

No. 22.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



APRIL, 1915.

DEVONPORT :
SWISS & CO., PRINTERS, 111 AND 112 FORE STREET.
1915.

BARBER'S,

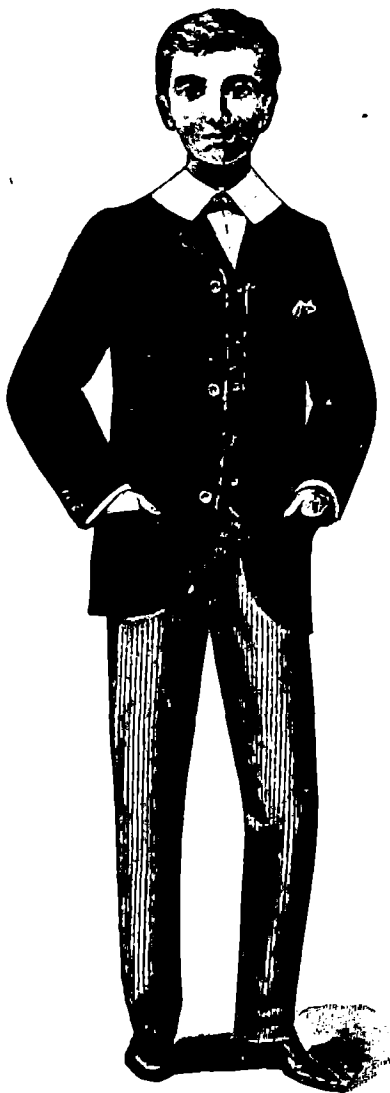
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THE DEVONPORT High School Magazine.

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PRICE 6D.

Editor : E. W. HITCHCOCK.

All communications should be addressed to :—

"The Magazine Editor, Devonport High School, Devonport."

EDITORIAL.

"Once more we chronicle change." We make no apology for commencing our Editorial with this quotation from a former issue of this Magazine ; the startling departure of our National life from "the even tenor of its way," and a venture of great moment in connection with our School, amply justify our lack of originality in making the review of recent events the theme of our present Editorial remarks.

An extremely noteworthy feature is the introduction of a Cadet Corps as a part of our School organisation. The idea, we may say, is no new one, being but the practical outcome of a scheme mooted some years ago, but which failed to materialise then through the lack of the stimulus with which the extraordinary virility of present-day national life seems to have endowed the revived project. The School has enthusiastically welcomed the innovation, and when, after the cessation of hostilities, the Cadets obtain official recognition as an Officers' Training Corps, they will constitute an efficient force, which, at any future crisis, will be "not only willing, but ready" at a moment's notice to play their part in the active defence of our native-land.

So much for our School : let us for a moment take a brief survey of the glorious prodigies of valour performed by our fighting forces during the past three months. Save for the cowardly naval sortie on unfortified towns, and an equally base raid by an aerial

squadron on the East Coast, our shores have been immune from an enemy invasion. Despite the possession of a much-vaunted "High Seas Fleet," our Teutonic opponents have not striven to gain an ascendancy over us. On the two occasions on which their Fleet has been compelled to give battle to our ships, the latter have more than vindicated our proud title of "Mistress of the Seas." The German "Dreadnoughts" decline to justify their cognomen; and still skulk behind the sheltering defences of Heligoland. Yet with characteristic bombast, these braggart Teutons proclaim a blockade of our coasts, and then [brave souls!] wage an impudent and impotent warfare against unarmed merchantmen: verily the acme of German "frightfulness!"

As yet we do not know the result of the determined attempt to force the Dardanelles: though the odds are terrific and the difficulties almost insurmountable, we have supreme confidence in the ultimate success of our efforts,—a mere question of time being involved. We view with equal complacency the great struggle for superiority on land, where our own troops and those of our Allies await the opportune moment for an irresistible advance along the whole line.

Remembering the dogged perseverance of the French and Russians, and the inherent and indomitable pluck of our own sons, we assert with absolute assurance that the modern "mad dog of Europe" will one day cease to yelp at Britain's might, and that the privilege of dictating the terms of lasting peace will be OURS. Amid the rejoicing at the final success of our arms, may we be not unmindful of the heroic sacrifice of those who have fallen in honour's cause:

"Let not her land forget the men who fought so good a fight;
Still shall our England keep undimmed their fame, their memory
bright."

SCHOOL NOTES.

The very best thanks of present and future D.H.S.-ians are due to Mr. Alderman Littleton, J.P., for his offer of an annual prize of £5. Needless to say the Headmaster on behalf of the pupils, accepted this generous offer with alacrity.

* * *

By securing the 14th place in the Examination for the much-coveted Intermediate Appointments at his first attempt, Reep has performed an achievement of which we are all proud. We hasten to accord him our personal congratulations and those of the whole School on his meritorious performance.

Coombe, who gained the 3rd place at the Exam. for Second Division Clerkships in 1913, also deserves our heartiest felicitations on obtaining the 5th place on the list at the same Examination.

* * *

We note with extreme pleasure the exceptional interest displayed in the recently-formed Cadet Corps, and trust that its numbers may be still further increased by some of the senior members of the School, who, up to the time of writing, have not joined.

* * *

The problem of distinguishing the Elliott twins has at last been solved by one of the members of the Staff. He orders 'H' to sit in the front that he may be 'handy,' whilst 'F' is deputed to have his abode in the back row, thus being 'far' from the master's eagle optic.

* * *

It has been rumoured that there is a scarcity of paper, and that, at one period, the Sixth were allotted daily rations of one solitary sheet of pad-paper. The candidates in the recent "Election" wish us to lodge a strong protest against this rumour; judging from the quantity of paper presented them at their various meetings, they are inclined to believe that there is a glut of it!

* * *

We are decidedly relieved that the promise of the Socialist candidate to secure "free beer and 'baccy'" if he were successful, fell on deaf ears, and to know that Seymour's "Cocoa" still enjoys its long-established popularity.

* * *

Taking the various electoral speeches as our criterion, we have a growing suspicion that the etymology of the word "Parliament" is remotely associated with *parler-mentir*!

* * *

We record the departure of the following Prefects:—

- L. CAREY.—Entered School, September, 1913; became Prefect; September, 1914.
- A. M. REEP.—Entered School, September, 1909; became Prefect, October, 1912; Full Colours, 1912-13; Captain 1st XI, Football, 1913-14, 1914-15; Captain, "Drake" House, 1914.

The amended list of office-holders is as follows :—

PREFECTS :—E. W. Hitchcock, J. Phillips, A. Heywood-Waddington, M. J. Collier, H. Bazley, N. A. Pick, H. J. Poole, B. Reiss-Smith, C. Blair-Hickman.

SPORTS COMMITTEE :—The Masters and Prefects.

1ST XI. :—*Captain*, H. Westlake ; *Vice-Captain*, A. D. Cassell.

2ND XI. :—*Captain*, A. Heywood-Waddington.

HOUSE CAPTAINS :—" Drake," J. Phillips ; " Gilbert," A. D. Cassell ; " Grenville," W. H. Bosworthick ; " Raleigh," E. W. Hitchcock.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY :—*Committee* : E. W. Hitchcock, J. Phillips, H. Bazley, M. J. Collier (*Secretary*).

D.H.S. CADET CORPS :—*Provisional Section and Sub-Section Commanders* :

Section I.—C. B. Hickman ; A. H. Waddington, S. Coleman.

Section II.—H. Westlake ; L. Atwill, L. Budge.

Section III.—E. W. Hitchcock ; L. Read, H. Martin.

Section IV.—M. J. Collier ; B. Hosking, A. D. Cassell.

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

D.H.S. GLEE CLUB :—*Leader*, Mr. Beer.

The SPORTS COMMITTEE gratefully acknowledge a subscription from G. Crocker, Esq., C.B., whose name was inadvertently omitted from the list of subscribers in our last issue.

SPEECH DAY.

On Tuesday, 2nd February, Mr. Alderman W. Littleton presided at the Electric Theatre over a very large gathering, not only the prize-winners, but, for the first time, the whole School. In his opening remarks he adverted to the brilliant record of successes, the increased number of pupils, and the efficiency of the Staff. After the Headmaster's Report (which we append in detail for the benefit of whoever may one day be the School's historian), the Mayor (Mr. Councillor T. Baker), having distributed the prizes, delivered an interesting and thoughtful address. The boys of the present had a great future before them, and he urged them to make the most of their opportunities now. He liked boys to have some purpose in life. He expressed himself a strong advocate of a

School Cadet Corps. He was glad to see with them that afternoon an old D.H.S.-ian, Engineer-Commander Clarke, a hero from the North Sea.

Mr. Alderman Munday proposed, and Rev. A. T. Head seconded; a vote of thanks to the Mayor and Mayoress, while Mr. J. W. S. Godding and Mr. Alderman Myer Fredman did likewise for the Chairman and Mrs. Littleton. Both motions were carried unanimously and vociferously. In his reply the Chairman made an important and happy announcement (*vide* "School Notes"). Bouquets were presented to the Mayoress and Mrs. Littleton by Masters Reggie Littleton and George Kingdon. A. & E. Pryor gave delight to all assembled by pianoforte and violin solos, while the greatest praise is due to M. Jacquet and the boys of Form VI. for a diverting and well-staged French playlet, adapted by the former from "*Le médecin malgré lui*."

* * * * *

Among letters of apology for absence was one from Mr. A. J. Rider, whom severe indisposition kept away.

* * * * *

The Headmaster's Report was as follows:—

"I have the pleasure to present my 8th Annual Report, which is, I am able to say, a record of successful effort and unchecked growth.

Of the keenness and assiduity of my colleagues I can speak in the very highest terms.

The tone of the School continues to be very satisfactory.

From the results of public examinations which I propose to enumerate presently, I can safely leave my audience to form their own judgment of progress made in studies during the period under review—a judgment which will be all the clearer if there be taken into account Malvolio's dictum (considerably adapted), viz., that some boys are born to study, some have study thrust upon them; for it happens in every school that much good and careful work, both on the part of the teacher and the taught, never wins a prize and never figures on the successful list of a competitive examination.

Four years ago the number of pupils in the School was approaching 200; and some of us considered that a reasonable maximum. Last year I reported 270, so we revised our opinion and made 300 the higher limit. To day the number on the books exceeds 300.

Seven years ago the Assistant Staff (excluding visiting masters) was 6 in number; last year 13; at the present time, with Mr. T. W. Prust, B.A., who came among us in September last, it is 14. There are in addition 6 visiting tutors, so that the assistants now total 20.

I do not propose to dilate upon the many activities connected with cricket and football, the Literary and Debating Society and other adjuncts of the School. Suffice it to say that they are under capable leadership. Much information concerning them may be obtained from the December issue of the D.H.S. Magazine. But I should like in passing to allude to the service rendered to the military authorities during the Summer Vacation by our troop of Boy Scouts.

Nor is this the only point of contact between the School and what has been uppermost in our thoughts since August last. On the leaflet placed in your hands are the names of nearly 100 old D.H.S.-ians now serving their King and Country. Over £20 has been subscribed for the Belgian Refugee Fund. There can be little doubt that the war is making a deep impression on the minds of young people as well as of adults. The object-lessons in "frightfulness" provided by our enemy seem to me to have a two-fold effect on school boys: first to deepen the respect which they have always had for "playing the game," even in war; and secondly, to awaken the desire to do something *now*, which shall render them effective to defend their country in the future. I hope that the Governors may presently see their way to sanction and assist in the formation of either an Officers' Training Corps or a Cadet Corps. Several years ago I advocated the former, but difficulties, including lack of space for a rifle range, stood and still stand in the way. Lord Kitchener's heavy task would be heavier still but for the 12,000 officers obtained from the O.T.C. connected with the Universities, the Great Public Schools and other schools of this country.

I will now give a list of successes obtained at external examinations during the four terms ending in December, 1914. It is a long list; we are naturally proud of its length. But in order not to weary you I will summarise and will classify into pass or qualifying examinations on the one hand, and competitive examinations on the other. Dealing with the former, I find that five boys—Boundy, Seymour, Spiller, Stephens and Thomas, obtained appointments in banks. Frank Stephens passed into the service of the Eastern Telegraph Company (where we are glad to know he is doing exceptionally well), B. H. Stribling and W. H. Truscott were successful at the Professional Preliminary examination, the former qualifying as a medical student and the latter as a dental student. Five boys qualified for matriculation at the University of London, while one, Hedley Rickard, passed the Inter. B.A. examination of the same university. This important success was achieved within twelve months of matriculating, and like all the other

examples I am quoting, was obtained direct from the School. At the Cambridge Locals in July last, 12 Seniors and 28 Juniors were presented, and of these 40 candidates, 37 passed. Of the 37, no less than 15 obtained honours, and 9 gained first-class honours. The percentage of first-class honours was thus 23 as compared with 6 for the United Kingdom. Twenty-three distinctions were gained: namely, 4 for mathematics, 4 for history, 3 for Latin, 2 each for arithmetic, chemistry and geography, and 1 each for English, French, German and Greek, while out of a possible 15, eleven passed in Spoken French.

At the same examination was won the most brilliant success for the year, that of Bosworthick, who was declared by the Cambridge Syndicate to be the BEST JUNIOR BOY, and was awarded by them the University Prize of £8. This means that he was first among 2,365 boys from various schools throughout the United Kingdom. It will be seen that I have now passed from the region of qualifying tests to that of competition. Bosworthick, naturally, obtained the prize awarded for the Best Junior Boy at the Devonport Centre, while Winchester carried off a similar prize for the Best Senior Boy at that Centre. Ball, Hallett, Rendle and Vanstone successfully competed for Junior Clerkships under the G.W.R. Company. Just 12 months ago R. H. G. Franklin passed into the Paymaster branch of the Navy, and in November last, J. L. Oliver, at an examination for entrance into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, stood 139th among over 700 candidates, of whom 400 were taken. At Examinations for entrance into the Civil Service we have again been most successful. At a competition for Boy Clerkships, M. Collier was placed 3rd among 675 candidates, being 1st in Science, 4th in French, and 6th in Mathematics. Edward Coombs was 144th of 464 competitors for 200 vacancies. For entrance into what is known as the Second Division of the Civil Service, for which the age of entrance is 17 to 20, the competition is, I believe, the keenest on record. At one of these examinations, 2,140 candidates competed for 100 vacancies, and our pupil, Leslie Coombe, came out 3rd. At another examination, A. M. Reep was 48th among 1,928 competitors. He obtained full marks for handwriting.

On looking through my two previous reports I find that during the three years ending December, 1914, no less than 18 successes at Open Competitive Examinations for entrance into the Civil Service have been secured by our pupils.

Thus ends my report on the last of eight very happy years of work under the Devonport Education Authority. I trust that the scope, usefulness, and success of the School may continue undiminished under the ægis and authority of Greater Plymouth."

ROLL OF HONOUR (*continued*).

Since last term's Magazine was printed, the Headmaster has received the names of the following old D.H.S.-ians on Active Service :—

BARNES, G., Captain, Civil Service Rifles.
 BENNETT, A., Territorial Army.
 BLACK, S., Canadian Contingent.
 BLACK, J., Territorial Army.
 BODY, B., Territorial Army.
 CLARKE, G. P., Engineer-Lieutenant, R.N.
 CLARKE, S., Despatch Rider, 10th Devons.
 CRABB, C. W., Royal Engineers.
 CRANG, K., Sec. Lieutenant, 3rd D.C.L.I.
 CRANG, R., Sec. Lieutenant, 10th North Staffs.
 CURD, D., Royal Engineers.
 FARHALL, F., Canadian Contingent.
 GOODWIN, G., Lieut., 1st Cameronian Scottish Rifles.
 GRANDY, P., Old Public School and Univ. Battalion.
 HALLETT, E., Devon Yeomanry.
 HALY, S., Sec. Lieutenant, King's Own.
 HANDS, E. W., Old Public School and Univ. Battalion.
 HARDIMAN, H., Lieutenant, E. Yorks.
 HOCKEN, S., Engineer-Lieutenant, R.N.
 HOCKEN, N., Territorial Army.
 JOHNSON, F. E., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 JOHNSON, S., Despatch Rider Home Counties.
 LAKEY, R., 7th Devon Cyclists (T).
 LANDREY, A., Territorial Army.
 LANG, T., Devon Yeomanry (T).
 LOVE, R. J. MACNEILL, Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 LUCAS, C., Devon Yeomanry (T).
 MANTLE, B., Canadian Contingent.
 PALFREMAN, A., Civil Service Rifles.
 PERRY, F. J. L., Lieut., 1st Batt. The Border Regiment.
 PERRY, F. W. A., 12th City of London Regiment.
 PETERS, S., Royal Engineers.
 PETHICK, A., Queen's Westminster Regiment.
 RAWLINGS, A., Hon. Artillery Company.
 RAWLING, S., Assist. Paymaster.
 REEP, A. M., 3rd Batt. Devon Regiment.
 ROEBUCK, H., Sergeant, R.E.
 ROOME, G. L., Midshipman, R.N.

ROOME, H. S., Midshipman, R.N.
 SHARP, GERALD, Surgeon Probationer, R.N.V.R.
 TOZER, C., Sec. Lieutenant, Ordnance Department.
 U'REN, R., Transport Clerk, A.S.C.
 WALLACE, A., Sergt., Camb. Univ. Corps (T).
 WILLIAMS, A. J., 2nd Batt. (Sports.) Royal Fusiliers.
 WOOLLEY, F., Assist. Paymaster.

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND.

Early in December the Headmaster made an appeal on behalf of the Belgian Refugees. This met with a gratifying response, and, as a result, £20 was handed to the *Morning News* Fund, and duly acknowledged in the columns of that paper on 22nd December.

£1 1s. 0d. :—The Headmaster.

5/- :—Messrs. Andrews, Jacquet, Millett, Sheldon-Williams, Ferraro, Packer, Lamb, Armor, Beer, Platt, Belchambers, Prust, Darton, Wood ; Miss Edmonds ; Smails, Damerell, Floyd, Brooks, Couchman.

3/6 :—Miss Collingwood.

3/- :—Blowey.

2/6 :—R. Morris, Waddington, Poole, Major, Bazley, Martin, Wilson, B. Hosking, Pett, Smale, Hitchcock, Phillips, Warren, Reiss-Smith, Carey, Freeman, Oakley, Davis, Crocker, Richards, Horsham.

2/- :—P. Pearce, S. Williams, Davidson, Lillicrap, Read, Bryant, Langmaid, Griffiths, Pick, Coleman, Treays, Trevithick, Waters, A. Pryor, Cock, E. Williams, Luscombe, May, Watson, Cassell, Maddock, Westbrook, H. Hallett, Marshall, Glasson, F. Rundle, J. Oliver, Laverty, Evans, Carter, G. Westlake, Plant, H. Taylor.

1/6 :—Mounstephen, F. Truscott, H. Tanner, E. Cock, Usher, Thomas.

1/- :—Hood, Sleeman, Sandell, Hurrell, Stephens, H. Taylor, Kitt, G. Collins, B. Collins, Reep, Northcott, R. Weale, Hill, C. Clark, G. Clark, J. Barnes, T. Rowe, Collier, F. Williams, Watts, Simons, L. Budge, Roper, J. T. Taylor, Mitchell, Trebilcock, Noble, Gray, Luscombe, Ham, Webb, Anderson, E. Hosking, Baxter, Pine, C. Budge, Landrey, Lobb, Standford, A. Chesters, Atwill, Millett, Bolas, Treliving, Paltridge, Skinnard, H. Pearce, White, R. Stephens,

Sims, Field, O. Rickard, P. Rickard, Urch, Bosworthick, Osborne, Grant, F. Oliver, R. Oliver, A. Collier, Farrell, W. Barnes, Garland, Jolliffe.

Sums below 1/- :—Ugnow, Litton, Hurden, Luxton, Curnow, Kimber, Byfield, Murray, Devereux, Caunter, A. Williams, E. Pike, Paddon, Battle, Potter, Rogers, Ritchie, J. Williams, Tresise, Littleton, Armitage, J. Coombes, Angle, R. Littleton, Ellison, Perrow, Cole, Lee, Donnelly, G. Hill, Sampson, S. Earle, G. Kingdon, R. Earle, Small, R. Truscott, J. Kingdon, W. S. Kingdon, Holwell, Sutcliffe, Yelland, Rowe, F. Reed, Revell, Badcock.

In addition to the above the boys of Form IIIa. raised among themselves during the Xmas vacation, 18/6, which was forwarded to the *Western Morning News* Fund on the 18th January.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

Not for many years has a cursory survey of the School's achievements in the football field offered such sorry reading. In fourteen matches played by the First Eleven up to the time of writing, we can only claim success in four, and of those four, on three occasions our opponents were Kingsbridge Grammar School who are unusually weak this year. On two other occasions we also just did not lose, but even with this the record is not great.

The reasons of our non-success are difficult to place, for that the team was of material as good as usual is amply evidenced by the fact that on no occasion could we be considered as a routed side. Far more often we had as much or more of the game than our opponents, but just failed to push home our opportunities. Indeed, this is a failing that runs through all three teams, the lack of dash and opportunism in the forward line.

But that is just what gives the adversary the lead of a goal or two in half-a-dozen, and materially damages the season's record. And in this respect the Seconds were even worse than their 'Chiefs,' with an aggregate of three wins only out of twelve matches to date. The Third Eleven certainly has done its best for the School with five wins out of six, but the overwhelming nature of their victories rather points to an undue advantage in age and weight over their opponents, and therefore affords less cause for self-gratulation than at first-sight appears reasonable.

More comforting is the reflection that, as mentioned above, our teams have never been routed off the field, a fact which encourages us to ascribe a considerable share of that adverse balance to ill-luck, while contenting ourselves with optimistic hopes for the

future in view of the keenness that characterises the House Matches, both Senior and Junior.

This year has been the first in which our numbers have enabled us to make Junior House Matches an accomplished fact, and their success has been beyond question. Material is being developed, which should keep us well supplied for years to come, material well in keeping with the best traditions of the School.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Played 14 ; Won 4 ; Drawn 2 ; Lost 8.

1914.

Oct. 10th	v. St. Michael's, at Greatlands	...	Lost	2-4
Oct. 17th	v. Kingsbridge G.S., at Greatlands	...	Won	10-3
Oct. 24th	v. Ford Baptists F.C., at Greatlands	...	Draw	4-4
Oct. 28th	v. Hoc Grammar School, at Greatlands	...	Lost	2-4
Oct. 31st	v. St. Michael's, at Greatlands	...	Lost	3-5
Nov. 7th	v. St. Mark's, at Greatlands	...	Draw	2-2
Nov. 14th	v. Dunheved School, at Greatlands	...	Lost	2-3
Nov. 21st	v. Hoc Grammar School, at Oreston	...	Lost	0-8
Nov. 28th	v. Ford Baptists, at Greatlands	...	Lost	2-5
Dec. 5th	v. Kingsbridge G.S., at Kingsbridge	...	Won	7-0

1915.

Jan. 30th	v. Plymouth Corporate Officers, at Beacon Down	...	Lost	4-7
Feb. 6th	v. Ford Baptists, at Greatlands	...	Lost	2-4
Feb. 20th	v. Kingsbridge G.S., at Greatlands	...	Won	9-0
Mar. 6th	v. Hoc Grammar School, at Greatlands	...	Won	4-0

SECOND ELEVEN.

Played 14 ; Won 3 ; Drawn 2 ; Lost 9.

1914.

Oct. 3rd	v. Mutley G.S. (away)	...	Draw	2-2
Oct. 17th	v. Plymouth Corporate Officers, 2nd	...	Draw	3-3
Oct. 24th	v. Plymouth Tech. Juniors (home)	...	Won	5-1
Oct. 28th	v. Plymouth Corp. G.S. 1st (away)	...	Lost	0-4
Nov. 7th	v. Hoc G.S. 2nd XI. (away)	...	Lost	1-5
Nov. 14th	v. Plymouth Tech. Students	...	Lost	1-5
Nov. 21st	v. Plymouth Corporate Officers, 2nd	...	Lost	3-8
Nov. 28th	v. Plymouth Tech. Juniors (away)	...	Won	4-1
Dec. 5th	v. Mutley G.S., 1st (home)	...	Lost	0-4
Dec. 12th	v. Plymouth Corp. G.S., 1st	...	Lost	1-2

1915.

Jan. 30th	v. Mutley G.S., 1st (home)	...	Lost	1-3
Feb. 6th	v. Plympton Y.M.C.A. (away)	...	Lost	2-3
Feb. 20th	v. Plymouth Corp. G.S., 1st (away)	...	Won	4-3
Mar. 6th	v. Plymouth Corp. Officers, 2nd	...	Lost	0-10

CHARACTERS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND ELEVENS.

(† *Full Colours.* * *Half Colours*).

-
- † REEP, A.—(*Captain*, Sept.-Dec., 1914). A hard-working and reliable, if not brilliant, back. Lacked the pace and strength of kick his position demanded. As Captain, kept his team fairly well in hand, but was shy in asserting his authority.
- † WESTLAKE, H.—(*Vice-Captain*, Sept.-Dec., 1914; *Captain*, Jan., 1915.) A bulky person of a surprising turn of speed, but, whether at half or forward, seems to want the confidence to use his powers to the full. As captain is at present altogether too diffident, but there is ample time for development.
- † CASSELL, A. D.—Hampers his unquestioned abilities as a speedy and dangerous "inside" by wilful neglect of his foot-gear. Two inches lee-way is not calculated to ensure accuracy of shooting.
- † FEATHERSTON, B. M.—Versatile and mercurial. Can, when he will, fill with credit any position on the field—a clever and fearless tackle, and occasionally an opportune 'shot.' But oh for the game for the game's sake!
- † PHILLIPS, J.—Developing considerable speed and power at outside-left. Has put in some phenomenal shots.
- † CROCKER, J.—Imperturbable and plodding full-back, strong kick if a bit slow, was beginning to display too much tendency to give tongue.
- † RENDLE, S.—Came on most promisingly at inside and outside right. Rather light for some of our heavier engagements, made up much by clever foot-work.
- † WESTLAKE, G.—Young and light, and a bit hot-headed, but has the makings of an invaluable right-wing with time and self-control.
- † HICKMAN, C. B.—Ponderous, but indefatigable; atones for the many times he gets there too late at left-half, by the wide-spread devastation he causes when he gets there in time. Has much improved in feeding his forwards.

SEWELL, L. W.—A new and decidedly promising acquisition. Though still on the young side, has a strong and ready kick, at inside-forward, and can put in clever foot-work at half. A little nervous in Club matches, but a 'moral' on his day.

*HITCHCOCK, E.—Is developing into a strong full-back, much surer and stronger both in his kick and tackle.

*MARTIN, H.—A belated product, in the half-back line, but making up for a wasted past by leaps and bounds. Still suffers occasionally from unaccountable fits of hesitancy, but these will go. Clever head-work.

*HENDRA, R.—A promising custodian. An inch or two in height may prove an advantage. Needs some practice in hand-work; is a little too ready to chance a kick.

*COLEMAN, S.—A half-back of unequal performances. Can play for his size and weight a really sparkling game, but shows a streak of laziness at times.

*HURRELL, F. W.—Very reliable defence at half or back, but disappointing in the forward line. Remarkably safe kick.

*BUDGE, L.—A feather-weight inside-left, very clever with his feet and full of pluck; must try to get more powder into his passes.

*WADDINGTON, A. H.—(*Captain*, 2nd XI., Jan., 1915.) Most aggressive defence. Makes up in fearlessness what he lacks of skill in tackling. Another belated product; also improving rapidly.

*PRYOR, S. A.—A well-meaning forward, but sorely lacking in dash. Should make much more of his size and speed. A moderate full-back.

THE CADET CORPS.

After many years of unavailing effort, those who have felt that some form of military training was sorely needed, took advantage of circumstances—in the shape of the war, verbal commendation of such a project from several influential quarters, and first, last, and all the time, a very fine spirit of enthusiasm in the School itself,—to see what could be done in inaugurating a corps.

Our first disappointment came in the notification from the War Office that, as it was intended to remodel the whole O.T.C. movement as soon as the war permitted, ours with many other applications must stand by for the present. Unless the matter was to be shelved again, therefore, we had perforce to fall back on the Cadet organisation, pending the opportunity for more satisfactory arrangements.

Unfortunately, a Cadet Unit is bound to be self-supporting, and though we are now a body over eighty strong, and have proved by solid and steady work on Mondays and Fridays during the last five weeks that, as far as drill-efficiency goes, we are going to put the thing through in style, our financial resources at present, apart from the 5/- entrance fee, are nil, and it is impossible to supply eighty odd uniforms and equipments for some £20.

But we optimistically look to our virtuous intention bringing in more than their proverbial reward, for there can be no one in any way connected with the School but will applaud those intentions, and that, too, we hope, with applause in concrete form. We can already boast a roll of honour of over one hundred and twenty ex-pupils of the School now serving their country by land or sea. But how much readier material to hand, and perhaps greater in quantity, might we and many another school have been able to offer in this crisis, had such an organisation as that under contemplation been an accomplished fact only a few years ago.

In its present embryo condition, the Corps is under the command of Mr. Sheldon-Williams, who, both at Cambridge and in Bermuda, put in many years' work, both non-commissioned and commissioned, under the old Volunteer régime. He has found ready and able assistants in Mr. Lamb, at one time in the Plymouth Defence Force, and Mr. Prust; who is well qualified to supply all physical drill required.

Rifle drill is being inculcated by means of a score or so ancient Martini-Henrys,—ancient, but none the less useful for preparing the way to as smart a showing in the handling of arms as is already becoming satisfactorily noticeable in the ordinary manœuvres of Company drill. These last are carried through with a swing which speaks volumes in the case of so young a Corps for the enthusiasm with which it is inspired.

When the time comes for this Unit to take its place among the recognised Officers' Training Corps throughout the West, we are well assured it will have no cause to feel diffident in its claims, or ashamed of its performances.

DE QUIBUSDAM.

At our last Speech Day to assembled throngs
 The Head revealed a budget of success
 In his Report, which more than justified
 Our claim ;—to be of Plymouth Schools the *best* !

* * * * *
 At length persistent effort has borne fruit ;
 [The project was revived quite recently.]
 A most efficient Corps has now been formed,
 Which, in due time, will be an O.T.C.

* * * * *
 The scientist now handles with great care
 Even the test-tube,—valueless of old ;
 For, owing to a stoppage of supplies,
 These [German] tubes are worth their weight in gold.

* * * * *
 Our highest hopes were fully realised
 When we received our Concert, overdue :
 As if to make up for all past arrears,
 Last term our entertainments numbered *two* !

* * * * *
 The meetings of the various candidates
 At the " Election " were, all, most unruly ;
 Yet the Electorate all " kept their heads : "
 —Her charms secured but one vote for " Miss Julie."

* * * * *
 Lament ye Old Boys for a noble soul !
 We all do miss his voice,—both young and old.
 Perchance his raucous tones we'll hear once more,
 When Peps have cured our worthy " Daddy's " cold !

* * * * *
 And other voices too we sorely miss,
 Though in the flesh their owners still we see.
 It is no riddle ; we but wish to state
 How we regret the absence of a " Glee."

* * * * *
 Though our Cadets on training are so keen,
 And soon for smartness they will take some whacking,
 We really see no reason why they should
 Polish their muddy boots—with Wheeler's blacking !

QUIDAM.

BOY SCOUTS. DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL TROOP.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

The following Scouts have been on War Service for twenty-eight days or more, and have obtained the War Badge :—

Oliver	V. u.	Kingdon	IV. a.
Couchman	V. a.	Thorne	IV. a.
Holwell	V. a.	Davis	IV. b.
Lewthwaite	V. b.	Rickard	IV. b.
Damerell	IV. a.	Thorne	III. a.
Gilbert	IV. a.	S. Williams	III. a.
Jolliffe	IV. a.		

The following have done some War Service, but not sufficient to qualify for the Badge :—

Anderson	V. u.	Stephens	III. a.
Tanner	V. b.	Waddington	III. a.
Baxter	IV. a.	Truscott	II.

The following badges and service stars were distributed by His Worship the Mayor of Plymouth at the Prize Distribution :—

V. u.	Anderson—	Ambulance Badge.
	Oliver—	Ambulance Badge, Swimmer's Badge, All round Cords.
V. a.	Couchman—	Ambulance Badge, 2nd Class Badge, Service Star, Master-at-Arms Badge.
V. b.	Tanner—	Ambulance Badge, Service Star, Patrol Leader's Hat Badge, Patrol Leader's Button-Hole Badge.
IV.	Damerell—	Ambulance Badge, 2nd Class Service Star.
	Kingdon—	Ambulance Badge, Service Star, Patrol Leader's Hat Badge.
	Roper—	Service Star.
	Thorne—	2nd Class Service Star.
IV. b.	Davis—	Service Star.
	Rowse—	Service Star.
III. a.	Stephens—	Ambulance Badge, 2nd Class Service Star.
	Thorne—	Service Star.
	Waddington—	Service Star.
	S. Williams—	Ambulance Badge, 2nd Class.

The following have passed the Tenderfoot Test, and thus obtained the Badge.

IV. a.	Mitchell.	
III. b.	Revell, Osborne.	
II.	Truscott.	J. C. PLATT, Scoutmaster.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The question as to "whether the present Censorship of the Press is too rigorous," formed the theme of a most animated debate held on Friday, December 4th, 1914. Upholding the Censorship, Collier strove to emphasise the necessity of preventing any "important points of military strategy" from becoming known to our enemies through the inadvertent statements of the Press. Bazley directed his hearers' attention to the words "present Censorship." He pointed out that even reports of past engagements, possessing no military value to our opponents, but which would serve as a valuable stimulant to the patriotism of the Allies, were being suppressed. The Boers' foreknowledge of the movements of our troops as gleaned from the Press, and the consequent frustration of our plans, was cited by Phillips as an instance of the folly of giving the newspapers unbridled licence to publish "war news." Hitchcock opposed the Censorship on the grounds that the perfected system of German espionage rendered recourse to newspaper information unnecessary. Wilson, who also viewed the present suppression of newspaper reports with disfavour, showed the futility of the Censorship by reading from an American newspaper the account of a certain incident of War that our "Sup-Press" Bureau deemed inadvisable to be recorded in the columns of our "dailies." Read condemned the curious spirit of those who required "full details." He advised those who wanted them to possess their souls in patience until the proper season, when all that is necessary to be told will be made public. His sentiments were apparently synonymous with those of several others present, for, though 13 considered the present Censorship of the Press too rigorous, 17 favoured its existence as a vital safeguard to our national interests.

The concluding meeting for the term took the form of a miscellaneous Concert, given on Friday, December 11th, 1914, by members of the Society, aided by many of Form Upper V. Invitations were issued to Forms V.a. and V.b., and when the concert began at 7 p.m., nearly eighty were present. An enjoyable entertainment ensued: songs were ably rendered by Phillips and Waddington, whilst Brooks (of Upper V.) was eminently successful as a comedian. Other items included recitations by Bazley, Coleman, Cock, and Jefford, and talented violin solos by E. Williams and Pryor (ii.); at the piano, Reiss-Smith and Pryor (i.) evinced no mean musical ability, and a most successful concert was terminated by a sketch enacted by members of Form V. (Upper); in which Rendle provoked roars of laughter by his representation of one of the principal characters. It was very gratifying to observe

the presence of so many masters ; the Committee takes this opportunity of tendering them a cordial invitation to any of the Society's regular meetings.

As a result of a " Parliamentary Writ " being received at D.H.S. on February 2nd, 1915, six names were forwarded to the " Returning Officer," B. Hosking, as intending candidates for the one vacancy in this important constituency. The names of these nominees, with those of their respective agents, and the interests in which each intended to contest the " election," were as follows :

- H. Bazley, Liberal ; Agent, A. T. Brooks.
- M. J. Collier, Conservative ; Agent, W. Standford.
- H. J. Poole, Conservative ; Agent, L. Read.
- C. B. Hickman, Socialist ; Agent, A. H. Waddington.
- E. W. Hitchcock, Business Govt. ; Agent J. Phillips.
- " Miss Julie Wilson," Suffragist ; Agent, H. Martin.

The date of the contest having been fixed as February 15th, the various aspirants to political fame had ample time to canvass their electorate. All availed themselves of this opportunity, and right nobly assisted by their agents, they held meetings in their several " committee-rooms " daily at 4-45 p.m. The corridor bristled with posters ; the " partition of thick wood " that " divides us from our neighbours," proved most convenient as a hoarding, and on it sundry political effusions were displayed. After a while even the corridor walls were encroached upon, and before the fateful day had dawned, one candidate, who evidently meant business, had suspended an injunction to vote for him from mysterious supports bearing some faint resemblance to the laths of a Venetian blind ! Excitement had reached fever-heat, and speculation was rife as to who would gain the coveted " honour," when on the 15th February, Forms VI., V. (Upper), V.a and V.b assembled at 7 p.m. to register their votes. Before the actual voting took place, the candidates were afforded the privilege of addressing their constituents for the last time. Collier, the Conservative, so exhausted the merits of his policy, that Poole, of the same Party, had perforce to lay stress on his personal ascendancy over his opponents, his chief qualification for political honours being apparently, from his harangue, his ability to " gas." The Liberal representative, Bazley, vigorously attacked his opponents' statements, and gave a spirited defence of the Bill against Plural Voting, repudiating the Conservatives' assertion that because one man had more property than another, it necessarily followed that he should have a louder voice in the representation of his interests. The " idle rich " seemed to rouse the ire of the democratic Hickman, who was firmly convinced of the " dignity of toil." He assured his supporters that, under Socialism, " beer and tobacco " would be free, and that, in a word,

England, under a Socialist régime, would be a modern Utopia. "Business" was the foreword of Hitchcock, the champion of the Business (Non-Party) Government; he emphatically condemned the "useless and effete Party System," and demonstrated, with special reference to our own administration, how, in affairs of national importance, Business Government was the unique practical form of political constitution. The feminine charms and fulsome promises of "Miss Julie" Wilson, the Suffragist, failed to impress the stony hearts of the electors as the result of the polling will show:—Hitchcock, 44 votes; Bazley, 10 votes; Collier, 9 votes; Hickman, 7 votes; Poole, 2 votes; Wilson, 1 vote. Commenting on his success, the victor stated that it aimed a great blow at the hitherto unassailable popularity of the Party System, and paid a high tribute to the value of his up-to-date policy.

"Dust" was the novel title of a paper delivered on Thursday, March 4th, by W. Standford: though by no means unaware of its manifold drawbacks, the reader succeeded in counterbalancing these by its numerous advantages. He attributed the glorious hues of the sky and the beautiful tints of the rainbow to the presence of dust-particles. Without dust the sky itself would be absolutely black, and the stars visible at noonday! The sun would emit a bright and glaring light, but, owing to the absence of dust molecules, there would be no diffused daylight; consequently anything outside the direct path of the sun's radiance would be intensely dark. Our vegetable and animal life would have to be modified so as to exist in a world of such harsh and violent contrasts. He described in some detail the interesting experiments of an Italian professor, who wished to determine more clearly the part played by dust in the formation of fogs; and concluded his thesis with an enumeration of some of the many advantages accruing from the presence of what to most people seems an "unmitigated nuisance." The startling assertions made in the course of the paper evoked a running fire of questions from sceptical critics. The reader, undismayed, rose to the occasion and disposed of all queries addressed him, with such success that a unanimous vote of thanks was given him for his ingenious treatment of a most original subject.

Owing to the early date of going to Press, this report does not extend up to the end of the Session. Two papers are in active preparation, and will be given before the Easter vacation: the account of these and of another possible debate must unavoidably be held over until the next issue of the Magazine. Up to the present the newly-constituted Society has proved a great success; we are of opinion that the progress of time will still further increase its value as an institution of the School.

*O would some power the giftie gi'e us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.*

If an English boy were sent to a French or German School, how would he get on? Let us suppose him to be the only one of his nationality in that school. It will be fairly safe to say that he will not speak or act in a manner to attract attention. I do not mean that he will be scared or nervous, but he will be careful not to give himself away.

When Tom Brown went to Rugby, he and his young friends were tossed on blankets. It is not a good thing to be tossed on a blanket. In other schools a "good old custom" obtains that each new-comer shall be baptised—held under a tap while the cold water streams down the neck and soaks the under garments; at the same time a large lump of soap is forcibly held in the victim's mouth.

This, also, as the French say, is not good. Yet the boys who have survived these baptisms, have, by the force of their character, made the English name respected in the world. It has been the fortune of the writer of this note to see our English boys mixed in study and play with German, French, Americans, Italian, Dutch and Russian boys, and in short, youths from Seattle to Siam. In study I suppose the average English boy shows as much brains as any one, probably he has more, if (oh for the "if!") he would use them.

One English boy did not speak more than a dozen words in three months. What a penance! If he spoke English he would be penalised. French he would not. Why? We're all the same. He shared a dormitory with a dirty-brown Brazilian, who rattled his r's in his throat in a way which suggested he was in pain. Yet Castro expatiated at length on the forty-five brilliant ties which his wardrobe held, and poor Stower was mute to express either admiration or annoyance. Castro, in the course of time, showed a great love of French fashion, and argued, on the grounds of his fluency in French, that those, unlike him, who lacked taste in dress and confidence in manner, were very *bête*.

At table, how the American boys ruled the talk! In accents loud and nasal they shouted down all who suggested that anything outside America was worth seeing. In this they showed their good sense. They considered the English slow and dull. Peronnet, a French boy at the same table, agreed in part, but sneered at the idea that Americans, however rich, were all gentlemen, and said that George Washington had once told the truth; did the Americans consider that sufficed for all time?

Still what enthusiasm the Americans showed ! On a Saturday a football match was played against another similar school. Great rivalry existed. Colours : home side, scarlet ; opponents, purple. Let us call the home side Villa X. Before the match every boy in the school turns up, masters too—and many interested people,—for here will be played an English football match. It is true that the bulk of Villa X. players are Americans, one or two Spaniards, an English boy, a French boy, and a Siamese. The whistle goes. From the line a hoarse chorus goes up in three beats, Villa X ! Villa X.!! It increases as the game continues. On the other side the Italian and German eleven get hopelessly out of their places, and the game gets mixed. A little strenuous football and much high jumping follows. It is more than an English boy can do, to compete on equal terms with a German who leaps six feet towards him and drops upon our hero's back.

The smaller boys played in Junior Matches. One team of diminutive Americans, Jews and Siamese, who went by the name of Colossals, would probably have beaten our present seconds—*Verbum Sapienti*—we are not the only ones who can play. While the German boy plods hard at work and play, grinding laboriously, his American comrade delights in liberty and short cuts. The American always asks you, "What is it all good for, anyhow?" before he troubles to learn. He thinks the English unimaginative and lacking in reason and common sense, the Germans prigs in learning and queer in habit. Paris and the French they admire. All good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. For the rest of the world the American has a good-natured laugh. Brazilian, Spaniard, or Italian means to him nothing but "greaser." This confidence and assurance make the American boy his own hero. Anyone who had the boldness to prevent him celebrating his fourth of July with a holiday and liberty to "paint the town red," would be tarred—or mobbed.

Some Dutch boys, who had been in England and spoke our language well, had little good to say of us. While they played our game keenly, and were glad to be friends of the Anglo-American set, they never forgot that England had given them a miserable time in school, nor had they forgotten the South African War.

All these little foreigners were there with one object. To be cultured gentlemen means, in Europe, to have a sound knowledge of everything "worth knowing about great countries," and the ability and will to converse with anyone on any subject, in almost any known tongue. Strange to say our English boy takes longest to expand his store of information or to dare to speak. Before he has outgrown the "*oui, oui, or non, je ne sais pas*" stage, his Italian contemporary has left the school, to study law or military tactics

at some institute "*en ville*," and congregates in the crowded cafés in the evenings, with a mysterious bundle of folios in a newspaper under his arm. There Greek, Bulgar, and Jap discuss noisily some new comedy, while we, privileged to an occasional outing, look on in moody silence. Not far away the American family have a squabble. Otto is protesting to "Marmy," who threatens to send him home to America for walking without a guide, across a glacier in Valais. Everyone likes home best.

A little Siamese told me that though he loved England, he longed to go back to Bangkok to the rich fruits, and to eat rice and curry in the evening feasts. He hadn't seen a cock-fight or a fish-fight since he was six years old. Would he not miss all the fine things which he had got used to in France and England—his fine stylish American clothes, broad-brimmed straw hat, so dear to all dark skins, the meringues and syrups, and the tales of Nick Carter and Arsène Lupin and the cinema? Not much fear of that. Bangkok was no collection of straw huts. They had electric trams there, and motor-boats in the canals, arc-lamps among the big palms at night, and they had a fine post-office with beautiful stamps, with the image of an elephant on them. The French had taught them all that, and many would come from India, Siam and Japan to learn from the French,—to learn how to become soldiers. They were afterwards to go back to their Eastern homes, knowing about Europe all that was worth knowing. Some day they might want to teach us; these Asiatics, who called themselves "we yellow people" would return the compliment. Till then can not all Europe take a lesson from France, and learn what she has to teach us?

C.F.A.

A "PHABLE."

Phonetic-spelling is, we must confess.

A good idea; but we did not know

That it was not admired at D.H.S.:

And least of all in Form I.; but 'tis so.

* * * *

For in that class one morn a master took

A mark of conduct from one of the boys:

The Form-boy wrote it in his Conduct Book.

—The incident was closed; *sans* further noise.

But just a fortnight later Mr. P.,
 The master of the Form, compiled the list
 Of bad marks : [things that really should'nt be,]
 —The Form-boy stood near, ready to assist.

* * * *

In monotone the youngster chanted out
 The initials of the staff : (who'd given marks.)
 No need to give their full names, there's no doubt
 L stands for L——b, and not for Love or Larks !

* * * *

But Mr. P. was more than mystified
 When all at once " P-H " was murmured low.
 " Now, who on earth is that ? " the master cried :
 " No teacher's name commences thus, I know ! "

* * * *

He pondered o'er the names of colleagues who
 Composed, with him, the staff of D.H.S.
 Then, in despair at finding there no clue,
 At last he asked the lad to spell the rest.

* * * *

The youngster, nothing loth, did thus commence :—
 " P-H-A-R-A-R-O-A,"—(a pause,)
 And then a final " H." Unless you're dense,
 You may from this discover who it was.

QUIDAM.

THE TRIALS OF A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

Although it is stated that the inhabitants of some of the remote islands of the Pacific know nothing of the war, it is a fact that we, the inhabitants of the quiet suburban town of Slowcombe, know a good deal of what is going on both on the continent and in England. At any rate, all, without exception, are very patriotic and do everything they can for the benefit of their country. For instance, my friend Jones is a great smoker, but he does not buy any matches now, and gives the money he thus saves to the war funds ; he, however, accosts me every morning with, " Can you oblige me with a match ? " Never mind, he is doing his best.

I was walking down the street one morning, wondering what I could do to help my country, or at least, my town, when I espied a poster inviting me to enlist and fight for my king and country. But then, I am too old to enlist, so I passed on until I saw an

announcement appealing for special constables. Here was a chance for me. I imagined myself with a striped badge on my arm, assisting to preserve law and order amongst the people. I really felt 10 years younger.

I then proceeded to the house of the Mayor, to offer my services. The Mayor seemed very pleased, and said that I was just the kind of man he wanted. "If you will call at the Town Hall this evening at 7 o'clock you can be 'sworn in,'" said he, "and you will be able to take up your duties at once"

That evening I arrived at the appointed place at five minutes to seven, and there met some of my friends, including Jones, but he must have left his pipe at home because he didn't ask for a match.

When we were all assembled we were "sworn in," and then the Mayor explained our duties and gave us our striped badges, which we were to wear only when on duty. I carefully deposited my badge on the hall-stand, when I arrived home,—and then went around to the club.

My duty was to commence on the following morning at 9-30; so about 9-15 I began to prepare to go to the Town Hall where I had to report myself. I was just leaving the house when I suddenly remembered that I had left my badge behind; so I returned to get it from the hall-stand. It was gone. Then the house became a perfect inferno. Everyone started looking for the lost band. After we had searched practically all over the house, Tommy, my youngest hopeful, arrived and informed me that he had tied a piece of blue and white ribbon around the dog's neck. I had no time to remonstrate with Tommy, but seized my badge and rushed off to the Town Hall, where I received my orders for the day.

My "beat" lay in the "select" part of the town, but after patrolling long avenues, containing very large and imposing houses, for about an hour, without seeing anything more exciting than a dog-fight, I decided to visit the poorer parts of the town, where I might have something more to do.

As I entered a street boasting the name of "Primrose Terrace," I saw some ragged little boys throwing stones at a dog. One of the company noticed me and shouted to his playmates, "Look out, boys! A bobby!" His smallest companion turned, and, seeing my civilian clothes, said: "Git on wiv 'ee, it's only a speshul!"

This remark rather lowered my self-conceit, but I resumed my course unheedingly.

Soon afterwards a boy ran out from Paradise Court and shouted, "Please sir, come into our court, and bring an ambulance with you." Rather taken aback by this sudden demand, I could only stammer

out, "Why?" The reply was not long coming, and I was informed that "mother" had discovered the woman who stole her door-mat. Not having an ambulance at my command, I passed on, amid the jeering cries of the boy who called me a coward, and many other things, which I dare not repeat—gleaned from his extensive vocabulary.

So far I had done very little, but I hoped for a chance when I could show what I was really worth. Some women had assembled on the pavement to talk, so I politely asked them to move on, and not to obstruct the footpath. They did move as I requested, but reassembled a few yards further on, after passing some very uncomplimentary remarks about me.

I was making myself very conspicuous in this neighbourhood, and when I remonstrated with a woman for caning her little boy, and she told me that she would do the same to me if I didn't mind my own business, I decided to make tracks for my assigned district.

I met Jones about noon, and we went to a restaurant to lunch and talk of the happenings of the morning. It is my firm belief that Jones did not tell all that had happened, and of course I didn't tell him what the rude little boy said to me.

During the afternoon I was about to go around a corner when I heard low voices. I stopped to look at my watch and sinister words fell on my ears. "If I don't give her a dose of poison to-night, my name's not Bill. She's always in our way, and you can't trust her out of your sight."

What villainous plot was being hatched here in broad daylight? Should I run for help? No, I would seize the miscreants unaided. Rushing around the corner I pounced on two men, and ordered them to "come quietly." They struggled, but I intended to do my duty, as only a special constable could, and I tightened my grip on their arms. They tried to reason with me, but I was firm, and forced them to march down the road. All at once it occurred to me that I might have made a mistake, so I asked my prisoners to give a full explanation. It took some time, however, for "Bill," to convince me that he was a milkman, and that he was only going to poison his cat because it persisted in drinking milk out of the can. I released my "prisoners," and turning on my heel, walked quickly in the opposite direction, without saying a word.

When I arrived home, everyone wanted to know what I had done during the day, but I complained of a headache, and soon retired to bed.

Although I had not distinguished myself, I fell asleep with the thought that at least I had done my best as a special constable.

SGANARELLE.

A CATASTROPHE [A TRUE TALE].

[Seymour now possesses a diminutive "pussy," whose purlöining propensities are daily becoming more pronounced.]

The feline viewed the sight with grave distrust.
 What is that huge brown Thing upon the seat ?
 Is it placed there for some mere man to eat ?
 Does that large morsel boast of any meat ?
 Or is it merely *pommes-de-terre* and crust ?

Consistent gazing brings about his fall :
 —The coast is clear,—no human can he see ;
 The owner, out of sight, is in III.B. ;
 And the sly pussy—epicure ?—not he !
 Just pounces on the meal and 'scoffs' it all.

With falt'ring steps the now-repentant cat
 Betakes him to the lawn, perchance to die ;
 His limbs are heavy, and dim is his eye,
 Would that from his rash dinner he might fly !
 —He did not know that lead was *brown*,—like that !

Try what he may, the load weighs on him still :
 In the dread throes of chronic indigestion,
 He thinks his hour has come : nor does he question
 That honesty of virtues is the best 'un !
 Dishonesty's reward is always nil.

After vain penance of three weeks of fast, he
 Fails to obliterate his sundry aches ;
 His pain, dispersed by sleep, comes when he wakes :
 Full many a day will pass before he takes
 The liberty to steal another pasty !

QUIDAM.

THE PHANTOM CAVALIER.

There are few, probably, who have ever heard of the village of Grunthorpe. Nevertheless, those to whom it is known will not hesitate to say that it is a charming spot in which to recuperate. It is a sleepy village composed of a score of houses. The only excitement or diversion is caused on the rare occasion when a convict manages to escape from the prison on the neighbouring moor. Otherwise the life of the community is quite humdrum, and this

very fact gives Grunthorpe its charm to many of those who are seeking rest from the turmoils of the city.

It was at this place that I passed a few days last Christmas. Being worn out by the strain of extra business during the festive season, I decided that a short period in the country would be vastly beneficial to my health. Accordingly, on the day following Boxing Day I took the afternoon train to Westerton, a small railway terminus which lies about five miles from Grunthorpe. There a pony-trap had been sent to meet me. As the pony was sturdy and vigorous, and the road a fairly good one, the rest of my journey was soon accomplished. On arriving at my destination I dismounted at the "Anchor," a small hotel in the main street, where I had engaged rooms. I was greeted heartily by the landlord, a jovial old fellow, and by his wife, a buxom dame of forty, both of whom were very well-known to me. My host's twinkling eyes, his hearty laughter, and his usual merry manner, reminded me of the landlord as described by Washington Irving in his pen-pictures of English rural life of a century ago. Fortified with a good supper, I went to bed that evening at seven o'clock, an hour which may appear ridiculously early, but the usual time for the retirement of all in the village. The next day I went for a long walk on the moors, and despite the wet weather which prevailed, when I returned I felt much better for my exercise. In the afternoon I chatted with the wisacres of the village who often amused me by their quaint opinions on various topics. In this manner I passed the few days of my holiday. On the morning of New Year's Eve I was to depart. I thanked my host and hostess for their kind attention and I was driven off to the station by the stable-boy belonging to the inn.

On this particular morning a thick mist had drifted across the moor. It was only with difficulty that we were able to follow the road. So slowly did we proceed that on arriving at the station I was informed by an official that the morning train had left fully ten minutes before. This was unfortunate, and as the next train was eight o'clock in the evening, I decided to return to Grunthorpe. We made our way back through the fog cautiously, as it was impossible to see a foot ahead. All went well until we were going down the main street of the village, when our pony slipped and fell. It was raised and led into the stable where its injury was examined. The unfortunate pony was seriously injured, in fact quite lame. My host asked me why I had so unexpectedly returned. I told him how I had been delayed by the fog and had missed the train, adding that as I had to return to business as soon as possible, I purposed to catch the eight o'clock train that evening.

"Well," he said, "you will have to walk to Westerton."
 "Walk to Westerton!" I returned, "what do you mean?" "I

mean that as there is no other pony available, and mine is lame, it is impossible for you to ride," he rejoined dryly.

"Is there no other in the village?" I queried. "None," he replied.

This was rather awkward. However, as pressure of business made it necessary that I should return the next day, there was nothing for it but to walk.

"Never mind," I said, "if I take a short cut across the heath it will not take me much longer than usual."

"Walk over the heath on New Year's Eve," he said in a low voice, "don't do it, don't do it."

"Why not?" I asked curiously.

"Because—because it's haunted."

"Haunted!" I laughed. "I do not believe in ghosts."

"Yes, it's haunted sure enough," he replied huskily, "and if you take my advice you won't cross the heath to-night."

"Well," I rejoined, "if you will have it to be, tell me the yarn. In what shape is this terrible spectre of yours wont to appear?"

"I'll tell you the whole story," his voice shook as he spoke. "During the Civil War of 1642, Sir Charles Montrey, one of Charles' cavaliers, was entrusted with an important mission which brought him over this moor. Whilst crossing the heath he was suddenly assailed by two of Cromwell's horse. Raising one of his pistols with a rapid movement, he fired point-blank at the former of the two horsemen. He dropped dead from his saddle. His companion fired at Sir Charles, but missed. Then followed a short encounter with rapiers, in which the knight rid himself of his remaining assailant. Just as he was about to ride from the spot, he happened to glance at the face of the man whom he had shot at the beginning of the skirmish. To his horror he recognised his brother whom he had long thought dead. He had loved his brother dearly, and went mad with grief at the thought that he himself was his murderer. So frenzied did he become that he held his remaining undischarged pistol to his temple and shot himself on the spot. Therefore was he condemned to haunt the heath on every New Year's Eve, that being the day on which the incident occurred. So don't go on the heath to-night."

"Why man, what is there to fear," I retorted, unimpressed by what I regarded as a cock-and-bull story.

"What to fear! Why the Phantom Cavalier of course."

However, despite the landlord's persuasions and his fears, I set out for my lonely walk that evening, fully decided to cross the heath. Why go by a longer route because of a superstitious villager's "spook" story! The night was fine. The thick mist which had clothed the moor during the day had blown over, and the moon above was shining in her full beauty. I stepped out smartly over

the road, and after following its course for about half-a-mile I turned to the right and struck out across the heath. It lay before me,—lonely, desolate, forbidding. The landlord's tale flashed across my mind. If there was really a spectre—pooh! it was only a village tradition, which my host had doubtless heard from his grandfather and he in turn from *his* father. Thus soliloquising, I walked briskly across the heath. In spite of my contempt of ghosts I felt a little nervous, so great a solitude prevailed on the moor. I glanced at my watch; it was just seven o'clock. There was plenty of time to catch my train, so I slackened my pace somewhat. Suddenly I saw a figure about a hundred yards ahead of me, which was hurrying in my direction. For a moment my heart leapt and then I laughed at my fears. Of course it was only some belated traveller like myself. By now the figure had approached nearer to me. Good Heavens! it was the Phantom Cavalier! There was no doubting this fact. The mysterious individual was dressed in a manner which undoubtedly belonged to the seventeenth century. Horrors! on his temple was a mark of blood. The landlord had not lied. There was a phantom! At first I was paralysed with terror, but recovering my wits, I began to think of a plan whereby I might escape him. To run would have been to attract attention, I had to keep still. The Phantom Cavalier rushed on. I had escaped notice—no, he had seen me. He was rushing towards me. His lean hands grasped my throat. I fainted with terror.

* * * *

When I regained consciousness, I was being lifted from the ground by two men in blue uniforms, whom I recognised as warders from the neighbouring prison. A seedy looking individual, dressed in a dirty tweed suit, was eyeing me suspiciously.

"We've got him, Bill," said one of the warders exultantly, "and a pretty fine guy he looks, too." Now no one likes to be called a "guy," so I looked down at myself to see what there was in my appearance to warrant this remark. Imagine my surprise when I saw that I was arrayed in a cavalier's dress similar to that in which I had seen the phantom clothed, earlier in the evening. "Ere," said the untidy person in the tweed suit, "'and over those clothes."

I assured him firmly that I knew nothing of the affair.

"Why," interposed the warder, who had not yet spoken, "you're Joe Webb, the convict, aren't you?"

"Of course not," I retorted angrily, "if you'll take the trouble to examine me closely, you'll find I am as respectable a citizen as yourself."

At this he pulled off the large plumed hat which I had on my head, and scrutinised my face keenly. "Jim," he said in a disappointed tone, "this is not our man."

"Anyhow," broke in the untidy individual, "those are my clothes, and I mean to 'ave them."

"All right," I replied, "but if you will be good enough to clear up this mystery I should be very much obliged."

Then I narrated my experience. After hearing my story they roared with merriment. The ghost I had seen was not a ghost. The explanation was simple. During the afternoon mist one of the convicts had broken away from his gang and escaped. Hotly pursued, he came across the caravan of a travelling showman. The owner (he was the man in the tweed suit) was absent, so he hid in the caravan as long as he dared. He had probably noticed the cavalier's dress, which was part of the showman's stock-in-trade, lying in the corner of the van. As it happened, during his lifetime, he had spent some time at Gurnthorpe, and was sure to have heard of the myth of the Phantom Cavalier. Doubtless the sight of the dress had suggested the idea of donning it and haunting the heath in that disguise. He could easily have produced the bloody mark on his forehead. In this masquerade it would be comparatively easy to rob a passer-by of his clothes, and thus make his final escape. His later actions clearly showed that such was his plan. I felt an easy victim to him. Meanwhile the showman had returned to his encampment, and discovering his loss, and the garments abandoned by the convict, had set off in pursuit, accompanied by the two warders, whom he had chanced to meet. And so the three men had come across me, lying prostrate on the ground in the cavalier disguise; under these conditions it was but natural that they should have mistaken me for the escaped convict.

Needless to say, I lost my train that night, and I returned to the village much shaken by my adventure. But my story, which I related to the landlord and his wife, despite its commonplace solution, seemed to strengthen their belief in the existence of the Phantom Cavalier.

"SHYLOCK."

IN MEMORIAM.

We regret to announce the deaths of the following old D.H.S.-ians:—

HART.—December, 1914, at Torquay, Bertram W., Flight Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.

PURCHAS.—February, 1915, at the Front, Eric C. Purchas, Second Lieutenant, Royal Artillery.

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