

No: 28.

# DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



APRIL, 1918.

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SWISS & Co., 111 & 112 FORE STREET.  
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PRICE 6d.

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**Editor :**

R. F. E. COCK.

Address all communications to :—"The Magazine Editor,  
Devonport High School."

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## EDITORIAL.

The Editorial fire burns with a cheery flame. We have grown to love it. Yet we fear that, as we draw ourselves up before it to write this Foreword, it is for the last time.

We are loth to leave the Magazine. It is a connecting link between all existing school institutions, between the present D.H.S. and the past. It marks events, great and trivial, melancholy and humorous, upon its historic scroll. Chronicling them, it unifies all phases of School life.

The School has always supported us in this work. Yet it is only one indication of the fine spirit—the *esprit de corps*—which permeates the whole of D.H.S.—in Sport, in Cadet Corps, in communal task.

This is the temper which weathers the storm of these stern times ; this, the spirit which makes D.H.S. worthy of the Empire, well fitted to aid the Motherland to bring the world-wide struggle for liberty to a successful close—an object, we trust, now no longer far remote.

With a word of exhortation to the School to guard jealously these grand traditions, we pass on the Seals of Office to whoso shall next fill the Editorial chair.

## REVUE.

We have despatched our good wishes to J. Maddock and W. H. Treays, who entered for the March Woolwich Examination. The result is not yet known, but we have no doubt that it will be up to the usual standard of D.H.S.

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We are pleased to welcome the return this term of Mr. Sheldon-Williams, who has been invalided out of the Navy. He is one of the Staff who sought early to "do his bit," and his return prompts us to wish for the sight of others who will be with us again when the War is over.

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D.H.S. expends much energy in the space of a single term, but this did not prevent an arduous paperchase from taking place on December 20th last, the first day of the Xmas vacation. The hounds were led a long chase of twelve miles by many and devious routes, the hares being Treays, Couchman and Mitchell, who regained Greatlands with 15 minutes to spare. The chase afforded great exercise for those who followed it, but the Sports-master would like to see a larger "field" on another occasion.

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We should like to congratulate H. C. Taylor on a splendid achievement. In December he entered for the Cambridge Junior Local examination, securing 1st Class Honours and a distinction in every subject. He thereby wins the Holmes Prize.

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On the Headmaster's recommendation, he also becomes third holder of the Littleton Exhibition of £5.

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We must warmly thank our patrons in the School. Last term's number melted away so rapidly that we were with difficulty able to supply Old Boys who are subscribers.

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And while we've the opportunity! If this meets the eye of any old D.H.S.-ian who is *not* a subscriber, we may remind him that a humble shilling per annum supplies him with the priceless record of our chronicle.

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Our Xmas "breaking-up" concert was quite a success. Of the Staff, Mr. Hutchings and Miss Edmonds gave vocal contributions to the programme.

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February 8th saw the anniversary of the School War Savings Society, and Miss Whyte is glad to report the completion of the thousand Certificates by that date.

An interesting literary product has been in our hands—the III.a Magazine. The Editors hope that it will be “a good training ground for the D.H.S. Magazine.” Bravo III.a! There is certainly more literary activity here than in some other Forms we could mention.

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March 17th was the Corps' third birthday, which occasion was celebrated on the day previous, Saturday, by a Concert and “bun-feast.”

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The French play, “Le Malade Imaginaire,” performed by members of Form VI: at the Speech Day was a decided success. Crêpe hair, wigs and grease-paints transformed the players into a wondrous band. Stephens, as *Angélique* was the very essence of feminine charm and beauty!

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We regret that, owing to the need of going to press early, events which occur late in the term cannot be included in this Revue.

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We fervently hope that our readers will vote this number as good if not better than previous issues.

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### PRAEFECTI VALETE.

W. MAJOR—Entered School, 1911; became Prefect, January, 1917.

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### SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of School Officers is as follows:—

PREFECTS—L. Budge (Senior Prefect), R. F. E. Cock, R. Oliver, W. Treays, J. Maddock, C. Mitchell, G. L. Usher, and R. H. Couchman.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE—Masters and Prefects.

1ST XI.—Captain: W. H. Treays. Secretary: G. L. Usher.

HOUSE CAPTAINS—“Raleigh,” G. L. Usher; “Gilbert,” W. Treays; “Grenville,” L. Budge; “Drake,” E. W. Reep.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY—Committee: R. F. E. Cock (Chairman), L. Budge (Hon. Sec.); W. Treays, J. Maddock and G. L. Usher.

D.H.S. CADET CORPS—Commanding Officer: Captain M. Sheldon-Williams; Sec.-Lieutenant: A. Hutchings.

D.H.S. SCOUT TROOP—Scoutmaster: Mr. Bennett.

## FOOTBALL SEASON, 1917-1918.

In spite of the difficulties caused by the Great War, the School still runs its Football. The Senior boys have had to leave their studies and respond to the nation's demands upon the youth of the country, so that the number of players available at the beginning of the season did not evoke shouts of jubilation. Last year's stalwarts, such as Westlake, Smale, Bate, Yeal, and Hanley, had all left the School, and only four half-colours were left, viz., Budge, Mitchell, Treays and Usher. This was unique, for in previous years the Captain of the School Eleven had always been a full-colour. Now a precedent was created, and Treays was elected Captain, Mitchell Vice-Captain.

The prospects of the Footer Season were freely discussed. The roseate hues of former seasons were absent; pessimism was in the ascendant. Old Boys freely commiserated with those who they thought would undertake the duties of management. But Dame Fortune smiled upon the School's efforts. Usher was elected Hon. Secretary, and to his indefatigable efforts is due the list of Football Fixtures. Restricted railway facilities debarred the School from playing our old opponents, the Kingsbridge Grammar School and the Tavistock Grammar School. But the Secretary managed to secure a fixture with the Liskeard County School last term, while a deputation from the Sixth Form, with meekly persuasive eloquence, actually succeeded in obtaining permission from the Headmaster to pay Liskeard another visit this term. All the other fixtures were with local teams.

As for the School Eleven, time has proved that the prognostications were ill-judged. The team soon settled down, and worked well together, and although we lack a forward who can break through and score many times and oft, yet the team by combined play has been a success, especially against other School Elevens. The return to the School of Couchman, a member of "Raleigh" House, has added weight and pace to the team, but it is a matter for regret that minor accidents have deprived the team of the services of Willcocks and Pritchard.

The Second Eleven, under Maddock's captaincy, have had a good season. Although not winning so many matches as they would have liked, they have, never the less, had good sport, and several players of promise have been discovered. The School has also turned out a Third Eleven almost every Saturday, and this has helped to stimulate interest in the football. This team includes some very good players from Forms V.A., IV. and III.B., but it was hoped, at the beginning of the season, that more ability might be found in Form V.B. Perhaps it is still latent. Form matches



have been played, but with no great zest in the upper part of the School, owing, no doubt, to the number of boys called upon to represent the School. The Juniors, however, have generally been very much in evidence round the first pitch.

The House matches, as usual, are keenly contested. "Raleigh" seems to be very strong, but at the moment enjoy no very great advantage, for in points "Raleigh," "Grenville" and "Gilbert" are practically level. "Drake" is, unfortunately, not so strong but yet is the one House capable of providing a surprise, and opponents feel far from sanguine when facing the representatives of "Drake." This season has witnessed the revival of Junior House matches. Boys must be under fourteen years of age, and as the Junior House match is played at the same time as the Senior match, it naturally follows that the Juniors are distinct from the Seniors, and that forty-four additional boys have a personal interest in the House competitions.

Full Colours have been awarded to Treays, Budge, Mitchell, Usher, Willcocks, Couchman; Half-Colours to Mears, Evans, Hosking, Reep, Warren, Maddock, Reed, and S. Williams.

#### FIRST ELEVEN.

Matches played 12; Won 7; Drawn 2; Lost 3.  
Goals for 41; Goals against 37.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Sept. 29	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Away	4-2
Oct. 6	Ford Baptist F.C. ... ..	Home	3-11
" 20	St. Michael's F.C. ... ..	Home	2-1
Nov. 3	Plymouth Technical School 1st XI. ...	Home	3-1
" 10	Probationers (Naval Hospital) ... ..	Home	2-2
" 17	St. Michael's F.C. ... ..	Home	3-3
" 24	Ford Baptist F.C. ... ..	Home	1-3
Dec. 1	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Home	10-2
" 8	Liskeard County School ... ..	Away	4-1
Jan. 19	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Away	4-2
" 26	Ford Baptist F.C. ... ..	Home	2-9
Feb. 9	Liskeard County School ... ..	Away	3-0

#### SECOND ELEVEN.

Matches played 13; Won 9; Drawn 0; Lost 4.  
Goals for 67; Goals against 29.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Sept. 29	Plymouth Corpn. Grammar Sch. 2nd XI.	Home	12-0
Oct. 6	Hoe Grammar School 1st XI. ... ..	Away	0-7
" 13	St. Boniface College 1st XI. ... ..	Home	2-1
" 20	Peverell Private School ... ..	Home	3-2

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Nov. 3	Plymouth Technical School 2nd XI. ...	Away	9- 4
" 10	St. Boniface College 1st XI. ....	Away	0- 6
" 17	Peverell Private School ...	Home	5- 0
" 24	Hoe Grammar School 1st XI. ...	Away	0- 2
Dec. 1	Plymouth Corpn. Grammar Sch. 2nd XI.	Away	8- 0
Jan. 19	" " " " " "	Home	5- 0
Feb. 9	Cadet Corps " " " " " "	Home	5- 2
" 16	St. Boniface College 1st XI. ....	Away	0- 5
" 23	Plymouth Technical School 2nd XI. ...	Home	18- 0

### THIRD ELEVEN.

Matches played 11 ; Won 7 ; Drawn 1 ; Lost 3.  
Goals for 58 ; Goals against 20.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Oct. 6	Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI. . . .	Home	2- 3
" 20	" " " " " "	Home	7- 1
Nov. 15	" " " " " "	Home	1- 4
" 17	Plymouth Corpn. Grammar Sch. 3rd XI.	Home	4- 0
" 24	Mutley Grammar School . . . .	Home	6- 1
Dec. 1	Plymouth Corpn. Grammar Sch. 3rd XI.	Home	10- 1
Jan. 19	" " " " " "	Home	6- 2
" 26	Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI. . . .	Away	1- 1
Feb. 9	Mutley Grammar School . . . .	Away	8- 5
" 16	St. Boniface College . . . .	Home	13- 0
" 23	Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI. ...	Home	0- 2

### FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

TREAYS (Capt.).—A centre-half possessing speed and untiring energy ; tackles well, and puts in much good head-work ; as a Captain, inclined to be querulous.

MITCHELL (Vice-Capt.).—A capable goal-keeper ; seen at his best when clearing from a much-crowded goal ; apt to allow easy shots to score.

USHER.—A good right-half, who tackles well, and covers his right-back ; untiring and optimistic.

BUDGE.—A clever inside-left, who combines well with his outside-left ; unobtrusive but effective.

WILLCOCKS.—A brilliant outside-left ; possesses speed ; has complete control over the ball, and can shoot goals from most difficult angles.

MEARS.—A youthful player, who at present illustrates Euclid's definition of a line ; possesses speed and pluck ; controls the ball well, and is a dangerous opponent in front of goal.

- EVANS.—A very useful left-half ; tackles well, has a fair turn of speed, but, unfortunately, lacks a strong kick.
- COUCHMAN.—Possesses both weight and pace ; rather afraid to use his advantages ; has put in good work for the team.
- WARREN.—A very fair centre-forward ; works well with his colleagues, but as yet too diffident.
- PRITCHARD.—A sound left-back ; rather small, but fearless and confident ; sure to get either ball or opponent.
- REEP.—Rather uncertain, and at first wanting in agility ; has a strong kick, and never hesitates.
- HOSKING.—A hard-working outside-right ; would be more effective if he could centre better.
- MADDOCK.—Captain of Second XI. ; energetic and inspiring, but, unfortunately, lacks speed.
- REED.—A dashing forward for the Second XI. ; a belated product.
- WILLIAMS, S.—A clever player, who sometimes deputizes for Willcocks.
- SMALE.—A hefty left-back ; possesses speed and dash ; a promising footballer.

### VICTORY !

'Midst the battle's awful rumble,  
And the roar of many a gun,  
Our brave lads have never faltered ;  
Every man is Britain's son !

After weary months of struggle,  
Ne'er a heart is touched with fear ;  
Every man breathes words of courage  
—1918—Victory's near !

Yes, our lads have got the measure  
Of our Teuton foe so dire ;  
Not for us is idle leisure ;  
Courage high, and nerves like wire !

And the Teuton hordes will waver,  
Crumple up, and roll away  
'Neath the shock of khaki heroes,  
Victory's coming ! Bright as Day !

Men and Women ! Jack and Tommy !  
Boys and old men ! Cripples too !  
Can't you see the Victory coming ?  
Grit your teeth, and see it through !

LOQUITUR,

## SPEECH DAY, 1918.

A trio of characteristics made the 1918 Speech Day different from all its predecessors. The function was held in the evening instead of the afternoon; two years' work in place of one was reported on; and Certificates were substituted for prizes. On Wednesday evening, February 20th, punctually at 7-30, amid the plaudits of the assembled School and a large audience, Alderman W. L. Munday (Chairman of the Education Committee) ascended the platform of Plymouth Guildhall and took the Chair. In his opening address the Chairman said that Devonport High School, while young, as schools went, was the largest Secondary School in the district. Its success was due to the conspicuous ability and devotion of the Headmaster and the efficient way he had been backed up by his staff (*applause*). The War, whilst revealing the weak spots in the educational system of this country, had, nevertheless, shown that in those qualities of high courage, endurance, humanity and morale—qualities which made up the character of the happy warrior—the schools of England had nobly stood the test imposed upon them. The War record of this school was extremely good (*hear, hear*). Several hundred old boys were serving with the forces on land and sea, and thirty-two had made the supreme sacrifice. Members of the Staff, too, had readily responded to the call. The teaching profession had been sadly depleted in numbers, and he hoped that when the War was over some of the young men now with the colours would find their true vocation in teaching (*hear, hear*). They need have no fear that these young men would come home to inculcate militarism. What they were more likely to do was to bring added seriousness and depth of character to their other qualifications, which could not fail to be of benefit to the schools (*applause*).

The Mayor (Councillor J. P. Brown) congratulated the school upon its excellent work. The growth of the school, he said, was remarkable, and the examination successes constituted a record of which all were proud. It was very gratifying that there should be such a school in the old borough of Devonport, the west-end of the great borough of Plymouth (*applause*). He was glad that the games side of the school work was given prominence. That was an enormously good sign (*hear, hear*). In the playing fields the alertness, endurance, temper and pluck of the boys were put to the test, and training of that sort was an essential part of the preparation for their work in after-life. A true sense of proportion must be maintained, of course, and at present there was no fear of the school's sport being unduly emphasised. This school had lost some splendid "old boys." Their memories would be cherished, and those who had taken their places in the school were doing their

part in building up the new life of the nation. They were doing their part, therefore, in the War work of their country. He congratulated them ; he envied them. He wished them the greatest prosperity, and hoped they would always honour the name of their school (*applause*). When the War was over, he hoped the building would be enlarged to meet the full demand for accommodation.

The Headmaster then gave his Report, and the Mayoress distributed the Prize-Certificates. War-time "Bouquets," consisting of cheques subscribed by the boys, were presented to the Mayoress and to Mrs. Munday for any charity in which these ladies are interested. The Mayoress and Alderman Munday thanked the boys for the compliment, and said that the money would be devoted to the Day Nursery Fund.

Proposing a Vote of Thanks to the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. A. J. Rider, J.P., expressed in happy phrase his parental pride in Devonport High School, which he had founded 22 years ago. He eulogised the zeal of the Headmaster, and the good work of the staff, some of whom were serving under him when he resigned headship over eleven years ago. He wished the school continued prosperity.

Councillor Isaac Foot seconded the vote. He commiserated with the non-Certificate holders, and complimented them on the gusto with which they had applauded their more fortunate fellows. He gave a new turn to the time honoured admonition to train up a boy in which *he* should go, by emphasising the personal pronoun.

At intervals, solos were given by the gifted child 'cellist, Miss Thelma Reiss-Smith ; and Master E. Harris sang very tastefully "Bird of love divine." Great praise is due to M. Jacquet and the undermentioned members of Form VI. for the presentation of Moliere's "Le Malade Imaginaire." M. Jacquet succeeded in making them not only speak French, but act French. The costumes, not to speak of wigs, powder and paint, were, as one contemporary remarked, "in quite professional style." The cast was as follows :—Argan, Cock ; Béline (Argan's second wife), Trevithick ; Angélique (Argan's elder daughter), Stephens ; Louison (Step-sister to Angélique), Urch ; Toinette (Domestic Servant), Usher ; M. De Bonnefoi (a Notary), Davidson ; Cléante (in love with Angélique), Taylor.

#### HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

As we had no Speech Day last year, my Report this evening will cover the period January, 1916 to December, 1917.

These two years have been very trying. A sudden call for more men ; a gap in the staff ; frantic efforts to fill the gap ; a night-

attack on time-tables, skilfully led by the second-in-command ; re-adjustment ; the remaining staff and the newcomers taking the strain ; and all this not amid the calm of vocation, but in the whirl of term-time : such has been our experience. And such must have been the experience of almost every school in the country. It speaks well for the devotion and adaptability of the staff affected by these changes that the traditions of 22 years—for D.H.S. reached its 22nd birthday last month—have been amply maintained.

Nerve-racking as the problems of staffing have been, yet the period under review has proved one of great prosperity—if a full school speaks prosperity. This also is a current feature with other schools, except in air-raided districts ; and, however many be the contributory causes, one undoubtedly is a quickened sense of the value of good education. It is to be hoped that this is a lasting cause. Others may be shorter-lived, and it is quite possible that after the War is over, the curve of numbers in schools like ours may show a dip. But even if it be so, there is, and there will be, urgent need for increased accommodation for our pupils. Six years ago it was my good fortune to report that we had become “cribbed, cabined and confined.” Shortly after, a new wing was added, containing five classrooms. To day we most sorely need another five classrooms, to say nothing of a gymnasium, a physics laboratory and an assembly hall.

But it is wonderful to what a small extent material inconvenience affects the better part of a school—its spirit, that intangible something without which the most elaborate buildings fail to give what the boys so greatly need on going out into the world, faith and hope, zest and courage. And may we not postulate as one of the criteria of a school the attitude of past pupils ? Do they keep in touch with it and visit it when they can, or do they push away the thought of their school life as a horrible nightmare ? Scarcely a week, sometimes scarcely a day passes but an old boy pays us a visit. My correspondence with old D.H.S.-ians is only equalled in volume by the interest of their letters. But some will neither come nor write again. Since last Speech Day twenty of our old boys have fallen in the War.

What may be termed extra-academic activities, games and sports, the Cadet Corps and the Boy Scouts, the Debating Society and the School Magazine, have been kept going, and to these have been added other activities peculiar to the times. For instance, a party of stalwarts from Forms VI. and V. spent four weeks of the Summer Vacation at a forestry camp near Tavistock, where, despite the rain, they managed to fell, prepare and load 58 tons of props for British trenches. Boys too young to wield an axe, contented

themselves by collecting chestnuts, of which 4 cwt. were sent to an official of most appropriate title, the Director of Propellant Supplies. A School War Savings' Committee, formed just twelve months ago, has, thanks to the energy and administrative ability of its lady Secretary, sold no fewer than 1,054 War Savings Certificates. Little children are *not* peculiar to the times, but they are very welcome, and ought to be taken great care of; and so, although a boys' school, we offer no apology for maintaining during the past two years a cot at the Plymouth Day Nursery. I do not suppose anything would induce the boys to visit that cot, but the omission has been made good by lady members of the staff.

Two matters worth mentioning in this Report centre round our old friend, Westlake, who left at the end of the Summer Term. First, by being "Victor Ludorum" three years in succession, he became absolute possessor of the Championship Cup, a feat previously unparalleled, and one, which, by the way, calls for a new Cup. Again, he passed second on the list into Sandhurst. Thereby hangs a tale, and somewhat of a grievance, one shared by all schools having a Cadet Corps. In the examination itself, Westlake scored 345 marks more than the first on the list; but this candidate had 400 marks added to his total because he belonged to an Officers' Training Corps. Now ours is, in effect, an Officers' Training Corps, inasmuch as at least twelve former members are now serving as officers in the Army or Navy, but because it was formed since the War began, it is denied the privileges and title of O.T.C. This seems a case for equity to temper law.

Examinations are sometimes decried. But even if it were desirable it is not possible to get away from the principle involved in them. If human effort is to remain fruitful, some means of testing it is an absolute necessity. I venture to believe that a reasonable examination is nothing more or less than a test of ability plus past history, mental, moral and physical. One naturally includes morality among the qualities that tell, for surely it is moral and character-building to pay attention in class, to carefully prepare one's home lessons, to persevere, to pursue the narrow path of duty, and avoid the broad highway of cheap distractions. But what if I am wrong! What if examinations and all connected with them—especially success—be anathema! Well, then the rest of my Report is a grievous confession. Its lurid details are:—Bank Clerkships, 4; Entrance to Eastern Telegraph, 3; Boy Clerkships, in the Civil Service, 3; Medical Preliminary, 3; a P. & O. Cadetship, tenable for 2 years on the *Worcester*; Established Clerk to the Surveyor of Taxes, 34th place among 779 candidates. At Junior and Senior Cambridge Locals, 22 of our boys obtained 1st Class Honours, 13 obtained 2nd Class Honours, and 17 3rd Class, making

a total of 52 in Honours. Thirty-seven passed, whilst the number of distinctions amounted to 70. It is interesting to note that the average percentage of 1st Class Honours for boys throughout the country was 7, that for pupils from the High School was 23. Arising out of the Cambridge Locals are the following :—21 boys qualified for London Matriculation, all the prizes for boys at the Devonport Centre were secured ; both the Holmes Prizes (one in 1916 and one in 1917) at the Plymouth Centre, and the unique record of heading the lists of Junior Boys throughout the United Kingdom on two successive occasions ; Harry Taylor being bracketed first in July, 1916, among 1,949 candidates, and Leo Budge first in the following December, among 3,763 candidates. By sharing the honour with another, Taylor also divided the prize with him, but Budge secured the full amount, £8, offered by the Cambridge Syndicate. His performance cannot be repeated, as the prize has been withdrawn since December, 1916.

Thanks to the generosity of Alderman Littleton, the school benefits for the third time by his annual exhibition of £5. He leaves the choice to me, and on the present occasion I recommend Harry Taylor. Alderman Munday also gives a prize for French, the first holder of which is R. F. E. Cock. We are very grateful to these donors\*, and should welcome others, especially when the usual grant of £12 for book prizes is being withheld by the Education Authority as a war-time economy. At Army Entrance Examinations, 11 candidates have been presented during the past two years, and all were successful, the positions being as follows :—*Woolwich*, 4th, 7th (twice), 32nd and 39th places ; *Sandhurst*, 2nd, 4th, 10th, 72nd and 97th places ; *Royal Marines*, 1st place. Four of our boys were awarded King's Cadetships, of value about £35 each ; and on two occasions, candidates from the High School headed the lists in both Mathematics and Science. The Intermediate Degree Examinations of London University are, admittedly, a test of high attainments for a school boy. Two members of our VI.th Form, one each year, reached this level. In June, 1916, H. T. Poole obtained his Inter. B.Sc. He left School shortly after, and is now holding a responsible position as Chemist under the Ministry of Munitions. In June, 1917, R. F. E. Cock obtained his Inter. B.A. It is now possible to split this examination, and take the English group separately. But Cock passed in all subjects at the same time, and that at the age of 17. He is still with us, and hopes to enter

\* Since Speech Day, the Mayor of Plymouth (Councillor J. P. Brown, J.P.) has sent a Prize of Two Guineas, which the Headmaster presented to Cock in recognition of his success at last year's Intermediate Bachelor of Arts Examination.



Woolwich when old enough. I have left mention of what I deem the greatest success until last, that of W. H. Bosworthick, who, in July, won the Dyke Exhibition, in competition with youths under 19, being natives of or residents in Devon, Cornwall or Somerset. It is of value about £65 a year, and is tenable for 4 years at Oxford. Bosworthick has also been awarded a University Scholarship of £50 a year by the Plymouth Education Authority. Being now over 18 he is serving in an Officers' Training Battalion; but we trust he will be spared when the War is over to take up residence at Oxford, and have a brilliant and useful career.

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### NUGAE.

Easter eggs are scarce again this year. This reminds us of a man who heard of a "fowl" at Greatlands, and, immediately rushing off thither, was disgusted to find a football match in progress.

\* \* \* \* \*

To stimulate enthusiasm in the War Loan, a lottery was arranged this term. This did not appeal, however, to the sporting instincts of some of our footballers, as you might always lose even though you "drew."

\* \* \* \* \*

Our school clock was recently removed from its position. We had noticed it to be somewhat grimy, and a sage has suggested that it went to have its "face and hands" washed.

\* \* \* \* \*

On one occasion all subscribers to the War Loan were excused homework for one night. No wonder we still hear about the "idle rich."

\* \* \* \* \*

Corps defaulters are now sometimes employed in rifle cleaning. This gives our delinquents an opportunity of "shining."

\* \* \* \* \*

New members have joined this term. But others have left, more uniforms are available, and we still want recruits to fill the "breaches."

\* \* \* \* \*

Comparatively little poetry has reached our Magazine Box, though thousands of "lines" are passed into its companion weekly.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is reported scarcity of paper in the School, but that does not mean to say that the approaching Cricket season will find the batsmen without their "pads."

In III.a. some time ago, the following problem was propounded :  
 " Explain what is meant by a gradient of 1 in 20." Two reincarnations of Archimedes replied respectively in this wise :—

- (1). " That if I were walking along I should go up one yard every time."
- (2) " Every 20 yards the slope rises *one mile* ! "

These have, evidently, very high aspirations.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are told that the Corps Ambulance Classes are perfectly optional. But we know for a fact that the work is for the most part " binding."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Corps Concert was thoroughly enjoyable. A free and easy spirit prevailed. After all, everyone will agree that there's nothing like *esprit* (a spree) *de Corps* !

\* \* \* \* \*

*Clippings from history, as related in D.H.S. :—*

" Flodden Field or Cloth of Gold is the name of a battle in France between the French and the English. They came on the battlefield as if they were going to Court, all dressed quite dandily."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Mary, Queen of Scots, married *her murderer* ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

" The Irish were allowed to marry a Protestant woman, and it *made their lives very irksome*."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Plassey was a battle fought between *Clyde* and the natives."

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Mr. Cox is seriously thinking of resigning his position !

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## THE CADET CORPS.

Like many other institutions deserving of a kindlier treatment at the hands of the gods, the Cadet Corps has passed through many distressing vicissitudes in the three short years of its existence, and more particularly during the last twelve months or so, when a constant change of officers and, for a period a lack of officers altogether, might well have been calculated to nip its youthful vigour in the bud.

It speaks well indeed, therefore, for the innate constancy of purpose of this Corps as a body that, while in certain essentials it fell perforce for a time on somewhat slack and evil days, the

enthusiasm that approved its origin on the 17th March, three years ago, has these last three months given ample proof of life and vigour unimpaired. Not even a prolonged course of undiluted Company Drill—that institution of unexceptional worth, but of somewhat soul-debasing qualities if unrelieved by the less stereotyped departments of military science—has failed to scotch this lusty infant.

For this we may surely take unction to our souls with the added satisfaction of a full assurance that not without interest and a measure of proud approval, shall this tale of our tribulation and triumphal survival be read by that ever increasing body of ex-members of this Corps, who, one and all, are carrying on our young but very sound traditions, and making good, thereby, in this service of their country.

But, so much for the past. Our business now is with the living present, and that present is full of promise. Company Drill, while still, of course, the backbone of our training, is no longer now the only dish upon the menu. Arrangements are in full swing whereby every Cadet is thoroughly instructed in Signalling, both semaphore and morse, and also in Ambulance and First Aid. Practical trench digging advances soberly at Greatlands, while some knowledge of the theory of Field Engineering generally—earthworks, bridging, demolitions and the like—is, together with Map Reading, instilled at the special parades on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

This programme—somewhat ambitious may be—has met with an avid response, and budding instructors are springing up on every hand. Indeed the O.C.'s labours and anxieties have been lightened beyond his most sanguine expectations by the ready and eager assistance he has met with at the hands of members of the Corps, commissioned, non-commissioned and otherwise, and he is glad to avail himself of this opportunity to make public acknowledgment therefor. It is thus only that Wednesdays' and Fridays' busy scenes at Greatlands have been made possible, with flags wagging crisply here, and picks and shovels plied right lustily yonder; again, the vigorous thrust and guard of bayonet fighting, or N.C.O.'s of the years in store being smartly initiated in the rudiments of their taste.

But, above all, that spirit of discipline which pervaded all ranks at its inception, but which in the stress of untoward circumstances had somewhat lost its grip upon the Corps, is coming once more into its own,—the "snap" of Command and execution that bespeaks the ungrudging purpose of all to make the goal desired—perfection, as far as limitations allow,—a thing assured.

The grateful acknowledgements of the Corps for many kind offices are due to Miss J. Whyte, Messrs. C. M. Martin and Hosking, Lieut. J. L. Read, Corpl. W. Curtain, Lieut. H. Taylor, R.N.V.R., and Mr. S. H. Williams.

## WAR SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

This term the W.S.A. made a notable effort to commemorate its first birthday, and did so with extremely satisfactory results.

The Association began the term with 744 Certificates, and, on February 4th, the Committee scarcely hoped for a successful rally to the suggestion that the total should be raised to 1,000 by February 11th. However, at 4-45 on that day the thousandth Certificate was subscribed for, and within the next few days an extra 50 was added—an entirely gratifying response to a somewhat belated appeal.

Interest was stimulated by the offer of three small prizes, awarded to subscribers who were chosen by lot; and the Head-master further excused an evening's homework to all those who had helped to produce the required number of Certificates.

Thanks are due to L. Budge, Form VI. representative and Committee member who worked untiringly for a year towards the success of the effort, and on resigning in December, passed on his duties to an equally capable member of Form VI.

## AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

Last winter I thought myself the luckiest boy at St. Margaret's; I am not usually a lucky chap, but this time Fortune smiled on me.

It came about in this way. One wet afternoon the Head would not let me go to town to buy some wire to make a cage for my dormouse, which was making a mess of everything in my play-box. But I felt that I must get the wire, so I slipped out, and, of course, got soaked.

I couldn't go and change when I came back, as Mr. Crabtree (our Form-master) would have twigged that I had been out in the rain. So the end of it was that I caught a chill and had to go to the Infirmary. I was very bad for a bit, and went off my head, I suppose—for the mater came and I didn't know her until the end, and then she told me that the doctor has said I must go to Italy for the winter, as my lungs were very weak, and she was going with me, and we should be there until April or May.

The Head told me he hoped I would take some books with me and do a little reading when I was better. You bet I did! The

mater packed them, but they weren't much the worse for wear when I brought them back to school again.

He also hoped I would use the opportunity to study Italian antiquities. At Rome I saw the Tarpeian Rock and the Coliseum, but I did not think much of them. In fact the only antiquities I liked were the old corpses and bones of the Capucini. But I had a walk round to see the others, just to be able to brag about them when they turned up in Virgil or Livy.

Before I went I swapped my dormouse with Smith Major, for his revolver. I couldn't take the dormouse with me, and I knew you were bound to have a revolver when you risked your life among foreigners and brigands who swarm in Italy. Where should I be if I fell in with a crew of them and hadn't a revolver? Besides, I had to look after the mater.

Smith Major's revolver would not shoot, but it looked all right, and no brigand will wait to see if your revolver will go off when you present it at his head. All you have to do is to say, "Hands up!" and he either lets you take all the diamonds and things he has stolen, or runs away. I cut a slit in my trousers behind, and sewed in a pocket, and practised lugging the revolver out in a jiffy and getting a bead on an imaginary brigand.

We travelled through Paris and a lot of other places, stopping at most of them, for I was still weak. At last we settled down at Torrento, a place on the Bay of Naples,—oranges everywhere. It's ten miles from Castellamare, the nearest railway station, but the drive along the edge of the cliffs, on a road hundreds of feet up, makes you feel like heaven.

One morning the mater wanted to get some things from Naples, and wasn't feeling up to the journey. As she wanted the things badly, she asked me if I would get them for her.

At first she gave me half-an-hour's jawing as to what I was to do, to take care of this and that, and not to get lost or miss the train, as if I couldn't go to Naples without a woman telling me how to do it. I got there all right and had a high old time there that day.

I nearly missed the train back, and when I reached Castellamare I bargained with the driver-fellow to take me to Torrento for seven francs. The mater told me the fare would be eight or ten francs; but I soon let him see that I wasn't going to be put on like that, and as I was firm he had to come down to seven and a 'pourboire,' which is what we call a tip. I hurried the old fellow up, because the January sun was already setting.

There are several villages between Sorrento and Castellamare, and usually a lot of traffic, but to-day we seemed the only people about. At last we came to a spot which always gave me the creeps. There was only a low wall to stop the carriage from toppling over into the sea. It was here that a man killed his son in order to get his insurance money! Suddenly, the driver pulled up at this very bit, and turning round with a fiendish grin, said, "You pay me 'leven francs for ze drive, signor."

"Eleven? No, seven," I said, "you told me seven."

"Signor meestakes. 'Leven francs, signor," and he opened the dirty fingers of the left hand twice, and held up a thumb which looked as if it had never been washed since the man was born.

"Seven," I replied, firmly. "Not a centime more. Drive on!"

"Ze signor pay 'leven francs," he fiercely persisted. "Seven for ze driver, and four for ze cicerone, ze guide."

"What guide? I've had no guide."

"I am ze guide, signor. 'Ave I not been telling you of ze beautiful villas and ze countrie?"

"You weren't asked to," I retorted. "Nobody wanted it."

"Zat does not mattaire. You will pay ze four francs for ze cicerone."

"I'll see you hanged first."

"Zen we shall see."

He turned his mules to the side of the road next the precipice. I caught a glimpse of a hand stealing to an ugly knife in the handkerchief round his waist. Instantly I whipped out my revolver and levelled it at his head. My word, how startled he was!

"Now, drive on," I said.

He did, without a word, but turned as white as a sheet, and made his mules fly. I kept the revolver ready till we came to Meta, where there were plenty of houses.

When we drew up at the hotel, I gave him the seven francs, and told him he was lucky not to be handed over to the police. Then he actually had the cheek to say: "Ah, ze signor, e's a gentleman. He will give ze poor Italiano a 'pourboire?'"

But I didn't.

I have often wondered since if he really meant to do for me. Anyhow, my revolver saved me, and it was worth a dormouse.

R. HILL.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, November 25th, 1917, the Society assembled to discuss the following question: "Should we have conscription after the War?"

The motion was supported by A. E. Damerell, whose plea for conscription was national safety. England, he said, could not maintain her place among the nations of the world if she were backward in means of defence, and for this purpose a strong army and navy were needed. He considered that a few years of military training would improve the physique of the youth of this country without fostering the martial spirit in any way akin to Prussianism. It was surely wrong that men should be ignorant of how to defend their own hearths and homes against the invader, if need arose.

The opposer, W. Treays, found conscription objectionable as a form of compulsion. Liberty, he said, had always been the sacred treasure of the English people, and though they were willing to sacrifice even this prized jewel to national expediency in order to prosecute the War to a successful close, they did not wish to relinquish it for ever. We had always thriven in pre-conscription days, and he considered an army of professional soldiers to be more efficient than a band of pressed men who had no interest in their work. He saw no reason why this hated system should be imposed upon the English people.

The seconds were W. Urch and W. Major.

The discussion was then carried into open debate. The result returned at the end of the meeting showed a disapprobation of the motion by 17 votes to 5.

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The motion on Wednesday, February 13th, 1918, was: "That a Revolution is a good thing."

This subject was introduced by W. Urch, who pointed out that surely there could be nothing but good in a movement which sought to crush tyranny and relieve the oppressed. In which connection he quoted examples from Russian life prior to the War. The Revolution, he said, will give the Russians their full rights to human freedom and civilisation. Revolutions might be sometimes chaotic affairs, but they should be valued by their fruits. They usually established Republics, which were essentially of a pacifist nature, and hence desirable. Such Revolutions benefited posterity by bequeathing to them the grand privilege of social equality at birth. The good derived far outweighed the possible evil incurred.

Opposing the motion, R. F. E. Cock admitted the natural causes and lofty aims of great political Revolutions, but maintained that no aim could be so exalted as to justify an evil instrument

being used to attain it. It was not right, he said, "to do a little evil in order to do some great good," citing illustrative examples. Revolutions, in their actual conduct, were essentially bad. They stirred up civil war; they paralysed a nation to all outside affairs; they put the people at the mercy of egoists and self-seekers; and Republicanism often produced such great "pacifists" as Napoleon Buonaparte. Revolution was the crude, prehistoric way of settling wrongs. We to-day should be more cultured. Let us seek the natural way of remedying evil—evolution!

The seconders were H. Taylor and G. Trevithick.

An interesting debate followed, which ended by the defeat of the motion by 14 votes to 8.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have to thank Mr. Hutchings and others who have contributed to our programme, and all members of the staff who have attended our meetings this session. We are glad to notice that some of the Upper Fifth are commencing to bud forth in oratory. It's a healthy sign!

### A VISIT TO A CINEMATOGRAPH.

Half-an-inch, half-an-inch, half-an-inch onward! The queue had moved!!! The man in the outrageous check-suit ceased to recite the various items of Police Court news, and commenced to impart to his neighbours a narrative of what *he* would do, were he Food Controller. It happened that I was one of his neighbours; but such are the misfortunes of life. It seemed as though I were growing a beard during that weary wait, but once I was inside the massive amphitheatre, all was transformed! Wrapped in a mantle of darkness and encircled by a silence, death-like but for the appeals of programme vendors disposing of their wares, I sat down upon a seat, the spring of which was doing its uttermost to counteract the action of gravity.

The screen was covered with a large curtain, on which were placarded the alluring advertisements of various tradesmen. For example, invitations were extended to the public to try the cheese sold by Messrs. Indigestion Bros.—sold by the ounce, and guaranteed not to asphyxiate! Mr. Chop's beef was of the best quality—when he had some. If you had not tried Mr. Spud's warbread, try it now.

But the pictures themselves! Of a truth they were varied. The "high-class comedies" of course were shown—the usual absurd, senseless, maniacal, asinine, idioticanzas! They found



appreciation, nevertheless. The house rocked with merriment, and many worked themselves into such a high state of excitement that smelling salts were required.

One picture, however, had some claims to sanity. It showed all the events of the week before last, winding up with an exhibition of the latest fashions from Paris, in which French *demoiselles* with minature flower-gardens and allotments on their heads, ears, and eyebrows, revolved on an imaginary axis, displaying brilliant rows of pearly teeth—false or otherwise. A Cookery Demonstration picture followed, in which a corpulent lady, arrayed in robes of spotless white, showed what could be done with microscopic (?) amounts of scarce commodities—if you had them.

The audience was then led away to the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland—those heights on which chilblains may be obtained on application—and what a striking contrast the panoramic scene presented to the smoke-begrimed spires of Torpoint, or the obnoxious chimney-stacks of the limpet industry at Saltash. It was a Paradise Lost!

In order to relieve the monotony, a lady, whose voice indicated that she was on war-diet, came forward and rendered a solo, entitled: "The Song that reached my heart," but which made me reach for my stick and hat.

Soon after an undisguised restlessness in the juvenile ranks in front indicated the approach of something truly great, and lo and behold! a gentleman called Charles Chaplin appeared, attired in a pair of trousers which were evidently designed for a super-foodhog. Together with his attire and antics he evoked tremendous applause from the rabblement, the dust rising from the floor in volumes. Enough crockery was smashed by this performer to establish a Communal Kitchen, but it humoured the "haedi," and doubtless they would come again in the following week.

Finally there were two pictures—common or allotment "pickshers,"—which were to be "continued next week." The finales of these were breathless. In one the villain has stabbed the hero's mother-in-law with a corkscrew, and is wiping the gouts of gore from off the dripping weapon, when the toothless detective appears, armed to the teeth with a chest protector!!! In the other, the hero is proposing to his adored, telling how he would pass through fire, water and brimstone, and even stand in a margarine queue, if she would consent to be his mate. His heart is thumping so hard that he has to open his waistcoat. But, alas! the fiery Major appears, and he does what he was going to do—next week!

Maybe some reader was at this same entertainment, and can corroborate the above, but if I have wearied him, may he not pour the vials of his wrath upon my head!

G.L.U.

## A SCHOOLBOY'S TIME-TABLE.

- 8.15. Waking quickly, rubs his eyes,  
Sees the time—8.15,—sighs ;  
" Another weary day begun !  
Just fancy working with *this* sun ! "
- 8.30. Swallows smartly plates of ham,  
Apple-tart and raspberry-jam ;  
Prepares for school, takes up his bag,  
Starts out with steps which never sag (?)
- 8.51. Now arriving, sad to say,  
He finds he's late again to-day ;  
And while his simple soul repines,  
He's promptly given 'n'ty lines.
- 9.10. Staggers up the flight of stairs,  
Regrets he was not in for prayers ;  
Not that he likes the early Matin,  
But for the chance to learn his Latin.
- 9.15. Thought of fearsome Latin verbs  
Unlearnt, his peaceful soul perturbs ;  
And in the test, as he did fear,  
His answers are by no means clear.
10. 0. Seeing that the lesson's French,  
Nothing can his spirits quench ;  
When he should grammar faults reform,  
He reads the " Gem " beneath the form.
- 10.15. Oh ! how exciting is the tale  
With which he does his mind regale !  
But just as he enjoys the " lark,"  
He comes to earth with " one bad mark."
- 10.35. Soon as the welcome bell resounds,  
He skips with joy down to the grounds ;  
Where in the midst of other boys,  
He sates himself with puerile joys.
- 10.45. Crawls up to the class again,  
[Reluctantly, 'tis very plain] ;  
And in Math.'s hour he listless dreams,  
While fast, devouring chocolate creams.

- 12.20. Rushing like an uncaged bird,  
He leaves with haste which is absurd ;  
Eats down a meal enough for two,  
Swots Macbeth—or " reads it through."
- 2.15. At English now,—the little slacker,—  
He has no fear of Mr. P——r.  
For each comma and each dot  
He's written on a piece of blot.
- 2.20. There he sits with pen inspired (?)  
And writes until his hand is tired,  
Helped by a chum who, loud enough,  
Repeats the words of bold Macduff.
- 3.0. Returns a test, the hour is dark,  
For, wretch, he's not a single mark.  
The problem had been quite insane,  
About a man who raced a train !
- 4.0. His martial instincts to appease,  
Amusement finds, projecting peas ;  
And aiming at the front two rows  
He hits the Master on the nose !
- 4.5. We screen from you the next event,  
For you can guess where now he went ;  
But when he left the Sacred Door,  
His " situation " was quite sore.
- 5.15-45. Fortified with excess tea,  
He seeks to swot more ardently (?)  
Alas ! his knowledge tree's a sapling,  
For soon he's off to see Charles Chaplin.
- 10.0. With radiant smile rolls into bed,  
And on his pillow rests his head ;  
" Something attempted," so it goes,  
Hath earned for him a night's repose.

R.F.E.C.

## "STOLEN GOLD."

[We are glad to receive this thoroughly interesting story of the "Treasure Island" type from C. A. Oakley, one of our talented Old Boys.—Ed.]

It was evening time, and as the golden-red sun was fast sinking below the distant hills, Plymouth Sound indeed presented a magnificent picture. It seemed to be a haven of rest, for the only movement upon it was that of a vessel proceeding towards the Cattewater. The fishing fleet had already passed out into the Channel, and the merchant and warships which had been sailing through it all day had now either disappeared or were lying at anchor. The incoming boat was seen by the observer, as it came nearer to the shore, to be lined on each side by men, silent and immovable, dreaming of the homes they were soon to see. Their faces were all turned landward, and, no doubt, if one could have been near enough, would have been seen to have had anticipation and excitement written deeply upon them. Both the vessel and the men presented a very weather-worn and battered condition, and they would have no doubt caused a casual onlooker to wonder how long it had been since they had last seen English shores.

One person on the land was, however, quite uninterested both by the beauty of the scene that lay before him, and by the ship, the approach of which was causing no little excitement on the land. He was a boy of about fourteen years, and, unlike the men on the vessel, he was thinking not of a home which he was about to see, but of one which he had just left a few days ago.

This boy, Derrick Byford, had come to Plymouth in order to join a ship, the captain of which was a friend of his father. On reaching the town, however, he had learnt that the ship had not arrived, no doubt owing to an adverse wind, which in those days, 1751, might delay a vessel many weeks. Consequently, it was necessary for him to obtain lodgings for the night, and, being quite unacquainted with town life, he was much perplexed as to what he should do.

Suddenly his train of thoughts was interrupted by the joyful screams of a woman, and, on turning to discover their cause, he found that the ship which had been approaching the land had now reached the shore. Hoping to see something to interest him, he straightened himself, and went towards the landing-stage.

The scenes of welcome, however, produced an altogether different sensation to what he had hoped. The sight of the sailors on the ship struggling with each other to reach the shore first, and of their friends on the land equally anxious to meet them, reminded

him only too much of his recent departure from home, and soon he turned away from it and walked in the opposite direction. He had not left the crowd before he beheld a sight, small and insignificant in itself, yet one which was destined to play an important part in his life for the next few years. Two sailors, without friends to meet them, had just left the ship and were walking in the direction of High Street. Another sailor, who left the ship immediately after them, set off in the same direction as they had. He was so anxious, however, that they should not see him pursuing them that he was continually hiding behind obstacles. This conduct rather amused Derrick, who wondered why he was so desirous that they should not see him.

When all three men had disappeared from sight, Derrick started in the same direction, determined to find a bed for the night. As he turned the corner into High Street he collided violently with a man who had been leaning against the wall. He was the third sailor, and as he looked up, startled and enraged, he gave Derrick an impression which he never forgot. It was that of the most horrible man he had ever seen. His face was weather-worn, and gave with his steely eyes, which darted from one side to the other ever on the watch, an impression of the utmost deceit and cunning. His nose was curved and long, whilst his thin and bloodless lips were almost invariably compressed together, being opened solely for the purpose of allowing their owner to drink or to swear. Yet it was well that they were almost continually shut, for they then hid the fact that he was the possessor of but one tooth. His back was bent, whilst his limbs were short and thin. His hands, to make his appearance even worse, gave the impression that they had been around more than one man's throat.

Derrick passed on, ignoring his foul oaths, and soon came outside a tavern through the open door of which he would see the other two sailors drinking. A notice on the door informed him that he could obtain a bed there for the night, and, delighted at the opportunity of so easily dispersing his troubles, he quickly entered and informed the attendant of his requirements. As it was now practically dark, he sat down at the end of one of the many benches which were in the room.

Then, for the first time, he examined his surroundings, which he found hardly as perfect as he had imagined. The air was not exactly as pure as it was outside, and certainly there were many sailors present who had not come for sleeping purposes but rather to swallow liquor. Soon one of them started a "Sea Song," and was promptly joined by many others. From that time peace was impossible. Wild songs were intermitted by coarse jokes and loud laughter; occasionally, too, a quarrel served to brighten further

the spirits of the company. All this greatly disgusted Derrick, and he would undoubtedly have departed had not he already paid for his bed, and so used most of his money. At last, however, a sailor, less intoxicated than his companions, saw his plight, and taking him into a corner entertained him with entrancing tales of the South Seas.

Soon the boy became drowsy, and at last fell asleep. The sailor watched him for a time and then went back to his companions. When the place was being locked for the night, he managed to persuade the owner not to disturb him, but to allow him to sleep there during the night. Thus Derrick commenced to spend the night, not in bed, but in the drinking room of an old tavern.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was past midnight and the room was still and dark, when the door suddenly opened and a man fumbled his way into the room. After a moment he uttered a breathless "right!" and another man, carrying a lamp, came down the crooked stairs. Derrick all the while was fast asleep and unobserved, but had he been awake he would certainly have recognised the two sailors, the shadowing of whom had so mystified him during the evening. They bent over the table and commenced to scrutinise two thin sheets of paper, torn and yellow with age. Often they would speak in whispers and then study the papers again. Evidently those two sheets hid a secret, the discovery of which was proving a difficult task to the two sailors.

It was then that Derrick, disturbed by a hasty exclamation, commenced to wake up, and heard for the first time a phrase that was to prove of great value to him as he grew older.

"One two, one two, one two three;  
Down among the dead men soon you'll be."

The boy was now "half awake," and dimly conscious of the scene around him. Then he sat up and beheld the strangest sight of the whole night. The door was gradually opening again. Then "One Tooth," as the pursuer of the two sailors was appropriately nicknamed, slid into the room much as a snake would, and in place of its sting he had, clasped in his hand, a long, thin, cruel knife. Derrick, terrified, uttered a piercing scream, but the warning came too late. One of the sailors, still holding the papers, fell off the bench with a groan, and "One Tooth" hastily swung around upon his companion, hoping to get in another quick sharp thrust. This time, however, he was less fortunate, and both men swayed around the room.

The first sailor, whose life was fast ebbing, then saw Derrick for the first time, and beckoned to him. With fear biting his heart, the boy crept towards him.

Pointing to his already wounded friend, the dying sailor said to Derrick: "He can't live. The devil's got a knife! Take these, only never let that—that—devil get them," and he thrust into his hand the two worn sheets of paper. "Promise," he said, and as Derrick nodded, he pushed him and declared, "Run, boy, for your life!" and fell back exhausted and dying, yet with a triumphant gleam in his eye, for he believed that he had foiled his enemy.

With the papers in his hand, Derrick rose and, seizing his hat, made a wild dash for the door. "One Tooth" saw him, and as he passed by grabbed hastily at the papers. There was a tearing sound, and then "One Tooth" received a sudden blow and was forced to turn upon the sailor again.

The outer door was bolted, and the minute he took to unfasten it seemed an hour to the unfortunate Derrick. Every moment he seemed to feel "One Tooth's" knife in his back. At last, however, the door flew open and he was soon rushing madly through the streets, he knew not where. After a time he sank exhausted, and pushing the papers, or what remained of them, inside his shirt, he sat down and waited. When he had recovered he ran on again and continued doing so and resting until dawn broke. As the air lightened, he saw for the first time that he had gone practically in a circle, and was now in the vicinity of the Hoe. Fearful lest "One Tooth" should find him, he hid himself away by the shore and remained there until he saw his ship come in. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. His caution was, however, unnecessary. "One Tooth" had much more reason to hide than he had, for at that moment the two sailors were lying dead, and a man, who had tried to stop "One Tooth" badly injured, whilst an angry crowd was seeking the murderer.

While secreted from sight, Derrick took his first look at the papers. He found that one of the papers was still whole in his possession, but only a small fragment of the other. The wording upon them was very slight, and consisted of the phrase which he had heard the night before, written in two different fashions:—

"One two, one two, one two three,"

"Down among the dead men soon you'll be."

and:—

1, 2, Down among the

1, 2, Dead men.

1, 2, 3. Soon you will be.

Beside this latter phrase was drawn a wide open box, whilst also on the page was drawn a pig's head. On the remaining piece of the other page was the drawing of a house, on one side of which was a line marked "stream," and on the other a very deformed tree, the trunk of which was distorted into a complete circle. That was all the information that Derrick had to help him solve the mystery.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Derrick sat there mystified he did not know that no man alive at that time could have related to him the complete story hidden in those papers.

No one could have told him that some years before there had been a great robbery at a magnificent mansion in Surrey, and the thief been practically caught, only to escape with his spoil again. The man had been pursued all the way to Plymouth, but there was no doubt that when he reached this latter town he did not have his ill-gotten gains with him. Accordingly, it had been surmised that he had hidden them, hoping to return again at some later time for them. No trace of the man after his reaching Plymouth had been ever found.

This is little to be wondered at, for, knowing himself to be closely pursued, he had sailed as an ordinary seaman on board a vessel bound for the Pacific. He had been, however, a man bad from head to heel, and after various misdoings had been punished in the usual way—by being marooned.

Often during the months he had passed on that desolate island, he had cursed his fate, and then prayed to be safely brought to England again. Naturally, all was of no avail, and after being marooned seven years, he had died still on the island. As death approached him he had repented somewhat, and, using the ink of a cuttle fish, had written upon the "fly-leaves" of his Bible the directions how to recover the treasure. After the manner of his day, however, he had decided to make the recovery somewhat difficult, and had accordingly drawn the figure diagrams.

Two years later, a storm-damaged ship had passed that island, and seeking water and timber for repairs, had sailed into a natural harbour in its coast. Two of the first men to land had been the two sailors of Derrick's adventure, and they had chanced upon the dead body. Seeing that the open pages of the Bible were written upon, and had been carefully shielded by the dead man some seconds before his decease by his body, they had studied them and, becoming suspicious that they concerned treasure, had carefully taken possession of them. A third man coming behind them had seen the flutter of paper, and questioned them as to its meaning.



He had received a very unsatisfactory answer, and on seeing the Bible with two pages missing had realised the situation. This man had no scruples, and had often attempted to steal the papers, but unsuccessfully. He was "One Tooth."

Fear of discovery had kept him from the most drastic step, murder on board the vessel, but on land he was not nearly so troubled. Accordingly, on reaching Plymouth, he had formed his plans. He had followed the two men to the inn and gained admittance to it unobserved by them. Then in the night, when he was about to enter their room, he had heard them moving, and had been forced to take hasty cover. On their going to the drinking room he imagined that at last he had them in his power. And yet he had been frustrated by a young boy—Derrick.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years were passed since Derrick had so strangely come into possession of the torn plans which "One Tooth" had desired, and in him a great change had taken place. No longer was he a frightened boy terrified by the gleam of a knife, but a fine well-built man, used to the world and its strange mixture of good and bad. Six years of sea life had made such a huge difference in him in all respects but one—it had not lessened his determination to solve the mystery, of the existence of which, perhaps, only he and "One Tooth" were aware. He had searched long and late, although he quite realised the difficulty of his task. He had no idea even whether the box, the finding of which was essential, was hidden in England, Europe, or a South Sea Isle. And even if he did find it, how was it to be opened?

Naturally, after such a long and unsuccessful search, Derrick was feeling rather despondent as he rode from Plymouth to his home in Dorsetshire in order to have a short rest. He had been riding "hard" since he had started, and, as night was falling, he began to seek for an inn wherein to spend the night.

At last a house came in sight, and after guiding his horse over a stream, Derrick determined to question an approaching man as to its nature.

"Can you"—he commenced, and then stopped amazed, not because the old fellow had ignored him, but because he (Derrick) recognised him. *It was "One Tooth."*

Having recovered from his surprise, Derrick gazed after the retreating figure. Over his shoulder the old man carried a shovel, and in his hand a pickaxe. That, however, did not surprise Derrick nearly so much as the fact that he had aged so quickly. No longer did he appear the cunning crafty sailor, ever ready for a sly dig with his knife into his enemy's back. Instead, he was a weak old man,

so changed in fact that was it not for the same "devilish" look on his face one might well have doubted whether it was "One Tooth" at all. As Derrick rode towards the house he wondered whatever had produced this change.

On reaching it, he found that it was an inn, and accordingly entered. A jovial host enquired after his wants and hastened to attend upon him. Soon conversation started, and after a time Derrick, determined to probe the mystery of "One Tooth," decided to question him.

"Not all the inhabitants of this district seem to be so polite as you, my friend," he said, laughingly. "The old fellow, whom I passed on the road and questioned as to the nature of this house, refused absolutely to speak to me."

"Ah!" replied the host, "you mustn't judge us by him. He only came here about six years ago, and, furthermore, he's quite mad. It seems to be his ambition to discover some hidden treasure. He is firmly under the impression that it is hidden in this district. He's quite insane now. Often he will spend weeks fooling with that old chest over there." He pointed to an old seaman's box which stood in one corner. "How any secret treasure could be hidden there I can't tell."

"But why does that chest attract his attention?"

"Well, at the bottom there is a number of small drawers, nine in number, which fit together closely. When you require the drawer you simply lift it out. On each of these drawers is painted a word, and when they are in the correct order, form a terrible threat, which, however, to my knowledge has never come true. I asked him one day whether he knew anything connected with those words, but he said that he had never seen them before, but they looked mysterious. He is not the first man who has wasted six years trying to solve a mystery—and failed, because there was no mystery there!"

"But what is this phrase?"

"Oh, a weird thing, telling you that down among the dead men soon you'll be!"

Derrick jumped up amazed. "What?" he exclaimed, and without waiting for a reply, continued, "Man! Is there a stream on one side of your house and a deformed tree on the other?"

"Yes, but why?" demanded the astonished man, who had begun to fear for Derrick's sanity.

"And is the sign of this inn a pig's head?"

"Yes! but——"

Then his astonishment—and fear—grew, for Derrick had actually started laughing! Now, for the time, did he see the results of "One Tooth" obtaining the portion of one of those fatal papers. He must have obtained the part describing the way to the district where the spoil lay hidden. He had immediately come to those parts—and then had to stop for lack of information of the exact position of it. Meanwhile, Derrick had possessed the means to find the spoil if only he could find the district. And so Fate, by the mere tearing of a piece of paper had played with two men's lives.

"How did that box come into your possession?" he at last asked the innkeeper.

"Why it was a number of years ago. The late owner of this house was killed suddenly by a fall from a horse. I bought the house with all its furniture."

"And with him died the secret of a fortune!" Derrick said. "That box is worth thousands of pounds. It belongs to you, but I am the only one who can make use of it. If I can make it of any value shall we share?"

"Yes," replied the amazed man.

"Then show me the chest!"

Both men went quickly over to it. The innkeeper lifted off the higher shelves until they came to the bottom layer—the nine drawers. They fitted together closely, side by side, whilst on top of each was a small knob used for removing the drawers. Besides each knob was painted a word, and the nine words together made the sentence: "Down among the dead men soon you will be."

"Here are the papers," said Derrick. "See if you can understand them?"

Both men studied them for some minutes, and then the innkeeper said, "Why, of course! Look at this:—

1, 2,	Down among the
1, 2,	Dead men
1, 2, 3.	Soon you will be.

The numbers plainly refer to the words, and thus those about which the key to the mystery lies are:—

Down among  
Dead men  
Soon you will.

"Let us see the drawers with those words on them," said Derrick, and the innkeeper took them out and handed them to him.

"There doesn't seem to be much that is peculiar here, anyhow," said Derrick, after a quick examination. "Let us compare them with the remaining drawers."

The innkeeper commenced to remove the one with "the" upon it, and as it was jammed in its partition, pulled rather hard. There was a very audible click.

"What was that?" exclaimed Derrick, hastening to the box.

The innkeeper was gazing in amazement at the bottom, which, under his pull, had undoubtedly risen somewhat. "Catch hold of the end partition your side," he said, "and I will do the same this end." Both men did so, and pulled. The bottom came out quite easily. Plainly the correct way to have removed it would have been to have taken out the "1, 2; 1, 2; 1, 2, 3" drawers, and so release a spring which would have then allowed the bottom to be drawn out easily.

Both Derrick and the innkeeper immediately looked down upon what was the real bottom. Lying upon it were two keys and a piece of paper.

Snatching the latter up they quickly read the few words written upon it. They were directed to go to the library and to find there the third panel on the left from the door. Then they were to notice the knots in the wood composing it and to press the sixth one up from the floor. These instructions were quickly followed, and Derrick and the innkeeper found, as they expected, the panel swing backwards. This left space enough for them to enter, and after procuring a lantern, both did so. Indeed, so interested were they, that they failed to notice a third person, "One Tooth," enter the library a moment after them. He had noticed them open the chest through the window, for he had recognised Derrick, and had been watching him since his questioning him in the road. So carefully had he followed their subsequent movements, that he was able to open the panel after them almost immediately.

Derrick and the innkeeper, unconscious that they were followed, went through a small passage and then down a number of stairs. Here their way was blocked by a padlocked door. One of the two keys which they had found on the chest opened it and they proceeded through a small room.

"Look!" said the innkeeper, "there is a cupboard over there."

Both men went to it and soon it was opened by the other key. Then Derrick saw for the first time the treasure for which he had so long sought, lying scattered and untended. It consisted of gold and silver plates, glorious ornaments and priceless stones.

The innkeeper picked up one of the plates. Then he exclaimed excitedly, "But—but this must be the stolen Ashby treasure,"

"See!" he continued, pointing to a design on the centre of the plates, "this is coat-of-arms of a famous house in Surrey, near which I once lived. There was a great robbery there. This must be the spoil." Then he launched into a graphic account of the theft.

When he had finished, Derrick, a little disappointed, perhaps but determined to see "right" done, said, "One half of this is mine. That half goes back to the place from which it was stolen."

The innkeeper hesitated a moment, and then, smiling somewhat sadly, said: "And the other half goes back with it."

The two men were shaking hands when, from behind them, came a piercing shriek, and turning swiftly, beheld "One Tooth" prostrate upon the floor. One glance at his face was sufficient to shew that he was dead. His mad rage at discovering that he had lost had proved his undoing, for in the midst of it he had dropped—a dead man. And his body lay there, whilst he was answering for his crimes in a greater and a more wonderful world.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day, as Derrick was mounting upon his horse prior to departing to return the treasure, the innkeeper said to him: "There is a great reward for the return of this. Will you claim it?"

"Yes!" replied Derrick. "But it is all that I require. My share will be quite sufficient. I need no fortunes of gold and silver, for I already have my fortune—the sea."

C. A. OAKLEY.

### HIS CHANCE.

Arnold Fenwick felt that it was absolutely the last straw!

Outside, the raucous-toned hawkers were crying their wares. The voices of two drunken men were raised in altercation. And from one of the courts there came the dismal wailing of a child.

What a callous, miserable world it was!

Arnold Fenwick gazed with expressionless eyes at his surroundings—at the one apartment he called home. How loathsome it was to his artist's soul! A foul little garret, twenty feet square, with its grimy window, its truckle-bed, its wretched furniture, its ceiling of rafters—the home of cobwebs and squalour.

How miserable it all was !

There in the corner were some piles of manuscript, frail foundations upon which he had build up airy castles of ambition—which had never been realised. Products they were of many, many hours of feverish toil, completed, some under the sun's burning ray, others in the uncertain flicker of the midnight lamp. They had been the joy and the hope of his life, these. But now they were hopeless, as hopeless and uninspiring as his surroundings. Package after package had come back with the eternal mocking words, "We regret that it is unsuitable," until hope had fled away. It would be a week ago he had used his last stamp. And now he had not tasted a crumb for two days past; he could not pay the rental of his room, miserable as it was, and he felt himself in the depths of despair.

In all sooth, it was the last straw !

Arnold Fenwick felt that something must be done. Until now he had always maintained an unbounded faith in "his chance." Now this had vanished, yet he could not sit and brood—something must be done. And with this indefinite aim he swung down the rickety stairs and stepped out into the alley.

The glare of the costers' naphtha lamps turned him giddy. He wanted to get away from these. He walked down the wretched alley where bare-elbowed women nudged one another, talking compassionately of the "pale-faced young gentleman." Blindly he went on through a maze of streets. He had walked three or four miles when he came to an open space, which he recognised as a public park. Here at least he could breathe. He wandered aimlessly along the turf, and under some stunted trees he sat down upon a long seat.

He was awakened by a burly constable, who sternly insisted that he should "move on." Without a word of protest, he got up and went on his way, rubbing his eyes. He perceived that it was late, but he could not tell how late. There was a brilliant half-moon in the sky casting a ghostly reflection upon the house-tops. Not a soul was astir. He walked on alone through the deserted streets. He was conscious now of an overpowering hunger, and passing at the rear of some well-to-do houses he met his temptation—an open window. In the space of a few moments Arnold Fenwick was tempted and fell. In a trice he was the wrong side of that open window. . . . At first it was all darkness, but gradually he began to distinguish the objects in the room. It was evidently somebody's study. Books were ranged along one side of the room. There was a heap of periodicals on a stand, and a large secretaire with a red reading lamp. He found the switch, turned on the lamp, and immediately rolled down the blind. The room was

now filled with a soft light, and Arnold Fenwick, amateur house-breaker, began his first robbery.

In a small cabinet he found some biscuits and a black bottle containing port. He promptly disposed of the same with infinite relish. Then he took out his clasp-knife and tugged at the upper drawer of the secretaire. In a few minutes he had it open. When he had broken into the third he gave a gasp of satisfaction.

Here was his chance! A different chance from that which he had fondly imagined, but a chance indeed.

Inside lay five or six banknotes.

He thrust them into his pocket with a feeling of triumph.

Just then he heard a creaking on the stairs. Quick as thought he turned out the light. The door opened, and he saw the glow of a cigarette. He was caught—caught red-handed. Should he relinquish his chance? . . . Snatching up an iron poker which was lying in the grate, he aimed a heavy blow at the cigarette. There was a thud, and the man lay still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Arnold Fenwick did not return to the alley that night. He took the early morning train to Southampton, and left for America the same day. He was in the tortures of remorse until he read of his exploit in a London paper. It poured water on his burning soul. The man had not been killed . . . But he did not want to return now. He would make his future in a new land.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was fifteen years later that Arnold Fenwick returned to London again. He had led a rolling-stone life in Canada and came back rich in experience, though in little else. A curious feeling—sentiment perhaps—moved him to return to the alley, and the scenes of his former life. And once more he visited the land of fruit-barrows and shirtless brats. Every sight brought him a recollection of his early struggles, and when at last he reached the door of a poor lodging-house, a choking rose in his throat.

He knocked, and asked for Mrs. Spraggs. The portly landlady came to the door.

"Yes, sir?" she said, wiping her red hands in her apron.

But she remembered him. She was glad to see him, affably so. Why had he left her? She had burnt all his papers, yes—except for a letter which came the very night he left. She would bring it.

When Arnold Fenwick broke open the musty document, he went as pale as death :—

“ Sutton Publishing Co.

Dear Sir,

We are pleased to accept your story, ‘ The Heyday of Youth,’ for publication, and enclose £50 as a preliminary payment.”

His *real* chance ! It had been here waiting for him that night fifteen years ago, when he had been out marauding. His chance !! And he had missed it by a hair's-breadth !

R. F. E. COCK.

### TWILIGHT FANCIES.

A voice breaks through the haunting stillness of the gloom,  
As sinks the sun upon his fiery couch to rest,  
And o'er the earth there creeps from out the dying west  
A sense of sadness for the day that's spent so soon.

'Tis but the night-cry of a bird, who wends his way  
With fleet and hastening wingbeats on his homeward flight ;  
But in his note is mingled with the hate of night  
The joyous thought that soon 'twill once again be day.

He tells us of the days, as long, as fair, as sweet,  
As that which now has passed forever from our sight ;  
Of days unsullied by Time's awful grasp, that blight  
Which turns our moments into one great Past complete.

He tells us not to mourn the things which now are gone,  
What's done is done ; and only can we hope to do  
That work which in the future lies, both right and true,  
Thus shall we live up to our watchword, “ Carry on.”

J.M.

### ROLL OF HONOUR.

BIDGOOD, WILLIAM HENRY, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, missing since May 4th, 1917, now reported killed.

THOMAS, ARTHUR BAYLY TERRELL, of the Drake Battalion, Royal Naval Division, killed in action in France on the 30th December, 1917.



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