

No. 43

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1925.

Plymouth :
A. C. Brown, Commercial Printer, &c., Market Square,
1925.

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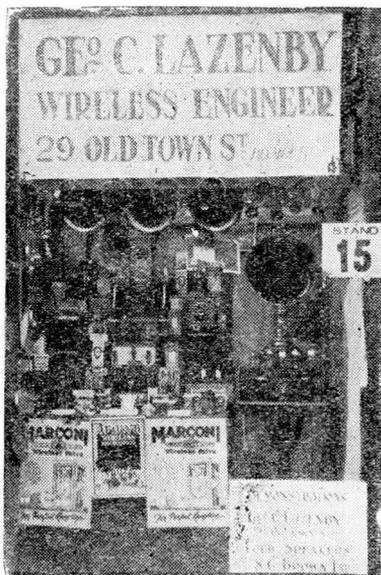
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MAKE A POINT OF INSPECTING SETS OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

THE DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

No. 43.

DECEMBER, 1925.

Editor.

K. C. DICKER.

Sub-Editor.

H. F. H. WHITFELD.

All communications should be addressed to:—"The Magazine Editor," Devonport High School, Plymouth.

EDITORIAL.

The period which has elapsed since our last issue, whilst not particularly eventful, has not, on the other hand been devoid of interest. The recent celebration of Armistice Day causes our minds to revert to the time seven years ago when the Armistice was declared. Young though we were at the time, we were yet able to join with the remainder of the nation in heartfelt relief that the world-wide struggle had ceased. Great as this universal relief was, we yet wonder whether the harrowing experiences of the years 1914-18 have convinced the nations of the world that war as a means of settling disputes is but a gigantic waste of money and human life and that the whole civilisation of the world is dependent upon the intensive development of a spirit of trust and goodwill between man and man, and between nation and nation.

By the Locarno Pact the nations appear to have reached an agreement that augurs well for lasting peace, and it is to be hoped that this pact has been made possible, by the genuine and mutual trust of the nations.

In the industrial world, disputes between master and man are still common. Doubtless there are faults on both sides, but the education, both social and technical, of the worker, could be used, if it were only realised, to the enormous advantage of both employer and employee whilst disputes could be amicably settled by arbitration if both sides would remember that the existing conditions are abnormal.

To turn to matters educational, we would draw the attention of all our readers to the appeal of the University College of the South-West. Considering the large and ever-increasing number of students that Plymouth annually sends to this College, we feel that some concerted effort should be made by the town. In such a worthy cause, we should sink all differences concerning the position of the College and lend our whole-hearted support to any effort which appears to hasten the fulfilment of the ultimate aim—the establishment of a degree-conferring University in the South-West. In conclusion we extend the Compliments of the Season to all.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of School Officers is as follows:—

PREFECTS.—K. C. Dicker (Senior Prefect), W. J. Fewings, H. H. Macey, R. Profitt, W. E. Battrick, H. B. May, F. H. Meek, W. R. R. Mewton, C. P. Osborne, E. V. Paynter, J. S. D'A. Roach, W. J. Tamblin.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE.—Masters and Prefects.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—"Drake," H. H. Macey, "Gilbert," W. R. R. Mewton; "Grenville," K. C. Dicker; "Raleigh," E. V. Paynter.

1st XI. (Cricket)—Captain, C. G. Gosling; Vice-Captain, H. R. Richards; Secretary, K. C. Dicker.

1st XI. (Football)—Captain, W. R. R. Mewton; Vice-Captain, L. C. G. Williams; Secretary, W. J. Tamblin.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—*Chairman*, K. C. Dicker; *Secretary*, C. P. Osborne; *Committee*, W. E. Battrick; W. R. R. Mewton, R. Profitt.

CADET CORPS.—*Commanding Officer*, Cadet-Captain J. H. Ferraro; *Cadet Lieutenants*, A. Hutchings and C. F. Armor; *Cadet Second-Lieutenant*—G. M. Davis.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.—*President*, A. Treseder, Esq., M.A.; *General Secretary*, J. H. Ferraro; Esq., B.Sc.; *Branch Secretary*, C. E. Gill, Esq.

PRAEFECTI VALETE.

F. W. HAWTON.—Entered School, April 1919; appointed prefect September 1923; Senior Prefect, September 1924; Sergeant, Cadet Corps, September 1924; Chairman Literary and Debating Society, September 1924; Editor D.H.S. Magazine, 1924-25; Entered the teaching profession.

- C. G. GOSLING.—Entered School, September 1918 ; appointed prefect, January 1924 ; Sergeant Major, Cadet Corps, September 1924 ; Captain of Football, 1924-25 ; Full colours, Football, 1923-24-25 ; Captain of Cricket, 1924-25 ; Full Colours, Cricket, 1923-24-25 ; Captain of Tennis 1924-25 ; Junior Champion 1920-21 ; Captain of Drake, 1925 ; Entered Royal Navy, Direct Entry.
- W. R. CALLARD.—Entered School, September 1918 ; appointed prefect, September 1924 ; Entered University College of the South-West, Exeter.
- F. H. NEWTON.—Entered School, September 1918 ; appointed prefect, September 1924 ; Captain of " Grenville," September 1924 ; Entered University College of the South-West, Exeter.
- H. R. RICHARDS.—Entered School, September 1918 ; appointed prefect, September 1924 ; Captain of " Raleigh," September 1924 ; Full Colours, Football, 1925 ; Vice-Captain of Football 1925, Full Colours, Cricket 1924-25 ; Vice Captain of Cricket, 1925 ; Sergeant, Cadet Corps, September 1924 ; Entered University College, Reading.
- C. H. WELLINGTON.—Entered School, April 1920 ; appointed prefect, September 1924 ; Secretary, Literary and Debating Society, September 1924 ; Entered University College of the South-West, Exeter.
- G. E. WILLIAMS.—Entered School, September 1919 ; appointed prefect, September 1924 ; Captain of " Gilbert," September 1924 ; Entered the teaching profession.

EN PASSANT.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to:—

C. G. Gosling, on obtaining 3rd place in the June examination for Direct Entry R. N., and to F. James on obtaining a Paymaster Cadetship. We wish both of them every success in the Senior Service.

K. C. Dicker, W. R. Callard, F. H. Newton, R. Profitt and H. R. Richards, who were successful in gaining their Intermediate B.Sc. degrees at London University in July last.

All those successful at the July Cambridge School Certificate examination.

Messrs. D. Dimond and E. C. Jones, two of our Old Boys, who were both successful in securing their final B.Sc., degrees at London University with first class Honours in Chemistry.

Mr. F. R. Coombe, another Old Boy, who obtained his final degree at London University with second class Honours in Physics.

Mr. F. E. A. Thompson on obtaining his final B.Sc. degree at London University and on also gaining a Royal Scholarship at Imperial College of Science.

Mr. O. J. Quantick who also obtained a Royal Scholarship at the Imperial College of Science.

Mr. A. J. Millett, our Senior Prefect of 1923-24, and son of our esteemed Mathematical master on obtaining Honours Moderations in Mathematics at Oxford University.

Messrs. E. R. Harris and T. H. Price on passing in the subsidiary subject for final B.Sc., at London University.

All the members of "Grenville" House and its Captain, F. H. Newton, on winning the Shield for the first time since 1911, a success long overdue and highly deserved.

Spurrell and Le Page on obtaining the Senior and Junior Championships respectively, at the School Sports at Montpelier.

All the members of the Cadet Corps, on the fine performance put up at the shooting and Sports at the annual Cadet Camp at Paignton.

Mr. W. Curtain, on obtaining a Diploma for Mining Engineering at Sheffield University and also a certificate from the Home Office qualifying him to manage a Coal Mine.

Mr. R. Curnow on obtaining the diplomas of M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P.

Lieut. H. A. Bazley who obtained his degree of B.A. at Downing College, Cambridge, with Honours in Mathematics.

Paymaster Midshipman A. L. Jeffery on being 1st on the list in the recent examination for Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant.

Mr. G. A. Chamberlain, who has just been awarded the diploma of the A.C.G.I. (Associate of City and Guilds Institute).

Mr. E. Collins on being appointed Assistant Inspector of Taxes.

NUGAE.

Who was the "ill-bred person" who suggested that IIIc was more important than the Sixth?

It is understood that the Amalgamated Union of Clock Chimes is investigating the apparent excessive energy displayed by "Big Ben" on the evening of October 14th.

It is also rumoured that the British Fascisti have taken exception to the wealth of foreign talent which contributed to that evening's programme. It will be remembered that Herr Otto Brunel, Signor Alfie, Osbornoff, Williamkoff and Farrantski were among the artistes.

We hear rumours of an Anti-Latin Magazine in a lower form. We tender the originators of this organ our understanding sympathy and are filled with admiration at their temerity in inaugurating such a glorious crusade.

D.H.S. TENNIS CLUB.

SEASON 1925.

Officers.

<i>President :</i>	A. TRESEDER, Esq., M.A.
<i>Hon. Treasurer :</i>	J. H. FERRARO, Esq., B.Sc.
<i>Captain :</i>	C. G. GOSLING.
<i>Committee :</i>	K. C. DICKER, F. W. HAWTON, H. R. RICHARDS.

The Season just completed was the most successful in recent years. Owing to the exceptionally fine weather, play was commenced during the Easter Holidays, and except for a brief period at the beginning of the Summer term, the weather was such as to allow of full advantage being taken of the court right up to the end of August. Two tournaments were held during the season in order to decide the Singles and Doubles Championships. Tamblin won the "Singles" by defeating Richards, but the "Doubles" Championship, owing to the exigencies of "Inter," was left undecided.

K.C.D.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Mile Record Broken.

The Annual Athletic Sports Meeting held at the School playing field at Montpelier on Wednesday, May 20th, was a most pronounced success. The weather was all that could be desired, the events were well contested and the attendance the largest for some years.

The "Senior" championship was won by Spurrell, and that of the "Junior" by Le Page, both of whom showed outstanding merit. Spurrell also broke the mile record.

Two innovations made were the introduction of a "Cross-country" for "Houses," and a "hurdle" race: the former event was decided a week earlier, and, though won by "Drake," the first competitor home was Paynter of "Raleigh."

The greatest number of points was secured by "Grenville," with "Drake" a good second.

During the afternoon a choice selection of music was rendered by the Corporation Tramways Band.

At the conclusion of the sports, the prizes were distributed by the Headmaster who expressed the thanks of the Sports Committee for the generosity of parents and friends in making this possible.

RESULTS OF EVENTS.

<i>Event.</i>	<i>Class.</i>	<i>1st Place.</i>	<i>2nd Place.</i>	<i>3rd Place.</i>
100 yards	Under 11.	Salisbury	Caplan	Egford
100 yards	Under 12.	Evans	Beattie i.	Martyr
100 yards	Under 13.	Gay	Conyard	Down
100 yards	Under 14.	Oates	Geaton	Pearn
100 yards	Under 15.	Le Page	Drummond	Thomas
100 yards	Open	Spurrell	Richards	Monson
220 yards	Under 11.	Salisbury	Caplan	Beattie
220 yards	Under 13.	Evans	Conyard	Ware
220 yards	Under 15	Le Page	Alway	Drummond
220 yards	Open.	Spurrell	Richards	Monson
440 yards	Under 13.	Gay	Conyard	Down
440 yards	Under 15.	Le Page	Wickenden	Easterbrook
440 yards	Open	Spurrell	Monson	Gosling (tie) Richards
Half mile	Under 15.	Le Page	Wickenden	Roach iii.
Half mile	Open	Spurrell	Monson	G. Richards
Mile race	Open	Spurrell	Paynter	Ellis
Long Jump	Under 13.	Gay	Warwick	Beattie
Long Jump	Under 15	Pearce iii.	Alway ii.	Le Page
Long Jump	Open	Batrick	Spurrell	Pollard
Slow Cycle	Open	Porter	Oates	Cunbe
Cricket Ball	Under 15	Cracknell ii.	Irish i.	Pearce ii.
Cricket Ball	Open.	Gosling	Pollard	Monson
Rabbit Race	Form II.	Beattie ii.	Howell ii.	Taylor ii.
Sack Race	Under 11.	Davidson	Salisbury	Caplan
Sack Race	Under 13.	Taylor ii.	Beattie i.	Evans
High Jump	Under 11.	Beattie ii.	Salisbury	Prowse
High Jump	Under 13	Warwick	Plucknett	Polkinghorne John (tie)
High Jump	Under 15.	Alway ii.	Irish i.	Hill
High Jump	Open.	Batrick	Monson	Pollard
Hurdles	Open	G. Richards	Batrick	Monson

HOUSE EVENTS.

Cross Country, Open		Drake	Grenville	Raleigh
Relay Race	Under 13	Raleigh	Grenville	Drake
Relay Race	Under 15.	Drake	Raleigh	Gilbert.
Relay Race	Open	Grenville	Drake	Raleigh
Team Race	Under 13	Grenville	Drake	Raleigh
Team Race	Under 15.	Drake	Grenville	Raleigh
Team Race	Open	Grenville (tie) Raleigh		Gilbert
Tug of War	Under 15.	Raleigh	Gilbert	Grenville
Tug of War	Open	Raleigh	Drake	Grenville

"HOUSE" CHAMPIONSHIP POINTS, 1925.

<i>House.</i>	<i>Football.</i>	<i>Sports.</i>	<i>Cricket</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Drake	66.67	35.41	66.67	168.75
Gilbert	33.33	16.54	33.33	83.20
Grenville	54.17	55.84	83.33	193.34
Raleigh	45.83	23.34	16.67	85.83

The Championship has been won by Grenville House. Captain:—
F. H. Newton.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

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

<i>Officer Commanding,</i>	Cadet Captain H. Ferraro.
<i>Chaplain</i>	Rev. Preb. J. B. Heywood Waddington, M.A., C.F.
<i>Cadet Lieutenants</i>	A. Hutchings, C. F. Armor.
<i>Cadet 2nd Lieutenant,</i>	G. M. Davis.
<i>Sergeant Major,</i>	A. E. Cracknell.
<i>Quarter Master Sergt.,</i>	K. C. Dicker.
<i>Sergeants,</i>	T. H. Burton, W. T. Irish, G. F. A. Thompson, L. C. G. Williams.
<i>Corporals</i>	L. Hurding, E. V. K. Paynter.
<i>Lance Corporals,</i>	A. H. Blatchford, T. Cracknell, K. Drummond, R. Profitt, J. S. D'A. Roach, C. Soar, W. J. Tamblin.

It is pleasing to record that the strength of the Corps continues to increase. At the moment of writing, the total membership is just over seventy. When the inevitable depletion of a School Corps at the end of every Summer Term is taken into account, it will be seen that the recruiting has been very satisfactory. Such a large number of recruits naturally involves a great deal of work for the N.C.O.'s and it is by virtue of this extra effort that our latest enrolments have already passed out of the 'recruit' stage.

A few months ago the War Office decided to recommence the grants made to Cadet Corps. Although the actual amount of the grant will probably not be large, it is welcomed as a sign of continued official recognition.

The Annual Inspection took place on October 26th, but the weather made anything in the nature of extensive operations impossible.

On Empire Day we were pleased to be able to accept an invitation to attend a combined Church Parade of O.T.C.'s and Cadet Corps at St. Michael's Church.

The Lampard Cup Competition once more provided a very interesting contest. In the end, Section III. (Sergeant Cracknell) proved the victors with 648 points out of a possible 800. Section I. after a hard fight was relegated to second place with 637 points.

The Annual Camp was held at Paignton this year. Five Schools were represented at what proved to be a very successful Camp. The district around provided every facility for all branches of Camp activities and Sport was catered for on a more extensive scale than was possible in the last year's Camp. On Sports Day itself, the D.H.S. Corps was second. In this connection special mention must be made of Cadet Pearce who won the Class C Championship. Full particulars of the various events appear elsewhere. In the Shooting Competition, Cadet Stone scored the highest number of points for any individual shot.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome to the Corps Mr. G. M. Davis. Mr. Davis has always been ready to help at our Annual Concert and now that he has secured a Cadet Commission, we shall have the benefit of his assistance in other branches of Corps work.

Our congratulations are due to our late Sergeant-Major, C. G. Gosling, on passing the Naval Cadetship exam, and also to F. James who secured an appointment as Paymaster Cadet at the June exam.

We have again to express our indebtedness to the Devonport Rifle Club for facilities so kindly granted us. The Shooting continues to be a very popular feature of the Corps and events have certainly proved that the practice carried out under the instruction and supervision of the Musketry Officer, Lieut. Armor, has raised the standard of Corps shooting to a satisfactory level.

DEVON SCHOOLS CADET CAMP.

Enjoyable time at Paignton.

The Advance Party was generally envied by those who were not in it, for it left for camp three or four days before the main party and the general impression was that those composing it were getting rather more than their share. When we arrived however, this delusion was quickly dispelled; blistered hands and weary looks testified to the hard work involved in the erection of a camp, and the languor of the toilers was such, that even our sturdy Quartermaster-sergeant fell to the ground when he was hobbling to meet us. (He said that it was a guy-rope, but that was only his modesty).

After dinner, which was ready for us on arrival, we drew blankets, decided who should camp together, and in a very short time, two hundred fellows drawn from six Devonshire schools, settled down to a thoroughly enjoyable week under canvas.

The first night was naturally one of revelry and mirth, interspersed with periods of silence as an officer, drawn forth by the unusual sounds, made the round of tents. Practical jokers saw in these peaceful intervals an opportunity to exercise their wit, and one was never sure whether a respectful "Yes, sir" or a "Go home to bed, you silly ass" was the appropriate reply to an order from the outside of the tent to "Shut up that row."

The day after our arrival was a Sunday and after an impressive open air service the whole camp turned to the important business of renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. The sands attracted many, others preferred to amuse themselves in camp whilst a certain section (led, sad to relate, by one of our own sergeants) enlivened the evening by the formation of an impromptu male voice choir, the members of which evinced a desire to be directed home-

wards—rather surprising considering the dry state of the future weather which they themselves prophesied.

On Monday, however, came the real business of camp and until the following Friday, we were (in our own estimation at least) THE army, the "It of Its."

We awoke at 6-30 (in the morning, of course) and had until 7.55 to wash and dress. This period, strange to say, was not utilized for the scheduled purpose and as a result, prayers at 7.55 was a motley parade consisting mainly of great-coats and pyjama stripes. We breakfasted at eight and during the fore-noon we were well and thoroughly drilled, and not the least important factor in our efficiency was the Regimental Sergeant Major whose "One—pause—(deep sigh, for the purpose of recovering breath)—two—pause—(another deep sigh) Her—way (which translated, means, "Cut-your-hand-away-smartly-to-the-side,-thumb-in-line-with-the-seam-of-the-trousers,-eyes-front,-chest-up,-left-forearm-parallel-with-the-ground,-and-if-you-dont-do-it,-by-jingo,-you're-in-for-it,-my-lad") was a pleasant variation from the more stereotyped orders with which we are familiar.

Before dinner, a bathing parade was held and the sight of a hundred or more fellows all in the water together is one which will not easily be forgotten by the watcher.

The afternoons and evenings were free, and many and exciting were the results thereof.

Vivid recollections of song-meetings, inter-tent combats and even hectic strife between the inmates of one tent occur to one. Who does not remember that glorious battle in the sergeants' tent in which great-coats figured so prominently and which caused the tent to assume an oblique appearance? Who can solve the mystery of the jam tart which vanished so strangely after one encounter? Our after-dinner occupations ranged from the peaceful (?) pursuit of slumber (stertorous sleepers were not encouraged in this), to the ejection of two prize bulls from the camp into which they wandered at intervals.

Thus we passed a week which, despite the patchy weather, was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Devonport High School in particular, gave a very good account of itself.

We cleaned the board with our shooting and were second in the sports whilst the tug-of-war at the latter event was won by our corps after a terrific struggle with Crediton and a later, but easier, victory over Tavistock. In cricket too, we were well represented, for a joint Devonport and Kingsbridge team rather easily beat a rather strong eleven from Crediton.

We finished the week with a glorious "rag" on the last night, included in which were the wrecking of the guard-tent, moonlight waltzing and the dancing of "Ring-a-ring of roses" and "Auld Lang syne" round the padre and the officer of the day.

The thanks of the whole corps are due to Captain Ferraro and Lieutenant Armor for the topping time which our detachment had, and to the Head-master for his huge and delicious cake (the covetous glances of the other schools linger yet in the memory).

The results of the sports events in which we gained successes are appended :—

<i>Classes :—A—open.</i>	<i>B—under 16.</i>	<i>C—under 14.</i>
100 yards (C)	Pearce (1) ; Gilbert (3).	
100 yards (A)	Gardiner (2).	
220 yards (C)	Pearce (1).	
High Jump (C)	Pearce (1) ; Stone (2).	
440 yards (B)	Le Page (1).	
440 yards (A)	Gosling (3).	
440 yards (C)	Pearce (1) ; Stone (4).	
Relay race (B)	Devonport (4).	
Cricket Ball (A)	Gosling (3).	
Cricket Ball (B)	Cracknell (3).	
Tug-of-War	Devonport (1).	

T. H. B.

THE CADET'S FIRST PARADE.

I rise at 6-30, unholyest hour,
 And hastily rush down the stair,
 But a short while ago, no person had power
 To rouse me at that time, I swear.

But now things are altered, at least once a week,
 For I have to part mighty quick with repose ;
 I have buttons to clean, so the " Brasso " must seek,
 But its gone—and where—nobody knows.

The buttons are shining—O beautiful sight,
 And I pause, taking rest from my labour,
 But time goads me on, for my boots must be bright—
 But one's thrown at the cat of a neighbour.

My breakfast is ready ; I must stop for that,
 Though I hardly can eat, I'm so hurried,
 And with running around, looking now for my hat,
 I'm getting the household quite flurried.

With a sigh of relief my boots I put on,
 And the legs of my breeches lace tightly ;
 But then comes the puzzle, my puttees must don,
 But somehow they won't go on rightly.

But done they must be, and it's now do or die,
 I *must* get them on my legs somehow,
 And despairingly making a last frantic try,
 I find with great joy that they're on now.

At last I am ready, and make for the door
 In a terrible hurry for school ;
 I am sure that my Mother breathes freely once more—
 Whilst it takes me an hour to get cool.

W. LAWRY.

CRICKET SEASON, 1925.

The cricket season of 1925 was similar to those of previous years, the results being almost identical. Bowling and fielding reached a fairly high level, but the standard of batting was usually weak. Several players on various occasions showed form which was distinctly promising but the efforts were too rare to produce any lasting effect.

Practice is very necessary, and as the summer season is also the examination term, better results cannot be hoped for. Through the kindness of Messrs. Armor, Davis, Heather and Lockwood, some sustained net practice for the younger boys was possible on various evenings of the week, and the effect will be felt in future years.

The "House" matches were quite good, Junior "House" matches being played for the first time. "Grenville" did best on the whole.

Three teams were played, the total matches being 24, 11 for the 1st XI, 11 for the 2nd XI, and 2 for the 3rd XI. Of these 14 were won, 8 lost, 2 drawn.

For the 1st XI. Gosling and Williams bowled well ; and good batting was shown by Williams, Dicker, Hurding, Osborne and Pope. Mewton deserves mention for especially fine wicket-keeping. For the 2nd XI. the best work was done by Callard, Irish, Ferguson and Peneavel. The 3rd XI. played two matches and won both.

THE ELEVEN.

GOSLING—*Captain* ; a good leader ; bowled and fielded well ; batting weak.

RICHARDS—*Vice-Captain* ; fielding good ; batting poor.

DICKER—*Secretary* ; good fielder ; batted quite well at times.

POPE—*Committee* : good with bat ; did quite well as change bowler.

FREEMAN—*Committee* ; fielded well, but did not have as much success as a batsman as he deserved.

WILLIAMS—*Committee* ; bowled and batted well ; very good in the field.

MEWTON—Wicket-keeper. Did excellently.

HURDING—Batted very well indeed but needs to be a little more energetic in the field.

OSBORNE.—Batted fairly well, but is a weak fielder.

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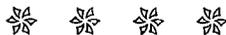
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MEEK—Would make a good batsman with a little more 'fire.'

GORDON—Did quite well in the field, and was fair with the bat.

Appended is a list of results :—

1st Eleven—v.	Corporation Grammar School 1st XI.	Won.
" "	Plymouth College 2nd XI.	Draw
" "	Corporation Grammar School 1st XI.	Lost
" "	Hoe Grammar School 1st XI.	Won
" "	Corporate Officers 2nd XI.	Won
" "	Callington County School 1st XI.	Lost
" "	Kingsbridge Grammar School 1st XI.	Lost
" "	Callington County School 1st XI.	Won
" "	Hoe Grammar School 1st XI.	Lost
" "	Kingsbridge Grammar School 1st XI.	Draw
" "	Plymouth College 2nd XI.	Won
	Played 11. Won 5. Drawn 2. Lost 4.	
<hr/>		
2nd Eleven—v.	Corporation Grammar School 2nd XI.	Won
" "	Royal Marine Buglers	Won
" "	Plymouth College 3rd XI.	Won
" "	Burleigh C.C.	Won
" "	Plympton Grammar School 1st XI.	Lost
" "	Plymouth College 3rd XI.	Lost
" "	St. Simons C.C. 3rd XI.	Lost
" "	Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI.	Won
" "	Burleigh C.C.	Won
" "	Royal Marine Buglers	Won
" "	Keppel Place School	Won
	Played 11. Won 7. Lost 4.	

THE JUNIOR COMPETITION.

The Editors were agreeably surprised at the result of their Short Story Competition for the Lower School. Two stories were very evenly matched but the slightly superior plot of H. G. Plucknett, (aged 13) of Form 4a enabled him to secure first place. We wish to commend, however, E. Bevan of Form IIr., the runner-up, who was a year junior to the successful entrant, W. Chapman of Form IIIc and F. Howell of Form IIr who, although only 11 years of age, sent in a praiseworthy effort which compared favourably, both in originality of plot and smoothness of style, with some of the compositions of older competitors.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Lockwood for so kindly helping to judge.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

President :—The Headmaster.

General Secretary :—Mr. H. Ferraro.

It is a matter of regret that owing to a business appointment which takes him away from London, Mr. A. T. Brooks, who has done such splendid work as Secretary of the London Branch, is no longer able to continue in that office. There is no need to enlarge on the efforts made by Mr. Brooks and his Committee to cater for those of our members who have settled in London. Many have happy recollections of pleasant evenings spent at the various

gatherings arranged by the London Committee.

The number of Old Boys in London who are able to avail themselves of the social facilities so provided of necessity varies, and of late the support accorded to their efforts has been so poor that the Committee have not felt justified in continuing the social events. This fact, coupled with the departure of Mr. Brooks, has resulted in the suspension of activities on the part of the London Branch. It is to be hoped that this cessation will only be of a temporary nature and that ere long conditions will be such as to warrant a return to the old state of affairs. In the meanwhile, the London Members will be looked after at Headquarters. Members are requested to send their subscriptions for the year ending July 31st, 1926, to the General Secretary at the School. Magazines will then be sent out to them in the usual way.

The Annual Association Dinner is to be held at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, Plymouth on December 28th. This date was especially chosen so that those who are home for the Christmas may be able to attend. With very pleasant memories of last year's event we look forward to another happy re-union of old friends.

HEADQUARTERS' NOTES.

Secretary :—Mr. C. E. Gill, 14 Haddington Road, Stoke.

Committee :—Messrs. W. J. Andrews, E. Cammack, W. Ching, B. H. Chowen, E. E. Cock, R. F. E. Cock, E. Coleman, C. Condy U'Ren, N. Murray, A. Prior, N. Taylor and J. H. D. Westlake.

The Membership of the Association has now reached the 200 mark. This is quite a satisfactory figure but there are still a number of Old Boys in Plymouth who are not yet members of the Association. We feel that we shall not have succeeded in our aim until every D.H.S.-ian has been enrolled.

The fourth Annual Meeting was held at the School on Monday, July 13th. A large number of Members were present to receive the report of the year's work. The Secretary gave a review of the year's activities while the Treasurer was able to report favourably on the state of the Association finances.

The Annual Association Dinner is to be held at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel on December 28th. Arrangements are in the hands of the Dinner Secretary, Mr. E. E. Cock and before these notes appear, members will have received full particulars. Those who attended the last Dinner will agree that the event was a great success and it is hoped that December 28th will witness an even greater gathering of D.H.S.-ians.

In response to a request for more Football matches, two matches with the School XI. have been arranged. In addition to these, there will be the usual Xmas fixtures which will be played on the mornings of December 24th and 28th.

It is hoped that these fixtures will cater for Members who would have no opportunity of playing at any other time. Will Members desirous of a game please communicate with me?

W. H. WINGATE,
FELLOW OF THE
BRITISH OPTICAL ASSOCIATION.

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DECEMBER, 1925.

DEAR BOYS,

I have this page at my disposal so would like to have a little chat with you.

Our eyes are continually referred to as being our most treasured possession, for this reason it is well for us to have a knowledge of them, how they are constructed and also how the impression of sight is obtained.

No doubt you have often heard the eye likened to a photographic camera, these cameras have a lens placed outside, or at the entrance of a darkened chamber, on the opposite side of which is a screen to receive images of external objects which have been focused upon it by means of the lens. An eye, however, when we examine it critically, is somewhat different, the lens for instance is not set externally but internally and whereas the distance of the photographic lens from the screen is altered for different situations of objects, the lens of the eye does not alter its position but is changed in power in a very remarkable manner : this we will in due course consider carefully.

In the first place let us take the position of the eyeball in the head and then deal with the main features of the organ.

The eyeball is the organ of vision, it is an optical instrument so wonderful in its power that man's inventive genius has failed to imitate it, it is situated in the bony cavity of the orbit where it is securely protected from injury, without interfering with its extensive range of sight. It is acted upon by several muscles which direct it to any desired point, to enable it to be easily moved by the muscles it is supported all around with a quantity of fat and loose tissue, it is also supplied with blood-vessels and nerves. In front it is protected by the eyebrows, lids and eyelashes, is nearly spherical in shape, and in diameter being about an inch, it has tough elastic walls which are maintained to a certain degree of tension by the pressure of the fluid contents, the back $\frac{5}{6}$ ths of the ball of the eye is opaque and is called the **Sclerotic**, in consequence of its glistening white appearance it is popularly known as the "white of the eye," the remaining $\frac{1}{6}$ th is the slightly projecting portion in front, it measures about half an inch across and is known as the **Cornea**, it is a window to the interior and in healthy condition is perfectly clear and transparent, it therefore causes no obstruction to light passing through it; whilst the sclerotic contains blood-vessels the cornea is normally entirely free of them, if it were otherwise, shadows of the vessels would be cast upon the back of the eye and cause inconvenience to our seeing, on the other hand it contains a plentiful supply of nerves and for this reason we are very conscious of anything entering the eye. The cornea is about $\frac{1}{30}$ th of an inch thick.

We will continue this little chat next April. I trust you will all have a very Happy Xmas and a Bright New Year

Yours truly,

W. H. WINGATE.

At the Annual Meeting it was decided to run a Char-a-banc Outing during the Summer. This was somewhat of a venture on our part as unless the Outing was well attended, the funds of the Association would have suffered heavily. However, thanks to the efforts of the organizer, Mr. E. E. Cock, an extremely enjoyable trip was made to Stoke Beach.

It would be of great assistance if Members would pay the 2/6 subscription early in the Xmas Term. May I ask any members who have not yet paid their subscriptions for the year ending July 31st, 1926, to send the same to the Treasurer as soon as possible.

CYRIL E. GILL.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

(By H. G. Plucknett, aged 13, form 4a.)

Prayers at Greycliffe School were finished and the boys rose to disperse to their form rooms when the Head motioned them to be seated again. "Boys," he said gravely, "Somebody has stolen some money from my office, and I want to know if any of you know anything about it." For a while silence reigned, and then Frank Bell, a senior, stepped out and said that he had seen a fourth form boy lurking around the Head's office. The boy, Eric Goddard, was called out, but he stoutly denied the accusation, and, although Bell was supported by Charlie Wills, another senior, the Head declined to accuse him, so the boys were dismissed, each one wondering who was the thief.

That night, when all the boys except one were asleep, Eric Goddard lay awake, thinking of the accusation against him. Suddenly he noticed a faint smell as if something was burning. He got out of bed, crossed the dormitory and opened the door. Yes, he was right, for at the foot of the stairs great hungry flames were licking around the banisters, gradually creeping up to the dormitories. For a moment he stood petrified, and then he rushed quickly into the room, shouting, "Fire!" "Fire!" In an instant all the boys were out of bed and Eric ran on to warn the boys in the other dormitories. Just then the masters rushed in, clad only in overcoats over their night clothing. They formed the boys into lines, and marched them down the only unburnt flight of steps, into the quadrangle. Upon calling the roll, the Head found that Bell was missing. He was last seen trying to get out of the building, while the other boys were lining up, by running madly down the burning stairs.

Heedless of danger, Eric dashed into the burning school. After groping about for a while he stumbled over the form of Bell who was lying unconscious at the foot of the stairs. With a great effort, Eric, nearly stifled, dragged him through the smoke and flames into the open, amid the cheers of the spectators. Later, Bell, ashamed, confessed that Wills and he had stolen the money and had put the blame on Eric. They were justly punished, and Eric Goddard's name was cleared.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Secretary's Report.

For the opening of the 1925-26 session it was felt that an innovation was needed. Accordingly, Wednesday, October 14th, was devoted to a concert arranged on somewhat novel lines.

Members of the society endeavoured to give a representation of a broadcasting station during a transmission. At one end of the Main Hall a stage was constructed and a very realistic imitation of a studio was arranged. The walls were heavily draped, and the attendant furniture, including the microphone, completed the setting. The Headmaster, members of the Staff and their friends and the Senior school constituted the audience.

At 7 p.m., the Chairman, Mr. K. C. Dicker, opened the proceedings with a short address, and the Secretary, Mr. C. P. Osborne, after introducing the artistes to the audience, thanked Mr. Davis for his assistance, and made a few explanatory remarks concerning the "transmission."

The programme was then left in the hands of Mr. Thompson, the announcer, whose very humorous News Bulletin and Weather Forecast were much appreciated. Dance music was provided by the Banana Band (Messrs. Williams, Mewton, Osborne, Burton and Macey), and the Celestial Vocal Quartette (Messrs. Williams, Mewton, Osborne and Macey) contributed some humorous items. Violin solos were given by Mr. Williams and Mr. Osborne and piano solos by Messrs. Farrant and Blatchford, while Mr. Lawry contributed humorous readings, and Mr. Fewings gave the Topical Talk. Mr. Davis scored a great success with his songs, and Mr. Mewton played the role of official accompanist.

When Mr. Thompson "closed down" at about 10 p.m., it was felt that the "Radio Concert" had been a success. It is hoped that another will be given at the end of the term when a great many improvements will be introduced.

The next meeting of the Society was on Wednesday, October 28th, when Mr. Burton, seconded by Mr. Whitfield, proposed that "the Communist party is a far greater menace to the well-being of a State than are the Fascisti," and argued that the mass of the Communist party accepted the arguments against Fascism and shut their eyes to the evidence against their own doctrines afforded by Russia. Mr. C. P. Osborne and Mr. W. E. Battrick, who constituted the opposition, contended that the Communists' claim that reactionary forces would prevent them achieving their objects by constitutional means so that they are driven to advocate force as a precautionary measure, whereas the Fascisti aimed at repressing any attempt to change the existing system. The debate developed very well and the voting resulted in 15 to 6 for the motion.

On Wednesday, November 11th, a "mock" meeting of the Plymouth Town Council was held, with Mr. Lockwood, B.A., as Mayor, and a very comprehensive agenda discussed.

The views of Mr. Battrick on Housing and of Mr. May upon Free Schools evoked much discussion, while Mr. Fewings discoursed very humorously on the "Putting Greens." The Banana Band and Mr. Davis provided musical items.

At the next meeting of the society, Wednesday, November 25th, Mr. W. E. Battrick, seconded by Mr. C. P. Osborne, moved that. "the interest of the typical modern in religion is either non-existent or merely superficial."

Mr. H. Whitfeld, seconded by Mr. R. Profitt, opposed, and their arguments were considerably reinforced, later in the evening, by Mr. W. R. Mewton. Despite the fact that the motion was rejected by 15 votes, the debate was very keen.

Further meetings of the society will be reported in the next issue of the magazine.

K. C. DICKER—*Chairman.*

C. P. OSBORNE—*Secretary.*

"HOWLERS."

Who was the generous sixth-former who desired to make provision in his will for his "ancestors.?"

The amazing standard of sagacity evinced by our worthy preceptors is shown by the following:—

"Autumn is the fourth season of the year"

"We will now mention Prince Elizabeth (Laughter)—Yes Prince Elizabeth."

"That sun is easy, all you have to do is to find how far apart they are when they meet."

"Keep your finger there until you move it!"

The sixth would be interested to know the identity of the horse who hurries home, after a hard day's work, thinking of his wife and children.

We have it on good authority that a certain member of IIIc saw a circular coin with corners on his annual visit to the Plymouth Museum, whilst a member of Five Upper wrote, with feeling, that the basin of the Hwang-Ho was made shallower because of a constant deposit of "sentiment" within it.

We would like to meet the authors of the following "free" translations:—

Le pauvre enfant etait un vrai magot, "the poor child was really a maggot."

Il vit le doge, "he saw through the dodge."

Le mur faisait face a la colline, "the wall was making faces at the hill."

HOW TO CYCLE.

A Few Hints for the Novice.

There are many Third-formers, who, now that Christmas is near, are contemplating a tactful method of approaching their parents concerning the delicate matter of obtaining a bicycle as a Christmas present. The only explanation we can offer for such a motive is, that having passed the age which demands a soap-box trolley, they become infatuated with the prospect of owning a bicycle. In such cases the only cure is to give them one. But when an older person entertains this idea it is a sign that, utterly discouraged by the expectation of a failure in the Cambridge, he hails the bicycle as the only legitimate means of committing suicide; and even the prospect of two D.H.S. magazines a year fails to deter him from his purpose.

As I know from experience that to denounce the cycle is to provoke disdain from the would-be cyclists, I will content myself merely with advice concerning ownership.

To begin with: when your shining new bicycle arrives, do not, on immediately beholding it, rush out and embrace it with an expression of rapture. Besides incurring the risk of knocking it over and breaking something, the machine will perceive your inexperience and will behave accordingly. The correct procedure is to lean casually against the door, hand in pocket, and countenance it unflinchingly as you would a wild animal. Having quelled it with your eye, you tinkle the bell once or twice in token of conquest and go in to finish your tea, resolving to see no more of it that day.

The next morning, having sufficiently padded yourself, the new possession should be wheeled into a conveniently quiet road. Then, placing your left foot on the left pedal, you grip the handle-bars in a masterly fashion, and, looking ahead with a serene smile of good humour, you prepare to mount. Generally this is the time when the novice notices he has omitted to inflate his tyres. This default having been remedied and the necessary pose again assumed, you mutter to yourself the Binomial Theorem by way of a stimulus, at the same time pushing away with the right foot. When you find yourself moving, lift your right leg over the back wheel, bringing the foot to rest on the pedal. At this juncture you will either find yourself sitting in the road, or, if you are successful, riding away on the machine. In the latter case you have won the day, and it only remains for you to purchase a copy of "Yapperton's Theory of the Relationship between Cycle Wheels and Tramway Lines." Having digested this absorbing treatise you may safely pass on to "The Pleasures arising from Cycling" by O. A. Saltyarn.* As such rapid progress is extremely rare, however, I will enlarge upon the former predicament. While extricating your legs from the framework it is exceedingly foolish either to burst into tears or to give vent to sundry exclamations of disgust. The correct procedure to resume normal posture is to yawn, thereby indicating thorough boredom, and smiling slightly, regain your feet, at the

same time flicking away any particles of dust which may have adhered to your clothing. If there be an onlooker, retrieve your machine from the mire as if you cared not a button if it had suffered injury or not. Be sure, however, that the spectator does not happen to be your father; he would probably become annoyed at your apparent carelessness and correspondingly vocal.

At length, by "hastening slowly," you will master your machine; but above all, master yourself—never "scorch."

R. W. B.

*Professor Brite states the original title to be "The pleasures *on* arising from Cycling." Modern editions, however, show the above title.

TORPOINT, "GEM OF THE SOUTH."

A thing I most deplore which has much occurred of late,
Is scorn upon our native town in class and in debate.
I feel it is my duty as a lover of this town,
To hold forth on its beauty and to sing of its renown.

I invoke thine aid, O Muse, to give tongue unto my pen
To utter notes of praise which are far beyond my ken.
Let Whitman give to Nature praise and Arnold to Oxford fame,
But every glance at Torpoint will set the soul aflame.

Just glance at it at daybreak, a truly splendid sight,
The merging of the darkness into fairy realms of light
If thou would'st see a vision which in thee will reside,
Go view it in September at the fall of eventide.

Just let me take you with me from Devonport's murk and gloom,
Across in our fine ferry with its comforts, speed and room.
Across to that glorious heaven which fancy cannot weave,
A stay of just five minutes will kill all wish to leave.

That little "old world" church with its tower dark with age,
A thing of joy and beauty for the poet and the sage.
Then hie thee to the village green where the lads and lassies sing,
With tuneful, gladsome note—like the songbirds in the spring.

Set on thy sturdy mound like Palladium of old,
With hills and woods around and fields of ruddy gold,
Thus Torpoint I leave thee with the Tamar gliding 'long,
The highway of thy commerce, O Spirit of my song.

C. E. N.

(The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name"—Shakespeare.—Ed.)

“THE RUSE.”

A Story of the Pacific.

It was a beautiful day when the British destroyer, H.M.S. “Drake” made her way through the South Pacific Seas; and as she was steaming away at a steady twenty-five knots, with her dashing young Commander, Jack Bennett, on the bridge, the sky was clear, blue and cloudless, while the sea was calm as a sheet of glass.

Since noon, the “Drake” had not passed within sight of any other vessel, but now, just as night was setting in, the keen eyes of the young Commander caught sight of a moving object some distance ahead. Taking up his glasses, he focussed them upon it and perceived it to be a small boat, carrying a single sail which was moving slowly before the westerly wind; and as far as he could see, unoccupied. Jack Bennett signalled to the man at the wheel to turn the “Drake” slightly from her course and the trim little fighting boat raced away towards the apparently abandoned craft.

“Mr. Croft,” called the commander, and in reply to the summons, a smart young midshipman presented himself to Jack and saluted smartly.

“Stand by with a boat, Croft, as I want you to look over this craft and report to me,” ordered the young commander.

“Aye! Aye! Sir,” said Eric Croft, and he hurried away to carry out his instructions.

A few minutes later the “Drake’s” engines stopped and a long-boat containing Midshipman Croft and a crew, set off from the destroyer towards the drifting sailing boat. They drew alongside and whilst a sailor made fast to the long-boat’s side, Eric Croft stepped from one boat to the other.

He saw at once that the boat was not unoccupied, for in the bottom, half covered by a tarpaulin, lay a man whose form showed no sign of life. Eric Croft bent over him and discovered that he was not dead, although he was in a state of unconsciousness, from which he was not likely to recover without proper attention.

Croft was a keen youngster and already he had taken in most of the details of the boat. The brown sails were torn as though pierced by a number of sharp instruments, whilst in the bottom of the boat lay a short spear. “This fellow has evidently been attacked by natives” remarked the midshipman, remembering in which vicinity he was; “He’s probably had to make a quick escape from one of the Islands. There’s a wound in his shoulder and I should think that was the first cause of his collapse.” He jerked down the sail and ordered the long-boat crew to take the vessel in tow. This was done, and very soon the unknown man was taken on to the deck of the “Drake” where Jack Bennett and the surgeon were waiting to receive him.

The ship’s doctor subjected the unconscious man to a thorough examination and in the course of this he noticed that the stranger

held a piece of crumpled paper in his hand. The doctor, releasing the fragment, spread it out and saw that it only bore a few words the first words of an urgent message which had remained incompleted because of the collapse of the man who had tried to write it.

"I'm nearly done" said the message. "If you find me or the boat send help at once to Kel", the message had finished there; had consciousness remained to the man for a few more moments, he would have been able to add the rest of the name which was needed to indicate the place to which help was to be sent. As it was, exhaustion had cut short his appeal at a critical point.

"I can't make much of that," said Jack, as he read it. "It is evidently urgent, but the poor fellow had'n't the strength to complete it." "I'll get him down into the sick bay now, and see what can be done for him" said the doctor. As the unconscious man was being removed, Eric Croft showed Jack Bennett the short spear which he had found in the drifting boat, and explained what he believed to be the reason for the presence of the weapon in the boat.

"You've hit the nail on the head, I am sure," agreed Commander Bennett, "Now I wonder which Island was the scene of his hurried departure and how long a time has elapsed since he fled?"

"If the doctor can rouse him, sir, we shall soon know all about it," suggested Midshipman Croft.

"I don't think the man will be fit enough to speak for many hours," returned Bennett, gravely, "and hours make a big difference if anybody is in danger. Croft, slip down to the sick bay and ask the doctor how long his patient has been unconscious."

Eric Croft hurried away, and Jack went to consult his chart and log; and he was still engaged in this task when Croft re-appeared.

"The doctor says that from the state of the wound, he thinks it was inflicted less than twelve hours ago, sir," he explained.

"Splendid," returned Jack. "That helps us a great deal. For the past twelve hours the wind has been westerly, and with no one in control of that little boat, it must have sailed before the wind. Due west from here lies the Island of Keleni, and I don't think that sailing boat can have come farther than that. We'll make in that direction, anyway."

"You're quite correct," said Croft, "Remember—the message ended in the letter K-E-L- and then the beginning of another E was visible." That finished it: the "Drake" at once sped away in the direction of Keleni, which was more than twenty miles distant, and Jack Bennett resumed his place on the bridge again.

Deeming it wise to approach without giving warning of his coming, he caused the destroyer's lights to be extinguished when it was a few miles away from the Island. When however, the "Drake" was within a quarter of a mile of the place, he gave certain orders to the searchlight crews. Immediately two great beams of light shot out from the destroyer and were focussed

upon the Island. For some seconds the beams swept along the rugged shore, and then became fixed upon a scene taking place on the beach.

A crowd of black figures, probably fifty in all, were brandishing their spears and dancing wildly around six white men, who were standing upright on the beach bound hand and feet. As the great lights of the warship were fixed upon the scene, the dancing stopped, but Jack had seen enough of that wild twirling circle of figures. It was the Dance of Death, one of the savage rites of a party of heathen fanatics, bent upon destroying the white people who had fallen into their hands.

It had been Jack's intention to scare them, and he succeeded, for the natives immediately abandoned their idea of hurling their spears at the captives, and a man wearing the grass cloak of a Witch-doctor, raised his hands above his head and gave some order which was not audible to those on board the "Drake." Immediately some of the natives pounced upon the captives and bore them away to the beaches further along the Island, and with them went the other black men, leaving the shore deserted.

Jack Bennett roared out an order for the boats to be lowered.

Keleni was a volcanic Island, and behind the lower wood rose the grim ugly slopes of the extinct volcano.

Propelled by the strong arms of the Jack Tars the boats headed for the beach, and it was not long before the young commander had his forces behind him on the mainland.

"This is only a very small place" remarked Jack as he went off up the slope. "It can't be possible for the darkies to hide themselves for long." But in thinking this he was at fault, as he discovered when he had gone only a few hundred yards up the rugged slopes of the old extinct volcano. The steep sides, some distance from the crater, were honeycombed with caves, which from the distance, had been concealed by the massive boulders. It was quite impossible to judge the number of the caves, for the slopes were pitted with them. Jack Bennett gave his men a silent command to halt, for he knew that the men he sought had found a hiding place in one of these burrows and a more secure hiding place it would be difficult to imagine.

"It might be necessary to search every one of the caves without lighting upon the correct one," said Bennett. He knew it was useless to think of signalling the "Drake" to shell the black men out, for this could not be done without injury to the white captives. Accordingly he thought deeply for some moments and then, deciding upon a plan, moved towards a pinnacle of rock rising out of the volcano slope near at hand. Without a word to his men he started to climb up this mighty crag, reaching the top, and standing upon a narrow ledge he looked towards the sea. Then he took from his pocket his powerful electric torch. With this he began to signal, and from the masts of the "Drake" there at once came a winking light in answer. Jack flashed out his message and in reply received an indication that it had been read correctly.

Satisfied, he pocketed his torch once more and began the descent down the rock. It was not until twenty minutes after he had reached the ground that two sailors from the "Drake" came breathlessly up the slope; one of them carried a metal box, two feet long, about a foot wide and a foot deep, the other had a long coil of rope and a small package.

"Mr. Spring," said Jack, to the young midshipman, "you will stay here with the party. Be ready to engage the enemy the moment they show themselves. Don't do more damage than you can help, but if my idea does succeed and they all come out, drive them away to the other side of the Island!"

With this Jack moved away, signing the two men who had just come from the "Drake" to follow him. He continued up the slope, working for some hundred yards round to the left in order to avoid the steep bluff in which the caves were situated. In this way he came at length to the summit of the extinct volcano. At the very edge of the great yawning crater he stopped and peered into its dark depths. There was no life in the old volcano now—many, many years had passed since last it had thrown up its lava streams and sulphurous fumes, and there was little possibility that it would ever awaken again.

Jack Bennett flashed his torch into the depths and thirty feet down the wall of the crater he espied a ledge. He turned to the two men and took the box, around which he fastened one end of the rope. Next, he took the package and opening it, revealed what appeared to be a piece of white rope, twelve feet in length. One end of this he fastened to a short length of the same material which was protruding from a small hole in the side of the box. This done, Jack struck a match and held it to one end of the rope. It began to splutter and fire, for it was a gunpowder fuse. The young commander then lowered the box down into the crater until it rested upon the ledge. Satisfied that the fuse was still burning correctly, he released his hold upon the line by means of which he had lowered the box.

"We'll get back to the others as soon as we can," he explained to his comrades. "If this trick works we want to see the fun." So Bennett and the two sailors ran down the slope.

Exactly two minutes elapsed and then from the depths of the crater there came a deep reverberating explosion, and from the volcano top there rose a sheet of flame, which was followed by dense volumes of smoke. The effect was most realistic to those who looked on, for it seemed as though the old volcano had awakened into life once more. The explosion within the crater was followed by a wild chorus of screams, as from one of the many caves which honeycombed the slope, poured the natives. As they emerged, they looked up, and seeing the smoke bursting from the crater, fled in terror. They were met by the men of the "Drake" but being in no mood for fighting now, swerved in their course and sped like madmen down towards the sea.

Paying no further heed to them, the men of the "Drake"

rushed towards the cave mouth from which the natives had appeared and there in the dark depths of the cavern, they found the white captives, bound but unharmed.

The latter, as soon as they had recovered from their shock and the surprise of their unexpected release, were able to explain how they came to be in their plight. They were the crew of a small sailing vessel which had been wrecked two days before, and they had put off from the sinking vessel in their only boat and had been forced to land upon the Island of Keleni, not knowing that it was a place upon which a large party of savage fanatics carried out their heathen rites. They had fallen into the hands of the savages, but one of their number had succeeded in getting away in a boat, hoping to fetch help for the others.

"How far he reached we don't know," said the man who was telling the story, "for he was wounded while escaping."

"He is quite safe" said Jack, "We picked him up, and it is because of him that we came here."

"And we are very thankful too," was the answer, "But I don't know whether you would have found us if the old volcano hadn't had a bit of a burst. The eruption seems to be dying down now," he added, looking upwards at the faint haze of smoke which was still ascending from the crater.

"It wasn't exactly an eruption", explained Commander Bennett, with a smile. "It was more in the nature of a firework display. Noise and smoke were required to do the trick and these were obtained by dropping into the crater a box containing bombs and a specially prepared canister which we use for forming smoke screens. And now," he added, "I think we'll get back to the 'Drake,' before the natives realize that they have been bluffed."

A day after, having seen the unfortunate men in safety, the "Drake" with her commander on the bridge once more, set her course right and was soon making her way through the South Pacific Seas as on her former journey.

R. G. WARREN.

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By "One who has not that misfortune."

"How can you say, you calculating fools,
That you enjoy your work? You are the tools
Of higher destinies than you who prate
In gowned back. Nothing can satiate
Their appetites but sight of bended back
And gleeful contemplation of the rack
Of brains tormented by sine, cos., and tan.,
And all the senseless jargon of the wan
And wearied gropers in the ciphered murk
Of Chemistry and Maths. What thoughts can lurk
Behind the grim delight with which they goad
The toiler, pile high th' increasing load

Of schemes and tables, plans for making work
 Assured, e'en for the readiest to shirk.
 You gasp and strangle in that dark-blue air
 Where long dead Menelaus is laid bare,
 And "horizontal uprights" drive insane
 The boy who, striving "Inter." to attain
 Uncomprehending hears and burns his heart
 With thoughts of once despised, now glorious Art ;
 And you who scoffed at mighty Shakespeare's name,
 And sought the works of Horace to defame,
 Remember that the days have long since passed
 When weary repetition ruled ; at last
 From ego, amo, tram or omnibus
 We're free. How you poor slaves must envy us
 The liberty of sacred Art sublime
 Whilst you drag out the long and weary time
 With Gibson's cunning, Oldham's crafty wiles
 Borchartd's devices ; lumme how I smiles
 (Excuse this line, I had to find a rhyme
 For wiles. I must confess it seems a crime
 To introduce the jargon of the lab.,
 The language of the many-bottled slab
 Where "Inter.'s" feared, to verse, however poor)
 But to resume where I left off before—
 I smiled, I think, at those benighted men
 Whose work has left each like an antique hen,
 Who still pursue the sordid gods of "Fact"
 Whilst we more blessed, still preserve intact
 The power of appreciating all
 The joys of Art. Whatever may befall
 This sense will never leave us ; but for you
 The world is of one inky, blue-black hue
 Defaced by figures, causing nought but pain ;
 But Art has always been and will remain
 The solace of the worn and weary mind
 Which, seeking comfort, leaves all maths. behind."

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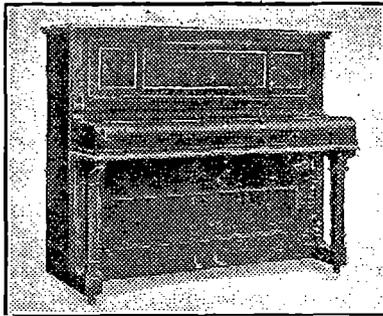
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