

No. 45.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1926.

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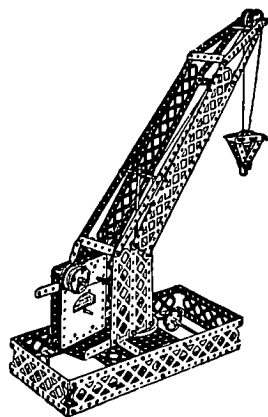
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A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS

The Devonport High School Magazine.

No. 45.

DECEMBER, 1926.

Editor :

H. F. H. WHITEFELD.

Sub-Editor.

T. H. BURTON.

Editorial

Looking back over the long line of Editorials, we find that a considerable time has elapsed since reference was made to our School Motto—"Prorsum Semper Honestè."

"Forward always with honour"—what a triumphant note there is in those words, it is like the ringing call of a clarion. Truly it is an inspiration to have such a motto, one that is worthy of such a school as ours. But it is not sufficient for us to know we have a noble motto—we must observe its precepts. Let us never forget that the D.H.S. is a school of which we may well be proud. It may not have the glamour of a University, it may not be a majestic pile of buildings, but it produces men who are fully equipped to assume important stations in life, and, after all, that is the true criterion of its influential character. Scattered here and there over the world are men who were once D.H. S'ians and who are still proud of that fact. They have proved themselves worthy of their school and now it is your turn. Whether small or big, young or old, upon your shoulders rests the honour of the School. You may not reach the heights of post "Inter" days, you may not be the Hero of the School—Unknown, slog on and do your best—you will never regret it in later days.

"It may seem something very small; scarce worth a word or thought,

A tiny touch of cowardice or words with meanness fraught,

A nasty touch of snobbery—or promise insincere,

A lie (you'd call it just a fib!) or shadow of a fear.

But don't give in to such as these. Be sure you make a rule
To keep intact, through thick and thin, the honour of School!"

Ian Drag.

Xmas is approaching with all its happiness and festivities, and close upon its heels will come the New Year. Let one of your good resolutions for 1927 be to act up to our motto: "Prorsum Semper Honeste."

A very joyous Christmas and a happy New Year to you all, and continued success to our school.

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En Passant.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to:—

R. Proffitt, on obtaining the Dyke Exhibition, a State Scholarship, an entrance Scholarship, value £40 a year, at the University of the South-West and a Kitchener Scholarship.

H. B. May, on obtaining a State Scholarship.

K. C. Dicker, our Senior Prefect of 1925-26, on gaining an open Scholarship in Science at Reading University.

W. E. Battrick, A. H. Blatchford, S. R. Giddy, F. H. Meek, C. P. Osborne, E. V. Paynter and W. J. Tamblin, who were successful in securing their Intermediate B.Sc. degrees at London University in July last.

All those successful at the July Cambridge School Certificate Examination.

All the members of the Cadet Corps, on the fine performance put up at Sports and Shooting whilst at camp. It is worthy of note that the Corps have won the Bowles Cup and have been selected as the most suitable Corps in Devon to be recommended for an O.T.C.

Sergeant Burton and the cadets of Section II, on winning the Lampard Cup for 1926.

All members of "Gilbert" House and its captain, W. R. R. Mewton, on winning the St. Levan Shield.

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

It is pleasing to be able to record the discovery of talent in the Junior School. Iib were asked to describe in their own words the fancies mentioned in W. W. Gibson's stanza:—

"Snug in my easy chair
I stirred the fire to flame,
Fantastically fair
The flickering fancies came."

whereupon Haydon evolved the following:—

"Cold in my easy chair
Though my seething spirits flame,
For the grate of coal is bare,
Thank the Stoppage for the same."

The Editors desire to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of the "Kingsbridgian."

The "Detentionee's" Lament.

I cannot work, I cannot play,
My head's been aching all the day,
'Tis Monday eve and sad to say
I've got five.

There's one I had for speaking when
I wished to use another's pen,
I'd only got as far as "Len—"
And I had one.

Another was for splashing ink
Upon a book—'twas on the brink;
I pushed it over—didn't think
That I'd have two.

The next was for a drawing pin
Placed where 'twould pierce another's skin,
His trousering was rather thin,
And I had three.

For throwing paper at a friend
Not only was I forced to bend
And suffer at my latter end
But I had four.

Then, shouting right across the room
Deepened the shadow of my doom,
My prospect now is one of gloom,
For I have five.

'Tis Monday eve, I'm in despair
I've offered impots, here and there,
I've stamped and raved and torn my hair,
But I've still five.

T.H.B.

"Howlers."

Who are guilty of the following choice tit-bits?

"Sponges are found on the bottom of the ocean, they are usually floating on top."

"A Shott is a river which shoots out suddenly."

"O Lord! save us from all our **infirmaries** and plagues."

"Matrona Juno—Mrs. Juno."

"Les cornes du taureau—the bull's corns."

"One day there were many **deceased** men waiting for the troubling of the waters."

"Walpole in 1722 granted a **patient** to an ironmaster named Wood to the value of £100,000."

- " The citizens of London sent a petition escorted by **couches** which stretched from Westminster to Temple Bar."
- " Drapier's letters **stuck** the **cord** of national feeling in Irish hearts."
- " We are having a **Universal** in the West."
- " The hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is its **sloping** side."
- " Horizons are prayers or petitions."
- " Crispin and Crispian were the **patent** brothers of shoemakers."
- " The Constable of France was a French policeman."
- " Henry V declared war on France because his **tile** was insecure "
- " Bardolph's nose was of an **incapable** fiery redness."
- " Fleur de **Lice**."
- " If Naaman had lived in these days he would have to be **abolished**."
- " Swashers were swaggerers or **buckles washers** "
- " The people of Tyre and Sidon depended upon Judea for their **corns**."
- " Fluellyn told Bardolph he would make Pistol eat a **leak**."
- " And they brought a penny to Jesus and he said 'whose is this image and **subscription**.' "



D. H. S. Cadet Corps.

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

<i>Officer Commanding,</i>	Cadet Captain H. Ferraro.
<i>Chaplain,</i>	Rev. Preb. J. B. Heywood-Waddington, M.A.
<i>Cadet-Lieutenant,</i>	C. F. Armor.
<i>Cadet-2nd Lieutenant</i>	G. M. Davis.
<i>Sergeant-Major</i>	T. H. Burton.
<i>Sergeants</i>	A. H. Blatchford, H. O. George, F. H. Meek, C. Soar.
<i>Corporals,</i>	R. L. Deasy, K. Drummond, S. Giddy, J. Johns, C. Nethercott.
<i>Lance-Corporals,</i>	S. M. R. Gibson, H. F. Gordon, J. D. Kennedy, A. H. Lee, G. W. Marwood, C. H. Morgan, J. D. Price, D. E. Webb.

The beginning of the present term found the Corps sadly depleted in numbers. Many of its senior members had left school to embark on their chosen careers. A series of promotions filled the vacancies among the N.C.O.'s and recruiting went on at such a satisfactory rate, that long before half-term the Corps was once again at full strength.

Since the last Notes were written another Lampard Cup Competition has been decided. This year, Section II (Sergt. T. H. Burton) proved the victors, Section I (Sergt. Profit) being second.

The Annual Camp held at Churston, near Brixham, proved one of the most successful yet held. The site left nothing to be

desired and facilities for bathing and sport in general made the week under canvas both enjoyable and invigorating. A full account appears elsewhere.

For the second time the Corps has won the Bowles Cup. This Cup was presented by Major General F. A. Bowles, C.B., to be competed for by School and Town Corps on alternate years. D.H.S. Corps was the first to win it and we are pleased to have brought it again to Devonport High School.

The Annual War Office inspection took place on 18th. October and this year we were more fortunate in the weather than on several previous occasions.

On Sunday, November 14th. we were glad to join with other Cadet Corps in sending representatives to a service held at St. Michael's Church in commemoration of Armistice Day.

Throughout the summer months shooting practice was carried out under the supervision and instruction of Lieut. Armor. This branch of Corps work is becoming increasingly popular and we are hoping to take part in a series of matches on similar lines to those arranged last year. The members of the Devonport Rifle Club very kindly allow us the use of their Range, and it will be some satisfaction to these gentlemen to know how greatly their kindness is appreciated by our Corps.

We very much regret that Mr. Hutchings is no longer able to retain his commission in the Corps. Mr. Hutchings has had a long association with the Corps and many former members will remember with appreciation the excellent work he did in difficult days. Although he is not actually in the Corps, he continues to show his interest by rendering assistance in the many matters of routine not actually connected with parades.



Devon Schools' Cadet Camp.

A HAPPY WEEK AT CHURSTON.

It may well be doubted whether there has ever been such a successful cadet camp as that held at Churston last July. Certain it is that none of the Devonport contingent will admit the contrary for from our point of view it would have been found difficult to improve matters—but of that more anon.

Owing to the strenuous labours of the Advance Party (one speaks from personal experience), the camp was pitched and ready for occupation by the main body when it arrived, on Saturday, July 24th, to the blare of a band not a whit disheartened by the heavy rain which had commenced to fall. Little time was lost in the allocation of cadets to their respective tents, and within a short while we sat down to a decidedly welcome hot meal.

Afterwards, the rain having ceased, the afternoon and evening were spent in reviving the friendships of previous years or making new ones, in playing cricket or rugby and in settling down generally to the cheerful life of a week under canvas.

Apart from a short open-air service in the morning, Sunday was free and a bathing parade just before mid-day enabled us to experience the fine facilities for swimming afforded by the proximity of the camp to Broadsands Beach. The remainder of the day was spent in various ways, the majority of which would have delighted the hearts of the supporters of the Sunday Games movement, and which made us quite ready to turn in when Last Post sounded.

On Monday the real business of camp began. Generally the exercises were in the nature of tactical manoeuvres. On one morning, for instance, we developed a scheme of outposts as a defence against an imminent invasion of England at Torbay by the Germans. On another occasion we crawled at full length for nearly an hour until we had advanced to the cover of a wall within a short distance of the hill which we were attacking without having been seen. At a given signal we charged over the wall (which was quite four feet deeper on the other side than we had expected), and advanced up the hill in open formation, finally taking the summit with a charge which, to judge from the accompanying noise, would have overwhelmed a whole regiment!

In the afternoons and evenings we made excursions to the neighbouring towns of Paignton and Brixham, played cricket, bathed, did in fact (within reason of course) just as we pleased. Certain vigorous youths, armed with a blanket, enlivened things considerably by tossing any on whom they could lay their hands; others, under the baton of our quarter-master sergeant, extolled the virtues of various alcoholic beverages, bewailed the death of Cock Robin or told of innumerable men who "went to mow a meadow" just as their fancy dictated, whilst a hardy few paraded the camp, attired in little but a blanket and many layers of burnt chalk.

Thus we passed an almost ideal week in camp; after the first day the weather was topping, the site the best we have had as yet, and the bathing facilities splendid, whilst the general atmosphere of the camp was cheerful always, hilarious often but never rowdy.

The Devonport High School contingent was particularly successful. Despite our comparatively small numbers we came a jolly good second in the sports, we were easily top in the shooting (not only was our aggregate for both teams sixty-eight points above the second corps, but of the four highest individual scores we held the first three), and we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were top for general efficiency in camp, but, what is more we have won the Bowles Cup for the most efficient school corps in Devon.

The thanks of the corps as a whole are due to Capt. Ferraro, to whose care and management we so largely owe our success; to Lieut. Armor, who, despite his onerous position as Camp-Adjutant still found time to keep in touch with his own company; to Lieut. Davis, who so well organised the sing-song, with which we terminated the last day in camp; and of course, to the Head for his huge and greatly appreciated cake (ours was the only corps which had cake for tea that day).

The results of the various competitions in which we were successful are appended:—

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

(A open, B under 16, C under 14).
 100 yards C.—Cdt. Gallagher 2nd; Cdt. Stone 3rd.
 100 yards B.—Cdt. Le Page 1st; Cdt. Pearce 2nd.
 100 yards A.—Sgt. Major Cracknell, 3rd.
 220 yards C.—Cdt. Stone, 2nd; Cdt. Gallagher 4th.
 220 yards B.—Cdt. Le Page, 1st.
 Open Mile—Cdt. Webb, 4th.
 High Jump C.—Cdt. Stone, 1st; Cdt. Smith, 2nd.
 440 yards B.—Cdt. Le Page 1st.
 440 yards A.—C.Q.M.S. Dicker, 3rd.
 High Jump B.—Cdt. Pearce, 3rd.
 440 yards C.—Cdt. Gallagher, 3rd.
 High Jump A.—C.Q.M.S. Dicker, 3rd.
 Half Mile B.—Cdt. Le Page 1st.
 Cricket Ball A.—C.Q.M.S. Dicker, 1st; S.M. Cracknell, 2nd.
 Cricket Ball B.—Cdt. Pearce.
 Relay Race A.—D.H.S. 2nd. Relay Race B.—D.H.S. 1st.
 Tug-of-War—D.H.S. 2nd.
 Champion, Class B.—Cdt. Le Page.

SHOOTING (A and B teams combined).

D.H.S. "A" Team 1st; D.H.S. "B" team 3rd.
 Highest Individual Scores.
 (Possible 50.)
 L/Cpl. George 1st, 46; Sgt. Burton 2nd, 45; S. M. Cracknell 3rd 43.

CRICKET.

Match with Crediton—No result. Crediton 24 for 8. Cdt. Gordon 4 wickets for 8 runs.



Literary and Debating Society.

KEEN DEBATES AND GOOD ATTENDANCES.

The 1926-27 season has up to the present, been one of the most successful for a considerable time. The debates have been keen and productive of some excellent speaking, whilst the attendances have been well above the average of previous years.

The first debate of the term was held on Wednesday, September 22nd, when Mr. Battrick moved that "This House is of the opinion that the present Government has shown itself utterly incapable in the handling of the situation in the coal industry."

The proposer first recapitulated the events of the coal stoppage from June, 1925. He attacked the Government vigorously alleging that it had given support to the mineowners on all points, whilst entirely neglecting the advice of the Coal Commission.

Mr. H. Whitfeld opposing, maintained that the Government could not successfully intervene since purely economic questions must necessarily be kept apart from politics. No opportunity had been lost, however, of bringing the two parties together. No lasting peace could come of forced action.

Mr. May seconded the motion, with a vigorous and sound speech, followed by Mr. Clements, who ably seconded the opposition.

Speakers:—For the motion—Messrs. Mewton, Osborne, Copplestone and Pearce; against the motion—Messrs. Burton, Barnes and Widdecombe.

The motion was rejected by 22 votes to 19. Attendance 49.

On Wednesday, October 6th, Mr. Burton moved that "This House is of the opinion that the predominance of a ruling caste is vital to the well-being of the English people." He maintained that in the descendants of those families which have governed England for generations, English people had leaders whom they trusted and respected. The aristocracy of England was a bond which held the Empire together.

Mr. Swan, leading the opposition, deplored the hereditary system in the ruling castes. A working man, he maintained might be quite as good a ruler as any of the vapid scions of a degenerate aristocracy who were ruling England to-day.

Mr. Gibson seconded the motion with skill and force, and Mr. Vere ably enlarged on the principles outlined by the opposer.

Speakers:—For the motion—Messrs. Soar, Widdecombe, Marwood, Tait, Barry, Pike, Webb and Bartlett; against the motion—Messrs. Battrick, May, Whitfeld, Osborne, Parsons, Copplestone, Jope, Billing and Blatchford.

The motion was accepted by 26 votes to 21. Attendance 53.

On Wednesday, October 20th, Mr. Lockwood spoke on "The Customs and Traditions of Cambridge University," when an attendance of 69 members heard a most interesting lecture. Space does not permit of a full report, but all present will agree that the humour and interest which the lecturer maintained throughout made the evening one of the most enjoyable for a long time.

On Wednesday, November 10th, Mr. Battrick moved that "This House believes the British Empire to be a menace to the peace of the world." He argued that any great Power was a menace, inasmuch as it was capable of aggression. The jealousy of other nations too, might provoke a normally peace-loving Empire to war.

Mr. Whitfeld, opposing, declared that within the borders of the British Empire, containing civilisations new and old, there were neither wars nor rumours of wars. On the contrary the Empire had by arbitration and by its presence as a potent force in the League of Nations contributed much towards the peace of the world.

Mr. Oates developed the proposer's theme as well as third speaker, and Mr. Barry, speaking at short notice in the place of Mr. Morgan, who was unable to attend, made a very creditable speech in opposition.

Speakers:—for the motion—Messrs. May, Osborne, Billing Warren, P. Shepherd, Parsons; against the motion—Messrs. Burton, Oates ii, Widdecombe, J. Shepherd, Clements, Kelleway, Pike and Webb.

The motion was rejected by 17 votes to 13. Bad weather resulted in a small attendance, only 36 members being present.

The Mock Function of this session was held on Wednesday, November 24th, and took the form of "A Meeting of the House of Commons." The Speaker was Mr. Lockwood and the Cabinet constituted as follows:—Prime Minister, T. H. Burton; Chancellor of the Exchequer, J. G. Pencavel; Secretary for Home Affairs, S. M. R. Gibson; Secretary for Foreign Affairs, R. L. Deasy; Minister for Mines, C. Morgan; Secretary for War, R. H. Clements; Secretary for Air, H. Barry; First Lord of the Admiralty, H. V. George; Minister for Fisheries and Agriculture, H. F. Gordon; Minister for Education, G. Marwood; President of the Board of Trade, A. H. C. Lee.

The Opposition was provided by Messrs. W. Battrick (Leader), C. Osborne, J. Oates, E. Arscott, and J. Barnes. Mr. J. D. Price was Clerk of the House.

A rather hilarious House inflicted a heavy defeat on a vote of censure to the Government, and even more readily accepted the continuance of the Emergency Powers Act for a further month. Attendance 58.

The remaining meetings of this term will be reported in next term's magazine.

The committee desires to tender its thanks to Mr. Lockwood, whose energetic support and sound advice have done so much to make the meetings successful.

Chairman, W. E. Battrick.

Secretary, T. H. Burton.

Annual Athletic Sports.

Half-mile record broken.

The Annual Athletic Sports Meeting was held at the School Field, Montpelier, on Wednesday, May 19th, in dry but cold and boisterous weather. The attendance of visitors and friends was well up to the average, and the various events produced some fine running.

Unfortunately the Metropolitan Police Band, which was to have given a selection of music, was unable to attend owing to the General Strike.

The outstanding efforts were those of Paynter, who, for the second time, was the first home in the cross-country run; Monson, whose long jump was 19ft. 3½ inches; Pearce ii, who won the Junior Championship, and Spurrell, who broke the half-mile record, his time being 2mins. 26 secs., besides winning the Senior Championship for the second time.

In the "House" events the greatest success fell to "Grenville" but all the "Houses" did well.

At the conclusion the numerous prizes were distributed by Miss Tréseder.

RESULTS OF EVENTS.

Event	Class	1st Place	2nd Place	3rd Place
100 yards	Under 12	Hannaford	Francis ii	Hodge
100 yards	Under 13	Beattie (tie) Smeeton		Johnson
100 yards	Under 14	Conyard	Pengelly	Down
100 yards	Under 15	Pearce	Hill	Oates
100 yards	Open	Spurrell	Richards	Parry
220 yards	Under 12	Hodge	Salisbury	Dowse
220 yards	Under 13	Luff	Eyans	Johnson
220 yards	Under 14	Conyard	Adams	Leggett
220 yards	Under 15	Gay	Pearce	Hill
220 yards	Open	Spurrell	Le Page	Rooke
440 yards	Under 13	Luff	Polkinghorne	Anning
440 yards	Under 14	Conyard	Down ii	Smith
440 yards	Under 15	Hill	Pearce	Wickenden
440 yards	Open	Spurrell	Paynter	Le Page
Half mile	Under 15	Pearce	Wickenden	Hill

Half mile	Open	Spurrell (R)	Monson	Paynter
Mile race	Open	Paynter	Le Page	Kitt
Long Jump	Under 13	Beattie i	Pattle ii	Smeeton
Long Jump	Under 14	Warwick	Pengelly	John
Long Jump	Under 15	Gilbert	Pearce	Hill
Long Jump	Open	Monson	Spurrell	Le Page
High Jump	Under 13	Richards	Martyn	Polkinghorne
High Jump	Under 14	Warwick	Plucknett	Smith
High Jump	Under 15	Oates	Pearce	Geaton
High Jump	Open	Richards	Booth	Rooke
Cricket Ball	Under 15	Hill	Pearce	Giddy
Cricket Ball	Open	Paynter	O'Brien i	Cracknell i
Hurdles	Under 15	Hill	Pearce	Gilbert
Hurdles	Open	Richards	Le Page	
Slow Cycle	Open	Giddy	Fursdon	Chapman
Sack Race	Under 13	Taylor	Beattie i, Rowe (tie)	
Sack Race	Under 14	Smith	Le Bailly	Pengelly
Plant Pot Race	Form IIr	Beattie ii	Pearn ii	Bennetto

HOUSE EVENTS.

Event	Class	1st Place	2nd Place	3rd Place
Cross Country	Open	Drake	Gilbert	Grenville
Relay Race	Under 13	Grenville	Gilbert	Drake
Relay Race	Under 15	Gilbert	Grenville	Raleigh
Relay Race	Open	Grenville	Raleigh	Gilbert
Team Race	Under 13	Grenville	Gilbert	Drake
Team Race	Under 15	Gilbert	Drake	Raleigh
Team Race	Open	Raleigh	Grenville	Gilbert
Tug-of-War	Junior	Raleigh	Grenville	Gilbert
Tug-of-War	Senior	Gilbert	Raleigh	Grenville
Fielding Competition	Open	Drake	Raleigh	Gilbert

" HOUSE " POINTS.

No.	House	Football	Sports	Cricket	Total.
1.	Gilbert	62.50	39.00	66.66	168.16
2.	Grenville	45.83	43.10	66.66	155.6
3.	Drake	50.00	24.20	50.00	124.2
4.	Raleigh	41.66	23.10	16.66	81.43



PLYMOUTH Co-operative Drug Co.,

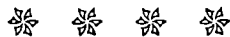
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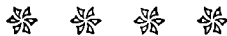
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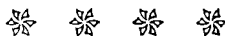
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WE WILL DO THE REST!!





" THE BOWLES CUP."

" TO BE HELD FOR 12 MONTHS BY THE COMPANY SELECTED BY THE COLONEL COMMANDANT AS THE MOST EFFICIENT IN MILITARY EXERCISES FOR THE YEAR." THIS CUP HAS BEEN WON BY THE DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS FOR THE YEAR 1926-7.

Cricket.

The Cricket Season of 1926 was the best the school has experienced for some years. Not only were the results highly satisfactory but the quality of the general all round play was higher, especially in the batting, for no less than 1008 runs were made for 138 wickets, while opponents made 934 for 151 wickets.

For some years now the headmaster has offered a bat for any player who, in a school match, succeeds in scoring over forty runs. In this season two players in the 1st XI, Irish (62 not out) and Bearne (41), performed this feat, and both were presented

with bats. These players also headed the batting averages, the latter with an average of 14.3 and the former with 14. Gordon was the next in the list. In bowling, Gordon, with 64 wickets, and Bearne with 42 wickets, were the most successful, with Kitt and Dicker as good changes. Mewton deserves praise for his excellent wicket-keeping. Colours were awarded to Gordon, Bearne, Meek and Irish i.

For the 2nd XI the best work was done by G. Richards (*Capt.*), Tamblin, Scoble, Burton and Hannam with the bat, and by Gibson, Pencavel and Wingate in bowling.

The House games, both Senior and Junior, afforded some keen cricket, the most successful House being Gilbert.

As in past years, net practice has been made possible by the kind attendance at the field on various evenings of the week of Messrs. Armor, Davis, Austin, Heather, and Lockwood, with results that were apparent as the season went on and will be more so in the future.

THE "ELEVEN"

DICKER—*Captain*; a good leader but had no great success with the bat; good change bowler.

MEWTON—*Vice-Captain*; did exceedingly well as wicket-keeper.

MEEK—*Secretary*; the stonewaller of the team but slow between the wickets.

OSBORNE—*Committee*; very good bat but had no luck, fielded very well indeed.

GORDON—*Committee*; bowled very finely, batted with some success.

KITT—Splendid in the field and was a very good change bowler.

BEARNE—Shone both in batting and bowling; fielding quite good.

IRISH i—Batted splendidly, made the highest score of the year and fielded quite well.

TAIT i—The most polished batsman of the side, yet without much success; rather slow in the field.

CRACKNELL—Fairly good bat, needs to be more careful, fielded well.

EVANS—Batting was weak but was quite successful as a change bowler; good in the field.

RESULTS.

1st Eleven.

v Junior Pharmacists	lost
v Kingsbridge G. School	won
v Callington C. School	won
v Liskeard C. School	won
v Corporation G. School	won
v. Callington C. School	won
v Corporation G. School	lost
v Plymouth College 2nd XI	lost

W. H. WINGATE;

FELLOW OF THE
BRITISH OPTICAL ASSOCIATION.
(HONOURS EXAMINATION)

16 GEORGE STREET,

(OVERLOOKING DERRY'S CLOCK)

PLYMOUTH.

HOURS: 10-0 A.M. TO 5-0 P.M.

SATURDAYS: 9-30 TO 1 P.M.

OR BY APPOINTMENT.

DECEMBER, 1926.

DEAR BOYS,

In the last Xmas issue of your Magazine I started a chat about the eye, this note is in continuation. You will remember we dealt with the situation of the eyeball and then with the sclerotic and cornea of the eyeball itself.

Immediately behind the cornea is a small chamber filled with fluid, this fluid is called **Aqueous Humour**, and for this reason the small space is known as the aqueous chamber, it is not quite $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of an inch deep. On the further side we come to the coloured portion which has a small central hole called the **Pupil** which under normal conditions appears quite black, the coloured portion is named the **Iris**, by the particular colour, in each case, we term the eye brown, blue, grey, etc. Its function is that of a curtain being operated by involuntary muscles, so that it may be drawn over to make the pupil smaller, and so shut out any excess of light or drawn back to make a larger aperture when there is little light to see with, such as going into a badly lighted room. Behind the iris we come to the **Lens** (crystalline lens) which is suspended centrally behind the pupil by means of fine threads. At the margin of the lens and radiating around it is a circular muscle termed the **Ciliary**. The lens is so constructed that action of the ciliary muscle operating on the fine threads alters it in such manner that it becomes more convex or less, and by this means objects at varying distances are clearly focussed on the back of the eye, this is known as the power of accommodation.

From the back surface of the lens onward is a chamber termed the **Vitreous**, it is filled with a jelly-like substance termed the **Vitreous Humour**, whilst it is perfectly transparent and colourless, the humour is of sufficient density to maintain the shape of the eye, otherwise the eyeball would collapse.

I sincerely hope you will all have an exceedingly jolly Christmas.

Yours truly,

W. H. WINGATE.

v. Old Boys'	won
v Hoe G. School	won
v Kingsbridge G. School	lost
v Plymouth College 2nd XI	won
v Corporate Officers' 2nd XI'	won
2nd Eleven.	
v St. Boniface College	won
v R. Marine Buglers	won
v Regent St. School 1st XI	lost
v Plympton G. School 2nd XI	lost
v Hoe G. School 2nd XI	won
v. Corporation G. School 2nd XI	lost
v 4th Plymouth Scouts	lost
v Corporation G. School 2nd XI	won
v Plymouth College 3rd XI	won
v Regent St. School 1st XI	lost
v Hoe G. School 2nd XI	won
v Plymouth College 3rd XI	lost
v. 4th Plymouth Scouts	lost
v Keppel Place C: School 1st XI	won

Football.

All teams seem to be on the light side. Vacancies due to sickness, etc., are difficult to fill. There is a refreshing keenness in the Junior Forms, and a large number of young skilful players who will help to keep up the standard for the next few years.

An attempt will be made next term to provide regular matches for an "under 14" eleven.

Parents who are rather fearful for the safety of the younger boys, should understand that games are played under strict supervision. A master is on duty at the field whenever games are being played, and one accompanies also each team playing away.

In addition there are usually two masters refereeing the main matches at Montpelier. Thanks are due to those who give their time in this way. The Sixth has done valiantly in providing three or four referees each Wednesday and Saturday for form games. One or two boys in the Fifth form have also done useful service in the same way.

The House Competition stands as follows:—

Senior—Gilbert, 3 wins; Raleigh, 2 wins; Drake, 1 win; and Grenville nil.

Junior—Raleigh, 3 wins; Grenville, 2 wins; Drake, 1 win; and Gilbert nil.

The officers for the season are:—*Captain*, Evans; *Vice-Capt.*, Kitt; *Secretary*, Gordon; *Committeemen*: Meek, Battrick, Burton. Burton has captained the 2nd team, and Barry the 3rd eleven.

In conclusion all players are to be congratulated on the games. Whatever the result, there has been no grouching or slacking or "feeling." So that whether they win or lose next term, we wish them what they will most enjoy:—good, clean, keen games.

RECORDS OF TEAMS.

1st XI—Played 11, won 9, lost 2. Goals for 46, against 19.

2nd XI—Played 9, won 3, lost 6. Goals for 21, against 40.

3rd XI—Played 5, won 3, lost 1, drawn 1. Goals for 37, against 18.

C. F. Austin.



D.H.S. TENNIS CLUB.

President:—A. Treseder, Esq., M.A.

Hon. Treasurer:—J. H. Ferraro, Esq., B.Sc.

Captain:—K. C. Dicker.

Committee:—R. Proffitt, W. E. Battrick, W. J. Tamblin.

The Season just completed has shown a distinct increase in the popularity of the game, and the court was almost continuously in use throughout the summer months. Tournaments were staged, but had to be abandoned owing to unfavourable weather and the calls of "Inter."



PRAELECTI VALETE.

K. C. DICKER.—Entered School, September 1919; appointed Prefect, September 1924; Senior Prefect, September, 1925; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Cadet Corps, September, 1925; Chairman, Literary and Debating Society, September, 1925; Editor, D.H.S. Magazine, 1924-25-26; Colours, Cricket 1924-25-26; Captain of Cricket, 1926; Captain of Tennis, 1926; Committeeman, 1st XI Football, 1925-26; House Captain of "Grenville," 1925-26; Entered Reading University.

W. J. FEWINGS.—Entered School, September 1919; appointed Prefect, September, 1924; Committeeman, Literary and Debating Society, 1924-25. Entered the Teaching Profession.

H. H. MACEY.—Entered School, March 1917; appointed Prefect September, 1924; House Captain of "Drake" 1925-26; Committeeman, Literary and Debating Society, 1924-25. Entered University College of the South-West, Exeter.

R. PROFFITT.—Entered School, September 1919; appointed Prefect, September 1924; Committeeman, Literary and Debating Society, 1925-26; Sergeant Cadet Corps, March 1926. Entered Exeter College, Oxford.

- W. R. R. MEWTON.—Entered School, September, 1922; appointed Prefect September, 1925; Full colours, Football, 1925-26; Colours, Cricket, 1925-26; Vice-Captain of Cricket, 1926; Captain of "Gilbert," 1925-26; Committeeman, Literary and Debating Society, 1925-26. Entered University of Bristol.
- C. P. OSBORNE.—Entered School, September, 1920; appointed Prefect, September, 1925; Colours, Cricket 1925-26; Committeeman, Cricket, 1926; Secretary, Literary and Debating Society, September, 1925; Lance-Corporal, Cadet Corps, September, 1925. Entered Plymouth Technical College (Engineernig.)
- E. V. PAYNTER.—Entered School, January 1921; appointed Prefect, September, 1925; Sergeant, Cadet Corps, January 1926; House Captain of "Raleigh" 1925-26. Entered University College of the South-West, Exeter.
- W. J. TAMBLIN.—Entered School, September 1919; appointed Prefect September, 1925; Full Colours, Football, 1925-26; Secretary of 1st XI 1925-26; Corporal Cadet Corps. Entered Exeter University College.
- W. S. ESSERY.—Entered School September, 1921. Appointed Prefect, September, 1926.
- A. W. TAIT.—Entered School, January, 1924; appointed Prefect September, 1926; Played for 1st XI, Cricket, 1926; Lance-Corporal, Cadet Corps, September, 1926.



SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of officers is as follows:—

PREFECTS.—W. E. Battrick (Senior Prefect), A. H. Blatchford, S. R. Giddy, H. B. May, F. H. Meek, R. L. Deasy, C. E. Nethercott, T. H. Burton, W. S. Essery, H. V. George, S. M. R. Gibson, H. F. Gordon, A. H. Lee, G. W. Marwood, C. H. Morgan, J. G. Pencavel, A. W. Tait, H. F. H. Whitfeld.

SPORTS COMMITTEE.—Masters and Prefects.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—"Drake," F. H. Meek; "Gilbert," H. B. May; "Grenville," A. H. Blatchford; "Raleigh," W. E. Battrick.

1st XI. (Cricket)—Captain, K. C. Dicker; Vice-Captain, W. R. R. Mewton; Secretary, F. H. Meek.

1st XI. (Football).—Captain, C. Evans; Vice-Captain, E. H. Kitt; Secretary, H. F. Gordon.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—*Chairman*, W. E. Battrick; *Secretary*, T. H. Burton; *Committee*, H. B. May, H. F. H. Whitfeld, J. D. Price.

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

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



D.H.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

President.—The Headmaster.

General Secretary.—Mr. H. Ferraro.

The Association Dinner has been arranged for December, 28th, at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth. Mr. E. E. Cock has again consented to act as Dinner Secretary, and with pleasant recollections of similar functions he has arranged for us, we look forward to an exceedingly happy reunion. Full particulars are being forwarded to members. D.H.S-ians are now widely scattered, but at Christmas time many find their way back to their native town. The date of the Dinner has been so chosen as to give such Old Boys an opportunity of attending and of meeting again the friends of their school days.

HEADQUARTERS NOTES.

Hon. Secretary.—Mr. Cyril E. Gill, 14 Haddington Road, Stoke, Devonport.

Committee.—Messrs. W. J. Andrews, W. J. Ching, B. Chowen, E. Coleman, E. E. Cock, R. F. E. Cock, E. Harris, E. Hosking, L. Murray, F. Northcott, N. Taylor and L. C. Williams.

The Whist Drive and Dance held at the Exmouth Hall on Tuesday, April 7th, was somewhat in the nature of an experiment. Dancing started at 8 p.m., a separate room being set aside for those who preferred whist. The number of whist players was relatively small, but before the evening was far advanced the dancing floor was fully occupied. Our thanks are due to Mr. Murray and his committee for the organisation of this event.

The cricket match with the School XI arranged by Mr. Coleman, presented an opportunity of bringing Past and Present together, and although neither side distinguished itself by heavy scoring, the match proved an enjoyable one.

The annual General Meeting was held at the School on Monday, July 12th, when a large number of members assembled to receive the reports of the secretary and treasurer. On the proposal of the secretary, the new committee was elected in three sections to serve for three years, two years and one year, respectively.

Before these notes appear, Mr. Cock will have furnished members with particulars of the Dinner. There is reason to believe

that this year's Dinner will be even better attended than those of the past few years.

The usual football matches during the Christmas holidays with the School XI have been arranged, and will take place on Friday afternoon, December 24th, and Tuesday morning, December 28th. Will members desirous of playing please write me giving positions in which they are accustomed to play.

May I add a reminder as to subscriptions. The annual subscription is due on the 1st August of each year, and it would be a considerable help if members would forward their subscriptions promptly.

CYRIL E. GILL.

The "Joys" of Xmas.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Xmas as a time of rejoicing and good cheer is over-rated, or, as a Christian Scientist once said in an agonised voice after he had sat on a pin-cushion, "It's a delusion!"

For weeks before Xmas morning every boy has to subdue his usual high spirits. He becomes not a boy but a paragon. Such an unusual strain has its effect upon his brain (if any), and produces signs of hysteria—hence carol singing! And, by the way, when a hard working school-boy like myself goes to bed about ten—I mean twelve o'clock, dreaming of mince pi—sorry—Integral Calculus, it's rather hard lines to have about half-a-dozen leather lunged, cracked-voiced idiots trying to find the "Lost Chord" in front of your front-door.

Then again just think of shop-windows. The display of so many attractive toys and gifts just around Yule-tide should be made illegal. Consider the frightful anguish endured by a fellow trying to decide whether he prefers a clockwork train, a cricket bat or a model launch, or..... It stands to reason that such a problem quite naturally would lead to criminal instincts. Just imagine his thoughts. Mounted on his sturdy mustang with a revolver in each hand trained unerringly on the cowering shop-assistants he helps himself to the objects of his heart's desire. (probably using his feet for this purpose—*Ed.*)

Xmas Day comes and what happens? Your parents, after holding you in suspense for a considerable time, melodramatically produce a bulky parcel, which they have been obviously concealing behind their backs. Feverishly you untie it. Will it be the longed for model cinematograph or the.....? It is not! It is a new Sunday suit. "We thought, dear, that perhaps....." "Oh—!!!—!!!," you exclaim inwardly, endeavouring at the same time to smile happily.

Aunts and uncles are two of those mysterious phenomena which make you wonder why they are on this world at all. At Xmas time, at least, you expect them to justify their existence. You feel it is up to them. But what happens? Aunt Agatha sends you a handkerchief, Uncle Augustus who has Socialistic views sends a vivid red tie, Aunt Sophia forwards a remarkably stiff pair of kid gloves, which are exactly two sizes too small, whilst Great Aunt Maria, who is an enthusiastic devotee of Pelmanism, appears to have forgotten your age and has sent a rattle!

Parents are always very strict about over-eating. There are just a few days around Xmas when gorging is allowed. Now does it give a chap a chance? It does not. He has two dinners in which to make up for the three hundred and sixty-three fasts which have preceded them. It's rough luck, you know, when, after doing your best, your bottom waistcoat button gives up the unequal fight, and hits a relation neatly in the eye, and you with a second plate of Xmas Pudding still to demolish.

And then after—O—O—Oh!!! also A—A—Ah!!! which logically leads me to a dissertation on germs. When you sit with a white face and a revolution in progress within you, roasting chestnuts on the fire grate, just think about the germs there are wandering aimlessly about your intestines—thousands upon thousands of them! Some are good, some are bad. Personally I'm very careful about germs. If I see any I just sprinkle them with pepper. If they are good germs they sneeze into their handkerchiefs, if they are not I place an onion near by and let them drown in their own tears!—Oh, my hat! here comes Aunt Maria.

"Yes, Auntie thanks awfully for your tie. Just the very thing I've been wanting for ages. Yes, I received it quite safely, thank you. Let me see was it the blue one with white spots or the jazzy geranium, or the red one with green stars or the—sorry—oh yes, that's right, I remember now—purple with yellow stripes."

"Er, Mother, can I have another helping of pudding please!"

Ah well—cheerio everybody, and mind—don't eat too much!



"Puds."

THE THRILLING LIFE STORY OF A DOG FOX.

Deep in the old earth in the copse lay Rinty, and close to her snuggled her three cubs in blissful ignorance of the dangers the dark world held for them. With one eye open and the other closed lay Pads, the greediest and largest of the three.

As the last black clouds of the night rolled away and the sun's first gleam pierced the gloom of the copse on that June morning, Rinty got up, shook herself, and leaving her cubs still at rest she set off to procure for them a meal, perhaps a fat chicken, or, maybe a young pheasant.....

Back in the earth the cubs began to stir, but there was no sign of their mother. Slowly the day wore on and the sun rose higher in the heavens. The cool morning air had sharpened their appetites and they yapped impatiently. But no sign of Rinty bringing in her mouth a dripping pheasant, rewarded their eager gaze. The heat of noonday changed to the cool of evening, and the darkness of night mantled the copse, but still no sign of Rinty to quiet her now terrified cubs. Gradually as they became weaker, their yapping ceased and then Pads saw that if he was to save himself he must get out of this wretched hole, for he knew that somewhere beyond the mouth of his home was food and water. At dawn therefore, he braced himself for the effort and scrambled forth into the damp world. How cold and wet it was! and how strange! for poor Pads had never before seen the real light of day, it had only been a faint gleam that reached the end of the old earth. Here were wonders indeed. He lowered his nose to the ground and drew it back suspiciously, dripping with dew.

Instinct seemed to tell him to keep under the shelter of the hedges and in this way he slunk along searching for food. More by luck than judgment he stumbled into a nest of young partridges in the corner of a field. Now Pads had seen many a young partridge in his mother's mouth, so he was not long in choosing a nice fat one out of the eight or nine which tumbled over each other, trying to evade him. When he had satisfied his hunger he crept into a nearby hedge and went to sleep.

Thus Pads grew up. By October he was almost fully grown and the terror of the countryside. He had made a home in the earth of an old badger, and there he would return every dawn with a duck or a nice plump hare. Sleeping throughout the day he would start on his hunt long after the sun had gone down, for his instinct told him that the night-time was much better for his purpose than the glaring light of day. Sometimes his rambles would be interrupted by man. Then he would slink down in the nearest cover and remain motionless for many hours; always he would beat his antagonist, not by skill or speed but with patience, and when he had won he would proceed on his quest for food. The farmers for miles around knew of him, by the decreasing numbers of their poultry, but Pads was very careful to prevent their acquaintance with him from becoming intimate.

Then one day Pads heard for the first time of his real enemy, the foxhound. Dozing in his den, after an exceptionally rough night, he was suddenly aroused by a shuffle outside his home

and something large and brown hurled itself through the air and knocked Pads right off his legs. With a snarl of anger he turned on the intruder, and was about to grip its flesh in his jaws, when he saw that it was one of his own kind, and checked himself.

It was many minutes before the intruder regained her composure, and then with a suspicious eye on the entrance of the earth, she told poor, puzzled Pads the cause of her intrusion. She related how she had been returning home that morning when suddenly some dogs had sprung at her, and immediately a number of horsemen in pink coats had started to chase her. For hours she had been chased, until, spying Pad's hole, she had evaded the pack and reached safety. All this was new to Pads. Until that day his only enemy had been the man with the gun, now he learned of the hounds and within his panting heart a new fear was kindled.

For many days Pad's new friend could not move because her feet were raw, so Pads used to bring back a double meal each dawn. Thus there sprang up between the two, a strange friendship, strange because of the peculiar way they had met. Together they would go out each night, sharing their spoils and fighting for each other. Vixen, as Pads called his mate, was a fine animal, almost as big as Pads himself. Together they were a menace to any bird or small beast within many miles of their lair. The whole countryside was full of their exploits, but little did they know the excitement they were creating.

For many weeks they rambled and played together, always happy, yet somewhere in Vixen's mind was the thought that she owed her life to Pads.

Then on a bleak morning in January came the saddest event in Pad's life. They were returning together from an interrupted night's hunt when suddenly they heard the yap of a dog and the trample of hoofs. Poor Pads was transfixed to the ground with fear, a fear which was increased when he saw the agony in Vixen's eyes. Nearer came the horses and dogs. Pads could hear the voices of the riders, and was about to flee when Vixen bade him stay back until the hounds were almost upon them. Then with one last look into Pads' fear-stricken face she jumped up and fled. Away streamed the pack and it seemed to Pads as though the whole field was full of dogs; dogs with brown patches on their long lean bodies seemed to be everywhere, and with them were horses and men with pink coats and white breeches, they all appeared to be chasing poor Vixen, who was soon lost to Pads' terrified gaze.

It was some time before he dared to move. He was too dazed at his terrible experience. Then it suddenly occurred to him that Vixen had sacrificed herself to save him. Overcome with sorrow he returned to his home, hoping against hope that somehow Vixen would come back to him, but she never came.

For weeks he barely moved, except when hunger drove him out. Gradually, however, he recovered from his grief and returned to his old life of hunting and killing.

A year passed and the days began to get colder. Pads learned that if he was to keep up his strength he must get exercise, for the cold numbed his limbs. Thus it was that he began to go out during the day-time in order to keep himself warm, and in this manner he grew stronger. But he still continued to live alone in that old earth in the quarry. Somehow he seemed to know that one day he would have to fight for his life against those pitiless dogs, and each day he exercised himself in preparation for the encounter.

Then came that December morning when Pads had wandered, somewhat incautiously, far from his lair. Emerging from a wood he pricked up his ears. Not far away came the bark of a dog. This did not worry Pads who stalked on just a little more carefully, for he was certainly not afraid of one dog. He heard another bark and another. The noise was growing in volume. Then it was that poor Pads realised that a whole pack were on his scent, that he was being hunted just as they had hunted poor Vixen a year before. Yet he remained cool, remembering how the dogs had seen Vixen the minute she had moved, he stood motionless for a while, then, bringing all the cunning of his kind to bear, he crept forward for about one hundred yards, whilst the dogs were still in the wood. This done, he came back again over his own tracks, and, with a mighty leap, jumped into the ferns and was soon hidden. Slinking-off to the left he crouched behind a bush and waited, for his previous experience told him not to run away.

Out of the trees came Rex, the leader of the pack, his head hung low and his ears well alert. Pads saw him and the twenty other dogs, and trembled. Nearer they came until Rex was about five yards from the spot where Pads had leaped to the side. On ! On ! yes, he had passed the spot. Pads' eyes gleamed for he knew he had baffled the mighty hound. One by one the rest of the pack swept on until there were but five left. Then a dejected looking hound called "Sluggard" noticed the ferns beaten down on his left. He stopped and holding his head in the air jumped into the ferns with a joyful shout. The rest of the pack turned and streamed after him, and poor Pads in the moment of his victory saw defeat rushing straight at him. A glint of fear passed through his eyes but quickly left him, and with a whine he fled. The sound of the huntsman's horn behind him urged him on, and, with a leap, he cleared the hedge and was away. The wind whistled in his ears and he knew that the time had come for him to pit his wits and his strength against those twenty-one furies which were remorselessly thudding behind him. Down the side of that field he went at a terrific pace, the pack a hundred yards to the rear, with the "field" trying to steady their mounts in that first mad rush. Pads

cleared the wall at the bottom in his stride; on his heels was Rex, maddened at being beaten by the "Sluggard."

Down came the horses at break-neck pace, men and women filled with the joy of the hunt. At the bottom the majority avoided the wall and made for an adjacent gate. Seven of the younger members, however, urged their horses for the jump, but the slope of the ground beat them, and four went hurling into the mud, a tangled mass of men and horses. Pads, looking back, saw those four and inwardly chuckled. By this time the pace had slackened and he had settled down to a steady run. The hounds, too, were beginning to lag, but Rex urged them on like the leader he was. Pads saw that they were gaining, that he was being beaten. Again panic seized him and he faltered, but with a mighty effort he pulled himself together and panted on. Into the road he raced, but with a quick turn he shot off to the right across another field. For an instant the dogs were checked, but Rex had hunted too many times to be so easily beaten, so with a yelp he too bounded through the hedge.

Pads had gained valuable seconds and collecting his scattered wits he began to look around him to see how far he was from home, yes, that was the wood up on the hill, he must get up there. He dashed into the stream down in the valley, oh how bitter the water was. It took his breath away and it was not until he saw the gaping jaws of the dogs that he struggled across and began the stiff climb up the hill. Up and up he went with the pack not twenty yards behind, he felt that his heart would burst, but he kept gamely on. At last he reached the top, but he dare not stop for Rex came on ahead of the rest who were beaten by the terrific climb, and the gameness of a little fox. Yet poor Pads was nearly done and he realised that he could hardly hope to reach his home, now but a mile away. It seemed as though his legs were gripped by the earth for he could scarcely drag them on, and not ten yards behind was his pitiless foe. No longer could poor Pads utilise his cunning for his brain was dazed and his eyes dim. One word only could he think of "Home" now only half a mile off, yes, he must get there. Rex, game dog as he was, began to falter. On they went with the hound putting all his strength into the last stretch, and Pads carrying on almost blindly. Still a quarter of a mile to go and Pads could feel the dog's panting breath on his heels. He saw his hole, his eyes blurred and he staggered forward in a red mist. Would he ever reach it? With a last effort he hurled his numbed body on and Rex opened his mouth to snap, even as poor Pads got his head into the earth, the dog's jaws closed over his hind paw; Pads tugged on, the pain was unbearable, but Rex would not yield, and with an extra pull he tore the paw right off.

When the field arrived they saw Rex lying exhausted on the ground, still gripping the dripping paw of Pads.

If you ask Farmer Jones about Pads, he will tell you that a fox still roams the countryside with only three legs, and no one ever molests it, but somehow I don't think that Pads ever left his earth again.

P. J. SHEPHERD.

?

There is an old retainer of this school
Whose brow is ever smooth and calm and cool,
Not his are frenzied rushings here and there,
He moves just when he so desires and where.
He toils not in the sight of man, he hates
Th' admiring crowd within scholastic gates ;
Yet he, each Friday, duty must perform
And be it hot, or cold, or merely warm,
He doffs his jacket, dons his mighty boots,
Rolls up his sleeves and strolls (he never scoots)
Forth to his weekly labour on the lawn
And on the paths by many feet well worn.
With hanging head, by grief and care bowed down,
He cuts the scanty grass and sweeps the brown
And yellow Autumn leaves into small heaps,
And then, by woe defeated, groans and weeps
His sorrows to a passing tabby cat ;
Then girds his loins anew, takes up his hat
And, duty done, he vanishes from view,
Until on Wednesday the early few
Who hurry out in martial garb arrayed,
To snatch a hasty meal before parade
Just glimpse him as he makes the tool-shed fast,
Then hastes away to his mid-day repast.

* * * * *

Who is he, this strange mortal, what his name ?
To call him " Wilfred " but ignites the flame
Of towering passion. Whence he comes none knows
Except that probably it's where he goes.
He labours at the field throughout the day,
(At least we're told he does, of course he may
Or he may not—noone quite seems to know)
He marks out touch-lines with some stuff like dough*
Which has been over-watered, but, poor wight,
Rain always spoils his labours over-night.
And thus there's ne'er a touch-line on the field,
(Unless perchance by frost it's been congealed).
Anon he hangs a goal-net on a post,
Or painfully collects a varied host
Of belts, boots, braces, jerseys, shirts and knicks.

Oft-times in its due hole a flag he'll fix,
 Then rest awhile, legitimately proud,
 That this his toil gives pleasure to a crowd
 Of eager school-boys, whom he loves to serve,
 Although he knows his work they don't observe.

In summer, different labour is his lot,
 For (if the weather is not over-hot)

He'll watch a man sit on a large machine,
 Which rushes here and there cutting the green
 Luxuriant grass; then, with a visage grim,
 Our hero musters up his surplus vim,

And rolls a pitch (or two, if he is not
 Fatigued and as I said the sun's not hot).

But this is only rumour. Reader! pray
 Don't take for gospel ev'ry word I say.

This matter is surrounded by such deep
 And heavy clouds of mystery that I weep
 To think of those who even yet will seek

The secret of this man, who every week
 Makes his appearance, does some work and goes
 Whither?—dear reader—goodness only knows!

TRENT

*We are told by a reliable authority, that this is a suspension
 of $\text{Ca}(\text{OH})_2$ in water—(Ed.).



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“The Unbreakable Box.”

BY R. SOWDEN, FORM II B, AGED 12.

Bill Erie was a porter on Toronto station and had held the trunk-smashing championship for five years. One day he saw a strong oak box on the station, and said to himself, “I guess I could break that up with kid gloves on.” He lifted it as high as his head, and let it fall with a bang. There was something wrong, a little chip flew out of the concrete platform, but the box lay uninjured. “I’ll have to boot it,” he said, and kicked as hard as he could—he hurt his foot but the box remained unbroken. After that he went to his home disappointed. All night he lay in anger, and the next morning borrowed a sledge hammer. Taking a mighty swing with the hammer, he brought it down with all his force upon the lid—the hammer head flew in a million fragments.

Poor Bill! he went home and took to his bed. After a while a notion struck him, and he jumped out of bed shouting “Eureka!” He went to the station and dragged the box to the railway line and waited. Presently the express came along with a rush and a roar, but when it had passed he saw the box still lying undamaged and a piece of the snow-plough with it.

With all his remaining strength he went to the top of his house with the box on his shoulder, and threw himself down. A few hours later his companions passed by and seeing his dead body, engraved the following words upon a stone.—

“Passer-by, tell Toronto that Bill Erie died for the honour of the Railway Company.”

The Competitions.

The Drawing Competition was a great success. The entries were of a high standard, and Mr. Wood and Mr. Williams found great difficulty in deciding as to the winner. The entries of R. W. H. Adams, E. Broad and L. H. Down were almost equally deserving of merit, but eventually E. Broad’s drawing was placed first in view of the fact that his bolder design would reproduce well. Great credit, however, is due to L. H. Down, who, although only 12 years of age, tied with R. W. H. Adams for the second place, both receiving consolation prizes.

The Junior Short Story Competition, on the other hand, was disappointing. The entries although numerous were not of a very high level. There was little to choose between the efforts of R. J. D. Down, of IIb. and R. Sowden of Form IIb. but eventually the latter was placed first in view of the originality of his

theme. The winner is only 12 years of age and is to be congratulated on his success. His story, "The Unbreakable Box," therefore appears in this issue. W. Johnson of IIIc. was third, whilst E. Tyrrell, also of IIIc. who is only 11 years of age, receives honourable mention.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Lockwood, Williams and Wood for so kindly judging these competitions.



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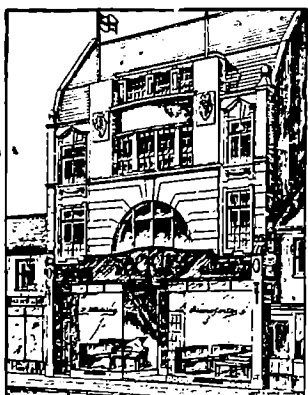
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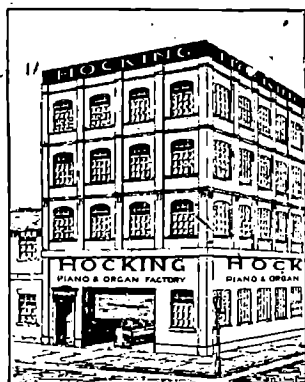
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