

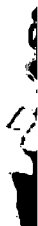


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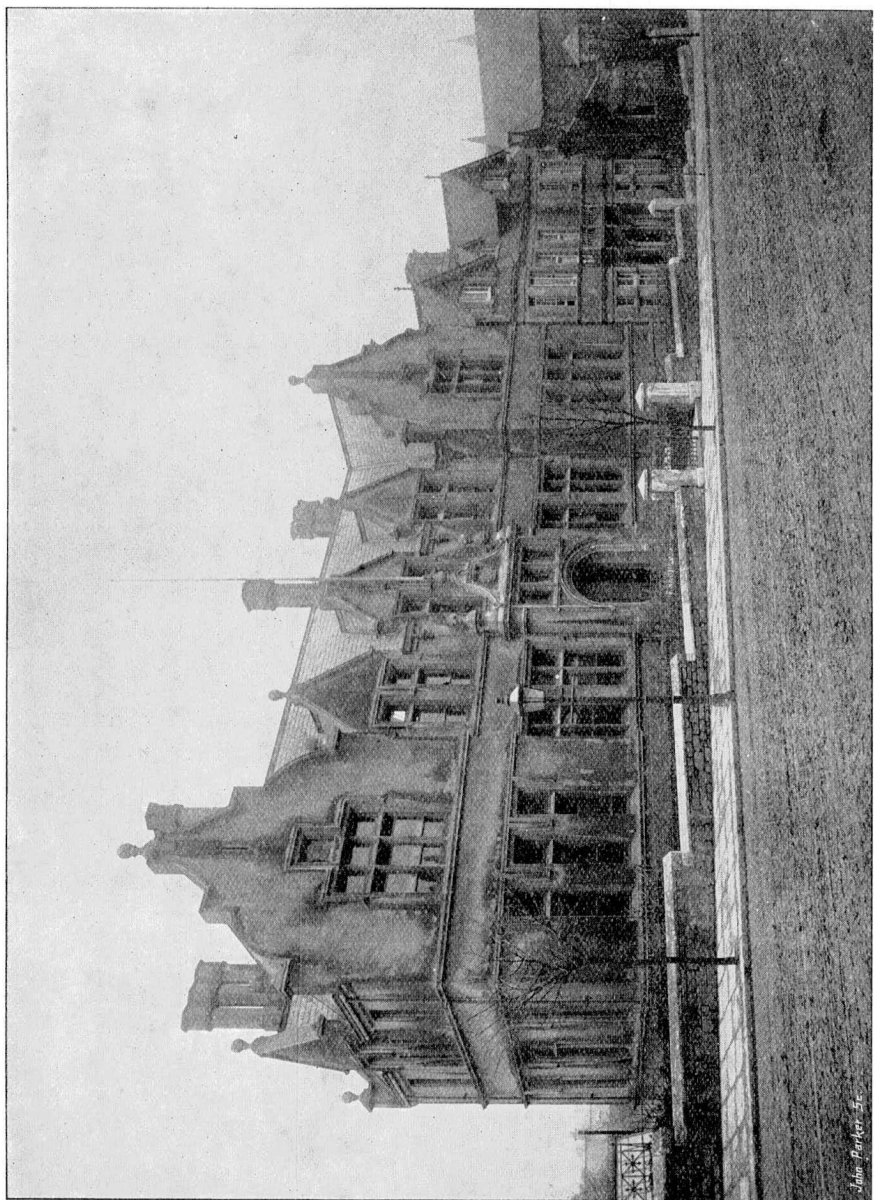
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THE

Devonport High School Magazine

APRIL, 1906.

EDITORIAL.

HERE am I within a week of going to press, wondering what good Samaritan will forward me copy for this number of the Magazine. At the time of writing there is not a single contribution to hand, and the W.P.B. is yawning hungrily for its accustomed toll of literary effort. The usual thing, I suppose, would be to go round and buttonhole whomsoever one could find. As a matter of fact I have just been round, with a result not at all problematical. Not one of the twenty-two I met holds out any hopes of covering even half-a-sheet of foolscap. However, everything comes to him who waits, and who knows what may not happen within the next six days?

Last year I appealed, for books for our library, and a few well-wishers gave us some help. Mr. Moreton and the Rev. H. Knights have not forgotten us this term, but our list of good books is still very, very small.

Boys *will* read something or the other, and surely it is to the parents' gain that their boys are provided with the right kind of literature. With the prefects' help I have secured and burnt a large quantity of rubbish of the penny dreadful type, which stuff, I am convinced, no boy would read had he easy access to books of a better kind.

We have to congratulate ourselves upon the acquisition of a new member of the teaching staff in the person of M. Jacquet, a gentleman who is not unknown in the district, and one who has already done good work in the school. I need give him no further welcome in these pages, he has won one for himself.

This term is the shortest of the three, and yet it is probably the most trying. For us, of course, it is the end of the school year, and to many it means the first goal scored in the game of life. Here's success to the Upper Fifth.

We were all grieved, though hardly surprised, to hear of the death of Kelly, who had for some time been head of the school. There is not one of us who knew him but thinks with pleasure of the intercourse he had with him. We shall miss him in many paths of school life.

I have heard once or twice from the Rev. J. H. Beecroft, who is working hard down in Cornwall. You will be pleased to know that he is very happy in his work, and that, despite his many new duties, his thoughts often fly back to us.

I am, as usual, going to flit about during the holidays, and I hope to spend a good time in one way and another. You also are doubtless looking forward to having a very pleasant holiday, and I heartily hope you will do so. That Frey may smile upon you and Iduna give you her choicest gifts is the sincere wish of your friend,

THE EDITOR.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

One of the most noteworthy and at the same time gratifying features of the educational curriculum of to-day is the increased interest which is being evinced in the gymnasium and its kindred institutions ; and such a hold is physical culture taking on the masses, that it is quite safe to say that any average boy could give a very fair answer to the question, What *is* physical culture ? Still there are yet many whose ideas, clear enough on other educational matters, are rather hazy on this particular subject.

Nowadays it is quite needless to point out the absolute necessity for the free indulgence in all forms of physical recreation by the growing youth of the country. Unfortunately many boys are unfitted by nature to bear the strain of a football match or of any other vigorous exercise; consequently they cut a poor figure when brought into competition with their more fortunate fellows. To these boys in particular I commend Physical Culture, a steady and systematic course of which has built up not only the physique, but also the constitution of many a small and sickly specimen of boyhood or manhood. In many cases it has enabled them eventually to more than hold their own in athletic pursuits with those who have depended solely upon what nature has given them.

I do not pretend that the pursuit of Physical Culture will lift a boy from the second to the first team in a month, or that it will win him the 'half-mile' in the forthcoming sports. To obtain proficiency in any sport whatever, continued practice in that particular sport is indispensable, but a systematic cult of the physique will strengthen those sets of muscles which are weak, and bring them up to the pitch of the stronger ones. Thus doing, they increase the strength of the whole body, and, what is of the greatest importance, they correspondingly increase the power of the heart and lungs.

We have had, and indeed still have, some promising athletes at D.H.S., but the best of them, I think, will remember times in athletic contests when they have wished that they were "just a bit stronger." I can well imagine some boy saying, "I know I am weak here and there, but how can I tell what particular exercise will remedy the defect?" To him I say, "The writer of this article is in the gymnasium, go and ask him."

E. J. BLUNT.

OUR SPORTS—A RETROSPECT.

Having been asked by the Doctor to write a short record of our school sports, I, in a moment of weakness, consented; but only now, as I attempt to write, is the enormity of the task brought home to me. To give an interesting account of the games of the past few years is, in itself, difficult, but added to this I must carefully abstain from casting reflections upon former "elevens," in order that the susceptible feelings of Old Boys shall not be injured; neither must I, by gloomy forebodings, discourage the younger element, whose enthusiasm is, at present, so boundless.

There are very few fellows, at present in the school, whose memory can carry them back to the earliest days of our sports—when our playing field was Keyham Barton, and when affairs were in the guiding hands of such fellows as Reed, Matthews, and the Brothers Woolley. At that time our games, though not conducted with the present day interest and energy, were well worth watching, and our premier team were in the habit of playing senior clubs in the district. Those days have passed away; Keyham Barton has fallen into the ruthless hands of the builder, and schoolfellows have departed—some to the uttermost parts of the earth—yet the spirit which they did so much to foster still remains, and is having a more beneficial influence upon our school life now than it did even in the old days.

For a brief space after leaving the Keyham field, we were obliged to find a temporary recreation ground at Penlee (Stoke); this field, although level, was small, and was found incapable of providing accommodation for the ever-thickening ranks of aspiring sportsmen. Then it was we finally settled at Greatlands, and from that time some, even now in our midst, may be able to trace the ups and downs, the triumphs and the trials, of our footer and cricket "elevens."

It was at Greatlands that our Annual Sports, which we have all come to look forward to, were first held. That meeting could not have been by any stretch of the imagination dubbed a success, but since that time, and under the guiding hand of Mr. Torbitt, our sports were placed upon their proper footing and rendered a source of great enjoyment and keen rivalry. The first fellow to win the Championship was Swiss, followed in ensuing years by Cook and Hutchins. In 1904 we were enabled, by the generosity of a few sympathisers, to compete for a Championship Cup—previously a medal only had been the reward—and through the agency of that ardent sportsman, Mr. Barnett, the sports were raised to the high standard at which we now find them. It is the duty of every younger member of the community to make it his special duty, in years to come, to maintain or even to increase the importance of this annual event.

Our footer and cricket at Greatlands have been the means of bringing the school into greater prominence in the county, and I may safely say that no event of the past two years has served in any way to mar the reputation that has been gained. We have in Dr. Parker an experienced sportsman who is willing to do anything to further the aims of the school, and it is our earnest hope that his connection with us will be long.

It is with deep regret that I chronicle the death of one of our most prominent schoolfellows— J. H. Kelly. An abler cricket captain or a more congenial school chum it has never been my lot to meet, and all of us must be the losers by his sad death.

In the future it must be our greatest aim, as it has been in the past, to uphold the school sports ; to raise their standard and to enhance their reputation ; but in doing so we must not lose sight of the fact that athletics should be regarded as a means, not as an end.

L. J. SOADY.

BY THE SEA AT NIGHT.

Rollers breaking on the shore

Calling,—

“Come away and take thy rest

“Lull'd to sleep on Ocean's breast,

On wearied ear for evermore

Falling.

Moon-kiss'd waters slumb'ring deep—

Sighing,

Comfort bring to wearied heart,

Stay the sting of noon-day dart ;

All troubled thought in quiet sleep

Dying.

Moon-led waters softly glide—

Home-ing,

Drawing softly to the West,

To the Islands of the Blest,

The Ships of Life on ebbing tide

Roaming.

Moon-light all the harbour's peace—

Steeping !

Ships wind-swept and water-worn,

Hearts in mortal struggle torn,

In that calm Port where troubles cease—

Sleeping.

F.W.M.

BOYS.

Only those who have been associated with a large school can fully realise to what a great extent boys differ in character. It is not while they are our boyhood's companions that we notice their peculiarities, but afterwards, when they have left school and are recalled to our memory by the chance mention of their names ; then it is that we really understand the impressions they have made upon us. As one who has been long at school, I know the chief types of boys well enough to attempt a description of them.

First, we have the "swotter," who seems to live for nothing but his books. He has few interests in common with his fellows, and, in consequence, is little known or appreciated by them. He may be, and indeed generally is, possessed of many good qualities, but being of a retiring disposition he gives no one an opportunity of discovering and making the most of his merits. As a contrast to him, we have the fellow who cares little for work. He does what is absolutely necessary, but lacks that love of study which goes far to making it successful. Generally he is very keen on sport, and gives all his energies to the pursuit of his favourite pastime. Then again, there is the "good all round" fellow. Whatever he undertakes seems to be a success. His achievements, both in class and on the playing-field, are equally good, and, if he never becomes really brilliant, his accomplishments have the merit of being uniformly satisfactory. There is another type which must not be overlooked—the "duffer." Of little use either at sports or at study, he is nevertheless very popular with his fellows. They chaff him good-naturedly about his short-comings, but really they recognise in him a fellow of sterling character, and value his friendship accordingly.

There are boys who always have some pet occupation, which seems to engross the whole of their attention. It may be stamp collecting, photography, natural history, botany, or in fact anything for a hobby ; a boy's hobby, especially, leaves the greatest scope for originality. It is always interesting to watch the development of some boys' fads. The feverish anxiety with which they watch the evolution of a silkworm moth is only equalled by their desire to see what their friends will look like when photographed. Tiring of the camera, they may besiege their travelling acquaintances with requests to send them stamps from every

country visited. This craze may last for some time, but eventually the stamp album and its contents are consigned to oblivion, and some new hobby takes their place. They are for ever changing, dipping into all things, but being successful in none.

These enthusiasts are usually of an energetic nature, and are never happy unless they can be doing something. In striking contrast to them is the fellow who has not the inclination for, or is too lazy to expend his energies in, the pursuit of a pastime. He prefers to lazily watch his companions as they indulge in whatever games may be in season. Now and again he may offer a few criticisms, and undoubtedly feels hurt if these are not received with the deference he thinks is due to him.

So on and on we might go without exhausting the list. There is the boy who cannot do wrong and the boy who can never do right, the studious boy and the athletic boy, the boy who is both studious and athletic, the clever boy and the dull boy. All these are but a few examples from the many which combine to form that well-known character—the English schoolboy.

“X.”

2nd XI.

The 2nd XI. have this year had a more successful season than has been the case for some time past. This is undoubtedly due to two reasons—their increased strength and their loyal co-operation under the hard-working captain, G. Sharp.

That they are stronger this year is shown by the increased competition for places in the 1st, who are considered by competent judges to be stronger this season than at any time since the Woolleys and their contemporaries left.

The 2nd owe much to the efforts of Dr. Parker. It is largely due to him that such a number of boys turn out at field, and it can safely be said that never before, in the history of the school, has such an interest been shown in the junior sport.

The following list will give some idea of the strength of our 2nd team :

Opponents.	Result.	Goals for.	Goals agst.
Saltram ...	Won ...	10 ...	0
St. Andrews ...	Lost ...	2 ...	5
Hoe Preparatory ...	Won ...	11 ...	0
St. Simons ...	Lost ...	2 ...	3
Lipson School ...	Won ...	3 ...	1
St. Boniface ...	Lost ...	0 ...	1
Fleetwood ...	Won ...	12 ...	0
Wadham 2nd XI.	Won ...	2 ...	0
Technical School ...	Won ...	3 ...	0
St. Michael's ...	Draw ...	2 ...	2
St. Boniface ...	Won ...	10 ...	3
Technical School ...	Won ...	5 ...	2
Lipson School ...	Won ...	6 ...	2
St. Michael's ...	Won ...	1 ...	0
Fleetwood ...	Won ...	8 ...	0
Harley ...	Won ...	10 ...	1
Technical School ...	Won ...	4 ...	3
St. Simons ...	Lost ...	2 ...	8
*St. Andrews ...	Lost ...	0 ...	6
Harley ...	Draw ...	3 ...	3
Technical School ...	Won ...	11 ...	0
Froebel House ...	Won ...	8 ...	1
St. Andrews ...	Won ...	3 ...	1

Played 23, Won 16, Lost 5, Drawn 2. Goals for 119 ; Goals agst. 42.

* Five of the usual team unable to play.

THE SPEED TRIALS OF A CRUISER.

Quite recently I received an invitation to go aboard H.M. 1st-class cruiser *Essex*, about to start on her paying-off trials. Picture me then, the usual bright looking school boy, aboard the *Essex* on a decidedly dirty morning, watching the government tugs *Escort* and *Etna* towing us into the Sound. Coming from under the lee of Drake's Island, we felt the full force of the wind—it *was* cold. Here we passed a full rigged German ship, with three jury masts and a foremast gone close to the deck ; and near at hand were the trucks of a small coaster sunk in a gale. The White Star Liner, *Ionic*, also hailed us as we dropped our tugs and, with ever increasing speed, left the land far behind us, the whole ship vibrating terribly.

The quarterdeck was paved with cinders, which gritted beneath our feet—unfortunately for the marine sentry. We were doing twenty-four knots. This part of the ship being too warm, I walked towards the bows, littered with huge chain cables, and slippery with spray and the rain. The wind was a positive gale and I was nearly blown overboard, but by clawing my way along the rails, I reached the bridge, and so back to the quarterdeck and the cinders. Here I found the assistant engineer awaiting me, cotton waste in his hand, dirty overalls upon his person. He handed me clean overalls, and invited me below.

Soon I found myself upon the cylinders, the H.P. of which they were taking by means of Metcalfe's Indicators; the temperature was about 117° F. From this flat I descended into the engine room proper, where the cranks were whirling so fast that I could see only a continuous glitter of brass and steel.

Our speed being so great you may well imagine that the engines had to be cooled, and for this purpose men were posted, one by each crank, to spray oil and water on the bearings, and so fast was the dirty mixture whirled out of the crank pits, that it was necessary to use canvas by way of protection. I moved one piece of canvas aside in order to note the result, but such was the shower that greeted me that I was glad to replace it promptly.

From the engine room I passed, or more accurately, was thrown by the draught into the stoke-hold. Here men shovelled coal, and rushed with the buckets to a furnace from the bunkers on either side. Strangely enough the four stoke-holds were much cooler than the engine room—a state of things due to the number and size of the electric fans; in fact a kind of coal dust sirocco was raging. Not counting chief stokers, there were four men for each of the two bunkers, and one for each furnace.

Only one furnace in each row was stoked at a time owing to the draught, also to a sense of economy. In one of the holds the port bunker had jammed, and two stokers were hacking and slicing at the unseen coal above—it came down with a crash. Wearying of the noise, the dirt and the general "fug," I went through the engine room and up on deck. We were off Penlee in a fog.

Hooting dismally, we reached the Sound, and were towed to our moorings at No. 6 Middle Buoy, just above the Flagstaff steps, after a cruise of 60 miles at 24 knots.

J. PYM.

CAUSERIE OF THE COMMON-ROOM.

The Scribe and Mein Herr discovered ; the former in a frenzied tangle of ^{du}/dx ; the latter sitting amid battlements of German exercise books. Enter the Captain.

Scribe : "Hullo, old chap ! pleased to see you, what's the news?"

Capt. : "Ain't any, unless it is seeing Mein Herr working."

Mein Herr : "Vorkin'! Eet is so hard that I vork. Sehen Sie diese books ! Ach ! No more for me to-night."

Capt. : "Right you are. Chuck those silly formulae, Scribe, and let's yarn. What about the Mag.?"

Scribe : "Quite so, Cap'n, where's your article?"

Capt. : "Oh, I'm full of ideas, got 'em up both sleeves and in my boots, but they are like the horse which the farmer sold at Winchester."

Mein Herr : "Gut, vat vas he?"

Capt. : "Well, there was a farmer who wanted to sell a horse. 'Look at 'n,' said he, 'beautiful harse as ever you seed ; got a heye like a heagle, an' a coat like zilk, an' a tail like a plume of feathers.' At last another old farmer after a lot of haggling bought the steed, and this conversation followed :—'Now I've a bought 'n, ain't I?' 'Ees sure.' 'An' you've a got the money?' 'Ees sure.' 'Wall noo, tell us what's the matter wi' 'n.' 'Matter ! beaint no matter wi' 'n ; beautiful harse, heye like a heagle, coat like zilk, an' a tail like a plume of feathers ; sure 'nuf, ees a beautiful harse as ever you seed, but 'e waint draw.'"

Bishop (entering) : "What won't draw, Cap'n?"

Capt. : "Your weighty sermons. Who sent the Scribe to sleep last Sunday morning ? Oh, ho ! Never mind, don't apologize, take a pew and give us an effusion for the Mag."

Bishop : "Can't, don't know anything. Couldn't you paraphrase the Orvietan of Heautontimorumenos or something of that sort?"

Scribe : "Carry on, give us of your quidity, quoth Henning."

Bishop (in his best Sunday-go-to-meeting voice) :

"Gulielmum piscem quæro
Gaudeamus semper,
Though you seem inclined to sneer, Oh
Try and keep your temper."

(*Mein Herr* goes off in a dead faint, but is revived by the
Captain putting the handle of the poker down his neck.)

Mein Herr : "No more, I pray you, I have not zee strength, It ees the
same as the Curé and the Count ; the Curé was von too
many for heem."

Scribe : "Out with it, old chap, spin us the yarn."

Mein Herr : "You wait von minute till I do fill my pipe. Voilà, mes amis.
A Curé was riding on a donkey à la campagne, and
there met a Count on horseback. 'Bonjour, Mons le
Curé,' said the Count, 'how goes the ass?' 'On horse-
back, Mons le Comte,' said the Curé."

Capt. : "Good old Curé ! put him in the Mag., Scribe. Come on
Bishop, see you home. Gute Nacht, Mein Herr ; Au
reservoir, Scribe."

Scribe and Mein Herr (ensemble) : "Tanks."

"CHEOPS."

SEA SONG.

Ahoi ! for the smell of the salt, salt sea,
And the stinging lash of the spray,
And the white-maned horses play,
(Ahoi ! Ahoi !)

As the wave incurls on the sea-washed lee.

Ahoi ! for the strain on the sheets and stays,
And the creaking song of the mast
As the mist-cloaked Nor-East blast
(Ahoi ! Ahoi !)

With the close-reef'd canvas in anger plays.

Ahoi ! for the tug on the straining helm
 As the bow leaps down in disdain
 On the wild sea-horse's mane
 (Ahoi ! Ahoi !)
 As we rush, close-hauled, o'er the sea-king's realm.

L'ENVOI.

Ahoi ! we are free while we dare to fight,
 As our Viking forbears fought of yore.
 Ahoi ! we are free while we dare the might
 Of the raging sea-wave's deafening roar.
 Ahoi ! we are free while we follow the call
 Of the Viking-blood to ride the sea.
 Ahoi ! for the sea ! none dare seek to enthrall
 The men who reap
 The furrowed deep,
 And garner thence their liberty.

F.W.M.

OUR LIFE AT OSBORNE.

If you could visit the College a few minutes before half-past six in the morning through the covered way and into the dormitories you would see thirty beds lining each side wall of the bungalows and a sleeping form in each bed. Everything is quiet. At 6.30 the sentry strikes five bells and the reveillé is sounded by two buglers, one at each end of the covered way. A change comes o'er the spirit of the scene. Just look into Duncan dormitory : no lack of life now. Only one bed has an occupant, and he is speedily ejected by the P.O. A gong strikes for five minutes' private prayer, and again silence reigns. Another gong and each boy washes at the small iron stand by his bed ; a third gong and the whole dormitory of 60 boys troops to the end of the bungalow and jumps into a plunge bath 12ft. square and about 5ft. deep.

A hasty rub down, a rush for books, a scuttle to the mess room. Some greasy cocoa and a ship's biscuit are soon disposed of. At 7 a.m. the bugle goes for study, and all boys rush off to reappear in the mess room for breakfast at 8 o'clock. Until 9 each follows his own inclination ; at this hour inspection of the boys by the officer of their term is held, and prayers are read by the chaplain. Work again holds high sway until one o'clock.

Suppose your visit paid on a Saturday. Immediately study is over the throng of boys joins that from the Engineering works at Kingston, and the two parties fall in for their pay of one shilling a week. As the long line of boys files past the paymaster, you will notice that some have had their pay stopped for breakages in the mess room or elsewhere. Soon the "Advance" is sounded for dinner, and after grace the meal is attacked in good earnest.

On this half-holiday, as on others, those whose names are down for soccer, rugger or hockey, play in one or other of the really good inter-dormitory matches. Others roam about the Isle of Wight, to return when the tricolour "Recall" is hoisted. One changes into blues, and the flag is hauled down at tea-time. There is no preparation on Saturday evenings, and one amuses oneself as best one may in the gymnasium, or by writing letters, reading in the reading-room, or leading on dormitory fights till nine o'clock, when the "Advance" is again sounded and all assemble in the mess room for prayers. After prayers, of course, one has to turn in and the "Lights out" sounds; then comes the Commander's round and the "Last Post," and then—oblivion.

J. DANIEL.

D.H.S. v. M.L.H.C.

Ye High School and M.L.H.C.

On friendly strife intent,

Last Wednesday week did meet at three

To play the game they meant.

The D.H.S. first took the field,

A team of great renown;

Their fame wide-spread they will not yield

To any in the town.

On stroke of time M.L. came forth,

No feeble folk were they;

"Heads," cried they to the toss of coin,

Heads up the penny lay.

"A down the slope we'll play," they cry,

And down the slope they dart,

A sturdy game they play cum v

Et armis from the start.

One two, one two, and through and through
 The "vorpall" ball doth fly,
 "First goal to us," with great delight,
 M.L.H.C. do cry.

Vae mihi, that to me should fall
 This mournful fact to say,
 The only goal *this* was they scored,
 Throughout the match that day.

One, two, three, four, D.H.S. score,
Who scored I do not know ;
 But Geoff. if asked politely, will
 Inform you that was so.

Ye Skipper, Doctor, Bishops twain
 M.L.'s defences brake ;
 And after, when the tea was poured,
 They handed round the cake.

Now was it not a noble game
 At Greatland's ground was played ;
 And much we hope that the return,
 Will not be long delayed.

All glory then to Hockey men
 Who play this noble game ;
 Despite the correspondence page,
 They'll flourish just the same.

ROTATOR

HOCKEY.

Hockey has at last become recognised as a power in the world of sport. This term we have had many enjoyable matches, by far the greater number of which we have won, our score in one of them being 25 goals to nil, and this against a heavier team than ours. We have again to thank several gentlemen of the neighbourhood for the interest they take in the team, and the help they give us in the practices. At middle-term, Mr. Moreton gave a tea to the team, an act of kind feeling which was much appreciated. Perhaps our most enjoyable match was

that on our ground against the Mannamead Ladies' Hockey Club. Our visitors played a fast and smart game, which they kept up to the finish ; there is certainly no lack of pluck in their team. It will be with a sense of regret, I think, that many of us will lay aside the hockey-stick for the cricket-bat. Next season I have no doubt that we shall have a team able to hold its own against all comers.

G.N.R.



"BULL, JUNIOR," IN PARIS.

I do not care much for Paris ; that is perhaps excusable in a boy, for Paris appeals more, I should think, to the man of the world than to a youngster of my years. Early one summer morning I set out from Charing Cross with nothing more formidable in the way of luggage than a hand-bag. At Newhaven we embarked on the SS. "Arundel" for Dieppe. The approach to Dieppe from the sea is very picturesque and quite novel to a stay-at-home English boy. My bag being chalked by the officials, I made a bolt for the train which was waiting alongside the quay and secured a seat about an hour before the train was timed to start. I spent the interval in

buying fruit and pictorial post-cards, and in talking execrable French to the gamins who were lined up along the train, vociferously trying to sell their wares. The train-lines being laid in the open street, we steamed through Dieppe at a pace which enabled us to get a good view of the place. Once arrived in Paris, I made straight for a restaurant, in which there must have been about a thousand diners. Many people were dining at tables placed in the open streets, and during the following month it was some time before I became accustomed to sit and talk with my friends as we drank our coffee, seated at one of the small tables on the inner side of the pavement. My travelling garb of knickers and Norfolk jacket was evidently out of place in the assembly, and my passage up the room in search of a vacant table was accompanied by many comments and gestures of disapproval.

The inner man satisfied, I took the pneumatic tram, the motive power of which is "air comprimé," to Passy, the best part of Paris. Here I obtained very good rooms, and was subsequently delighted with the excellent cuisine.

Early each morning I strolled in the Bois de Boulogne, after a fortifying cup of chocolate, made by the inimitable Joseph, best of all garçons. Half Paris seems to be fishing in the lake here, or along the banks of the Seine. As in duty bound I did the usual round of sight-seeing, the Louvre, Notre Dame, Le Tombeau de Napoléon, the Eiffel Tower, and the Morgue with its dread inhabitants.

Le Tombeau de Napoléon is a magnificent spectacle, the colour effect is perfect, and though sightseeing is a wearisome business, I found no lack of interest here. The Gallery of Battles, near at hand, is almost equally interesting. A flying visit to Versailles I also very much enjoyed.

"Paris is the drawing-room of the world and London is its workshop," as some literary gentleman writes, and really Paris is both remarkably clean and beautifully laid out. It is a city altogether charming, but too un-English for me. I admit its beauty, its climate, its many delights; but— I could get no football nor indeed any other vigorous exercise; and I was reduced to playing tennis with the ladies. I pined for cricket, the boating and the swimming of an English boy's holiday, and even the Bois de Boulogne lost its charm for me. Still I have a sufficiently pleasant recollection of my Parisian experiences to warrant a second visit, and it is not altogether Joseph's chocolate that is the attraction.

J. BŒUF.

SOME LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Surely it is but an idle rumour that Hockey is going to supplant Soccer as the school game during the Easter term. Should it be true, however, not nearly so many fellows will turn up at Greatlands on Wednesdays and Saturdays as at present. Now we have five games of footer going. Would we have five matches going if hockey were to oust footer? I am sure not. If we want a change, why not try Rugger? We could easily raise a team capable of beating any school about here, and one of our most popular masters is an authority on the game. With a little coaching from him we should get on splendidly.

Yours very faithfully,

NEW ZEALANDER.

[Rugby football is beyond resurrection. Hockey is not likely to supplant footer.—Ed.]

SIR,

May I be allowed to suggest a little alteration which I think would be agreeable to all whom it may concern; I refer to the question of having distinctive school caps for the senior boys of the School. I think it is only right that a difference should be made between these and the juniors. At most schools this is the case, and they also have "A Prefect's Cap." At present the 6th Form boy is supposed to wear the same cap as a 1st Form infant, and there is not the slightest distinction made between them.

Hoping this will receive due consideration,

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

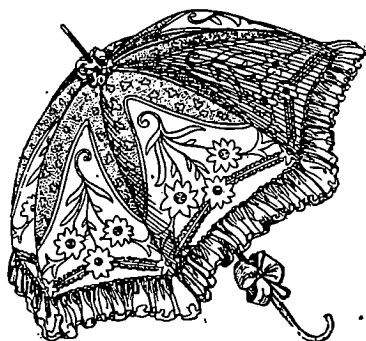
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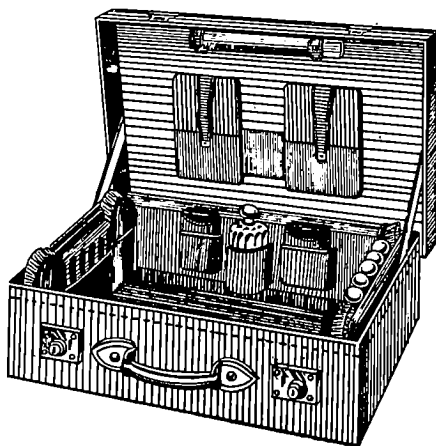
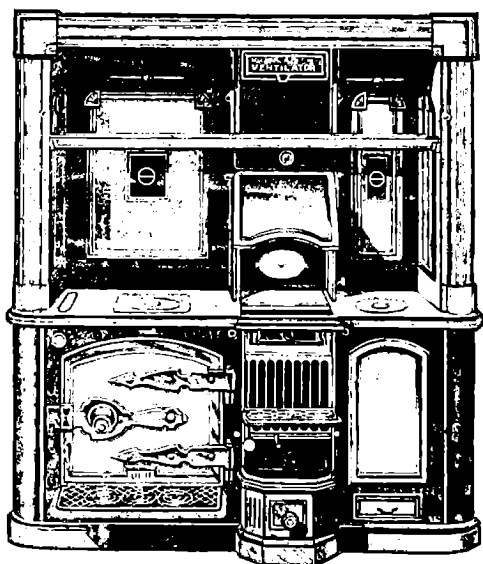
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