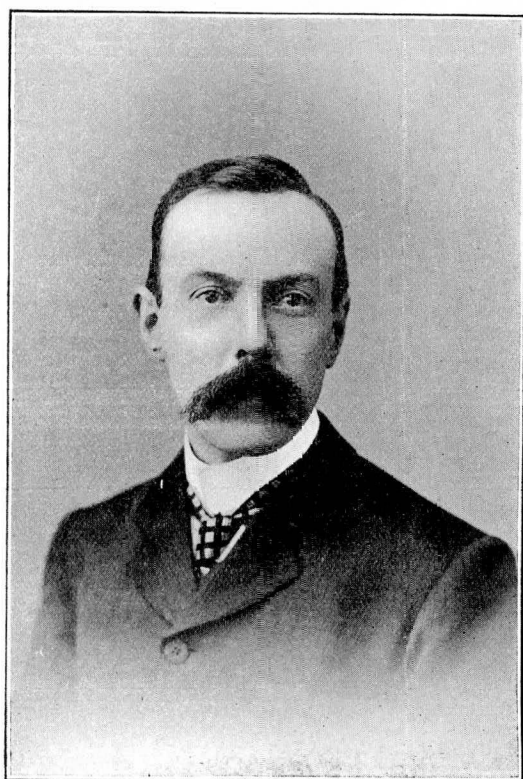




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THE

# Devonport High School Magazine

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DECEMBER, 1905.

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## EDITORIAL.

**A**S I sit comfortably in my study on one side of a roaring fire with our wounded hero, who has by the way constituted himself my body-servant, on the other side, both of us talking of our homes and the holidays, I again realise, in anticipation at least, what a fund of wholesome enjoyment can be obtained at home at Christmas time and only at home and at Christmas time.

Anyhow that is what the youngster says and I am inclined to believe him : for though I am fast becoming an old crock, I have yet sufficient high animal spirits in me to insist upon having a due part in the observance of all the old rites and customs indissolubly associated with the season. For friend Malvolio, who is perhaps averse to these kickshawses I would willingly introduce to him a Penthesilea to deal with him after his degree.

We have hardly become accustomed to the news of the Rev. J. H. Beecroft's marriage when we find his example about to be followed by a lady member of our staff. Miss Mantle has done excellent work at the school and our best wishes are always hers. We hope she will be very happy throughout her future life.

We were all grieved to hear of Kelly's illness and most of us have missed him at school. Let us hope that he will soon be his old self again. O'Neill and Mantle have gone to make things lively in Canada, but our captain is still with us and our team has been strengthened by the inclusion of several new boys. Our new prefects, Cumming and Tucker, have soon fallen into their duties, and praise is due to them for the way in which they carry out the many offices that devolve upon them.

As Editor of this Magazine I receive from Old Boys in all parts of the world letters which show how very much news of the school is welcomed by those who are far from the mother country. Hearty Christmas Greetings to our friends abroad, and, especially, do we send our best wishes to Mr. Tom Lester, now in Johannesburg, and to Mr. F. Freathy, now in the Seychelles.

We have had Mr. Miguel with us during the greater part of the term, and he has won a warm welcome for himself. He has contributed a very interesting article to this number, and, moreover, takes a great interest in the school games. Our French staff holds its own in the athletic pursuits practised here.

And now let me wish you all A Merry Christmas. From the sober bench of prefects in the Sixth to the young rascal who delights in clogging my desk ink-bottle with blotting paper; from the proud wearers of the 1st XI. colours to the promising forward in the 8th XI. who translates "il le suppliait de ceder" as "he supplied him with cider"; I wish you all the very happiest of holidays.

THE EDITOR.

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## THE CLUBS.

President	-	-	-	-	THE HEAD MASTER.
Vice-President and Treasurer	-	-	-	-	DR. O. D. PARKER.
Committee	-	-	-	-	THE MASTERS, F. PERRY, S. RAWLING, R. CUMMING, K. TUCKER, H. JAMES.

## 1ST XI.

Captain	-	-	-	-	L. J. SOADY.
Vice-Captain and Hon. Secretary	-	-	-	-	S. V. CLARKE.
Entitled to Colours	•	DR. PARKER,	L. J. SOADY,	S. V. CLARKE,	
		S. RAWLING,	K. TUCKER,	P. H. WILLS,	
		L. PURCHAS,	R. H. CUMMING,	H. W. JAMES.	
Entitled to Caps	-	F. PERRY,	H. PRYOR,	G. SHARPE.	

## 2ND XI.

Captain	-	-	-	-	G. SHARP.
Vice-Captain	-	-	-	-	J. H. HARDIMAN.
Hon. Secretary	-	-	-	-	F. BLACK.
Committee	B. CLARKE,	E. PURCHAS,	P. SYMONS,	C. A. STIVALA.	
Entitled to Colours	SHARP,	HARDIMAN,	EGAN.	THOMAS,	F. BLACK,
	CLARKE,	E. PURCHASE,	S. BLACK,	SYMONS,	ASCOTT.
Entitled to Caps	-	-	-	-	VIGGERS, SHADDOCK.

## HOCKEY.

Captain	-	-	-	-	G. RAWLINGS.
Vice-Captain	-	-	-	-	P. STEVENS.
Committee	-	-	F. FERRARO,	H. EGAN,	R. CURTIS.

## THE FOOTBALL REVIEW.

Although the Football Season is by no means over, enough games have been played to gauge the true strength of the First Eleven. It is comparatively sound in every department; the work of the individual players leaves little to be desired and everyone has done his best for the good of the School Footer; in fact it is many years since we had such an all-round good side. Last season we prided ourselves on our "clean go-a-head style," this year we have combined with it neatness and good combination, with the result that our games have been of far greater interest to spectator and player alike. Perhaps it would be as well to comment upon the work of the different divisions.

In the first place, the forwards have undoubtedly acquitted themselves well; they have shown an improved knowledge of the game in almost every match, and we have begun to look forward to our more important engagements with keener interest than in previous years. With a pair of wing men who are fast and centre well, the inside trio have played admirably and can be depended upon under most circumstances to render a good account of themselves. At times, however, they show a marked hesitancy in front of the goal; they are unable to seize an opportunity,

and consequently do not know exactly when to shoot and when to pass. With a little practice in shooting this hesitancy will disappear. However, on the whole they are a cleverer set than last season, which is about the highest praise that can be given them.

The halves have been consistently good, and on no occasion have they been a really beaten line. They tackle and pass well, and although we miss last year's pivot, we have found one that has a thorough knowledge of how the game is to be played—one that can keep his forwards going for ninety minutes.

The defence has, so far, been the strongest division; the goalkeeper is improving vastly and is losing much of his former indecision; practice, however, would soon make him of far greater value to his side than he is at present.

The best evidence of the play of our eleven, is perhaps the victories they have obtained. We have beaten, in a very pronounced manner, every school team that we have met, including Dunbeved College, whilst several well-known local combinations have suffered defeat at our hands.

For such an unprejudiced success, we must, to a great extent, thank Dr. Parker. All his energies have been engaged in a whole-hearted effort for the benefit of our sports. I am sure that the school will appreciate his interest in us, and accord him the heartiest of thanks.

L. J. SOADY.

[Soady, with his usual modesty, gives me the credit of things—a credit I cannot accept. We in the XI know what we owe to Soady and to Clarke also. It is well that our friends, too, should know that we hold in lively recollection the services rendered to the clubs by the school Captain. To him it is largely due that the holding of any post in connection with the sports is considered an honour, to be striven for, and no longer a trivial accident.—ED.]

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### Extract From "HAKLUYT HYS VOYAGES."

"Inne thys contrie of Englonde ther is a game yplaied which is called 'Hockie.' I knowe notte whatte thys worde portentethe though some doe saye itte is ye same as 'Hackie,' ye whiche comethe fro ye verbe 'toe hacke,' thatte is 'toe cutte uppe.' They doe plaie with grete tronks of trees and a littel balle ye whiche inne ther endeavoure toe smite oftimes causethe disquietnesse untoe ye shinnes o' ye plaiers. Nowe I woulde have you knowen o' ye mannere in ye whiche thys plaie taketh place. Im-



primis, ther bee two sides or partys ychosen. Ther be 11 toe eche and everich onne hath a grete clubbe of a tree ye whiche hee wieldethe for toe hitte ye balle. Ye balle is made of a harde nature and is about ye size of a closed fiste. Before ye game beginneth ye plaiers stande round inne a ringe wherein bee two opponents with ye balle between them. These doe atte ye firste abuse each ye othere calling outte 'Bullie'! Whanne thatte they have ended ther abusinge they doe smite eche ye othere hys clubbe three several times and then if itte maye bee ye balle. Alle ye otheres then trie toe hitte ye balle atte ye same time. And soe itte happeneth thatte some forgette to hitte ye balle and doe strike one of ye plaiers. Thenne hee thatte is bestricken calleth oute 'Stickes' and I have herde othere wordes ye whiche seemed toe mee of muche wrathe and are unseemly for mee to here relate. Atte ye two endes of ye felde are stucke two postes, and ye plaiers endeavoure toe hitte ye balle ther between. Whanne thatte a plaier hitteth ye balle between ye posts ye otheres of ye opposite partie doe shoutte outte 'Offe Side,' 'No Goule,' toe ye whiche hys side do acclaime 'Goule.' Thenne ther bee muche talkinge of all ye plaiers, some holdinge thys waie and others thatte. And thys bethinketh me of one othere thatte runneth alle over ye felde and ever hee bloweth on a small pipe. Hee is unarmed, nor dothe hee carrie a clubbe like toe ye otheres but is a manne of grete strengthe and one that hath noe feare, for thatte alle ye plaiers, (whenne as I have aforesaid they doe argue whethere itte bee goale or not) doe thretene hym with ther clubbes soe thatte hee maye judge ye mattere accordinge to ye righte. And whenne hee hath decided for ye one side, ye others doe mock hym calling outte 'Plaie ye game, Referee,' and hootinge hym everich one. In good soothe I wot notte if ther bee any manne so hardie inne all thys contrie as hym thatte taketh upon himself toe bee a referee.

'CHEOPS.'

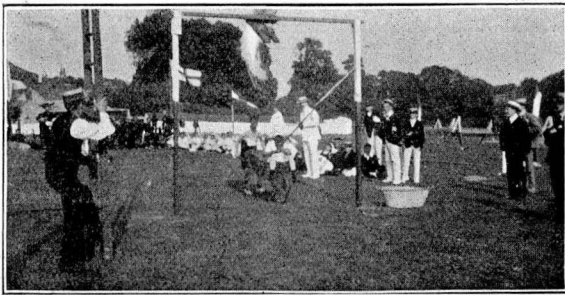
## OUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

We have undoubtedly had a very successful season--successful not only on account of the many victories we have won, but also because that *esprit de corps*, which was once conspicuous only by its absence, is now so very much in evidence. The number of fellows who now turn out on half-holidays to play footer or hockey strains the accommodation of Greatlands to its utmost, and it is a matter of surprise to the Old Boys, many of whom are constant attendants at the field, that we, in one afternoon, can turn out teams to play four footer matches, to say nothing of the hockey games generally going on. Now we have not only played four matches in one afternoon, but have won all four, and yet provided sufficient players for two complete hockey teams.

*Tempora mutantur.*—Is it now an uncommon thing to find five of our masters playing? Does not even the sober element of the upper sixth turn out to show its interest in the “muddled oafs at the goal”? Always supposing, of course, that it is not surreptitiously playing in a corner of the field.

Our hockey match against the Clergy was, perhaps, one of the most enjoyable we have played, and Capt. Rawlings is to be congratulated upon a good win—7 to 1. Rawlings started the season well, but we recommend his putting a little more energy into things next term. He may follow the example of Sharp who, as captain of the 2nd XI., has been doing excellent work.

At the end of last term we held our athletic sports, and everything apparently passed off satisfactorily. Our thanks are due to those who assisted us with their subscriptions, and to those who gave their services so willingly in getting the course into order. We should very much have missed the help of Mr. Morton, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Blunt, while Messrs. Dobier and Truss worked throughout like Trojans. The events themselves were well contested, and new school records were put up by Soady, O'Neill, Wade, Arscott, and Cumming. The two first named tied for the championship. Most of the competitors showed good form, James, Smith and Sharp being readily distinguished in the pack by their clean action and good stride.



**TILTING THE BUCKET.**

The obstacle race afforded great amusement to the spectators, and the finish was excellent. Tilting the bucket, though a rather lengthy performance, was interesting from start to finish. The gymnastic display by the boarders, under Mr. Blunt's instruction, was a capital piece of work, and it is to be regretted that so few day boys take advantage of the opportunity of learning gymnastics on Wednesday evenings.

Half-past five each summer morning saw the boarders and a sprinkling of day boys at Mount Wise, where not a few learnt to swim during the term. For the last day of term somebody suggested a water carnival, but Dr. Parker, Ridg , Bennett and Hardiman were the only amateur fishes to turn up. The first two swam across the Hamoaze by way of celebrating the occasion.

The cross-country walks of the 1st and 2nd XI's were well attended and much enjoyed. Harold Egan in some respects resembles Dr. Johnson, of dictionary fame, as mine hostess of the "Cri" will well testify. Rawling's method of obtaining enlightenment from rustic children is only to be equalled by his amazing facility in losing the rest of the XI.

This term, chess and draughts tournaments are being fought out in a more or less desultory fashion, and I hear some talk of a debating society. Who knows what other intellectual pursuits we may not soon indulge in? Fortunately, our library is increasing, and, when other things fail, what more enjoyable way of spending an evening is there than to betake oneself to the fireside with a favourite yarn, and there to forget for a time the many little troubles and worries we like sometimes to make for ourselves. We should like to have a great many more books. *Verb. sal. benign.*

Speaking quite truly, our season's sports and pastimes have done us good all round; the match teams have created a record in victories, which in itself is very satisfactory, and the greater variety of our sports has brought out many who last year never dreamed of playing at anything which required bodily exertion. This, of course, means the introduction of the right spirit of good fellowship among all those that play, and it is remarkable to what extent a boy speedily improves when he has discovered for himself the true meaning of *esprit de corps*. If the boys in this, or any other, school were divided into two groups—those who play footer, hockey, and similar games, and those who do not—should we not find the brightest looking boys, the best boys at work and the best boys at play, in one and the same group? In the other group figure the street loungers. Bah! we will say no more of them, but are not parents yet alive to so patent a fact?

# THE BALLAD OF SWEET WILLIAM.

*And the internal dissensions that arose therefrom.*

Of all the fish that were so sweet  
Was none like sweetest Willy  
And he who would dispute that fact  
Is very, very silly.

To Plymouth Drill Hall Miffkins went  
Himself with tuck to fill ; he  
Paused by Matthew's stall : his eye  
At once was struck by Willy.

Dame Truss's buns of fame, for long  
His heart had held, yet still he  
Made no long struggle 'gainst the charms  
Of well-cured steaming Willy.

Hic "Cave canem" dicit. Ac  
"Timesne" dicit ille  
"Consumere et dulcissimum"  
"Et optimum ipsum Willy"?

"O William sweet, be mine," he cried,  
"My pockets let me fill 'em,  
"To prove to D.H.S. the charms  
"Consumable of William."

His pockets soon to bursting point  
He filled cum pisce "Willy."  
So good he could not save a taste  
For others Willy nilly."

"Fried, curried, boiled, all good," cried he,  
As homewards scales the hill he,  
"To none a morsel can I spare,  
"Buy for yourself Sweet Willy."

Next day through School the rumour flies  
"Poor Miffkins is so ill, he  
Over indulged him 'neath the charms  
Of luscious hot Sweet Willy."

At last the School has got a ghost,  
 There's one whose shade walks still. He  
 Offers to one and all he meets  
 Plates full of steaming Willy.

Of all the fish that fatal are,  
 There's none like deadly Willy :  
 And he who will dispute that fact,  
 Is very, very silly.

ROTATOR.

## LIFE AT GIBRALTAR.

The valuable rock-fortress of Gibraltar was captured for England by Sir George Rooke and Sir Clondesley Shovel in 1704, and has increased in value to us from that day to this. It has sustained many attacks, and its gallant defence by Governor Eliott against the combined army and fleet of the French and Spaniards is an event of great historical interest and practical value. In the Alameda Gardens is to be seen a rather high monument, half as tall, in fact, as the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, with a bust of Eliott on its summit. In these same beautiful gardens is an interesting collection of arches, ten feet in height, consisting for the most part of the jaws of whales.

A visitor is much struck by the absence of horses : mules and donkeys being far more serviceable in these high hills to carry water, coal and provisions. Four mules to a cart is the average. One hears so much of the guns that I will not describe them.

Of course, the fortress is full of soldiers, and when the manœuvres are on tents are pitched even in the streets along the Casemates' Barracks. Englishmen are not the only residents here ; there are shoals of Spanish, French and Moors. A quarter of a mile from the Rock is the Spanish town of Linea, where bull-fighting is a very common sight. This form of sport (?) is revolting to me, but to a Spaniard it is as good as our footer match is to us. At this town of Linea de la Concepcion I have seen women bull-fighters almost gored to death. The town itself is a dirty evil smelling place, and it is little wonder that no Spaniard can live at Gibraltar without the Governor's permission. Shutting off Gibraltar from the neutral ground towards Andalusia is a very high gate closed at sunset. Those unhappy Spaniards who have not got out of Gibraltar before the gates are closed are kept together in a room-resembling a prison till daylight.

The sentries are always on the look-out for smuggling, and many a dog trained to run past them at full speed with tobacco on its back is shot by the Carabineros. Barbary apes are very plentiful here, and I once witnessed an interesting fight between a Barbary ape and one of our Spanish maids who made good use of her boots. Foxes are tamed and sold for pets. Fruit and fish are very plentiful, and it is a usual sight to see the Spaniards fishing in Rosia Bay for the octopus, which is the native food. The octopus in its native element is a source of great danger to bathers, but when once caught it makes an excellent Irish stew.

The docks have recently been completed, and any man-of-war can come in and out. From the Europa Point Lighthouse the surrounding scenery in all its beauty can be seen.

I could write pages on Gibraltar, but the Doctor will not allow me any more space. My advice to all is "Go there if you get a chance, you will not repent it."

G. A. S.

## OUR SCHOOL SONG.

Sing the praise of D.H.S.

Laud it ever higher

May its glory ne'er grow less

Come what will—or storm or stress—

Bawl ye giddy choir!

Up School! Up School!

(Foul or fair the weather)

Back it up! Crack it up!

D.H.S. together. School!

When you're through, and on your own

Fighting 'mid the crowd;

If down-hearted and alone,

Cheering sounds by storm-wind blown

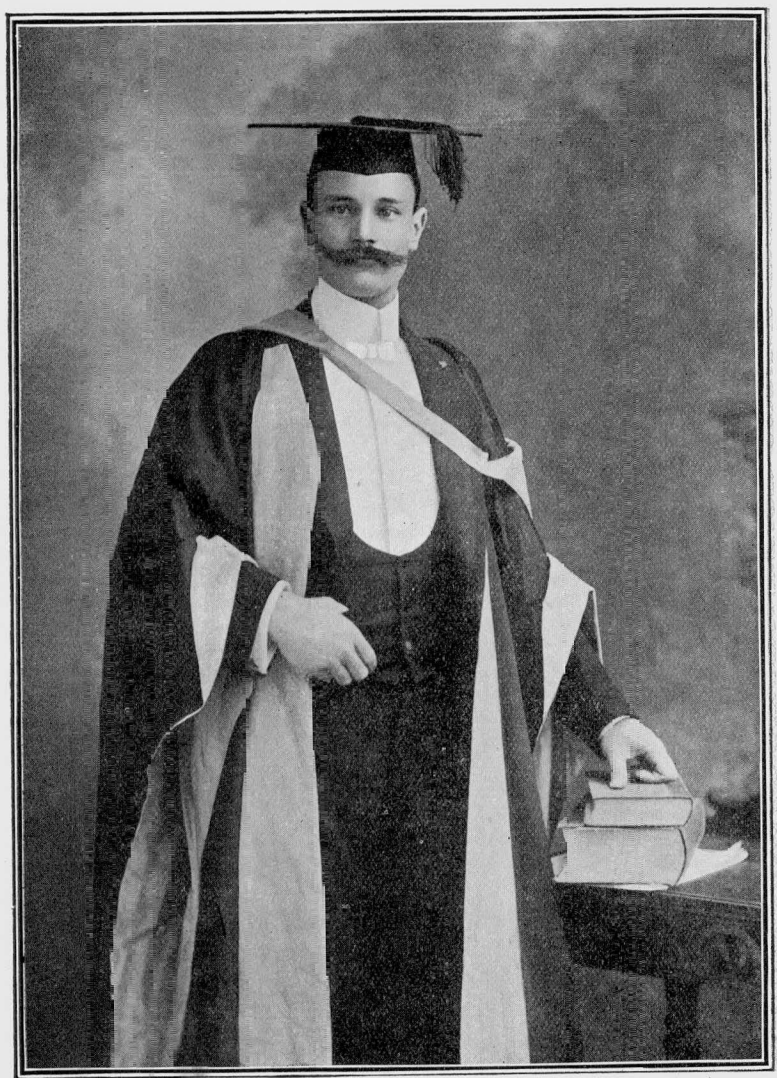
Follow fast and loud—

Up School! Up School!

Etc.

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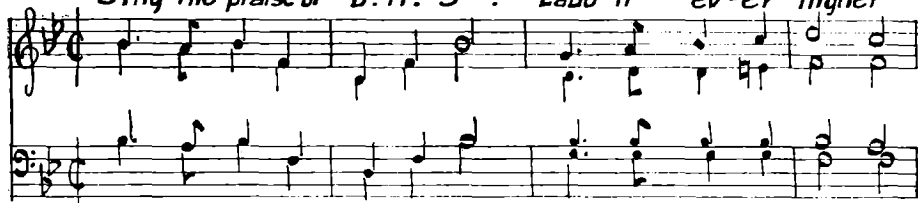
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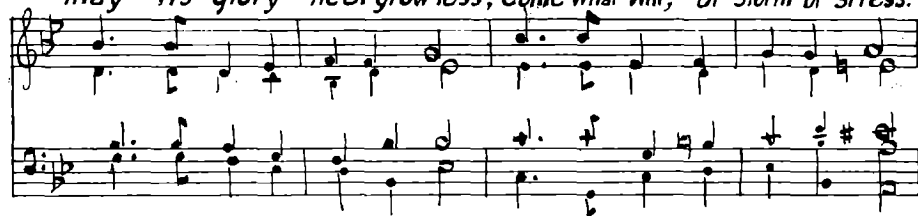


# THE SCHOOL SONG.

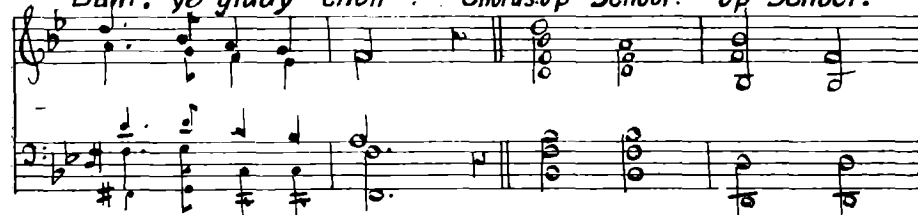
*Sing the praise of D. H. S ! Laud it ev-er higher*



*May its glory ne'er grow less, Come what will; or storm or stress!*



*Bawl, ye giddy choir ! Chorus: Up School! Up School!*



*(Foul or fair the weather) Back it up!! Crack it up!*



*D. H. S. To-ge-ther*



**School!!!**

*Cheops, his tune.*



When the knell tolls out Ding-Dong,

(Sword in sheath at last !)

Old time faces, beckoning, throng,

Ring out the old School Song,

(Present joined with Past !)—

Up School ! Up School !

Etc.

## WINTER IN NORTH WALES.

North Wales is a very fine country with its grand scenery of lofty mountains and rugged peaks, and is a splendid health-resort and excursion ground for the tourist—in summer—when it does not rain. But in winter, when it does rain, or rather pours as if all the sluices of the heavens were opened (rather poetical, is it not?) for weeks at a time ; when you find yourself confined (metaphorically speaking) in a small town resembling a washing basin, hemmed in on three sides by high mountains and swept by westerly gales on the fourth, it is rather depressing and gloomy. The mountains seem to weigh down upon you, and the dark low clouds which for ever hang over your dazed heads bring about melancholia and a feeling akin to despair. Add to these, few distractions, no social gatherings worth speaking of, and no opportunity for conversations on bright subjects and you will see that, in winter, North Wales is far from being an ideal country in which to live.

We had a few sports, it is true, football, hockey, fishing and paper chases, among others, but so different from those here. I suppose you have all been acquainted with Greatlands at its worst, after frosts and rain, but imagine for a minute football as played over there. There is only *one* field, a *unique* field for footer, in the place. It is by the side of, and on a level with the river Wnyon, and for the best part of the winter, lies hidden under the troubled and seething waters of the torrent, which bring so lovingly on it slime, pieces of broken china, old tin cans and various other curiosities. If by chance the water recedes, these must be first cleared away and the goal posts must be fixed in a rocky ground. As to crossbars, they must not be used, as the gales prevalent in the place, invariably bring them down, “en un clin d'œil.”

Once you start, the ball soon becomes as hard as a cannon ball, as greasy as the body of an eel, and moves with lethargic slowness. I should add too the flying mud which never fails to find a resting place on your face at each kick of an opponent, the absence of touch lines, the hopelessness of referees stranded at one end of the field when the ball is at the other, the absolute disdain of free kicks, and you will understand what football was like.

Hockey was pretty much the same, but more dangerous ; it was only interesting when played on the sands by the sea, but then you had to journey for seven or eight miles before starting.

Fishing was a grand sport. There were plenty of trout, and you had not to trouble about a license, but then, you had to crawl along the precipitous and slippery banks of the wildly swirling torrents and, if you failed in getting the fish, you were sure to break a few lines in the branches or the boulders or to find yourself rolling down with increasing velocity on the rocky banks and alighting in some muddy pools, with hidden rocks as sharp as needles. The walk back home, wet through and discomfited, running the gauntlet of Welsh urchins grinning at you was beyond description.

Paper chases were another fine amusement. Up, down, up, down, and so on for hours, climbing, jumping, creeping, crawling afforded a splendid exercise. Sometimes you would go down a wood and find at the bottom a high wall ; when you climbed to the top and jumped, you fell in a bog which clung to you with the tenacity of a bull-dog clinging to the nether garments of a small boy. You frequently lost your way and came back home tired, hungry and despondent.

Space precludes me from saying any more ; perhaps at some other time, when fine days have come and I feel like inspired by the "renaissance" of Nature, I may dwell on the other aspects of Wales, in *summer*, when it does not rain.

A. B.

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## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

*(With apology to my friend, Will. Shakespeare, Esq.)*

Serene, with tranquil mind, calm placid peace  
 Within my soul, upon a downy couch  
 Of moss inclined, I gaze with wandering eye  
 In contemplation of the handiwork  
 Of Nature cunning in immensity.

Afar, high-towering toward a fleecy cloud  
 Encloded in purple, golden-fringed its robe  
 Soars in all majesty the King of Tors,  
 And round about him serfs obeisance make  
 From here to yond horizon stretch green fields  
 And smiling valleys, graced by many a tree  
 Whose spreading foliage trapping Sol's bright beams  
 In many-hued brightness sends them from its mesh ;  
 The skylark carolling its vesper hymn  
 Awakes responsive echoes in my breast.  
 Away, dull care, with thee I have no lot,  
 No stain of conscience gives a lingering pain,  
 No toil to come gives haunting thoughts of dread.  
 Light-hearted, free as air, I scent the breeze,  
 And in the very beauty of the scene  
 I bask, content to be alive, to live, to be.  
 Have others' cares? then nought of them care I,  
 No thought has yonder warbler in the hedge,  
 No anxious thought assail this gilded fly,  
 And I like them will exercise——

Good Heavens! that word!! The doctor takes us in Latin to-morrow  
 and 'I haven't finished my Arnold—I'm off.

## WHAT I REMEMBER OF MALTA.

To tell the truth it is very little for I was only about nine years old when I was there. I have, however, a very vivid recollection of innumerable church bells ringing away from four to five o'clock every morning. Whatever else the Maltese may be he seems very religious, and nobody has been able to stop those church bells. The religious character of the natives is well demonstrated on Easter Day when the church of St. Mary, in Valetta, is beautifully decorated, and the orchestra consists of the best professionals, the congregation wearing evening dress. As soon as day breaks a representation of The Resurrection is carried through the streets to the cries of "Viva, Viva."

Many a tale could I tell of the trickery and thievish propensities of the Maltese, and as a boat's crew I have found them very cowardly, indeed, the two Chinamen in the crew granted us by the Government were worth the rest of them put together.

A queer story is told anent one of the Maltese harbours: Some fifty years ago a captain, far-famed for hard swearing, was taking up his moorings, using the while the most violent of language and the profanest of oaths. The ears of all within a quarter of a mile were subjected to this outrage, and the Admiral of the Fleet signalled to him "Go to sea again for a fortnight and study the Bible." Much chagrined, the captain again put to sea, but returned at the end of the fortnight and reported himself to the Admiral. "Very well, sir," said the Admiral, "but why have you taken moorings in so strange a fashion?" "Sir," quoth the captain, "you told me to put to sea and study my Bible. I read all through it to see what mistakes I had made in my trade. I discovered that one Paul, when in these regions, cast four anchors out of the stern; that is why I have taken up my moorings in this way."

This yarn, which is perfectly true, can be made very effective in the telling at a mess dinner, and I have not copyrighted it. On the whole we found Malta a very inconvenient place to live in, and not nearly so jolly a place as that Stiv. cracks up Gibraltar to be.

H. W. J.

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## THE SEA COAST OF DEVON AND CORNWALL.

There is always something very fascinating about a sea coast. It is true that there are many beautiful spots to be found inland, but the rugged grandeur of the coast seems to possess a charm of its own. Devon and Cornwall are specially noted for their scenery, and, if inland, Devon is the more beautiful, Cornwall certainly has the advantage both in the extent and the natural beauty of its coast.

Nearly the whole of the Cornish coast is of a rocky character, so that it is by no means a safe neighbourhood for ships in stormy weather. Much has been done in the way of lighting the more dangerous places, but still a large number of vessels come to grief on the treacherous rocks that abound all along the shore. One of the best known of the many Cornish lighthouses is the Lizard light. This lighthouse is one of the finest in the world, and, even in bad weather, its light can be seen from a great distance flashing its warning to the passing mariners. The lighting apparatus consists of a large glass reflector floating in a bed of mercury in which it is rotated by means of a clockwork device fixed underneath. The light itself is supplied by electricity, but, in the event of a breakdown, its place could be taken by oil.

Further down the coast we have Penzance—one of the most popular watering places on the Cornish coast. In addition to the ordinary sea-side attractions, Penzance offers its visitors much that is both interesting and instructive. It is the British headquarters of the Western Cable Company, while a few miles away, at Poldhu, a Marconi station has been established, the tall poles of which can be seen for miles around.

About twelve miles from Penzance is Land's End. This is perhaps the most dangerous point on the coast and even on the calmest of days it is very difficult to effect a landing. It is much visited by tourists, and in the summer many of the fishermen considerably add to their incomes by acting as guides. The most peculiar feature of Land's End is the cave in which the two channels meet. This cave extends right through the promontory and the noise caused by the meeting of the waters resounding through the cavern, somewhat resembles the booming of a gun. There are many other objects of interest, a notable one being a rock resembling Dr. Johnson's head and consequently known as Johnson's Rock.

Towards the north the coast alters somewhat in character. The cliffs become higher and there are fewer safe harbours. Bude, Boscastle, and Tintagel are the most frequented towns on this part of the coast, and the air being very bracing, are much resorted to by invalids.

The whole length of the Cornish coast is honeycombed with caves, many of which are reputed to have been the strong-holds of certain gangs of smugglers. However there are so many traditions and superstitions connected with Cornwall that it is impossible to say whether this is true in every case, but there is no reason to doubt that a large number of these caves were of great assistance to those who wished to evade the Revenue Officers.

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## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

Two long months have just passed since I left France for the first time; and during these two months spent in a strange land, nothing has made me regret, for a single moment, the country that gave me birth—the glorious sun of France so greedy of its rays in Old Albion. Yet I came prejudiced against the English mode of life. All kinds of strange stories are circulated in France, inventions, which through the very keen imagination of my fellow countrymen, as a rule become realities which reality alone can destroy. I was told, or perhaps I should say I gathered in conversation, that I was about to take up my habitation with a cold people, almost without heart, incapable of feeling friendship unallied with self-

interest, a nation in short comparable only to the Romans of Pompilius or of Tarquin. Physically the English were what one could expect from this description of their morals—harsh, ugly, proud and gloomy. “You are going to see,” I was told, “men with huge teeth and long necks, women as though formed of bone.” We laughed at the picture conjured up in our imagination as only one can laugh in France.

Now this bosom friend of mine is himself in London and his ideas, like mine, have entirely changed. The last letter I received from him reports the acquaintance with men whose teeth are very ordinary, whose necks are like those of most mortals—men in short who, were it not for the colour of their clothes and their way of wearing a cap, might pass for Frenchmen. As for the ladies——!

Prejudice, prejudice, all is prejudice as M. Bossnet would say in our days, when beginning his funeral oration upon petty acts of hostility, stupid and motiveless. Any step in the direction of originality, any new craze of *nos bons amis* (as the French newspapers term the English) causes them to be looked upon as a curiosity, a semi-phenomenon, be it physical or moral. Thus from the gossip of the streets, the chatter of the cafés are our opinions formed. How happy then is a Frenchman to find himself, when landing at Newhaven, with a people so warm-hearted, though so reserved, so intelligent with all its sobriety and method, so witty even though so energetic, above all always the unvanquished King of——football.

A Frenchman here meets nothing but friendship, a frank *camaraderie* which make the people so much loved. No underhanded dealings, no mental reservations; cordial and touching receptions, conversation free and as between men of the same race. That is what I have seen, that is what I have felt, and that is what I feel to-day upon the character of the English. “They killed Napoleon” some fanatics amongst us may acclaim, but what matters to a Frenchman of the Third Republic the name Napoleon? Perhaps in slaying him they saved France.

“Let bygones be bygones” said la Bruyère “the present is always with us.” May England and France make a vast funeral pyre of their many causes for recrimination and may a *grande entente cordiale et éternelle* spring from its glowing ashes.

The welcome I have received on all hands, the kind attentions paid me throughout my stay, compel me to suppose that of the time I spent at Devonport I shall preserve an undying recollection.

A. M.



## HOCKEY.

Much interest has been shewn this term in our Hockey Team, and I can report considerable improvement in our style of play. The few matches we have played have been victorious for us and next term perhaps we shall be able to put out a team worthy of our reputation for sports. Several gentlemen from the neighbourhood swell our ranks on Wednesdays and Saturdays and their play certainly tends to improve ours. The eleven is not large enough to contain all the coming Internationals, and competition to get into the team has been very strong. Next half of the season we are going one better.

GEORGE RAWLINGS.

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## THE CHRISTMAS WIZARD.

*(An Article for Amateur Magicians.)*

A very unique and effective trick is that of the vanishing coin in a glass of water. Take a coin, preferably a penny, between the fingers, throw a handkerchief over it, and place it in position over the tumbler of water. Now invite a spectator to hold the coin in the handkerchief until the order is given to release it. So doing, of course, the coin is heard to fall into the glass, but mysteriously enough the same coin (which can be marked in some way previously) is found by the conjurer in some nook or corner, whilst the glass apparently contains nothing but water.

This is what really occurs :—A glass disc slightly smaller than the coin is placed under cover of the penny, so that when the coin is exhibited in the hand the disc is behind it. Instead, however, of the coin being wrapped in the handkerchief, it is the disc that is used, the coin being concealed in the palm of the hand. This will be found at first rather difficult, and will require practice, although the coin can be "placed" under cover of the handkerchief. What is heard, therefore, to fall into the tumbler is the glass disc, which adheres firmly to the bottom and at the same time remains invisible, and it is quite safe to pour the water out of the tumbler to convince that the coin is no longer within it. To heighten the effect the coin may be dipped into the water in the process of palming.

The following is a very simple illusion in which a glass and a coin are concerned. Take a glass, and to the edge stick a piece of white paper the exact size of the mouth, and above all things cleanly cut, that is without a frayed edge. A coin is then laid on a white sheet of paper of the same kind already used, whilst the glass covered by a cloth is placed over it.

After a few qucer passes remove the glass, and, as is to be expected, the coin has vanished. Again replace the covering and remove the glass, whereupon the coin appears once more in its original position. To young people this never fails to astonish, the fact of paper being on the glass seldom striking them.

Perhaps it will be well to describe one or two card tricks, as such often prove amusing and mysterious, and those given will present little or no difficulty whatever.

A very good trick can be done with a pack of picture cards. Arrange all the cards the same way. Now ask someone to take a card haphazard from the pack, and while he is looking at it unnoticeably turn the pack the other way. Hold the cards out for the one chosen to be again replaced and then shuffle the whole set. Of course, if done correctly, the selected card will be found facing in exactly the reverse direction to the rest and hence may be readily produced to the utter surprise of all.

A rather good and a very puzzling trick is here described.

Pre-arrange the four suits of a pack of ordinary cards in this order : 6, 4, 1, 7, 5, King, 8, 10, 3, Knave, 9, 2, Queen, which may be remembered by the following mnemonic :—

The sixty-fourth regiment beats the seventy-fifth, up starts the king with eight hundred and three men and ninety-two women.

The pack may now be given to anyone of the company to cut (whist fashion) as many times as they desire. Taking the cards, catch a glimpse of the last which will give the clue to the order of the whole set. At this stage proceed to deal out the cards into thirteen groups there finally being four in each. Curiously enough every group will be of the same denomination, for example the four kings will form one, the four aces another, and the fives still another group and so on. The thirteenth group will, it is clear, be of the same denomination as the last card previously noted. To identify each group reckon from the thirteenth, but in the reverse order to that in which the cards were dealt out, and thus the group in which any particular card demanded will be found may be quickly picked up and the card shown. A little practice will dispense with the awkwardness at first experienced.

Juggling with figures is always rather fascinating and amusing and no doubt a few tricks of this class will be very suitable for the fireside.

"Addition by Forethought" would at times be a very convenient as well as a very smart accomplishment. Anyhow, request someone to write down a line of figures, irrespective of the order or the number of digits. State that after his setting down a second line you will write underneath a third, and that when all three rows are added together the total will agree with that which you will write down in the total space after the first line has been set down. The best way to further explain will be by taking an example, say :—

1st line	...	821537	} 9's.
2nd line	...	928065	
3rd line	...	71934	
Total		<u>1821536</u>	

Now the resulting total can always be written down by subtracting one from the unit's digit and placing one before the last figure, in this case 8, but making no other alteration to the other figures. Then in writing down the third line yourself, the figures must be such that when added to those in the second line the total will consist entirely of nines. Thus in the unit's place 5 and 4 are 9, in the ten's 6 and 3 are 9, and so on.

Try this :—In the course of ordinary conversation ask what is the most difficult figure to form. Whatever the figure may be, set down a multiplication sum of which the figures 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 form the multiplicand, and nine times the said number the multiplier. Now ask the same person to work out the sum for a purpose which you will show after completion. To the surprise, and very likely the contempt of the diligent calculator, the answer will be entirely of the figure which gives so much trouble in writing.

The following little trick creates much interest :—A coin is placed in a piece of paper, which is then folded. After a few of those mystic movements peculiar to a conjurer, the paper is opened and the coin is found to have vanished. The paper being wrapped up again and the same operations gone through as before, the coin re-appears.

This is what happens :—Two pieces of thin square paper are folded each to contain nine squares. The centre squares in each case are stuck together so that one paper exactly hides the other. One side only is unwrapped to receive the coin. Whilst holding the whole in the hand it is reversed, and the second time the empty side is exposed, the same rigmarole is repeated and the coin made to return.

"Thought reading by means of a watch" will perhaps be a fitting conclusion. Take a watch or a clock and ask someone to think of a certain hour. Tell him to add the number of times you point to any figure on the dial to the number of the hour upon which he set his mind, and that when he has counted up to twenty to say so. You will then be pointing at the very hour upon which he thought. Suppose the hour fixed upon is four o'clock. Then, pointing to any hours whatever, but always remember that the eighth pointing must be to twelve o'clock and from there to follow the hours around counter-clockwise, that is from twelve to eleven, etc., until you are told to stop, when you will have arrived at the very hour selected.

Perhaps these few simple tricks will help to beguile the tedium of the winter evenings.

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