

No. 20.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



APRIL, 1914.

DEVONPORT :

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1914.

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THE DEVONPORT High School Magazine.

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PRICE 6D.

Editor: A. M. REEP.

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

EDITORIAL.

Sweet dreams which we had early in the term of revelling amidst piles of manuscript were soon changed to harrowing nightmares, the burden of which was always Copy! Yet, when we had become quite "nervy" by these experiences, contributions suddenly poured in, and our warmest thanks are due to those who supplied such efficient tonic for our editorial dépression.

But what of those who stood by heedless whether we became a mental wreck or not? Shall we load them with reproaches? No! Restored to perfect health by the fatness of this number, we will content ourself with reminding them that *ex nihilo nihil fit*, and moreover that the next Magazine will, according to custom, not be issued until December, so that the plea of short notice will then be unavailing. Let them keep their eyes on the forelock. Opportunity once seized will yield valuable copy, for life—national, civic, or school—is not likely to be devoid of incident during the remainder of 1914.

It had been our ambition to produce a Magazine written entirely by those at the School, but to secure its publication this term, outside help was necessary, and our good friends, the old boys, have again earned our gratitude by volunteering contributions.

Two exceedingly modest poets have contributed some verse, and we entreat you not to judge harshly of their efforts and ours; remember, they are all first attempts.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Though they have had to acknowledge four defeats, the 1st XI. have fallen little short of the splendid record of last season. Perhaps if the majority of fixtures had not proved to be with so inferior teams they would have had better success when opposed to more skilful exponents of the game.

The record of the 2nd XI. furnishes convincing evidence of the powers of young D.H.S., and the secretaries are to be praised for the zeal with which they have performed their duties.

The Debating Society seems to have been re-invigorated by the change in its constitution, and we shall eagerly watch the success attending the new departure.

Practically Coombe's last service to the School was to solicit contributions for the Sixth Form Library. He will be pleased to know that his labours have borne fruit in the shape of some ninety volumes, comprising classics, novels, and even scientific treatises.

We hear the Upper Fifth have also started a library which promises to be as successful as that in the Sixth.

Climatical conditions have been rather adverse of late, and the sight of the gardeners mowing the lawn in a downpour of rain, provoked a would-be wit to exclaim bitterly, "Making hay while the sun shines." The rest of the remark was unfortunately lost, being uttered *sotto voce*.

Coombe and Franklin form two more points of contact between our Sixth and the Services. Hearty congratulations to them.

On Friday, February 20th, the football colours won during the present season were presented by the Head Master before the whole school. Crocker, Phillips, and Westlake received Full Colours, and Calthorpe, Rendle, Rickard, Shannon, and Spiller Half-Colours.

The crop of "snowdrops" is gradually increasing, the "Train" Prefects having this term also received distinctive caps.

The demands of space prohibit an adequate description of the much appreciated Concert held on breaking-up day last term. Mr. Packer rendered in inimitable style that old favourite "Chorus, Gentlemen," and Mr. Belchambers and Mr. Beer gave an excellent pianoforte duet from "Tannhauser." Mr. Beer also made us all laugh until the tears came with his musical sketch, "When I was a boy at school." Pryors i. and ii. gave admirable pianoforte and violin selections, and Miss Edmonds rendered in pleasing fashion, "Just her way." A variety was created by the Sixth Form Quartette, who gave two selections, and by the School Scouts, who, under the direction of Mr. Platt, gave a short sketch dealing with scout movement, entitled "The Monkey Patrol."

* * *

The preponderance of home fixtures at soccer during the very wet season does not augur very well for the cricket pitch. Now then, ye youthful Sandows! How about the roller!

* * *

We record the departure of two Prefects. Below are given their school careers :—

L. C. COOMBE entered the School, September, 1907; became Prefect, September, 1912, and Senior Prefect, January, 1913; Elected Secretary of Debating Society, September, 1912; Captain of "Drake" House, January, 1913; Hon. Secretary of Sports' Committee, 1913; Editor of D.H.S. Magazine, April, 1913.

R. H. G. FRANKLIN entered the School, January, 1903; became Prefect, September, 1913.

The amended list of office holders is as follows :—

PREFECTS.—W. W. H. Truscott, E. W. Hitchcock, A. M. Reep, J. Phillips, A. Heywood-Waddington, M. J. Collier, H. Rickard, H. L. Rundle.

SPORTS COMMITTEE.—The Masters and Prefects.

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

2ND XI.—Captain, H. B. Shannon.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—"Grenville," J. L. Oliver; "Gilbert," H. L. Rundle; "Raleigh," E. W. Hitchcock; "Drake," A. M. Reep.

SHIELD HOLDERS.—"Gilbert."

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—Committee, W. W. H. Truscott (Chairman), E. W. Hitchcock, A. M. Reep, and J. Phillips. Secretary, M. J. Collier.

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

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

THE FOOTBALL SEASON, 1913-1914.

As all the material for the spring number of the Magazine has to be in hand well before the end of the Easter Term, the annual review of the School football has invariably to leave out of consideration the last few fixtures. But, as in previous years, whatever the result of this year's outstanding engagements may prove it will not materially affect the general record.

The First Eleven programme shows only three matches still to play. Of the sixteen disposed of we can claim eleven victories and one drawn game, with a goal average of 93 to 28. One contributory factor towards this satisfactory result may be found in the fact that on almost all occasions we have been able to turn out the same team—a state of affairs by no means common in the past.

This record need cause Reep no regrets for his year of Captaincy. Under his leadership the team has on the whole worked well together, though there have been occasions when he might with advantage have asserted his position. Perhaps the necessary confidence will come with time; as regards his own services there is no more unsparing worker in any of the School teams! The thanks of the team, and indeed of all interested in the School's football powers, are due to Mr. Armor for his constant and assiduous services in all engagements save one; and to Mr. Beer, who bore up unflinchingly under his removal to what was on many occasions a period of splendid though chilly isolation in goal.

But if the First Eleven record leaves little to be desired, that of the Second Eleven is perhaps even more gratifying. Of fourteen matches played, we can claim eleven victories and one drawn game, with a goal average of 97 to 39. Thanks to the energy of W. Phillips, in whom an unexpectedly keen Secretary was unearthed, a far fuller fixture list than usual was arranged, and Spiller and his merry men hardly ever failed to rise nobly to the occasion.

Unfortunately a similarly satisfactory fixture list could not be evolved for the Third Eleven. One engagement and one only fell to their share, but in that solitary Waterloo they made very sure of avoiding any slur on our football reputation. It is a pity that more engagements cannot be found for them for just at present the middle and lower school can boast an unusual number of promising "colts." The junior practice games show, in consequence, a commendable clement of keenness, while the House Matches are continually bringing new talent unto the limelight of general appreciation.

The Inter-House Competition for the Football points towards the St. Levan Shield, which at first looked like a runaway thing for "Drake's," developed this term into the most exciting tussle for the lead that has transpired since its inception. At Christmas, "Drake's" had won all their engagements, "Grenville's" two, "Gilbert's" one, and "Raleigh's" none. But early this term, "Gilbert's" made it evident that they had come to realise what was incumbent on them as last year's champions. With three victories off the reel they took the lead of "Drake's"; the latter just got home against "Grenville's" (thus drawing level again), and only in the last five minutes of their match with "Raleigh's" (poor pointless "Raleigh") managed to force a draw, and thus just reassert their previous position.

This state of affairs is highly satisfactory, as in past years an overwhelming superiority at football has generally made the ultimate winners of the Shield a foregone conclusion. As far as present advices no House possesses any preponderating advantage at cricket, so that Sports Day should witness such a finish to this year's contest as it was hoped it would usually produce.

One word more with regard to the Houses. While it is impossible in the nature of things to look for that whole-hearted enthusiasm which is bound to develop when a boy is an integral part of his House for three months at a stretch, night and day, yet it might be expected that every right-minded boy would be glad and proud enough to turn out when chosen to represent his House. Now while in this way the waning season has evidenced a marked improvement on the past, there are still a few here and there who make no bones about setting their private interests above the common good. It's a matter for the members of a community to settle for themselves according to the right feeling of the majority but perhaps this word here with no names mentioned may not prove out of season.

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

REEP (Full Colours 1912-13. Captain) Right back; hard-working and safe. Kick wants developing. As Captain requires more self-assertion; too careful of treading on the delinquents' toes.

CASELL (Full Colours 1912-13. Vice-Captain). Inside right. Has developed considerably; clever footwork, keener tackle, and not half so selfish. Inclined to "toe" his shots.

MULREADY (Full Colours 1912-13). Centre half. A hurricane of Hibernian vigour; works unsparingly, but inclined to stray; fancies he can score goals, but he can't really.

FEATHERSTON (Full Colours 1912-13). Centre forward. Difficult to summarise. Can play a rattling good game, but has his off days; plays a less selfish game than of old.

CROCKER (Full Colours 1913-14). Left half. Hard-working, but latterly disappointing; wants to cultivate some appearance of dash; a gentle jog trot is no use to a half. Has put in one or two good shots.

WESTLAKE (Full Colours 1913-14). Outside right. Moderate yet, but young. Has improved since he put more confidence in his pace.

PHILLIPS (Full Colours 1913-14). An outside left of considerable possibilities, but seems afraid to let himself go. Wants to train on that left foot more.

SPILLER (Half Colours 1913-1914. Captain of Second Eleven until Christmas). Useful both at half and centre forward; clever and fast, but does not like a heavy tackle.

RENDLE (Half Colours 1913-14). Outside right, or centre; plucky and imperturbable; clever dribble, but uncertain shot, should do much if he stays on.

CALTHORPE (Half Colours 1913-14). Inside left. Works with dogged perseverance; safe tackle and excellent shot, but still too slow on the move.

HITCHCOCK (Half Colours 1912-13). Outside left, but will never show clever enough footwork for a forward; has far more the makings of a successful defence. Fairly fast, but weak and erratic shot.

RICKARD (Half Colours 1913-14). Centre half. Has improved enormously, and while never a sprinter, can play a really sound game when he forgets that "invisible soap."

SHANNON (Half Colours 1913-14. Captain of Second Eleven since Christmas). Goal-keeper. May develop in time, but is far too prone at present to risk his feet where his hands should be.

FIRST XI. MATCHES.

v. Devonport Corporate Officials, Saturday, September 27th, at Greatlands.—A new fixture, with a newly organised team. Both sides were very ragged, but school were the less lacking in experience, and won by 5 goals to nil.

v. St. Michael's, Saturday, October 4th, at Greatlands.—A fast and exciting game with little in it to the advantage of either side, though perhaps Howard's companions showed just so much the advantage in combination as to merit a win of 4 goals to 3.

v. Plymouth Technical Schools, Saturday, October 11th, at Greatlands.—A very one-sided affair, culminating in a win for School by 12 goals to nil.

v. Ford Baptist F.C., Saturday, October 18th, at Greatlands.—This is a fixture that has latterly come to replace our former tussles with Plymouth Y.M.C.A. (Saturdays), and the present encounter was no exception. Perhaps our visitors were unlucky in not putting on that extra goal, but a month's practice had done much to pull our team together, with the result that the match was left a draw, with 2 goals to the credit of each.

v. Kingsbridge G.S., Saturday, October 25th, at Greatlands.—Kingsbridge were not at full strength, a fact which robbed both their attack and defence of their usual dash. As a result we had little difficulty in putting up a record score for this fixture in winning by 8 goals to nil.

v. Wireless F.C., Saturday, November 1st, at Greatlands.—A new fixture, and incidentally a new club whose lack of combination could make little response to our attack and left us winners by 6 goals to nil.

v. Hoe Grammar School, Wednesday, November 5th, at Oreston.—With a rather weak team,—centre forward, centre half, and left back all substitutes—we just managed to pull it off with the odd goal in nine.

v. Devonport Corporate Officials, Saturday, November 8th, at Greatlands.—This return engagement proved even more of a win for us than its predecessor. Our visitors never looked dangerous and a final score of 9 goals to nil inadequately represents our superiority.

v. United Banks, Saturday, November 15th, at Beaconsfield.—A scrambling and unnecessarily robust game. School lost by 1—2.

v. Hoe Grammar School, Saturday, November 22nd, at Greatlands.—This return match resulted in an unexpectedly easy win for us by 8 to 2.

v. Wireless A.F.C., Saturday, November 29th, at Greatlands.—School won without difficulty, but with anything like decent shooting could have put on considerably more than 5—0.

v. St. Matthew's A.F.C., Saturday, December 6th, at Greatlands.—Not the nicest of games,—ended in a win for us by 7 goals to 1.

v. Kingsbridge Grammar School, Saturday, December 13th, at Kingsbridge. Although Kingsbridge were at fuller strength than when they came to visit us, the score was not materially lessened, as we returned home with 6—1 in our favour.

SECOND ELEVEN FIXTURES.

Saturday, September 27th, *v.* Rest of School (minus First XI.), won 7—2.

Saturday, October 4th, *v.* Walmer House School 1st XI. (away) won 5—2.

Saturday, October 11th, *v.* Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI. (home), won 10—3.

Saturday, October 18th, *v.* Mutley Grammar School 1st XI. (away) lost 2—7.

Saturday, October 25th, *v.* Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI. (away), draw 4—4.

Saturday, November 8th, *v.* Mandle A.F.C. (away), won 3—1.

Saturday, November 15th, *v.* 3rd Plymouth Troop, Boy Scouts (home), won 9—2.

Saturday, November 22nd, *v.* Ford Baptist F.C., 2nd XI., (home), won 5—2.

Saturday, November 29th, *v.* Walmer House School 1st XI. (home); won 10—3.

Saturday, January 24th, *v.* Walmer House School 1st XI.
(home), won 10—1.

Saturday, February 7th, *v.* Plymouth and District Scouts
(home), won 18—2.

Saturday, February 14th, *v.* Ford Baptist's F.C., 2nd XI.
(home), won 6—2.

Saturday, February 21st, *v.* Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI.
(away), won 7—3.

Saturday, March 7th, *v.* Y.M.C.A. Juniors (home), won 3—2.

Saturday, March 21st, *v.* Mutley Grammar School; 1st XI.,
(away) draw 2—2.

HOUSE MATCHES.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals		Per
					for.	agst.	Cent.
" Drake "	6	4	1	1	35	16	75·00
" Gilbert " ...	6	4	0	2	45	31	66·66
" Grenville "	6	3	0	3	38	32	50·00
" Raleigh " ...	6	0	1	5	11	55	8·33

SPEECH DAY.

Devonport Guildhall was again filled to overflowing on Friday, 12th December, 1913, on the occasion of the High School Speech Day. And just as the numbers were great so was the enthusiasm; the energy focussed on those three hours dispelled, we venture to believe, all traces of boredom.

Mr. Alderman W. Littleton, J.P., presided, and said that meeting showed the people of Devonport that the educational facilities there were of the best character. The distinctions gained by the High School were such as no school need be ashamed of, and the Headmaster had reason to be proud of his staff and his students.

The Headmaster then presented his Report, which we append in some detail as it epitomises a year's history of the school.

Mr. J. W. L. Oliver distributed the prizes. His address was delightful. It would be difficult to conceive a speech more perfectly attuned to reach a boy's heart. From the very first sentence he was "en rapport" with every one of his audience—prize winners and non-prize winners (including parents). Had destiny decided that, instead of being head of a great Government department, Mr. Oliver had been a schoolmaster, happy indeed would have been the pupils under his sympathetic and tactful care.

Bouquets, subscribed for by the boys, having been presented to Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Littleton by Masters Millett and Sleeman, the "business" part of the proceedings came to an end by the usual votes of thanks—that to the Distributor being proposed by Rev. J. Heywood-Waddington, and seconded by Rev. A. T. Head, and that to the Chairman by Mr. Alderman W. Hornbrook, J.P., seconded by Mr. A. J. Rider, J.P., who surprised many present by saying that he was within a couple of days of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his work in the educational field in that town.

A solo on the piano by Pryor major, and one on the violin by Pryor minor, songs by Forms III. and IV. under the direction of Mr. Jeffery, and by the School Glee Club (a new departure—thanks to the efforts of Mr. Packer and Mr. Beer) had already preluded the chief items of entertainment, which were a French comedy, "Le Roi des Montagnes," specially adapted by M. Jacquet from About's novel, "cleverly given" (*vide* local press) by Form VI., and two scenes from "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," well sustained with first-rate "make-up" by members of the Upper Fifth. Both of these pieces won unstinted applause.

Following are some extracts from the Head Master's Report :

" I have the pleasure of presenting to you my seventh annual Report—a report on the chapter of the School's history from September 1912, to July, 1913. A suitable title for that chapter would be 'Expansion,' or perhaps, better still, 'Expansion continued.' "

" Devonport High School has the proud position of being the largest Boys' School affording secondary education in the Three Towns."

" Results obtained at external examinations have been many and varied. Scarcely a month of either of the three terms elapsed without 'something attempted something done' worthy at any rate of a place in this report. In October, 1912, at an examination held by the Civil Service Commissioners for Second Division Clerkships, 1884 candidates presented themselves. Four of these came from the High School. If the expression may be allowed in the case of a boy, it was for each of them his maiden effort. All four were successful—and among the 1884 candidates they secured the 2nd, 59th, 117th and 157th places. In December, Tristram Samuel passed an examination as a Medical Student and also matriculated at London University, while H. H. Perkin passed the Eastern Telegraph Company's entrance examination. In January, 1913, among 719 candidates who sat for Boy Clerkships in the Civil Service, W. H. Howard, the only pupil submitted, obtained the 10th place at first trial. In March, as the result of a competitive examination, A. L. Couch obtained an appointment as Learner in the Department of the Postmaster General, while Frank John, also by examination, entered the service of the Capital and Counties Bank. His example was followed in April by Charles Edward Banbury in the case of the London and Westminster Bank. In May another Civil Service success was secured by Eric Collins, who, in competition with 687 others for Boy Clerkships, obtained the 2nd place on the list. This he did like his predecessors 'the very first time,' and his performance is all the more creditable from the fact that he was but two marks behind the first boy on the list. During the same month Percy Mills became another successful aspirant for bank service, and A. A. Mudge scored full marks at an examination for clerkship in the G.W.R. Company. In July, the last month of the School year, 27 were sent in for the Cambridge Locals, viz., 15 Juniors and 12 Seniors. In bare outline the results were as follows: 14 obtained honours, 11 passed, 2 failed. To analyse somewhat, and the result will bear analysis, I find that no less than 6 (out of the 27 entrants) obtained First Class Honours

this being a percentage of First Class Honours approximately three times as great as that for the United Kingdom. Four distinctions were gained in mathematics, two in arithmetic and one each in Latin, geography, mensuration and drawing. The total number of Junior Candidates was 3,698. All of these took arithmetic, and out of this large number two Devonport High School boys stood respectively 1st and 2nd. Of 3,484 candidates taking geography, one of our pupils was 2nd; another was 25th among 1303 who took Latin. The 7th, 14th and 16th places in mathematics were gained out of 3,236, while the sole distinction in mensuration and surveying fell to us. For the first time we presented pupils in Spoken French, and M. Jacquet and the boys themselves are, I think, to be congratulated on obtaining 9 out of a possible 11 passes. Rickard receives the Prize for the Best Senior Boy, and Martin for the Best Junior Boy at the Devonport Centre. During the period under review, seven boys matriculated or qualified for matriculation at the University of London.

I pass on to some honours gained by old D.H.S.-ians. Messrs. Bishop and R. Ferraro obtained respectively Inter B.A. and Inter B.Sc. degrees. Mr. Jewell, as the result of exceptionally high marks scored on entering the Excise last year, has been selected as an analyst in the Government Laboratory. Mr. R. J. Monk achieved the remarkable feat of coming out first on the list in four separate competitions for Scholarships, including a Royal Scholarship of £60 a year for three years, and an Admiralty Scholarship. In virtue of the latter he has been made a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy (and is now stationed at the R.N. Barracks), and will eventually become a Constructor in one of the Royal Dockyards. The medical contingent of old boys has done exceedingly well. Mr. Martin Rashbrook has completed his full degrees of B.S. and M.B., Mr. Frank Johnson his full diplomas of M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P.; Mr. Broke Heywood-Waddington, a medical student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, passed Inter M.B.; and Mr. Robert J. Love, of the London Hospital, not only carried off in competition with 23 other medical students, the Hospital Prize for Midwifery, but has in record time obtained the degree of B.S. and the diploma of M.R.C.S."

"One final word. During seven years of headmastership I have never known a better *esprit de corps* or more solidarity than exists among the pupils to-day—and, as for the Staff, from my trusted colleague, Mr. Andrews, to the very latest comer, there is but one phrase wherewith to describe their attitude, and that is unstinted devotion to the boys' best interests—not only intellectual and athletic interests, but those far higher ones, which lie in the region of character-formation."

THE EDITOR'S QUANDARY.

[*An entirely imaginary interview with a harassed Magazine Editor.*]

It was in his den I found him, in his editorial chair,
In a mood of deep depression, in a mood of great despair.

There he sat in tears surrounded by his editorial staff,
Looking like a jilted lover on the cinematograph.

"All is lost," he feebly muttered, "all my toil has been in vain,
Wasted are my months of labour, lost the efforts of my brain.

Manuscripts in tens of thousands, poems long and full of wit ;
Letters numerous and funny, criticisms opposite—

These, 'tis true, were poured upon me, till my bosom swelled with
pride,
And I said, ' *This Mag.* at least will have success unqualified.'

But I fear I spoke too quickly, I perceive to my dismay
That, alas, the *Mag.* can never, *never* see the light of day.

For, you see, it's bound to lack an editorial, because
In the manuscripts I cannot find the most minute of flaws ;

So I have no cause to grumble, and unless you that possess
You can't write an editorial for the *Mag.* of D.H.S.

And the *Mag.* without its foreword is unthinkable," he said,
"'Tis a sardine literary, with a body but no head."

* * * * *

On his anguish I had pity, sorrow nearly made me weep ;
Sorrow for the would-be readers, sorrow most for Mr. R—p.

So hereby I try to aid him, and his obstacle disperse,
By presenting him a grievance—in the shape of feeble verse.

S. RETEP.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

For several reasons a prefatory note would be advisable before entering into the account of the meetings of the present session. During the autumn term the constitution of the Society remained unaltered, but at the commencement of the present term, after due deliberation in Committee, the government was transferred bodily from the Masters to the Sixth Form. How the new constitution will act *qui vivra verra*.

The first meeting of the Society in the present session was held on October 27th, 1913, when H. J. Poole read a paper on "Modern Alchemy," and music rendered by Prior i., and selections on a phonograph added considerably to the evening's pleasure.

After devoting some time to Prout's hypothesis, the Periodic Law, ionisation and the properties of corpuscles, the reader paid great attention to radium, its rays, and the transmutability of matter as shown by emanations from radio-active elements. The value of the paper was greatly increased by being accompanied by sketches in detail on the blackboard.

During the discussion which followed the reading, the Head Master asked for further information on the violet light used in one of the experiments, on the velocity of radiation and the mass of the electron or corpuscle as determined by recent investigation, and on the cause or the theory of the loss and subsequent gain of radio-active materials through emanation. Mr. Ferraro then made a few remarks on points raised in the paper. He commented on the different forms of carbon and the reason for their formation, and on the "nebula theory," and spoke as to the effect of recent discoveries on the Atomic Theory. L. Coombe and Mr. Belchambers also asked questions regarding one of the diagrams and the "cloud formation" mentioned in the course of the paper.

No more questions or observations being forthcoming, the Head Master then made some interesting and most suggestive remarks, concluding by refering to the prediction of an eminent scientist that the world, instead of cooling, would become hotter and hotter by the penetration of radium rays beneath the crust of the earth until it should be consumed by fire. He then pointed out how this conception was related to the old Stoic belief as to the end of the world.

The various questions having been answered by the reader, a vote of thanks to him was carried amidst applause, and the meeting then came to an end with the National Anthem.

The next meeting was held on November 14th, when a paper on "Charles Lamb" was read by L. C. Coombe. The members of the Upper Fifth were present, and a most delightful musical programme was provided by Mr. Belchambers, Pryor ii., and J. Phillips.

Touching on the parentage of Charles Lamb and on his early days, the reader passed on to his school career, and indicated the immediate and after effects of the family tragedy in 1796. He mentioned his first appearance in print in 1797 with "Rosamund Gray," and his subsequent journalistic career. After enumerating several of his works and indicating their especial value, the epoch of the "Essays of Elia," commenced in 1820 in the "London Magazine," was reached.

He commented on the humour, the richness of language, the style and the "humaneness" of these essays, and sketched Lamb's outward appearance and his character. His period of literary inaction from 1810 to 1820, his career in the East India Company, and various other episodes of his life, ending with his death in 1834, were also noted.

After some music the President opened the discussion by asking questions relative to Lamb's pension, his financial difficulties, and his defence of Leigh Hunt. Mr. Armor thought it would be interesting to know what influence Lamb had had upon Coleridge and Wordsworth, whilst Mr. Belchambers suggested a most happy comparison between him and R. L. Stevenson.

Mr. Andrews, in a pleasing speech, commented on Lamb's early love-affair, and the probable connection between its conclusion and Lamb's short fit of insanity at the age of twenty. He said that he had always understood that Lamb was not quite "abstemious," though in his case it was to some extent excusable. He described Lamb's style as the very worst model for imitation, on account of its quaintness and that element in it which detractors had called "affectation." He spoke with especial warmth of Lamb's pathetic and beautiful lyric, "The Old Familiar Faces."

After questions relative to Lamb's comedy, "Mr. H." and an old time "flapper," the Head Master adverted to the way in which Mr. Andrews' remarks had rounded off the paper. He dwelt on Lamb's devotion to duty, his style, and his perfection of the essay.

The questions having been replied to, votes of thanks to the reader and those who had provided the musical programme were in succession carried with applause, and ended the meeting.

On Wednesday, December 3rd, B. Reiss-Smith read a paper on "Wireless Telegraphy," and musical items were rendered by Mr. Belchambers.

In beginning the reader remarked on the antiquity of the system, and then passed on to the difference between transmission by sound and light. The properties of the medium "ether" were fully explained, and the method of estimating the length of "ether" waves by cynometers then dealt with. He then passed on to light and electric waves, indicating how the former were affected by different materials, and how the latter were produced by condenser discharge. The many other scientific apparatus were explained in detail, attention being called to the five kinds of "coherers" and the special methods of "tuning."

The paper concluded with a history of the development of the system, mentioning the experiments and discoveries of Professors Henry and Hughes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Hertz, and Marconi.

The meeting was now opened for discussion, and the Head Master asked a question concerning the various types of "coherer." Mr. Ferraro inquired to what extent secrecy is secured, and was of opinion that the future may possibly produce inventions which would nullify the use of wireless in time of war.

Mr. Platt, in a most interesting and informing speech, then developed many of the points raised in the paper. He dealt with etheric waves, with the manner in which messages are sent, and with the principle on which Wireless Telegraphy is based. He then considered the importance of "tuning," and demonstrated how instruments were "tuned" from a mathematical formula. The manner of finding this formula was clearly and lucidly shown on the blackboard.

The Head Master in summing up, congratulated the reader on his very clear paper and on the practical knowledge of the subject which he possessed. He also paid a compliment to Mr. Platt's mathematical exposition.

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

At a meeting held on February 17th, it was proposed "That the present constitution of the D.H.S. Literary and Debating Society be changed, and that a Sub-Committee be appointed to draw up rules." Accordingly a week after, on February 24th, the code of rules drawn up by the Sub-Committee was presented by the Head Master, and after a long discussion, almost each point being vigorously debated, the rules with several amendments were formally adopted.

Want of space necessitates postponing accounts of debates under the new system until our next issue.

BOY SCOUTS.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL TROOP.

It is with great pleasure that I have to report a remarkable increase in our numbers. Since May last year we gradually improved until last term we numbered about eighteen. This term our numbers have speedily gone up to twenty-eight, and activity on the part of the present scouts will make the troop still larger. We are living in great hopes of reaching forty by the end of the summer term.

At first one is apt to criticise, and even to scorn, the whole movement, but if our boys would only realise what the organisation is and what it means, we should very soon have the largest troop in the Three Towns. Many think the hour per week spent at Club, and Saturday afternoon scouting are a waste of time, but the following list of proficiency badges will show what has been done :

Fireman Badge.—Barnicott v. b. ; Davis iii. b. ; Coombs v. b. ; Oliver v. b. ; Seymour iv. a. ; Roper iii. a. ; Rowe v. b.

Cyclist Badge.—Anderson v. b. ; Barnicott v. b. ; Coombs v. b.

Marksman Badge.—Anderson v. b. ; Barnicott v. b. ; Rowe v. b.

Master-at-Arms Badge.—Barnicott v. b. ; Davis iii. b. ; Oliver v. b. ; Seymour iv. a. ; Roper iii. a. ; Rowe v. b.

Interpreter's Badge.—Rowe v. b.

Photographer's Badge.—Anderson v. b. ; Oliver v. b. ; Roper iii. a. ; Rowe v. b.

Farrier's Badge.—Rowe v. b.

Missioner's Badge.—Rowe v. b.

Electrician Badge.—Rowe v. b.

All Round Cords.—Rowe v. b.

Our boys cannot win these without reaching the necessary standard as they are examined by a Badge Committee at Headquarters, Plymouth. In addition :

Rowe v. b., and Oliver v. b., have received the 1st Class Badge.

Anderson v. b., Coombs v. b., Couchman, v. b., Daniel iv. b., Davis iii. b., Holwell iv. b., Rickard ii., Rickard, O., iii. a., Rickard, P., iii. a., Seymour iv. a., Thorrington iv. b., have received the 2nd Class Badge.

We may briefly sketch the movement as follows :—A boy who wishes to become a scout has to learn how to make a few knots, to learn the Scout Law, a few signs, and the salute. When he has done these satisfactorily and been a month on probation he is admitted as a Tenderfoot. He now works for his Second Class Badge. For this he has to know something of ambulance, fire-lighting, cooking, has to run a mile in not less than eleven and not more than thirteen minutes, and write down the names of sixteen out of twenty four articles at which he has been allowed to look for one minute. When he has satisfied the Scoutmaster on these points he is granted a Second Class Badge.

The Scout has now two courses open to him. He may work for his 1st Class Badge or a Proficiency Badge. For the 1st Class Badge he must do Signalling (Semaphore or Morse—16 words a minute), a journey of 14 miles and make a report of the district through which he has passed, Ambulance, Cooking, Map-reading, Carpentry, Judging Distance, and Train a Tenderfoot ; on the completion of which tests he receives a 1st Class Badge. For the Proficiency Badge he must attain a standard to satisfy the Badge Committee. The information is set forth in the book " Scout Tests and how to Pass them," and any boy who is interested may soon learn what the scout has to do.

The Scout Motto is " Be Prepared," and so the whole object of the movement is to make a boy fit and prepared for any emergency which might arise.

Our School Troop is making rapid progress, and it is gratifying to find that they are so very keen and active. These are the kind of scouts we want. We issue a hearty welcome to any boy who wishes to join. If he is keen he will soon be able to pass the tests required, and become a 2nd and probably a 1st Class Scout.

Last, but not least, I must express, on behalf of the troop and myself, the pleasure it gives us to welcome Mr. Lamb as a co-worker in the movement.

J. CLEMENT PLATT, Scoutmaster.

THE DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB.

I had an awful dream last night
 And yet I still survive,
 Although I looked a ghastly sight
 When I woke up at five.
 For supper I just had a bit
 Of cake, that's all, and tea;
 Whatever made me dream of it—
 That D.H.S.G.C.?

I'll tell you all about the dream
 As best I can in verse;
 Although it's such a feeble theme
 I s'pose I might do worse.

* * * * *

While strolling down the Strand some bills
 Outside a Hall I see,
 On each this sign the top place fills,
 "The D.H.S.G.C."

To go inside I pay a pound,
 I sit upon a chair
 And marvel at the damsels gowned
 So beautifully there;
 And noble lords they yell! and how
 The ladies shout with glee!
 When on the stage they make their bow,
 That D.H.S.G.C.

The singers give all kinds of things—
 Of war and Cupid's tricks,
 Of forest glades, of queens and kings,
 Of fun and politics;
 The audience join in the songs—
 That's when they find the key—
 They sing as if each one belongs
 To the D.H.S.G.C.

And very soon I join the rest,
 And sing with all my might,
 Of volume and of tone the best
 I put forth on that night.
 The men refrain from sitting down—
 Those men of high degree—
 Each does his best to try and drown
 That D.H.S.G.C.

They sing as if the roof they'll raise,
 All efforts seem in vain,
 When from a foremost seat there strays
 A lord who seems in pain;
 He urges all for one last try,
 A gallant singer he,
 A final, mighty yell they die
 That D.H.S.G.C.

* * * *

A voice inquired outside my door
 If I had gone quite mad;
 My head reposed upon the floor,
 My throat felt very bad.
 Now thinking how I spent a sov.
 That night—I long to be,
 With Mr. Beer, a member of
 That D.H.S.G.C.

JIMMY.

OLD BOYS' DINNER, JANUARY 10th, 1914.

It is a warm and rainy evening in the heart of London, an evening such as London alone can produce, and that only in mid winter. The streets are thick with oily slush which passing motor buses and taxi-cabs lavishly spatter over the crowds who are waiting in long queues and great dejection for the theatres to open. The general feeling is one of depression; the great city is like a schoolboy who has shirked his homework and is preparing for the penalty with pessimistic fortitude.

But there is one spot in this doleful city where dull care does not cark and whence "loathéd Melancholy" has departed, viz., the

Chinese Salon of the Holborn Restaurant. Here all is joy and lightness of heart, and rightly so, for is it not the historic occasion of the "Old D.H.S.-ians' Inaugural Dinner?"

Let us for a moment borrow Mr. H. G. Wells' "Time Machine" (or the ubiquitous Muse of A.R.L.), take ourselves back to this festive gathering and prepare thereof a record "more imperishable than bronze," and, if possible, not absolutely uninteresting.

First let us record the names of the diners: The Headmaster (Mr. A. Treseder, M.A.) presides, and is supported by Mr. A. J. Rider, J.P., the Rev. W. Bush-Stone, B.A., B.D., and Mr. N. W. Lamb, L.C.P. The Old Boys present are Messrs. J. E. C. Adams, G. G. Barnes, B.A., L. L. Barnes, C. W. Banbury, J. Banbury, L. C. Coombe, K. F. Crang, P. Grandy, G. G. Hewlett, W. B. Heywood, Waddington, J. Jewell, S. Johnson, R. J. Love, B.S., etc., F. C. Olford, A. E. Palfreman, F. W. Perry, W. C. Peters, A. Rawling, S. Rawling, Dr. W. H. Trethowan, Messrs. H. M. Smith, W. L. Bush-Stone and P. Wallice.

And now, omitting any reference to the dinner itself (after all a mere mechanical adjunct), let us proceed with the real business—the speeches.

First uprisés the Chairman, calling upon the assembly to drink to His Majesty George V. R. & I.; this done with enthusiastic "musical honours," permission is given to smoke (an indulgence accorded, be it remembered, to *Old Boys* only), and Adams (or in newspaper parlance "the young Cantab") proposes, in a few well chosen words, the toast of "The Professions and Services." He does so, he says, the more readily because he has as yet no profession nor service, being an Old Boy, yet still a scholar. To him replies Geoffrey Barnes, the *doyen* of the School's band of Civil Servants. He speaks eloquently and with a charming fund of anecdote. He shows that the essential difference between professions and services is that members of the former serve the public, those of the latter the State. But they have this in common—they all serve, and, moreover, all who are conscientious in their work serve the same masters—their consciences and the Almighty.

"The School" is now toasted by Peters, bearing his secretarial duties thick upon him. He testifies to the value of the scholastic training received at D.H.S., laying pathetic emphasis on the fact that there one is taught to work (a remark hailed by the Chairman with enthusiastic applause, and by the other diners with sympathetic agreement). Further he shows that he still remembers some Latin by affirming that D.H.S. carries out its motto—*Prorsum semper honeste*. The Chairman, rising to reply, is greeted with great

applause, which rapidly gives way to something like alarm when he mentions in his opening sentences the word "graph." To our great relief, however, the objectionable term is only introduced to illustrate the astonishing progress of the School, and not as part of a compulsory mathematical problem. But great as is our material success, says the Chairman, it is not the supreme test of the School's real usefulness. That is to be found in the qualities of strenuousness, and loyalty which characterise the D.H.S.-ian, and which are the weapons with which every school that is doing its duty equips its scholars. To conclude a speech, which is as eloquent as it is interesting, the Chairman thus aptly adapts Shakespeare's Henry V. (Take note, O ye Magazine Editors, who howl in your prefaces for poems.)

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
 For he who drank this toast to night shall be
 My brother ; be he ne'er so worried this night
 Shall better his condition : and our Old Boys
 In Devon now abed shall feel quite vexed
 They were not here, and hold their manhoods cheap
 Whiles any speaks, that dined with us at Holborn Restaurant.

Then in his modest position at the lower end of the table, Mr. Lamb stands up and eulogises in glowing terms "The Governors." He speaks of the happy relations existing between them and the staff, and indicates the great zeal displayed by Mr. Alderman Littleton and Mr. Rider on behalf of the School. To reply to this sincere tribute, Mr. Rider rises amid vociferous applause, and after congratulating the Chairman on his splendid results, assures him of the continued support of the Governors to his schemes. He goes on to speak of old times, aptly illustrating by anecdotes, the salutary effect of occasional corporal punishment and he also reveals the origin of his affectionate nickname.

J. Banbury follows and soon shows that he is that same Banbury who of old infused new vigour into a decadent Debating Society, argumentative and irrepressible. But this evening he is not to be enticed as of yore into a single-handed and quixotic defence of Home Rule. He is only concerned with toasting "The Schoolmasters," and paying a grateful tribute to their kindness and friendliness to their pupils. The Rev. Bush-Stone replies for the Schoolmasters, and shows himself at least a master of the art of quiet humour. He refers to the universally regretted absence of Mr. Andrews (a regret heartily endorsed by the sympathetic applause of the company).

Another humorous speech follows—that of "Thisbe" Rawling in proposing the toast of "The Artistes" who have between the speeches treated us to some delightful music. He refers with playful exaggeration to his bad character while a schoolboy, and ventures

the astonishing statement that he is by no means a credit to the School. On behalf of the Artistes "Jimmy" Jewell replies, and characteristically sums up the functions of D.H.S. as a contradiction of Ruskin's famous epigram: "There is no science in their art and no art in their science."

And then to end the speeches, Ken. Crang charmingly toasts the "Absent Friends," the many unfortunate ones who are with us only in spirit.

The musical items we have heard have been provided by K. Crang (solos), J. Jewell (violin solos), F. C. Olford (song and piano solo), W. L. Bush-Stone (piano solo), and S. Rawling (solos), who after toasting the Artistes, became one himself, and fully deserved the praise he gave his fellow-performers. Throughout the evening Messrs. Stone and Olford "officiate at the instrument" as accompanists.

Twelve o'clock is now about to strike, so we join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne," and, for the second time, "God Save the King." Finally we make our farewells and depart on our Time Machine (or dismiss the accommodating Muse of A.R.L.) and "so to bed."

W.C.P.

A LEGEND.

[Quite recently the strange "log" inside the School entrance at the back was discovered to be a valuable "antique."]

Useless for many years 'twas deemed,
—This ancient relic of the past :
It graced the entrance at the back,
But not a glance at it was cast.

For 'twas considered of no worth,
And left to weather many a storm ;
—A huge but ugly trunk it seemed,
— A hideous and uncouthly form.

But lo, on one auspicious morn
We heard the rumour (with much mirth),
That this old-seeming-log of wood
Was e'en a treasure of much worth.

The Head, with helpers in the rear,
 Approached this once-despised shape :
 The Masters, Prefects, and the boys
 Gaze on the scene with mouths agape.

With tender hands the Thing they raise
 And bear it gently to the School :
We thought they were hard-up for wood,
 And meant to save this log for Yule.

But no, this Thing is *not* of wood,
 That shape is priceless, though uncouth,
 For after all these years 'twas found
 The object is a shark's back-tooth.

It stands about twelve inches high,
 A foot (if I must be precise),
 So, judging from this molar's size,
 Shark's toothache really *MUST* be nice.

Although they have not sold it yet,
 It must be worth at least a dollar
 For, since this find has been unearthed,
 Our worthy Seymour sports a collar !

QUIDAM.

THE MYSTERIOUS FLAGON.

One scorching day in the Summer Holidays, when the sun seemed to broil everything exposed to its rays, my friend Smith and I (my friend's modesty prevents me from using his proper name) obtained a boat and rowed, or rather I rowed and Smith steered, in the direction of Trevol.

It must have been the heat or the relaxing smell of mud which caused it, but still the fact remains, Smith fell asleep with his head on his arm and his body giving the boat an uncomfortable list to starboard, so uncomfortable in fact, that all my efforts to awaken him proving fruitless, I drew in my sculls and resigned myself to the situation. On looking round I found we were near those mudflats which form the major part of Saint John's Lake.

My curiosity was at length aroused by a bottle which was bobbing up and down alongside. I had read of great mysteries which had been cleared up by such floating bottles, and so I drew it from the water. However, I did not open the bottle at once, but instead cleared away the growth which covered its bottom, and soon became absorbed in trying to read some characters on it, which time and the waves had almost obliterated. My task was, however, hopeless, for the letters were strange and the words as I thought Arabic, inasmuch as there were crescents and stars amongst other hieroglyphics. The flagon itself was of a dark colour, and somewhat like an old black-jack, being sealed with some black compound, and impressed with the outline of a most ferocious visage.

These things were strange, and it was with some trepidation that I broke the seal and withdrew the stopper. At first there was nothing but a horrid smell, but soon afterwards a peculiar blue light surrounded the flagon, whilst the outlines on the seal gradually gave place to the head, and then the body, of the fiercest Turk I have ever imagined; his face was exactly like that on the bottle, whilst he wore a turban with a huge crescent in it, and carried a heavy and murderous scimitar in his hand, which he constantly whirled about, as if anxious for something whereon to try its edge.

When I had recovered from my fright, I asked him who he was, although hardly expecting an answer; but in a far-away deep and sepulchral voice, he replied, "The Spirit of the flagon; he who abuses it abuses me, and him will I slay."

Needless to say, I hastened to apologise for having broken the seal, but again the grave-yard voice repeated, "He who abuses it abuses me, and him will I slay."

My mental state by this time can better be imagined than related, but I tried to pacify my friend with the scimitar by asking him the meaning of the words on the bottle, and it seemed to me that a malicious grin overspread his features as he replied, "Torture and death await the man who shall break me." I then ventured to ask him whom he would have tortured had the bottle been broken on the rocks, but he ignored my question, and said, "Chafing at the bonds cast upon me by a magician long ago, I have sworn vengeance on the first man whom I meet." "But really," said I, "apart from a consideration of the ingratitude of such a course, surely you can see that I am not a man yet, but merely a precocious lad who indulges in long trousers and a bi-weekly shave."

This seemed to puzzle him slightly, but, with a sudden frown, and a quick movement of his left hand, he caught me by those refractory hairs on the crown of my head, whose continual uprising

has long exasperated me, and with a sudden jerk I left all things mundane, and, after what seemed an eternity of vague wandering and continual descent, I found myself in a large and sombre cavern. All round me were horrible demons, and, before I had time to make any resistance, I heard my tormentor's voice echoing through the crowded cavern, "Torture and death await him who shall break me," and, at a hoarse word of command, I was pushed into a smaller cavern, from whose floor unearthly blue flames were dancing and leaping, whilst an odour of burning brimstone pervaded the atmosphere, and made my eyes water and my throat as parched as the ground whereon I stood.

However, when they thought me sufficiently warmed, they pulled me out, tied me to a pillar of rock, and then dashed icy water over me. Having thus reduced my temperature, they cut me free and pushed me towards another niche which was provided with a pair of shutters which were continually opening and closing, like the mouth of a crab, and fringed with sharp spikes. Into this they pushed me, and, with an agility which I had never dreamt that I possessed, I dodged the frightful slats, and found myself in a rectangular room, whose sides were provided with horrible spikes and curving knives.

Whilst wondering what would be the next move of my tormentors, I looked up, and, oh Horrors ! the walls were slowly closing in on me, and I felt the sharp spikes pierce my flesh like hot irons ; but they again drew back, and, panic-stricken, I skipped out, only to be caught by four burly demons, and strapped to a flat table-like rock, whilst the others executed a slow and threatening dance around me.

Suddenly a blue flame played over me, and again I saw the Spirit standing and waving his scimitar, whilst he repeated in a terrible voice, "He who abuses it abuses me, and him will I slay ! " With this he made a mighty sweep with the scimitar, and brought it down on my head. I shut my eyes with terror ; and on re-opening them I found myself in the bottom of an open boat, whose timbers galled my back frightfully, and there was Smith tapping me on the head with the blade of a scull, and shouting, "For goodness sake wake and help me push the boat off, or we shall be on the mud all night." As I arose an empty bottle rolled off my chest.

JOSEPH.

MOONLAND.

In these days of marvellous invention and rapid travel men are becoming unconcerned and even listless, perhaps through familiarity, when the scientist presents a new theory or the aviator creates a fresh record whereby man's power is made more wonderful and more embracing. Perhaps the world would be startled if a modern Jules Verne announced that he had solved the almost unthought-of problem of navigation in space. However, we will not wait for this great but very probable discovery, but will take to ourselves the wings of imagination and travel through the comparatively small distance of 240,000 miles at a speed infinitely greater than that of light.

We have landed on Theophilus, one of the deepest craters on the Moon, but the weird ghastly stillness all around, and the awful dazzling cloudless stare, strike us first, and most forcibly. Our exclamations of surprise are unheard. The close of the Moon's long day—on this side of its globe—is approaching, and during a whole fortnight past the Sun's fierce rays have been beating mercilessly on the unprotected plains; but yet, from lack of atmosphere to retain this heat, the ground is cold—actually below zero—while the rays strike us with scorching power.

Not a cloud is to be seen overhead; only a sky of inky blackness, with a blazing sun and thousands of brilliant stars, and the dark body of Earth, seemingly thirteen times the size of a full Moon as seen from the Earth, which almost seems to oppress us with its large and motionless bulk rimmed with a faint light. There is not enough air for any human being to breathe or feel; if there were, the sky would be blue not black, and the stars would be invisible in the day-time.

Wherever we look, everything is rugged, motionless, desolate. Nothing but changeless glare and intense shadows; no medium. A few ranges of extremely craggy hills stretch away in the distance, with steep gorges lying between. The mountains, however, are not generally in long ranges as on Earth, but the surface of the Moon is dented with strange round pits, or craters, of every imaginable size. The smaller craters are surrounded by steep ramparts of rock, the larger ones by circular mountain ranges. Such heights in Switzerland would require many hours of hard climbing, but on this small globe our weight is so lessened that we can leap forty or fifty feet without the least difficulty. A sheer descent of 16,000 feet would land us at the bottom of this great crater, which is 64 miles across,

while from the centre of the rough enclosed plain there rises a group of majestic cone-shaped mountains to about one-third the height of the surrounding range. It is a grand sight ; peak piled upon peak, crag upon crag, sharp rifts breaking here and there the line of the narrow uplifted ledge ; all wrapped in silent and desolate calm. There are many such craters as this on the Moon, but it is by no means the largest.

The sun nears its setting, and sinks behind the opposite mountain range. The last ray of sunlight has gone, and the ground, already below zero, is fast growing colder. The change takes place with marvellous quickness, and a deadly chill creeps around us. How we shiver ! A whole fortnight of Earth-time must elapse before the sun's rays can again touch this spot. The varieties of climate in the Moon, during the twelve long days and nights which make up her year, are, to say the least, unpleasant.

It would be worth while to stay and admire the dazzling brightness of the stars, and the huge body of the Earth, always seeming to hang motionless at one fixed point in the sky ; but the cold is becoming intense ; and at last becomes so fearful that we are forced to find our way homewards from this hundred-fold Arctic scene.

H. MURCH.

DE QUIBUSDAM.

[Reviews being popular at the present day, we have tried to propitiate the Ed. with a few verses of doggerel in an attempt to give a disjointed review of the order of things, past and present, at D.H.S.—L.P.]

When for the bard you heave a sigh,
And murmur sweetly " Is this verse ? "
Remember 'tis my very first try,
And thus it might be even worse.

* * * * *

Last year improvements great were made,
The Lab.'s bright hues won our regard ;
But, as the paint now seems to fade,
Perhaps t'would better have been tarred.

In direct contrast to the paint,
 (Refer to the last spasm back)
 Behold the flag with colours faint,
 And please renew our Union Jack.

* * * * *

Two eggs, a sou, some edible beans,
 All stand in a row—you may see 'em—
 Likewise some mustard, raw, *not* Keen's,
 Comprise our Fourthites' Museum.

* * * * *

Our *chef*. looks on in dire dismay,
 And mutters it's that SH_2 !
 The appetites these boys display !
 Each fellow eats enough for two !

* * * * *

In former days, debates were rare,
 The gaps between were lengthy quite ;
 But lo ! a new plan, so now prepare
 For loosened tongues and sayings not trite.

* * * * *

Though deep in search of literature,
 And taking delight in their library new,
 The Sixthites, moved by novels' lure,
 Are leaving poor Bacon without more ado.

LES PATACHES.

TO THE EDITOR. -

March 12th, 1914.

Dear Sir,

After perusing your appeal for contributions for the Mag., I chanced to glance at the Fixture Lists posted up in the corridor, and I was somewhat surprised to see that only three 1st XI. matches had been played to a finish this term. I also noticed that matches with teams of the various Leagues in the district had been cancelled, and I was informed that the postponement of League fixtures had necessitated the scratching of those with our Eleven.

Then, Sir, a brilliant idea (you may think otherwise !) struck me ; why not enter a League ourselves ? But on second thoughts

I found that this for many reasons is quite impossible under existing conditions, and so I thought, why not form one suitable to schools like ours, "The Three Towns and District Secondary Schools' League" perhaps? Surely there are half-a-dozen or more schools in the district who would be glad of the opportunity of joining such a League, and who, once it was started, would make it a great success.

The House matches, Sir, as you must certainly know, are contested with great keenness, and I feel convinced that League matches would rouse even greater enthusiasm. Who knows but that the confirmed slackers might be tempted to visit Greatlands to see the Firsts romp home with the points.

If, Sir, by this time you are bored to death, there is but one consolation, that your appeal for "suggestions" has not gone unheeded.

I am, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

SOCCERITE.

I



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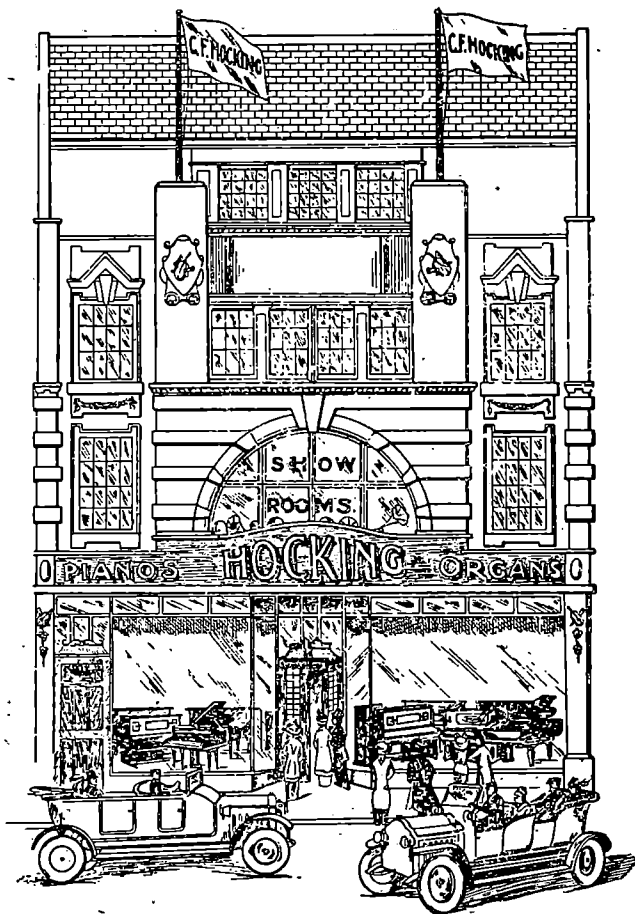
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