

No. 23.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1918.

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SWISS & Co, 111 & 112 FORE STREET.

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PRICE 6d.

Editor :

R. H. COUCHMAN.

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

EDITORIAL.

The Editorial of a School Magazine should confine itself to things of the School. Yet seven times in succession the D.H.S. Magazine has tinged its opening page with thoughts of war. Could it be otherwise? Could an orgy of conflict involving 48,000,000 combatants, 20,000,000 casualties, a death-roll of 8,000,000 fail to move us, even if no Britisher had taken part. Small wonder then that the schools of our Empire are stirred when that Empire has contributed 8,000,000 men, suffered over 3,000,000 casualties including three-quarters of a million killed. The mind reels before such figures. Imagine the British dead to pass our school at quick march in columns of four, beginning nine o'clock on a Monday morning and to continue marching day and night. Eleven a.m. on Wednesday would be reached before the sad procession had gone by; and more than ten of those columns would in passing recognise the school as their own, where but a few years or even a few months ago they had been pupils. No apology is needed for again adverting to what touches us so closely.

When we try to recall all that has happened since the April Magazine was issued, images and emotions so crowd upon one another as to become too blurred for clear expression. Save during the critical weeks of August, 1914, never did there seem to us at home such need of a square jaw as in last May, June and the

early days of July. Yet all the while a supreme military genius, found at last, given a free hand at last—and only just in time—was, with grim smile, awaiting the decisive moment. Then he struck. In France, in Palestine, in the Balkans, in Italy blow after blow, planted with magic precision, at length rendered effective the spirit and the might of the Allied Armies. But no account, however brief, of the demoralisation and lightning collapse of the foe must omit mention of the part played by the British Navy. We believe that in strategy, will power, concentration of mind, insight and generalship, Foch and Napoleon were on a par. The latter, after achieving conquest after conquest for some fifteen years, ultimately failed. The former, in eight months of leadership, completely succeeded. This riddle is easily solved: Foch had the British Navy as a partner; Napoleon, as an opponent. It is well to remember this salient fact amid vague talk of some new and Utopian "Freedom of the Seas."

Down the corridors of time, 1918 will pass as a Wonder Year. November, the month of glorious sunset skies—beloved of Meredith—will be for ever honoured. And "The Day," the eleventh of the eleventh month, when the Armistice was signed, when a cruel and crafty foe, the avowed enemy of Right and Honour was compelled to lower his polluted flag, will live throughout all future ages as the triumphant end of the greatest struggle—and dare we hope the last?—in the long history of freedom.

On the news being fully confirmed, the first feeling was that of relief. The terrible burden, carried for over four years, had suddenly slipped off. To relief succeeded joy. Yet the joy of the last few weeks has been tempered by sorrow. The fallen were not forgotten in the hour of victory. On Armistice Day and the days following, thousands felt more attuned to silent meditation than open rejoicing. If the streets were full, the churches were not empty. For throughout our land, and other lands, there is scarcely a soul but has lost some relative or friend. To all such the truth enshrined in the lines:

" There's a pang in all rejoicing,
There's a joy in the heart of pain,"

will appeal, dimly perhaps at first, but with ever-growing certitude, as they realize that none of their dead have died in vain.

With such thoughts as these, in which pride and regret and sure and certain hope commingle, boys and old boys will read the Roll of Honour published in this issue. They will, we are sure, do more than read it. They will resolve that the sacrifice of those fallen heroes shall not lack some fitting commemoration.

We cannot conclude without referring to the last name on the Roll of Honour, one qualified for that position only four days before the Armistice was signed. No better sportsman, no worthier or more brilliant student than Bosworthick ever passed through the school. Much honour he brought to it in life and in death. Whether we remember him as Prefect, as O.C. of the Cadet Corps, as Editor of this Magazine, as Dyke Exhibitioner, or as a Subaltern, who, at the age of 19, died in the very act of securing safety for his men, we realize the lasting and splendid influence for good of a life so nobly lived. "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

THE FRONTISPIECE.

The front page illustration in this Magazine represents the new Championship Cup, presented to the school in memory of an old D.H.S.-ian and former Victor Ludorum. It is a handsome, massive, beautifully balanced specimen of the silversmith's art, measuring 9 inches in height and a foot across at its widest part. To the ebony pedestal on which it stands is affixed a silver plate, containing the following inscription :—

In memory of
HORACE LIBERTY RUNDLE,
2nd Lieutenant 8/ Devonshire Regiment,
Killed in Action
21st July, 1916.

19

Victor Ludorum, 1914.

18

On the Cup itself is engraved :—

Devonport High School
Championship Cup.

Then follows the name of the 1918 Victor Ludorum, viz.,

R. H. COUCHMAN.

The High School is greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Rundle for thus perpetuating their son's memory.

It is hoped to preface the next number of our Magazine (viz., April, 1919) with a similar engraving of the Junior Championship Cup given, also during the current year, by Captain R. J. McNeill Love, R.A.M.C. (old D.H.S.-ian), who is now busy at B.F.H., Amarah, with surgical charge of over 1,000 beds.

Both Cups are to be kept in a large glass case fixed to the west wall of the Main Room.

For the four weeks commencing 24th October, the school was closed owing to the Influenza Epidemic. We regret to say that two pupils, Ley (major) of Form II.R and Perry, of the Lower Preparatory Form succumbed to after effects which so frequently follow this terrible scourge.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

PREFECTS—R. H. Couchman (Senior Prefect), A. E. Damerell, A. Langman, A. J. Warren, R. E. Stephens, J. Liddicoat, R. G. Trevithick, H. Urch.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE—Masters and Prefects.

1st XI.—Captain: H. Mitchell. Vice-Captain: R. H. Couchman. Secretary: R. Smale.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY—Committee: A. E. Damerell* (Chairman), H. W. Urch (Hon. Sec.), A. J. Warren, R. G. Trevithick, J. Liddicoat.

HOUSE CAPTAINS—"Raleigh," H. Mitchell; "Gilbert," R. G. Trevithick; "Grenville," A. E. Damerell; "Drake," H. Urch.

D.H.S. CADET CORPS—Commanding Officer: Captain* M. Sheldon-Williams; Lieutenant: A. Hutchings.

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

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

*H. C. C. Taylor occupied the chair for one evening before leaving the school.

PRAEFECTI VALETE.

L. B. H. BUDGE.—Entered School, January, 1909; became Prefect, September, 1915; became Senior Prefect, September, 1917; Captain of Cricket XI. 1918; Captain of "Grenville," September, 1917—June, 1918; awarded Full Colours (Football), 1917—1918; Hon. Sec., D.H.S. L. & D. Society, September, 1917—June, 1918; Company Sergeant-Major, Cadet Corps; Entered the Navy as an Assistant Clerk, June, 1918 (1st place).

R. F. E. COCK.—Entered School, September, 1911; became Prefect, September, 1916; became Senior Prefect, June, 1918; Chairman D.H.S. L. & D. Society, September, 1917—July, 1918; Company Sergeant-Major, Cadet Corps, July, 1918; Editor, D.H.S. Magazine, September, 1916—April, 1918; Entered R.M.A., Woolwich, October, 1918 (16th place).

- R. L. OLIVER.—Entered School, November, 1906 ; became Prefect, January, 1917 ; Entered Engineering College, Keyham, September, 1918.
- W. H. TREAYS.—Entered School, September, 1912 ; became Prefect, September, 1917 ; Captain of Football XI. 1917-1918 ; awarded Full Colours (Football), 1917-18 ; Captain of " Gilbert " September, 1917—April, 1918 ; Entered R.M.A., Woolwich, April, 1918.
- J. MADDOCK.—Entered School, September, 1912 ; became Prefect, September, 1917 ; Sergeant, Cadet Corps ; awarded Half-Colours (Football), 1917-1918.
- C. MITCHELL.—Entered School, September, 1912 ; became Prefect September, 1917 ; Passed Inter. B.Sc. Exam., July, 1918 ; Entered Army, August, 1918.
- G. L. USHER.—Entered School, April, 1914 ; became Prefect, September, 1917 ; Captain of " Raleigh," September, 1917—July, 1918 ; Hon. Sec. of Football, 1917-1918 ; awarded Full Colours (Football), 1917-1918 ; Sergeant, Cadet Corps ; Entered Sandhurst, September, 1918.
- H. C. C. TAYLOR.—Entered School, September, 1912 ; became Prefect, July, 1918 ; Chairman, D.H.S. L. & D. Society, September, 1918 ; Now studying for the Medical Profession.
- P. H. LOBB.—Entered School, September, 1913 ; became Prefect, September, 1918 ; Has entered the Teaching Profession.

EN PASSANT.

Apparently some members of the Corps did not have enough land work while at camp, for several enthusiasts have recently been helping a neighbouring farmer to pick up potatoes. Judging from the wages they received, it is a very lucrative trade. We hear that Mr. Hutchings is displaying the tempting bait of War Savings Certificates for their benefit ; the result is not yet known.

* * * * *

Some people imagined that D.H.S. had taken up " Rugger " when the result of the " Raleigh "—" Drake " Junior House match was made known. We should think that 21—0 was a record. Hard luck, " Raleigh " Juniors !

* * * * *

We congratulate Mr. Hutchings on his promotion to Lieutenant.

* * * * *

Our best wishes go with the successful Army and Navy candidates who entered for their examinations last summer. The

departure of Cock and Waters, who entered Woolwich ; Usher, Davidson, and Laverty, who are now at Sandhurst ; and Budge, Reep, and Oliver, who choose the Navy as their profession, reduced the OLD Sixth Form to a minimum. There are very, very few of the old-timers left now, but we expect to be gone ourselves soon. Yet all will remember the good old days at D.H.S. The following lines, written by one of the Old Ones, would not be amiss :—

Ever till your death I ween,
You'll recollect the year '18 ;
When half-a-dozen, thick as bricks,
We decorated old Form VI.

* * * * *

Our heartiest congratulations are accorded to C. Mitchell, who passed the Inter. B.Sc. examination last July. May he be as successful in after life as he was at D.H.S.

* * * * *

It is very hard luck for J. Maddock, who obtained the 16th place in the March Woolwich examination, but did not succeed in satisfying the Medical Board.

* * * * *

The epidemic of punning at Camp was truly remarkable ; it was even worse than is generally experienced at school. It is slightly quieter now, for the Lord High Punnist has removed to Sandhurst, where, no doubt, his puny attempts will be appreciated !

* * * * *

The Literary and Debating Society has started well this session. A full account of the discussions will appear in the April issue.

* * * * *

While the seniors have been working on the land, some of the younger boys have been doing other work of National Importance. Chestnuts and acorns have been gathered, and altogether 33,000 tram tickets have been collected and handed over to the Red Cross.

* * * * *

The 1st XI. has started the season well. The following are the results to date :—

Plymouth Technical School	...	3—2
Liskeard County School	...	7—1
Plympton Y.M.C.A.	6—0
Hoe Grammar School	2—1

* * * * *

England is taking no chances with the Bosche. In other words, the Corps is still in need of recruits, who will be given a "Corps"—dial welcome.

In reference to the Cadets, it came as a surprise to most of us when the use of a gymnasium was secured. We are still awaiting "developments."

* * * * *

The allotments at Greatlands have suffered greatly from the depredations of the sheep. It is said, however, that it was not the sheep who got their "wool off."

THE WAR SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

The special feature of the past six months was the Plymouth War Weapons Week, from July 8th to 15th. As a school we promised the Local Secretary that we would do what we could. During the week previous, special War Savings Posters and Notices were posted in the Main Corridor. During the week the Secretary was kept busy every day receiving subscriptions. When the weather was suitable the "Receipt of Customs" was on the School Lawn amidst various relics of war (kindly lent by boys). When rain fell, the money was received in the "Dining Hall."

Our Association aimed at 200 certificates or £155. At the close of the week the Secretary was able to report that £176 2s. 6d. had been brought for War Savings Certificates, and that £125 had been invested in War Bonds. Thus the total for the week was £301 2s. 6d., which corresponds to 388 certificates.

The figures to the end of September (when the Association had been formed one year eight months) are as follows:—

Number of members	•	223
Number of Certificates purchased	...	1759
Total value of Certificates (including		
Bonds)	£1363 16s. 0d.

Now as to the future. The 2nd Anniversary of the formation of the Association falls on 7th February, 1919. It would be a splendid achievement if we could raise our total to £2,000 by that date. We have done great things in the past, and we can do still greater things in the future.

Since the last Magazine was issued, the Secretaryship has changed hands, owing to the much regretted departure of Miss Whyte, the founder of the Association and its energetic Secretary for the first fifteen months of its career.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE.

The scented cherry-blossom wafts
 Its odour in the air,
 And Coryden with springing step
 Trysts with his maiden fair.

On bended knee with fevered lips,
 The scornful maid he woes,
 And swears that with no other girl
 He *ever* bills or cooes.

"Oh! Phyllis mine! Oh! Phyllis mine!"
 He cries, "Come to my bower,
 I have so much to say to you,
 P'raps, too, there'll be a shower."

Still with a petrifying glance
 Eyes him the maiden coy:—
 "Now, if you've anything to say,
 Quick—spit it out, my boy."

Charmed by his loved-one's gracious words,
 Our Cory picks up heart;
 "I love you awfully much," he breathes,
 (And not bad—for a start!)

She looks at him disdainfully,
 "You love me much, you say,
 But *I* shan't be content without
 A *HERO*—so good-day."

His eyes are lit with flaming fire—
 "Saved am I from my grave!
 For, here am I, sweet Phyllis fair,
 The bravest of the brave!"

And through the sweetly scented air
 Of briar-rose, new-born,
 The maiden sends a rippling laugh—
 The token of her scorn.

"You'll not believe me, Phyllis fair,
 But I will force you to.
 Be still, and I'll relate to you
 Some stunts that I've been through."

" One night—it was at 12 o'clock,
 And pretty dark at that,
 I plunged into the icy Thames
 And rescued—a dead cat."

" Once, when I chased the savage brute,
 Out in the Afric wild,
 I bagged quite forty grown-up lions,
 And a leopard—quite a child."

" When in the war, for I was there,
 I showed by bravery,
 On me all letters were bestowed,
 Excepting £. S. D."

" I saved a child once from a fire,
 And all that made me twinge,
 Was the thought that I, the day before,
 Paid twopence for a singe."

" Some cannibals seized on me once
 (It gave me quite a start),
 I got away, but my old pal
 Was served up *à la carte*!"

" On every spot in this old earth,
 Torpoint to Timbuctoo,
 My epic deeds have won applause
 From King and Mikado."

" These and a thousand golden deeds
 Are mine, oh maiden fair.
 Believe me, through these miracles,
 I never turned a hair."

" Oh ! Coryden ; Oh ! Coryden,"
 She sighs, her face aglow—

" I will be yours, my present joy
 Is greater than you know."

They, in the blossom-scented air,
 Decided to elope :
 She did not know that Coryden
Played for the Bioscope !

R.F.E.C.

THE CRICKET SEASON.

Although for various unavoidable reasons this year's cricket season was somewhat slow in getting into its stride, its record is well up to the average, and; more than that, it was instrumental in bringing to light quite a creditable array of budding talent in the junior teams. Throughout all teams there was also in evidence a commendable spirit of keenness—an ever acceptable asset which goes far to discount the lack of polish and finish induced by the impossibility of steady practice.

As regards the First Eleven, it was unfortunate that during this summer term, more than at any other time within memory, outside considerations interfered with the decisions of the Selection Committee, considerations as often of a national (!) character as of the usual hygienic order. The unfortunate consequence was that seldom for two matches in succession could we put the same team in the field, or worse still, count on the same "skipper" to take charge.

Taking all things into consideration, therefore, we have no adequate reasons to look askance at the season's results, nor to fear unkindly criticism therefrom. If the batting displays were marked with the well-known D.H.S. modesty, the bowling was in more than one case distinctly good, while the fielding of the team as a whole for snap and cleanness showed a marked improvement on many of its predecessors.

At times, in dreaming moments of a futile optimism, we have visions of a D.H.S. standing four-square in its own sufficient grounds (and level grounds at that) whence through the long summer days at every opportune moment rises the resonant crack of the willow, and the sharp utterances of the "pro." in modified commendation or caustic reproof. But these are dreams, alas! So, till those dreams come true, we have small reason to fret if succeeding seasons show no poorer record than that of 1918.

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

- 18th May—*v.* Plymouth Technical (Junior), at Efford; won, 70—31 (Budge, 8 wickets for 13).
 25th May—*v.* Hoe Grammar School, at Greatlands; lost, 38—49 (Budge, 13; Hosking and Couchman, 4 wickets for 13 runs each).
 8th June—*v.* H.M.S. *Indus*, 2nd XI., at Greatlands; lost, 25—74 (Willcocks, 5 wickets for 18).

15th June—*v.* Plymouth Technical (Junior), at Greatlands ; won, 85—6, 46 (Rice, 29 ; Mears, 12 ; Willcocks 9 wickets for 7 ; Budge, 6 wickets for 5 ; Mitchell 4 wickets for 7).

29th June—*v.* St. Simons, at Greatlands ; won, 37—30 (Warren, 11 ; Willcocks, 9 wickets for 12).

10th July—*v.* Regent Street School, at Greatlands ; won, 57—47 (Willcocks, 11 ; Stevens, 14 ; Willcocks 6 wickets for 25 ; Budge 4 wickets for 19).

13th July—*v.* Plymouth College, 2nd XI., at Ford Park ; won, 101—42 (Budge 19, Willcocks 15, Couchman 15, Mears 11 ; Willcocks 6 wickets for 30, Hosking 4 wickets for 2).

CHARACTERS OF THE ELEVEN.

BUDGE, L. (Captain).—Excellent "skipper," and always reliable in every branch of the game ; medium to slow left-hand deliveries at times brilliant ; painstaking bat ; clean field. (Bowling average : 3·05).

TREAYS (Vice-Captain).—Hardworking, but disappointing bat ; keen field.

MITCHELL.—Occasionally came off a bit with the bat, but more often with the ball ; fiery and erratic deliveries of a devastating character ; hard-working field. (Bowling average : 2·00).

COUCHMAN.—Painstaking bat, with signs of promise in practice, but not in matches ; occasional success as bowler ; invaluable as reserve wicket-keeper.

USHER.—Good sound field ; disappointing bat ; never showed signs of fulfilling promise of previous seasons.

WILLCOCKS.—Good all-round cricketer ; good bat, good field, and at times—most times—bowler of almost brilliant promise. Captured 35 wickets in 5 matches at an average cost of 2·62 runs.

HOSKING.—Very disappointing bat ; conscientious field ; occasionally successful bowler. (Bowling average : 5·30).

RICE.—An exceptional good wicket-keeper, quick and fearless ; considerable promise as a bat, though rather of the long-handle variety.

MEARS.—Considerable promise as a bat ; the neatest mid-off the school has had for seasons.

HARWOOD.—Disappointing bat ; conscientious field ; useful reserve wicket-keeper.

WARREN.—Batted with some success once or twice, but more by luck than judgment ; disappointing field.

WILLIAMS, S.—Disappointing, but has time yet to improve ; fielding particularly unreliable.

MILLER.—Good in the field ; nothing very much as yet with the bat.

STEVENS.—Occasionally showed signs of more than mere promise with the bat ; should do well next season.

THE SPORTS.

The Annual Athletic Meeting was held at Greatlands on the morning of Thursday, 25th July. And it was just as well that the practice adopted since 1914 was observed on this occasion, as the lengthy programme was scarcely completed—indeed, the Head Master's speech was still in course of delivery—when the rain began to set in with that steady and increasing vigour that is in every sense a certain damper to all further out-door activities for the day.

This year's meeting will be memorable as making a new departure in the matter of Challenge Cups. Last year it may be remembered the School Challenge Cup was won for the third time in succession, and therefore outright, by that athletic prodigy, H. Westlake. In the interim many offers were received of funds to replace it, and finally two cups were accepted. The Open Challenge Cup is presented by his parents in memory of H. Rundle, himself once "Victor Ludorum," and since then enrolled in that proud muster of Great Britain's sons who have won the last victory of all in ungrudging sacrifice for King and Country ; the Junior Challenge Cup, for boys under 14 years of age, is the generous gift of R. B. Love ("Robby" to all who have ever had the pleasure of his acquaintance), at present, as Captain in the R.A.M.C., serving in Mesopotamia.

It was the worst of luck for Mitchell that, after making a good showing last year as runner-up to Westlake, he was this year debarred by ill-health from being a competitor. There was no question, however, as to the popularity of the success both of Couchman, as the Senior, and Ingram, as the Junior "Victor Ludorum." As both these were "Raleighites," the premier position of that "house" was a foregone conclusion, and its claim to the St. Levan Shield for the third year in succession was established.

Lest this continued success on the part of "Raleigh" afford to the other "houses" food for despondency, it may not be out of place here to remind those others that it is not so many years ago that "Raleigh" with equal consistency remained for a succession of years just feebly wagging at the other end. So buck up, "Gilbert," "Grenville," "Drake!" Dame Fortune, as some of you have recently learnt, is a blind lady, and at times forgets to give her wheel a turn, but it always does turn again, soon or late.

RESULTS OF EVENTS.

- 100 YARDS, Open.—1 Couchman, 2 Reed, 3 Rice ($12\frac{4}{5}$ secs.).
 Under 16—1 Grubb, 2 Pike, 3 Waters ($13\frac{1}{5}$ secs.).
 Under 14—1 Ingram, 2 Miller ii., 3 Quantick ($14\frac{1}{5}$ secs.).
 Under 12—1 Gilpin, 2 Bastow, 3 Smith, F. (15 secs.).
 Under 10—1 Williams, H., 2 Arnold, 3 Brown (16 secs.).
- THROWING CRICKET BALL, Open—1 Couchman (79 yds. 2 ft.),
 2 Rice, 3 Reed.
 Under 14—1 Ingram, 2 Pritchard ii., 3 Bazley.
- MILE, Open—1 Hosking, 2 Williams, S., 3 Floyd (6 mins. 21 secs.).
- HALF-MILE, Under 16—1 Williams, S., 2 Waters, 3 Turner (3 mins.
 $7\frac{1}{5}$ secs.).
 Under 14—1 Gilpin, 2 Comer, 3 Curtain (3 mins. $1\frac{1}{5}$ secs.).
- 440 YARDS, Open—1 Couchman, 2 Stevens, 3 Rice ($71\frac{3}{5}$ secs.).
 Under 16—1 Turner, 2 Waters, 3 Grubb ($77\frac{2}{5}$ secs.).
 Under 14—1 Caunter, 2 Ingram, 3 Miller ii. (80 secs.).
 Under 12, Handicap—1 Bastow, 2 Williams, H., 3 Irving.
- 220 YARDS, Open—1 Couchman, 2 Rice, 3 Usher ($31\frac{1}{2}$ secs.).
 Under 16—1 Grubb, 2 Pike, 3 Waters (32 secs.).
 Under 14—1 Ingram, 2 Miller ii., 3 Quantick (35 secs.).
 Under 12, Handicap—1 Williams, H., 2 Mathieson, 3 Webb, L.
- HIGH JUMP, Open—1 Taylor (4 ft. 8 ins.), 2 Langman, 3 Couchman.
 Under 16—1 Williams, S. (4 ft. 4 ins.); 2 Mears, 3 Harwood.
 Under 14—1 Caunter (4 ft. 1 in.), 2 Curtain, 3 Roberts ii. and
 Ingram.
 Under 12—1 Gilpin (3 ft. 6 ins.), 2 Harris, 3 Booth.
 Under 10—1 Webb (2 ft. 9 ins.), 2 Shute, 3 Leete.
- LONG JUMP, Open—1 Couchman (18 ft. 5 ins.), 2 Williams, J.,
 3 Reed.
 Under 14—1 Ingram (15 ft. 3 ins.), 2 Roberts, F., 3 Quantick.
- MUSICAL CHAIRS—1 Warren, 2 Smale, 3 Williams, S.

HOUSE TEAM EVENTS.

- RELAY RACE, Senior—1 "Raleigh," 2 "Grenville," 3 "Gilbert" (3 mins. $40\frac{4}{5}$ secs.).
 Under 15—1 "Raleigh," 2 "Gilbert," 3 "Drake" (4 mins. 5 secs.)
 Under 12—1 "Grenville," 2 "Gilbert," 3 "Raleigh" (4 mins. $34\frac{2}{5}$ secs.).
- TUG-OF-WAR, Senior—1 "Raleigh," 2 "Gilbert," 3 "Grenville."
 Under 15—1 "Raleigh," 2 "Drake," 3 "Grenville."
- FIELDING COMPETITION—1 "Raleigh" (47"), 2 "Gilbert," 3 "Grenville."
- WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK—1 "Grenville," 2 "Drake," 3 "Raleigh."

- OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP—Couchman, 16 points; Runner-up: Rice, 6 points.
- JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP—Ingram, $14\frac{1}{2}$ points; Runner-up: Gilpin, 9 points.

HOUSE POINTS.

	"Raleigh."	"Grenville."	"Gilbert."	"Drake."
Sports ...	52.00	16.60	21.40	10.00
Cricket ...	33.33	100.00	66.66	0.00
Football ...	88.80	36.11	38.88	36.11
Cadet Corps ...	66.40	48.80	52.60	37.00
	<u>240.53</u>	<u>201.51</u>	<u>179.54</u>	<u>83.11</u>

THE CADET CORPS.

From a twelve months of varying vicissitudes the Cadet Corps has emerged with marked credit. Although the departure of the late W. H. Bosworthick at the close of the School year 1916-1917 left it entirely without officers, the loyal pluck and self-sacrificing energy of Sergeant-Major L. Budge kept it going against all odds until Mr. Hutchings stepped into the breach in the closing weeks of last Christmas Term.

The return of the Corps' original Commanding Officer the following term restored the number of officers to a more reasonable

footing, and by the joint efforts of these officers a considerable amount of military instruction was imparted to all ranks. Under existing conditions such instruction, apart from purely routine drill, must of necessity be of a somewhat sketchy kind, but all ranks had the opportunity of picking up a smattering of such subsidiary but no less essential subjects as First Aid, Signalling (both Semaphore and Morse), Field Engineering, Map-Reading and the like.

In rifle instruction and bayonet fighting, Sergt. Couchman and Corpl. Hosking rendered invaluable service as a result of their own training in the Saltash contingent of the Cornwall Volunteers, while, as in previous years, Mr. C. M. Martin kindly presided at the Range.

The four Sections of the Company are now recruited by "houses," and as "house" representatives, were put through a somewhat strenuous series of competitions in the various branches of military instruction. While all entered into the spirit of emulation whole-heartedly, Sergt. Cock handled his Section—Section I. ("Raleigh")—most effectively, and brought it out well in the lead. His team of four also successfully carrying off the Lampard Cup for work at the Range, a result in large measure due to the excellent shooting of Pte. Clark.

In August, partly as a result of the wishes of the Corps itself, partly in answer to the appeal for help in the harvest fields issued by the Ministry of National Service, a contingent of the Corps went into Camp at Parkham, near Bideford, N. Devon. An account of their doings appears elsewhere. Suffice it here to say that the experiment proved an unqualified success from every point of view, since not only did all participating therein to all appearances thoroughly enjoy the experience, but from information since received it would appear it was in large measure due to their labours that what crops have been saved in that district were carried in time. In this connection the thanks of the Corps are due to the generous assistance towards the Camp expenses subscribed by parents and friends. The sum realised will, together with the wages earned and the proceeds of two concerts given at Buckland Brewer and Parkham, by members of the Corps, reduce the debit balance of this undertaking to a minimum. In conclusion, on this subject, it should be placed on record that the success of Cabbacott Farm School Camp (our official title) was ensured from its inception by the generous help in counsel and kind, and by the unfailing kindness and support of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Rogers, of Orleigh Court, Buckland Brewer, suitably seconded by that of Miss Rogers; of The Cottage, Buckland Brewer, and of Mrs. Arthur George, of Cabbacott Farm, and Mrs. Heywood, of Bowden Farm.

The Corps shows many gaps in its ranks, but none will be more seriously felt than that entailed by the transfer to the Accountant Branch of the Senior Service of our late Sergeant-Major, Leo Budge. Of his actual services to the Corps, no more is necessary to the understanding reader than what has been already said in the opening paragraph of this article ; such services are all of a piece with a character which has won for itself an undisputed niche in the memories of ten years generations of D.H.S. ians. Cock, Usher, Davidson and Reep will tell off their respective sections no more, but are, with Treays and Laverty, now going through the strict training of the one Service or the other which shall eventually fit them, and right worthily we are assured, to hold the King's Commission. To Maddock we can but extend our fullest sympathy on his failure to pass the Medical Board, feeling assured that though debarred an executive career, his sterling qualities will come into their own in some less strenuous walk in life.

CABBACOTT FARM CAMP.

Officially the D.H.S.C.C. Camp at Cabbacott Farm, near Bideford, North Devon, commenced on Wednesday, 14th August, but on the previous Saturday, an advance party, numbering five, trekked north from Devonport L. & S.W. Railway station. The journey was strenuous, and after travelling from Yeoford half-way across Devon in company with, and on the feet of, fourteen other unfortunate travellers in a small compartment, they were met by a long-suffering O.C. at Bideford, with the loss of one kit bag, much patience, and more than half-an-hour. Then followed for the cyclists a ride of six miles up a very steep hill, which seemed to increase for ever in length and gradient.

But such things as these in no wise diminished the ardour of the pioneers, and by the arrival of the main body, under Lieut. Hutchings, on the Monday afternoon, six bell tents and two large marquees were erected and trenched round. In its work the advance party had an indefatigable helper in the O.C. (Captain Sheldon-Williams), whose untiring efforts throughout the camp, aided by those of Lieut. Hutchings, converted what might have been a total failure into a most successful venture.

Among the goods lent to the Corps from the Army supplies were 7 bell tents, 2 marquees, camp sundries, 2 orderlies and 1 cook. All arrived safely except the cook. Various theories were advanced to account for his non-appearance. Some asserted that the label

had been insecurely tied or misdirected ; others, that careless packing had led to loss in transit. In any case no cook was forthcoming, and it might be said we were " in the soup " in spite of the consequent difficulty of obtaining that commodity. Soon after his arrival, however, Mr. Hutchings took over the culinary department and carried it on with great success throughout the camp. The four parts of the Aldershot oven came from four separate ovens and, although of historic interest as indicating the evolution of the Aldershot oven, were of no practical use. On one occasion, in the early days, it was discovered that several dozen small slugs had taken up their abode in the porridge. Their temerity was rewarded with immediate eviction, and the porridge tasted none the worse for this affront to its dignity. Owing to the open-air nature of the cookhouse, grass was plentiful in the diet, but this was an advantage, for its presence in such preparations as fried potatoes, served to bind and solidify the food into convenient cakes. Otherwise, the grub manufactory was not troubled except by wasps, spiders and other insectivora which were occasionally found drowned in stews, etc. Their sad end received due comment, and the death-dealing fluid was consumed by hungry and heartless cadets as though it were quite guiltless of blood.

Each tent was occupied by six cadets and as many homeless flies, wasps, spiders and cockroaches as might conveniently congregate thither. It is indeed a lasting regret that the entomologists of Great Britain sent no representatives to Cabbacott Farm Camp ; we feel sure that the world of science has suffered through their negligence. The writer has observed at least seven varieties of the spider, as they crawled or were more forcibly ejected from his boot of a morning, and many instructive ten minutes might be spent before " Reveillé " in observing the habits of the sportive ant on the face of a less wakeful neighbour.

The health of the camp was maintained by the O.C., and a large bottle of liquorice powder, the former for attending to such minor ailments as cut fingers or sore feet, the latter for all other bodily aches and pains. Early in the camp, water for washing purposes was rather scarce, and this may account for the fact that one youthful enthusiast plunged his head in a Dixie of boiling tea, an escapade which ran the Corps into at least one bottle of Carran oil and a quantity of surgical lint (things which, in these times of war, are costly), besides temporarily depriving the corps of his services. Another young friend, while trimming a hedge, endeavoured to deprive his body of the left hand. Humility indeed to debase his hand to the level of the rank and common herbage ! Throughout the camp we were troubled by a bad epidemic of punning, or we might more accurately say, by an epidemic of bad

punning. It is thought that it spread from the regular forces through the agency of one of the soldier orderlies. The plague reached its height at the beginning of the second week, when even such towers as the O.C. and his lieutenant were affected, but in a few days it died down and, but for one or two inconsiderable outbreaks in the region of the cookhouse, peace again reigned supreme.

During the third week, two concerts were given by members of the Corps, at the neighbouring villages of Buckland Brewer and Parkham. At the latter, Lieut. Hutchings' rendering of "The Trumpeter" so impressed the Vicar that he made it the burden, or shall we say the refrain, of his sermon at Church parade next morning. Both concerts were excellently received by non-critical audiences, and in spite of the lack of opportunity for rehearsals, all went well, the Corps benefiting to the extent of £8 odd.

Our spiritual welfare was ensured by Church parades on Sunday mornings. The second Sunday our Chaplain, Rev. Heywood-Waddington, paid us a visit, and conducted a most impressive and much enjoyed open-air service in camp. The other two Sundays we marched to Buckland and Parkham churches.

Camp was struck on Wednesday, September 4th, amid pouring rain. Some biked to Bideford through the mud, the less fortunate marched in time to catch the 3-30 train. We reached Devonport at about 8-15, and were dismissed to our homes after sampling and really enjoying the joys and sorrows of life under canvas.

H. C. C. TAYLOR.

[It is impossible to say too much about the indefatigable efforts of both the O.C., Capt. Sheldon-Williams, and Lieutenant Hutchings. Everything which they could do to add to the comfort of the camp they did. One example will suffice to show their attitude throughout the whole camp:—Rather than allow anyone to wait half-an-hour for his "grub," the officers unhesitatingly took upon themselves the work of mess-orderlies, and served out the food, often with the result that their own share was cold, when they found time to eat it. Such thoughtfulness for the comfort of those under their care deserves the highest praise, and I am sure that all those who attended the camp are exceedingly grateful to the officers for all their kindness.—ED.]

THE TALE OF A CIPHER.

(A contribution from a member of Form III.a.—Ed.)

"When steaming past the island of Mompá, the P. & O. liner *Mercury* was accosted by a yacht, which informed her that if all the gold she carried was not given up immediately, she would be blown out of the water. As if to emphasise the statement, a shot whizzed over the bows of the liner, and from the island was to be seen a huge gun pointed at the vessel. The captain wisely decided to submit."

The above is an extract from the "Evening Star," a paper of 1924. The theft of £1,000,000 worth of bullion from the British Government was no little matter, and the audacity of the crime astounded the world.

* * * * *

Detective Marshall, of Scotland Yard, gazed ruefully out to sea. He was standing on one of the highest points of Mompá island, whence he had travelled, hoping to find some clue to the great gold robbery; but he had found nothing other than the remains of a concrete gun emplacement. All other signs of the robbers had been obliterated. He was about to descend to the landing stage when the flutter of something white attracted his attention to a spot a few yards away. The object proved to be a piece of paper, on which was written:—

Ublf. hpme; tfmm. Xpoh Lboh. Dibb Dibj Dijob.

The significance of the discovery dawned upon the detective. It was no doubt a cipher. But detective Marshall had had experience with much more difficult ciphers than the present, and he soon transformed the above gibberish into the following:—

Take gold; sell Wong Kang. Chaa Chai China.

* * * * *

A week later, Marshall strode into the presence of the potentate Wong Kang, the Wang of Chaa Chai, and greeted him with the remark, "You old scoundrel!" For an instant Wong Kang was taken aback, but regained his habitual stony stare almost immediately. "Me no sabbee," said he.

Marshall's hand was suddenly outstretched, and the Chinaman found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. "Now," said Marshall, "if you don't tell me what you've done with the gold you bought from those Englishmen, I'll give you a dose of

lead. You can also order your men outside," continued the quick-sighted detective, "if you don't I shall shoot." Wong Kang gave the necessary order, and the two were left alone. "That's better," said Marshall. "Now I give you three seconds. One—two—" "Me show! Me show," howled the Oriental.

* * * * *

The following day, His Majesty's Torpedo-boat Destroyer left the Chinese port of Tientho bound for the British Isles; she carried two valuable articles, the first was Mr. Marshall, and the second £1,000,000 worth of British gold.

W. E. BROCKMAN.

THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

I just hated to be made fun of. So no one heard anything of my adventure until . . .

It was Xmas Bank Holiday. I was sitting at breakfast, consuming the usual rasher and hot coffee, and scanning the columns of the "Daily Post."

Suddenly a paragraph arrested my attention. I read it casually. I started, and read it through again,—this time devouringly. Then I sat back and gazed at the ceiling, "Good Heavens!" I exclaimed.

The announcement was as follows:—

"SAD DEATH OF LONDON LADY.

Margaret Beach, an elderly lady, whose home is at Clapham, met with a curious death on Xmas eve. She was staying at Winton, in Kent, where she had rented a small cottage known as "Rose Cot." Early on Xmas morning she was discovered lying in an armchair in the most dreadful condition. She seems to have died under terrible circumstances, as her face bears every sign of terror. No solution of her death has yet been found by the police. Miss Beach has been suffering from acute nervous disorder, and appears to have succumbed to fright. . . . Martha Harvey, a girl of 16, asserts that while passing near the cottage with a friend on their way home from a party, at about 12 midnight, she thought to hear a woman's scream, but could not be positive. . . . An inquest will be held to-morrow."

No doubt an interesting piece of news! But for me it was a staggerer. I realised that I could throw some light upon this

mystery. I, who was two hundred miles from the scene of it, I who had never before heard of Margaret Beach. More, my friend, I—even I—could have saved that woman's life. You are startled, perhaps? Well, hear my story,—but I can do no better than give you the letter which appeared in next morning's "Daily Post," and of which I was the author:—

" 28th December, 1917.

DEAR SIR,

You will perhaps be surprised to receive a communication from one who professes to explain the Winton mystery. I have no intention of burdening you with reasons or arguments of any kind. Suffice it to say that *last* Xmas eve I was the tenant of "Rose Cot," and that the following is the experience for which I vouch:—

I might first explain that 'Rose Cot' strongly appealed to me as a charming old-world residence, and for this reason I had engaged it for a few days previous to Xmas. And on Xmas eve, the last day of my visit, I sat as usual in the little parlour which had always a special fascination for me. With the rest of the cottage it was genuinely antique. It was low-roofed and had a large old-fashioned chimney, in which a huge fire was roaring. The walls were oak-panelled and hung with quaint old engravings representing scenes from history and mythology. The mantelshelf, decorated with pink chintz, was the resting place of a Toby jug and many other absurd articles of chinaware, and above either end of it was a candle-bracket from which I gathered a spare illumination. In the corner of the room, however, was the most peculiar article to my mind—a big grandfather's clock. It was about six feet high, constructed of solid oak and engraven with the date 1794 on its huge case, in which the large metal pendulum throbbed ceaselessly "Dick-dock; dick-dock." There was something about it which held my attention, and here on this Xmas eve I sat sleepily in my comfortable arm-chair watching its huge dial, upon which the spluttering candles cast a faint yellow light. "Dick-dock; dick-dock," it said. I began to fancy that it was in verity speaking to me. "Ah! old son of the Implacable Father," mused I, "what stories *you* could tell to while the hour!" I listened attentively to its measured rythm, "Dick-dock, dick-dock, dick-dock." It was a lullaby, and the flickering lights made me drowse . . .

I sat up and rubbed my eyes. I felt that I was cold and, looking at the grate, I saw that my fire was reduced to a few glowing embers. One of the candles had expired, and the other was guttering low in its socket. A strange feeling overcame me. I attempted to rise to replenish the fire, but some unseen influence

held me back. I was getting colder, and a freezing sensation gripped my heart. Then the other candle flickered up and died down. The darkness seemed to creep around and engulf me. I was afraid. Heavens! *Why* was I afraid? Of a sudden a beam of light seemed to creep towards me through the darkness. It came from the dial of the grandfather's clock. I peered across and saw that it was a quarter to twelve. I had slept for three whole hours! The glow vanished, and all was silent but for the haunting and persistent "Dick-dock; dick-dock." I raised my nostrils and sniffed. I sniffed again. A thick perfume of rose-leaves swept over me. It was nauseous, it sickened. Whence had it come, this odour? Though my senses were numbed, I felt myself wondering—"Dick-dock; dick-dock."

Even as I wondered; a pale phosphorescent light illumined the room, and I felt as if some flimsy diaphanous veil had been interposed between me and the rest of the apartment. I felt that I was a *spectator*. For what spectacle? My limbs were freezing. My teeth chattered together. I became aware of a presence—that someone else was in the house besides myself. Was I dreaming or raving mad? How could anyone enter a cottage with every door bolted and barred?—"Dick-dock; dick-dock."

—The door opens quickly and I feel a rush of air into the room. In through the bluish light step—glide, rather—two figures, a man and a woman—the strangest I have ever seen. He is dressed in a tricorn hat and riding habit, with lace at the throat and wrists. He carries a riding crop. She, too, wears a strangely old costume, and has evidently just left the saddle. These persons, I hazard, belong to at least a century ago. I try to speak, but the words die ere they are formed. I can do nothing but watch the scene which is being enacted before my eyes.

They look tired and travel-stained. They have ridden hard and long. He mutters something to her. She turns and looks around. She places her hand to her ear and her lips quiver. His face is equally wrought with anxiety. There is some danger which they fear. I notice they are a handsome couple. She has an oval olive face, with two haunting coal-black eyes hidden under long lashes of similar hue. Dark curls peep out from under her large hat. It is a dainty form which is quivering before this terror of which I know nothing. Her young cavalier, too, has broad handsome features. I see for the first time that he has a wound in his right arm, which makes him wince a little from time to time. Great drops of sweat are rising from his brow as they stand at the door. . . . At length, in the silence of the room, I hear a little gasp. They talk together excitedly, as if discussing how they may thwart

the coming peril. She points to the corner of the room. He demurs at first, then reluctantly, frantically, he disappears behind the grandfather's clock. I can no longer see him, and the girl—she is kneeling on the carpet, and I know she is beseeching heaven to save him—and her. I long to move to their aid, but I am helpless.

Three armed men enter the room. They look to me like an officer and two soldiers. The former seizes on the woman and threatens her with a large pistol. She shakes her head. My blood seethes as I watch him taunting, insulting her. There is a movement behind the clock. Her cavalier, not suffering her to be insulted for his sake, steps out in front of his hiding place. A pistol flashes: The clock glass behind him is shattered, and he— he falls heavily upon the floor. There is a woman's shrill scream—

The morning was breaking when I recovered from my swoon. My head ached a little, and I looked cautiously around the room for any signs of the disorder I had witnessed. There were none. I asked myself to be honest and say whether I had been dreaming or not. As I pondered, my eye rested on something which seemed to confirm my vision of last night—the grandfather's clock. It had stopped, and the large hands pointed to 12 o'clock exactly. And it was at about 12 o'clock that I had seen the pistol fired. I ran forward excitedly, but stopped short. The glass was intact. Filled with amazement I scrutinised the large dial; and there at the bottom I saw the hole—the hole which had let in the pistol-ball. Quickly I pulled the clock from the corner. Yes, there was the corresponding hole at the back of the case. My head was dazed. Here was evidence, yet no evidence. Then a thought struck me. I again peered at the hole in the clock case. It was not fresh—there was dust in it. That set me thinking. I remembered the eerie atmosphere which had pervaded last night's drama . . .

The cottage was more than a century old. What might it not have seen in so many years? What, pray, was the blood-curdling scene I had been forced to gaze upon if not one of the leaves of its memoirs.

I went into the village and conversed with sundry villagers. From an old lady who sold cabbages I had the following statement: "Oh yes! Folk say as 'ow a Sir Gregory 'Ill—same family as the 'Ils at Sinclair Manor now, Sir—was killed at 'Rose Cot' on one Xmas eve. He was mixed up with some plot or other, and his wife, she tried to save him, and died herself afterwards, poor dear."

Such was my experience. I give it for what it is worth. I force no one to credit my story; but I know it to be true and I ask

this question. Had the vision returned again this Xmas, and had the deceased lady witnessed it, would it not have had an effect upon her nerves, sufficiently terrible to produce death?

Personally, I am certain of my hypothesis "

Side by side with my letter was the following announcement regarding the Winton case :—

"A zealous newspaper-man regards the fact that a large grandfather's clock, in the room where Miss Beach met her death, had stopped at 12 o'clock exactly, the time when the scream was heard, as a workable clue. The police, however, think it of no consequence."

This matter was beyond the police.

R.F.E. Cock.

D.H.S. ROLL OF HONOUR.

ASCOTT, JACK, September 9th, 1914.

HART, BERTRAM W., 23rd January, 1915, Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.

PURCHAS, ERIC C., February, 1915, 2nd Lieut., R.A.

PERRY, F. J. L., 2nd May, 1915, Captain, Border Regiment.

PHILLIPS, CHARLES, 24th May, 1915, Sergt., 1st Canadian Contingent.

HALY, STUART, 14th July, 1915.

CARLTON, LAURENCE, 9th August, 1915, R.A.M.C.

DAVEY, R., 11th August, 1915.

SIMPSON, JAMES HAROLD, 13th September, 1915, 1st Canadian Contingent.

BODY, JOSEPH HOWARD, 14th August, 1915, Asst. Purser, H.M.S. *Royal Edward*.

GEAKE, L., 20th October, 1915.

STUMBLES, HORACE GEORGE, 20th October, 1915, Corpl., 25 Batt., Australian Imperial Forces.

BLACK, SYDNEY ARTHUR, 8th January, 1916, Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.

ECCLESTONE, ARTHUR, January, 1916, Canadian Contingent.

AYRES, WILLIAM, 1st June, 1916, R.N. Jutland Battle.

FLOYD, ARTHUR GEORGE, 1st June, 1916, R.N. Jutland Battle.

HALL, GEORGE ROME, 1st June, 1916, Lieut., R.N.R., Jutland Battle.

RIDER, CLIFFORD, 1st June, 1916, Sub-Lieut., R.N., Jutland Battle.

STEPHENS, ARTHUR KINGDOM, 1st June, 1916, Asst. Constructor, R.N., Jutland Battle.

RUNDLE, HORACE LIBERTY, 20th July, 1916, Sec.-Lieut., Devons.

REEP, ALFRED MILLS, 16th September, 1916, Sec.-Lieut., D.C.L.I.

KENSHOLE, FREDERICK, 29th September, 1916, N.S., R.N.

STEPHENSON, RENNIE, 16th November, 1916, Lieut., Royal Fusiliers.

HARRIS, RUSSELL, 3rd December, 1916, 1st Devon Yeomanry, Suvla Bay.

PYM, JOHN SCARLET, 5th December, 1916, Sec.-Lieut., Royal West Surrey Regt., D.C.M.

PERRY, F. W. A., 17th February, 1917, Lieut., R.M.L.I.

STATTON, PERCIVAL GRAHAM, 11th April, 1917, Sec.-Lieut., King's Liverpool Regt.

BRYAN, RICHARD ALBERT, 27th April, 1917, Sub-Lieut., R.N.

BIDGOOD, WILLIAM HENRY, 4th May, 1917, Royal Warwickshire Regt.

MAY, PHILIP TIERNEY, 18th May, 1917, London Scottish Regt.

WINCHESTER, JOHN HENRY, 11th June, 1917, R.E., Int. B.Sc.

OLIVER, FRANK LAMBTON, 13th July, 1917, Sec.-Lieut., Royal Flying Corps.

SHARP, MAURICE J. R., August, 1917, Eng.-Lieut.-Commander, R.N., D.S.O.

RIDER, ALONZO WARD, 12th October, 1917, Sec.-Lieut., Machine-Gun Corps.

PETERS, WILLIAM COURTMAN, 8th November, 1917, Sergt., Civil Service Rifles.

THOMAS, ARTHUR BAYLY TERRELL, 30th December, 1917, Royal Naval Division.

REYNOLDS, STANLEY, March, 1918, Sec.-Lieut., D.C.L.I.

COOMBE, L. C., 25th March, 1918, Sec.-Lieut., D.C.L.I.

GOLLOP, WILLIAM HENRY, 9th April, 1918, R.G.A.

WESTLAKE, GEORGE, 7th May, 1918, Royal Berkshire Regt.

BOSWORTHICK, WILLIAM HOWARD, 7th November, 1918, Sec.-Lt., 1/5 Devonshire Regt.

If anyone knows of an old D.H.S.-ian fallen in the War, whose name is not included above, I shall be grateful for details as soon as possible.

I have been asked many times recently why I did not start a War Memorial Fund. My reply has been that it would be advisable to wait until the war had ended. The Roll of Honour is now, one trusts, complete, with the exception of any possible omissions. It represents a heavy toll for so young a school as ours. And I am sure that all old boys and all others connected with or interested in the school would like to see some worthy and substantial memorial. It would of course include a tablet. Beyond this, the suggestion that most readily occurs is a sum of money invested to ensure an annual prize or exhibition. Other suggestions will be welcomed. I hope soon to form a Committee and obtain the services of someone who will act as Secretary to the fund. Meanwhile I will gladly receive subscriptions, which will be acknowledged individually and also in the next issue of the Magazine.

ARTHUR TRESEDER.

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