

No. 19.

DEVONPORT
HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1913.

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PRICE 6D.

Editors : L. C. COOMBE, and A. M. REEP.

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

EDITORIAL.

What were an Editorial without a grumble? We shudder at the thought and accordingly may be excused if we call attention to the fact that no one seems anxious to fill the now vacant post of poet-laureate to the school.

For the excellent verses in the present number we are greatly indebted to the old boys who have made their names or pseudonyms so familiar to us in magazine after magazine. But, though we would be content to fill our pages with such delightful poetry, we fear to impose too great a strain upon their good nature, and for this reason we make an appeal to poets in the school who have not yet made public their endeavours, and would remind them that the next Magazine will be issued in April. Then will be their opportunity for distinction.

But this, we are pleased to say, is our only complaint; the number of contributions has come up to our most sanguine expectations, and we believe that the school is beginning to take more than a passive interest in the Magazine, which, after all, is their own property. Indeed we are looking forward to a time when the editor will have a staff, and when the circulation will enable photographs of our various elevens and even other illustrations to be included.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We congratulate the 1st Cricket XI. upon the form they exhibited, last season, and think that with a trifle more luck they might have broken their half-and-half record.

* * *

We were pleased to note the keen determination and enthusiasm that pervaded the "house" matches, and have good hopes for the First if the talent displayed in them is developed next season.

* * *

General satisfaction was expressed that a decent practice pitch had at length been provided, and on some week-nights a considerable number were to be seen availing themselves of the expert advice of Mr. Armor and Mr. Beer.

* * *

Members of the 1st XI. were astounded to find that the door of the Changing Shed no longer swung on a single nail, as it has from time immemorial. A hinge, yes! a hinge, and even a new door panel has been provided. Truly we are progressing.

* * *

The late Upper and Lower Fifth Forms have, as we felt sure they would, right well upheld the reputation of the school in the Cambridge Locals, and have covered themselves—and M. Jacquet—with glory by their success in Oral French.

* * *

Mr. Baker, who left at Easter to enter the Church, will carry with him, we are sure, the hearty good wishes of all for success in his new sphere of labour. In the place left vacant, we have to welcome Mr. Platt, M.Sc., who has also taken over the charge of our Scouts.

* * *

We are pleased to have to record several successes of old D.H.S.—ians. G. Bishop and R. Ferraro have obtained intermediate degrees at London University, and R. Monk has won scholarships which will enable him to become a Naval Constructor. L. Johnson has followed in the footsteps of his brother, also an Old Boy, and is now a fully-fledged medico; while R. Love has obtained the degree of Bachelor of Surgery at London University, and also the diploma of M.R.C.S. in record time.

Once more, at the beginning of our School year, increasing numbers have necessitated additions to the staff in the persons of Mr. Belchambers, B.A., and Miss Edmonds. The latter shares with Miss Collingwood the strenuous task of keeping our "giants" in order.

* * *

Since the publication of the last Magazine, the Glee Club, whose advent was predicted by the Head on our last Speech Day, has come into being, and, judging from the bursts of melody that sometimes percolate down from the music-room, it seems to be flourishing under the care of Mr. Beer, but has yet to make its bow before the public.

* * *

The Shield has at length found a permanent resting place upon the walls of the Assembly Room, and the sight of the large oak board upon which it is mounted suggests the thought that similar boards might soon be placed there to record Cambridge and other successes.

* * *

The Debating Society is once more in full swing, and Mr. Lintell up in snowy Scotland will be pleased to note that the present members have deserted the beaten tracks of biography, and gone to wider fields for inspiration.

* * *

The present list of office holders is as follows:—

PREFECTS.—L. C. Coombe, W. W. H. Truscott, E. W. Hitchcock, A. M. Reep, J. Phillips, R. H. G. Franklin, A. Heywood-Waddington, M. J. Collier.

SPORTS COMMITTEE.—The Masters and Prefects; Hon. Sec., L. C. Coombe.

1ST XI.—Captain, A. M. Reep; Vice-Captain, A. D. Cassell.

2ND XI.—Captain, A. N. Spiller; Vice-Captain, H. Westlake.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—"Gilbert," H. L. Rundle; "Grenville," A. N. Spiller; "Raleigh," E. W. Hitchcock; "Drake," L. C. Coombe.

SHIELD HOLDERS.—"Gilbert."

VICTOR LUDORUM (1913-1914).—F. Kenshole.

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

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

D.H.S. GLEE CLUB.—Conductor, Mr. Beer.

CRICKET SEASON.

10 MATCHES PLAYED : 5 WON ; 5 LOST.

While the record as shown above presents little difference from the average record of the past few years, to those who watched closely the progress of the 1913 Cricket Team signs were apparent of quite an appreciable improvement in the play as a whole. While, as of old, if the first few wickets fell cheaply, the tail was overcome with panic, still, on occasions, that same tail, encouraged by the success of the leading batsmen, showed that there could be some sting in it.

And that things should be otherwise there is little excuse now. By the generosity of the Governors we have now an ample area of re-laid ground for practice as well as match purposes ; two nets are always available, and some one or other of the staff has always been ready to oblige with counsel and advice. All else must rest with the aspirants themselves,—and there's the rub !

Net practice—and this is particularly the case in quarters where it should least be so—is regarded as a synonym for taking a stand, often unpadding (we shiver for our shins !), and hitting out blindly without rhyme or reason at any old ball, unless it is a leg ball, and then we run away ! Ye shades of bygone boundaries to leg ! It is much on a par with the prevailing fashion of spending all spare moments on the footer pitch blazing at goal, usually, from somewhere in the region of the penalty line, in any case, from positions and with such time to waste in steadying the ball (with your hands if necessary !) as could never possibly occur in the rush and stress of a proper game.

It is hard to have to growl, for, once a match is started, the team, whether at cricket or football, with few exceptions, undoubtedly display both pluck and sticking power. But why not match these admirable qualities with just the added skill that would come of honest practice when practice was possible. Year after year the School turns out teams that never seem to know when they are beaten—veritable die-hards. But how much better if there were never any reason for their learning the bitter truth.

It is to be feared that, ere this ebullition meets the eye, the Football Season will have half run its course. But the adage though ancient is still sound in wind and limb, which tells us “it is never too late to mend.” We have a most promising lot of colts coming on, both in cricket and in football ; let us make it a point to show them what just a minimum outlay of honest effort at the nets or on the practice pitch will do towards stringing up the quality of the team just those one or two notches requisite for success.

LIST OF MATCHES.

May 10th, Elburton C.C., at Elburton. After a very late start our opponents were somewhat cheaply disposed of for 68; but it was not sufficiently meagre for us, as, in spite of several "gift" runs through faulty fielding, we could only compile 54. It was a bitterly cold day, and no doubt that fact contributed largely to both teams being considerably below form.

May 17th, Hoe Grammar School, at Greatlands. A runaway match; Hoe Grammar were all out for 40, chiefly owing to the bowling of Messrs. Clarke and Crang. This total was passed with only two of our wickets down. Our final score was 134 (Mr. Crang 64; Mr. Clarke, 17).

May 31st, Kingsbridge Grammar School, at Kingsbridge. Kingsbridge luck! Batting first we made 34!—no double figures. Kingsbridge replied with 62, a very moderate total for them, largely due to the excellent bowling of Crocker, who captured 5 wickets for 11 runs.

June 7th, Plymouth Technical Schools, at Greatlands. Our visitors won the toss and batted first, compiling a total of 73 (Egford 16, Mr. 'Extras' 16). Thanks to some spirited batting by Mr. Crang (46), Cassell (12), Mr. Beer (18), and Mr. Clarke (15), this total was passed with only three of our wickets down. Stumps were drawn when our score stood at 132 for 6, (Phillips 17, Hands 12 not out). Crocker took 5 wickets for 17 runs.

June 14th, Schoolmasters' 2nd XI., at Greatlands. A new fixture, taken on at the last minute with a weakish team. The start was most auspicious, four of our opponents' wickets falling for 9 runs, but then a change came over the scene, Crocker's services being sorely lacked. Thanks mainly to Jarman, a stranger to our opponents as to ourselves, those last six wickets put on over 90 runs, their aggregate being 101. In reply we began none too badly, the second wicket falling at 33, but nine wickets were down for just over half our opponents' score when Rundle (9 not out), Featherston (5), and Mr. 'Extras' (13, mostly stolen byes), brought us to the respectable aggregate of 74.

June 21st, St. Augustine's C.C., at Greatlands. Our visitors were far below their form of bygone seasons, and the engagement proved very much of a runaway match for us, as after being themselves disposed of for 33, they had to see the school team wipe that total off with all wickets in hand. To a final total of 108, Mr. Crang contributed 61, Cassell 11, Mulready 12.

June 28th, Kingsbridge Grammar School, at Greatlands. A close game, ending in a win for our visitors by 14 runs. How the result would have been affected had Mr. Crang not been considerably handicapped, as a medium both of attack and defence by the forcible destruction of his glasses by a kicking ball, it is fruitless to conjecture. School totalled 65 (Mr. Clarke 17, Mr. Crang 12, Mr. 'Extras' 18) to which Kingsbridge replied with 79 (Mr. Mason 24, Cousins 15, Lethbridge 12). Crocker captured three wickets for 11 runs.

July 5th, Mt. Edgcumbe C.C., at Mt. Edgcumbe. A bad beating for us, our opponents totalling up 126 in spite of some good bowling by Mr. Clarke (5 wickets for 49 runs). In reply School could do no better than 66, the tail being more than usually ineffective.

July 12th, Hoe Grammar School, at Oreston. Batting first, School had lost four wickets for 37 runs when an excellent partnership by Phillips and Cassell pulled this score up to 74. At 110, Cassell finally carried his bat for a very fine 37. Our opponents replied with 74 (Mr. French 25). Crocker was off form with the ball, but Mr. Beer came to the rescue with some astonishing deliveries of the "googly" nature, which effectively disposed of the last four wickets.

July 19th, Elburton C.C., at Greatlands. We wanted this match badly to make our wins at any rate not less than our losses, but no one could have imagined what actually occurred. The wicket was a bit soft but quite true, and why Elburton came out for the grand total of 11 is incomprehensible, especially in view of the fact that School had no difficulty in piling up a comfortable 82 (Mr. Crang 28, Mr. Beer 17). Elburton's second innings was not a great improvement, as they had lost 8 wickets for 38 before the drawing of stumps saved them from an innings defeat. For us, Crocker took 4 wickets for 5 runs, Mr. Clarke 6 for 5 (second innings 4 for 18).

BATTING AVERAGES.

| Name. | Innings | Not out | Total runs | Highest score | Average |
|-----------------|---------|---------|------------|---------------|---------|
| J. PHILLIPS ... | 10 | 1 | 82 | 26 | 9·11 |
| D. CASSELL ... | 10 | 1 | 75 | 37* | 8·33 |
| C. MULREADY ... | 9 | 2 | 38 | 12 | 5·42 |
| H. RUNDLE ... | 9 | 3 | 32 | 9* | 5·33 |
| E. HANDS ... | 6 | 2 | 21 | 12* | 5·25 |
| F. KENSHOLE ... | 4 | 0 | 19 | 11 | 4·75 |
| B. FEATHERSTON | 3 | 0 | 8 | 5 | 2·66 |
| J. CROCKER ... | 7 | 3 | 5 | 4* | 1·25 |
| M. COLLIER ... | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0·50 |

* Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

| Name | Overs | Maidens | Runs | Wickets | Average |
|----------------|-------|---------|------|---------|---------|
| J. CROCKER ... | 41 | 4 | 105 | 22 | 4·77 |
| Mr. BEER ... | 16 | 2 | 57 | 9 | 6·33 |
| Mr. ARMOR ... | 8 | 1 | 28 | 3 | 9·33 |

CATCHES—Cassell (6), Phillips (6); Mr. Beer (3), Mulready (3); Rundle (2), Hands (2); Mr. Armor (2), Crocker (2); Featherston (1).

Matches Played 10; Matches Won 5; Matches Lost 5.

CHARACTERS OF THE ELEVEN.

J. PHILLIPS (Captain 1913, Colours 1912)—A capable captain, painstaking but too much of a one-style bat; should practice a sound defence. Behind the wicket worked hard, but slow.

A. D. CASSELL (Vice-Captain 1913, Colours 1912)—Most stylish bat, but seldom plays up to promise. Hope to see more Oreston form next season. Reliable and hard-working field. Possible change bowler.

C. MULREADY (Colours 1913)—As a bat improved out of all recognition, for although never guilty of a phenomenal score, was always to be depended on for a few. Refreshingly keen in the field. A little more of his enthusiasm would do the team a world of good.

H. RUNDLE (Colours 1913)—Has the build, but not the gift (yet) for a mighty hitter; style too cramped and timorous. Sound deep field.

J. CROCKER—Remarkably successful bowler, discovered at Kingsbridge on Saturday, May 31st. Medium pace, but an excellent length that tempts the unwary to a summary fate. Can bat, good field.

E. HANDS—A hitter but requires a bowler to suit him; did not improve on previous season as was expected. Fairly reliable field.

F. KENSHOLE—Also failed to realise the promise of his youth.

B. FEATHERSTON—Played once or twice, and with trouble could turn into a useful cricketer, both as bat and deep field.

2ND XI.

1913.

| | | | | | | | |
|------|----|----|---------------------|-----|------|-----|--------|
| May | 31 | v. | Hoe Grammar 2nd XI. | ... | Lost | ... | 32—59 |
| June | 7 | v. | Corporation G.S. | ... | Lost | ... | 77—197 |
| " | 14 | v. | St. Simon's | ... | Lost | ... | 14—44 |
| " | 21 | v. | Mutley G.S. | ... | Won | ... | 39—29 |
| " | 28 | v. | Corporation G.S. | ... | Lost | ... | 24—97 |
| July | 5 | v. | Hoe Grammar 2nd XI. | ... | Lost | ... | 23—72 |
| " | 12 | v. | St. Simon's | ... | Won | ... | 53—35 |
| " | 19 | v. | Mutley G.S. | ... | Won | ... | 73—39 |

Matches played, 8; Won, 3; Lost, 5.

CHIEF BATTING AVERAGES—Rendle 5·0; Beare 4·3; Spiller 4·0; Barnicott 3·8; Atwill 3·3; Sinnott 3·0.

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

| | MATCHES. | | | | |
|-------------|----------|------|-------|--------|-------------|
| | Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Percentage. |
| DRAKE ... | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 66·7 |
| GILBERT ... | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 66·7 |
| GRENVILLE | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 66·7 |
| RALEIGH ... | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |

SOME NOTABLE PERFORMANCES.

Crocker 43 not out v. "Drake," 20 v. "Raleigh"; Lovegrove 39 v. "Drake"; Rundle 28 v. "Raleigh"; H. Westlake 26 v. "Raleigh"; Phillips 23 v. "Raleigh"; Shannon 14 v. "Grenville." Sinnott 7 for 7 v. "Drake," 3 for 4 v. "Raleigh"; Cassell 5 for 8 v. "Drake," 5 for 7 v. "Raleigh"; Crocker 5 for 9 v. "Drake"; Phillips 6 for 13 v. "Gilbert."

THE SPORTS.

The Annual Athletic Sports' Meeting was held at Greatlands on the last day of July in delightful weather. The recent numerical increase in the junior half of the school necessitated a considerable lengthening of the programme, two or three events being subdivided into five or six classes; but, with a punctual start, and no hitch from beginning to end, the forth-five items were duly managed in little more than the time occupied in previous years.

It was a pity that no one was found to press Kenshole for the Championship Cup, for though we congratulate him heartily on his success, a little pressure might have pulled down more than one school record. But though the first place was thus in most cases a foregone conclusion, it was satisfactory to find a marked improvement on last year's sports in the number of entries for the open events.

That Gilbert's would win the St. Levan Shield for the second year in succession was also *almost* a certainty, but just the fact that it almost and not quite gave the necessary fillip to the inter-house rivalry, the relay race in particular proving as much a source of enthusiasm as ever.

It might have been feared that so lengthy a programme of events might prove tedious to the most kindly-disposed among the numerous spectators, but the selections of music admirably rendered by the Band of the Royal Garrison Artillery (Territorials) obviated any such possibility. From the moment when the eight-year-old "sprinters" opened the ball until the last prize had been awarded to its fortunate winner by Mrs. W. Howard Clarke, we may flatter ourselves there was never a tedious moment.

The gratifying presence of so many "old boys" among the spectators gave serious qualms to the "Present" Tug-of-War Team, but under Mr. King Beer's stentorian coaching the "Past" were duly discomfited—to come back again, we trust, next year.

It may interest many of our readers less intimately connected with the school to know that this is only the second year in which records have been systematically kept. Under so youthful a régime, while some are fair, there are many we hope to go on improving every year. This year the following new records were made:—

CRICKET BALL, Open: Kenshole, with 84 yds. 4 ins., was over 6 yds. better than last year.

Under 16: H. Westlake 69 yds. 2 ft. 8 ins. (1912 Cassell 62 yds.)

100 YARDS, Open: Kenshole $11\frac{1}{2}$ secs. (1912, 12 secs.)

Under 14: H. Westlake $13\frac{2}{3}$ secs. (1912, $13\frac{4}{5}$ secs.)

220 YARDS, Under 16: Spiller $30\frac{1}{2}$ secs. (1912, 31 secs.)

Under 14: H. Westlake $31\frac{1}{8}$ secs.

QUARTER MILE, Open : Kenshole $60\frac{1}{2}$ secs. (1912, 63 secs.)

Under 16 : Spiller $68\frac{2}{5}$ secs. (1912, 72 secs.)

HIGH JUMP, Under 10 : Watts 3 ft. 1 in. (1912, Comden, 2 ft. 10 ins.)

LONG JUMP, Under 15 : T. Rowe 16 ft. 7 ins. (1912, Boughton, 15 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)

RELAY RACE (Four laps of 352 yds.) : "Raleigh" 3 mins. 32 secs. (1912, 3 mins. 42 secs.)

FIELDING COMPETITION : "Grenville" 36 secs. (1912, "Gilbert" 40 secs.)

HALF MILE, Under 14 : Treliving 3 mins. $14\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE 1913 SPORTS.

C. Andrews, Esq.; W. J. Andrews, Esq., L.C.P.; C. F. Armor, Esq., B.A.; Lieut. H. Ball, R.N.; Mrs. Barnicott; Mrs. Bate; J. Bazley, Esq.; Mrs. Beare; J. Bickell, Esq.; E. B. Blackwell, Esq.; W. J. Bosworthick, Esq.; J. Boundy, Esq.; H. Brailey, Esq.; A. R. Brown, Esq.; F. Bryant, Esq.; H. T. H. Budge, Esq.; Lieut. J. W. Budge, R.N.; R. Bullock, Esq.; A. E. Byfield, Esq.; G. Carter, Esq.; H. R. Clark, Esq.; F. E. Cock, Esq.; A. J. Collier, Esq.; F. J. Collier, Esq.; Engr.-Captain R. Collingwood, R.N.; W. J. Collins, Esq.; W. H. E. Coombs, Esq.; Mrs. Couchman; Mrs. Crocker; T. R. Crabb, Esq.; J. Cure, Esq.; W. N. Curnow, Esq.; W. J. Curtain, Esq.; A. H. Damerell, Esq.; W. Damerell, Esq.; Miss Daniel; W. H. Darton, Esq.; T. Davey, Esq.; W. H. Eastcott, Esq.; H. Elliott, Esq.; R. F. Franklin, Esq.; Mr. Alderman Myer Fredman, J.P.; H. Ferraro, Esq., L.C.P., Int. B.Sc.; Jackson Gamlen, Esq.; J. O. Garland, Esq.; Mrs. Gilbert; E. P. Gill, Esq.; E. R. Grant, Esq.; Mrs. Graver; Mrs. Gray; F. Gregory, Esq.; Mrs. Griffiths; Mrs. Hallett; W. Hallett, Esq.; W. H. Hammett, Esq.; W. H. Hands, Esq.; Rev. A. T. Head; G. Heard, Esq.; Mrs. Hendra; Rev. Heywood-Waddington, M.A.; F. J. Hill, Esq.; S. Hitchcock, Esq.; J. Holwell, Esq.; Mrs. Hosking; G. Hayter, Esq.; F. Hurrell, Esq.; P. Hutchings, Esq.; Mrs. Hutchins; A. M. Jacquet, Esq., B.es.L.; H. Jarvis, Esq.; Z. H. Kingdon, Esq.; N. W. Lamb, Esq., L.C.P.; J. J. Lavery, Esq.; A. Leahy, Esq.; E. Lillicrap, Esq.; Mr. Alderman W. Littleton, J.P.; J. Luscombe, Esq.; R. Luscombe, Esq.; G. Maddock, Esq.; C. Marshall, Esq.; T. Martin, Esq.; Mrs. Masters; J. May, Esq.; R. S. Meech, Esq.; J. H. D. Millett, Esq., M.A.; Capt. D. P. Mills, R.A.; Mrs. Mitchell; Mrs. Morris; G. R. Morris, Esq.; Dr. J. Nixon Morris; G. Morton, Esq.; H. J. Mulready, Esq.; Mrs. Murray; J. S. Murton, Esq.; J. J. Nicholls, Esq.; R. Nodder, Esq.; H. Northcott, Esq.; R. J. Northcott,

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PROGRAMME AND RESULTS.

MILE, Open: 1 Kenshole, 2 Mulready, 3 Oliver (5 mins. 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.)

THROWING CRICKET BALL, Open: 1 Kenshole, 2 Crocker. 3 Featherston (84 yds. 4 ins.)

Under 15: 1 H. Westlake, 2 Barnicott, 3 T. Rowe (69 yds. 2 ft. 8 ins.)

100 YARDS, Open: 1 Kenshole, 2 J. Phillips, 3 Featherston (11 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs)

Under 16: 1 Spiller, 2 Barnicott, 3 Gill (13 $\frac{2}{3}$ secs.)

Under 14: 1 H. Westlake, 2 G. Williams, 3 P. Rickard (13 $\frac{2}{3}$ scs.)

Under 12: 1 Taylor, 2 Smale, 3 Collingwood and Earle (15 $\frac{2}{3}$ scs)

Under 10: 1 Watts, 2 Waddington, 3 Morrish

Under 8: 1 Collingwood ii, 2 Sutcliffe, 3 R. Oliver.

220 YARDS, Open: 1 Kenshole, 2 Featherston, 3 Mulready (28 secs.)

Under 16: 1 Spiller, 2 Barnicott, 3 Waddington ($30\frac{1}{8}$ secs.)

Under 14: 1 H. Westlake, 2 P. Rickard, 3 G. Nodder ($31\frac{1}{8}$ secs.)

Under 12: 1 Taylor, 2 Collingwood i, 3 Smale ($38\frac{3}{8}$ secs.)

PREPARATORY HANDICAP: 1 Collingwood ii, 2 R. Oliver, 3 Leatherby

440 YARDS, Open: 1 Kenshole, 2 J. Phillips, 3 Featherston ($60\frac{1}{8}$ secs.)

Under 16: 1 Spiller, 2 Shannon, 3 Rendle ($68\frac{3}{8}$ secs.)

Under 14: 1 H. Westlake, 2 P. Rickard, 3 Treliving (71 secs.)

HANDICAP: 1 Collingwood ii, 2 Watts, 3 Morrish.

HALF MILE, Under 16: 1 Spiller, 2 Shannon, 3 Gill (2 mins. $51\frac{1}{8}$ secs.)

Under 14: 1 Treliving, 2 Oliver iii, 3 Thorington (3 mins. $14\frac{3}{8}$ secs.)

LONG JUMP, Open: 1 Kenshole, 2 Spiller, 3 Coombe (17 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)

Under 15: 1 T. Rowe, 2 H. Westlake, 3 Standford (16 ft. 7 ins.)

SACK RACE, Under 10: 1 Sleeman, 2 Morrish, 3 Watts.

Under 8: 1 Brown.

HIGH JUMP, Open: 1 Kenshole, 2 Beare, 3 Cassell and Featherston (4 ft. 10 ins.)

Under 16: 1 Gill, 2 T. Rowe and Stephens (4 ft. 8 ins.)

Under 14: 1 H. Westlake, 2 Oliver iii, 3 P. Rickard (4 ft. 1 in.)

Under 12: 1 Smale, 2 S. Williams, 3 Sheriff (3 ft. 2 ins.)

Under 10: 1 Watts, 2 Leatherby, 3 Tomlin (3 ft. 1 in.)

Under 8: 1 R. Oliver, 2 Collingwood ii, 3 Ritchie (2 ft. 8 ins.)

HOPPING RACE: 1 Curtain, 2 Rendle, 3 Grant.

FIELDING COMPETITION: 1 "Grenville," 2 "Raleigh," 3 "Drake,"
4 "Gilbert," (36 secs.)

TUG-OF-WAR, Senior: 1 "Grenville," 2 "Raleigh," 3 "Gilbert,"
4 "Drake."

Junior: 1 "Grenville," 2 "Raleigh," 3 "Drake," 4 "Gilbert."

SCOUTS' HANDICAP, 352 yards: 1 Rickard, 2 Marshall, 3 Daniel.

DECORATED BICYCLE: 1 Bickell, 2 Waddington, 3 Oliver.

SLOW BICYCLE: 1 Bickell, 2 Collier.

RELAY RACE (4 laps of 352 yds.), Senior: 1 "Raleigh," 2 "Gilbert,"
3 "Drake," (3 mins. 32 secs.)

Junior: 1 "Gilbert," 2 "Raleigh," 3 "Drake," (3 mins. 56 secs.)

WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK ("horse" under 16; rider under 13):

1 "Grenville" (Oliver i and Oliver iii),

2 "Gilbert" (Rendle and Rickard).

3 "Gilbert" (Blackwell and Collingwood i).

POTATO RACE ON BICYCLES : 1 Waddington, 2 Collier, 3 Shannon.

OBSTACLE RACE, Open : 1 Oliver i, 2 Waddington, 3 Beare.

Under 15 : 1 Oliver iii, 2 H. Westlake, 3-Curtain.

Under 12 : 1 Crabb, 2 Uglow.

The Championship Cup was won by Kenshole by the record score of 21 points out of a possible 21.

The table for the Championship Shield is as follows :—

| | | | Percentage. | | |
|-----------|-----|-----------|-------------|---------|----------|
| | | Football. | Cricket. | Sports. | Average. |
| GILBERT | ... | 83·3 | 66·7 | 30·5 | 60·2 |
| GRENVILLE | ... | 16·7 | 66·7 | 26·9 | 36·8 |
| DRAKE | ... | 25·0 | 66·7 | 17·0 | 36·2 |
| RALEIGH | ... | 75·0 | 0 | 25·6 | 33·5 |

Captains of the winning " House "—W. H. Howard and C. H. Mulready.

A MONTH IN BEAUTIFUL BRITTANY.

One rather gusty evening towards the end of July, I embarked on the " Devonian " at the Millbay Docks, and shortly after nine o'clock we were in the Sound, heading for the western end of the Breakwater. As we gained the open sea and the lights of Plymouth were already fading, the tossing of the boat gave me many an inward qualm, but, luckily, I did not share the fate of the majority of my fellow-passengers who kept the stewards busy !

A sleep on the deep, Guernsey—more sleep, then Jersey, where the good " Devonian " remained for twelve hours, thus enabling me to take a drive across the island to Grère de Lecq. The vessel left Jersey at midnight, and after a fairly good passage arrived at St. Brieuc, where awaited me my French correspondent, M. Rouxel, a lad of about my own age.

St. Brieuc is situated just two kilometres from the coast, where there are long stretches of beautiful sands, of which the Bretons are justly proud. Having satisfied the *douaniers* anent my bicycle, I proceeded to my new-found friend's house, of which the rooms all had wooden floors with no other covering than a polish. With this exception and the inevitable French windows, the house and furniture differed little from an English home.

During my stay here I generally rose about 8 o'clock, and after the usual greeting of "Bonjour, avez-vous bien dormi," *petit déjeuner* was served, consisting of *chocolat menier* melted in milk with bread and butter. I was very much surprised at the shape and size of the French loaves. They are quite a yard long, yet toothsome withal and digestible. The forenoon was usually spent in visiting the town and making purchases, or if it was market-day, which occurred three times a week, we visited the markets. Here a loud gabbling was always to be heard, and one could see the peasants in their quaint country clothes, the women wearing a peculiar white head-dress, and all, men and women, wearing *sabots*. Fish, fruit, and dairy produce were very plentiful, and also very cheap.

At twelve o'clock I returned to *déjeuner*, a meal similar to an English luncheon, excepting that it contained courses cooked in a different manner. After *déjeuner* I accompanied the family with whom I was staying on long walks, when we visited all the picturesque spots in the district. The most important of these were Cesson, with its very old castle, St. Laureant and Le Legué. When the weather was wet, which happened nearly every other day, we visited the Museum, the Cathedral, the Barracks, or the various places of amusement in the town. The Museum contains beautiful pictures and sculptures by eminent Frenchmen, whilst in the interior of the Cathedral are numerous valuable old wood-carvings. Outside the Cathedral are to be seen several partly demolished statues, said to have been thus mutilated by the Revolutionists. Several hundreds of French soldiers were stationed at the barracks, but, to my mind, they did not look at all so "spick and span" as do our English soldiers.

Dîner, served at seven o'clock, consisted of several courses, most of which were peculiar to the French. After dinner I either wrote letters or listened to the Band which played in the Park, and at ten o'clock I retired for the night, lighting myself to bed with an oil lamp, which generally could only be lit with much difficulty. This was owing to the inferiority of the French sulphur matches, which are sold, joined together, about twenty-five in a half-penny packet.

Whilst at St. Brieuc I met several English people, but I saw very little of them except when we went to the Protestant Church, where I sung—ahem!—in French. I also saw many of my own countrymen on the occasion of a day's visit to Dinan, a town near St. Malo, which has an English quarter.

On Sundays in France sports, regattas, and dances are held. In the Aquatic Sports was one very laughable competition, the "*Courses aux Canards*," in which the swimmers were required to catch ducks which had been let loose...

At length my month's holiday, like all good things, came to an end, and very reluctantly I had to say "*Adieu*" to my friends. I left St. Brieuc by the North France Railway for Morlaix. The railway platforms in France are only about six inches high, and as the "hobble" was then very much *à la mode* the ladies caused many a smile as they were lifted by the gentlemen into the carriages. [Congratulations on observing faculty.—*Ed.*]

On my arrival at Morlaix I missed the young man who should have met me at the station, and so I had to reach the boat unaided. At last, by dint of many inquiries and many furious gestures, I succeeded in my endeavour. The sea journey only occupied twelve hours, as compared with thirty-six hours on my journey thither, as the "*Devonia*" did not call at Jersey nor at Guernsey. I arrived at "*Dear Old England*" about five o'clock on Sunday morning, August 31st, after having spent a very enjoyable holiday, thanks to the kindness of my French friends, with whom I hope to spend another holiday next Easter.

M. J. COLLIER.

THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS.

You've heard, no doubt, the cheery wait
On Christmas Eve re-iterate
In tuneful song the postulate.

That Christmas, once a year,
And only once, arrives; and add
That when it does you should be glad,
Because it brings to good and bad
Abundance of good cheer.

It does, indeed, to all bring cheer:
The pauper gets his extra beer,
And for a season disappear
Newspapers and Lloyd George;
For grown-ups there is lots of fun
(As well as indigestion,)
Whilst children all rejoice in one
Illimitable gorge.

Now specially do those at school
 With joy await the time of Yule,
 For then, according to the rule,
 A month's recess ensues ;
 While most of all, I must confess,
 As scholars of old D.H.S.,
 The finest reasons *we* possess
 At Christmas to enthuse.

For, first of all, at Christmas time
 Occurs the Speech Day—theme sublime—
 Most fit for famous Milton's rhyme
 Or mighty Bacon's muse.
 (But both these writers being dead
 It's praised in doggerel instead,
 Plus half a column in the ed-
 ifying *Morning News*.)

The prizes in a mighty pile
 Excite our admiration while
 The Head's report in pleasing style
 The year's success records.
 Then, one by one and in a row,
 The Prizemen to the platform go,
 And, bowing nicely, *comme il faut*,
 Receive their due rewards.

A play, some music, and a few
 Delightful speeches then ensue.
 Which done, the Head directs us to
 The "Light Refreshments" spot.
 And while the parents fraternise,
 The special beauties of his prize
 Each boy who has one specifies
 To other lads who've not.

Soon afterwards we all disband
 Exclaiming that "the prizes and
 The speeches were extremely grand—
 And thank-you for the tea."
 This brings us to the second cause
 Why D.H.S. with loud applause
 The coming greets of Santa Klaus.
 (See *supra* stanza 3.)

I mean the Concert where, next day,
 Our vocal talents we display
 In comic songs, while some essay
 Piano solos, too.
 And into ecstasies we're thrown
 By someone's gramophone on loan,
 Above all when it plays the tone
 Of classic Hitchy Koo.

And then we hear the Head express
 (Though knowing well his D.H.S.,
 He doesn't look for much success)
 The hope that ev'ry boy
 Will do a *little* work each day.
 But most, I fear, exclaim: "Hooray!
 Now we can buzz our books away—
 The holiday's begun."

* * * * *

The Liberals, with wondrous tact,
 The votes of citizens attract
 By saying, (though it's not a fact)
 That their Insurance scheme
 For Fourpence gains for you the sum
 Of Ninepence (that's the minimum)
 Besides a sanatorium—
 It sounds just like a dream.

But if for Fourpence you aspire
 To rates of interest even higher,
 To bring about your fond desire
 One way alone is seen.
 And that's to go at once and get
 For sixpence (fourpence strictly nett)
 That very excellent gazette—
 The High School Magazine.

This Magazine, by all the School
 Perused with fervour (as a rule),
 Is always published during Yule,
 (Or p'raps a week before).
 And here at last (thank goodness) we
 Perceive our reason number three
 (For explanation kindly see
 Stanza the third once more.)

A FEW WORDS OF PROSE.

Delving amidst some piles of paper in search of a book, which couldn't be found, I came across my old Mags. neatly wrapped in paper. As I turned over their pages, my search was rapidly forgotten, and I was soon lost in the entrancing maze of memories of "boys" that had been and gone. Coming to recent numbers, I noticed, O Mr. Editor, a very grave omission. Where was the poem "Les Passants" which was destined to enshrine the memories of Old Sixth Formers, "old boys" who one day might make our Alma Mater famous throughout the land? This omission I remembered, and when next I saw the Editor, I pointed out to him his grave neglect of duty. He was very testy that afternoon; I think he must have been looking for poets without success. A dangerous light shone in his eye; he demanded in a thunderous voice how he could possibly help it, when everybody could not or would not write, and then he threatened to ———. Of course I cleared. You say I ought to have stood up to him. But he was the all powerful Editor, and moreover Senior Prefect, so what could one do?

Meditating with melancholy on this sad lapse, a bright idea came. Why not try the verses myself? Why not? But then I had never written a verse in all my life, except somebody else's. However, "if at first, etc.," should be my motto.

I first investigated how far I should go back, and found that "Jimmie" headed the list. ("Who is Jimmie" did I hear someone say? Oh! that must be a new chap said that. Sorry, but you will have to skip this article, little new boy.) Immediately I found myself neck deep in notes. There was the Jimmie who with stick of chalk drew killing pictures on the board, and made boys' faces, happy with prospects of the coming holiday, happier still. How they all shouted, and would have kept him drawing, drawing! There was the Jimmie conspicuous on the football field, and he who sent down balls of lightning speed, and who wielded the willow with herculean strength. And then there was the Jimmie who fiddled, and, best memory of all, the kindly prefect who treated all with urbanity from Senior Prefect down to the kiddies in Miss Collingwood's form.

Lint. was the next to leave. A great debater he, who could draw too, as notices of the Mag. bore witness. Crawling and hideous monsters with staring eyes assumed shape under his pen. The lab. was his domain, and his face would smile as some new and more horrible smell came forth from the test tube; a martinet, too, when it came to punctuality and good writing, rather!

About that time, too, went Bishop, the great, gentle-hearted Bishop. His cunning balls, so easy they seemed, sent wickets flying, and sadly lowered the batsman's face and average. At football his triumphant course was marked by the overturned bodies of his enemy in disgraceful proximity with Mother Earth. [This is *not* cribbed from Homer.] But his strength, withal, he never abused. With him went Palfreman, the energetic secretary of the First. Great he was at "point"; sometimes achieved wonders with his mowing stroke. Mystic, too, were the things he did at "maths," at which we might call him a "nut."

Next to go, at but a short interval, was Pete "the mighty modest man," mighty at work, mighty too at play. Whole-hearted sportsmanship and undoubted athletic ability made him a leader, who wrought more by example than precept. You would find him in the thick of every knot in football, his knees bearing eloquent witness to his activity. Then at cricket, what prowess he displayed behind the sticks! Swift indeed was the ball he did not stop. Something of Drake himself in this old captain of "Drake" House.

At Christmas in this year, which saw the departure *magnanimum heroum*, came the astounding result of the Second Division, which robbed the Sixth of another three. Hewlett, who found only one to beat him, added dignity to the Form. Never did he neglect his duty, and once only, as far as I can remember, was he caught doing something naughty. But everyone was in it then, so there may be some excuse. Another time he did something naughty, but that was in the French play, and then he wasn't Hewlett, so you must not put that down to his account. Olford, "that man of weight," occasionally used that weight at the field. At times he soared into double figures at cricket, and made most excellent catches. At the piano he proved a young Paderewski (though you musn't suppose that he grew his hair long).

At the end of my tale comes Locke. Though not a man of bulk, he showed that he was of no mean intellectual vigour. Best, however, we remember him under strange guises. Did he not conquer the ladies' hearts as a most enchanting Irishman at the Sports, and did he not make a realistic "old man" at the last Prize Presentation? May he never be so ill-treated again as he was then.

With my notes thus jotted down, I proceeded to write my verse. But at the second line I was stumped; try as I might, the rhymes would not flow, and in spite of efforts prodigious, my production of poetry stopped there; so in dismay I send along these few words of prose in the hope that the editors will take the broad hint implied therein.

HAMLET.

OUR FIRST TRAVELLING CAMP ON DARTMOOR.

On August 14th we started on our first travelling camp with tent, food, etcetera, fixed on two bicycles. There were four of us all told ; and we had two bicycles and one of Gamage's cycling tents for two people.

On our way to the first camping ground we passed a moorman who was repairing a leat. He was the only man we saw from the time we left Merrivale until we reached Two Bridges, and he took the trouble to walk a hundred yards in order to watch us cross the river and go up the side of the hill.

On our arrival at the camping ground the bo'sun and the crew immediately dispersed and began collecting heather for bedding, while the boss got the tea ready. After tea was over we made a thick bed of heather and erected the tent over it. We then fixed up the bicycles in front of the doorway of the tent, and built a wall around the whole in order to keep the horses and cattle out.

When this was all completed we retired to bed not forgetting to put some cotton wool in our ears in order to keep out beetles and other insects that do crawl.

During the night there were only one or two disturbances. Some ponies came to see what we were, and about twelve o'clock it rained a little, waking the bo'sun who in turn woke us. He again woke us in the early hours to impart the information that he could not sleep. We gave him several pieces of advice pungent and forceful if not entirely sympathetic. At 6 o'clock next morning we dressed and breakfasted, and were on our way.

Going several miles further up the Walkham we struck off across Maiden Hill, where we found some white heather and pounds of wurtle-berries. Then we went up to the head waters of the Cowsic, and being on the fringe of Cranmere Bog, found pushing our bicycles toilsome work, but not impossible as it would have been had the weather not been dry.

We had tiffin before ascending to the top of Devil's Tor. Arriving there we found a pair of field glasses, which bit of luck we put down to the previous discovery of white heather. Descending from here to the west Dart we had tea, and then began to plod our weary way back to Horrabridge, where we found every one just off to bed.

ONE OF THE CREW.

SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

TRAILS.

" Then in swift pursuit departed
 Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis."

The Indian mind perceives very quickly. It does not accumulate images and ideas as happens in civilised life, by the reading of books. The skies, the woods, and the waters are the Indian's books.

Hunting and war divide the cares of the man. Male children are early instructed in the art of the chase. It begins as soon as they are able to walk and run about. A boy is encouraged to shoot an arrow. Skill in following and killing large animals for food is the result of years of effort; but these arts are as carefully taught as the various subjects in our schools. The mazes of the forest are the Indian hunter's field of action. No footprint can be impressed there with which he is not familiar. The tracks of an animal are the subject of most minute observation; they tell him at a glance the species of animal that has passed, the time that has elapsed, and the course the animal has pursued. If the surface of the earth be moist the indications are plain. If it be high and rocky they are drawn from less palpable but scarcely less unmistakable signs.

A white man was once crossing a prairie with an Indian. They crossed the trail of a party of Indians travelling with lodges. The white man remarked that the trail looked quite fresh. "Oh no," the Indian said, "it was made two days ago in the morning," pointing to where the sun would be about eight o'clock. He saw that the white man could hardly comprehend this, so he went on to explain that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but the previous morning it had been heavy. Yet on some blades of grass which had been pressed down by the horses' hoofs there was sand remaining having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made.

The scout also must have eyes, and know how to use them. He must be keen on noticing details. Nothing must be too small to escape his eye. He must not only look in front but to either side and behind him. He must have eyes at the back of his head as the saying is.

Scouting teaches a boy amongst other things to use his eyes. It develops his senses and shows him how to draw "sign" or conclusions from the various tracks of animals, people, etc., which he may see.

At our own school we have a troop of which we are proud. It is but small. We are hoping that as time goes on the numbers will increase. Our troop is composed of scouts who are keen and loyal, and endeavouring to secure the utmost benefit from the valuable organization. There are boys who take no part in either football or cricket in season. To these we appeal. Can such a boy do better than join an organization connected with his own school of which every boy should be proud? Our troop is open to every boy in the school; and we hope many more boys will join us and make the Devonport High School Troop one of the largest and best in the Three Towns.

J. CLEMENT PLATT, Scoutmaster.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Now that the navigation of the air by human beings is an accomplished fact, it is interesting to trace back some of the attempts which have been made to solve the problem. So suddenly has the fact that man can at last fly burst upon the world, that we are inclined to think that the art of flying has only seriously occupied men's thoughts during the last ten or twenty years. But this is by no means the case. As far as can be gathered, man from the earliest times has had dreams of flying in the air like the birds, and the problem of flight has been the study of many eminent men of the past.

Amongst the rich store of legends of ancient Greece there is one of Daedalus and Icarus. These, according to the story, were father and son, who started to fly from Crete on wings constructed by Daedalus of wax and feathers. All went well until Icarus, in his joy at the sensation of flying, approached too near the sun; the heat of whose rays melted the wax with the consequence that he fell into the sea and was drowned.

This myth serves to show that the ancient Greeks did not regard flying with wings as altogether unattainable, a feat which modern investigation, however, has proved impossible without the aid of machinery, the weight of a man's body proving too great for his feeble muscles.

Considerable attention seems to have been paid to the possibility of flight up to the eighteenth century. In 1755 Father Galien entertained a wild scheme for ascending mountains. He had the daring to project and describe minutely an aerial ship about ten times the size of Noah's Ark, which could have lifted the whole town of Arignon where he resided.

Then came the epoch-making invention of the Montgolfier balloon. The Montgolfiers were two brothers, paper-makers by trade, who conducted their first experiments with paper-bags filled with smoke. Pursuing this principle, they at last succeeded in constructing a balloon which made an ascent from Versailles, and travelling a distance of 10,200 feet, alighted in the Wood of Vincennes. To a sheep, a cock, and a duck, belongs the glory of being the first to ascend into the atmosphere by means of aerial craft.

The success of this venture led men on to bolder deeds. Pilatre de Rozier had the courage to ascend into the air in an air-ship made by himself. The balloon was oval in shape, the diameter being about 48 feet and its height about 74 feet. To the lower part was attached a wicker gallery, in the centre of which a grate, suspended by iron chains, contained a fire which inflated the globe by means of its fumes. After this date, however, hydrogen gas was used, as being both less dangerous and more satisfactory.

In the next sixty years no appreciable advance was made, the experiments with different types of balloons proving fruitless. With the year 1850 came Julien's aerostat. The body of this machine was cylindrical in shape, pointed at both ends, and worked by a propellor. A model 25 feet long was exhibited at the Hippodrome, Paris, and succeeded in going against the wind. This invention registered a distinct advance and proved a stimulus to the further development of the science. In 1851, M. Helle proposed a scheme whereby a system of screws and sails was to be worked by two men. The proposal, however, was not carried out. Thirteen years later, a M. de la Landelle tried to ascend in a machine driven by steam, but failure put an end to any attempt to use this method of propulsion.

The problem before inventors was to find an engine which, while being powerful enough to drive their propellers, should be sufficiently light to allow of its being raised by the gas in the envelope. This need was met in 1894 by the invention of the petrol-motor, which was quickly adapted to airships. In June, 1900, Count Zeppelin first made his name famous by the construction of an air-ship formed by a number of small balloons enclosed in a long, sausage-shaped casing made of thin sheets of aluminium. It made several successful flights, but ultimately met with the same fate that has overtaken so recently the latest production of this German genius.

Public interest, however, has been centred during the past ten years on the aeroplane, and its sister of the sea, the waterplane.

So far back as 1894 several more or less successful experiments were made by Sir Hiram Maxim, and later by Professor Langley, an American, and M. Ader, a Frenchman. These men, however, met with the same trouble as the inventors of airships—the steam engine did not admit of adaptation for aerial purposes.

Then came the news from America of the success attending the experiments with "gliders" made by two Americans named Wright, who with a contrivance similar to our present type of aeroplane, but without any propelling power, launched themselves from a good height and gracefully floated long distances until they reached the earth.

These experiments attracted the attention of Henry Farman, a young Frenchman, who had won considerable fame as a racing cyclist and motorist. He eventually took up the study in earnest. In January, 1907, he gave definite orders for the manufacture of an aeroplane of his own design, to be equipped with a light but powerful petrol-motor, and in the following September it was delivered to him. Actual trials with the machine now began, and after many alterations and improvements had been carried out, the inventor succeeded in making a number of short flights. On January 13th, 1908, he achieved a great triumph by winning the Deutsch-Arch-deacon prize of £2,000, offered for the first aeroplane to fly from a given spot, circle round a flagstaff nearly 550 yards distant, and return to the starting point.

Almost at the same time the Wright brothers, who had perfected their machine, and made some long flights with it in America came over to Europe, and very soon a large number of different types of aeroplanes were competing for prizes at flying races. The monoplane soon came into prominence, and on a machine of this type, Blériot, another Frenchman, flew across the English Channel.

The aeroplane is rapidly nearing perfection. Every day sees some achievement more wonderful than before. A flight of a hundred miles without touching the earth is quite a common occurrence; a height of 9,174 feet has been attained; a machine carrying two people has flown from Paris to London, whilst another has actually flown with eight passengers. This was at Chartres in France, when an aviator called Frantz flew for eleven minutes.

The amazing possibilities of the water-plane have been fully demonstrated by Mr. Hawker in his attempt to fly around the British Isles. And now comes the daring feat of M. Pegoud, a young French aviator, who by his successful attempt

to demonstrate the stability of the Blériot monoplane and its control by the airman, has gained the reputation of being the most venturesome pilot in France, nay in the world. After rising to a height of 3,000 feet, he flew for 400 yards with his machine upside down, the landing wheels of the aeroplane being in the air above him, and himself hanging head downwards, held to his seat by an arrangement of leather straps.

The names of such men as these, of Graham White, Gustav Hamel, and Colonel Cody, have become household words. Their deeds are becoming more and more startling day by day. Who shall venture to predict what the future has in store?

H. E. MASTERS.

FROM COLNEY HATCH.

I've often thought it funny
That there should have been no money
Ever paid to me by benefactors glad;
But I'm hoping that these verses
May burst open all the purses
Of these people who show selfishness so bad.

On Hist'ry information,
Spiced with marvellous sensation,
I have given you quite gratis once before;
So, in case these facts have missed you,
I just thought I would assist you
In the scientific regions you explore.

And although you may have thought it
From your Shenstone (*if* you bought it)
That you had a decent bargain for the cash,
Just for sale—as fiction—offer
All these facts I'm pleased to proffer
And your fortune will be made—but don't be rash!

On the first hand ask politely
 (For in *all* things act uprightly)
 For a pound of powdered platinum at once :
 On the second should disaster
 Meet your query to the master
 Then you "pinch" it—as of course would any dunce.

On the third hand you just shake it
 In a beaker and then bake it
 With some picric acid—liquid, not the gas,
 To this you make addition
 Of some brass by demolition
 Of the master's "silver" watch—except the glass.

While the acid is attacking
 Both the metals—don't be slacking,
 Get a filter-funnel and some decent tripe,
 And another hefty beaker,
 Only mind he's not a leaker,
 And then wait until the time—and smell—are ripe.

When the things have been on cooking
 And are "nice and brown-looking"
 Like the fowl, or duck, or drake on Christmas Day,
 Then to filter it you pour it
 Through the tripe—be quick before it
 Has ever had the chance to go astray.

Then the residue collected
 On the tripe is not rejected
 But is heated with the tripe until it's fused,
 And then crystallise at leisure ;
 When you find you've had the pleasure
 Of preparing diamonds swank will be excused.

When you're finishing your enthusing
 You need no more time be losing
 But be broadening your intellect instead ;
 I'll tell you now precisely
 How to estimate quite nicely—
 (You'll do nothing of the sort, I'm thinking. Ed.)

JIMMY.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

Whilst engaged in perusing your first long-winded appeal for articles to this Magazine, my eye lit upon the phrase, "Now is the time to ventilate your grievances." Now, Sir, though I have never been particularly addicted to the pernicious habit of grumbling, there arises at times a special grievance which at once overshadows all your petty ones, which makes you ask yourself, "Is life worth living?" and which justifies any means used in declaring it to all the world. To waste no more words, and, what is far more important, no more of your precious space, I will at once proceed to the particular nightmare which has haunted me from that fatal day when I learnt to spell "cat," which has turned the best of teachers into taskmasters (in my eyes) and which I have not yet learnt to endure with fortitude—the practice of Essay-writing.

That I may be subjected to no charge of unfairness, I will briefly jot down what grown-ups are pleased to call its "merits." It leads the growing boy, they say, to form and express his thoughts. They tell you it will force him to think on matters otherwise outside his ken, to broaden his mind, to enable him to weigh and balance arguments, to make him, in fact, a judge in miniature.

When, however, a boy hears this kind of rhetoric, he does a sort of superior grin, "knows it's all my eye" (to use Mr. Retep's expressive phrase). He can tell you what good it does, he learns to say what he does not mean, and to invent a thousand different phrases about one wretched little thought; and the practice is certainly useful, he admits, in broadening—the temper.

To generalize no further, I will inflict upon you what effects the essay has had upon my humble self. After an hour spent in writing a scrappy lucubration upon a most out-of-the-way impossible subject, I have been reduced to the very verge of despair. At first the symptoms of this state are but mild, the end of my pen becomes reduced to a mass of splinters, large pits are dug into the desk, and drawings of hideous faces assume shape on somebody else's piece of blotting paper. During all these complex operations the mind is engaged in deep thought and cogitation. Such tension of mind, however, must needs produce great reaction, and accordingly for the next five minutes bad marks as if fired from a maxim gun rain down upon me. A fellow-sufferer with a smirk points to the half-

hour left. Renewed *vim*, and this time I bury my face deep in my hands and after staring fruitlessly at the "dead" wood of the desk and tearing out hair sufficient to postpone the visit to the barber for another week [a very weak attempt at a joke—Ed.] determine to do or die. Accordingly a few bald statements are rushed down upon the paper. A pause for recovery. One more sentence wearily drawn out, until what with large margins and good large writing (to save the master's eye, forsooth) a page has been covered. Uttering a loud sigh my poor limp inanimate body seeks relief against the "soft" wooden back of the desk.

Such a pitiful—and eloquent surely—picture of physical and mental wreck must move some person in high office to relieve the poor school-boy from such harassing cares. Is it not enough to confound him with old Euclid's props. (or their equivalent in ragged disguise), to perplex with "one, two, three unknowns," to take him back 800 years in one lesson and to rush him around the world in the next? Wherefore add torture upon torture?

By this time your indignation (against this letter) will be as great as mine against the essay, so thanking you kindly for the space you have placed at my disposal,

I remain, yours truthfully,

JUNIUS JUNIOR.



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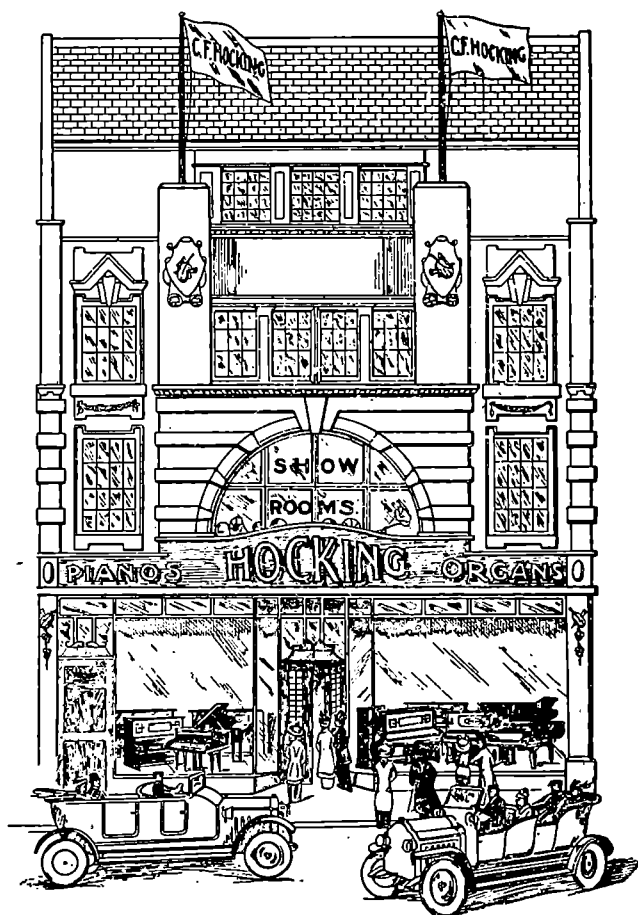
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