

No. 18.

# DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



APRIL, 1913.

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SWISS & CO., PRINTERS, 111 AND 112 FORE STREET,

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PRICE 6D.

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EDITOR - - L. COOMBE.

All communications should be addressed to "THE MAGAZINE EDITOR,  
Devonport High School, Devonport."

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## EDITORIAL.

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The year of successes—the Golden Year of D.H.S. has passed, robbing us of our literary giants whose zeal helped to revive the Magazine in the Spring of 1910, and who since that time have raised it to a level hitherto unattained. But though they have departed from our midst, they have not been unmindful of us; and though they tell of the unceasing toil of Government Offices, they have yet found time to send us assistance, and that in no unsubstantial manner, as a glance at the following pages will show.

The Magazine can once more boast of fresh contributors, whom we heartily congratulate upon their first appearance and whom we hope to see again in the future. Moreover the letters received have reached the unprecedented number of three, and the supply of material has increased to such an extent that we have been forced to hold them over. But we do so with regret and promise that the next issue shall be illuminated by their sunny shafts of wit.

With such a hopeful outlook, one matter for regret alone remains, that the Editor has been unable to approach the excellence of the past; the reader's kindly indulgence is therefore craved for this our maiden effort.

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## SCHOOL NOTES.

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The 1st XI. are to be heartily congratulated upon the great prowess displayed by them this season, which has enabled them to maintain the high standard which has been the rule in the past.

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The 2nd XI., which has received a new lease of life this season, has piled up a goal-average in inverse proportion to the size of its centre-forward, and only the absence of suitable opponents in the neighbourhood has prevented the formation of a third eleven.

\* \* \*

Debarred from doing so in the last Mag., we take this first opportunity of paying tribute to Peters. We all admired his real sportsmanship and untiring energy in the field, and wish him a brilliant career in the Civil Service.

\* \* \*

After obtaining such a splendid place in the Second Division Exam., it must have been a great disappointment to Lock to have failed the medical Exam., but we trust that he will attain all success in the noble profession he has decided to enter.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Samuel—our 9th Matriculant for 1912—who has now blossomed forth as a Medical Student.

\* \* \*

The Head Master's speech at Xmas contained an excellent suggestion—the formation of a Glee Club. Seeing the "galaxy of talent" in the school, it should not be difficult to bring this about.

\* \* \*

This attained, we might even venture to hope for a Cadet Corps.

\* \* \*

In consequence of the early date of the Speech Day last year, a Concert was held on the breaking-up day. The Headmaster gave an excellent rendering of the "Veteran's Song," Mr. Williams described in humorous fashion the adventures of a polka, and Mr. Beer caused roars of laughter by his realistic impersonation of an Italian opera-singer. Pryor i. and Morris i. played in admirable manner pianoforte selections, while E. Williams and Pryor ii. were delightful on the violin. The success attending this new departure merits its being held next year.

We record the departure of four Prefects. Below are given their respective school careers.

- W. C. PETERS, entered the school, Sept., 1906. Prefect Sept., 1910, becoming Senior Prefect in Sept., 1912. Elected Secretary of Debating Society, Oct., 1910. Awarded Football colours, Season 1910-1911. Captain of Drake House, July, 1911. Became Captain of 1st XI. (Football), Jan., 1912. Vice-Captain of Cricket XI., 1912. Editor of D.H.S. Magazine, December, 1912.
- G. G. HEWLETT, entered the school Sept., 1906. Prefect, Sept., 1910, becoming Senior Prefect in Oct., 1912. Hon. Secretary of Sports Committee, 1911.
- F. C. OLFORD, entered the school Sept., 1906. Prefect, Sept., 1910. Captain of Drake House, Oct., 1912.
- G. H. LOCK, entered the school Sept., 1907. Prefect, Sept., 1912.

The amended list of office holders is as follows :—

PREFECTS.—L. C. Coombe, W. W. H. Truscott, E. W. Hitchcock, A. M. Reep, J. Phillips.

SPORTS COMMITTEE.—The Masters and Prefects.

1st XI.—Captain, W. Howard. Vice-Captain, R. C. Davey.

2nd XI.—Captain, E. W. Hitchcock.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—“Grenville,” T. H. Beare; “Gilbert,” W. Howard; “Raleigh,” E. Hitchcock; “Drake,” L. C. Coombe.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—President, The Head Master; Vice-Presidents, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Packer; Hon. Sec., L. Coombe.

D.H.S. TROOP OF B. P. BOY SCOUTS.—Scout Master, Mr. Baker.

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## OUR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

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The first meeting of the present session was held on October 8th, at which W. C. Peters gave a highly interesting paper on “R. L. Stevenson,” the pleasure being enhanced by an excellent musical programme.

After giving a brief account of the outstanding events in the life of R. L. Stevenson, the reader commented on the influences of his early years. He told of his early writings, of his search for the

style for which his works are famous, of its lucidity and rhythm, and of the meticulous care exercised by him in his composition. Giving a list of his chief works the reader selected two which he considered his best. After speaking in turn of his beautiful Poetry, of his essays "abounding in anecdote and quiet humour," he ended by a tribute to the character of the man who exhibited such boundless courage in his life-long struggle with ill-health.

The paper, being of such an excellent nature, admitted of no criticism and of but few questions. Mr. Armor, after alluding to the beauty of Stevenson's style, asked whether the plot of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," was borrowed from similar writings of the early part of the 19th century.

Mr. Lamb then made a few most suggestive remarks. Stevenson's life, he considered, was a fine example of work of a high quality accomplished under great difficulties, and an admirable illustration of the saying that "the pleasure is not in the end, but in the way."

The meeting then came to a close with a hearty and unanimous vote of thanks to the reader.

The next meeting took place on Oct. 22nd, when Mr. Andrews read a paper on "Mediaeval Culture," an enjoyable musical programme being contributed by some of the members.

The reader, in his paper, gave a most comprehensive review of the chief characteristics of the culture extant during the 1500 years following the birth of Christ. He treated of the antagonism between Christianity and Philosophy in the first five centuries, of the causes which contributed to bring about the rise of Monasticism, and of the great importance and utility of the monasteries.

A full and most interesting account of Scholasticism and of its most illustrious scholars was then given, the character and work of Peter Abelard in particular being described. The reader's survey ended with a description of the Mediaeval Universities, and of Chivalry, "a discipline fit for the times."

The President, in opening the meeting for discussion, added a few remarks suggested by the paper. He commented on the character of Abelard, on the irritating and unanswerable questions asked by the Schoolmen, and on the importance of Chivalry in the Middle Ages.

Several interesting questions were then asked. What was the relation between Realism and Idealism? Did Chivalry result directly from Christianity or was it rather due to the innate character of the Teuton? The survival of Greek in Ireland, the Cavlingian Age, and the "public schools" of the Middle Ages were also the subjects of questions.

After these had been dealt with in a full and satisfactory manner,



the meeting concluded with a unanimous vote of thanks to the reader for his excellent paper.

On the 9th November, a debate was held on the subject, " Will the perfection of the Science of Aeronautics be advantageous to mankind ? "

Two short papers were prepared, one " for " by F. C. Olford, and one " against " by G. G. Hewlett. While admitting that acroplanes would be of little benefit to commerce, the former concentrated his arguments upon the advantages of increased rate of travelling and upon the deterrent effect such craft would have upon war. G. G. Hewlett, however, in his paper, which was slightly inclined to the humorous, laid stress upon the uselessness of the aeroplane in commerce and upon the horrors which would accompany its use in war.

G. H. Lock, in seconding Olford, displayed a good technical knowledge which was of much use in strengthening his leader's arguments. The debate now became animated, and during its course every member spoke, a great improvement upon former occasions. The possibility of guns successfully firing against aerial craft raised much discussion, and the question of danger arising from evolutions in the air caused the expression of opinion of totally opposite natures.

Mr. Williams, in a much appreciated speech, gave his reasons for the negative attitude he adopted, and was supported in his views by the Headmaster, who could see in the perfection of the aeroplane no other advantage than that of increased speed.

After Olford and Hewlett had closed the debate for their respective sides, the vote was taken. Since both sides were equally balanced, the President was enabled to use the casting vote to bring about the victory of the opposition.

The first meeting in the Spring Term was held on Friday, Feb. 14th, when a paper of a most interesting and instructive nature was given by the Headmaster, entitled, " A Glance at the History of the Parallel Axiom."

The reader, accompanying his remarks by ample blackboard demonstrations, after dealing with the importance of the axiom in the Euclidean system of geometry, gave a description of some of the attempts made to replace it. He then outlined the history of discussion on the subject and described the rise of Meta-geometry, paying particular attention to the work of Lobatschewsky, Gauss and Riemann. After a full description of the three systems of geometry, which involved three distinct ideas of space, the reader ended by the opinion that the solution to the problem, of which of the three systems of geometry is a correct representation of actuality

must be looked for from the philosopher, rather than from the mathematician or the experimental scientist.

A highly interesting discussion then followed amongst the masters. Mr. Baker after making remarks upon certain points raised in the paper, suggested a simple alternative to the twelfth axiom, if this latter were to be regarded as a postulate. Mr. Andrews giving it as his opinion that Playfair's Axiom was the best of the attempts to supersede the Parallel Axiom, caused much discussion by his attack upon the Rotational Method of Geometry. Mr. Ferraro considered that, with minds saturated with Euclidean ideas we were incompetent to judge rightly of the theories of "the Russian gentleman with the long name." Mr. Packer and Mr. Lamb also joined in the discussion. The ever-interesting question of "Infinity" received considerable attention.

After all the points raised had been dealt with as far as they could be, a vote of thanks was passed to the Headmaster for his excellent paper, which was unanimously carried. The meeting then came to an end with the playing of "God Save the King."

On Tuesday March 11th, Mr. Millett read a paper on "Gaul, Celt and Roman," and a really brilliant musical programme given by the Brothers Prior added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening.

After showing how the first invasion of the Gauls in 390 led to the Power of Rome over the rest of Italy, the reader gave the outstanding features of the Punic wars, and on the consequent reduction of Southern Gaul. Cæsar's historic campaign in Gaul was treated from a general point of view. A character-sketch of the Gauls, and a full description of the part played by the Druids in Celtic life followed. The physical characteristics and language of the Celts then received considerable attention, and the paper concluded by showing how Rome owed many of its great writers to the Celts.

The paper evoked hearty congratulations from the Headmaster and Mr. Andrews, who both in turn gave interesting and thoughtful speeches. Mr. Armor alluded to the unfortunate history of the Gauls, and the "Celtic fringe" gave rise to a considerable amount of humour.

A vote of thanks proposed to the reader for his most entertaining paper, seconded and unanimously carried, brought the meeting to an end.

The members of the Sixth Form desire to be included in this report, their gratitude for the kindness of the Masters in writing and reading papers before the society, whilst their own are in course of preparation.

L. COOMBE.

## THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

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Although the Editor's stern and irrevocable decision forbids a complete retrospect of the current Footer Season, yet so few matches remain to be played that, whatever their results, they can make no very material difference. To the date of writing, out of thirteen matches played, the First Eleven can claim nine victories and two drawn games, with the satisfactory goal average of 80 goals to 22.

In the face of these facts Howard need have no qualms in looking back over his year of Captaincy. The usual pessimism attending the opening of a new season was rapidly dispelled, and the form the team displayed in those opening matches has been maintained right through. The result is one that speaks well for the personnel of the team not only individually, but as a whole, and it is the management of any team as a whole that redounds in particular to the credit of its skipper.

Taking the team in its several departments we may find incontrovertible proof of the soundness of our defence in the small proportion of goals scored against us. Reep, at full-back, has come on by leaps and bounds, and plays a cool, imperturbable game that in itself must inspire confidence. Such occasions as call for a speed of foot beyond his powers he can and does leave with sound judgment to his untiring partner. In the department of the last hope the school is lucky in having two custodians of almost equal merit to rely on.

In the matter of attack, again the goal average speaks for itself to a certain extent. There were times, however, when the forward line showed signs of attaining to a degree of combination which would have materially raised the proportion in our favour. Unfortunately those signs were confined to comparatively few occasions. Too often the tendency was to dash off on one-man expeditions, breathlessly exciting doubtless, and often very clever, but alas! not football. Keeness has never been lacking, but combination undoubtedly has.

Yet even one-man efforts, to say nothing of combined attack, must look to the half-back line for their initiative. And here contrary to all expectations, the weakness that was anticipated proved least in evidence. To start with in Mr. Armor at centre we found a tower of strength that has never failed us. Mulready improved out of all recognition. In Peters' vacant place R. Stephens gave good account of himself, and when at Xmas we were deploring his departure, lo! and behold Crocker looming up on the horizon.

And it is the half-back line that must be ready to meet and handle every emergency whether of attack or defence. How manfully then, these have striven needs no further evidence than the season's result.

The occasion should not be passed by without a word of thanks to Mr. Armor who has not missed a single match, and to Mr. Beer who, when fit, has rendered the team yeoman service. After an interval of three years, the reappearance in the school team of members of the staff has been warmly appreciated. Be it noted also that cricket enthusiasts are looking for great things next term from the same quarter.

As regards the Second Eleven, as is usually the case, their programme has been all too small, but on such occasions as they have engaged with outside teams they have put up a performance that promises well for the future. With a record of 11 matches played and 8 won, and a goal average of 71 goals to 25, there should be small grounds for apprehension for some time to come. Indeed with colts of promising calibre making themselves conspicuous in every division of the school, there seems every reason for confidence that the school football traditions, sound as they are, will be yet further enhanced.

In the House Competition for the St. Levan Challenge Shield a far closer result has been reached than was the case last year, no single house team proving invulnerable. This renders the final decision next July far from being a foregone conclusion. Gilbert's the holders, and Raleigh's are within a point of each other as far as football is concerned. This leaves the other two houses somewhat far behind. But cricket is ever a game of surprises and on the top of that there is always the final tussle on Sports day.

Though these remarks are really in the nature of a retrospect it may be as well to put in a word here touching our prospects for the Cricket term. The improvements to the pitch at Greatlands which were put in hand last year have, by the generosity of the governors, been considerably extended. Now, in addition to a match pitch of reasonable quality, a further area has been relaid which should prove sufficient for at least one, if not more, playable practice pitches—a suitable battle-ground to fight out the problem as to who are to fill the many gaps in last year's team. Let the keenness with which that problem is fought out prove that the persistent and unfortunate grumbling which brought the improvements into being was at least justified.

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## CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

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- HOWARD, W. W. (Full Colours 1910-11, Captain 1912-13)—Keen and clever winger, but has never quite fulfilled the promise of his early dash. As skipper of this season's team, considering the difficulties of his position, has handled his charge with discretion and success.
- DAVEY, R. (Full Colours 1911-12, Vice-Captain 1912-13)—played once only. Promised to turn out a reliable, though not speedy wing-half.
- MULREADY, C. H. (Half Colours 1911-12, Full Colours and Secretary 1912-13)—As unflagging and assiduous at left-half as in his secretarial duties. Has come on wonderfully since last season, feeds his forwards with judgment, and in tackling refuses to acknowledge himself beaten.
- FEATHERSTON, B. M. (Half Colours 1911-12, Full Colours 1912-13)—Both at centre-forward and left-back has rendered the team yeoman service. The ability has always been there, but this season it has been considerably enhanced by the almost entire absence of detracting elements. Occasionally inclined too much to the individual game.
- CASSELL, A. D. (Half Colours 1911-12, Full Colours 1912-13)—As a rule a hard-working inside right with flashes of positive brilliance of gratifyingly commoner occurrence. Must however keep a wary eye on the seductions of the one-man game.
- KENSHOLE, F. (Half Colours 1911-12, Full Colours 1912-13)—A custodian of fair ability. Relies too much on his kick. More hand practice would have cut down the goal list against us quite a piece.
- REEP, A. (Full Colours 1912-13)—A real acquisition at back, right or left. Plucky and imperturbable, never known to be hustled off his game. Lacks only more power to his toe and a little finer turn of speed to prove a first-class school defence.
- STEPHENS, R. H. (Half Colours 1912-13)—Both at inside right and right half played a hard and plucky game, though the latter position was evidently more to his taste. A powerful kick for his inches, and a game tackler. Unfortunately left school at Xmas.

- CROCKER, J. (Half Colours 1912-13)—Dropped into Stephens' vacant position at right half, and has filled it most promisingly. Not to be hurried or worried, he is always there or thereabouts when there's danger on his wing. Most reliable defence but a little inclined to lose opportunities in attack by hanging back.
- SAMUEL, T. (Half Colours 1912-13)—A hard-working but rather clumsy right wing and right half. Difficult to stop when started. Was improving considerably however, when he left at Xmas.
- BEARE, T. (Half Colours 1912-13)—Clever and quick for his diminutive size. Keeps his place well whether at centre or on the wing.
- LOVEGROVE, J. (Half Colours 1912-13)—A cool and clever goal keeper. Kicks strongly and usually handles cleanly.
- HITCHCOCK, E. (Half Colours 1912-13)—Well-intentioned energy personified, whether at half, forward, or back. Must learn to use both feet.
- WESTLAKE, H.—An infant prodigy. For his size,—which is nothing to be scoffed at,—as sound and cool a defensive player as we can boast. The goals to his credit in first-eleven matches are sufficient evidence of his aggressive ability.

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### TABLE OF RESULTS.

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Wednesday, Oct 9th—Plymouth Y.M.C.A., at Greatlands. Our opponents were not well together and proved no match for us in combination. School won **10—0**.

Saturday, Oct. 12th—Plymouth Y.M.C.A., at Efford. A very different game from Wednesday's, keenly contested from start to finish. Each side in turn had hard luck in not scoring, cross-bar shots being more than once in evidence. A pointless draw.

Saturday, Nov. 2nd—Hoe Grammar School, at Oreston—A close hard-fought game, with perhaps just sufficient superiority on our side to warrant the result. School won **3—1**.

Saturday, Nov. 9th—Plymouth Corporation Grammar School at Greatlands. We were altogether too strong and might have compiled a far bigger score but for very weak shooting. School won **8—0**.

Saturday, Nov. 16th—Hoe Grammar School, at Greatlands. Through sickness and accidents the visiting team had been considerably changed from that of a fortnight before, but even so the result came as a great surprise. School won **10—1**.

Saturday, Nov. 23rd—Ford Baptists' F.C., at Greatlands. The best game of the season, nor does the goal result suggest a true estimate of the relative merits of the teams. Indeed, for over twenty minutes at the beginning of the second half, school, playing up the hill, had their adversaries at their mercy. It was only a series of accidents in the very goal-mouth which prevented our establishing a lead sufficient to discount our opponents ultimate success. School lost **4—7**.

Saturday, Nov. 30th—Plymouth Corporation G.S., at Prince Rock. A bitterly cold day and very one-sided game. School won **12—0**.

Saturday, Dec. 7th—Kingsbridge G.S., at Kingsbridge. Most exciting game, played in torrents of rain. Kingsbridge were the first to score, but though their lead was soon reduced, the final score is rather flattering to us than otherwise. School won **4—1**.

Saturday, Dec. 14th—Kingsbridge G.S., at Greatlands. More rain but a more one-sided game, school winning **5—2**.

Saturday, Jan. 25th—Mutley Wesleyan A.F.C., at Beaconsfield. A game so full of incident that each half went on an extra five minutes by mistake. Featherston scored in the first minute, but Mutley almost immediately equalised, and, with the hill in their favour, effected a lead of **5—2** at the interval. At full time as it should have been, school led by **7—6**, but in that extra five minutes lost in an equaliser. Draw **7—7**.

Saturday, Feb. 8th—Kingsbridge G.S., at Greatlands. For once this fixture was played in fair climatic conditions. After the first twenty minutes the result was never in doubt, Kingsbridge having brought an unusually weak team. School won **6—0**.

Saturday, Feb. 15th—Mr. Bale's XI., at Greatlands. The score gives a rather exaggerated idea of our superiority. That superiority was almost confined to our forwards' shooting. School won **9—0**.

Wednesday, Mar. 5th—Hoe G.S., at Oreston. School gave a disappointing display, possibly due to the long rest since their last match. The halves did not make sufficient allowance for a troublesome wind, and "skied" their passes with disastrous results. Hoe undoubtedly deserved to win, especially as for a considerable part of the game they could rely on the services of only ten men. Lost **2—3**.

Saturday, Mar. 8th—Abbey A.F.C., at Greatlands. Playing on the second pitch with a moderate team, school managed to give a good account of this new item on our fixture list. H. Westlake (2) particularly gave evidence that in him we have a reserve of considerable promise. School won 7—2.

### GOAL LIST.

CASELL ...	16	H. WESTLAKE	3
FEATHERSTON	12	R. STEPHENS	2
HOWARD ...	7	SAMUEL ...	2
BEARE ...	4	MULREADY	1

### THE SECOND XI.

GOAL AVERAGE—71 for, 25 against.

MATCHES—Played 11, Won 8, Lost 2, Drawn 1.

CHIEF GOAL SCORERS—Beare 21, Jefford 7, Cassell 6, Calthorpe 5, Sparkes 5, Stidever 5, Rendle 3, Murton 3.

### THE HOUSE MATCHES.

					GOALS		Percentages
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Agst.	
Gilbert	6	5	0	1	51	10	83.3
Raleigh	6	4	1	1	25	19	75.0
Drake	6	1	1	4	15	29	25.0
Grenville	6	1	0	5	8	41	16.6

### A FEW "DON'TS" FOR GRENVILLITES.

Don't a Gilbert fear  
 But charge him with a cheer;  
 Don't fear a Raleigh  
 Though he boldly sally;  
 Don't fear a Drake  
 But for the goalie make;  
 Don't kick at random  
 Nil est desperandum,  
 Play up, work up the hill,  
 Great Grenville's shade will praise you still.  
 P.L.O.



## AN EXILE'S LAMENT.

As I walked down the Strand feeling morbid and gloomy,  
 I mused on my present unfortunate lot ;  
 Alone among thousands not one of whom knew me,  
 Nor cared in the least if I prospered or not.  
 "How I wish," was my thought, "that the past could be undone  
 And time retrogress for a twelve-month or more ;  
 That a final farewell I might bid to old London,  
 And return to my pleasant existence of yore.

"I confess that in London I find no amusement,  
 My nerves by the traffic are set on the jump ;  
 And though never before did I know what the "blues" meant,  
 At present I've got the perpetual hump  
 But my musing was brought to a swift termination,  
 For I heard my name shouted, and turning, saw—guess !  
 Why the finest and welcomest sight in Creation,  
 A fellow Sixth Former of Old D.H.S.

At the sight of each other our faces grew brighter,  
 As both said at once : "Who'd have thought to meet you !"  
 My burden of care grew perceptibly lighter,  
 And the Strand took a cleaner and kindlier hue.  
 In a twinkling the dulness and gloom that's December's  
 Gave place to the brightness and sunshine of May,  
 As we started a series of "Do you remember's,"  
 Recalling old exploits in work and in play.

"Oh ! do you remember old Seymour, the Carey,  
 With what vigour and vim he would sweep out each room,  
 In his halo of dust looking like a big fairy,  
 A portly old sprite with a bucket and broom."  
 "Yes and how at our concerts when Jimmy, like lightning,  
 Drew caricatures of us all on the board,  
 What an uproar of clapping and cheering rose, frightening  
 The peaceful householders of Millbrook and Ford."

"And you know," said my friend, "it to me is a rum thing  
 How altered our views are from what they were when,  
 A few months ago, we still HAD to learn something,  
 Before we became independent young men.\*  
 For now we look back to the time spent in Latin,  
 As teeming with pleasure : it then seemed a bore.  
 And even each hard wooden desk that we sat in  
 Suggests pleasant days and adventures galore.

\* "Swank."—EDITOR.

" The French that before-time was so uninviting,  
 Seems full of an import entrancing and deep ;  
 And the hours spent in Maths now seem highly exciting  
 Which then only managed to send us to sleep.  
 Oh ! how we'd rejoice if again we might enter  
 The School, as we used, (about ten minutes late),  
 And we'd even be glad to " let O be the centre "  
 (Though for props. we, when schoolboys,\* had nothing but hate)

" And yet, after all we have some compensation,  
 Which nothing on earth from us ever can take,  
 For though changed be our lot and ignoble our station,  
 Deserted by Fortune, our honour at stake ;  
 Though from home we are exiles, though enemies spite us,  
 One joy, strong and lasting, we ever possess :  
 A bond, which in friendship will always unite us—  
 The memory of schooldays at old D.H.S."

S. RETEP.

\* " Swank."—EDITOR.

## SPEECH DAY.

On Thursday, December 12th, 1912, the annual Speech Day was held at the Devonport Guildhall. The occasion was in no wise less brilliant than its predecessors, and indeed so packed was the hall that the announcement of Alderman W. Littleton, the Chairman, as to the erection of a larger Guildhall seemed doubly welcome. Mrs. W. Littleton, who was the recipient of a lovely bouquet presented by Arthur Millett, kindly consented to distribute the many prizes and certificates.

A delightful musical programme was contributed by Mr. Beer, the Brothers Pryor, and R. Hill, and following the precedent of 1911, representations of two scenes were given by the Sixth Form. A French scene taken from Molière's " Les Fourberies de Scapin " was provocative of much mirth, and the famous dialogue between Brutus and Cassius from Shakespeare's " Julius Cæsar " was admirably rendered by J. Phillips and Kenshole, whose costumes under the careful eye of Mr. Williams were correct in every detail.

The tone of the speeches partook of the nature of the whole proceeding, being optimistic, one might almost say, joyous. The Chairman, in his introductory speech, eulogized the value of the school to the neighbourhood, and referred to its remarkable growth.

In presenting his Sixth Annual Report the Headmaster said that never before in the school's history, had there been a year of greater growth, progress and success. A spacious wing had been added to the school, and for the fourth year in succession an addition had been made to the staff. The plan of dividing the school into houses had received considerable impetus in the acquisition of a handsome Challenge Shield presented by Lord St. Levan. The D.H.S. Troop of Boy Scouts, the School Magazine, and the Debating Society were all in a flourishing condition, and the tone and *esprit de corps* throughout the school had been maintained at a satisfactory level.

"The most brilliant examination success during the year under review," said Mr. Treseder, "was that of Peters, who, at his first attempt, obtained the 28th place out of 81 successful candidates for Junior Appointments in various Government Departments. Among the optional subjects taken by him were Latin and French, in each of which he stood 5th among nearly 400 candidates. Of all Civil Service Appointments open for competition to those of school age, i.e. to the age of 18 or 19, these appointments carrying as they do salaries rising to £700, £800, or £900, according to the Department, are undoubtedly the most valuable. Fortunate is the school which can obtain one such success, but we during the past year have had two, for Lintell, who obtained the 44th place at the December examination was subsequently declared successful and received an appointment. It is worthy of note that both these students were prepared *entirely* at the High School, and by the High School Staff. Another important double success at a severely competitive examination was that of Jewell and Lintell, who in February last secured the 34th and 86th places respectively at the Customs and Excise examination, when 1460 candidates sat for 200 advertised appointments. Both of them were successful at their first attempt, Jewell gaining full marks for handwriting. At the competition for Boy Clerkships in the Civil Service held last April, 4 pupils from the High School entered. All were successful, and, moreover, successful at the first trial. Although this examination is of very much lower calibre than that for Junior Appointments, and for Customs and Excise, nevertheless the results obtained were, in their degree, equally brilliant, for our boys secured the 1st, 6th, 18th, and 92nd places out of 684 candidates, and the first boy, Coombe, achieved the almost unprecedented feat of obtaining 253 marks more than the 2nd candidate on the list, and he also scored top marks in Latin, French, Mathematics, English Composition, Orthography and Copying Manuscript."

"Passing on to University Examinations I find that during the year 8 pupils have, direct from the school, matriculated at the University of London—the largest number for any single year.

3 candidates entered for the December Senior Cambridge Local and 22 for the July Senior and Junior. Of these 25 pupils there is not a single failure to report. 14 obtained honours, 11 passed, and distinctions gained were as follows :—2 for Mathematics, 2 for French, and one each for Religious Knowledge, Bookkeeping, and Shorthand. Ching and Rickard were awarded prizes by the Local Cambridge Committee for the Best Senior and Best Junior Boy respectively at the Devonport Centre. In October, J. E. C. Adams took up residence at Cambridge as an undergraduate. We again sent in several boys for the Society of Arts Examination, although the syllabus is not entirely in line with our own. The results were as follows :—Intermediate Grade—14 papers worked, 4 1st class and 9 2nd class certificates obtained. Elementary Grade—26 papers worked, 26 certificates obtained. Two of the four prizes awarded by the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce for Proficiency in Commercial Education have again been secured by High School Boys."

" Among the successes obtained by old boys during the year I should like to mention three : Mr. M. Matheson, who entered the Civil Service from the school as a Boy Clerk 4th on the list, passed 61st into the Second Division last December. Mr J. Banbury succeeded in two competitive examinations, one for the London and Westminster Bank and the other for a position in the service of the Metropolitan Water Board, being in the latter case 1st of 14 competitors. Mr. Broke Heywood-Waddington, a medical student of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, within a year of leaving school and at the extremely early age of 17, passed the Preliminary Scientific Examination of the University of London."

A vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. Alderman and Mrs. W. Littleton by Mr. Alderman Hornbrook, and seconded by Mr. A. J. Rider who characterized the progress of the school as " wonderful." Thanks to the Headmaster and the Staff having been unanimously carried, Mr. and Mrs. Treseder were " at Home " to the parents and friends.

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## THE SCHOOL SCOUTS.

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Since last summer the Scouts have spent a rather uneventful time. During the early part of the Autumn Term the Troop decreased both in numbers and keenness, but we have made good headway since. The number is now nineteen and the attendance is much better. We had a pleasant day's scouting on November 1st (half-term) when we climbed the Dewerstone. On February 12th, our first Anniversary, the District Commissioner, Major E. H. A. Tolcher, inspected us. In his report the improvement was re-

marked and commended. There is still room for more. Every boy should look upon his two weekly parades as engagements which must only be dropped for a very good reason.

The Scoutmaster ought to be able to rely on a large percentage attendance on all occasions. Recently the Troop visited the Corporation Gas Works and Electricity Works. The various Troops in the Three Towns are preparing for a competition for the "Tolcher Cup." The contest takes place in September and we have decided not only to enter for it but to do our very best to get it. For this purpose the patrols are specialising in work for three badges—Curlews for signalling, Peewits for ambulance, Eagles for pathfinders."

It is intended that the Troop shall be photographed before the end of this Term.

W. E. BAKER, Scoutmaster.

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## MY FIRST AND ONLY ADVENTURE.

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On taking up the newspaper one morning, I noticed that a daring burglary had been committed at a house in our neighbourhood. I did not attach much importance to this at the time, but when a few days later I heard that another house quite close to ours had been visited not unsuccessfully by the cracksman, I began to regard the matter more seriously. I had recently added to my collection of antiques a silver mug, beautifully chased, and as the articles stolen by the burglars were described as "chiefly old silver plate," my anxiety was thus aroused for the safety of my valuables. It was this fear which caused me to remove my cabinet from the sitting room, its usual resting place, to my bedroom.

Some nights after, I was awakened by the fall of a flower-pot on the leads outside my bedroom window, but although I listened intently could hear no further sound. I was just about to settle myself comfortably again, when I heard a continued scratching on the glass. For the moment I was paralysed, but summing up sufficient courage, I leapt out of bed, switched on the electric light, and sprang to the window.

The night was foggy, and at first I could see nothing, but when my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I descried a stooping form, rapidly making its way across the garden. In a few seconds it had disappeared. As it would have been impossible to follow the

burglar, for such it must have been, I returned to bed, and needless to say did not sleep much during the remainder of the night.

Nothing occurred for some nights after this, and hearing nothing further of the burglars, I naturally concluded that they had left the neighbourhood for 'pastures new,' and accordingly relaxed my vigilance.

One night, after I had retired to rest, I woke suddenly with a start, finding myself upright in bed, with hair on end, and nerves strung to the highest pitch. After a time I heard what seemed to be a slight hiss. Thinking of the burglars, I collected my scattered wits, and grasping a heavy oaken stick, made quietly for the window. You may imagine the tremendous shock I had when something rushed past my face, and landed with a thud on the bed. I had just sufficient energy left to switch on the light. Picture my astonishment and relief when I saw on the bed — our old black cat, sitting on the pillow with a most pitiful look on his face. How he had managed to enter was a problem to me for some time, but at length I remembered that I had carelessly forgotten to shut down the window before getting into bed.

You may rightly suppose that I was the subject of many a joke the next day, when I told of my exciting adventure, and for some time afterwards a sure way of rousing my ire was to mention our old cat "Snowball."

WHAITCHBÉ.

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### THREE "MEN" IN A BOAT.

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(The following story, being an account of the half-holiday adventures of three boys belonging to the school, is absolutely correct in every detail. For obvious reasons their names are withheld and we shall therefore refer to them as Jones, Brown, and Smith).

At precisely two o'clock on one of those beautifully fine afternoons, so rarely experienced in these parts, I, whom you may call Jones, met Brown and Smith in Fore Street as we had prearranged. After exchanging greetings we wended our way to Mount Wise where, for the moderate sum of fifteen pence, we hired a stout little rowing boat for a period of two and a half hours.

We set out in high spirits and, after much exertion, reached Barn Pool. Here we rested awhile but, on my suggestion, we decided to row to the other side of the little cape which forms the

southern limit of the bay, and where, at low tide, there is a snug little cove, admirably suited for bathing. To my share fell the rowing while Brown and Smith reclined in the stern, pretending to steer.

It had been moderately smooth in Barn Pool but, on rounding the point we suddenly ran into heavy seas, and, seeing that we might get into difficulties, Smith pushed the tiller hard over and shouted to me to back water. But I was intent on reaching the cove and, although Smith and Brown protested, I had my way for, in whichever direction they steered, I pulled the opposite oar. Caustic remarks were exchanged but at last they gave in and we headed shorewards; but I had reckoned without the sea, for, on nearing land, the boat was suddenly hurled on the sand, stuck there, and was swamped by the next wave. We jumped ashore, or at any rate tried to do so, but Fortune did not favour us and although the other two escaped with wet legs, I was soaked to the waist. Seizing the painter, we endeavoured to pull the boat ashore, and after great exertions succeeded, only to be washed out again by the next wave.

In Act 1 of the "Tempest" the Boatswain says: "Lay her a-hold, a-hold set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off." We tried to follow his advice and a terrible struggle ensued during which the boat was gradually filling, but our efforts were in vain. From the point a ridge of rocks, the result of a land slide, runs out to sea for some way and it was this that next attracted our attention. We took the painter, climbed the rocks, and commenced to march seawards, but disaster overtook us, for the boat stuck on a rock, and, being broadside-on to the waves, received another contribution of water. After renewed efforts we at last pulled her into a deep little inlet in the rocks. Smith jumped in, but before we could follow suit a large wave rushed upon us and then, suddenly receding, overcame our efforts, wrenched the painter from our hands, and swept the boat away at a furious rate.

The unfortunate Smith was completely taken by surprise, swept off his feet, and precipitated into the bilge-water. We thought his end had come but he got up on his feet, seized the oars and, with a mighty effort, just saved the boat from being swept ashore again. It was a picture to see him; he was in a "blue funk" and his teeth were chattering like pebbles falling on flag-stones, but, summing up courage, he pulled the boat out of the danger zone and it is only fair to say that it was through his pluck that it was saved. But our perils were not over. Smith rowed the boat to the end of the ridge, which was at sea level, and bringing it alongside, advised us to jump in. Brown jumped in but at that moment a wave washed the boat on to the ridge and on going out again, left the keel resting about three inches from the edge. As a natural consequence the boat rolled over sideways, the water rushed in like a cataract, and we at

once saw, or thought we saw, that we were doomed. But we were not, for the next wave succeeded in washing the boat off; we immediately scrambled in and pulled away for all we were worth. The water being now up to the seats and the bottom boards floating, Smith and Brown rowed into Barn Pool again and here, being able to land, we pulled the boat up high and dry, and with the help of some old tins, bailed out the water. We then made a tour of inspection and found that we had bent and cracked the rudder, broken a small piece off one oar, scratched paint off in numerous places, and soaked ourselves into the bargain. Accordingly we took off the rudder and succeeded in straightening it with stones. Then, being about fed up with the water for the time, we took shore leave to make a few experiments with some calcium carbide which I had brought corked up tightly in a bottle, and it is well that I had taken this precaution. Having caused a few explosions we returned to the shore, minus a number of eyebrows which had accidentally been singed off, and here amused ourselves for some time with that ancient pastime of propelling missiles through the atmosphere in order to strike buoyant objects such as the antique tinware which is often seen off the coast.

At length we pushed off and heading homewards, hoped that we had finished with our misfortunes. On the way however, we stopped at a buoy on to which I climbed: the buoy revolved, I slipped, and suddenly felt the delightful sensation of striking my cranium against the bulwarks. Nothing more of note happened until we were within a few yards of home, when Brown succeeded in dropping his rowlock overboard. Mr. X . . . then appeared and held the boat while we got out, remarking that we had splashed ourselves a lot. Without wasting time with explanations we rushed up the steps, but had to wait for our change which Mrs. X . . . had omitted to give us before we set out. This delay was dangerous for a gruff voice suddenly hailed us and demanded where the other rowlock was. Brown explained that it had fallen overboard about two feet from the landing steps and that it could easily be recovered at low tide. (This was not quite correct but it was very diplomatic of Brown to say so. I may add for the benefit of those who may have some qualms of conscience that the missing article has since been recovered).

Wet, weary, and woe-begone, we plodded home, changed, and sat ourselves down to wade through our beloved homework. Whenever we meet now we softly murmur: "Oh, rowlocks."

JONES.



## THOSE MYSTERIOUS NOTES!

Now History's a thing that I  
Have always been a nib at,  
A subject where I'd never try  
To ever have a crib at.

There was no need, I always knew  
Replies to any query;  
My stock of facts just grew and grew,  
My brain was never weary.

No seeds of knowledge sown in me  
Developed as did this tree;  
The only books I read with glee  
Were treatises on history.

So ere I see another vat,  
Or find what some old man brews,  
I'll tell my secret—also that  
Possessed by Mr. Andrews.

Now first of all I'll prove my claim  
Is valid *in extenso*,  
You'll see why I deserved such fame,  
And why another's went so.

Now John's a king to all well known  
For his unseemly capers,  
And on all pictures he is shown  
Sealing a pile of papers.

The barons chased him and his men  
From town to town until a  
Conference was held and then  
He signed for Aston Villa.

'Twas then that Henry Five appeared  
And started quite a new fuss,  
While Becket singed a Spanish beard  
And riddled William Rufus.

And Henry Five fed up with war,  
Thought he'd soon his camp raise,  
He sailed his fleet towards the Nore  
But died of eating lampreys.

And then Wat Tyler said, "To win  
My army does not ten lack,"  
So William One to save his skin,  
Swiped him away at Senlac.

And Wolsey who was badly hurt  
At Austerlitz by Nappy,  
Walked back to London in his shirt,  
And Bolingbroke was happy.

So Lambert Simnel, scullion, tried  
To scull across from Paree,  
Where he had learnt the Gaby Glide  
And beaten Ernest Barry.

He failed and died and left his land  
To one of his old, poor aunts,  
With all his goods and chattels, *and*  
The card for his insurance.

Then Richard One from prison free  
Lost in the Wash his chattels,  
So started breeding silkworms, he  
Was tired of fighting battles.

With Charlie Two success he won,  
He didn't even need a  
Book of rules ere he'd begun—  
For Charlie was a Breda.

And all this serves to show you that  
My knowledge is stupendous,  
That I should write a history fat  
For Libraries to lend us.

Did Shakespeare ever spend his days  
In writing play or sonnet?  
Should *his* name have the cap of praise?  
And shouldn't Bacon don it?

Now that's a question unsolved since  
No answer's fit to stake on  
Can Durning Lawrence ALL convince  
That "Shakespeare's" really "Bacon?"

So later on I greatly fear  
 Much trouble will be brewing,  
 Unless I tell my secret here  
 In verse as I am doing.

And ere the women get the votes,  
 Or our Thomas has a Kiffen,  
 I say that Mr. Andrew's notes  
 By *me* were really written.

J. J.

### THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

It is Sunday afternoon, and we are in Edinburgh. Princess Street with its shops and hotels, its Garden and its monuments is not our objective to-day: the tree-clothed slopes of the Mound, the squat National Gallery, the ornate Scott Monument, and the immense block of the Waverley are not even to come within our horizon. The towered and gabled buildings that look down on newer Edinburgh from the supercilious height of the Castle Hill are the outlying fringe of that other Edinburgh, the Edinburgh of history; and it is into that we fain would plunge to-day.

The tireless tram-cable hums beneath us as we cross Bruntsfield Hill and start off across the Meadows. On the extreme left the Toll-cross power station puffs white jets of steam into the air. Behind us are tall five-storyed closes: twentieth century shops, but before us, beyond a belt of trees and the red detached buildings of the Hospital rises a jumble of roofs, over which the high perched Castle stands like a watchful sentinel, and amongst them we see the crown of St. Giles, haunting in its Gothic beauty, and not less noticeable because it does not seek to soar up impatiently from the level of the gables around it. On the right are the Salisbury crags and Arthur's Seat.

Between the Hospital and the ponderous University, across a humming vibrating tramline, up a narrow alley on the left and we pass into Greyfriars. Surely a place not of yesterday. Clothes props and projecting window lines encroach as much as they dare upon the green churchyard. Mouldering tombstones, and ambitious vaults protected by rusty railings and nigh overgrown with nettles recall the days of the mutes and weepers, but here is the stone on which the Covenant was signed; here is the Martyrs' Memorial; there before us is the narrow prison of the Covenanters and here back to back and under one roof are the two parish churches, mon-

uments of an age of fierce divisions, and around on all sides a tangle of old-world architecture, set cosily in a peaceful hollow, takes the memory back to still older days. The tall ridge of the roofs of the High Street leads the eye gradually upward to the inevitable Castle, and spires in thick confusion rise in the near foreground.

Out again into Forrest Road, and avoiding the steep descent of Candlemaker Row, we pass over George IV. Bridge, pausing awhile to look down upon the transverse street below. Here strangely enough, amongst, as it would seem, but the foundations of the houses which reach up and front again on the streets above—here in these subterranean regions once dwelt the rank and fashion of the City.

The immortal Pepys put up here when he visited Edinburgh, and in his zeal for pure air shut window and door against the tainted rawness of the Scotch atmosphere and lit a roaring fire to purify what little he could not exclude ere he betook himself to his four-poster and drew the thick curtains behind him. But we have no time to-day for the Cow-gate and the Lawnmarket: we disregard the elevated arcade that invites us round to the "Original Secession Church," and we continue into the High Street. This long street which descends in a straight line from the Castle to the low-lying flats of Holy Rood is pre-eminently the street of ancient Edinburgh. Tall overhanging houses, dignified yet in their age rise on either side. Entrance to the maze of tenements within is gained by the infrequent openings like rabbit-burrows set on the first floor and reached by flights of steps. Up over them we read their names:—"McPherson's Entry," "Old Post Office Close," "Flying Jack Close," "White Horse," and the like. Here and there a whole street finds a low-browed entrance beneath the houses.

We pass downwards towards St. Giles, the historic "High Kirk" or Cathedral and try its West door. A small urchin pipes at our elbow "Church is locked at three," and continues in an expressionless voice and with expectant palm, "Yon is monument to so and so, this is the statue of Charles II., church was built in such a year," and repeats in sing-song fashion a guide-book account of the neighbourhood. Around St. Giles the south side of the High Street hollows itself into a shallow bay which goes by the name of Parliament Square. Here are the porticoes of the Parliament House and between it and the cathedral, Charles, second of his name, sits uncomfortably on a muscular charger and offers a roll of paper to the sky in exchange for the laurels he wears upon his brow. But here at the west front of the Cathedral where it had escaped our notice before, we trace in the cobblestones a design—a heart, *the heart* "The Heart of Midlothian"; and memories come thick and fast . . . We can picture in imagination that Sunday morning in 1735. Wilson the

smuggler and his attendant guards coming down from church, the sudden scuffle, Robertson flying down the hill—which other way would he have gone?—to dive perchance into the labyrinth of closets, to take courage in both hands across the level fields towards the sea . . . .

And here too was the execution, the shower of missiles, the sharp volley and we are impelled to follow to the Tolbooth and witness the sequel—the surging mob and Porteus paying the penalty of his mistaken zeal. But we shall see the Tolbooth presently, and for the present we take leave of St. Giles with but one last memory of another Sunday morning when a defiant stool came hurtling up the centre aisle towards the re-erected altar that dared stand where Knox had preached.

And yet, strange contradiction, what think these Scots of the Revolution which ended the works of the Stuart line? "Dutch William" is hated yet, he is 'murderer' even in the Press, and in Glasgow his statue to this day is regularly pelted with eggs.

Further down the tramcars pass along North Bridge, stealing furtively across the High Street as though conscious that they had no place there. Surely they have not. Here stands Christ's Kirk of the Tron bearing a notice-board that explains how Charles I. was obliged to set up Tron Church when he made St. Giles into a Cathedral—for in ancient days Edinburgh was but a part of the diocese of St. Andrew's. In the roadway stands the Tron itself—now a meaningless cubic yard of masonry, but in ancient times the weighing place, where not only goods and merchandise but also manners and morals were rigidly proven and suitably corrected: we cross North Bridge Street and continue down the hill, entering by a low-browed archway on the left the first close that comes to hand, and we see before us a steep and narrow descent between tall cliffs of masonry bristling with props and window lines. In the depths of the hollow before us is the church of Old St. Pauls, oppressed with a rank weedy growth of brick chimney, which rises within six inches of its windows. Inside a solitary altar lamp flickers in the gloom that the noonday sun scarcely ever reaches. Up and out again into High Street, and we continue our way. The ground slopes more rapidly, John Knox's picturesque house throws itself boldly in our way and we find we are in that nether portion of the Street which is more properly called the Canongate. Behind the reformer's house rises the dark front of the Memorial Church, for up and down this straggling highway are the shrines and memorials of Presbyterianism: the stern Reformer's house now boasts a brass door-plate with a name which is not Knox's graved upon it. But a coin procures admission and the copious front steps are a veritable Scala Sancta trodden duly by pilgrim feet.

Further down the street stands the Tolbooth, venerable, quaint, almost fantastic with its projecting clock, like a sign-board before it. Beside it is the Tolbooth Church, but the street now widens, turns a little as though choosing its ground before it proceeds, and in a few steps we are in sight of Holyrood, standing like a barrier across the Canongate and forbidding the City to encroach further upon the majestic crag that rises precipitously to some eight hundred feet from what is practically the level of the sea.

The abruptness with which the City comes to an end inspires one with almost a sense of awe. Holyrood seems an Aladdin's house transported here by magic—a castle amongst the hills dropped down in the midst of congestion and slums.

A highlander, white-spatted, and with an enormous busby, halts at the end of his narrow cemented track, turns about with a clockwork motion, and resumes his interminable march. We pass in under the ponderous archway, turn to the left when we gain the cloistered quadrangle and pass into the sorry ruin of the once glorious Chapel Royal. Here scaffolding marks where the masons are engaged in trying to stave off that ruin and decay which must take its course now that it has proceeded so far. In one far corner, the ashes of the Royal dead have indeed been gathered together and provided with a decent resting place, but the walls bulge ominously the few remaining pillars are not upright, and soon the gaunt and roofless chapel will not even be a picturesque ruin, but a heap of stones.

Upstairs in the "Historical Apartments," a loquacious Frenchman is trying to explain to a party of his fellow countrymen that "*Marie etait reine des Ecosais,*" and that *l'Angleterre* and *l'Ecosse* were not exactly the same. Here is the bed in which Mary slept, its tawdry coverlet blackened with age, its tester drooping mournfully. Here again is Darnley's bed chamber, and a cold draught comes up from a narrow stairway used no doubt for many a nefarious purpose. Here are daggers and pistols found in drains and marshes, relics of dark intrigues of long ago.

In deepest shadow near the door of another room is a brass plate let into the floor—"Here the body of David Rizzio was dragged . . . ."

The great gallery is not inspiring, and we return by winding stairways to the quadrangle. Did Holyrood in Mary's time have its present sombre air? If it did, then a changed Scotland and an unchanged Holyrood were indeed too crushing a burden for that vivacious queen.

But we pass into the King's Park and commence to climb the crags. The sound carries well on these rocky slopes and one hears

on all sides the murmur of invisible voices and from time to time the ranger's pipes warning some too-adventurous climber. The sky, however, is lowering and a slight mistiness soon develops into a drizzling rain. An ominous thunderclap decides a hundred waverers at once and we join in the general movement towards the lower walks and make towards the City.

Hurrying down a most prosaic little street we catch sight on the side of a house of a plaster tablet which marks the place where Jeanie Deans kept her tryst. But stucco and bow windows kill romance and we have great difficulty in picturing the "ominous and unhallowed spot" beyond the City.

The rain still falls and we open upon the Meadows in time to see the last few umbrellas fade from around the many rival meetings, and amidst a general folding up of banners and putting cornets into green baize cases we make our way back to tea.

So much then for the Canongate and Holyrood: But what of the "cavernous Cowgate," Lawnmarket, and Grassmarket, the Castle, Queen Margaret's well . . . .

These must wait for another day.

A. R. L.

[We trust that the writer will indeed continue this "another day," and give us more of his most delightful peeps into Old Edinburgh.—Ed.]

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## TARGET PRACTICE AT SEA.

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It had long been my desire to see how the sailors were trained to fire the big guns of our battleships, and when the opportunity came, at the end of the last summer holidays, I at once took advantage of it. Accordingly one fine morning, a very fine one for Devonport, I accompanied my father to the Barrack Pier where we boarded a picket-boat and steamed off to H.M.S. Nonsuch, a small ship attached as tender to the Gunnery School.

At half-past eight about twenty men under the charge of a Petty Officer came on board and about two bells (nine o'clock ye land lubbers!) we left the moorings. The ship proceeded down the Harbour, the crew being drawn up at attention on either side preparatory to saluting the ships, more particularly that of the Admiral, lying at their respective anchorages. Passing the flag-ship H.M.S. Impregnable, we threaded the intricate channels to the Sound, picking up inside Drake's Island a steamboat of Marines, mostly recruits. Just outside Rame Head we overhauled the des-

trov'er towing the targets, four in number, which consisted of two large rafts, each carrying two masts about six feet high and rigged with red sails, and two smaller rafts each supporting an iron plate about two feet square, painted black with a white centre some eight inches in diameter.

The difficulty now was to find an open range as, dotted all over the sea, were numerous fishing boats and steamers, and firing cannot be commenced until no vessel is within five miles behind the target or within a range of  $32^{\circ}$  either side. By the time we had succeeded in our quest the greater part of the Marine recruits were looking rather pale, and one could easily see that they were suffering from the effects of mal-de-mer.

A contrivance resembling a rifle barrel stripped of the wooden stock had been inserted into the breech of each of the four guns to starboard, and these "Aiming tubes" enabled ordinary .303 rifle bullets to be fired from the larger guns. I might here mention that the ship's armament consisted of four 4 inch guns and four 12 pounders, two 4 inch guns being mounted on the forec'astle and two on the poop, whilst the smaller guns were situated in the waist.

Firing was now commenced, the targets employed being the small black ones towed at a distance of 300 yards, both our ship and the destroyer steaming as far as possible at the same speed. The bullets from the two guns used by the sailors were soon heard ringing on the iron plate, but very few hits were recorded as a result of the recruits' first attempts at gunnery; on the contrary the bullets struck the water close to the ship or flew into the air at all kinds of angles. Several older Marines now had a turn and their shooting was a great improvement on that of the others, the bullets impinging on the plate in quick succession.

By this time we were a long way outside the Eddystone and by one o'clock land could not be seen in any direction. When I came on deck again after dinner, the armourers had removed the aiming tubes and the destroyer had drawn off to a distance of about 800 yards. Around each four inch gun were grouped several men and on the deck lay about fifty rounds of ammunition. The shells contained no explosive but otherwise the gun was used as in actual warfare. A sailor now brought around some cotton-wool with which to stop our ears to deaden the noise of the reports.

Suddenly I heard the command "Load." Two men, one on each side of each gun were leaning back in the rests, their legs planted firm on the deck and their eyes glued to the telescopes which formed the sights. On the command one man swung open the breech a second inserted the shell and rammed it home, whilst another placed a cartridge behind it, and the breech was closed again. The



gun was now ready for firing, this latter operation being performed by the man on the left. The command "All clear" then rang out crisp and clear, to be followed almost immediately by two loud reports which seemed to shake the ship from stem to stern. As soon as the recoil had ceased the breech was opened and before the smoke had cleared the gun was ready to be fired again. After the first one or two rounds the men picked up the range and we witnessed some very fine shooting. Through the binoculars one could see the shells hurtling through the air to hit the water, sending up a huge column of spray and ricocheting from wave to wave. I noticed that on touching the water the shells always flew towards the right and I was informed that the rifling of the gun-barrel gave the projectile a twist which besides keeping it far straighter on its flight, caused it in nine cases out of ten to ricochet towards the right.

After about an hour and a half the targets were battered to pieces, the broken masts and torn sails bearing witness to the good gunnery. The gig was now launched, and a more comical sight than its crew presented I never saw. Each one was wearing a pair of waders and with canvas tied around their feet and life-belts fastened under their armpits, the smaller ones especially, presented a very odd appearance.

The targets were soon repaired, only two of the men going overboard in the operation, and the boat returned to the destroyer. The remaining rounds were soon fired off and we headed at once full speed for the Sound leaving the destroyer to bring along the targets. The moorings were reached at half past four, and half-an-hour later we landed at the Barrack Pier, the last stage of one of the most enjoyable trips of the vacation.

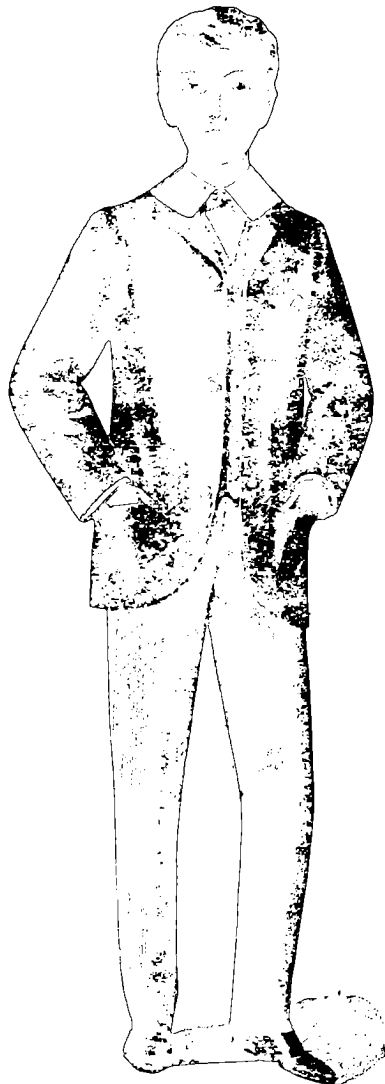
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