

No. 17.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1912.

DEVONPORT:
SWISS & CO., PRINTERS, 111 & 112 FORE STREET.
1912.

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C. E. Gill.

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PRICE 6D.

EDITOR - W. C. PETERS.

All communications should be addressed to "THE MAGAZINE EDITOR,
Devonport High School, Devonport."

EDITORIAL.

"Once more we chronicle change"—we quote from a former Mag. For long the production of the Magazine synchronised with the leaving of one or other of the editors. Only Lintell remained in the end to produce unaided our last number. Now he, too, has gone leaving his successor with mingled feelings of despair and hope; despair at ever writing an Editorial as he did—hope of a contribution from him.

The supply of MSS. has not been a burden for our discrimination. Still there are some new names, and, we are glad to say, many old ones too. And whereas hitherto the only grumbling in these pages has been in the Editorial, this time a courageous fellow, one Stuph, has dared openly to rail at our methods.

But O, ye readers, preserve your Copy of this Mag., frame it, guard it jealously in the family archives: not for its excellence (great though that may be), but because it commemorates the Golden Age of D.H.S. Success has attended our every effort. At our assault the Civil Service has flung wide its portals, the Cambridge Locals have offered no difficulties; and we have (*mirabile dictu*) not done badly at cricket. And now to crown all we have become the proud possessors of a Challenge Shield.

Haste then to read of the achievements of D.H.S., and let the impossibility of doing them justice win pardon for the shortcomings of our venture.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We congratulate the 1st XI. of the past cricket season on winning as many matches as they have lost. This, we believe, is almost a school record.

* * *

Has this result been brought about by better play, or were our opponents at Greatlands prostrated with surprise at finding a moderately level playing pitch?

* * *

Our sincerest congratulations are also due to the two Fifth Forms. To win 12 honours and have no failures in the Cambridge Locals is indeed a noteworthy achievement.

* * *

The Civil Service has been busy robbing us of our best during the last few months. We hope that these will soon rise to those elevated posts which we who remain regard with wondering eyes.

* * *

We all regret MR. BRIGHT'S serious illness, and heartily wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

* * *

MR. BRIGHT'S place has been filled by MR. BEER, B.A., while the Staff has also been strengthened by an additional master in the person of MR. ARMOR, B.A. This is the fourth year in succession that the staff has had to be augmented. *Verb. sap. sat.*

* * *

A rumour was heard lately that our late editor had become an ardent admirer of MR. LLOYD GEORGE !!!

* * *

The Debating Society has started another season, and there is little fear of its "going strong" with its influential backing. (We have been granted a special indulgence for a piquant use of slang—in school *notes* only).

* * *

It has been suggested that the verandah outside the Sixth Form be utilised as a swimming bath.

PRAEFFECTI VALETE.

- J. JEWELL entered the school 1906. Became Prefect Sept., 1909, and Senior Prefect Jan., 1912. Won Football colours, Season 1910-11. Elected Vice-Capt. of Football Team, Season 1911-12. Captain of Cricket Team, Season 1912. Captain of Gilbert House, July, 1911.
- A. R. LINTELL entered the school, 1907. Became Prefect Sept. 1909. Editor of Magazine, Summer Term, 1910.
- A. E. PALFREMAN entered the school, Sept., 1908. Became Prefect Sept., 1910.
- G. J. BISHOP entered the school, 1908. Became Prefect Sept., 1911. Captain of Raleigh House, July, 1911. Won Football colours, Season 1911-12.
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The amended list of office holders now reads :—

PREFECTS.—W. C. Peters, G. G. Hewlett, F. C. Olford, R. C. Davey, G. H. Lock, L. C. Coombe.

SPORTS COMMITTEE.—The Masters and Prefects.

Hon. Sec., G. G. Hewlett.

1st XI.—Captain, W. W. Howard. Vice-Captain, R. C. Davey.

2nd XI.—Captain, T. Beare. Vice-Captain, T. Samuel.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—“Grenville,” T. H. Beare; “Gilbert,” W. Howard; “Raleigh,” E. Hitchcock; “Drake,” W. C. Peters.

VICTOR LUDORUM (1912-13).—Kenshole.

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

D.H.S. TROOP OF B.P. BOY SCOUTS.—Scout Master, Mr. Baker.

THE CHALLENGE SHIELD.

Tuesday, October 22nd, 1912 will, for all time, be a red-letter day in the annals of D.H.S., for then it was that Lord St. Levan presented in person a Challenge Shield for competition among the four Houses into which the school is, for the purpose of sport, divided. The notice of his Lordship's visit was short, but that did not prevent our making the most of the occasion. The accommodation of the big schoolroom was strained to its utmost. The Chairman of Governors, Alderman W. Littleton, as chairman, was supported by the Governors of the School, and several ladies also were present.

Expressing delight at the happy occasion of their gathering, the Chairman remarked that they were met in the interests of educational sport. Lord St. Levan knew the value both of education and sport, because without some recreation their education would not be of the high value they all wished and anticipated it should be. He did not believe in the lad who could not play as well as he could work. The work in such a school as the High School was most strenuous, and they must do everything to encourage the lads to be bright, cheerful and in every way fit to go into the world when the time came. They were delighted to have Lord St. Levan with them and to realise his interest in the school.

Lord St. Levan said that sport formed in his opinion a most important part of education. After all, what was education? He supposed its simple meaning was a bringing out and leading forth of what was in people. It might shortly be defined as preparing the youth of the country to become useful citizens, for which, no doubt the first requisite was knowledge, and he believed at Devonport High School all the boys were doing their best to attain that knowledge which would be useful to them in after life. While it was quite right that they should work hard in that way, all the knowledge in the world would not be of very much service to them unless it was combined with health, and the best way to obtain health was to have proper healthy exercise. He ventured to think that the due and proper prosecution of healthy sports was a very great help to the formation of character. There could be no doubt when lesson time and the strict discipline of school was over, there came a time when each boy had freer play and more independent action open to him, and that was the time when his character came out. One of the great advantages of indulging in sports was that it

taught all boys to think for themselves. They had to take decisions when it came to games—football and cricket—and act for themselves at once. It also brought out those boys who were best fitted to take the lead, and it often happened that such boys were best fitted to take the lead in after life, in more serious pursuits. What had struck him as a remarkable thing about our system of education in England, and the point it made of sports, was the way in which the example had been followed in foreign countries. In nearly every European country, certainly those nearest to Britain, they found nearly all the schools had copied England, and besides working very hard at their lessons, they played such games as football, tennis and golf. So well had some of those countries copied them that England found it very hard to hold her own now. They did not begrudge the other countries, for they believed in the best man winning always (hear, hear). The moral it pointed out to him was that in spite of what had been said about their making too much of sports they had not been wrong to foster that love of games among their young people, or other nations would not have followed them. He presented the Shield to Mr. Treseder for the winning house, and expressed the hope that while the best house would always win they would ever realize that it was by combination as well as by hard work. (loud applause).

The Headmaster expressed his pride and pleasure at receiving the gift as showing the interest which Lord St. Levan took in the school. They might, he said, fairly claim to be flourishing. Their premises had recently had to be considerably extended to provide for an increase in numbers—an increase which amounted during the past 6 years to no less than 140 per cent. They were wisely governed; they were, if he might be permitted to say so, enthusiastically staffed; they added to the prosperity of Devonport by turning out young citizens with characters well proportioned and reliant, free from cynicism on the one hand, and from mawkishness on the other. He felt that, enmeshed as it were in the physical framework of a school, were mighty forces invisible, intangible, ever working for good or for ill. Every school possessed a life all its own. Looking on his Lordship's readily given gift he seemed to see in it not merely a cunningly-wrought piece of metal, but a piece of crystal in the dome of the School's life, one that was going to shed a most beautiful tint, perhaps *the* most beautiful, viz.: loyalty, loyalty to the school as a whole, loyalty to its individual members, and above all, loyalty to high ideals. The Shield would become associated with healthy rivalry, willing self sacrifice, the joy of service—perhaps understood for the first time—good fellowship, vernal friendships, much that was best in the life of the school. Whilst he believed the Shield's influence would last a very long time, perhaps until Macaulay's New Zealander standing on the broken arches of

Westminster bridge, should view the ruins of what had been England's metropolis, yet its active life might be reckoned at 20 years, and he expressed the hope that when the day came for the Shield to be hung upon the school wall in honourable retirement, his Lordship who was with them that day might again be able to be approached and be asked to give its successor.

A vote of thanks to Lord St. Levan was proposed by Mr. A. J. Rider, (Vice-Chairman of Governors) who remarked that they did not take a subordinate position to any educational establishment in the neighbourhood. Mr. Williams, the Sports Master, (to whom belongs the credit of originating the idea of sports' houses and a Challenge Shield) seconded and hoped the Shield would lead to a tradition in the school that only the very best sport would be worthy.

Ringling cheers from the pupils endorsed the vote, which was acknowledged. After the presentation the visitors and the staff partook of afternoon tea at the Headmaster's house.

We hope in a future number to give a description of the Shield.
(*Editor*)..

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

[The re-laying of the Cricket pitch, spoken of in a former Magazine, was successfully carried out during the past winter, and the new ground employed last term with excellent results.]

We used to play our cricket, at our recreation ground
On the strangest kind of wicket, that could ever have been found ;
It was gaping with crevasses, and in spite of all our care,
Where on other pitches grass is, ours was absolutely bare.

When one bowled the " googly " tricky—ne'er a vestige of a turn,
Even though the pitch were " sticky," and the bowler J. N. Hearne ;
But if you tried a " snorter," dead upon the middle peg,
Just because it didn't oughter it would break a yard to leg.

And on more than one occasion, quite a wide ball struck a bump,
Gave the batsman an abrasion and rebounded to the stump ;
Or again the batsman running, missed his foothold in a dent,
And the wicket-keeper cunning seized the chance and out he went.

But this time of danger's finished, now our pitch by all is praised,
For the slope has been diminished, hollows filled and bumps erased ;
So now to the Committee, who these evils have redressed
By this weak but well meant ditty, let our best thanks be expressed.

ALPHA.

CRICKET NOTES.

As a school, D.H.S. has never shone at cricket, and we can, therefore, justly congratulate ourselves on ending the season with a balanced record of wins and losses. This comparative success has been due in no small measure to the improvement in our bowling. On occasions Jewell and Bishop have had infinitesimal averages, but, like Barnes and Foster, they have earned their reputations by consistent excellence rather than by intermittent brilliance. The fielding has also been less unsatisfactory, though still far from good. The batting has been, with but few exceptions, as unenterprising as ever, and the averages still of minute proportions.

But last season we were, in the proper sense, a team. There were no days—as there have been—when everything went wrong; *someone* always rose to the occasion; the inevitable rots were always stopped somehow; the attack, if not at first successful, was always keen. Individual achievements were perhaps no better than in former years, but the 1912 *team* was as good a one as we have had for a long while. The matches, too, were one and all fought out in a sportsmanlike fashion and with considerable enthusiasm. Altogether, in spite of the bad weather, a successful and pleasant season.

LIST OF MATCHES.

May 11th.—Mt. Edgcumbe, at Mt. Edgcumbe. We batted first and chiefly on account of a patient innings by Palfreman compiled 56. Our opponents reached the score of 52 for 8 wickets, when Jewell finished the match in 4 balls. His first ball took a wicket, the third went for 4 byes, and the 4th secured the last wicket; a most remarkable match thus ending in a tie.

May 18th.—Y.M.C.A. 2nd XI., at Efford. We batted first, and thanks to some splendid hitting by Jewell and Olford, knocked up 79. The Y.M.C.A. at one point looked like making a big score, but with Mr. Clarke bowling at his best (6 for 23), their last wicket fell at 75.

May 22nd.—Hoe Grammar School, at Greatlands. Hoe commenced and offered only a moderate resistance to some good bowling by Crang (6 for 22) and Bishop; their score reached 50, a

total which we compiled with 6 wickets down. The feature of our innings was the fine batting of Mr. Crang. Palfreman was responsible for an excellent catch at point.

June 1st.—St. Matthews, at Greatlands. St. Matthews batted first on a wet wicket and knocked up 58 (Bishop 6 for 38). We failed to reach even this moderate total, and were all out for 46, making an inglorious display against the bowling of Mugford (6 for 3).

June 5th.—Tavistock G.S., at Tavistock. We batted first on a dead wicket, and made only 40. Mr. Wood, who carried his bat right through the innings and Mr. Crang, were the chief scorers. Tavistock, however, were even less successful against the bowling of Bishop (who had the remarkable analysis of 9 wickets for 13 runs) and were all out for 28.

June 8th.—Elburton, at Elburton. Our first game with this team, who proved much too strong for us. Some good bowling by Jewell (4 for 29), and Crang (6 for 33), and a couple of smart catches by Mr. Wood dismissed their strong batting side for the moderate total of 66. Our innings was, however, a procession, Mr. "Extras" alone reaching double figures, and that out of a total of 25. In Elburton's 2nd innings, Mr. Crang performed the hat trick; we also did better in our second venture, but the match was counted on the first innings. Although soundly beaten we could not fail thoroughly to enjoy the match, so pleasant was it made by the good sportsmanship of our opponents.

June 15th.—Elburton, at Greatlands. This return match was spoiled by rain. The visitors made 77 for 9 wickets and declared their innings closed. We had half-an-hour's batting and scored 40 for the loss of 4 wickets, an evenly contested match thus being left drawn.

June 19th.—Hoe G.S., at Oreston. Hoe batting first made light of our attack. Mr. French was responsible for a delightful innings of 60, and at 125 for 8 the closure was applied. Our opponents, however, were robbed of a certain victory by rain, which put a stop to play when we had compiled the remarkable score of 5 runs for 4 wickets. The match therefore ended in a draw.

June 22nd.—Kingsbridge G.S., at Kingsbridge. We batted very weakly and scored only 36 and 29. Kingsbridge, in spite of good bowling by Jewell (5 for 21), and Mr. Crang (4 for 17), compiled 59 and 9 for no wickets, School thus losing by 10 wickets.

June 29th.—Kingsbridge G.S., at Greatlands. Thanks to Jewell, we were more successful in this return match. We compiled

57 (Jewell 27, Kenshole 13). Kingsbridge replied with 47 for 5, when Jewell in 5 overs took 5 wickets for 7 runs and won a most exciting match for the School by 2 runs.

July 3rd.—Y.M.C.A. Wednesday, at Greatlands. We were altogether overplayed, lacking all our bowlers save Bishop, and that against one of our most formidable opponents. The scores are such as to need no comment—Y.M.C.A., 89. D.H.S. 32 and 40.

July 6th.—Dunheved College, at Launceston. We again gave an inglorious display. The batting was most unenterprising except in the case of Mr. Crang, who contributed an energetic 20. The College mercilessly flogged our bowling, running out winners of a most unequal contest by 120—35.

July 10th.—Tavistock G.S., at Greatlands. This match like its predecessor, at Tavistock, was a low-scoring one. The G.S. batting first could only compile 31, of which Mr. Lee contributed 23 (Mr. Love 4 for 19, Bishop 6 for 12). School batted almost as badly, but a capital innings by Mr. Love enabled us to reply with 47.

July 13th.—Y.M.C.A., at Greatlands. School batted first and with the score at 42 for 3 wickets looked like amassing a considerable total. Unfortunately a rot set in and all were out for 48. The Y.M.C.A. equalled this score for 4 wickets, eventually compiling 72. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Love bowled well, capturing 5 wickets for 25 and 5 wickets for 17 respectively.

July 20th.—St. Matthews, at Cremyll. In this, the last match of the season, School showed surprisingly good form. Batting first, with the aid of some lusty hitting by Mr. Crang (46), and Mr. Love (24), and some careful play by Palfreman, we reached the imposing total of 107. Mr. Clarke (6 for 18), and Mr. Crang (2 for 0) were chiefly responsible for the downfall of our opponents who only amassed 41.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	Innings.	Not out.	Total runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
J. JEWELL	9	0	81	28	9.00
W. PETERS	15	0	70	15	4.67
G. BISHOP	19	2	66	16	3.88
J. PHILLIPS	18	4	50	10*	3.57
F. KENSHOLE	15	0	52	13	3.47
A. PALFREMAN	16	2	37	12*	2.64
F. OLFORD	17	1	37	13	2.31
W. HOWARD	6	2	10	6*	2.25
T. LOVEGROVE	5	1	10	10	2.25
A. CASSELL	15	2	29	10*	2.23
E. HANDS	7	1	12	6	2.00
N. UGLOW	3	0	6	5	2.00

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
G. BISHOP	101	16	290	45	6.44
J. JEWELL	57	7	156	22	7.10
F. OLFORD	5	0	25	3	8.33
W. PETERS	13	2	31	2	15.50
N. UGLOW	1	0	7	0	—

CATCHES:

BISHOP	...	10	OLFORD	...	3
PETERS	...	9	JEWELL	...	} 1
KENSHOLE	...	6	LOVEGROVE	...	
PALFREMAN	...	5	UGLOW	...	
CASSELL	...	4	MULREADY	...	
			HOWARD	...	
			PHILLIPS	...	

MATCHES PLAYED	15
„ WON	6
„ LOST	6
„ DRAWN	2
„ TIE	1

CRICKET CHARACTERS.

J. JEWELL (Captain)—A dark horse. The inspiring elevation to his new dignity wrought within him heroic deeds, as both batting and bowling analyses will most amply show. His fielding was also sorely missed on the occasions of unavoidable absence.

W. C. PETERS (Vice-Captain)—Unwarrantedly diffident. Insisted upon an over modest position on the batting list, when an earlier appearance at the wicket might have wrought a decisive change. As wicket-keeper a very Strudwicke.

BISHOP—A safe bat while he plays his own game, but a misguided ambition frequently gave rise to attempted “long-hand-leism” and early downfall. Imperturbable and therefore most successful bowler.

OLFORD—Nervous bat, liable to spasms of ill-timed rashness. Hard-working and conscientious field, and possible change bowler.

J. PHILLIPS—Possessed of a straight, sweeping stroke, serviceable on occasions, but lacking in defence. Fair field and substitute wicket-keeper.

PALFREMAN—Failure with the bat, and did not come up to last season's promise at point, chiefly through standing too close in.

KENSHOLE—A reckless "long-handler," sometimes effective, more—far more—frequently not. Rather sluggish field.

CASELL—Disappointing bat; has the style, but does not seem able to bring it into effective practice. Serviceable long field, but unlucky at square leg.

HOWARD—Plenty of pluck as a rule, should develop fast. Reliable field.

HANDS—Played in two or three matches, but failed to find bowling to suit him. Conscientious field.

LOVEGROVE—His occasional appearances for the "First" have raised hopes of an oncoming free and powerful bat and really brilliant field.

UGLOW—Very nervous bat. Might develop as a bowler.

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

The House matches proved rather one-sided, no less than 4 out of the 6 encounters resulting in an innings win: the table reads:—

	MATCHES.				
	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Per Centage.
DRAKE	3	2	1	0.	66.7
GILBERT	3	2	1	0	66.7
RALEIGH	3	2	1	0	66.7
GRENVILLE	3	0	3	0	0
	*	*		*	

The most remarkable achievements with the ball stand to the credit of N. Uglow and G. Bishop, with 5 for 0, and 6 for 2 respectively.

The batting all through was very weak, Grenville being dismissed for 2 runs (1 of them an extra), in their match with Raleigh.

Grenville, though uniformly unsuccessful, are to be heartily congratulated on their good sportsmanship. Their attack was much more formidable than their batting, and the bowling of Davey and Beare worthy of better fortune.

* * *

On the whole the House Matches proved fairly popular, especially among the Lower School. But it is questionable whether the 1st XI. would not have profited better if the afternoons spent in House Matches had been devoted to Net practice.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Annual Athletic Sports Meeting took place most successfully on Thursday, July 26th. An ill-conditioned sky, and an ominous shower shortly after the start, reduced those in authority to the verge of despair, but the threatening aspect of the day proved a mere bluff, and the lengthy programme was worked off under ever improving weather conditions.

A record entry and the generosity of the many friends and well-wishers of the school were evidenced by a striking and attractive display of carefully selected prizes. That the several events to decide the coveted ownership of these prizes were keenly and interestingly contested, the apparent appreciation of a numerous audience warrants us in believing.

A slight change from previous programmes was marked by the introduction of a handicap race for the newly-formed troop of boy Scouts. These also, under the direction of their Scoutmaster, Mr. W. E. Baker, enlivened the interval with a most realistic ambulance display.

All possibility of tedium was, we trust, removed by the sweet music discoursed throughout the afternoon by the band of 1st Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment, and by all accounts it was a thoroughly successful and enjoyable meeting which was duly brought to a conclusion with the distribution of prizes kindly undertaken by Mrs. Littleton.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE 1912 SPORTS.

His Worship the Mayor (Mr. Alderman Myer Fredman, J.P.);
 The Chairman of Governors (Mr. Alderman W. Littleton, J.P.);
Mrs. Adams; A. T. Allen, Esq.; W. J. Andrews, Esq., L.C.P.;
W. E. Baker, Esq., B.A., B.Sc.; A. E. Balfour, Esq.; Lieut. A.

Ball, R.N. ; W. Banbury, Esq. ; W. J. Barnicott, Esq. ; J. Bazley, Esq. ; Mrs. Beare ; A. Bersey, Esq. ; J. T. Bickle, Esq. ; W. Bidgood, Esq. ; G. Bishop, Esq. ; F. Blackwell, Esq. ; Lieut. F. St. John Boughton, R.N. ; W. J. Bosworthick, Esq. ; F. T. Bright, Esq., B.A. ; H. B. Brown, Esq. ; F. Bryant, Esq. ; H. F. Budge, Esq. ; Mrs. J. Budge ; G. A. J. Carter, Esq. ; Messrs. Josiah Clark & Son ; A. B. Collar, Esq. ; W. J. Collins, Esq. ; F. Ernest Cock, Esq. ; Eng.-Captain R. Collingwood, R.N. ; R. Courtman, Esq. ; A. Comden, Esq. ; T. R. Crabb, Esq. ; A. J. Curd, Esq. ; W. N. Curnow, Esq. ; A. H. Damerell, Esq. ; W. Damsell, Esq. ; T. Davey, Esq. ; T. D. Dean, Esq. ; S. J. Dewdney, Esq. ; S. Earle, Esq. ; H. Elliott, Esq. ; Mrs. Edworthy ; Mrs. M. Featherston ; H. Ferraro, Esq., L.C.P., Int. B. Sc. ; R. F. Franklin, Esq. ; J. J. Gerrard, Esq. ; E. P. Gill, Esq. ; Mrs. A. Gilmour ; E. B. Grant, Esq. ; Mrs. Gilmour ; W. Hallett, Esq. ; W. H. Hammett, Esq. ; W. Hands, Esq. ; W. J. Hawke, Esq. ; The Headmaster (A. F. Treseder, Esq., M.A.) ; J. Heard, Esq. ; J. A. Hendra, Esq. ; W. H. Herlihy, Esq. ; Mrs. Herring ; G. Hewlett, Esq. ; W. Hicks, Esq. ; J. Hill, Esq. ; J. Hoskings, Esq. ; Mr. Councillor W. Hornbrook, J.P. ; W. Hurrell, Esq. ; P. Hutchings, Esq. ; A. M. Jacquet, Esq., B.ès. L. ; H. Jarvis, Esq. ; J. Jewell, Esq. ; W. C. John, Esq., R.C.N.C. ; N. W. Lamb, Esq., L.C.P. ; L. Lang, Esq. ; R. T. Landrey, Esq. ; J. J. Lavery, Esq. ; G. F. Lock, Esq. ; W. Lovegrove, Esq. ; W. Major, Esq. ; T. Martin, Esq. ; Mrs. A. M. Masters ; R. S. Meech, Esq. ; J. H. D. Millett, Esq., M.A. ; Mrs. Millett ; D. P. Mills, Esq. ; Mrs. A. Mitchell ; Mrs. W. J. Morrell ; G. R. Morris, Esq. ; G. & R. Morris, Esq. ; Dr. J. Nixon-Morris ; H. J. Mulready, Esq. ; W. J. Murrin, Esq. ; J. S. Murton, Esq. ; R. Nodder, Esq. ; Messrs. Pryor & Northcott ; C. R. Olford, Esq. ; F. Olford, Esq., R.I.M. ; Mrs. Oliver ; J. Oliver, Esq. ; Mrs. Organ ; G. F. H. Packer, Esq., M.A. ; E. Palfreman, Esq. ; W. H. Pearce, Esq. ; M. Pengelly, Esq. ; Mr. Councillor A. G. Phillips ; Messrs. Phillip & Tracy ; L. Phillips, Esq. ; A. G. Pick, Esq. ; F. Pine, Esq. ; Prebendary S. Gordon Ponsonby, M.A. ; J. Poole, Esq. ; Mrs. Potter ; S. W. M. Pryor, Esq. ; Dr. G. H. Rae, J.P. ; J. H. Read, Esq. ; J. Reed, Esq. ; A. Reep, Esq. ; J. C. Rendle, Esq. ; W. T. Rendle, Esq. ; C. Richards, Esq. ; A. J. Rider, Esq., J.P. ; T. Rowe, Esq. ; Dr. J. Samuel ; Scholastic Trading Co. ; Eng.-Lieut. J. J. Screech, R.N. ; R. E. Sinnott, Esq. ; A. Sleeman, Esq. ; J. Smale, Esq. ; Mrs. Sparkes ; T. J. Spiller, Esq. ; W. Spillman, Esq. ; R. Standford, Esq. ; R. W. Stephens, Esq. ; E. Stidever, Esq. ; W. F. E. Stone, Esq. ; Eng.-Captain W. S. Stribling, R.N. ; Messrs. Swiss & Co. ; Messrs. W. G. Swiss & Son ; G. S. Taylor, Esq. ; Mr. Councillor T. P. Treglohan ; Mrs. M. L. T. Treseder ; Mrs. Uglow ; Mrs. U'Ren ; Condry U'Ren, Esq., M.P.S. ; T. F. Vanstone, Esq. ; A. S. Voss, Esq. ; Rev. J. Heywood-Waddington, M.A. ; J. Wannell,

Esq.; Mrs. Watts; W. Watson, Esq.; E. J. Westlake, Esq.; G. Westlake, Esq.; W. J. White, Esq.; Mrs. B. Williams; H. Williams, Esq.; F. E. Williams, Esq.; M. Sheldon-Williams, Esq., B.A.; Mrs. Wilson; Mrs. B. Winnicott; Messrs. J. Wisden & Co.; W. H. Wood, Esq.

PROGRAMME AND RESULTS.

MILE, OPEN.—1 Peters, 2 Kenshole, 3 Phillips (5 mins. 29 secs)
THROWING CRICKET BALL, OPEN.—1 Kenshole, 2 Peters,

3 Cassell ... (78 yds.)

UNDER 15.—1 Cassell, 2 H. Westlake, 3 Boughton (62 yds.)

100 YARDS, OPEN.—1 Kenshole, 2 Peters, 3 Bishop ... (12 secs.)

UNDER 16.—1 Spiller, 2 Cassell, 3 Lang ... (12 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.)

UNDER 14.—1 H. Westlake, 2 Williams, 3 Rowe ... (13 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.)

UNDER 12.—1 Rickard, 2 Reed, 3 Williams ... (15 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.)

PREPARATORY.—1 Watts, 2 Pike, 3 Curnow ... (17 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs)

220 YARDS, OPEN.—1 Kenshole, 2 Peters, 3 Samuel (27 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.)

UNDER 16.—1 Spiller, 2 Cassell, 3 Reep ... (31 secs.)

UNDER 12.—1 Rickard, 2 Reed, 3 Nodder ... (36 secs.)

HANDICAP PREPARATORY.—1 Millett, 2 Brown, 3 Sutcliffe.

440 YARDS, OPEN.—1 Kenshole, 2 Peters, 3 Samuel (63 secs.)

UNDER 16.—1 Spiller, 2 Shannon, 3 Cassell ... (72 secs.)

UNDER 14.—1 H. Westlake, 2 G. Westlake ... (76 secs.)

HALF-MILE, UNDER 16.—1 Phillips, 2 Stephens, 3 Gill (2 m. 45sc.)

LONG JUMP, OPEN.—1 Kenshole, 2 Peters, 3 Lang i ... (18 ft.)

UNDER 15.—1 Boughton, 2 Cassell, 3 H. Westlake (15ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)

SACK RACE, UNDER 16.—1 Cassell, 2 Phillips, 3 Pearce.

HIGH JUMP, OPEN.—1 Kenshole, 2 Peters, 3 Bishop (4ft. 10ins.)

UNDER 16.—1 Lang, 2 Hawke, 3 Boughton & Spillman (4ft. 10ins.)

UNDER 14.—1 Rowe, 2 Barnicott & Rendle (4ft. 4ins.)

UNDER 12.—1 Rickard, 2 Lang, 3 G. Nodder (3ft. 10ins.)

PREPARATORY.—1 Comden, 2 Watts, 3 Potter ... (2ft. 10ins.)

FIELDING COMPETITION.—1 Gilbert, 2 Drake, 3 Grenville

4 Raleigh ... (40 secs.)

TUG-OF-WAR, SENIOR.—1 Gilbert, 2 Drake, 3 Grenville, 4 Raleigh.

JUNIOR.—1 Gilbert, 2 Drake, 3 Grenville, 4 Raleigh.

SCOUT'S HANDICAP, 350 YARDS.—1 Nodder, 2 Collingwood, 3 Rickard.

SLOW BICYCLE.—1 Samuel.

DECORATED BICYCLE.—1 Samuel.

THREE-LEGGED RACE, UNDER 12.—1 Sleeman and Uglow, 2 Nodder and Crabb, 3 Potter and Earle.

WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK.—(" horse " under 16 ; rider under 15).
1 Phillips & Shannon, 2 Pearce and Boughton, 3 Blackwell and Rickard.

POTATO RACE ON BICYCLES.—1 Thomas, 2 Samuel, 3 Reed.

OBSTACLE RACE, OPEN.—1 Brown, 2 Peters, 3 Phillips.

UNDER 15.—1 Oliver, 2 N. Morris, 3 Reed.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP was won by Kenshole by the record score of 20 points out of a possible 21.

The table for the Championship Shield is as follows :—

	PERCENTAGE.			
	Football	Cricket	Sports	Average.
GILBERT	100	66.7	36.8	67.8
DRAKE	41.7	66.7	27.3	45.2
RALEIGH	33.3	66.7	27.3	42.4
GRENVILLE	25	0	17.2	14.1

A FRAGMENT.

A bulky letter I received
From D.H.S. to-day ;
I opened it and then perceived,
And fainted right away.

You wonder why—now I'll be bound—
It gave me such a shock ;
I thought another master'd found
The records of his stock.

But when I read, it was not so,
I found it rather worse ;
Instead of long-lost books they go
And ask me for some verse.

No wonder that I heave a sigh
 And versifying funk,
 Despite the solemn fact that I
 Have thought—and thought—and think.

However, as I've said, the well
 Of Inspiration's dry,
 I'll pump some water in and tell
 You something if I die.

Tis but a foolish sigh—no more—
 From one who's far away,
 And wishes that for ten years more
 A schoolboy he could stay.

He lies awake and then recalls
 The joyous times at school,
 Old D.H.S., within whose walls,
 He'd often played the fool.

The memories of foolish pranks—
 Of things that, strange to say,
 Did not receive the masters' thanks,
 Seem pleasanter to-day.

So happy be while you're at school,
 Don't let your time be slacked,
 But use the motley of the fool
 With wisdom and with tact.

Just leaven your insanity
 With yeast of common sense;
 Treat youngsters with urbanity,
 To no-one give offence.

And then confronted by the hard
 Realities of life,
 You'll feel more fit than does THIS bard
 To enter in the strife.

A tabloid of philosophy,
 And what is my reward?—
 The bill in from my landlady
 For lodgings and for board.

JIMMY.

THE COASTGUARD'S TALE.

A few years ago I was stopping at Mevagissey, a small fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, and a place noted in by-gone days for smuggling. Whilst walking one day along the top of the cliffs bordering on the foreshore, I met one of the coastguards, a man tall and gaunt, but of muscular build. His hair was grey, and his face and neck bronzed by exposure to all weathers. We quickly fraternised on the congenial subject of coastguard life. On my chancing to remark how monotonous his life must be, far removed, as he was from the excitement of the town, I was met by his speedy retort that coastguards were not entirely lacking in excitement, and was moreover regaled with the following first-hand experience :—

One foggy night in February, my mate and I were on duty patrolling the cliffs between here and Gorran Haven, a station farther west, and on rounding that jutting cliff over there on the other side of the bay, my mate who was a little in advance of me turned, and pointing into the fog, whispered hoarsely, "Look down there, Jim. A smuggler!"

After straining my eyes in the direction his finger indicated, I at last succeeded in discerning through the fog a dim figure about half-way down the cliffs. Having waited some time to see if the figure would move, I whispered to my comrade, "Get your revolver ready, Tom." We then formed a plan of attack. Tom was to creep down the cliff and cut off our quarry from the sea, whilst I wormed my way along until I was directly above the marauder. Then on a given signal we were both to make a rush. With heart beating furiously, I proceeded to carry out my part of the business and after getting scratched again and again by the prickly furze-bushes, and wetted through and through by the drizzly rain, which had just begun to fall, I reached my appointed position. I crouched down on the damp ground and awaited the signal which would tell me when Tom was ready.

To me, expecting every moment to see the smuggler make off, the interval, which could not have lasted more than three minutes, seemed so many centuries. Patience, however, obtained its reward, and at last came the long-expected signal. With my head full of thoughts of glory, I arose immediately and made a dash for the place where I had last seen the smuggler, for the fog had thickened so that the figure was no longer visible to me. After I had run a few yards, I again saw a shape in the fog and immediately let off my revolver, fortunately, however,—as after events showed—without effect. We drew nearer and in a few seconds were fighting

hand to hand. I soon found I was no match for my enemy in physical power, and I rapidly began to feel my strength ebbing fast. I was forced first to my knees, and then, still struggling fiercely, on my back. While thus helpless on the ground, for the first time since the beginning of the fight, I thought of my comrade, and immediately shouted, "Help! Help, Tom!" My adversary on hearing my voice gave a gasp of surprise and then began to chuckle. He stopped fighting at once and helped me to my feet. Only then was it that I recognised that it was Tom with whom I had been fighting, and that we had each taken the other for the smuggler.

"Now let us try to find the real smuggler," said Tom, "although I expect he has been scared off by the noise." So we began a fresh search. We had not proceeded far when before us we again saw the mysterious figure. This time, however, we advanced with more caution. Ten yards separated us from it, then seven, then five, and then came a hearty burst of laughter from both of us, for there perched on the top of a furze-bush was—a large rope swab!

K. COLH.

THE ICEBERGS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

The worst danger that travellers across the Atlantic nowadays have to risk is that of collision with an iceberg. The salt water constantly eats into the submerged portion of the iceberg and this, with the rays of the sun on the exposed portion, often produces such a delicately balanced berg that the least touch will upset it. Imagine the result when a rampart of ice suddenly shows itself in the fog right across the route of a powerful ocean-going steamer. It is too late to stop her; if the berg will stand firm against the shock, then there is some hope of escaping with a battered bow; but if the berg upsets, there is practically no hope, for either it will fall on top of the ship or will swing up beneath her, crumpling the underbody like paper. Icebergs are found the whole year round in the North Atlantic, east of Newfoundland. They are most numerous over the Grand Banks. As the summer advances they melt and break up into comparatively small pieces and are driven into the Gulf Stream, where they are a constant danger to steamers, plying east and west.

In November, 1879, the liner *Arizona*, then the fastest ship afloat, drove against an ice-rampart on the Grand Banks. The collision stove in her bows, and on reaching St. John's some two hundred tons of ice were taken out of her forepeak. Repairs to enable her to continue her journey to New York took nearly three months. The *Concordia* is another illustration: she was steaming out of the Straits of Belle Isle, in August, 1899, when she rammed an iceberg, and only escaped with a rent bow. In April of the same year, the *Anchoria*, two hundred miles out from St. Johns, struck a piece of ice with her screw, and was in a desperate plight. However, a passing steamer picked her up and she was towed to port.

In May, 1900, the *Hatasu*, a Montreal liner hit a berg off Cape Race. In a thick fog she ran among a fleet of them, and in trying to avoid one, struck another. But as she was going slowly, she only stove in her stern plates. In July, 1896, the steamer *John Bright*, smashed a large hole in her bows by driving against a berg which lay awash, and a similar accident befell the *Rotterdam* only a month later. In May, 1897, the steamer *Turton* was disabled by collision with a berg of enormous height and was docked in St. John's to have a wooden bow constructed. But on resuming her voyage she struck another, damaging her new bow so much that she sank. Her crew took to the boats, and after two days of extreme peril were rescued by a passing steamer.

Nothing more dangerous could be imagined than the presence of large bergs looming up through the fog. Liners now signal the location of bergs which lie in their way by means of wireless telegraphy. If they are near, then the commander will sacrifice a few hours by keeping south a point or two. In the summer of 1899, the *Alderney*, journeying through a berg-strewn region off Cape Race, had one thrown against her side, damaging her so badly that she had the greatest difficulty in reaching port. Not even the famous *Ermack*, the Russian ice-breaker, can cope with the ice fields of the North Atlantic; her work lies in the channels, where the ice forms a level field, and once under weigh, she can crash her way through ice many inches thick. But on the Newfoundland coast the floes are too great even for her.

Many other casualties have happened besides these mentioned, and as the "Mag." will be filled with better articles than this one, I must close my brief attempt to picture to you the dangers of icebergs to shipping trade, but in conclusion I should like to refer to the disaster which befell the ill-fated *Titanic*, on the morning of April 15th, 1912, while on her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York. It is too recent to need any comment, but it will serve as an appalling example of the very real danger of the North Atlantic

bergs. Nothing can withstand them ; they defy every ship afloat, and until some extraordinary invention is produced which will enable ships to detect the presence of ice in the vicinity, this peril must continue to be the most serious obstacle in the navigating of the North Atlantic.

H. MASTERS.

[It is said that Sir Hiram Maxim is at work on a process similar to the "Sixth sense" of a bat, whereby the near presence of unseen bergs may be detected. May he be successful. EDITOR.]

WITH OUR SCOUTS.

THE ANNUAL CAMP.

In company with the 5th Plymouth Troop, our Scouts camped out at St. Germans' Hut, for the fortnight commencing August 10th. The following notes are supplied by F. C. Marshall :—

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th.—On arriving at 2.30 p.m., found that the tents had been erected and the camp prepared by six boys who had arrived on the previous day. The remainder of the day was fully occupied in completing the arrangements of the camp.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11th.—A glorious day. In the morning a camp kitchen was made, and after afternoon service had been conducted by the Scoutmaster, Mr. Baker, we held a wood and water parade.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12th.—A trip to the neighbouring village of Portwrinkle to procure trestles and boards to make a table, occupied the whole of the morning. The afternoon was spent in cutting a path from the camp down the cliff to the beach, while the evening was agreeably passed away by a concert at which the phonograph of the 5th Plymouth Troop played a conspicuous part. This day was further noticeable in that we received a visit from Mr. Lamb.

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13th & 14th were blank days as far as outdoor operations were concerned, for it rained continuously. The time was, however, happily spent in games admirably managed by the officers.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th.—The day opened wet, but in the afternoon the weather having decidedly improved, we played a cricket match against our companions, who proved too strong for us.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16th.—In the morning, the whole troop marched to Downderry and had a fine time on the beach. We returned to camp for dinner, after which about six of us visited Downderry again, and had an enjoyable bathe in the sea.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17th.—The morning was spent in a march to Portwrinkle and thence to Crafhole. In the afternoon, being free from all duties about the camp, most of us paid another visit to Downderry.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th.—The original intention of marching to Downderry Church was prevented by bad weather. Service was held in camp as on the former Sunday. On this day, much to our surprise, we were visited by a scout from London.

MONDAY, AUGUST 19th.—Our numbers were now increased by the arrival of two new boys who came to spend the second week with us. Monday night was passed in expectation of an attack by the Boys' Brigade, which to our great disappointment did not come off.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20th.—Another blank day owing to bad weather.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st.—We marched to Looe and spent a pleasant day there. We encountered a Scoutmaster from Cardiff, who was on a walking tour through the British Isles. He returned to camp and spent the night with us.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22nd.—This day we spent in the harvest field. We had enjoyable sport helping the farmer who had lent us the field to catch the rabbits as they were driven out of the corn.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23rd.—The morning having been spent in clearing up the field preparatory to departing, in the afternoon we paid our last visit to Downderry. A concert in the evening ended our camp in a very enjoyable manner.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th.—Rising an hour earlier we packed our gear in readiness to put into the waggon, which arrived at 9 o'clock. At half past eleven we got under weigh and reached Torpoint at half-past three. Thence we marched to the School, where we finally dismissed.

ALLEN.

[Allen's Grammar, for years the sole text book considered necessary in teaching Latin to Junior Forms, has lately been superseded by a new book, *Limen*. The writer of these verses is evidently of a conservative nature and though we print them we fear that compliance with his advice will be viewed with disfavour by the Head. Ed.]

There is a book that ev'ry boy,
From last new comer to the prefects,
Time and again must read with joy (?)
Nor dare to criticize its defects.

No bulky quarto, richly dight,
Nor bound in calf nor costly vellum ;
Yet with its lore by day and night
The scholar stuffs his cerebellum.

A slender volume, bound in blue,
Containing scarce two hundred pages ;
The weapon of the scholar who
A war with Latin daily wages.

Of course you know the book I sing—
'Tis J. B. Allen's Latin Grammar,
By masters praised like anything—
The *vade, mecum* of the crammer.

Its rhymes by lads of hefty brain
With wondrous skill are swiftly chanted ;
By others (*they* will get the cane)
A mixture such as this is panted.

" To the Neuter we refer
Many Latin nouns in—*IS*.
Cadaver and all plants in—*er*
Are *Masculini Generis*.
Persuade, command, obey, to these
Add Females, Cities, Countries, Trees.
A, ab, absque, coram, de
Palam, clam, must reckoned be
In *Feminino Genere*.
Then come *pelagus* (the sea)
Ar,—ur,—us,—i,—n, and —t "

And many lads in former times,
 Who once were brainless, stodgy yokels
 By swotting hard at Allen's rhymes
 Have passed the Senior Cambridge Locals.

And more than one has earned his pile
 (No doubt you'll be surprised to know it)
 By imitating Allen's style—
 Becoming famous as a poet.

Yet 'Allen's day is nearly o'er ;
 No longer do we hear the babel
 Of thirty youngsters in Form IV.
 Intoning shrill *mensa*, a table.

No more from Allen may we learn
 The mysteries of *nautae* (seamen) ;
 For information we must turn
 And scan, forsooth, the upstart Limen.

But since he's always been our friend
 And credit's due to those who earn it,
 Let's stick to Allen to the end,
 And take our Limen home and burn it.

S. RETEP.

HINTS ON METALLURGY.

One of our " Student Teachers " vouches for the truth of the following conversation. It occurred in the course of a geography lesson in Standard 4 of an Elementary School :—

Teacher " What is the chief mineral product of Scotland ? "

Pupil " Scotch Whiskey ! "

Teacher " But what are mineral productions ? Can you tell the class what they are ? "

Pupil " Yes, sir. Please, Sir, Mineral Waters. "

(A. HUTCHINGS.)

A DREAM.

A year has passed now since our worthy Sports Master introduced into this "ancient" school of ours the time-honoured custom of "houses."

Those four gallant heroes of Devon—Drake, Grenville, Gilbert and Raleigh—have furnished us with names for them, and the green baize notice-board bears frequent witness to heroic duels to be fought on Wednesday afternoons at Great Ends.

One evening, while sitting in my chair before the fire, or rather "in the ingle-nook," I meditated upon this addition to our school sports, and from sports my thoughts wandered to the doughty heroes I have named. Three had climbed the sea in ships and had met their end in worthy fashion upon the element they loved; one had been a courtier and had met his death at the hands of his countrymen. Gay thoughts chased sad thoughts through my head, until at last my eyelids began to droop, and curious figures thrust their heads through the glowing bars of the grate. Dimmer and dimmer grew my sight, and at last everything became black, and

Where could I be? Surely, it looked like our classroom, but . . . Yes, there were the old desks, there was the same old glass-cupboard. An eerie feeling began to creep over me, for what on earth could I be doing in the lonely class-room at such an hour. It must have been the impot I had to do for that upstart Prefect, and here was the lamp-lighter already on his round.

I made haste to go from the room, and was proceeding along the dusky corridor when my foot kicked against something, and over I fell. A horrible din I caused, and my heart went off at sixty miles an hour. I managed to pick myself up and found that the monstrous obstacle consisted of Carey's brush and pan. What a fright, and all through a silly broom!

I was just passing the Head's office, when I became aware of an awful tobacco odour. I had smelt cheap cigars before, but this, this was too bad. Almost immediately I stood still with terror. One shock in an evening is sufficient, and number two exceeds the limit. I became aware of a terrible void à l'intérieur, and my hair stood on end. *Qua de causa?* (A swank phrase cribbed from "Limen") I had caught sight of a small group of ghostly figures standing around our notice-board and speaking in low tones.

At last, while I stood hesitating whether I should dare the wrath of the Head by slipping out of the front door, one of these

ghostly visitants espied me, and hailed me in rather a pleased tone, as I thought. "Hi, whither away! Port your helm and come hither. Unravel me the meaning of this riddle. For what reason do men dare thus to publish our names on this flimsy parchment?"

A light then penetrated my confused brain—if I have one, which I very much doubt after seeing my marks in the last test. These four were the spirits of the old heroes of our houses—here in very truth, in hose, doublet and all that sort of thing.

I approached, past the stair-head, up to the group, and had no difficulty whatever in singling out Drake—he was the very same Drake that lords it on the Hoe, only he had left his globe at home. I then caught sight of the smoker. You all remember Raleigh's fate—poor fellow!—and there he was, condemned to carry his head carefully in his arm. He could still smoke his pipe—worse luck—and could speak, as I afterwards discovered. Grenville I could not distinguish from Gilbert, unless that were Gilbert who stood so near to Raleigh. These two, I remember, were some kind of relations—half and half, I think.

Drake, in his blustering style, commenced. "Ods Bodkins! What half-sized cabin-boy have we here? Can *he* propound to us this mystery?"

I had no time, however, to answer him on this particular point, for I was red-hot to blurt out to him the trouble which had agitated my brain. "Was Shakespeare Bacon, or Bacon Shakespeare?"

Drake seemed mightily confused; Shakespeare, he seemed to remember a little, but Bacon was absolutely unknown to him. Hereupon it pleased Master Raleigh—and his head did give me the jumps—in the fine courtly style with which he must have addressed Elizabeth, to remember that just before his sad end—another jump—there had been considerable talk of the plays of one Shakespeare, a putty-faced yokel, with old-fashioned clothes, of whom it was reported that he had to employ a scrivener to write his dramas.

Whereupon I eagerly asked if the coat appeared thus and thus, tracing the design on the dusty notice-board. He, after applying the pipe to his mouth as a nurse would feed the child in her arms, replied that he had particularly noticed it and had commented on it at the time.

Here at last was a triumphant answer to the knights who were great on hang-hog, etc. The output of many publishing firms would now be seriously diminished, but what cared I?

Time was valuable, so without attending to Drake's question, in language borrowed from Shakespeare and Scott, I proceeded to bombard them with questions to which I had never expected a solution. I asked Drake whether the Plymouth Corporation had

been dilatory in their payments to him, and whether he really had played bowls upon the Hoe. His answer to the first question I will not give for fear of angry Plymouth Councillors, but on the second point there could be no mistaking the hearty tone in which he told of that game, and how he had beaten them all.

I even asked Raleigh in what manner he was wont to pronounce his name, saying that for my part I favoured "Rally" against the new-fangled pronunciation "Rawley," of learned Cambridge professors. His eyes sparkled with lively dissatisfaction at my mention of the latter name. Beyond this he gave no indication. I then thought of my impudence in thus cross-questioning men who had placed the very foundations of our Empire, and was about to make amends, by asking for Gilbert's tale of his voyage after leaving the *Hind*, and for Grenville's account of his last fight in the *Revenge*, when suddenly the whole school seemed to rock from side to side, and the figures to disappear before my eyes. These movements were followed by a crash, and—I awoke with a dull pain in my head, hearing some rather indistinct words in my father's bass voice. "Well, sleepy-head, next time you slip from your chair, don't fall on my corns, or you will be rather sorry for it." Fine language to one who had talked with bold Drake, and lordly Raleigh.

HAMLET.

[The Caretaker is anxious to say that he does not leave his brushes about the corridors, and that such a thing as dust is not known in the school after 6 o'clock in the evening. I most profoundly apologize, and endeavour to clear his character by the answer that I *dream't* it.]

NUGAE.

Schoolmaster: What is radium?

Boy: A circle drawn four miles around Charing Cross.

Teacher, to class in elementary geometry, says—"What do you call a four-sided figure with all its sides equal, but with its angles not right angles?"

Chorus of answers: "A rumpus."

What problem is suggested by the sight of a policeman engaged in conversation with a housemaid?

Answer: The area swept out by a force.

What mathematical symbol does a hungry boy grasp most fully ?
A fourth of pie.

An epigram on Sir Robert Peel :—

“ The Tories vowed the Whigs were black as night,
And boasted they alone were blessed with light.
Peel's politics to both sides so incline,
He may be called the Equinoctial line.

Prestonpans, 1745 :—

“ Said the Berwickers unto Sir Jolin,
‘ O what's become of all your men ? ’
‘ In faith, says he, ‘ I dinna ken,
I *left* them a’ this morning.’ ”

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind ;
Methinks the poet would have changed his mind,
If, standing in a crowd, he chanced to find,
A fellow, ————feeling in his coat behind.

NESCIO QUIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

I have always read your excellent Mag. with the greatest pleasure (especially such portions thereof as I have had the honour to write myself), but speaking as an impartial critic, there is one feature on which I cannot honestly congratulate you. I refer to the reports of cricket and football matches. If brevity alone were the soul of wit, these pages would put “ Punch ” to shame. But as reports they seem to me far too scrappy. Your reporter is fond of such gems as this : “ 26th March—Kingsbridge G.S., at Greatlands. Rotten game ; rotten weather. School won 3—2,” Succint, accurate and suggestive enough but creating a desire for fuller information. Why not adopt the more up-to-date methods of your enterprising contemporary the “ Football Herald ” ? Make it a rule to mention each player at least once, and that by his nick-name. Let us have a page about each match. We shall then have no difficulty in filling the Mag.

May I suggest a model report of an imaginary match :—

“—th Dec. On this date our senior team met their old rivals, Kingsbridge G.S., the venue being Greatlands. Our lads were at

full strength, and confident of success. 'We are sure to win—if we don't lose or draw,' laughed the genial trainer. At the spinning of the nimble shekel, our luck was dead out and Treacle kicking off, in the first minute the diminutive skipper diddled the defence and swung across á rattling centre which the goalie sent behind for an abortive corner. From the base kick the visitors got well away and Gussie won a round of applause for a rousing tackle of their speedy winger. Subsequently obtaining possession from a huge belt by the burly Feather, the beefy Perce executed a dazzling solo run, and after a few deft touches whanged the sphere into the meshes."

In conclusion, Sir, if you think (as I do) that as a suggestion, this is rotten, you cannot deny that it is what you have desired so long and so ardently—a growl.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

O. T. STUPH.



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