

No. 23.

DEVONPORT  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1915.

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DEVONPORT:

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

1915.

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PRESENTED  
BY  
LA LAMPARDES  
(O.L.D. M.S. - IAN)

# THE DEVONPORT High School Magazine.

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No. 23.

DECEMBER, 1915.

PRICE 6D.

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*EDITORS:*

J. PHILLIPS.      H. A. BAZLEY.

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

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## EDITORIAL.

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It would not be seemly to pen an editorial at the present time without referring to that which is constantly in our minds, namely, War. This word of three letters brings home to us to-day the grim reality of its meaning. For sixteen months the angel of death, to adapt a notable metaphor, has been abroad, and even in our favoured land, we have heard the beating of his wings. But this experience does not dismay us or deter us. Surge on surge of armed men daily leave our shores. Slowly, too slowly alas, as is our English way, we are organising our mighty Empire's vast resources. Would that that victory which the British Navy has rendered possible for the Allies might be an accomplished fact when the next editorial is produced.

Nothing escapes the grip of the Great War. When its record comes to be fully written—and what a library it will form—not the least salient feature will be the fact that all classes and all modes of life have been affected, either directly or indirectly, by the gigantic struggle now raging. Devonport High School has not remained immune. Nor, under the circumstances, could we wish that it had. Many old boys, who, but a few years, or even a few months ago, were pursuing their studies in our class-rooms, and playing games at Greatlands, have shown their mettle on the field of battle. One (Parry) has gained the D.S.O., another (Pym) the D.C.M. For gallant service in the trenches, just a fortnight after his arrival in Flanders, Reep, editor of the 21st number of this

magazine, was granted a commission; and the editor of the Magazine issued in April last, 2nd Lieutenant Hitchcock, is now on his way to the Near East. Not a few old D.H.S.-ians have been wounded; the "In memoriam" list on the last page supplies a still more poignant witness of war's remorseless grasp.

Turning our attention from the exploits and sacrifices of old boys to the doings of present pupils, we find a visible and, in our opinion, beneficent sign of the times in the recently-formed Cadet Corps. What some of us had been desiring for many years, has been achieved during the past six months. Within this short period over £100 has been collected towards the equipment of some 70 Cadets, and a state of efficiency reached calling forth high praise from those best fitted to judge. Probably no one doubted the good influence such a body must have on the School in general, and its members in particular. But few would have been so bold as to predict that, before the Corps was six months' old, it would have supplied members for His Majesty's Forces. Yet such is the case. Not only its first Commanding Officer (to whose energy and initiative the greatest praise is due), but his Lieutenant and four of the N.C.O.'s are now holding commissions in the Army or Navy.

We cannot conclude without alluding to the frontispiece of this Magazine illustrating the generous gift of Mr. L. A. Lampard. He and Lieutenant Reed Dawe head a subscription list, in which appears the name of many another past pupil. Happy is the School which can thus rely on the loyalty and co-operation of its old boys.

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### CONGRATULATIONS.

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To the contributors at the "silver" collections.

\* \* \* \* \*

To those responsible for decorating the school interior.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the XI. who qualified for London Matriculation.

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To the Football First XI., for winning all but one match to date.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Collier, erstwhile Company Sergeant-Major, now Cadet Second-Lieutenant.

To H. Westlake, Victor Ludorum, and present holder of the Sports Challenge Cup:

\* \* \* \* \*

To Blair Hickman, for qualifying for the Army (Sandhurst), and Navy (Paymaster Branch), almost simultaneously.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the Woodwork Classes, who have been "doing their bit," by making and mending ammunition boxes.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the members of "Gilbert" House, the winners of the Challenge Shield for 1915-16; and to A. D. Cassell, their House Captain.

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To Jewell, for being Second on the Sandhurst list; and to Read and Cassell for following him at intervals of 13 and 27 places respectively.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Mr. Ferraro, on becoming a Bachelor of Science at London University, without abating by one jot his arduous and successful work at School.

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To A. Heywood-Waddington, the first recipient of the High School Leaving Scholarship; also winner of the Boyd Exhibition, and now Undergraduate at Oriel College, Oxford.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Second-Lieutenant Reep, who received his commission for assisting to hold a trench on the Western Front at a critical juncture, thereby preventing the enemy from breaking through.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the Masters concerned, and the July Cambridge Local examinees: 26 in Honours (including 11 in 1st Class Honours), 22 Passes, and 15 Distinctions, more than atone for the solitary failure.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the new members of the Staff, Miss J. Whyte, M.A.; and Messrs. J. Lewis, B.A., H. R. Keun, M.A., and C. M. Martin, B.A.; on coming where they do not find time hanging heavily on their hands.

To Engr.-Lieutenant Parry, R.N., (old D.H.S.-ian), who was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for an act of gallantry, whereby many lives were saved. The Navy being a silent service, we refrain from giving further details until the War is over.

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To Corporal Pym (old D.H.S.-ian), of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, for a very brave deed at Festubert, a deed which won him the Distinguished Conduct Medal. On seeing a wounded man lying in the fire-zone between the British and German trenches; and on learning that he had lain there for three days without food or water, Pym immediately went to him. He found the man's legs were broken, and that it was impossible to move him without a stretcher. Meanwhile Sergeant Hollowell crawled out to them with a blanket. They then endeavoured to lift the injured man on to the blanket, but while doing so, the Sergeant was mortally wounded. So hot was the firing, that Corporal Pym was forced to go back to his trench, promising to return with further help as soon as possible. At dusk he came with a stretcher party, and a rescue was effected. The Sergeant, however, was then dead. Pym had a bullet through his cap, and another through the heel of his boot, yet he proved more invulnerable than Achilles. The man whom he rescued has happily recovered.

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### VALETE PRAECEPTORES.

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We record the departure of the following prefects:—

- E. W. HITCHCOCK—Entered School, September, 1909; became Prefect, October, 1902; Half-Colours, 1912-13; Captain; "Raleigh" House, 1914; Magazine Editor, December, 1914—April, 1915; Senior Prefect, 1915; Chairman of Debating Society Committee, April, 1915.
- A. HEYWOOD-WADDINGTON—Entered School, September, 1904; became Prefect, September, 1913.
- C. B. HICKMAN—Entered School, January, 1914; became Prefect, September, 1914; Full Colours, January, 1915.
- A. D. CASSELL—Entered School, May, 1911; became Prefect, September, 1915; Half-Colours, 1911-12; Full Colours, 1912-13; Vice-Captain, 1st XI., 1913-14 (Football); Full Colours, 1912; Vice-Captain, 1913; Captain, 1915 (Cricket).

- B. J. HOSKING—Entered School, September, 1909 ; became Prefect, April, 1915.
- N. A. PICK—Entered School, September, 1910 ; became Prefect, September, 1914.
- H. J. POOLE—Entered School, September, 1910 ; became Prefect, September, 1914.
- L. READ—Entered School, September, 1910 ; became Prefect, September, 1915.

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### SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

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The amended list of Office holders is as follows :—

PREFECTS—J. Phillips (Senior Prefect), M. J. Collier, H. A. Bazley, B. Reiss-Smith, H. Martin, S. Coleman, A. T. Brooks, L. Budge, W. H. Bosworthick, R. F. E. Cock, and H. Westlake.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE—Masters and Prefects.

1ST XI.—Captain, H. Westlake ; Vice-Captain, J. Phillips.

2ND XI.—Captain, S. Coleman ; Vice-Captain, L. Budge.

HOUSE CAPTAINS—"Drake," J. Phillips ; "Gilbert," H. Westlake ; "Grenville," W. Bosworthick ; "Raleigh," H. Martin.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY—Committee : J. Phillips (Chairman), B. Reiss-Smith, M. J. Collier, H. Bazley (Secretary).

D.H.S. TROOP OF B.P. BOY SCOUTS—Scoutmaster, Mr. J. C. Platt.

D.H.S. CADET CORPS—Officer Commanding, Cadet-Lieutenant N. W. Lamb ; Cadet-Second-Lieutenant H. Ferraro ; Cadet-Second-Lieutenant M. J. Collier ; Sergeant-Major W. Bosworthick.

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ROLL OF HONOUR (*continued*).

Since last term's Magazine was printed, the Headmaster has received the names of the following old D.H.S.-ians on Active Service :—

- BANBURY, C., Midshipman, R.N.R.  
 BODY, J., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 COOMBE, L. C., 2nd Batt. Honourable Artillery Company.  
 COOMBS, ERNEST, Royal Engineers.  
 COUCH, A. L., Royal Flying Corps.  
 CRANG, LESLIE, Canadian (Black Watch) Highland Regiment.  
 CRANG, PERCY, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.  
 DALLAS, CECIL, Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.  
 GOLLOP, R. S., R.A.M.C.  
 GORMAN, R., Devonshire Regiment.  
 DEAN, ARTHUR, Army Pay Department, Woolwich.  
 HICKMAN, BLAIR, Assistant Clerk, Royal Navy.  
 HILL, F. C., 5th Battalion Devonshire Regiment.  
 HITCHCOCK, E. W., Second Lieutenant, 3rd Devons.  
 HOCKEN, P. Second Lieutenant, Indian Army.  
 JACK, ALEXANDER, 86th Infantry Brigade.  
 LANPARD, L. A., Southern Provinces (India) Mounted Rifles.  
 LE CLAIR, C. M., Sec. Lieutenant, 10th Battalion East Surrey Regiment.  
 MORRELL, W., Devonshire Regiment.  
 MURCH, H. A., Royal Army Medical Corps.  
 OLIVER, JOHN, Second Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion Somerset Light Infantry.  
 POTTER, E. C., Midshipman, R.N.R.  
 REEP, ALFRED, Second Lieutenant, D.C.L.I.  
 RICKARD, BARKEL, Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 RICKARD, HEDLEY, Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 RUNDLE, H. L., Second Lieutenant, 11th Battalion Devonshire Regiment.  
 THOMAS, ARTHUR, Royal Naval Division.  
 SIMMONS, PERCY ARTHUR, 7th Devons Special Reserve Cycling Corps.  
 SPRAGGS, PERCY S. V., Assistant Paymaster, R.N.R.  
 STATTON, PERCIVAL GRAHAM, 3rd Battalion Honourable Artillery Company.  
 STEPHENSON, RENNIE, Second Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.  
 STRIBLING, B. H., Inns of Court, O.T.C.  
 U'REN, Cyril Condy, R.A.M.C.  
 VOSS, LEONARD, Royal Flying Corps.

## THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

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The Football Season has opened in promising fashion. Up to the time of writing, match results have been most encouraging. One cannot but express gratification at the whole-hearted endeavours of all the players to secure victory. Yet a note of criticism must not be omitted. There is a tendency throughout to indulge in futile individual "trickiness" at the expense of effective combination. This must be rooted out.

The Home Matches have been keen, but it is unfortunate for the Competition that "Raleigh's" is so strong. Two of these matches were played on the Friday morning of half term. The best contest of the series was that between "Drake's" and "Grenville's."

A disquieting feature in view of the future is the lack of sufficient practice time for the training of adequate reserve material. It is necessary that advantage should be taken of every opportunity for training.

Our game at Liskeard, against the County School, served to demonstrate the inspiring effect produced on a team by the presence and encouragement of loyal school fellows. This example might well be followed at Greatlands.

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## FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

### FIRST ELEVEN.

WESTLAKE (Captain).—Will develop into an excellent back. Has remarkable speed, tackles fearlessly but judiciously, and has a keen eye to placing.

PHILLIPS (Vice-Captain).—A cool back, displaying fine judgment, and always reliable. Has a steadying influence on the whole team.

SEWELL.—A brilliant inside-left, who gives consistent displays. Shoots with either foot from every conceivable position. A prolific goal scorer; yet unselfish withal.

MARTIN.—An indefatigable centre-half of great promise. Has a mania for dribbling which lures him out of position, and gets him needlessly robbed of the ball. Effective head-work.

BATE.—Makes up for his lack of weight by a finished exhibition of half-back play.

HURRELL.—A clever wing-half, who does sterling work.

HENDRA.—A capable custodian, who is settling down to good work between the posts. Rather too fond of fisting out.

SMALE.—A capable forward, with a good knowledge of the game. Must develop the front-of-goal dash that leads to scores.

WILLCOCKS.—An outside-left who is coming on rapidly. Delays his centres too long.

BARWIS.—A promising outside forward, whose injuries have kept him out of football for some time.

SINNOTT.—A player who has given good displays in the Second Eleven, and is finding a place among the Chiefs.

#### SECOND ELEVEN.

COLEMAN (Captain).—A capable centre-half, who displays fine judgment, but lacking somewhat in vigour.

ATWILL.—A back who is improving rapidly. Never spares himself—nor his opponents.

BOSWORTHICK.—Is playing a dashing game at centre-forward. A welcome addition to the line.

BUDGE.—A diminutive inside-left, who plays a clever game.

PENNY.—Plays a plodding game at left-half. Must feed his forwards more.

REEP.—A half-back who would do much better by adopting more forceful methods.

COLLIER.—An ex-forward, who is taking up goal-keeping with success.

J. LEWIS.

#### FOOTBALL RESULTS.

[To the time of going to press.]

##### FIRST ELEVEN.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Away ...	2-1
Kingsbridge Grammar School ... ..	Home ...	7-4
Hoe Grammar School ... ..	Away ...	5-2
Liskeard County School ... ..	Away ...	5-3
Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Home ...	6-1
Mutley Grammar School ... ..	Away ...	5-1
Ford Baptist ... ..	Home ...	0-5

## SECOND ELEVEN.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Hoe Grammar School, 2nd XI.	Home ...	16-0
St George's ... ..	Home ...	4-0
Plympton Y.M.C.A. ... ..	Away ...	2-3
Watson's Private School ... ..	Home ...	3-1
St. Boniface's ... ..	Away ...	6-4

## GOAL SCORERS.

## FIRST ELEVEN.

Sewell 19; Smale, 3; H. Westlake, Sinnott, Cassell, and Hurrell, 2.

## SECOND ELEVEN.

Collier, S., 6; Sinnott 5; Collier, M. J., Budge, Willocks, R., Cassell, Bosworthick, 2; Atwill, Coleman, Hill, Willcocks, A., 1.

## HOUSE MATCHES.

	<i>Result.</i>
" Gilbert " v. " Grenville " ...	4-3
" Drake " v. " Gilbert " ...	1-9
" Raleigh " v. " Drake " ...	5-1
" Drake " v. " Grenville " ...	4-5
" Gilbert " v. " Raleigh " ...	1-6
" Raleigh " v. " Grenville " ...	6-0

## THE CADET CORPS.

*Officer Commanding* :—Cadet Lieutenant N. W. Lamb.

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

*Cadet-Second-Lieutenant* :—W. J. Collier.

*Sergeant-Major* :—W. H. Bosworthick.

*Sergeants* :—S. Coleman; H. Westlake; F. Hurrell; and A. T. Brooks.

*Corporals* :—L. Budge; L. Atwill; F. Oliver; and R. Sibbald.

*Lance-Corporals* :—J. K. May; E. Williams; W. Reep; and S. V. Davidson.

Since the last issue of this Magazine, the Cadet Corps has become *un fait accompli*, having received War Office recognition, and been affiliated to the 5th (Prince of Wales's) Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment.

Now every Wednesday some seventy boys, ranging in ages from thirteen to seventeen, are given efficient elementary instruction of a military nature. The course comprises :—

- (a) Signalling by Semaphore and Morse.
- (b) Extended Order.
- (c) Squad and Company Drill.
- (d) Rifle Exercises.
- (e) Guard Mounting.
- (f) Route Marches.
- (g) Night Operations.
- (h) Ceremonial.

On Saturdays a Range (100 yards long) is open for Musketry practice, while an Ambulance and First-Aid Class meets on Tuesdays. Three Church Parades have been held, namely, one on Empire Sunday, at St. George's; a second at Holy Trinity, with Plymouth Cadet Company; and a third, when the Corps formed a Guard of Honour to the Mayor attending Stoke Church on Hospital Sunday. A suitable number of Cadets represented the Corps at the Hoe Recruiting Demonstration.

The thanks of the Corps are due, and hereby expressed, to the many "Old Boys" and other friends of the School who have subscribed towards the cost of uniform and equipment. In this connection Mr. Lampard is particularly remembered for his gift of a silver cup, which will be awarded annually to the section showing the highest degree of general efficiency. Grateful recognition is also accorded for the services of Mr. M. Sheldon-Williams, the first captain; of Mr. T. W. Prust, one of the first lieutenants; and of the original non-commissioned officers. It is worthy of note that all of these, who are eligible, are serving in either the Navy or the Army.

They will be gratified to know that the fine spirit of enthusiasm which marked the start has continued, considerable progress following as a natural corollary. Two concerts, realising some six guineas, were given last month by certain Cadets—an interesting example of the zeal which characterises the Corps.

The O.C. desires to express his personal thanks to Major Wright (Plymouth Cadet Company) for advice in matters of organization; to Lieutenant Oliver (Somerset Regiment) for assistance with the drills; to Miss Whyte for instructing the Ambulance Section; and to Reiss-Smith for taking a Class in Morse Signalling. Further financial assistance towards providing additional equipment will be welcomed, and the active help of one or two more officers, so that the work of the Corps may not only be continued, but extended.

The following have qualified in Semaphore Signalling :—

Sergeant Hurrell.	Private Davidson.
Lance-Corporal May.	Private R. Hill.
	Private Maddock.

The following have qualified as First-class Shots at the under-mentioned Ranges :—

25 YARDS.

Sergeant-Major Collier.	Private Oliver.
Sergeant Bosworthick.	Private Waterfield.
Corporal Brooks.	Private Davis.
Corporal Atwill.	Private Truscott. ¶
Corporal Oliver.	Private Langman.
Lance-Corporal Sibbald.	Private Blowey.
Lance-Corporal Reep.	

50 YARDS.

Sergeant-Major Collier.	Private Oliver.
Sergeant Heywood-Waddington.	Private Truscott.
Sergeant Bosworthick.	Private R. Cock.
Corporal Brooks.	Private Blowey.
Corporal Atwill.	
Corporal Oliver.	
Lance-Corporal Sibbald.	
Lance-Corporal May.	
Lance-Corporal Reep.	

100 YARDS.

Sergeant-Major Collier.	Private Truscott.
Corporal Oliver.	Private Curtain.
Lance-Corporal Sibbald.	
Lance-Corporal May.	

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THE " CADET " CONCERT.

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Two performances of the above were held on the 23rd and 28th October, respectively. A varied programme, under the able management of Cadet Sergeant A. T. Brooks, attracted large audiences, in which the Staff was well represented.

An old D.H.S.-ian, Sec.-Lieutenant John Oliver, caused much amusement by an exhibition of conjuring tricks, and he also took a part in one of the two sketches. These latter, entitled " The Neighbours " and " Box and Cox," amply displayed the memory

and histrionic powers of Sec.-Lieutenant Oliver, and the following members of the Cadet Corps: C.S.M. Bosworthick; Sergeants Coleman and Brooks; Corporal Oliver; and Private Cock; which energetic members, together with Sergeant Hurrell, Corporal Read, Lance-Corporal Williams, Private Treays, and Messrs. Phillips, Bazley, Smith, and Treliving, gave further delight by rendering vocal quartettes and solos, instrumental trios, duets and solos, and elocutionary items. Mention must be made of the band which performed on the second occasion. To ally biscuit tins, a cardboard trombone, mouthorgans and zombophones, to piano and violin, and produce therefrom arresting ragtime tunes, implies what an American might term "some" talent.

Appreciation of the entertainments was shown to such an extent by those attending them, that Cadet Second-Lieutenant Collier, who admirably filled the post of general manager, had the satisfaction of handing over to the Cadet Corps Fund the substantial sum of Six Guineas.

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### THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

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This term marks the renewal of the activities of the above society, which, as usual, were suspended during the summer term. The series of meetings began on Tuesday, September 28th, when B. R. Reiss-Smith presented a paper on "Radium." His exposition began with the discovery of radio activity by Becquerel in 1896, and proceeded to deal with the various manifestations of energy exhibited by that remarkable element. Heat, the reader said, was given out in apparently undiminishing quantities, while light was at the same time emitted and appeared as a phosphorescent glow; in addition, the rays and the emanation bore striking evidence to the incredible amount of energy which appeared to be stored up in the compounds of radium. The rays consisted of three kinds, each kind possessing distinctive characteristics; the X-rays had very small penetrative powers, and could be only slightly deflected by a magnet; the  $\beta$ -rays were able to pass through thin sheets of metal, and were greatly influenced by the magnet, while the  $\gamma$ -rays resembled closely the Rontgen rays, and possessed remarkable powers of penetration. The emanation was a material substance, which could be condensed by means of liquid air. The conclusion of the paper dealt with the action, destructive and

beneficial, of radium on the skin, and its possibilities as a therapeutic agent. The astounding statements made by the reader called forth a number of questions, which he ably disposed of, and a vote of thanks was then unanimously accorded him by those present.

The next meeting of the Society was held on October 14th, when the subject for debate was, "Should England continue to regard the Hague Convention."

The subject was proposed by W. H. Bosworthick, who commenced his remarks with a consideration of the advantages accruing to Germany through her disregard of the Hague Convention. Her use of gas had only acquired for her an insignificant amount of territory, which he declared we could regain whenever we pleased. His next contention was that the employment of gas by the Allies would result in an irreparable loss of prestige among the nations who would regard such a procedure as a certain indication that we were at the end of our resources. What would posterity think of us if we were compelled to resort to such means to win the war? He considered that we should continue to pursue our honourable policy, and keep inviolate the good name of our country.

R. F. E. Cock, the opposer, declared that he regarded our enemies just as he would a nest of pestilent rats. The dastardly and barbaric conduct of the Huns had thrust them outside the pale of human civilisation, and had reduced them to the level of mere animal nuisances. Should we scruple, therefore, by what means we rid the earth of such despicable and inhuman creatures? Surely savages must be met with their own weapons, and the civilisation of the human race must not be imperilled by hesitation as to the means of preserving it. With regard to the proposer's statement that the value of gas as a means of gaining ground was almost negligible, he pointed out that one of the most important considerations in any attack was the loss of life it entailed. Under cover of gas it was possible to make, with insignificant losses, an advance, which under ordinary circumstances would have cost thousands of valuable lives.

T. H. Martin, in seconding the proposer's statements, said that he considered that for England to depart from her honourable principle of observing strictly the terms of any agreement entered into by her, would be to cast an indelible blot on the character of the English people.

Upholding the opposer, H. A. Bazley criticised the argument adduced by the proposer that loss of prestige would be the result of our use of gas. Did it appear, he asked, that the Central Powers had lost prestige in the Balkan States, for example, or even in America? With regard to the effect which our having recourse

to gas might have on posterity, he considered that the latter, when in possession of the full facts of the case, would rather be grateful to us for preserving them from everlasting disgrace under the tyranny of German militarism, than censorious of the methods by which our task was accomplished.

A lively and interesting discussion ensued, after which the vote was taken, and it was found that the great majority of those present were in favour of our continuing to regard the terms of the Hague Convention

On Friday, November 19th, a meeting was held to discuss the proposition: "War is unmixed evil."

The proposer, W. H. Bullock, divided his remarks into three portions, in which he considered respectively the causes of war, warfare itself, and lastly, its effects.

With regard to the first, the cause of war, he said, was frequently covetousness. Even in English history, cases could be cited in which the end in view was territorial acquisition. Examples of countries secured in this way were, Canada, Australia and India, and these were therefore, unjustifiable possessions. Wars were sometimes undertaken for the sake of vindicating honour, but, he demanded, was it possible for an agent intrinsically evil to be instrumental in correcting another evil. The religious contests of Jewish history were to be regarded as the punishment of God visited on a backsliding people, rather than as a means intended for their national aggrandisement.

Considering the second aspect, warfare itself, he dwelt on its innumerable horrors and the unlimited destruction attendant on it, together with the great slaughter of human life, and the colossal waste of the world's resources.

Thirdly, he declared that war led eventually to nothing but corruption and ruin, its gains, if any, were ephemeral; it was an ill wind that blew nobody any good.

E. G. Williams, in opposing, said that every war had brought with it evident indications of the good it had accomplished. One memorable incident stood out in the history of the ages—the French Revolution. How far-reaching were the results of that great upheaval, and what an improvement was made in the social status of the French peasant. In more recent times, we had the Russo-Japanese War, which was so beneficial to the Russian nation in revealing her manifold weaknesses and deficiencies. As a result the peasant's condition was ameliorated, and the whole system of government re-organized. In the same country, the present war

had already effected the abolition of that former curse of the Russian people, namely Vodka. The American War of Independence, and also the "bloodless" Revolution of 1688, were two well-known examples of wars which severed the bonds of tyrannical oppression. The general effect of war, he concluded, was a moral uplifting of the nation, an awakening from its former state of lassitude and indifference.

H. D. Grant, in seconding the proposer, observed that many wars, especially inter-native, had resulted in the utter extermination of whole families, often of entire tribes. War in general was a very unsatisfactory method of settling any dispute, and, as in the Balkans, where recent wars had greatly aggravated the former animosity among the races, usually precluded more strife and bloodshed.

A. T. Brooks, supporting the opposer, declared that war was instrumental in binding together a nation, and afforded an opportunity for us to show our Christianity. It was in times of trial that we were likely to remember the duties we owed to our Creator; war was the furnace of suffering, out of which would emerge the pure metal of our better natures freed from the dross of corruption.

R. Cock was of the opinion that our conquest of savage tribes had generally brought as many advantages to the natives themselves in the shape of civilisation and the introduction of justice, as the acquisition of the land had brought to ourselves.

W. H. Bosworthick considered that Rome degenerated through the lack of that martial spirit which only disappeared when wars were few, and that her decline was not due to the wars themselves.

Mr. Lamb expressed the view that this war had been of the utmost service to the nation as an antidote to selfishness. We could not help being struck by the continued and painstaking devotion to the sick and wounded shown by the women, who before the war had all their thoughts engaged in the frivolities of dress and pleasure. Rich and poor, realising that the ends of the two were one, had united in sharing the common danger to ward off the common evil. War brought the realisation of the existence of such things as life, death, and suffering, and caused people to throw off the artificialities of life, and face its sterner realities.

Miss Whyte remarked that the war would conduce to the greater unity of the whole nation, so that, after the war, instead of incessant party contests, we should have the co-operation of all factions for the good of the community.

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The Committee wish to express their thanks to all those who have assisted at meetings with musical items, recitations, etc. It is highly encouraging to see so many members of the staff taking an active interest in the Society, and we venture to hope that their presence at meetings will be even more marked than it has been hitherto.

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## DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL TROOP BOY SCOUTS.

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Some months ago, when the Cadet Corps began its existence, grave doubts were experienced as to whether there would be need of the two organisations—Cadet Corps and Scouts. It was thought that the Corps would in the first place prevent recruits for the Scouts, and secondly, relegate the sphere of activity of the Scouts to the lower forms of the School. Both of these suspicions, for indeed we can hardly name them otherwise, have fortunately proved groundless. Strange as it may seem, it is indeed true that the creation of the new body has produced activity in the Scouts. The two bodies have grown side by side, and we have now a record number in the Devonport High School Troop. At our last meeting it was found necessary to have another patrol, because we had too many scouts for the four patrols, of which the troop was composed.

The organisation of our troop is shown on the opposite page.

Since the commencement of the War, the Scouts have been very keen in doing whatever they can to assist. We have recorded before the number of War Badges already obtained, and to these we must add three more which have been secured by Scouts Truscott, Treliving, and Williams.

Saturday, November 13th, was given up exclusively for work to be done in connection with the Scouts' Ambulance at the Front. The Scouts' organisation maintain a Scouts' Ambulance in France, and this having worn out, money had to be found to replace it. Saturday the 13th was, therefore, devoted to this work. The D.H.S. Troop obtained £1 16s. 7d., which has been forwarded to headquarters.

J. C. PLATT, *Scoutmaster.*

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DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL TROOP.

SCOUTMASTER.

" BEAVER " PATROL. " WOLF " PATROL. " LION " PATROL. " FOX " PATROL. " KANGAROO " PATROL.

P.L. Kingdon V.b.

P.L. Damerell V.b.

P.L. Couchman V.u.p.

P.L. Waddington IV.a.

P.L. Gilbert V.b.

Sec. Roper V.b.

Sec. Thorne i V.b.

Sec. Treiviving V.u.p.

Sec. Stephens IV.a.

Sec. Jolliffe V.b.

S. Williams IV.a.

Mitchell V.b.

Thorne ii IV.a.

Pritchard IV.b.

May, E., III.b.

Smalls V.a.

Baxter V.b.

James V.b.

Truscott III.a.

Rowe II.

Kingdon IV.a.

Revell IV.b.

Osborne IV.b.

Reed III.a.

Paltridge IV.a.

Moyle III.a.

Barnes III.a.

Kimber III.a.

Leatherby III.a.

Legg III.a.

Griffiths III.a.

Day III.a.

Kimber IV.a.

Littleton III.a.

Sleeman III.a.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

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Who was the member of the staff who spent a short ' holiday ' during the summer vacation with the London University O.T.C., and was obliged to rise at 5 o'clock several mornings in succession in order to take his turn at fatigue duty ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who was the Sixth Former, who, when asked by the classics mistress whether he had completed the translation of a sentence, sturdily replied, " Yes, sir ! " ?

\* \* \* \* \*

The name of the master responsible for the following :—

" We've metaphor, pon my word we have."

\* \* \* \* \*

Who is the prefect who has been casting the word ' cryptyconcoidsyphonamatically ' broadcast as an imposition ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who was the ' printer ' of the second batch of programmes for the Cadet Corps concert ?

\* \* \* \* \*

The name of the culprit who purloins all the drawing pins from the notice boards ?

\* \* \* \* \*

When *are* we going to have a receptacle for magazine contributions fixed up in the main corridor ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who were the two Sixth Formers who were playing " cigarette pictures " in the laboratory on November 11th ?

\* \* \* \* \*

The name of the Sixth Former who is making everyone so envious of his punning (sic) abilities, and who is responsible for the following —

" We are extremely anxious to Seymour of Seymour."

\* \* \* \* \*

Who was—[Eh ! What's that Mr. Printer ? No more room ?]

[To be continued in our next.]

## THE MYSTERY OF THE BATHING TENT.

[*A Question of Observation*].

---

No one could doubt that the "Albion" was the oldest hotel of Swanmouth, the popular South Coast watering-place. Its very appearance gave unquestionable testimony to its antiquity. An old signboard which hung over the main entrance bore a rude invitation to hospitality in Old English characters, together with the date, "Anno Domini, 1639." The old inn was picturesquely situated on a high promontory, indeed almost on the edge of the cliff itself, being thus exposed to all weathers. Many a time had the stormy west winds made its windows shake, and whistled through its chimneys. Yet it was a favourite hostel with visitors.

A few years ago, in the height of the summer season, two young men sat in one of the spacious rooms of the "Albion." One of them was fair, with blue eyes and light hair, tall and well-built. He was seated at the table, with a sheet of manuscript in his hand, reading to his companion, a dark, swarthy-skinned, thick-set fellow, who was sitting on a chair, his face resting in the palms of his hands, listening to the other. The fair young man—a would-be novelist—had invited his friend to his rooms at the "Albion," to give judgment on his first literary attempt.

The critic had listened to the opening chapters without comment, but suddenly he flung out his hand with a gesture of disgust.

"Yes?" queried the other.

"Not feasible, my dear Hugh, not feasible."

"I fail to see what you mean, Cecil," was the reply. "Really? Then I must explain. In your story two men go into a bathing tent on a crowded beach, one murders the other, burys him in the sand, rolls up the tent, decamps, and no one of the crowds around notices anything peculiar!! Do you call *that* feasible? Do you mean to tell me that the general public is so unobservant that it would permit such a crime to go on in its very midst? Even if you take it for granted that everything is done silently, do you mean to contend that no one of your 'crowds' would notice that whereas two men entered the tent, only one came out again?"

"I do," said Hugh calmly, "it's quite feasible."

"What!" answered the other, "do you think that the average man has eyes of lead and a head of wood, that he would not see and understand such a strange thing happening near him?"

"Yes," replied Hugh, this time somewhat heatedly. "I maintain that the ordinary man does not exercise the powers of observation he might. For instance, I once saw a fellow who had

more money than brains, lay a half-sovereign on the kerb and wait to see how many passers-by would step over it, unconscious of its presence. And how many do you think he counted? No less than fifty-six." "No doubt," said Cecil, "but the case you have mentioned is a little different from that of your story I think," he added ironically.

"But the principle holds good."

"Does it, eh?" He had tilted his chair back so that his weight was supported by two of its legs only, and he was surveying his friend critically, when—he suddenly overbalanced, and falling back against the carved oak panelling near which he had been sitting, struck with considerable force against a carved lion's head, a prominent feature of the woodwork.

"Well," he spluttered, as he got up again, "I was——" then, following his companion's astonished gaze, he turned round and looked at the wall. He became equally astounded. A black cavity gaped there. They both stood glaring at it for a few seconds, too surprised to utter a syllable.

Hugh was the first to speak.

"You have evidently touched some hidden spring, and this must be the entrance to a secret chamber," he said in excited tones. "But the landlord never told me of its existence. After all, it is not so very strange in so old an inn."

"I don't expect he knows of it himself," suggested Cecil. "We have certainly chanced on a very peculiar thing." They peered inside. A few feet across was a damp wall. At the bottom they could discern a few steps—nothing more.

"This excites my curiosity," said Hugh, "I suggest that we get a couple of lanterns and explore it."

"Right, I'm willing; but don't let the landlord know; it might spoil the fun," responded Cecil.

They got the lamps, and, having found out how to manipulate the secret spring which they had discovered, locked the door of the room, and started to explore. With some misgivings they entered the aperture. Then down—down—down they went. The steps were practically vertical. It was like a small shaft sunk into the earth. The descent was awfully difficult. Everything was dark, and the lamps only enabled them to see but a few feet—then all was black darkness. Yet the air seemed good, and they judged that the place was ventilated by some unseen outlet. They had descended one hundred steps,—two hundred,—three hundred, and still they were going down. Surely there was no end to them! But when they had reached about the five hundredth the steps ceased and a wide and lofty cave opened out before them. "This is queer," said Cecil. Hugh echoed his sentiment. It *was* queer, and he didn't like it. "I wonder what this was used for,"

he said, "and where it leads." "Goodness only knows!" responded Cecil. They could see nothing of the cave through which they were passing. Their flickering lanterns cast uncanny shadows around them. At length the cave narrowed into an evidently artificially-made tunnel. On they went, making their way very slowly as they were by no means sure of their ground. Another cave followed—dark and dismal. Suddenly Hugh stumbled against something, a dark, black object. With an ejaculation he picked it up and scrutinised it with his lantern. It was a wooden box. He turned it over. In faintly perceptible characters on the side were the words, "Eau-de-vie," and a name which they could not distinguish. "Brandy," he said. "It is evident that this is a secret passage once used by smugglers, and we may be pretty safe in supposing that it leads seawards." Cecil agreed. "I hope we don't see any smugglers, anyhow," he added. They didn't. The place had long ago been vacated by its original possessors. When at last they came to the end of the second natural cave they found their way blocked. The passage had ended.

Cecil looked around. "There must be some way out of this," he said. He held his lamp up against the wall before them, and they made a discovery. A roughly defined rectangular mark gave evidence of an outlet, but across it was a large iron bar, held in position by two large staples—the whole terribly rusty. Having torn out the staples and removed the bar, they then pushed one side of the stone block. It gave, ever so little at first, but as they strove, so it swung open. They felt the sea breeze blowing against their cheeks. When they had emerged from the opening they found themselves on the level of the sands. They had reached the beach from Hugh's hotel, making their way through solid rock! Luckily it was dark now, and no one had seen the two figures emerge from the side of the cliff. They noted the place by marking the rock, then sat down on the sands, and looked at one another.

"What do you think of it?" asked Hugh.

"The same as I thought before, that it would be noticed by some one," rejoined Cecil, dryly.

"Whatever can you be thinking about? I'm discussing this discovery of ours."

"Pardon! My thoughts still dwelt on our recent argument."

"Hang the argument," said Hugh, in an irritant manner.

"You are perfectly incorrigible, Cecil; doesn't this strange adventure of ours impress you at all?"

"On the contrary, it does a great deal," was the calm reply. "More so, because I see a way to settle our discussion and prove that I'm right."

"By means of this secret passage—our discovery?"

" Yes."

" Hum ! then let me hear it."

" It has occurred to me that by utilising this secret way connecting your hotel and the beach, it would be possible for one of us to disappear from an ordinary bathing tent as if he were swallowed up by the earth,—as indeed he would be." Then Cecil explained his plan.

" By jove ! I see " replied Hugh. " I'll wager you five pounds that I'm right."

" Agreed ! " said Cecil.

\* \* \* \* \*

P.C. Robertson was enjoying his annual holiday. The custodian of the law is not surfeited with holidays, so the gentleman in question decided to make the best possible use of the five days, which his employers so generously awarded him once in twelve months. A prolonged consultation of " Holiday Haunts " showed him that the nearest and most convenient seaside resort for him was Swanmouth. Accordingly to Swanmouth he went. The next day found him in a delightfully recumbent attitude on the crowded sands, and snoring as only a member of the County Police can. He was lying near the cliffs in the background of the beach. Around him sported numerous children. Young men were playing hockey and cricket. Young ladies sat there chatting and reading novels. Robertson was engaged in pleasant dreams, when one of the hockey players drove a ball right into the pit of his stomach. Poor Robertson ! It was a rude awakening to his dreams, but it was the result of an accident, and it had great bearing on what followed. The unfortunate youth, the author of the mischief, petrified by his late victim's stony glare apologised tremblingly. The apology was accepted, for at the time the recuperating constable did not feel like moving any part of his body but his lips. He was regarding his surroundings indolently. He noticed two young men setting up a green, striped, bathing tent against the cliffs not far from him. When it was pitched, they both entered, and emerged a few minutes later in bathing costumes. Then running out to the edge of the surf they plunged into the water. Twenty minutes later Robertson saw them come back and re-enter the tent. Next he saw the shorter and darker of the pair come out again, fully dressed. He started to pull out the tent pegs as if he were going to take down the tent again. " He may as well wait for the other chap to come out," thought the constable. The tent was drawn together. " Bless me, he must be for smothering the other fellow," he muttered. The tent was rolled up and carried away. The " other fellow " had vanished ! Robertson rubbed his eyes in astonishment. He was sure that he had seen two men enter the tent. He was equally

sure that only one had left it. It was as if one of the men had vanished into thin air. Surely there was something wrong. A terrible thought crossed his mind. He rushed to the spot where the tent had been, and kicked up the sands with his boots. Nothing was underneath—only more sand. It was queer, yet no one of the many others around him seemed aware of the singularity of the event. Perhaps he had been dreaming. But then, here were the marks of the tent pegs on the sand.

\* \* \* \* \*

### "MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A YOUNG VISITOR."

Allured by the promising wording of the placard, P.C. Robertson invited in a "Swanmouth Gazette."

"Hugh Hempworth, a visitor to Swanmouth, is reported to have mysteriously disappeared," he read. "Mr. Hempworth has been staying at the 'Albion' hotel for some weeks, and it is attested by the landlord that he left his apartments at 10 a.m. yesterday morning leaving an order for lunch at 1 o'clock. At the time of going to press he had not returned. Thus he has been missing for twenty hours. As Mr. Hempworth is not well known in this town no substantial evidence of his movements yesterday can be collected. We give below a photograph of the missing man."

Robertson cast his eyes on the portrait. Then he let the paper slip from his hands. *The photograph was that of a fair young man, the one whom he had seen enter the bathing tent, but whom he had not seen leave it.* There was more in the occurrence than he had thought. A case of murder doubtless, and the murderer was of course the stout, dark young man.

Though he was on holiday he still had the professional instinct, and here was a chance of promotion if he acted smartly. But how? What could he do? He would search for the murderer himself! Grabbing his newspaper he emerged from his apartments and turned down a road leading to the promenade. He walked along briskly, wrapped in thought. Suddenly he became aware that he was passing somebody, who tapped him on the shoulder with, "Excuse me, but could you oblige me with a match?" Robertson turned round and looked at the speaker. *It was the dark skinned young man of the bathing tent!* What luck! He must arrest him, he must not lose this chance. But it was rather lonely here, he had better wait until he got to a more public place. "Certainly," he replied, and fumbled for his box of vestas. The young man looked pale, and Robertson attributing this to conscience bluntly asked him the reason of it. He replied that from noon on the previous day he had had a very bad nervous headache, which had confined him to his room until the present moment. "In

fact, I haven't even seen the morning paper yet," he added with a smile. Robertson smiled grimly. Taking his copy of the 'Gazette' from his pocket he handed it to his companion. "There is an item of considerable importance *to you*," he said.

Cecil, for it was he, caught sight of the front page; he started. There was a meaning look in the other's eye. "I am a police officer," he said, sternly, "and I think that *you* can throw some light on this matter." The young man's eyes opened wide, then he began to see light, and he laughed a little. "I can explain," he said.

"Don't explain to me, explain to a jury!"

"I can really clear up everything, just give me a chance." Robertson relented. He had heard a bank note crackle. "Explain then!" said he.

"Then take me to the 'Albion'," demanded the other.

The constable hailed a passing cab. As they drove along, Cecil explained what he knew of the affair, and of his own supposition. Arrived at the inn, he obtained admission to Hugh's apartments. Then he made his way to the carved oak panelling. "Look," he said. His fingers were on the carved lion's head. He pushed it. The cavity yawned before them. Ignoring Robertson's consternation, he called for lanterns, and much to the gallant constable's terror, they descended the secret stairway. At the foot lay the body of a man! It was Hugh Hempworth,—unconscious, with a red stain across his forehead.

Between them they managed to drag him up the steps and lay him on the couch in his room. Water and brandy were brought, and soon Hugh opened his eyes. "Hello, Cecil," he murmured, "where am I?" "In your room, old boy," replied Cecil. When he was fully revived, Cecil asked him to tell them what he himself did not know of the affair, in order to fully enlighten the constable. "Certainly," responded Hugh. "When I left you yesterday morning (you know how), I was making my way back to the 'Albion' through the caves, when I accidentally dropped my lamp. It smashed to pieces, and the oil was spilled. I was in darkness. I stumbled along in that unknown place, it was terrible; then I fell over something and knew no more until I saw you and this gentleman here. And I say, Cecil, who won the wager?"

"I did," replied Cecil quietly, and glanced over at the constable. The latter's face had fallen. His chance of promotion had vanished.

R. F. E. Cock.

## DE QUIBUSDAM.

Now when we entered the school once more,  
 At the end of the Summer Vacation,  
 All stood astonished! of the school of yore  
 There were signs of a great transformation.

Coloured and painted were the walls,  
 And forth went the fiat imperious,  
 "Take care of the paint, (the sound appals)  
 "Or the result will be 'somewhat' serious."

Now Seymour carries a pocket lamp,  
 Also a big pot of paint,  
 At the sight of a scratch or a spot of damp,  
 He would die on the spot,—or faint.

Many are those who left the school  
 Last term,—seeking "pastures new,"  
 Much we regret the loss of Poole,  
 Who the magazine adverts. drew.

Much also the loss of Waddi we feel,  
 Great at Classics and languages, he.  
 Now he promotes the common weal,  
 At Oxford 'Varsity.

Though in the Sixth, its often done,  
 To be a crime, henceforth's the decree,  
 To say "If you pun, you by pun—  
 —Ching, punished severely shall be."

Listen, ye small boys! Mirabile dictu!  
 Over the Sixth, ye now can crow.  
 Your rooms are "electrico cum luminatu"  
 While the Sixth's "gassed," what dignity low!

We now mourn the loss of another lab. boy,  
 (We must clean up our own gear, you see.)  
 'Tis rumoured he cleaned the brass, with an alloy,  
 Of Radium, and glass<sub>2</sub> O<sub>2</sub>.

But this poem (?), I really must end at this line,  
 As I am no longer inspired!  
 And besides, the editor (being divine!)  
 Says, of "dunning" me, he's really tired.

E. I. SOB.

## A NIGHT WITH THE FISHING FLEET.

Anyone who has seen a fishing fleet leaving harbour on a fine summer evening, can hardly have helped wishing that he might accompany that fleet. If he is unmoved by such a spectacle, then (to quote Shakespeare) :

“ The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I was staying at Porthleven towards the end of last August. For the benefit of those who do not know Cornwall, Porthleven is a village, situated on Mount's Bay, between Mullion and Mousehole. By using tact and diplomacy in the right quarter, to wit, a fisherman's wife, I obtained permission to go to sea in one of the boats.

I availed myself of this opportunity on the following evening, and at five o'clock I proceeded to the harbour, armed with a bag of sandwiches, and wearing a gaudy cricket blazer, and spotless flannel trousers.

It was decided that I should go with three other fishermen, part owners of boat PZ. 670. I found them leaning over the rail on the quay, chewing tobacco, and giving undue prominence to large patches on the seats of their trousers. I waited for about an hour, while these men were ruminating, and then we all entered a small cockle-shell boat, already overcrowded,—the wonder is that it did not capsize.

PZ. 670 was a fairly large sailing boat, unprovided with a motor. Cornish fishermen are conservative to the backbone, the motor-boats being owned by foreigners.

We bowled out of the harbour at a fair speed, helped along by a stiff breeze, and doubtless also by the strains of a fifth-rate German Band, which had taken up its quarters in the village. In a couple of hours the fishing ground was reached, but before work was commenced, we had tea (without sugar or milk). Having partaken of a rather heavy tea before I started, uncomfortable symptoms began to make themselves felt, but, fortunately, the nausea soon passed off.

At about nine o'clock the nets were cast. These were some half-a-mile in length, and of a medium degree of fineness, for catching pilchards. Small cork buoys were attached at intervals. I was surprised when they told me that these nets had cost sixty pounds.

By now it was absolutely dark. The lamp at the masthead only provided sufficient illumination to fix the bait, but the path of the nets could be traced for over a hundred yards, on account

of the phosphorescence. Occasionally a night-bird uttered its mournful cry overhead, and all around us fish were springing out of the water, and falling back again with a "plop."

During this period an animated conversation was sustained. I was bombarded with questions of all kinds, and was laughing "up my sleeve" all the time. "Afeared o' the dark, are 'ee?" asked one, "I've yer'd tell as 'ow all Deb'mshire folks is afeared o' the dark." But the crowning question of all came when I was asked whether I thought that the Germans would bombard Porthleven.

Ever since the nets had been cast, I had been fishing with a line, without any luck. After about an hour, however, I felt a tug on my line, and I began to pull it in furiously. The fish was struggling gamely, as I could see by the phosphorescence, but, with a mighty heave, I dragged—the hook from the fish's mouth. No. 1 had escaped, and Nos. 2, 3, and 4 did likewise, but after this I had better luck, and, in two hours I bagged twenty large bream, and several smaller fish. At twelve o'clock we began to draw in the nets. The catch was very small for the time of the year. It was the pilchard season, and at the very least we should have caught twelve hundred, but we only found one hundred in the net. Other ships began to pass us on their homeward journey, and they had had even worse luck than ourselves. I was very often startled at hearing a voice quite close to us shout "Got any pilchar' 'ave 'ee?"

When the nets had been drawn in, we shifted our ground about a mile or two nearer the land, to 'try' for conger. A few were caught,—one, more than a yard long—but the catch was, on the whole, disappointing.

Catching fish is a very uncomfortable business, as everything gets so wet. Every time that I caught a fish, a gallon of water ran down my sleeves, and every yard of net that was drawn in sent a shower-bath over me. My trousers, which had been clean when I set out, were now yellow and green in places, and dirty all over. My coat was saturated with salt-water, and the colours had begun to run. To add to my discomfort it commenced to rain, so I retreated to the cabin, an undignified proceeding, to say the least. The cabin was situated in the bow of the boat. It was from four feet to two feet in width, and three feet high, the door being an opening about twenty inches square. I entered head foremost, wriggling through the door with great difficulty, and fell in a heap on the floor. From this position I tried to cross the cabin, and my body seemed to take the line of least resistance, for, in my struggles, I missed the most prominent articles of furniture, and fell into a bucket, which did me more damage than I did it. I ultimately came to rest in a bunk. The place was ill-lit and ill-ventilated; the presence of an oil-stove, and the fishy smell, which

seemed to attach itself to everything on board, not tending to sweeten the atmosphere. I was glad to get out, when the rain had stopped, even at the expense of another struggle with the door.

Towards three o'clock in the morning, the heavy, brown sails were hoisted, and a course for the harbour was steered. For all I knew, we might have been sailing towards France, but the fishermen seemed to know which way to turn, by instinct. In an hour the wind dropped and a few boats, driven by motor, passed us. True to their conservative nature, my companions refused to take advantage of the repeated offers of assistance from these boats.

When "rosy-fingered" dawn appeared, we were within half a mile of the harbour. The sweeps were then got out, and I offered to take one of them. The oars were very long, and extremely heavy, and, in a few minutes, I found myself with my feet in the air, and my head in uncomfortable proximity to the deck, while one of the crew politely informed me that that was what they called "catching a crab." The sea seemed to be swarming with "crabs." I made four attempts to row,—with four corresponding gymnastic performances.

However, we managed to negotiate the outer harbour safely, though it was swarming with craft of all kinds, even at that hour of the day. My eagerness to help exceeded my skill, and when I offered to steer the boat through the narrow entrance to the inner harbour, I again made myself look "green." I only had a vague idea how to steer, but I managed to blunder through, with a loss of a little paint, and brought the boat alongside a number of others.

To get to the top of the quay I had to cross three boats—one of which had been newly painted, and of course, this was the very one I sat on. I was hauled up to the top of the quay,—there were no steps,—and at the top I fell flat into a heap of china clay. No wonder that everyone on the quay laughed! As I have said before, my flannels were green and yellow, the brilliant colours of my blazer had run into each other, there were two conspicuous identification marks on my trousers where I had sat on the newly-painted boat, and to crown all, I was absolutely smothered in china clay.

However, there were very few visitors about, so my appearance did not matter very much, and I marched home in the early hours of the morning, carrying three fine bream, as the spoils of war.

A pound of tobacco sufficed to square matters with the fishermen next day, and they offered to take me with them again, but—I am still considering the matter.

TUBAL.

## TROUBLES OF A SCHOOLBOY.

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Some people think they know a lot, especially if they're old ;  
 They tell you things incredible, in fact I've oft been told  
 That of my life the best days are those spent inside a school,  
 Where I must sit and swot all day with paper, pen, and rule.

---

To show the error that they've made, just take this small example—  
 You start off at the break of day and think you're time is ample,  
 But oh ! alas ! to your distress you're half-a-minute late,  
 An imposition you receive from prefect obdurate.

---

You try to write those boring lines in English essay time,  
 Are reprimanded by the Head, as if it were a crime.  
 Then during French the plural of "egal" you're asked to state,  
 You say "two gals," and get the cane (its worse than coming late.)

---

Algebra makes you very tired, you do not pay attention,  
 Can't find the sum of 'n' odd terms, and so you get detention.  
 The odours during chemistry, they knock you off your legs,  
 And soon you're suffocated by the smell of rotten eggs.\*

---

When asked in Hist'ry to compare Pompeius and brave Cæsar,  
 You start Cæsar, Cæsarior — — — (the Latin's made you wiser) ;  
 An extra hundred lines you get (don't criticise the rhyme),  
 And don't forget its scantiness is due to lack of time.

SEC.

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## THE TRAINING OF NAVAL CADETS.

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In 1862 a wooden frigate of some three thousand tons was placed in Blackwall Reach, and fitted out as a training ship for Cadets, and in the same year the Thames Nautical Training College was opened. The cadets celebrated the jubilee of this institution in 1912, and old boys may be found in the Army and Navy, as well as in the Mercantile Marine, for which services, together with the Royal Naval Reserve, the cadets are trained. At the present time the ship is stationed in one of the healthiest reaches of the river, at Greenhithe, but the old "Worcester" has been discarded

\* Sulphuretted hydrogen.

and replaced by a larger and more commodious vessel. The ship is governed by the Captain-Superintendent D. WILSON-BARKER, R.N.R., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., etc.

The cadets number about 160, and the training, which consists of instruction in all the branches of their future profession, occupies at least two years. Every year the cadet who, in the opinion of his fellows is the most worthy of the honour, is awarded the Gold Medal, the presentation of which was inaugurated by Queen Victoria. This custom has been continued by King Edward and also by King George, whilst many other really valuable prizes are given annually. On board the ship there is a gymnasium, a library, and a music room. There is also an engine-room which supplies electricity for the lighting of the ship.

For the purpose of scholastic studies the ship is divided into three Nautical and four English forms. In school, besides the usual curriculum which is in the hands of the Head Master and a staff of fully qualified masters, the theory and practice of Navigation Nautical Astronomy, Sextant, Plane, and Spherical Trigonometry are taught under the direction of the Chief Officer and a staff of instructors. Out of school hours Seamanship classes are held, and for this purpose the cadets are divided into four sections, in which all the ground of theoretical and a good deal of practical seamanship is covered, the majority of the very excellent manuals used being written by our own captain. The Fourth Section is the lowest and is composed of new cadets, who are taught elementary seamanship and boat pulling, while sometimes the whole section, book in hand, goes over the ship and things are pointed out and explained. In the Third Section which is more advanced, additional book-work is done, besides work on ropes, which is the speciality of this section.

The Second Section is higher again, and here more practical work is done including Sail Drill and Wire Splicing, prizes being offered for the latter in the summer term. To the cadets in the First Section the rules of the "road," the art of sending masts and yards aloft, together with the mysteries of wireless telegraphy are explained. In all sections signals are taught, which comprise not only semaphore and morse, but, also the International Code.

Fire stations and boat drill are held at frequent intervals. Each "top" has its particular stations, and the pumps and hoses which are liberally distributed over the ship are worked under the charge of the "top's" cadet captain. Large fire extinguishers are placed in various parts of the ship, and in an emergency the carpenter's mates would open the sea-cocks and flood the vessel.

Boat races in six-oared whalers are held annually, the winning crew receiving miniature silver oars which are presented by a member of the committee. The great event of the year is the Port and

Starboard boat-race which is held on Good Friday, and is rowed on a mile course.

Situate about half-a-mile distant from the causeway are the playing fields. There are four cricket pitches and an equal number of tennis courts; also a rifle range, and last but not least in the estimation of the cadets, a tuck shop! The rifle club is affiliated to the National Rifle Association and a shooting competition is held annually for a shield, whilst certificates are competed for weekly. The monotony of spare evenings is relieved by boxing competitions and impromptu concerts, the latter interspersed with gramophone selections.

When a cadet leaves, he is awarded a Board of Trade "Worcester" certificate, which takes the form of, First Class Extra, First Class or ordinary, according to the number of marks he has secured in his examinations, both Scholastic abilities and knowledge of Seamanship being taken into consideration.

Even here, D.H.S. is well represented, four out of the twelve Devonians present being old boys of that school.

R.M.R.

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CADET CORPS FUND.

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Lieutenant Reed-Dawe, £5.

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£1.—Engr.-Captain Collingwood, R.N.; J. L. Oliver, Esq.; Z. H. Kingdon, Esq.; and 2nd Lieutenant R. Stephenson.

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Silver Collection at School Concert, £6 6s. 0d.

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IN MEMORIAM.

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PERRY.—On 2nd May, 1915, at the Dardanelles; killed while attempting to save a brother officer; F. J. L. Perry, Lieutenant, Border Regiment.

PHILLIPS.—On 24th May, 1915; killed in action at the Western Front; Charles Phillips, Sergeant, 1st Canadian Contingent.

HALY.—On 14th July, 1915; killed in action in France; Stuart Haly.

CARLTON.—On 9th August, 1915; killed while attending a wounded man at Gallipoli; Laurence Carlton, R.A.M.C.

DAVEY.—On 11th August, 1915, died of wounds, R. Davey.

BODY.—On 14th August; drowned in the Aegean Sea; Joseph Howard Body, Assistant Purser on H.M.S. *Royal Edward* (torpedoed).

SIMPSON.—On 13th September, 1915; killed in action in Belgium; Harold James Simpson, 1st Canadian Contingent.

GEAKE.—On October 20th, 1915; killed in action; L. Geake.

STUMBLES.—On October 20th, 1915, at the Dardanelles, died of wounds; Horace George Stumbles, Corporal 25th Battalion Australian Imperial Forces.

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