombe.

Flower-pot Race.—Under 10—1 Faulkner, 2 Sims, 3 Johns. Under 8—1 Newman, 2 Thompson, 3 Burns.

Senior Victor.—S. Williams; Runner-up, Wilson.

Junior Victor.—Collingwood; Runner-up, Quantick.

Championship.—"Gilbert."

## HOUSE POINTS.

House.	Football.	Cricket.	Cadet Corps.	Sports.	Total.
"Gilbert"	62.50	66.66	56.00	30.30	215.46
"Grenville"	29.16	100.00	50.00	16.30	195.46
"Raleigh"	58.16	0.00	64.60	35.70	158.46
"Drake"	50.00	33.33	56.40	17.60	157.33

## DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

(affiliated to the 5th Prince of Wales's Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment).

*Officer Commanding*—Cadet Lieut. H. Ferraro.

*Chaplain*—Rev. J. Heywood-Waddington, M.A.

*Cadet Lieut.*—A. Hutchings.

*Cadet Sec.-Lieut.*—C. F. Armor.

*Sergeant-Major*—A. E. Damerell.

*Qr.-Mr. Sergeant*—R. G. Trevithick.

*Corporals*—J. E. C. Glasson, L. Harwood, R. Hicks, R. Kimber, and A. Pryor.

*Lance-Corporals*—L. Day, H. Miller, and R. Paltridge.

The summer months are times of strenuous exertion for the Cadet Corps. Then it is that the Section Sergeant is a person particularly hard to please. The most perfectly executed of drill movements fails to call forth his approbation, while in no uncertain fashion he exhorts every cadet so to acquit himself as to secure to his Section the premier position in the Inter-Section Competition. There can be no doubt that these Section Competitions are of the greatest value. The healthy rivalry created between the various Sections serves to maintain a high standard of efficiency throughout the whole Corps.

The competition for the Lampard Cup is another feature of the summer activities. This year the contest proved a very spirited one, and resulted in a win for Section IV., Section II. being only two points behind.

At the beginning of last term the Officers had a welcome reinforcement in Mr. Armor, on his return from active service overseas. Mr. Armor's experience is of the greatest benefit to the Corps.

On Sunday, May 24th, the Corps attended the Memorial Service of the 5th Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, to which Battalion the Corps is affiliated.

Another important event was the inspection of the Corps by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, after the ceremony of presentation of Colours to this Battalion.

At a special parade at the end of July, Lieut. Hutchings, on behalf of the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Cadets of the Corps, presented to Capt. Sheldon Williams a silver rose-bowl on the occasion of his leaving. Captain Sheldon Williams inaugurated the Corps in 1915, and as its Commanding Officer has spared no pains to maintain it in an efficient state. The Corps is greatly indebted to him and he carries with him the best wishes of all its members, both past and present.

The Christmas term is always a difficult one from a Corps point of view. At the conclusion of every school year the Corps has to say farewell to many of its senior members who are about to set out in their chosen careers. This term has been no exception. When the school reassembled in September it was obvious that only a united effort on the part of all concerned would suffice to place the Corps on a secure footing. The issue was not long in doubt, for recruiting went on apace. Great credit is due to Sergt.-Major Damerell, Qr.-Mr. Sergeant Trevithick, and the newly-promoted N.C.O.'s for the zeal they displayed in carrying out the work of reorganization. It is particularly pleasing to note that many of the recruits were drawn from the Upper Forms of the school. In this connection mention must be made of the services of Corporal Pryor. His handling of the large squad of recruits left nothing to be desired. We wish he could have remained longer with us.

Prospective candidates for commissions in H.M. Army will be pleased to know that the conditions for qualifying for marks for military proficiency have been altered in such a way as to include members of Cadet Corps. Hitherto these marks have been awarded only to members of Officers Training Corps who possess Certificate "A." Prior to the war the number of marks so allotted was 200, and during the war this was increased to 400. The War Office now announces that for the future the maximum is to be raised to 600, the first examination under the new regulations being held in June, 1920.

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### THE D.H.S. RENAISSANCE

*(Humour from the Lower School).*

A certain scholar was asked why the poet Gray referred to Isabella as the "She-wolf of France." As he hesitated and seemed embarrassed, he was further asked whether it was not an unusual term to apply to a lady. Very promptly and surprisingly came the reply, "No." Evidently his experience has been almost as unfortunate as that of King Edward II., of lamented memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

What must have been the feelings of "the lad who leant over the yawning *abscess* to save his brother?"

\* \* \* \* \*

We have all been cheered by the unexpectedly roseate view which Mr. Lloyd George takes of the financial situation. Here, however, as in all other matters, D.H.S. leads the way, and the

Premier's speech was but a tame affair to those of us who had been privileged to read the following effusion from a lower-form financier : " We all know what a great deal of money the Government wanted, to be able to pay off the debt of the War. Now this debt is all paid for, the Government ought to reduce some of the men's wages." By a stroke of the pen the debt which has been harassing economists and financial experts, is liquidated. So far, so good—but what will " some of the men " say ?

\* \* \* \* \*

We are not lacking in Biblical enthusiasts. On being asked to whom was St. Luke's Gospel dedicated, one lad wisely replied, " Mephistopheles." This shows the futility of too early attendance at the Opera.

Another writes, " A parable is a heavenly saying with no earthly meaning." Nothing like telling the truth.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ancient beauties of the Latin language are surpassed by the artistic discoveries of modern times :—

Cæsar plumbum exercitus—Cæsar led the Army.

Ego testamentum ire—I will go.

Experientia docet—Experience does it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Historical research has been making rapid strides :—

" The Britons were having news from goal (Gaul) that the great Julius Cæsar was coming over from Rome to conquer them." (A somewhat peculiar place to establish an intelligence department !)

" In olden days there lived a lot of people in goal (Gaul) who weren't quite civilized." (It doesn't say much for the goalkeepers of old. Let us hope there has been an improvement since then.)

" Julius Cæsar was a Roman generally." (Poor fellow ! what was he at other times ?)

---

### BOARDING-HOUSE GEOMETRY.

(*Considering Euclid far too old-fashioned for the modern era of progress, we append a few suggestions in its revision.*)

Theorem 1 : A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

Theorem 2 : A single room, if bisected, *i.e.* divided into two equal parts, is equal to a double room.

Theorem 3 : The landlady is an irregular angular figure with more than one acute angle, and is equal to anything.

Theorem 4 : Any two boarding house meals are together equal to less than one square feed.

Theorem 5 : Any boarding house tea and supper, taken together, cannot enclose a space.

Theorem 6 : A "B-ee" line can be made from any one boarding house to another.

Theorem 7 : Boarding house blankets are those which, produced ever so far in either direction, will not meet.

Theorem 8 : A boarding house pie may be produced an unlimited number of times.

Theorem 9 : If the row between the landlady and the boarder on the first floor be equal to the row between the landlady and the boarder on the second floor, then should their bills be equal ; for, if not, one of them would be less than it might have been, which is absurd.

---

#### THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, the 19th of March, a meeting of the Society was held for a novel purpose. In our usual meeting room, Parliament held its solemn conclave. A. E. Damerell (Speaker) took the chair at 7 p.m. The Government was represented by H. W. Urch (Prime Minister), R. E. Stephens (First Lord of the Admiralty), R. G. Trevithick (Food Controller), while the Opposition was headed by F. W. Skinnard (Labour Leader); J. E. C. Glasson (Liberal Leader), supported him. The Opposition brought forward a Bill to nationalise the mines, shipping and railways. A most animated and heated debate followed, in which the chief element was noise ; in this, at least, did we resemble Westminster.

A division was called and the Government were hopelessly defeated.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first meeting for the winter session of 1919 took place on Wednesday, October 15th, when our new chairman, R. G. Trevithick, presided. The members of the Society were assembled to discuss the question, " Is the British Empire hastening to its fall ? "

E. R. Osborne, who proposed that we are hastening to a very imminent doom, pointed out that in our Empire there was not only commercial but also religious decay. Labour trouble is at the

bottom of our falling off in commerce, since the Labour agitators and their sheep-like followers, too intent upon their own interests, forget the welfare of the State. Commercial inactivity invites opposition and rivalry, and so, while in the British Empire men are thundering forth their views on the rights of the working man, the Americans are creating a menace, and that menace is the threat, nay, the determination, to steal our trade. From Victorian times the religious life in the country has steadily declined, for Englishmen are becoming too learned to accept the whole truth of Christianity. Like Greece and Rome, we have maintained a mighty Empire, and now like them we are fated to fall, and give place to our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic.

R. Bullock, in opposing, declared, with cheery optimism, that despite the strain of fighting, and moreover of fighting in a just cause, Britain is still capable of coming out on top. Witness the effectiveness of our military, naval and aerial armaments. There seems, he thinks, to be only one thing which might possibly be a thorn in our side, and that is the almost unlimited power wielded by the numerous Trades Unions. This abuse of power might drag us down to some extent, yet if the free thought of all the members could only supersede blind obedience to a coterie, the benefits would far outweigh the danger of unbridled power. With improved education and the principles it instils, how can there be any lowering of the nation's greatness, and how can we miss the due fruits of our just victory?

The proposer was ably supported by E. J. Riggs, who considered that our enormous expenditure in itself was sufficient to bring us to ruin. All over the world the great Empire of Britain is being threatened by foreign powers, who would be only too willing to wrest everything from us and leave us like a broken doll, unwept for and forgotten.

The opposer secured the services of J. A. Screech, who seconded him with a very satisfactory speech. When the debate was declared open, the diversity of opinion gave healthy promise of the true debating spirit. At the end of the evening the ballot was taken, and it was found that, of twenty-five who voted, eighteen with characteristic patriotism decided against the motion—the proposition being defeated by a majority of eleven.

In the course of the evening S. A. Pryor most kindly officiated at the piano, where he gave some talented renderings of "Le Valse Chromatique," Mac Dowell's "Shadow Dance" and "Hungarian" and Grieg's "Bridal Procession." The Committee wish to express their thanks both to him and also to R. Hill, who amused the company with a humorous reading in Devonshire Dialect.

On Wednesday, October 29th, we assembled to decide if rural life were more conducive to human happiness than town life.

The country was represented by N. Rowe. In proposing, he most aptly drew a picture of rustic loveliness, and then contrasted it with the ugly, murky picture of town life, with all its smoke and roar and poverty. In his opinion, it is the town conditions that give rise to crime. The limitless extent of the countryside make the countryman simple in mind and trusting as a child. He is big and brawny, and even if he can be charged with plain-spokenness, this is preferable to the oily words of many of your town-dwellers. The poets never rave about the town, but always choose the country, and paint in glowing colours the splendours of the pageant of nature, yet they never descend to useless flattery. An example was now given by a quotation from Longfellow, which fittingly concluded the proposer's speech.

E. J. Riggs, who opposed, first delighted his hearers with rather a large number of definitions of the word "happy." Finally, he chose one which he thought most suitable for the occasion. Living in a state of content or felicity was the meaning assigned to happiness. Since we are for the major portion of our time in houses, it is quite evident that our houses contribute a great deal towards our happiness. It is only in the towns where every necessary is obtainable, that well-built and comfortable houses can be built for all. In the country what are known as houses would be more truthfully termed hovels. Moreover, the countryman's work is long and hard, and his life is consequently one monotonous round, for the wretched means of transport prevent his associating with others than those in his own particular village. The amusements of the town are not for him, and so he is condemned to work from dawn till dark and sleep from dark till dawn. Worry, too, forms no small part of the countryman's lot, for the seasons and the weather prevalent are all in all to him.

F. E. Donnelly, who seconded the proposer, went back to nature, and shewed his listeners that living in towns was directly opposed to the laws of nature. The simple life is what was intended for us. He told an amusing story which more than testified as to the ripe old age of rustics. Coming back to the health point of view, he pointed out that the pureness of the air in the country must be far more salutary in its effect than the smoke laden atmosphere of the towns. A quotation from Vergil's *Georgics* was made, and this was surely intended as the last word on the subject.

W. J. Merren, in seconding the opposer, mentioned that the poets took a biased view of the situation. They only considered the delightful element and not so much as thought of the dreary and desolate picture the countryside presents during bad weather.

He also referred to the great difficulty experienced in the country in obtaining any form of higher education.

Mr. Liddicoat, a welcome visitor and sometime member of the Committee, drew a melancholy picture of the country in winter. In reply to the many theories of the peacefulness of the countryside, he said that he preferred the clang of tramcars to the cawing of rooks.

After a most interesting open debate, the motion was put to the vote and the result shewed the great reverence our members have for the "simple life." Twenty-two supported the motion, and only six signified their content to live "in urbe."

Our thanks are due to Mr. A. Hutchings, who opened the proceedings with his song, "The Two Grenadiers;" also to W. S. Visick, the present holder of a newly created office, that of musical director, who furnished a diversion in the form of two delightful pianoforte solos. "Automne," by C. Chaminade, and Sinding's "Frühlingsrauschen;" and also for the Dialect Reading, "Squire Thorne's Fire Escape," by R. Hill.

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The Committee are exceedingly grateful for the work of all interested, and the zeal which has been shown to make this Society a real and lasting institution.

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#### WAR SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

With the cessation of hostilities it was thought by many that contributions towards War Savings Certificates would be diminished. Although there has been a decrease in the amount of money flowing into the exchequer of the school Association, yet we cannot complain. The average weekly contributions for the last month amounted to £8 6s. 0d., as against £9 1s. 0d. for the corresponding period of last year.

The total amount contributed for War Savings Certificates in the School Association (up to the time of writing) is £2,104 4s. 0d. or an average of £8 15s. 6d. per member.

During the first ten months of 1919, £563 15s. 0d. has been contributed.

The wealth of the School seems confined to the Lower Forms (*i.e.* Form II. and below). Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that the services of members of the Upper School have not been required for potato lifting this year.

It seems probable that War Savings Certificates (a more appropriate name seems to be Peace Savings Certificates) will continue to be issued by the Government. Hence the Association will continue to exist, and the Secretary will be glad to receive subscriptions on Monday mornings at 12-20 p.m.

A.H.

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TO EVERYBODY.

When to débate you have to go  
 To learn the way to sing and crow,  
 Who says "to sleep I'd like to go?"  
 Why, everybody.

Now stumps are gone from off the field,  
 This year no more the bat we'll wield,  
 Who says "we'll win the football shield?"  
 Why, everybody.

When from parade you make your flight,  
 With shoulders straight and puttees tight,  
 Who says "the Corps is not all right?"  
 Why, nobody.

The summer's gone, it's danced its reel,  
 And football now desires our zeal,  
 Who says "there's nobody on the field?"  
 Why, everybody.

And when we go our several ways,  
 Who'll hear many a boy who says,  
 "D.H.S. ! Oh ! Those were happy days ?"  
 Why, everybody.

—N. ROWE.

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### THE SCOUTS' CAMP AT CADOVER BRIDGE.

We were all in very high spirits when we eagerly clambered up into the lorry which was to take us and our baggage to camp.

We arrived at Cadover Bridge at about 8 o'clock in the morning, after having rent the air with our howls, which we fondly imagined to be songs. The mist hung over the moors, and a gipsy camp near at hand had not yet bestirred itself into life; some frogs on the river bank had not finished their nocturnal croaking, and altogether our camp-site looked by no means inviting. The lorry could not, of course, cross the strip of moorland which lay between us and the place we had chosen to pitch our tents. It consisted of a level strip of grassland, snugly protected on two sides by a hedge, and with a wide stream running level with the other sides. We used this stream as a washing place, since by damming it in certain places we were able to construct pools to act as basins. Our drinking water we obtained from the large river Cad or higher Plym. After much labour we succeeded in conveying our kit from the road to the camp, and by dint of more exertion we erected the tents and put everything in comparative order. It would not be advisable to make a statement as to the number of tent pegs and mallets that were broken, but, nevertheless, the camp *was* established.

We managed very well with our own cooking, as each tent "pooled" its foodstuffs, and the cooking was taken in hand by each occupant of the tent in turn—*i.e.*, providing he had gained his "Second Class" Badge. I will not give the names of certain members of the troop who "over-ate" themselves, and went sick, which was not surprising as one of their number devoured two whole tins of "Nestle's condensed milk" during the first twenty-four hours of our stay.

There was no hard and fast rule for each day, but we all carried out a rough sort of routine. We rose at 6 a.m., when "Reveille" was sounded; breakfast followed at 7 a.m. From 7 to 8 we cleaned up, and then bathed. At 11 we commenced to cook the dinner, which we ate at 12-30 p.m. From dinner-time until 2-30 p.m. we rested, and then had another bathe. We used to play games in the afternoon until tea time, which was fixed at 5 o'clock. After tea we often played cricket, and an occasional game of baseball was started by a few enthusiasts. When all the balls available had been lost, we had to fall back upon a couple score of week-old tuff-cakes, which a forgetful member of the "Tiger" patrol had discovered in the bottom of his kit bag. One of these, by the way, took a piece out of the ear of the "Lion" Patrol's second. "Lights Out" was sounded at ten as a rule, but sometimes a night attack was arranged with a neighbouring troop. On these occasions we never turned

in until midnight. A "Pow-wow" was often held, in which everyone sits around a huge wood fire, and songs are sung, stories told, everyone making as much noise as he can. A frying-pan suffered severely during one of these orgies, owing to the too close attention of an iron poker. The 5th Devonport (Y.M.C.A.) Troop, a highly humorous set of fellows, joined us in one of these gatherings, and turned up in full dress, one as Charlie Chaplin, another as a red-nose fisherman, besides many other queer characters.

With the exception of one night's heavy rain, the weather was favourable during the whole of our fortnight's stay. It grieves me to state that we were deceived by the brightness of the sun one sad day, and had not dug trenches sufficiently deep to prevent the rain collecting as it dripped from the tent. Both the "Tigers" and the "Foxes" were flooded out, while the "Lions" and the "Eagles" suffered rather less. We had all turned in and were just going off to sleep when I discovered that the rain was pouring in at the back of the tent. Howls of anguish rose from the other two tents, and we all wrapped ourselves in our rubber ground sheets picked up axes, knives, mallets, hammers, anything in fact which would dig, and rushed out to save our goods from ruin. We dug steadily for half-an-hour in our pyjamas while the rain simply poured down. We stayed the torrent in our tent and in the "Tiger's," but the "Foxes'" tent was lost, and had to be surrendered to the rain until the morning. We slept with ten in our tent, and there were eleven in the "Tigers," as we had to put up the "Foxes" for the night. Our pyjamas were soaking wet, so we changed into our clothes and slept in them.

We visited Child's tomb during our stay, and several members of the troop learnt to swim under the able tutorship of P. L. Smith, who had brought a rope for the purpose. This was tied round the victims and they were pulled spluttering through the water until they learnt to strike out properly.

There were many cameras in the camp and a good number of us took some photos, while one of our many visitors took a group photograph of the whole troop.

On the whole we had a most enjoyable time, and were very sorry when our day of departure came round.

We all feel extremely indebted to Mr. Bennett (senior) and Mr. Bennett (junior) for arranging and conducting the camp so ably, and we also express our thanks to Mrs. Leete for her many kindnesses.

W. E. BROCKMAN.

## AN ABORIGINAL PRODIGY.

Kawkah, the giant, sat resting himself at the mouth of a cave, his home. On his face was a glow of triumph, as he wiped the blood from his club ; now and again his hands moved more slowly, while he seemed to be thinking. Now, it was not usual for Kawkah to be pensive, but it was this power in him which made him different from his race, and which had occasioned that fiendish ingenuity so much dreaded by all who had lived with him. So at last he was without friends, without companions—only enemies on whom he had just wrecked terrible vengeance, as was testified by the little heap of dead bodies there below. Perhaps one was not dead, perhaps one was moving now, but Kawkah did not see it ; he was thinking.

It was not here on the cliff-side, where the surf roared, and has roared through the ages ; not here where the brilliant summer sun could pour down always without screen or hindrance, that Kawkah first learnt terror and first saw snakes, but back there in the jungle, back in distance, back in time, back in Kawkah's history. His people lived in the hills, where the river was small and angry, and his fellows, like the river, were small in mind and body, and savage too. Among their children he had grown and grown, as big as a man, when he should have been small, as tall as a horse—and horses were tall in those days—when fully grown. His mother was frightened, his brothers were angry, and they were all superstitious. They could not reason ; they could not understand. Here was something unnatural, whose strength was amazing, whose whole being was cunning and domineering. They all saw him snap trees with his hands, cross the torrent with a single stride, catch the wild pigs and strangle them, or even hold his hands up to touch the moon at night. They saw him do some things, they invented others, and they exaggerated them all. So they feared him and hated him ; they did not persuade him, they simply drove him out with stones. Kawkah went quietly, for he wanted to go ; his instinct told him to travel and seek adventure. Down in the forests where the jungle clothed with primitive bounty the feet of the hills, he found animals to kill, rivers to leap, trees to snap, and creatures, half-men, half-monkeys, to fight or run away from. In the forest he found snakes ! Once he was bitten and suffered much pain. He always ran away from snakes after that ; he wanted to go home, but the more he ran the deeper he plunged into the jungle. One day he picked up an uprooted sapling,—picked it up because his brute instinct told him to. He swung it, lifted it above his head, and shuddered. Something dark and glittering slid from the trunk, and in an instant there arose a tall, swaying, menacing column, topped by the cruel fangs and piercing eyes of a poisonous reptile. No wonder the giant trembled ; crashing down the sapling with all

his might, he turned and ran. Something told him to look back ; he always looked back, the snake's eyes fascinated him. But there was no towering, threatening, neck now, only a crushed mass beneath the quivering tree-trunk. Still trembling, he crawled slowly back, gathering courage as he went, still fearing that the snake might only be hiding ; and then, he pulled aside the trunk and saw the full extent of his victory. Uttering a fearful yell, our uncouth ancestor leaped on his beaten foe and danced the savage dance of victory. His slow wits told him presently that the tree had killed the cobra, and so he set out stolidly to carry the whole thing with him and use it as a club.

\* \* \* \* \*

Months afterwards the tribes who lived at the mouth of the great river, whose name no one knows, met the giant with the club, now denuded and shorn of its branches. They lived in the marshes and on the sea-shore, and they existed on fruit and nuts. The sea fascinated Kawkah, so he stayed there. Then, one year, the fruit failed, and there was scarcely anything on the trees. Kawkah could easily reach what food there was, and besides, he ate a lot. The pygmies, therefore, fared badly while the giant stayed with them, and they too drove him out of their marshes with stones and clods of earth. So it was that the reader first met him sitting alone in a cave on the cliff. He had learnt to eat shell-fish, and had just routed some of his starving neighbours with mighty boulders poured down the cliff-face. Kawkah was now in a strange mood. He was lonely, eating unaccustomed food, and aware that winter was approaching. Colder and colder the weather became, and a strong feeling, a blind unreasoning something, overcame him. At home in the mountain forests his mother and father had been accustomed to build a cosy nest in the branches for his use when winter came. It is true that for some years before he left home he had been too enormous to use this nest ; it was but a memory of extreme childhood, but a memory it was, a compelling belief that he might go home and again use this paternal hut. He left his cave one day and set out with his face towards the distant hills. He often forgot whither he was travelling and wandered aimlessly. Winter now fell with all its rigours, snow lay thick upon the ground, and Kawkah was lost. He now knew hunger for the first time ; he growled, he raged, he ran, he gnashed his teeth, bit his fingers and lips, and nibbled the bark of the trees, but nothing brought any relief. Daily he grew weaker, his massive, well-fed body showed signs of starvation and his little eyes were fiercer than they had ever been. Awful is the plight of savage races when famine and winter combine against them, and strong men fall by the score. Gradually he lost the strength even to scrape away the snow to find food, but still he wandered on, until one morning he saw, from the top of a rolling

hill, . . . the sea ! The sea itself meant nothing to his dull wits—he knew nothing yet of its storms, its treasures and its rages ; but what joy was his at seeing it again !

As quickly as he could he hurried to the shore. Weak for want of food, faint and reeling with his latest exertion, he staggered on blind to his surroundings. Suddenly he jumped, uttered a yell, and, becoming sensible to his position, started back. The snow was cleared in a circular patch, in the centre of which leaped and gleamed the flames of a well-made wood fire. Immediately the old fear of snakes returned ; Kawkah screamed or rather groaned, swung his club, brought it down with a smashing blow, scattering the fire here, there, and everywhere—and burnt his hands. This was altogether a new sensation, and he was running about hugging his hands when the owners of the fire appeared. They were fierce, intelligent-looking men, with fairly high foreheads, and better features than Kawkah's, clothed in skins, and armed with darts. Nevertheless, Kawkah was bigger than any of these men, and so they revered him a little. They fed him, taught him what they could about fire, provided skins for him to wear, and taught him their primitive language. They lived in caves, and fed on fish during the winter, so that Kawkah was quite at home.

When the spring came it brought to the Fire-men a new terror, for a pair of huge, roving bears now put in an appearance, and apparently wished to take possession of one of the caves: Darts were useless against such animals, so Kawkah decided to get rid of them with his wonderful club. He saw the bears approaching, and crouched behind a huge mass of rocks, while one of his companions stood on the top of the rock afraid. As the she-bear turned the corner the giant delivered a well-judged blow and felled her, but her mate at that moment came around the other side and, with a snarl, rushed on Kawkah from behind. He would soon have been hugged close in the monster's arms and crushed to death had not the man on top of the rock, in a panic, hurled down some boulders which frightened the animal away. This bear, too, Kawkah killed later.

His pride now knew no bounds, and he decided to rid the world of another monster, an armour-plated creature, with spines on its back, which was so huge that it broke great trees with the swishing of its tail wherever it went. Moreover, it had such a capacious mouth, and such formidable teeth that it could consume two men at once. This animal lived in the marshes, and caught the Fire-men when they went there to drink. One day Kawkah approached the beast from behind, and delivered many blows on its neck, of which the creature took not the slightest notice. Kawkah now ran home to fetch his friends, and when they arrived the animal

was returning from the river satisfied. The giant recommenced his attack, and, by chance, hit a more vital spot on the neck. Roaring aloud till the hills re-echoed the sound, the monster swung around, slashing in every direction with its huge tail. At best it was one of the clumsiest of all created animals, and Kawkah was smaller and more agile; he dodged and could have escaped, but the Fire-men, secure behind the trees, shouted and yelled to urge him on. Thus goaded on, Kawkah aimed one blow at the creature's eye and plunged forward. In the twinkling of an eye the armour-plated monster's capacious jaws closed with a snap on what had been a prodigy.

H. W. S. URCH.

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### OUR OPINIONS.

We feel it now our duty,  
 Since we are high in state,  
 To give our own opinions  
 Of the books we know you hate.

The one we must commence with  
 We're sure we cannot say,  
 Since almost all are th' same to us  
 While you swot day by day.

For Bausor and old Lachlan  
 No one could hope to like;  
 Whilst Mr. Longman's "French Course"  
 Is worse than Hall and Knight.

We are bound to mention Ransome,  
 Whose book we all like best (?)  
 Since he's a rival to Lazarre  
 —No better than the rest.

We all have swotted Shakespeare,  
 And hope you do the same,  
 For we have always heard with doubt  
 That—"swotting leads to fame."

Not only those we've mentioned,  
 But many more as well,  
 When you get in the mighty Sixth,  
 You'll wish them all in—Flanders.

PATRES PATRIAE.

## THE HERMIT OF WOODY BAY.

It was in the summer of 1854, when the whole of Britain was ringing from end to end with enthusiasm for the Russian war, that my parents brought me for my holidays to Carbishoe, a little village on the outskirts of which they had rented a small villa. Though I was only seven years old, I had developed a passionate regard for nature in all its various forms. The wildness of the Devonian moorlands and the barren ruggedness of the lofty cliffs, which rose up as buttresses against the Atlantic swells, quite enraptured me. I could not help thinking of the grimy London streets which I had so recently left behind me. As I gazed over the crystal deep, fringed in the foreground by the dull greyish rocks, which had withstood the storms of a thousand years, my little mind continually searched for an explanation of the divine phenomena which made life worth living—but all in vain; I could not think for myself yet. Such were my first impressions of these regions which have formed the theme of an infinite number of volumes both of poesy and prose. and which have been depicted—but poorly—upon many canvases.

I now considered myself in the land of complete liberty where, freed from all the rotten laws of convention, I could allow my spirits to bubble over in frolic and idiosyncrasy. It is not, however, my intention to recount the many childish pastimes and humours in which I amused myself during that glorious month of August; but to tell you of the events of one single afternoon which had so great a bearing on my future life and which gave me the first acquaintance of a man of whose friendship I boast and whose memory I still honour and revere.

It was the last week of my holidays which, like all good things, eventually come to an end. I had determined to escape from the kind, but unappreciated, surveillance of my mother, and to do a little bit of exploring along the coast. So, after lunch, I slipped off, making in that direction in which—strange to say!—my mother had never ventured very far, even when we had gone off rambling for a whole day. On and on I went, jumping over rocks, climbing laboriously up the jagged faces of miniature precipices, and running in happy mood over the patches of gleaming sand, interspersed like oases among the broken wilderness of rocks. After rambling on for two hours or more, I found that my seven years would not bear the strain and fatigue of continuous exploration. In consequence, I climbed upon a huge rock which jutted out, forming one of the horns of a thickly-wooded bay which I was approaching; there I lay down to rest myself beneath the rays of a fierce though declining sun. The energy I had expended since lunch time must have been greatly underestimated, and soon, fanned by a warm sea breeze, I fell into a deep sleep . . . . . Hours must have elapsed before I awoke with a start. A shudder passed through my whole

frame, and a feeling of utter loneliness—a thing which I very rarely experienced, even in my earliest days—seemed to come over me. The sun had sunken appreciably towards its western setting, though its rays still made the sea seem like one sheet of burnished metal. I then became conscious of the rhythmical lapping of waves against the rock, and, when I stood up . . . lo! to my astonishment, I found myself surrounded on all sides by the sea which had risen while I was dreaming away the afternoon. So frightened was I at first that I could only sit down and cry. But, as I saw the level of the water rising inch by inch, I realised, in spite of my terror, that something must be done if I was to avoid drowning. Then I began to shout to attract, if possible, the ear of some wanderer upon the cliffs . . . But the rocks merely re-echoed my unheeded appeals, while the gulls spiralled above in complete apathy. My original fears now began to give way to frantic despair. A cold sweat seemed to form upon my forehead, and a tormenting devil seemed to whisper in my ear, "Prepare yourself for a watery grave." Such was the strain, that my head began to spin and I seemed to lose my hold upon reality . . . the cliffs blurred themselves from my view, while the water which was now within a few feet of me, seemed to dance with an unholy joy in anticipation of its victim . . . I thought I heard a splash . . . then a blank.

When I opened my eyes, I beheld a rugged old man bending over me, bathing my temples with water. I started, thinking in my childish mind that I was in another world with the Evil One bending over me. But this thought was soon dispelled by the kind and sorrowful eyes which were gazing into mine, and the tanned weather-beaten face which displayed the signs of many a sleepless night . . . a haggard countenance upon which was deeply imprinted a great sorrow. Never shall I forget that look of tenderness and pity with which he regarded me and which has appeared and comforted me in many days of hardship and trial. His greyish hair hung down in dishevelled strands, while an unkempt beard covered the greater part of his face. His dress was by no means aristocratic; an old and torn sailor's jumper partly covered a powerful body hardened with exposure to tropical suns, while a rough pair of serge trousers which were now dripping with water, hid his legs. This peculiar being then raised me in his strong arms as gently as a mother handles her young child, and began to direct his steps in the direction whence I had come.

Eventually we reached the villa where I was residing. Here my rescuer boldly stalked in through the front entrance and, after placing me in one of the armchairs of the hall, turned and left the house in the same strange manner as he had entered. I cried out to him to stop, but he did not heed . . . My mother, who had been disturbed by the noise of our entry, then rushed down.

"Quick! mamma," I cried. "Stop him . . . ." But when we got to the door the stranger was nowhere to be seen. . . . Who was this peculiar creature? Where did he come from?

\* \* \* \* \*

—"I'm awfully sorry, old man, but I promised to run up to Merton Manor to see the Squire . . . I—I . . ."

—"Oh, never mind. I shall no doubt be able to look after my precious self for an afternoon. I'll take a stroll along the cliffs and see if I can find any good specimens of gulls' eggs."

—"All right. Well, good-bye, I'll see you to-night."

I had accepted an invitation from one of my old college friends to spend my last vacation with him at his house at Carbishoe. In consequence, I eventually found myself gazing upon the cliffs over which I had rambled many a year before. On this particular day, my chum and I had arranged to pass away the afternoon hunting for gulls' eggs along the cliffs. But, apparently, he had made a subsequent engagement (probably with the Squire's daughter), and our projected trip had to be cancelled. I determined, however, to carry out the search alone.

I walked on for some distance along the top of the cliffs but found few signs of bird life. I was, however, determined not to return without some spoils. At last as I approached a headland a lofty rock caught my eye . . . then came back in vivid colours the events of that afternoon of 1854 when I had so narrowly escaped drowning. I recalled that old man with his strange appearance, and began to conjecture who he could have been. There had been an old story amongst the good folk of Carbishoe that there existed a haunted bay along the coast, which had been named, owing to its dense entanglement of trees, Woody Bay. Strange fires had been seen there at night . . . while a benighted traveller had seen a figure, half-man and half-goat, flitting amongst its trees . . . weird cries and unearthly murmurings had been heard issuing from its dense groves . . . All these superstitious yarns I took for what they were worth, and dismissed the thought of connecting them with my former rescuer. While my thoughts were running in this strain, two birds rose fluttering just beyond the headland. At last my chance had come to make my name as a naturalist. I hurried over the intervening grounds and approached the edge of the cliff. There, fifty feet below me, ingeniously protected by an overhanging shrub, lay a nest enclosing four beautiful eggs.

Without thinking of how I should return, or the perils of such a precipitous descent, I began to climb down the face of the cliff. Foot by foot I approached the nest. But when within but a few yards of my goal, what was but natural that I should seize a loose tuft of grass for support. The tuft gave way, and I found myself falling headlong towards the rocks beneath. A fiendish yell of frightened sea-birds rose on the air . . . I struck against some projecting rock . . . again I was in mid-air . . . then I crashed upon a wide ledge beneath . . . I felt a sharp pain in my right side . . . then I knew no more.

It must have been hours afterwards that I regained consciousness. I felt a sickening pain in my right side, my leg being as stiff as a poker. I tried to move, but the effort made me wince, and I felt the blood surge up to my head. So I lay upon my back and began to take note of my surroundings. I was laying upon a heap of dried grass in a gloomy hollow, surrounded on all sides by a seemingly impenetrable foliage. From time to time, as the breeze swayed the trees, I caught glimpses of the sea sparkling in the rays of a setting sun. Overhead the birds were hushed, and a strange stillness overhung the whole grove . . . What abode of sylvan tranquillity was this? Where was I?

Intuitively I began to feel that I was not alone, and, glancing towards my right, I perceived an old man dressed in a somewhat prehistoric garb, seated with his back towards me. He wore a peculiarly-shaped coat made of the fur-covered skins of various animals, whilst his loins were covered by a sort of skirt composed of dried seaweed and root fibres. Over his shoulders fell a wealth of pure white hair, which waved gently in the breeze, and which at once demanded reverence and respect.

"Sir!" I cried, "c——." I got no further. The man of the woods had sprung to his feet as if he were some wild beast surprised in its lair, glancing around with an air of terrified dismay. His features then relaxed, just as suddenly as his former terror had become apparent, and he turned towards me a face of simple compassion, which made me start . . . Swiftly my mind flew back over the space of a dozen years or more, and I saw myself lying on the cliff-side with that quaint figure in the old serge clothes bending over me . . . it was my former rescuer. I tried to rise to thank him, but I dropped back with a groan. This seemed to stir him to action; he sprang forward and gave me a refreshing drink of pure spring water, whispering comforting words in my ear.

—"My child," he said, "you must not excite yourself. You have just escaped death by a hair's breadth."

—“ I say, sir,” I groaned, “ what’s the matter with my con-founded side. It’s burning like a furnace ? ”

—“ My son, you have broken some of your ribs and fractured your right leg. There is no other course open but to ’bide where you are until you can be moved.”

—“ Well,” I managed to reply, “ I must thank you for saving my life a second time . . . ”

—“ A second time ! ” he cried. “ How do you mean ? I have never seen you before.”

Then I explained to him how he had saved me from drowning when I was a little boy, and thus we gradually began to feel on easier terms with one another.

When evening came on, the old man lit a fire, and before this we conversed while a huge fish was roasting over its flames. Though he gave me no insight into his own history he enquired anxiously about recent events in the world. Surprised was I to find that he knew nothing about the Crimean war. And he was delighted when I told how we had driven the Russians out of the peninsula. I went on to tell how with our gallant French allies . . . But at the mention of the French, his face clouded.

“ With the French ? ” he queried, dubiously.

I then began to hold forth about the valiant deeds of the French during the campaign. But his features became perceptibly darkened, and suddenly he shrieked, “ Enough, man, enough ! ”

At once I became silent, astonished by the strange behaviour of the old man.

When the fish was cooked, the latter offered me a morsel without uttering a word. Later, when night fell, he silently produced some rugs, made of skins, which he put around me. I soon fell asleep, wondering where this was to end.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had now been under the gentle care of this hermit for more than a month. My side had almost completely healed, while my leg was fast improving. After a long time I had managed to get the old man to speak once more, though he would not satisfy my curiosity as to his melancholy silence. However, our confidence gradually began to widen. I recounted many of my college escapades and boyish love affairs to his momentary distraction. But it was for a long time in vain that I probed him for some glimpse of his own life.

One evening, however (it was the day before that upon which I intended to return to my friends at Carbishoe) my companion said to me, "My boy, I am beginning to like you, and I am dreading your departure. I have not been blind to your curiosity to know my origin. I will now unfold my story."

"You are the first human I have spoken to for fifty-five years . . . . Do not interrupt me. I speak the truth. . . . In the year 1811, I was a respected resident in Carbishoe. My family was wealthy and renowned throughout the West for its good name and unrestricted philanthropy. One day, while strolling along the cliffs, I perceived the sails of two frigates off the coast. For some time I remained watching them as they gradually drew nearer. It struck me that there was something peculiar about their build . . . . Then it came upon me in a flash; they were two French privateers about to make a descent upon our coast. I rushed back into the village and raised the alarm. At once everything was confusion; women rushing about frantically; children crying and babies screaming. I shouted for order, and asked for volunteers to resist the inroad. There was no coward or laggard amongst us; thirty stalwart men ranged themselves up while a couple dozenurchins—mere boys—insisted upon taking part in the measures for defence. In the meantime the women were ordered to get together their valuables and prepare for instant flight.

Then came the dire news that the vessels were approaching the harbour. With such arms as could be found, we hurried down to the quay; but already the first boat-load of invaders was on its way towards us. The Frenchmen trained their guns upon the crowd on the quay. Grape shot and ball soon began to make large gaps in our line, and we were forced to fall back. Under the cover of this bombardment the French began to make a landing. But no sooner had the first head appeared over the parapet, which lined the quay, than we rushed forward *en masse*. The enemy were thrown into momentary confusion, but two more boats had now arrived to support the first. By sheer weight of numbers we were forced to withdraw. My comrades were falling on all sides, pierced by musket balls. I received one in my left arm, but I still wielded my rusty sword with murderous effect. . . . Now it was every man for himself. With two friends I reached my own house, which stood somewhat apart from the others. A dozen French sailors were following hard at our heels. These two friends told me to get my wife and daughter safely away while they held back our pursuers. My wife and daughter were both ready, but I did not like the idea of leaving my comrades. However, my duty to my dear ones demanded instant action, so, slipping out at the back we fled over the heath towards this bay, where I knew refuge could be found.

We reached here in safety. But troubles never come singly. A violent rainstorm came on and we were drenched to the skin. My dear wife and daughter, who were both worn out by fright and exposure, contracted a fever and expired during the night, locked in each other's arms. I buried them together the next morning, and over their graves I solemnly cursed the French and their Emperor—and thank God I have been avenged.

“My old home was gutted and burned to the ground, so I determined to cut myself off from the world and tend the graves of my dear ones (tears were now trickling down the old man's face) till God should call me to another work . . .”

—“Then,” I cried excitedly, “you are the famous Sir William Goodman, who” . . .

—“No more, my son, no more. I have spoken,” said the old man in a tone which admitted of no compromise.

\*

A few words are now necessary to conclude this little chronicle. When I eventually returned to Carbishoe, everyone stared at me as if I was a ghost coming back from the dead. My chum told me he had sent search parties all along the cliffs to find me, but with no result. No one, however, would enter the “haunted” groves of Woody Bay, and, when he himself tried to explore that part of the coast, night overtook him before he was able to make any progress through the dense undergrowth. He had then given me up for lost. This explains why I was left undisturbed in the woods.

As for old Sir William, he bound me to the strictest secrecy concerning my discovery, and, since his abode was threatened by a plague of tourists who scoffed at the old superstitions of the village folk, he accepted a passage for Canada from me . . . It is five years ago since I received news of his death. And now, feeling myself in no way bound by my former promise, I set this novel experience down for record.

R.G.T.

## T' FINAL O' T' COOP.

I seed owd Bill Smithers t' other day, an e says to me : " Art goin' t' see t' final tie for t' coop at Crystal Palace ? " Ah says : " am ah goin' ? ah think ah am. Ah wouldna miss goin' for nowt. " Ee, ah did av a good time. Ah stayed two days in Lunnon. Ahd plenty o' brass, an ah stopped at a fust class hotel, where there wus young ladies runnin' abeawt wi' woite ribbons deawn they backs. Ee, an' they did seem pleased ta see me. Ah says : " Ah want stay t' night. Hasta getten a bed ? " Oo says : " Wouldst like a large room ? " Ah says : " I dunna mind, so as me feet doesn't stick eawt at bottom. " Aw rect, oo says, an ah was showed a room wot made me think ahd bin takken for t' Prince o' Wales brother or summat o' t' sort. Ah thowt it wud be abeawt two quid. Ee, it wur ony seven an a tanner. So ah says : " aw reet ; here s t' money, an a bob for theesen.

Weel, it wur abeawt 'alf past seven, and ah thowt ahd go eawt an see some o' t' sights, or go to t' pictures or summat, an as ah was goin' eawt one o' t' young ladies says to me : " Wouldst like to ave dinner ? " " 'Ave wot, " I says. Oo says " dinner. " Ah says : " what's talkin' abeawt ? Dost know time ? It's 'alf past seven. Tha means sooper, doesn't tha ? " Oo says, " no ; these 'ere ladies and gentlemen are 'avin dinner. " " Ee, gum, " ah says, " tha mun be kiddin, ah ad me dinner at twelve o'clock. " " No, " oo says, " it's dinner. " " Well am jiggered, " ah says, " wot time do they 'ave tea ? Is it in t' middle o' t' night ? " Oo says, " they 'ad tea at five o'clock. " Ee, gum, ah did laugh then. Ah knowed she was kiddin' me, an some o' t' other young ladies coomed oop an' joined i' t' fun. Ee, ah did av a good time wi' em, me kiddin them, an them kiddin me, an laughin till they very nigh cried. Ee, an glad t' missus wasna theer, or there's a bin a dust up, ah tell tha. Well, ah went eawt, an when ah coomed back they said they'd git me some sooper if ah liked. Tha cud do nowt for theesen except eat, an ah think as they's a dun that for tha if they cud. Well, ah ad me sooper, and a young fellow says, " wouldst like ta go ta bed ? " Ah says, " ay, I feel a bid fagged. " Well, he got a candle and showed me t' way oop, though ah knowed it mesen ; an afore 'e went away 'e says, " leave thee boots ahtside t' door. " Well, ah fair roared wi' laughin', an I heerd some people askin wot was t' matter. Leave me boots ahtside t' door ! Aw, aw, aw ! 'E mun a takken me for a moog. Leave me boots ahtside t' door ! Ah did an all. Ah lacked t' door an put t' boots under t' pillah. Aw, aw. 'E got a sook in proper.

I' t' mornin' ah getten towel and coomed eawt o' t' room, and seed wun o' t' young ladies runnin' abeawt. Ah says, " 'ere, Mary

Ellen, wheer's t' kitchen?" Oo says, "t' kitchen? Wot dost want i' t' kitchen?" Ah says, "ah want to wash mesen." Oo says, "tha washes theesen i' t' bedroom." "Wot?" ah says, "in 'ere?" Oo says, "yes!" Ah says, "aw reet; let's 'ave some wayter, wilta?" Oo says, "asn't tha getten wayter i' t' joog?" Ah says, "wot? Dost mean i' t' big milk joog in big soup basin?" Oo says, laughin' like Billyo, "Yes!" "Ee," ah says, "ah sooped that i' t' night." Well, ah getten t' wayter, and soon ah was deawn stairs, and they all laughed that mooch, an' said as they oped next time I coomed to Lunnon and stay there agen. Tha can bet thee boots ah will, an' ah know they'll be as pleased as Poonch ta see me.

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#### D.H.S. NON IMMEMOR.

Through the kindness of the Rector (Prebendary S. Gordon Ponsonby, M.A.) a service in memory of the 55 old D.H.S.-ians who fell in the Great War, was held on Sunday, July 27th, at Stoke Damerel Parish Church. We tender thanks to him for conducting the service and for permission to use the Church, also to Rev. Heywood-Waddington, M.A., for his eloquent and sympathetic sermon, and to Mr. F. W. Harris and all the members of the choir for the beautiful and appropriate music. It was a true memorial service. The solemnity, the note of hope pervading the whole—epitomised in Chopen's wonderful Funeral March—the tense moment when the "Last Post" was sounded, will remain a permanent possession for all who were present.

\* \* \* \*

The response to the appeal for funds, as the following list will show, has been splendid, exceeding our most sanguine anticipation. The total amount subscribed (to date of going to press) is £465 3s. 9d. From this must be deducted the cost of postages and of printing—a heavy item nowadays. The fund will be kept open a few weeks longer so that those who have not yet subscribed may have an opportunity of doing so. Such a sum will then be, I hope, obtained that after paying expenses and erecting a memorial brass containing the names of the fallen, £400 may be left to be invested. Thus an Exhibition of about £20 per annum will for ever remind Devonport High School of the part its old boys played during the years 1914—18.

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