

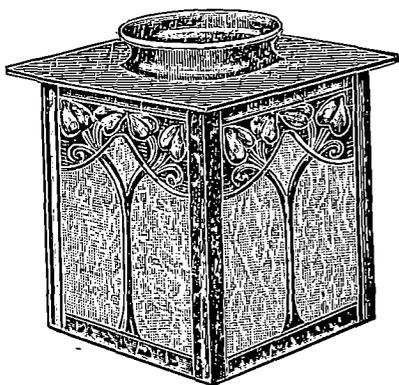
No. 32.

DEVONPORT
HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE.



MARCH, 1920.

DEVONPORT:
SWISS & Co., 111 & 112 FORE STREET.
1920.



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THE DEVONPORT High School Magazine.

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PRICE 8d.

Editor :

R. G. TREVITHICK.

Sub-Editor :

J. E. C. GLASSON.

All communications should be addressed to
"The Magazine Editors, Devonport High School."

EDITORIAL.

1920—the year of our hopes—has arrived. And we look forward to the return of normal conditions in the political, in the industrial and, more immediately, in our school world. Moreover, the flight of time brings once again its accustomed task. It is a task we may say not unrewarded, and more especially do these words apply to this present issue. There has been, indeed, no lack of material from old and young alike; a truly cheerful and promising sign for the future. The variety of topic and style in the literary efforts we have received have made it possible to range in many fields, a delight which is only equalled by the general willingness to contribute.

The history of the school still, just as of yore, spells progress. Every term some new phase is added by our unabating thirst for cosmopolitanism. This term, above all others, offers immense possibilities.

Before the next issue, the Mayflower Tercentenary will have been celebrated. This must have a particular interest for us in this town. The kindly spirit of friendship that links the United States to the land whence her millions sprang would be strongly cemented by correspondence, one with the other. It is a striking proof of such a desire on the part of our cousins across the way, that

we have been already requested to write to some unknown friends at the English High School, Boston. The interchange of opinions this correspondence will propagate will undoubtedly do much to broaden our outlook upon national and international life, which insularity is only too ready to contract.

The School Societies are steadily progressing in years and are gaining in strength and popularity. It is these that cultivate the spiritual side of our life amidst the glories of intellectual and physical prowess. They give rise to happy thoughts of schooldays, and so kindle in the hearts of her sons a love for their old school where first they learnt to act up to their motto, "stick it, carry on and play the game." All sentiment, you are tempted to say, but sentiment fosters tradition, and without tradition, a school is only a heap of bricks and mortar, and not a living thing.

And now we lay down the editorial pen and, with ever-increasing regret, bid farewell to the office we shall never have the honour of holding again.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of School Officers is as follows :—

PREFECTS.—R. G. Trevithick (Senior Prefect), J. E. C. Glasson, F. E. Donnelly, A. Freeman, L. O. Jolliffe, L. Wannell, J. Screech, R. Hill, E. R. Osborne, R. Paltridge, L. Harwood, R. Hicks.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE.—Masters and Prefects.

1st XI.—Captain : L. Harwood ; Vice-Captain : K. Mason ; Secretary : R. Paltridge.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—"Raleigh," J. E. C. Glasson ; "Gilbert," R. G. Trevithick ; "Grenville," K. S. Mason ; "Drake," E. R. Osborne.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—Committee : R. G. Trevithick (Chairman), J. E. C. Glasson (Hon. Secretary), F. E. Donnelly, G. R. Hill, E. R. Osborne (Musical Director).

D.H.S. CADET CORPS.—Lieut. H. Ferraro (Commanding Officer) ; Lieut. A. Hutchings ; Second-Lieut. C. F. Armor ; Sergeant-Major R. G. Trevithick.

D.H.S. TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS.—Scoutmaster : Mr. Bennett.

WAR SAVINGS' ASSOCIATION.—Secretary : Mr. A. Hutchings.

PRAEFECTI.

Under a spreading ceiling piece,
 The "late" prefect doth stand ;
 One, Donnelly, a mighty man,
 With eyes of stony hue,
 And lines by the hundred, too.

Week in, week out, at certain hours,
 The school policemen stand,
 And regulate the traffic thick,
 That pours along the strand ;
 I envy not their beat.

They go to "Prayers," these worthy ones,
 And sit among the boys ;
 They hear a youngster saying prep. ;
 The "Sacred Door" is his !
 It makes their hearts rejoice.

The playground, too, hath its patrol ;
 Lest youths their skulls would crash
 Against the fencing there imposed,
 For there doth one august,
 Restrain them from their doom.

On Thursday eves at 5 p.m.
 A sorry crew of lads
 Disport themselves at undone lines ;
 The Sixth's the rendezvous,
 And Trevi Captain there.

Another D.O.R.A. hath appeared,
 Whereby poor prefects search
 For errant lads without their tabs
 In letters bold inscribed
 Upon their overcoats.

N. L. ROWE.

AVETE ATQUE VALETE PRAEFECTI.

- A. E. DAMERELL.—Entered School December, 1908; appointed Prefect, July, 1918; Senior Prefect, January, 1919; Captain of "Grenville," 1918-1919; Sergeant-Major, Cadet Corps, September, 1919; Chairman of Literary and Debating Society, 1918-19; Captain of Allotments, 1917-1919; Entered R.M.C., Sandhurst.
- R. R. GILBERT.—Entered School, September, 1910; appointed Prefect, September, 1919; Committeeman, Literary and Debating Society, 1919-20; 1st Place in Paymaster-Cadetships, December, 1919.
- W. S. VISICK.—Entered School, April, 1915; appointed Prefect, September, 1919; Musical Director, Literary and Debating Society, 1919-20.

 REVUE.

Though it is only three months since our last issue, more congratulations must be distributed.

* * * * *

To Damerell, who has our best wishes for a successful career at Sandhurst.

* * * * *

To Gilbert, who, placed first on the examination list, enters the Navy as a Paymaster-Cadet.

* * * * *

And to Osborne, on matriculating at London University.

* * * * *

The fifth birthday of the Corps was royally celebrated on March 6th with much drinking and feasting. It is feared that the majority of the Cadets will be incapacitated for some time.

* * * * *

D.H.S. has always surpassed in feminine charm. Hill and Osborne still uphold the family reputation by their exhibitions on Speech Day and in the Cadet Corps Concert respectively.

* * * * *

On the strength of the C.C. Concert of the 17th, we hope to put the Corps through a gymnastic course next term. We shall again await "developments."

In the Football field, " Gilbert " is pressing " Drake " close in points, while " Grenville " and " Raleigh " are striving hard to improve their positions. Which will win the St. Levan Shield this year ?

Progress has always been our motto. Before the end of the term the D.H.S. Tennis Club will have come actively into being. No doubt another phase will be thus added to the competition for the House Championship.

* * * * *

We congratulate all who manage to read the Mag.

N Cl₃.

(A little effusion from a scientific mind).

1. A student bright of brainy might,
Burning the oil of dark midnight,
Now and then was heard to stutter,
Gulp and gasp and slowly mutter
" N Cl₃."
- 2: A scholar he, you soon will see,
Was passing wise in Chemistry,
But of all the atoms that he knew,
His brain now thought of only two
N Cl₃.
3. Analyses and Syntheses,
Reagents and Catalyses,
Of these he knew a score or more,
But none of them could come before
N Cl₃.
4. Hydrastinine and Berberine,
Or simpler things like Isoprene,
To him were quite an easy gift.
But now his mind would only drift
To N Cl₃.
5. He said " I think that a smoke and a drink
Will give my thoughts the missing link,
Then to-morrow morn I'll quickly start
And make that stuff so near my heart,
N Cl₃."

6. The Lab. boy tells of electrolytic cells
 And solutions made between the bells,
 Electric wires and coils and meters,
 All arranged to make tea litres,
 of NCl_3 .
7. Enters our hero for the time is zero,
 Touches ten switches set out in a row,
 The water-resistance commences to boil,
 The jars get filled with a yellowish oil,
 NCl_3 .
8. Talk of delight and knowledge so bright!
 The product of brain waves coming to light!
 No more will our friend have to labour and toil,
 His future's assured by that wonderful oil:
 NCl_3 .
9. But his joy was quite brief, he soon came to grief,
 His water resistance shed a platinum leaf,
 Which touched several wires in the jar as it fell,
 The deuce of a current shot through every cell—
 and the NCl_3 .
- 10. It went off with a flash and a tremendous crash,
 Leaving the lab. in a terrible smash.
 Upon the floor the hero lies,
 And with expiring voice he cries,
 " NCl_3 ! "

H. J.

 SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

No. of members—250.

Subscriptions to *March 31st, 1920* :—

Certificates (2,588)	...	£2,008 17 0
Bonds	£260 0 0

TOTAL	£2,268 17 0
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A. HUTCHINGS.

[Owing to the exceedingly busy life the Secretary is at present leading, he regrets that he is unable to furnish anything beyond the above statistics.—*Ed.*]

A HETEROGENEOUS AND FRAGMENTARY
COLLECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS PARAPHERNALIA.

[Please note: this is an abridged form of "Nugæ."]

Lines by the thousand we find in the "impot" box, but rarely such as these written by a member of I.I.R as a prelude to the conventional "hundred"—

"Here write I with furrowed brow
And malicious hatred in my eye;
I'll have revenge I know not how
E'er next week is nigh."

Nothing drastic has yet occurred.

* * * * *

A certain member of the Debating Society is not sparing in his comments on lectures as a whole. Evidently he prefers truth to fiction.

* * * * *

Complaints have been received that the Sixth Form is fast being converted into a tea-house. Can anyone suggest a suitable remedy?

* * * * *

Who's the "bloke wot's bin rahnd there?"

* * * * *

Ladies are entering every sphere of life. Even the Sixth now boasts four "ladies"—namely, Mlle. Blanche and Mme. Wiluwalk, while Mme. Béline and Mlle. Eglantine still exist, though only with a shadow of their former beauty.

* * * * *

Who, after consuming three platefuls of buns, etc., stole the Caretaker's supper, on the occasion of the Cadet Corps feast?

A reward of £5 will be given for authentic information leading to the arrest of the culprit.

* * * * *

The sudden outburst of top-hats in the VI.th, in preparation for the French and other plays, reminds us of our younger days at Eton.

* * * * *

Sad it is to us to number among our prefects an openly-avowed "profiteer."

* * * * *

The Debating Society is undoubtedly a school for future orators; a few of the meetings of the last session seem to suggest that it is also "the School for Scandal."

There is much talk about educational reforms. Evidently it is badly needed, especially in country districts, witness the following :—

Village Inspector (dining with Squire at end of day's inspection of village school) :—" Do you know I had a funny experience in the village school to-day. I said to a class, ' Who wrote Hamlet ? ' and one little fellow at once said, ' Please, sir, I didn't. ' "

Squire :—" Ha ! Ha ! I suppose the cunning little devil did really."

FOOTBALL.

The football this season has been an unqualified success, whether considered from the point of view of results, of the style of play, or of the attendance at the field on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. On many occasions four matches have been in progress at one time, in addition to incidental games in odd corners. This is largely due to the spirit engendered by the " House " system, and helped by " Form " rivalry, especially in the Lower and Middle school. During the season, to date, there have been 30 school games, 36 " House," and 50 " Form " games. Of these, the 1st XI. has played 16 matches, winning 10, and losing 6, with a score of 61 goals to 33 against ; the 2nd XI. has played 13 matches, winning the whole, and scoring 61 goals to 7 against ; and the 3rd XI. has played 1, winning by 12 to 1. In the " House " games, " Drake," after a long period of ill-success, will secure the " Football " championship, with " Gilbert " as the runners-up. The results of the " School " games may be tabulated, as follow :—

Opponents.	1st XI.			Goals	
	Result.	for	agst.		
Mr. Gill's XI.	L	3	4		
Hoe Grammar School	L	2	3		
Junior Technical School, 1st XI.	W	8	1		
Mr. Gill's XI.	L	0	6		
Peverell Wesleyans	W	5	2		
Corporation Grammar School	L	2	3		
Peverell Wesleyans	L	1	3		
Junior Technical School, 1st XI.	W	9	0		
Hoe Grammar School	L	1	3		
Liskeard County School	W	4	3		
Peverell Wesleyans	W	4	0		
Mutley Wesleyans	W	4	0		
Corporation Grammar School	W	1	0		
Senior Technical School	W	3	2		
Junior Technical School, 1st XI.	W	8	1		
Peverell Wesleyans	W	6	2		
Corporation Grammar School	W	2	0		

2ND XI.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Result.</i>	<i>Goals.</i>	
		<i>for</i>	<i>agst.</i>
Hoe Grammar School, 2nd XI.	W	4	0
Mutley Grammar School, 1st XI.	W	4	3
Junior Technical School, 2nd XI.	W	1	0
Corporation Grammar School, 2nd XI.	W	5	0
Regent Street School	W	4	1
Junior Technical School, 2nd XI.	W	7	1
Hoe Grammar School, 2nd XI.	W	6	0
Junior Technical School, 2nd XI.	W	6	1
Corporation Grammar School, 2nd XI.	W	2	0
Mutley Grammar School, 2nd XI.	W	7	1
Hoe Grammar School, 2nd XI.	W	3	0
Corporation Grammar School, 2nd XI.	W	3	0
Junior Technical School, 2nd XI.	W	9	0
Corporation Grammar School			

In reviewing the season, as a whole, one must regret that the field at Greatlands is not larger. The demands for playing space at times have been greater than space could provide.

Special mention is due to the officers, Harwood, Mason and Paltridge, for the way they have carried on their duties, and to Waters and Wannell for their success in goal scoring (19 each). The new colours are Miller i., Miller ii., Waters, Hegarty, Paltridge.

HOUSE MATCHES.

<i>House.</i>	<i>"Drake."</i>	<i>"Gilbert."</i>	<i>"Raleigh."</i>	<i>"Grenville."</i>	<i>Points</i>
" Drake "	—	L.W. W. W.	L. W. W.	W. W. L.	14
" Gilbert "	L. L. L. W.	—	D. W. W. D.	D. L. W. W.	13
" Raleigh "	W. L. L. D.	L. L. D.	—	W. W.	8
" Grenville "	L. L. W. D.	W. L. L.	L. L.	—	5

Results are given up to date of going to print.

THE 1ST XI.

HARWOOD (Captain).—Has played well ; is safe, and an untiring leader.

MASON (Vice-Captain).—A very fine right wing ; plays for his side and not for self.

WANNELL.—Centre forward ; has led the forwards well ; always to be depended on.

WATERS.—Inside left ; a great success ; hard worker and very clever.

MILLER i.—Back ; a pronounced worker, has defended well ; uses his head and keeps it.

DONNELLY.—Right half ; untiring and always good.

ROWE.—Centre half ; has improved greatly, and well deserved his place.

MILLER ii.—Outside left ; has played well, but must learn that pretty figures do not get goals.

HEGARTY.—Inside right ; has done well, but must remember he is only a unit.

PRITCHARD.—Left half ; rugged, but good.

PALTRIDGE.—Secretary and goal-keeper ; has done well on the whole ; weak sometimes, at other times brilliant, especially in one match.

THE EVOLUTION OF KNOWLEDGE.

(from D.H.S.).

“ Please, sir, can I have immortality ? ” was the startling request made recently to an astonished master at the D.H.S. He was not a little relieved to find that the desired boon was not so hard to grant after all ; it was Scott’s *Old Mortality* that was required.

It is extremely regrettable to observe that certain boys have rather hazy notions with regard to matters ecclesiastical. One spoke of the Reverend James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, as “ a noted Scotch deity,” a flattering designation that, could he only know it, would surely go some way to compensating the prelate for his untimely end. Another described York as “ a large cathedral town, with an archbishop named the Queen of the North.” Milton, we understand, was nicknamed “ The Lady ” while at Cambridge, so who is to say the thing is impossible ?

There are limits to credulity, however, and the young man who averred that “ John the Baptist was held a prisoner by Pharoh (*sic*) ” simply leaves us gasping. A prolonged association with such youthful prodigies, however, makes one ingenious, and a possible explanation seems to be that the boy in question is a Theosophist and believes in the doctrine of Reincarnation. In any case we must decline to venture further on those giddy speculative heights. We prefer something easier ; to ponder, for example, over the exact constitution of the new Jazz Orchestra at D.H.S.

Again, a highly esteemed "demi-god" writes "potfuerant" and "videturum" as Latin prose. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morn!

In historical circles we have always surpassed, par example:—

"Henry VIII. wrote a book attacking Luther, and the Pope called him in reward a D.F."

"The Salic Law was in operation in France and therefore Henry V. could not lawfully inherit the throne of France as his mother was a woman."

Another boy who had been hearing about King John, went home and told his parents that that monarch was hated because he had a habit of riding about the country in large motor cars and running over the people. It turned out afterwards that the teacher had said that King John "ground the people down and over-rode them with heavy taxes (? taxis)."

NEMESIS,

or

THE VENGEANCE OF THE GOD OF FIRE.

Foreword :

Yesterday the whole of the civilised world was startled by the extraordinary death of Sir Reginald Germaine. The newspaper paragraph I have now before me; thus it reads:—

"MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF WELL-KNOWN STATESMAN.

NO TRACE OF MURDERER.

KNIFE CLUE.

This morning we received startling intelligence concerning the death of the Rt. Hon. Sir Reginald Germaine, the famous administrator of Bengal.

Sir Reginald returned from India on the P. & O. liner *Lucerne* last Thursday, when he was given a grand civic reception by the City of London. The following day he had lunched with the King. Yet amid all the glory of his welcome home, he was destined to fall by the assassin's hand. This gentleman who has done so much to disseminate British influence in North-Eastern India, and who has thus earned the gratitude of the whole Empire, was discovered foully murdered in his study early this morning. On entering this room, which was situated in a remote part of his town mansion, his

valet saw him lying forward over his bureau apparently asleep. Then to his horror he saw the hilt of a long knife protruding from his back. The knife which was of an unmistakable Oriental pattern, was wedged in between his shoulder blades, piercing the heart. Evidently he had been writing when his murderer surprised him from behind.

No clue, other than the knife, has yet been discovered, and the murderer's identity remains a mystery."

* * * * *

During my inspection of the scene of the crime I discovered a number of papers upon the murdered man's desk. Some of these, which the deceased had evidently been writing at the time of his murder, I take the liberty of publishing, in the hope that they may throw some light upon the mystery.

* * * * *

" A REMINISCENCE OF MY INDIAN LIFE.

It was a brilliant summer's afternoon when Charlie Faversham and I reached the upper spurs of one of the many mountains which form that lofty ridge protecting India from the cold Siberian blasts. We had left the scorching heat far behind us in the plains ; and the air had now grown quite chill, whilst around us grew in profusion the shrubs and mosses which every European eye looks for—but in vain—in lower altitudes. Yet as we ascend, the herbage grows scantier and our immediate surroundings assume a more barren aspect. So cold has it become that we are forced to wrap our blankets tightly around our thinly-clad bodies. At last we reach a vantage point whence we can see the mighty highlands of Nepaul, undulating in most grotesque, yet nevertheless picturesque, curves towards that huge pile away to the northward—the Tibetan Plateau. On all sides snow-capped peaks, tinted with the reddish and golden hues of a declining sun, stand out in bright silhouette against the clear azure of an unclouded sky. How majestic, how solemn and mysterious the whole panorama seems even to one familiar with the wonderful sights of this land ! For a moment the sun glints upon the towering peak of Mount Everest, far to the East, sending a myriad of flashing fires to the heavens, and converting it into a veritable beacon of flame. Now it assumes a subdued roseate hue, while the sun-rays sparkle upon a yet more distant promontory. Lower down one sees a flock of birds—vultures, perhaps—rising in startled flight and seeking their homes amongst the rocky crags, while the unceasing hum of tropical insects is ever perceptible.

As I stood there gazing upon the glorious scene, I could not but think that surely there was divinity in such extraordinary phenomena as these. And well could I sympathise with those who worshipped Nature, in all its sublime purity, as the director of Destiny, the all-supreme ruler of mankind. It was this spectacle of a tropical sun casting its warm kisses upon the loftiest crests of the range, that this sinister sect, which was reported to hold its congress somewhere amid the fastnesses of these countless crags, worshipped in all fanatical sincerity. Perhaps we should stumble upon some hidden temple, secretly built in honour of the Sun-God. Who was to know what we were destined to behold? O God, would that our curiosity had not taken us so far, better had it been for us to have died of malaria in the Ganges swamps. But of this, anon——.

* * * * *

After the continual pressure of my ministerial affairs, a relaxation had become absolutely essential. In consequence, in the company of my friend, I had left Calcutta for a few months recreation in the hills. In pursuit of game we had gradually bent our steps to the North-West, and had eventually found ourselves on the southern borders of Nepaul. Here we heard a tale from an old fakir of how, some distance to the west, hidden from the prying eye of man, a body of devout but misguided Hindoos, who had cut themselves off from the world, practised strange rites in honour of the Sun. Apparently it was the mere remnant of those sun-worshippers, who once were held in such high esteem throughout the east, both for culture and erudition, and who had now become almost extinct. Little or nothing was known of their weird practices and most of the natives treated the whole possibility of their existence as mythical. Yet this story exercised a peculiar fascination over my senses and I determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. A little research work would break the monotony of continual game-hunting. And though Faversham, my companion, treated the whole tale as a superstitious fabrication, his cynicism only strengthened my determination to see if, in reality, there was some truth in it. My wide knowledge of Indian life and customs warned me that it was something well within the bounds of feasibility. So, working our way farther into the country we at last found ourselves gazing upon this wonderful exposition of Nature in all her pristine beauty.

* * * * *

As was not unnatural we were feeling hungry, for we had been continuously climbing for more than six hours, in our endeavour to reach some high overhanging rocks which would offer a splendid shelter for the night. Here we made our camp, and we lost no time in preparing a substantial meal from our recent kill—a huge boar.

But by now the sun had disappeared amongst the wild crags to the west, and twilight was rapidly deepening into the dark gloom which precedes the tropical night. A fresh breeze sprung up, which caused me to give an involuntary shiver. We built up a brushwood fire which would both give us warmth and protect us from the unwarrantable intrusion of the denizens of this part; and then we retired into the welcome snugness of our sleeping bags. Sleep soon made us oblivious to our surroundings, and only the crackling of the burning wood and the distant cries of prowling beasts of prey intruded upon the universal silence. . . .

It must have been two or three hours after midnight when I awoke with a start. I was chilled to the marrow. A deathlike stillness seemed momentarily to reign; of our fire there remained but a few glowing cinders. A bright moon had risen, casting a deep shadow over our little camp. Everything had assumed a ghostly appearance. Then, suddenly, the scream of a hyena rose from the distant valley. This seemed to break the spell in which I was held and I began to stir the embers and prepared to rekindle the homely blaze when I was startled by the rattle of some slipping stones away to my right . . . But quickly I dismissed my alarm, doubtless it was only a jackal searching for food . . . then again, I heard the noise which seemed as if someone was labouring up a rugged path strewn with loose stones. So great became my curiosity that I slipped out of my warm bed into the chill night. Snatching up my rifle, I crept silently in the direction of the sound. At last, turning a projecting rock, I beheld a sight which at once made my heart beat quicker and which made me tighten the grip on my rifle . . . Before me were three men, heavily cloaked and turbanned, steadily climbing up a steep ascent of loose stones leading apparently to a sheer wall of rock. Under the cover of the deep shade I watched them reach the top, and then, to my astonishment, they seemed to disappear into the very rock itself. . . . What was the meaning of this? Who were these night prowlers? . . .

I hastened back to camp to apprise my companion of the visit of the three strangers. But Faversham sleepily told me in reproving tones not to eat so much before going to bed, and, it was a long time before I could persuade him that what I had seen was by no means a dream. Still he seemed unconvinced, and I myself was beginning to doubt my own powers of vision, when the slight noise of a dislodged stone caused us to pause in our argument. Without saying another word I silently sprang to my feet, and, rifle in hand, began skirting the rocks once more, beckoning my companion to follow me. In a few seconds we had reached the bend, and there, before our eyes a file of about a dozen natives both men and women were wending their way slowly up towards the

perpendicular precipice. These also disappeared in a manner similar to that of the three men I had seen some few minutes before. Faversham was completely astonished and could only mutter "By Jove!" signifying his inability to find a solution for this strange occurrence. . . . The moon was now beginning to wane, heralding the approach of Dawn, so we made our way back to our fireside. Here we sat for some time in silence, when suddenly I asked my friend if he could hear anything. Looking at me in wonder, he said: "Only the rustle of the grass and our own breathing. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! I thought I could hear a low mumble of voices chanting, but I expect it was my fancy," I replied.

"But, I say, Reg., I wonder if these people have anything to do with your sun-worshippers," my friend interjected.

"That's precisely what I was thinking myself. Let's wait till it's light, and then we'll explore the place."

Little did I know then to what Fate was leading us; nor what tragedy was to follow upon that little trip of exploration.

* * * * *

The sun had risen high in the heavens, when I awoke once more from a troubled sleep. Nothing more had come of the early morning's happenings, principally because, with the callous British disregard of danger, we had soon been lulled off into a doze and sought unrewarded aid from Lethe. However, intent upon solving the puzzle, we struck camp, and strapping on our packs, once again we set off towards the wonderful wall of rock. As we approached it we looked in vain for an opening in that huge barrier of passive stone. I was confirming my opinions of its unassailability when a small crevice hitherto protected from the view by a small boulder caught my eye. To this we rushed. There, was revealed one of the most wonderful of natural formations. An oblique crack, about two feet in width, stretched vertically for about eight feet from the ground, opening out into a passage large enough for a full-grown man to walk through with comfort.

"By Jove!" was all my friend could ejaculate . . . and our surprise was well expressed in those two monosyllables.

Unwittingly we had stumbled upon the entrance to some subterranean meeting place. Could it be connected in any way with that peculiar sect which we had heard spoken of with such guardedness? Or was it a robbers' hiding place?

The question now uppermost in our minds could well be guessed. Should we venture into the darkness of this strange tunnel, fraught with its unknown dangers? Or should we take prudence as the better part of valour and leave it to guard its unrevealed secrets? But our curiosity overruled our better judgment, and we resolved to enter into the unknown.

After squeezing in through the narrow opening we groped our way along the corridor which broadened out as we went along. For some time we stumbled on through the pitchy darkness, feeling our way along the cold walls. Then suddenly we found ourselves in a huge natural vault, dimly illuminated by a shaft of light which penetrated a crack in the massive ceiling of rock above us. At a remote end of this hall a lamp was feebly flickering; towards this we noiselessly crept. Here we saw that the cavern turned into a colonnade of stone pillars, which no human hand had ever raised, while overhead hung a number of threatening stalactites which made me recall with a shudder the story of the Sword of Damocles. Steadily the light began to improve, and soon we found ourselves looking out upon an open space bathed in brilliant sunlight, surrounded on all sides by unscalable cliffs. In the centre of this clearing was a massive altar, upon which a fire was blazing, consuming the remnants of the recently sacrificed victim, whose blood could still be seen staining the stone a dark brown. Before this altar stood a man of mighty stature, in spite of his flowing white locks, in a bowed attitude of prayer. At his side was a sturdy youth—probably the priest's acolyte. As we watched, the old man rose from his knees and turned. Just then the sun glinted upon the polished bore of my rifle. The priest became transfixed—though only for a moment. Then with a yell which the cliffs echoed and re-echoed and the cave multiplied into the howls of all the fiends of Hell, he snatched up a broad scimitar and leapt towards us. Escape was impossible; yet, to slay an old man in cold blood was not to my liking. But while I hesitated, a sharp report rang out at my side, and our assailant plunged forward at our feet, a corpse. Faversham had killed the priest.

Everything had happened so suddenly that it took me some few seconds to collect myself. By then the old man's attendant had disappeared; my companion was bending over the dead Hindoo; and a strange quiet had fallen upon the whole place. We had undoubtedly stumbled upon the secret temple of those mystic sun-worshippers, about whom we had heard but unreliable rumours. In mere self-defence, we had, moreover, committed a sacrilege before the altar—nay, more, in the presence of the fiery god himself. The consequences of this deed could not be minimised: we should have to act quickly, for the proselytes of the temple would soon be upon our track. Suddenly the sound of voices coming from beyond the altar reached our ears. To stop was useless, so we turned, leaving the scene of the tragedy and retracing our steps with all haste through the limestone arcade, across the dimly lighted hall into the narrow passage beyond. Groping our way, we eventually reached the opening, but already the shouts of our pursuers rang in the caverns behind us. Whatever were we to do, for before we had

descended a hundred feet they would have reached the point where we now stood and with guns or spears could shower death upon us from above? We quickly decided to block up the exit with the boulder we had previously noticed, and, by thus temporarily depriving our pursuers of means of egress, we should have time to put a few miles between us and that accursed spot. Straining with our united strength, we managed to roll the heavy stone against the opening; then, without further delay, we continued our ignominious retreat.

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Mile after mile of rough country had been passed over before we ventured to make a halt. The mid-day sun was now at its height, and since we were in much lower altitudes, further progress was impossible till the heat of the day was passed. So we selected a shady nook sheltered on all sides from the view. Though we considered we had shaken off our pursuers, one of us kept guard while the other snatched a few hours' sleep. Late in the afternoon we pushed on again, and during the ensuing night we maintained the same vigilance. Five more days passed in the same uneventful manner.

Towards the end of the afternoon of the seventh day we set out, striking directly south for the Ganges. As we made steady progress the afternoon began to develop into a beautiful tropical evening. The sky lit up around us in one glorious intermingling of gold and red, which coalesced into the more sober hue of heliotrope towards the East. The sun was now sinking, while in the opposite heavens a clear moon gradually rose. We were passing along a rough track which skirted a dense grove in which grew all species of tropical verdure in unstinted luxuriance. Glancing into this tangle of magnificent jungle undergrowth I suddenly caught sight of the gleam of an eye doubtlessly regarding us with some malicious purpose. It was gone . . . I halted abruptly, and beckoning my companion to pause, I listened intently for a moment. Above the hum of the innumerable insects I could plainly hear the dull pad of stealthy footsteps going parallel with our path, . . . then a sharp crack of dead wood . . . and silence.

"What do you think it is, Reg.?" whispered Favershaw in my ear.

"I don't know," I replied, dubiously, "it might be . . . but look . . . up there . . ."

There in front of us on a bough almost directly above our path could be dimly perceived the sleek body of a leopard crouching for a spring. Simultaneously our rifles rang out just as the beast took its spring. I heard a fierce snarl and saw a tawny body hurtling through the air above me . . . then something hit me . . .

When I opened my eyes, my friend was bathing my forehead with water from a stream which I could hear rippling near by. He was looking so concerned, and his expression struck me so comically that I burst out laughing. Well do I remember the start he gave at my sudden mirth.

"Well, what's the meaning of this, Charlie, my son?" I inquired.

"Oh, I merely thought you had given up the ghost, and was washing you preparatory to burial," he replied, with a touch of his usual gaiety. "That yellow cat fell on top of you and knocked your breath out."

Soon I was on my feet again, none the worse for my little experience. The leopard was a magnificent specimen, at least ten feet in length with a beautiful pelt, which we took with us.

Dark was now coming on and soon we pitched camp on the top of a small hillock, which rose up abruptly just beyond the wood. And, after a substantial supper from some of the game we had killed, we took it in turns to watch and sleep.

Slowly and majestically the moon rose high in the heavens, and as I watched it I turned over in my mind the events of the last few days. Lucky had been our escape from the hidden temple, and lucky had been my escape a few hours ago . . . Little did I think at that moment what a terrible train of events would follow, a train of which the latter incident had been but a precursor. Nor did I know in what ghastly tragedy they would culminate.

* * * * *

The next day we made our leisurely way towards the river, bringing down much game as we went along. Faversham was a fine shot, and the birds that fell to his gun would have supplied a poultry dealer's shop for a month. This particular night we made our bivouac on some rising ground strewn on all sides with huge boulders. The next day we hoped to view the river gleaming in the noonday sun on the other side. I had just finished my watch; my chum had taken my place with his loaded rifle; and I was about to take a well-earned rest. Just as I was settling down comfortably amongst the blankets, the sharp report of a gun broke the stillness of the night and a bullet thudded against the rocks quite close to me.

"Good God, what was that?" I cried to Faversham.

"Keep low," he ordered, in a tone which lacked his accustomed levity. Slowly I saw him in the shadow of a rock raise his rifle to his shoulder, take careful aim and then fire. A stifled cry faintly reached us, then all was silence again.

"What was it?" I cried again.

"One of those damned niggers. I don't know what he wanted, but he's got what he didn't want that time. I had a narrow escape,

the shot missed me by inches. You'd better try to get your sleep out, keep your gun by your side and I'll wake you if I see anything moving." From sheer fatigue I dropped off into a troubled sleep, and the day was dawning when I awoke. Nothing more had been heard or seen. So we determined to creep quietly from our sleeping quarters and make a cut for the river. As we crept slowly away there was not a vestige of life to be seen. The scattered stones seemed like so many motionless waxworks, yet what peril might they not hide? We got safely away, however, and once having topped the rise we walked with much more boldness. Far away in the distance could be seen a sparkling streak of silver; it was the Ganges.

* * * * *

Once we had reached the river our progress was rapid and within four weeks we were at Calcutta once more. Twice during our journey downstream had bullets fired from the banks passed dangerously near us. But no fatality had occurred, and we reached the port in safety.

But even here we were not free from persecution.

One day I was strolling through the bazaar when suddenly in front of me three men began fighting from no apparent cause. A crowd soon collected—all eager to participate in the excitement of the brawl, and to join in the general *melée*. I was soon hemmed in on all sides by the press. Yelling savages and screaming women all assisted in the general uproar. Knives were now flashing everywhere, while I was trying to fight my way through. Twice I felt cold steel—once in my left arm and again in right shoulder. I began to feel dizzy when the white helmets of the police appeared upon the scene and the crowd vanished as if by magic. I was taken to the hospital where my injuries were dressed, and, since they were mere flesh-wounds, I was soon able to use my limbs again. Peculiar was it that the police could find no explanation as to the origin of the brawl. All the stall keepers pleaded ignorance, and eventually the matter was dropped.

A week later, however, the whole of the white population of Calcutta was alarmed by the violent death of one of its foremost Civil Servants. A native boatman had discovered the strangled corpse of Charlie Faversham in some bushes on the riverside. . . . It was a blow, indeed, to me. Faversham had been my dearest friend. Ever of cheerful disposition, his winning smile had been my indispensable helpmate. Now I was bereft of the only real friend I had ever had since my mother's death. We had sailed for India together, and we had spent almost the whole of our twelve years' administration there together. Within a week we were to have sailed for dear old England—the return which we had always anticipated, but a return which we were never destined to make

together. My pen refuses to write more of this shocking act of atrocity which even an outcast of the lowest type would have shrunk from perpetrating in the precincts of such a place as Calcutta—the centre of the whole Bengalese administration, and the headquarters of one of the finest police forces in the world. The Nemesis of the distant hills of Nepaul had surely found her mark.

This crime only hastened my preparation for departure from that land of mystery, which had now become a curse to me. A week afterwards I was upon the Indian Ocean, homeward bound.

With what emotions did I view the coasts of the motherland. Never had it seemed so beloved, never so precious to me; and now it seemed, motherlike, to console me for my great loss. And, at this moment, as I sit in my study here and recall the great welcome I have received at the hands of my fellow-countrymen, I seem like a man who has toiled with the hardships of the world and now finds peace and rest in a serener clime. Yet still the face of my friend haunts me; the scene in the temple hidden in the depths of wild Nepaul reappears; I see the contorted features of the white-haired priest; I hear his fiendish yell re-echoing in my ears. The atmosphere grows stifling, more and more like that of the Indian wilderness. A strange chill creeps through my bones; my head is heavy O heavens, what is it? Have I become mad or

R.G.T.

AT T' CRICKET MATCH.

Ah think ah towd tha' abeawt t' fun ah had i' Lunnon wen ah went to t' final o' t' Coop. An ahm goin agen this time. Tha can lay odds on that; but ah can't tell tha t' fun am goin t' ave till ave 'ad it, so ah mun leave that till another toime.

When t' footbawl season 's over and there's nowt mooch ta see o' real sport ah sumtimes go over to Puddeston-on-t'-Pump to see a Cricket match. There's other places, but not so coomfortable, because theer tha can sit i' t' shade eawtsidt t' "Pig and Whistle" and bring thee beer eawt from t' bar an enjoy t' match—and t' beer. I went theer one Settday ta see t' match between Puddleton an Mudboro, and oo should turn up agen but owd Bill Smithers. Ee, ah was glad ta see im agen, because since 'e tuk a job oop t' coontry ah doant offen see 'im. "Allo, Bill," ah says, "am reet glad ta see tha. Wilta hay a point o' beer?" 'E says: "It's ot.

Ah'l 'ave a quarrrt." "Oh," ah says, "'ave a booket, it' olds more. But, aw reet," ah says, "ah'l get tha a quarrrt." So ah goes reawnd to t' bar and brings a quarrrt and says, "'ere th' art, Bill." 'E just says "good look," an put t' pot up to his yed, an never tuk it deawn until there was no more in it than if there'd never bin none. "Well," ah says, "am jiggered, tha's improvin wonderful. Couldst do that agen?" "Ah," 'e says, "ah think ah cud." "Aw reet," ah says, "ah'l get tha another quarrrt." So reawnd ah goes. Ah'l tell tha wy. Wen ah went afore, ah seed a meawse i' t' meawse trap. It war a tidy sized un an all. So ah getten t' beer an then tuk t' meawse an dropped it i' t' quarrrt pot, an comes back to Bill. "'Ere th' art, Bill; see if tha cud do that agen?" "Good look," 'e says, and oop went t' pot same as afore, and deawn went t' lot, mcawse an all. Ah seed 'im. Ah seed 'im do it. Well, ah got a fit o' laffin, and owd Bill cuddn't unnerstan wot ah was laffin at. 'E says, "Tha seems to think there's summat funny abeawt 'aving a drink o' beer on a 'ot day." "Aw, no," ah says, "'ony, ah was just wonderin' wether tha noticed anny difference between t' two lots o' bcer. Wot's think abeawt t' secndd un?" "Well," 'e says, "ah thowt it very good beer. But neaw tha comes ta mention it, ah did think there was rayther more 'ops i' that last quarrrt than wot there was i' t' fust un." 'Ee gum, ah can't 'elp laffin neaw wen ah think on it; but av not seed Bill since, and av not 'eard whether he felt quite so coomfortable t' next day. Ah shouldn't think as 'e did; but happen 'e was aw reet; because 'e towd me as 'e 'd wun a eatin' competishun agin t' local champion eater o' t' place were 'e's wurkin' neaw. They 'ad ta eat two peawnds o' beef steak, two peawnds o' sausidjes, an a four peawnd fowl, with thre peawnds o' potatus, a pork pie, an a apple puddin' each; an wichever finished t' fust got t' prize o' two quid. Bill towd me as 'e wur finished more'n ten minutes afore t' other chap, and t' mon who laid odds on Bill was that pleased that 'e gav 'im another quid. So Bill says, "If there's anny more eatin' matches tha'll let me know, wont tha?" "'Annyhow," Bill said, "tha mun cum along and back me oop with t' Missus, or ah'l git into a row for not coomin 'ome in toime. Tha sees it's nigh on nine o'clock." "Git away," says t' other chap, "t' missus wont say nowt. She'll be 'gradely pleased wen she 'ears tha did so foine and wun t' prize." "'Ere," says Bill, "don't thee be a fool and tell 'er neaw, or she'll want a big loomp o't prize; an happen she'll giv me no sooper." Ah do hope as Bill comes along soon again; but next time ah think nowt less than a guinea pig 'll be anny use to put inta t' quarrrt o' bcer.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

An experiment tried during last year's session was again tried on Wednesday, November 12th, 1919, when a Sharp Practice or Impromptu Debate was held in our usual meeting-room. After the Chairman's introductory remarks, Mr. Belchambers and Mr. W. S. Visick kindly rendered a pianoforte duet. Then came the exciting time when the members had to draw lots, to see whose fate it would be to get up at five minutes' notice and deliver a speech. To Mr. W. S. Visick came the first proposition that cremation is preferable to burial. He carefully kept to the practical side of the question in suggesting that the weight which the bearers have to carry would be much less than at present, if cremation were generally introduced, for a few ashes would be comparatively of no weight. Then again, there would be absolutely no doubt as to the final issue if one were cremated, there could then be no such thing as being buried alive. In the course of a very lively and heated debate, Mr. F. W. Skinnard, a welcome visitor and late member of the Committee, gave his opinion that burial fosters sickly sentiment, a thing he deplored as much as the weeping widow visiting her husband's grave. The members present on that evening seemed to prefer being burnt to being buried in the cold damp earth, as seven of them were in favour of cremation and five in favour of burial.

A delightful diversion was then rendered by E. Osborne, who recited a monologue, "The Street Watchman's Song."

J. A. Screech now moved that Shakespeare was a greater poet than Milton. This he thought was largely owing to the set-backs and disappointments of Milton's early life. This we could see brought out in his poetry, which is in style much heavier than, and therefore not so good as, Shakespeare's. Mr. H. W. Urch, also a welcome visitor and former Honorary Secretary of the Society, opposed this view, for in his opinion Milton's own soul was too full to express the beauty of his thoughts. The motion was, however, carried by eight votes to six.

During the interval between the second and third subjects, Mr. W. S. Visick played a warmly applauded pianoforte selection.

Mr. R. Bullock then proposed that "Woman be not allowed to enter the Industrial World as a competitor to Man." The hearth, said he, is for woman, let her keep her place there as man has kept his place in the industrial world. Mr. H. W. Urch fully agreed with Mr. R. Bullock, and added that he believed if woman were allowed to take her part all sentiment would be destroyed, a deplorable state of affairs. A majority of four carried the motion, the number of supporters being eight.

We were at this juncture treated to one of those delightful Devonshire readings, "The man who never told a lie," by R. Hill.

E. J. Riggs then proposed that "Insular nations have better opportunities for gaining Empire than continental ones." Continental nations are open to the attacks of other nations, and we have only to read the histories of Spain, Greece or Rome to see the result of such interference. The members present were evidently of the same opinion since eight supported the motion and three opposed.

The next subject for discussion was the proposition that "a perfectly happy man need never read a book." A. Stephens was of the opinion that to be truly happy, a man must have no cares whatever, an almost impossible state of affairs if he began to read, for his powers of imagination would then be so developed as to overturn all his ideas of happiness. In open debate there was a great diversity of opinion on this matter, as is shown by the voting result, seven supporting and six opposing the motion.

Mr. W. S. Visick again officiated at the piano and gave us a pianoforte solo, while the last speaker was transferring his thoughts to paper.

Mr. F. W. Skinnard proposed that "The loss of the American Colonies was beneficial to England." His line of argument was that if we had retained our colonies in the United States the colonists would be our brothers and sisters, and therefore very likely to quarrel, but being simply our cousins no such bickering is called for or occurs. The ballot showed that seven members supported Mr. Skinnard and six were of different opinion.

On the evening of Wednesday, December 10th, 1919, a subject but then lately discussed in a much higher court than ours, was introduced.

E. R. Osborne proposed that "Premium Bonds be introduced into England." He first explained the system, and then compared it with other investments, and pointing out that it was far better than many of the present schemes. He denied the allegation that the bonds are religiously wrong, and if Church or Chapel opposed them on these grounds, there was a ready answer. The raffles in Church and Chapel bazaars are much more to be censured than Premium Bonds, and only the bigotry of hypocrites can fail to see the truth of this. After all, the English spirit is a gambling one, and such a system as the one proposed would contribute much to do away with the more harmful practice of betting on race-courses or football fields, and at the same time the Government would benefit financially.

J. B. Heywood-Waddington opposed the motion. He directly opposed the proposer's statement that Premium Bonds were the best Government investment. Despite all assertions to the contrary, the system of Premium Bonds is a gambling one, and if gambling is to be allowed in this country the laws would have to be remodelled, the gambling spirit would take a firm grip on the nation and general chaos would ensue. One of the surest tests that the system is wrong was the strong feeling of the nation in general against the Bonds.

E. J. Riggs seconded the motion, and in supporting it stated that Premium Bonds are by no means a gamble. In gambling one either loses all or wins all, but in the system of Premium Bonds a few win a high rate of interest while the majority obtain the ordinary rates. By what manner of means then could this be called gambling?

A. L. Stephens, in seconding the opposition, thought it quite certain that great disappointment would be the outcome of the system of investment. He even believed that a worse vice than gambling, namely stealing, would be, if not encouraged, at least provoked. In this manner England's fair name would be sullied, and the blasting decay that has wrought such havoc in other empires would in turn assail the honour-loving British Empire.

At intervals during the evening the company were delighted with pianoforte solos by F. Caunter, and a dialect reading by G. R. Hill.

At the close of the meeting the ballot was taken, and it was found that seven were in favour of the motion, eight opposing it.

Christmas intervened between the above meeting and our next one, and happily we found that the festivities had in no way impaired our debating qualities and enthusiasm, for on Wednesday, January 28th, the subject "The Labour Party is incapable of governing" was brought up for discussion.

The proceedings for the evening were opened by the Chairman, R. G. Trevithick, who, in addition to the usual opening address, favoured the company with a recitation, "The morning of the Execution."

R. Lark, in proposing, drew attention to the fact that in Russia Labour rule, or rather misrule, had established such a position as to prove beyond all doubt the inability of the Labour Party when called upon to frame and carry out laws. The leaders of this party in Russia had promised freedom to the people, yet the atrocities they had perpetrated would make even a German blush for shame. Again, he quoted the attitude of the men in the recent Railway

Strike, who in their high-handed and selfish policy had, at a moment's notice, thrown the whole country into confusion and possibly ruined the interests of a few individuals. There is too much, he thought, of "self first" in the Labour Party's attitude, a policy most disastrous in the case of a government, for those only can govern who have the interests of the community at heart.

J. B. Heywood-Waddington thought it only natural that a successful Labour man would understand the temperaments and requirements of his own employees far better than anyone not born amongst themselves. It was on these grounds that he opposed the proposition that the Labour Party could not govern.

E. J. Riggs, who seconded the proposal, based his rejection of the idea that the Labour Party could govern on the fact that their leaders were men of such advanced and socialistic views that in their impetuosity they would carry their followers into a policy they had never dreamed of.

The opposition was supported by J. A. Screech, who first defined Labour Government as "a representative parliament chosen by the people to act in their interests." We must be very careful not to confuse Bolshevism with Labour Rule, as so many people have done. Members of the Universities are supporting Labour, thus proving that the Labour members are not chosen by the illiterate only, but also by those of the highest education and attainments. An example was given us in the Colonies, where Labour representation held sway, and if in the Colonies, why not in the Mother Country? Before the open debate commenced, the Chairman gave two more humorous recitations, "A One-Armed Recital," and "The Love Birds."

The subject was keenly debated upon, a sign of man's inherent love of "talking politics." The opinions were evenly distributed as was the voting, since eight were in favour of the motion, it being carried by a mere majority of one vote.

On the evening of Wednesday, February 11th, Mr. A. Hutchings read a paper on "Handel, his life and works." Mr. Hutchings had fortunately secured the welcome and talented services of Mr. W. S. Visick, who gave instrumental illustrations.

As an introduction, the lecturer rendered Handel's "Largo." Then the lecturer began with a short account of the composer's life. George Frederick Handel was born at Halle, in Saxony, in the year 1685, his father being a surgeon-barber. His early youth showed great musical ability, which his father deprecated, intending that the boy should become a jurist. The lad begged, however, to be allowed to follow his favourite study, and even ran after his father's coach that he might be taken to places of musical association. His father, realising that his own wishes for his son were of no avail,

placed him under the organist of Halle Cathedral, when he was only seven years old. As a matter of form and of obedience to his father's will, however, he took up legal studies in the University of Halle, but after two years at this he went to Hamburg, where the opera had found a home. Here he played second violin in the theatre orchestra. His first attempt at opera was one entitled "Almira." He soon left Germany to visit the musical centres of Italy. We may judge the warmth of his reception by his long stay of three years on a foreign land, where he had no fixed position and no family connections.

In 1710 he succeeded Stephani as Chapel-master to George, Elector of Hanover, and followed his royal master to England in 1714, where he spent the rest of his life.

On request, Mr. W. S. Visick now played a charming air from the "Rinaldo," an opera Handel produced at the Haymarket Theatre fourteen times. "The Harmonious Blacksmith" is another selection which Mr. Visick obliged us with.

The lecturer would have us note that Handel founded the Royal Academy of Music, and that he made a gallant but most unsuccessful attempt to establish Italian Opera in London. His title to fame rests almost solely upon his oratorios, of which he produced nineteen between 1736 and 1751; among them being the "Messiah," his chief work produced in 1741, "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," and "Saul." On the 14th of April, 1759, Handel died in London, a renowned and truly venerated musician, and was buried in the Poet's corner of Westminster Abbey. A piece from Handel's 4th Suite as well as the famous Hallelujah Chorus were played.

At the close of the lecture, a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer for his trouble and kindness in preparing such an interesting and instructive paper, and also to Mr. W. S. Visick for being so kind as to officiate at the piano, thus fulfilling an old office of his.

At the Chairman's request, the "Rinaldo" and "Largo" were played again, after the vote of thanks had been passed.

Another paper was read at the meeting on February 25th by the Headmaster. This was a paper prepared by Mr. H. J. Poole, B.Sc., on "Fuel and Civilisation." The powers of imagination were very largely called into play.

In the first place we must face the real facts of the case. Our supplies of coal are running short as are the products of the oil fields. What then are we to do when they cease altogether?

In answer to this question, a most advanced theory of harnessing the tides was adumbrated, a theory as interesting as it seems on

first impression impracticable. Then, again, the energy obtained directly in the form of heat from the sun could be used, or failing that, the motive power of the winds could be employed as a source of power. Solar radiation experiments with mirrors have been tried in hot countries, and these have proved quite successful. And then there is that wonderful and entrancing problem of radio-activity. The energy that can be derived from such a source as radium is so enormous that lack of it would even be better than its presence.

We were comforted in the concluding portions of the paper however, when we were assured that something would happen by the force of Nature to solve this great problem.

Lively discussion took place after the paper had been read. The Chairman declared that he was always struck by scientists callous disregard of all sentiment. By erecting every hideous form of mechanical contrivance, they would eventually destroy the wonderful face of Nature. He pointed out, moreover, that Mr. Poole had not tapped the infinite resources of the earth itself. What inexhaustible supplies of energy in gaseous state were stored up in the earth's centre! Could not these be utilised instead of destroying natural beauty on the surface.

E. R. Osborn supported the Chairman, and added that he feared scientists were devoid of sentiment.

The Headmaster, in reply, outlined Rutherford's theory of atomic structure. The transmutation of elements is possible. The act of transformation is radio activity, during which high-speed particles are sent off from the atom. Some of these, viz., the electrons, have a speed equal to that of light itself. The force thus manifested in radio-active elements and therefore, by inference, latent in all elements is so enormous that if ever it can be used at man's will and controlled it would exceed all available sources of energy. The energy developed by the most powerful machine or weapon yet invented is microscopic compared to what hidden in the atoms of which it is composed.

A unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Mr. H. J. Poole for preparing such a novel and interesting paper, and to the Headmaster for his kindness in reading it to members of the Society.

On the 10th March, G. R. Hill read an interesting paper on Dr. Samuel Johnson, an account of which we hope to publish in the next issue.

The Committee embrace this opportunity of thanking most heartily all who have supported, in so many different ways, the work of the Society and have enabled this past session to be such a success.

KING LOUIS.

At some period in our lives, and more especially between the tender ages of five and ten, we all have great aspirations. At the time they are undoubtedly greater and possibly more sincere than any we possess at a more mature age, when title and fame and wealth are our sole aims. In our young days we do not envy the Lord Chancellor or the Prime Minister or the Attorney-General. But to be an engine-driver, or a tram-conductor or a circus clown, would be to experience a joy as infinite as it seems remote.

Tom Slater was a boy of nine. He was neither cleverer nor better nor handsomer than the majority of his friends ; he had his ambitions, his joys and his troubles, the same as they. He was—well, just himself ! His father was a signalman on the railway, and it was young Tom's delight to go up in his father's box, during his holidays, and watch, as well as take some part in, the mysteries of train control. Soon he came to understand the complex organisation that enables wealthy passengers to loll back in padded luxurious carriages, racing past box after box at sixty miles an hour, with as much security as in their arm chairs at home. With successive visits, young Tom had progressed so far as to be of considerable service to his father, and to have discovered a well of delight for himself.

'Twas here, during these visits that the " Romance of the Line " took him in its grip, a romance that all of us have in childhood but to lose it in youth and manhood, a romance that Tom, however, never lost to the end of his life. At night chiefly did his imagination conjure up its wonderful pictures. Leaning out of the cabin window he would watch the two gleaming headlights of an approaching express train. Nearer and nearer they would come, the roar, that was music to Tom's ears, increasing at every yard's approach. In half-a-minute the long line of brightly-lit coaches would swing past the box, and the three red rear-lights would make their way to the bridge around the curve, and so on to the unknown. The clicking of three or four levers thrust back into their place, the winking of lamps from green to red, the answering bell from the box ahead, these things alone gave evidence that a steaming monster with several hundred lives at its mercy was racing through the darkness at break-neck speed, relying entirely upon the man in the signal-box, who seemed after all to take things so very coolly, as little befitted an arbiter of men's fates. The fierce glare from the open fire-box doors of the engines, the flickering oil flares, the sentinels that betokened safety or danger as the occasion demanded, the mysterious and inexorable control the signalman possesses over even the mightiest of the mighty, fanned the flare of Romance into a fierce blaze.

To be an engine-driver was his heart's desire, and he nursed and fostered his hopes until the day when he had to choose his calling. He knew that the way was long and arduous, but his ardour and enthusiasm would carry him through to the great day when he would be the proud guardian of a mighty express locomotive.

He had first to be an engine-cleaner, a dirty and seemingly uninteresting occupation, yet not so for Tom, for how could his favourites run their course without his kind and careful attention? And so he passed to the next stage, a wonderful leap for our friend, for he was now fireman on a shunting engine. To the lay mind this may seem a very humble position, but again not so for Tom, for now the energy of a small tank-engine, that was usually employed pulling a truck here or a few carriages over there, depended upon his ability to keep steam up. Slowly he mounted the steps of his calling from fireman on a shunting-engine, he became the same on a branch goods train engine, then a branch passenger engine, main-line slow goods, express goods, main-line passenger engine, and finally express.

After this he had to begin all over again, only this time as a driver. Another era in Tom's life opened up as he took his first appointment as driver of a shunting-engine. A little while at this and again he began to mount through the various grades, the welcome changes preventing any hint of monotony or stagnation.

At last came that great day he had so long waited, the day he had dreamed of as a boy, the day he had kept ever before him when inclined to be rather downhearted and dissatisfied with his lot, the day of days, when he took command of his first express engine; and stood upon the plate, while waiting for the guard's whistle to set his first big command, his own "King Louis" throbbing and steaming with impatience, rushing away from the dusty platform of the terminus, right out into the golden west.

* * * * *

Eight o'clock on a June evening in London; to be precise, at the London terminus of the Great Southern Railway. The Mail train is in the down-line platform, the "King Louis" at her head, and "King Tom" on the footplate. The last door is closed, and the piercing shriek of the guard's whistle greets the car, and as smoothly as a gondola the Company's "swagger-train" leaves the station for her non-stop run to Plymouth. Once beyond the maze of points and traverse lines, Driver Tom, in his own words "let 'er 'ave it." Very rarely had the Mail to pull up against a signal at danger, for the signalman along the line saw to it that the line was clear some minutes before "Line Clear" was asked. Otherwise a "delay-form" would go into the offices, and a polite note would return, requesting that such may not occur again.

Straight away she ran with a speed that warmed the heart of her loving driver ; right across the plains, shaking the earth as she went ; into a long dark tunnel, with a roar as of thunder ; out under the stars again and clean through some little wayside station, with a blast of her whistle that frightens every soul around.

Thirty-seconds pass, and the country station lapses into silence and obscurity once more. Midnight and there is half-an-hour's run to Plymouth ; twenty-eight minutes past twelve and the junction's distant signal is in sight. Twelve-forty-five and she has said farewell to Plymouth, and straightway is running to her beloved Cornwall. Saltmarsh Junction passed, Tom is on the look-out for the " Big Rock " distant signal. Around a curve they swing and the kindly green beckons them on.

The distant signal is down, and so the home and starting signals must be down too, and Tom has got the true delight of drivers, absolute line clear. Accordingly he lets her rip down an incline that carries him well into the heart of Cornwall. For half-a-mile they rush on, gaining in speed on the incline at every second ; around another curve at a horrible speed ; and there, straight in front of them, the home signal, red ; red as the ace of hearts ; something must have gone wrong with the indicator in the box ; but red the terrible light remains ; a cold fear grips Tom's heart ; the train is racing at a speed approaching seventy miles an hour on an incline of one in forty, and so the signal but fifty yards ahead. With every effort to stop her, Tom cannot pull her up in her own length, with such a speed and on such an incline. Down to half-the speed, and she is past the signal, and Heaven knows what ahead ; in half-a-second there must be a crash ; half-a second, one second one and a half seconds, and then it comes—The crash is heard for miles around, and the carriages are piled up in one big bonfire with the " King Louis " underneath ; and still there is that strange thump ! thump ! thump !

* * * *

Tom regained consciousness with a yawn. " Allright, Mrs. Perkins, I'll be down in a minute, don't wait breakfast." " Funny," he said to himself " I've been dreaming about . . . I'm blown if I know what I have been dreaming about."

AUCTOR.

SPEECH DAY.

This important School function, held in Plymouth Guildhall on Friday evening, 19th March, was in every way a great success. Two items in that success were, to quote a local contemporary, the strong and representative "platform," and the attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music performed by the pupils with a high degree of success, including the capital French play. Perhaps our memories are short, but this latest production of Mr. Jacquet's careful coaching, and the present Sixth Form's gusto, skill and "dressiness," seemed to us the best we have ever witnessed. The "platform" alluded to included the Mayor (Councillor Lovell R. Dunstan), Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, K.C.B., M.P., Lady Kinloch-Cooke, Alderman W. L. Munday, Rev. Chancellor S. Gordon Ponsonby, Alderman J. P. Brown, J.P., and Mrs. Brown, A. J. Rider, Esq., J.P., and Mrs. Rider, Councillor Welsford, Councillor and Mrs. Weston, and Miss Councillor Bayly. The Headmaster having presented his Report, Alderman Munday, who occupied the chair, emphasised the striking and remarkable successes scored in examinations, and the evidence provided of consistent, continuous progress in all forms of the school's activity. Devonport High School was a great educational asset to the town. It was full to overflowing; and if it were possible to double the accommodation, given the same type of Headmaster and staff, the school would still be full. He foresaw the day when secondary education would be free. This part of the Chairman's speech was made the subject of a bold headline by one local paper as "Alderman Munday's Vision." Some of us who were present did not, perhaps, agree with the vision in its fulness; but all could appreciate the logic by which the Chairman proved its present partial realisation, inasmuch as all Secondary Schools give very much greater value than is paid for in school fees.

Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke then distributed the certificates and prizes to the accompaniment of sustained and continuous applause as the smiling recipients, from the mites in the Lower Preparatory to the stalwart Sixth-formers, passed in front of him. He subsequently addressed the boys, giving them much excellent advice, which, as the Mayor afterwards remarked, was worth at least a term's fees. He referred in eulogistic terms to the Headmaster's excellent report, and said he was particularly struck with the high character of the School magazine. The Mayor's vote of thanks to Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke was seconded by Mr. A. J. Rider, J.P., and supported by Councillor Welsford.

Gratification expressed in the vote of thanks at the presence of Lady Kinloch-Cooke, gave her an opportunity of replying, which she did in a capital style, alluding to the wholesome trait in a boy's

character, viz., his dislike of being lionised. Were the cleverest and most honour-laden boy there to be congratulated by his fellows, his reply would inevitably be : " Oh, shut up, do shut up ! "

The characters in the French play, " La Grammaire," were as follows :—

Caboussat (a well-to-do Tradesman)	...	R. G. Trevithick
Jean (Caboussat's Valet)	...	E. R. Osborne
Machut (a Veterinary)		F. E. Donnelly
Pajot (a Chemist)	K. S. Mason
Poitrinas (an Archæologist)		J. E. C. Glasson
Edmond (Poitrinas' Son)	...	C. E. Pike
Sophie (Blanche's Maid)	...	L. O. Jolliffe
Blanche (Caboussat's Daughter)	...	G. R. Hill

THE HEADMASTER'S REPORT.]

My Report covers the year 1919, a year, like most years in a busy school, of toiling and rejoicing. Some schools pride themselves, and rightly so, on their antiquity and hoary traditions. Devonport High School for Boys, on the other hand, came in being but twenty-four years ago last January. I am its second Headmaster. But whilst we do not boast of the mellowness of great age, we can, I think—and perhaps this Report will help to show that we can—lay some claim to the vigour of youth.

The tone of the school is very good ; I never knew it better. This is largely owing to the loyal and devoted staff, containing as it does, some of the best teachers it has ever been my privilege to work with. Nor is that all. We are served by a very good set of prefects ; and the prefect system, the government of boys by boys which forms such a marked and effective feature in the great public schools of England—has, of late, been considerably developed.

Besides toiling and rejoicing we have been sorrowing. For long, long years have we bewailed lack of space and of the appointments which increased space would bring. The situation of the school is admirable ; it is doubtful if it could be improved. But

we continue to sigh for more classrooms, an assembly hall, a physics laboratory, a gymnasium and other accommodation. One Sunday afternoon in July last, an impressive service was held in Stoke Damerell Parish Church, in memory of the 55 old boys who had given their lives for their country in the Great War. Although his death occurred since the period now under review, I cannot forbear saying how saddened we were at the death of Alderman Littleton. He was a good friend to the school; and, speaking personally, I well remember how his strong optimism in the school's future, cheered me in the anxious time during the first years of my headship.

Anyonè visiting the playing field at Greatlands on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon will see a side of the school's activity as important, perhaps in some respects more important than the work done in the class rooms. A debt of gratitude is due to those masters who follow and help in the games over and above the times when they are actually engaged on field duty. Specially would I mention the valuable voluntary services of Mr. Palmer, in whom we have a skilled and experienced sports' master. The "house" system for games continues to work well.

In December the Cadet Corps was inspected by Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Woollcombe, K.C.B., M.V.O., and the Cadets were complimented on their smart appearance and creditable performances of platoon drill. Sir Charles added that the object of the Corps was not primarily to turn boys into soldiers, but to enable them to become capable and self-reliant citizens. I can vouch for it that the beneficial effects of the Cadet Corps are observable in boys long before they leave school, and that it is a most valuable institution for elder pupils. Owing to the efforts of Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke and others, the anomaly whereby members of a Cadet Corps were debarred from receiving marks for military efficiency at Army and Navy entrance examinations has now been removed. Whilst, however, on a par with an O.T.C. in this respect, still, a Cadet Corps does not as yet receive a penny in the shape of grant. As Treasurer of our Corps I have the painful knowledge that recently it has been at the very bed-rock of its resources. If this financial difficulty can be overcome the Corps will continue its career of usefulness; for, with Lieutenant Ferraro as Commanding Officer, it is in safe and capable hands. His efforts and those of his brother officers and their voluntary sacrifice of time and thought are indeed worthy of the support which we trust will be forthcoming in the future as it has been in the past.

Many of those present are readers of the School Magazine, from the pages of which you will have gleaned how the Troop of Boy Scouts and their energetic Scoutmaster, Mr. Bennett, were personally congratulated in June last by His Royal Highness the Prince of

Wales ; how they spent a part of their summer holidays in camp at Cadover Bridge ; how the Savings Association has now collected £2,268 ; how the Literary and Debating Society with the utmost ease and celerity dispose of such items as : "Is the British Empire hastening to its decline ?" or "Should mines, railways and shipping be nationalised ?" The Magazine itself has reached its 31st issue, and will one day become a mine of information to the future historian of the school.

With feelings of the deepest gratitude to all concerned, I refer to the splendid response accorded the War Memorial application. In the last Report I ventured to hope that the memory of those old boys who had fallen in the war might be worthily perpetuated. This has been done. No less a sum than £525 has been subscribed. The number of individual donors is 488. The amounts given range from fifty guineas to threepence. Five trustees have been appointed under the Trustee Act, to administer the fund. Very shortly a brass plate containing the fifty-five names will be placed in the school. Sufficient Government Stock has been purchased to yield an income of £25, which, under the title of the War Memorial Exhibition, will be awarded annually to a pupil of the School who is about to proceed to the University, or some other place of further education. Thus, throughout all future generations of High School boys, there will be, year by year, a renaissance of the memory of our honoured dead.

I conclude this Report by recounting the successes obtained during 1919 at external examinations, all direct from the school, and not including any obtained by former students. At a competitive examination for entrance to the Western Telegraph Company's service, Mulcahy, Whitfield and Richards were successful, obtaining high places on the list, while Williams passed into the service of the Eastern Telegraph Company. One boy qualified for a law student, another for a medical student, and another for a dental student. At the Oxford Senior and Cambridge Locals 26 candidates were sent in ; 13 passed without honours and 13 passed with honours. Included among the latter were no less than 6 in First-Class Honours. I find that the percentage of senior boys obtaining First-Class Honours throughout the United Kingdom was 7 ; the percentage for High School candidates was 23. Twelve boys passed in spoken French, 8 obtained distinction in mathematics (including the higher and applied branches), 4 in French, 3 in English, 3 in history, and 1 each in Latin, chemistry and geography. Trevithick was awarded the prize for the Best Senior Boy at the Plymouth Centre, and Riggs the prize for the Best Senior Boy at the Devonport Centre. At London University examinations all previous records were broken. Ten boys either passed or gained

exemption from the matriculation examination, while four members of the Sixth Form, Liddicoat, Stephens, Trevithick and Urch, were successful at Intermediate Arts, that is, the second of the three examinations required for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Naturally fewer appointments were made at Army entrance examinations than during the war years. Still, two of our students, Warren and Damerell, were successful for Sandhurst. It is interesting to note that during the last five years, 25 pupils have passed direct into Woolwich or Sandhurst. During the year, two examinations were held for Paymaster Cadets in the Navy. In June 44 candidates competed for five appointments, and in December 42 candidates for four appointments. On each occasion the list was headed by a boy from this school; Donnelly scoring 367 marks and Gilbert 217 marks ahead of the respective second candidates; whilst the former was also top in mathematics, shorthand and geography and history, and the latter in mathematics, shorthand and science. Very keen competition for the Jæffreson Exhibition of £50, tenable at St. Bartholomew's Hospital School, resulted last year in a tie for the first place, two candidates outstripping all their rivals but being themselves equally matched. Consequently each received £25. One of these fortunate persons was Curnow. He was the first boy we ever sent up for the Exhibition, and was at least 12 months younger than the average age of the competitors. It may, I suppose, be looked upon as a red letter year for a school when one of its pupils carries off the Dyke Exhibition. This Exhibition or Scholarship is of the total value of £260 and is tenable at the University of Oxford. It is open to pupils of any school throughout the Country, provided those pupils are native of, or have resided for two years in, one of the three Western Counties. This honour has come to Devonport High School twice within three years. The Dyke Exhibitioner for 1919 is our worthy Senior Prefect, Trevithick; and when he takes up residence at Exeter College, Oxford, as he will do shortly, he may be assured that very keen interest and very good wishes from his old school will be centred upon his future career.

HONOURS AND CERTIFICATES.

FORM VI.

The Dyke Exhibition (£5 per annum tenable for 4 years at the University of Oxford)

R. G. Trevithick.

The Jaefreson Exhibition (£50 tenable at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, School)

R. N. Curnow (bracketed with another candidate).

Scholarships awarded by Plymouth Education Authority—

R. G. Trevithick, £50 per annum.

R. N. Curnow.

London University—Intermediate B.A.—

J. H. Liddicoat, R. E. Stephens, R. G. Trevithick, H. W. Urch.

Matriculation—

F. W. Skinnard.

Paymaster Cadets, R.N.

June 1st Place—F. E. Donnelly

December 1st Place—R. R. Gilbert.

Army Entrance (Sandhurst)—

June A. J. Warren.

November A. C. Damerell.

Oxford Senior Local.—First-Class Honours (Division 1)—

R. G. Trevithick, distinguished in Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Latin, French and History.

Prize for Best Senior Boy, Oxford Local, Plymouth Centre—

R. G. Trevithick.

Prize for French (given by Alderman W. L. Munday)—

R. E. Stephens.

Competitive Entrance, Eastern Telegraph Co.—

S. Williams.

FORM V. (UPPER).

Cambridge Senior Local Examination

1ST CLASS HONOURS

*E. J. Riggs, distinguished in Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, History and Geography.

*J. L. May, distinguished in Mathematics, Applied Mathematics and English.

*W. J. Merren, distinguished in Mathematics and Chemistry

*M. M. Mulcahy, distinguished in English, French and History.

*C. E. Pike, distinguished in English and French.

2ND CLASS HONOURS.

F. Paltridge, distinguished in Mathematics.
*L. S. Whitfield.

3RD CLASS HONOURS.

*R. H. Goff.
C. W. Wingett.
A. L. Stephens.
N. L. Rowe.
*R. Hicks, distinguished in French.

PASSED.

V. G. Lewthwaite.	S. E. Richards.
W. S. Visick.	C. J. Devereaux.
L. H. Harwood.	*G. H. Stevens.
K. S. Mason.	R. J. Lark.
J. B. Heywood-Waddington	*F. R. Bullock.
*E. Tiltman.	F. R. Coombe.
*J. B. Kingdon.	

(*) *Passed in Spoken French.*

Prize for Best Senior Boy, Cambridge Local, Devonport Centre—
E. J. Riggs.

Prize for Science (given by A. J. Rider, Esq., J.P.)—
W. J. Merren.

University of London Matriculation (Exemption)—

R. H. Goff.	J. L. May.
W. J. Merren.	M. M. Mulcahy.
F. Paltridge.	E. C. Pike.
E. J. Riggs.	W. S. Visick.
L. S. Whitfield.	

Professional Preliminary—

Legal—G. H. Stevens.
Medical—R. N. Curnow.
Dental—C. J. Devereux.

Competitive Entrance, Western Telegraph Co.—

M. M. Mulcahy, L. S. Whitfield and S. E. Richards.

FORM VR.

Form—R. Rich.
Mathematics—C. Ward.
Science—F. Collier.
English—C. Reep.
French—L. Cauley.

FORM VA.

Form H. Lillicrap.
Mathematics—F. Hodges.
Latin—R. Waters.
French—R. Pearce.
Science—H. Tanner.
English—F. Priestley.

FORM IV. A.

Form—A. Millett.
 Scripture—E. Smith.
 Latin—C. Harding.
 French—W. Brockman.
 Mathematics—R. Lear.
 Science—V. Smith.

FORM III. A.

Form—J. Proctor.
 Mathematics—A. Whitehead.
 Latin—N. Taylor.
 French—A. Hayter.
 English—J. Ecclestone.
 Drawing—W. Sutton.

FORM II. R.

Form—H. Richards.
 Mathematics—H. Macey.
 English—D. Smith.
 French—T. Paddon.
 Science—G. Kingdon.
 Drawing—A. Brown.

FORM I.

Form—W. Harfoot.
 English—W. Ellis.
 Arithmetic—L. Blake.
 History & Geography—R. Clark.
 Drawing—A. Smith.

MIDDLE PREPARATORY.

Form—H. Whidden.
 Scripture—E. Pattle.
 Arithmetic—E. Woodward.
 Drawing—J. Kennedy.
 Nature Study—N. Harper.
 English—R. Harvey.

FORM IV. B.

Form—R. Ching.
 Mathematics—A. Jeffery.
 Latin—J. Jeffery.
 French—E. Coleman.
 History and Geography—
 O. Quantick.
 English—R. Curtis.

FORM III. B.

Form—R. Wherry.
 Scripture—W. Jenkin.
 Mathematics—S. Richards.
 French—W. Stonelake.
 Latin—S. Riggs.
 English—J. Hamilton.

FORM II.

Form—T. Hamilton.
 Mathematics—H. Gudridge
 Scripture—R. Gent.
 English—J. Pengelly.
 French—W. Farrell.
 History—H. Whitfield.

UPPER PREPARATORY.

Form—G. Isaac.
 English—W. Seaman.
 Scripture—L. Harper.
 Arithmetic—K. Drummond.
 Nature Study—J. Harris.
 Drawing—S. Pitches.

LOWER PREPARATORY.

Form—J. Reilly.
 Scripture—C. Thorne.
 Drawing—N. Barratt.
 Nature Study—M. Haynes.
 Arithmetic—G. Gent.

FOOTBALL HONOURS.

Full Colours.

L. Harwood (Capt.)
 K. Mason (Vice-Capt.)
 F. Donnelly.
 L. Wannell.

Half Colours.

F. Paltridge.
 Miller I.
 Miller II.
 R. Waters.
 N. Rowe.
 J. Hegarty.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

(affiliated to the 5th Prince of Wales's Battalion of the
Devonshire Regiment).

Officer Commanding—Cadet Lieut. H. Ferraro.

Chaplain—Rev. J. Heywood-Waddington, M.A.

Cadet Lieutenant—A. Hutchings.

Cadet Sec. Lieutenant—C. F. Armor.

Sergt.-Major—R. G. Trevithick.

Sergeants—J. E. C. Glasson, L. Harwood, and R. Hicks.

Corporals—L. Day, H. Miller, R. Paltridge, and R. Rich.

Lance-Corporals—F. Donnelly, R. Evans, R. Hill, A. Stephens, and J. Waddington.

The main feature of the Christmas term was the Inspection of the Corps by Lieut. General Sir Charles Woolcombe, K.C.B. During the war the annual Inspection of Cadet Units was suspended, so that this was our first experience of an official Inspection. The result was quite satisfactory. The weather left much to be desired, but did not greatly interfere with the programme. After the Inspection, Company Drill was carried out. In a short address to the Cadets, General Woolcombe expressed himself as well satisfied with what he had seen. He complimented them on the way in which the Company Drill had been performed, and reminded them that the chief aim of the Cadet Corps movement was to foster self-reliance, to teach control, and to promote those qualities necessary to good citizenship.

Our congratulations are due to our late Sergt.-Major, A. E. Damerell, on his success at the Army Entrance Examination held in December last. We also congratulate R. R. Gilbert on his achievement of securing the top place on the Paymaster Cadet list. We have had to take leave of several members of the Corps during the present term. They take with them our best wishes for their success in the professions they have adopted.

A change has been made in the system of promotion. Hitherto, the Corps has been recruited by "Houses," and promotion has been a Section matter only. This system has been replaced by one in which suitable candidates for promotion are drawn from the Corps as a whole and subjected to a qualifying test. The first of these tests was held in January. Arrangements will be made to hold further tests as the occasion demands, so that those who were unsuccessful at their first attempt will have ample opportunity of qualifying for the desired promotion.

With the advent of the lighter evenings, an additional Parade of half-an-hour's duration has been instituted. This Parade is held at Headquarters, chiefly for the purpose of instruction in Musketry, but attention will also be given to Signalling and Ambulance work. As a preliminary a number of interesting and useful lectures have been given by Lieut. Armor.

On March 6th the Corps celebrated the fifth anniversary of its recognition by the War Office. The ladies of the Staff kindly presided over the Refreshment Department, while Lieut. Hutchings, ably assisted by Sergt.-Major Trevithick, was responsible for the arranging of an excellent musical programme.

The next term promises to be a busy one. The Section Competition for the Lampard Cup has to be carried out, and as the Sections are now more equal in strength, a keen tussle is anticipated.

THE CADET CORPS CONCERT.

On Wednesday, March 17th, the Annual Cadet Corps Concert was held at 'The Welcome.' Having regard to the sadly depleted state of our exchequer, it is particularly gratifying to note that a very satisfactory sum was realised. At the time of writing the exact figures cannot be given, but it is believed that when all expenses have been paid there will be a balance in hand of over £13. We are greatly indebted to Lieut. Hutchings and his willing band of helpers for the whole-hearted way in which they worked to make the Concert a success. We wish also to record our appreciation of the kindness of Miss Hawken and Mr. Sharp in contributing several enjoyable items of the evening's programme.

WAR MEMORIAL FUND.

The leaflet recently sent to subscribers showed a total of £505 6s. 8d. Since then L. A. Lampard, Esq., who had previously given £5, made a second contribution of £20, thus bringing the total to £525 6s. 8d. In accordance with our promise we hereunder give details of the amount collected by the pupils of D.H.S.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A. H. Damerell, Esq. ...	5	6	1	W. Major, Esq. ...	0	10	6
Eng.-Com. J. J. Screech, R.N.3	4	0		J. T. May, Esq. ...	0	10	6
Z. H. Kingdon, Esq. ...	2	2	6	R. Mears, Esq. ...	0	10	6
Eng.-Com. E. C. Smith, R.N.2	0	0	0	W. J. Merren, Esq. ...	0	10	6
E. Pearson, Esq. ...	1	2	6	B. Prestley, Esq. ...	0	10	6
T. Paddon, Esq. ...	1	2	0	J. H. Rowe, Esq. ...	0	10	6
E. Irving, Esq. ...	1	1	10	F. W. Skinnard, Esq. ...	0	10	6
H. Northcott, Esq. ...	1	1	6	E. C. Smith, Esq. ...	0	10	6
W. N. Curnow, Esq. ...	1	1	0	H. J. Stephens, Esq. ...	0	10	6
W. Farrell, Esq. ...	1	1	0	E. Stevens, Esq. ...	0	10	6
E. C. Glasson, Esq. ...	1	1	0	R. A. Tucker, Esq. ...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hicks	1	1	0	A. E. Warren, Esq. ...	0	10	6
J. F. Hoskin, Esq. ...	1	1	0	A. M. Barnes, Esq. ...	0	10	0
E. T. Lear, Esq. ...	1	1	0	E. R. Cumbe, Esq. ...	0	10	0
W. G. Mitchell, Esq. ...	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Davies ...	0	10	0
J. Oliver, Esq. ...	1	1	0	A. E. Dunstan, Esq. ...	0	10	0
G. S. Taylor, Esq. ...	1	1	0	F. W. Harris, Esq. ...	0	10	0
W. R. Tretheway, Esq. ...	1	1	0	J. H. Harris, Esq. ...	0	10	0
G. H. Turner, Esq. ...	1	1	0	S. Langmaid, Esq. ...	0	10	0
W. Visick, Esq. ...	1	1	0	J. Lark, Esq. ...	0	10	0
A. C. Wannell, Esq. ...	1	1	0	A. Nattle, Esq. ...	0	10	0
H. Waters, Esq. ...	1	1	0	T. Occleshaw, Esq. ...	0	10	0
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J. Hill, Esq.	0	2	0	H. E. Solomon, Esq.	0	0	9
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C. Johnston, Esq.	0	2	0	J. Harris, Esq.	0	0	6
Mrs. Joyce	0	2	0	Mrs. Hutchins	0	0	6
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T. Sutton, Esq.	0	2	0	J. Stone, Esq.	0	0	6
W. J. Tambllyn, Esq.	0	2	0	R. J. Turner, Esq.	0	0	6
Mrs. Thompson	0	2	0	H. Vere, Esq.	0	0	6
T. Crews, Esq.	0	1	8	G. E. Williams, Esq.	0	0	6
A. W. Balls, Esq.	0	1	6	E. H. Isaac, Esq.	0	0	3
Mrs. Eastabrook	0	1	6	A. Perkins, Esq.	0	0	3
J. G. Pencavel, Esq.	0	1	6				
A. C. F. Pollard, Esq.	0	1	6	Total	99	7	5
R. Proffitt, Esq.	0	1	3	Football Collection	1	5	3
J. H. Allan, Esq.	0	1	0				
Eng.-Lt. Allen, R.N.	0	1	0	GRAND TOTAL	£100	12	8
W. Bartlett, Esq.	0	1	0				
B. Belts, Esq.	0	1	0				

ROLL OF HONOUR.

CRANG, PERCIVAL J.—Died on 18th March, 1920 from illness contracted on active service during the war. Formerly Senior Prefect and Captain of Grenville's House (1911).

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